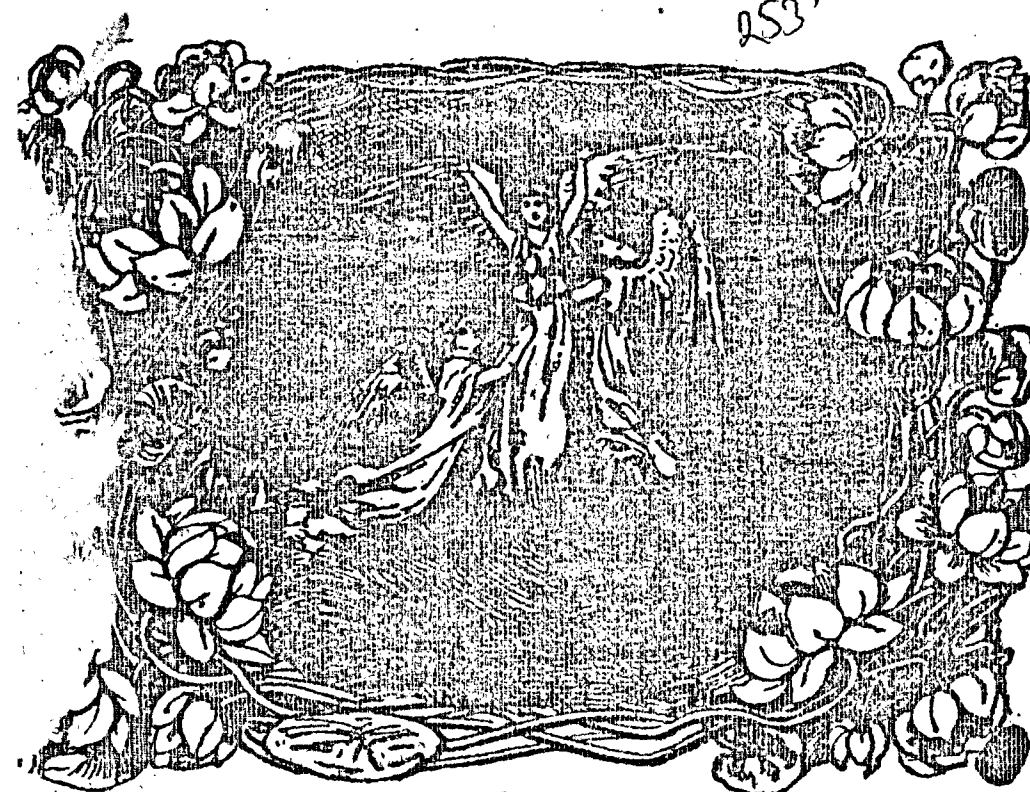


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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.]

OCTOBER 1918.

[No. 15.]

“Never act in a passion.”

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“If you do, all is lost; you cannot act of yourself if you are not yourself, and passion always drives out reason. In such cases, interpose a prudent go-between who can only be prudent if he keeps cool. That is why lookers-on see most of the game, because they keep cool. As soon as you notice that you are losing your temper, beat a wise retreat. For, no sooner is the blood up than it is spilt, and in a few moments occasion may be given for many days' repentance for oneself And complaints of the other party.”

FROM THE “ART OF WORLDLY WISDOM.”

The End of the War.

The war has at last come to an end. The long and determined struggle of right against might has at last won. Stubborn courage and indomitable perseverance in the right path have carried the day. Very remarkable has been the spirit of unity, which actuated seven nations to fight as one against the common enemy, we may almost say, of humanity. More remarkable still has been the spirit of sacrifice which enabled agonised hearts to give up themselves and their beloved ones into the merciless hands of war. And most remarkable of all has been the power of the spirit of God, which surely and visibly worked in the hearts of individuals and of nations alike, and helped them to undauntedly carry such a long and terrible struggle to a determined and successful close.

Although India is far from the actual Theatre of War and we have been kept secure from attack by the British navy which has prevented the German fleet from attacking England's Dominions beyond the seas, we have still felt the effects of the war in high prices, in the scarcity of certain goods, and many of us in the death of those who have fought to keep the Empire safe. This Christmas—even though it be a happy one owing to the termination of war—will still be a sad one for many who have lost husband, or brother, son or friend during the past year. It is not a little to the glory of India that her gallant troops, many of them raw recruits, not even recruits of the martial classes, were chiefly instrumental in bringing

Turkey to her knees. Indeed, it may be said that the Indian troops conquered Turkey and brought it to that state of unconditional surrender, which was one of the final causes of the capitulation of Germany.

Women also have borne a great part in the War. As a prominent member of Parliament said, "Had it not been for the work done by women, the Germans would have won the war by now." The utter readiness of the women to sacrifice themselves to the fatigue and sacrifice of manly pursuits, all unsuited to their delicate bodies and spirits, their perseverance and courage, and, last but not least, their sacrifice of their beloved ones, have won them golden opinions everywhere; and the welcome grant of the suffrage and the vote are well-deserved recognitions of their worth. Indian women have done very little for the war, as compared with their European sisters. But they have not been utterly idle and worthless in the work of war. And what they have done now will only be a preparation for the work of future years.

We are on the brink of a new epoch. What its conditions will be can only be revealed by the gradual unveiling of future history. But, if the lessons of war have been properly learnt, there will still be that spirit of God, which was so apparent in the arduous struggle just finished. And, long ages of morality, peace and happiness will dawn for the world. And through it all, will be interwoven the true spirit of patriotism and loyalty for king and country; and actuated by such feelings men and women will bravely and happily carry on their work in this world.

209660

Two Greek Legends.

I. ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

This is a story, which recalls to us the well-known Indian legend of Savitri and her rescue of her husband from Death. We see the same loving persistence and the same steadfast constancy; but here the effects of these virtues are rendered useless by a too eager love and a too impulsive desire which defeat their own object.

Orpheus of Thrace was famed as the sweetest minstrel of the ancient time; and no wonder, for he was the son of Calliope, the muse of epic poetry, and he had spent his childhood in Olympus, the home of the gods. Taught by his mother, his skill on the golden lyre was such that the fierce beasts of the forest would be tamed, the rushing streams stand still, and the very rocks and trees be drawn after him, to hear his sweet music.

He won the heart of fair Eurydice and married her; but alas! their happiness was all too short. As she was dancing at the wedding feast, the bride was bitten by a snake and died on that very night. Orpheus' grief was so great that life seemed as dark as death for him. He was no less brave than gifted, for he had been one of those who had followed Jason in his quest of the golden Fleece. Now, he proved his courage and his love by following his bride to the very gates of Hades; and, charmed by his beautiful music, Charon the ferryman took him across the "black, infernal river", Styx. Here also his lyre had its wonted magic, for the iron bars of the portal slid back of themselves, and Cerberus, the dreadful three-headed guard of Death's abode, was lulled to sleep and allowed Orpheus to pass him. He stole into the astonished world of shadows, looking everywhere for Eurydice. We are told that he passed by the daughters of Danaus, who for stabbing their husbands on their wedding night, had been condemned to the eternal penance of pouring water into a sieve. He saw Tantalus, who was suffering eternal thirst in the sight of limpid plentiful water, and everlasting hunger in the sight of delicious food. Sisyphus, ever rolling uphill his heavy rock which always slid

back to the bottom, and Ixion on his fiery wheel of torment, turned eyes of gratitude on him for a momentary respite. Even the grim Furies shed tears at his music:

"Heavenly o'er the startled Hell,
Holy where the accursed dwell,
O Thracian, went thy silver song!
Grim Minos, with unconscious tears,
Melts into music as he hears—
The serpents in Medusa's hair
Kiss, as they wreath enamoured there;
All harmless rests the maddened throng;—
From the torn breast the Vulture mute
Flies, scared before the charmed lute—
Lulled into sighing from their roar.
The dark waves woo the listening shore—
Listening the Thracian's silver song!—
Love was the Thracian's silver song!"

At last, the minstrel found his bride beside the King and Queen of Hell, Pluto and the beautiful Persephone. There, he raised a suppliant cry to the grim god:

"Love gives me strength to seek the shades before my time; love, that, if tales be true, has had power even here, when stern Pluto came forth to win a bride snatched from the world of life. Let me take back my loved one, doomed too soon by fate! Or, if that may not be, Oh! dread king, in mercy accept two victims for one, nor bid me return alone to the upper air."

Persephone whispered words of pleading in her lord's ear, and the grim permission went forth that Eurydice should be freed from Death, but only on one condition:

"Back to the world above, and Eurydice shall follow thee as thy shadow! But halt not, speak not, turn not to look behind, till ye have gained the upper air, or never may'st thou see her face again. Be gone without delay, and on thy silent path thou wilt not be alone."

Orpheus turned silently back. He dared not look behind. All was still, save for his hasty steps. A faint glimmer mar-

ked the gate of Hades, and he pressed onward toward it. But, as he came near the portal he could contain himself no longer, but turned behind him. And he saw behind him his bride's shrouded form; he stretched out arms of love and longing towards her. But alas! his arms only clasped the cold air, and only a dim sigh came back to him, for she had stepped back into darkness.

And so, Orpheus never saw her again in this world. He lay for days at the gate of Hell without food; his only desire being for death. At last, he went back to the world of men. His lyre was broken and silent and he haunted the solitary forests, shunning the faces of men and women.

One day, he was set on by a troop of Maenads, women inflamed by the rites of Bacchus, the god of wine. They called to him to join them; but he turned eyes of scorn on them. And, maddened by the insult, they fell on him and tore him to pieces and flung his limbs into a stream. The story is told how his head, still breathing his lost love's name, was washed ashore on the isle of Lesbos. Here, it was buried by the Muses in a tomb, which later became a sacred shrine, on which the nightingales, it was said, tried to rival his sweet music.

2. ALCESTIS.

Another story of resurrection from death is that of Alcestis; but this time through the might of physical strength, induced however to exert itself by the exhibition of true generous hospitality and by the recital of the story of a love great enough to sacrifice itself for the loved one. Apollo once had so angered his father, Zeus, that he was given the punishment of living for nine years as a mortal upon earth. He became herdsman to Admetus, King of Thessaly, who treated him so kindly, that Apollo gave him as a parting gift the boon that the king could live on for ever, if he found anyone who loved him so well, as to die in his stead.

Years passed on and Admetus was happy in the love of his beautiful beloved wife Alcestis and his children. At last, the

time came for him to die; and mindful of his divine boon, he searched for someone to die for him. He could not find any one but his wife, who declared herself ready to sacrifice herself for him.

As Death came near to take his victim, the noble queen prepared herself for him, by putting on her most festal attire and choicest ornaments. She said 'farewell' to her heart-broken children and to her weeping servants, and said to her beloved husband:

"Since thy life is dearer to me than my own, I die willingly, not caring to take another husband, nor to abide with thy orphaned children, as well loved by thee as by me. One thing only I ask: give them up to the grudge of no second wife, for a serpent may be kinder than a stepmother."

The king promised her what she asked, and Alcestis fell into the swoon of death. Her funeral rites were being gone through, when the mighty Hercules arrived at the house as a visitor. Seeing the signs of mourning, he would have turned away, but Admetus, with true hospitality, hid his grief and welcomed him to his house. Hercules, thinking that the dead woman had been some stranger to the household, and being well-supplied with food and wine, gave way to his boisterous spirits, till he was reproved by an old servant for his unseemly merriment. He was then told the story of the noble self-sacrifice of Alcestis. Hercules, touched by his host's generosity and by the dead Queen's nobility, ran out after Death and his victim, and the house was left alone to its sorrow:

"Night wore away:

Mid gusts of warring wind, the twilight grey
Stole o'er the sea, and wrought his wondrous change
On things unseen by night, by day not strange,
But now half seen and strange; then came the sun
And therewith the silent world and dim
Waking, waxed many-coloured, full of sound,
As men again their heap of troubles found,
And woke up to their joy and misery."

Admetus sat alone in his chamber, overcome by misery and also by shame, because he had not had the courage to die instead of his wife. To him, entered Hercules, leading a veiled woman by the hand.

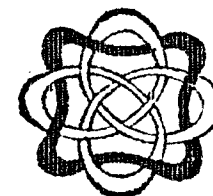
"Oh king," he said, "it was ill-done of thee to hide from me that thy wife lay dead; and I did thee wrong by revelling in a home darkened by such a loss. Here, to make amends, I bring a woman whom I won in a hard contest. Take her for thine own; or at least keep her for me till I come again."

But the King, though he was astonished at the woman's likeness to his wife, repudiated her, crying:

"I could not bear to see in my house one whose form so strongly recalls my own wife, that the very sight of her sets me weeping afresh."

Then Hercules drew away the woman's veil, and disclosed Alcestis, whom he had actually won by sheer strength, from the grasp of death. Thus the noble queen came back to her life of love and blessing and made glad the hearts of all those, who came in contact with her.

PADMINI.



Girl-Guides in the Madras Presidency.

A recent article in "The Indian Ladies' Magazine" dealt with the movement known as "The Girl-Guide Association," but mainly from the point of view of an outsider. By the courtesy of the Editor, I am allowed to supplement the information then given.

The Girl-Guide Association in the Madras Presidency is fully organised and in touch with the whole great movement throughout the world. The Indian Girl-Guide Association has its Headquarters at Calcutta, where is the office of the Chief Commissioner for India, who holds authority over all the Girl Guides in India, by warrant from Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Next in authority to the Chief Commissioner come the Provincial Commissioners, one for each Province or presidency. Here in Madras we had no Provincial commissioner for some months, but now the vacancy has been filled, and the Madras Girl-Guides have come into line with the rest of India. Next in official order come the District Commissioners, who are appointed to supervise the organisation in different towns and districts; here again the Madras Presidency is fairly well-equipped. Madras itself has two District Commissioners; Ooty, Coonoor, Bangalore, Kodaikanal, Trichinopoly, and various other centres have each one, who are all subordinate to the Provincial Commissioner.

The actual working unit of the Girl-Guides is the company, which is officered by a captain, two Lieutenants, and Patrol Leaders, and is managed

as far as its official business is concerned, by a Company Committee. This Company Committee is of the utmost importance, because it ensures that continuity which is so often lost in India, where the individual captain or Lieutenant has to "go Home" or "go to the Hills" for months together, so that the company is in danger of falling to pieces. Then, too, as the company Committee includes, ex officio, the Principal of the School or College in which the Company is organised, as well as the originator, it thereby secures the co-operation and approval of the authorities for the work that is being done, and removes the objection that the Girl-Guide movement introduces an independent authority into our schools. In the matter of companies, the Madras Presidency has made good progress, and in most towns there are flourishing Guide companies: should there be any not yet connected with the Central Madras association, they should join at once, or they will fail to receive official recognition, and to be qualified to obtain the official badges of efficiency. This warning is necessary, because some few companies in mofussil districts were started independently, and have not yet joined up.

The main object of the Girl Guides Association is to train thoroughly good, efficient, and useful women in every sphere of life and work. The association is, in short, a school of self-training and self-discipline in loyalty and all good qualities, where the formation of character is the chief aim, and Loyalty, Service, Sisterhood are its ideals. Loyalty to the best we know, to our King, our country, our

highest womanhood; service to all who claim our aid; our time, our sympathy, in all matters, great or small in which a girl can give a helping hand; sisterhood with all girls and women all over the world, a feeling of unity, which will band us all together in mutual love and service.

It is true that Guides can win efficiency badges, but it is equally true that the badge is not the main object of the work. That is to be found in the formation of character, in the encouragement of perseverance and self-control, in the greater readiness of hand and eye, the greater usefulness of a girl so trained. The subjects by which badges are won encourage development and efficiency in all directions; some are for purely womanly arts and crafts, nursing, sewing, embroidery, dressmaking, cooking, child-nursing; some are mainly intellectual—astronomy, music, singing, secretarial work, typewriting, shorthand, languages, and so forth; while others again appeal mainly to the out-of-doors girl, tracking, gymnastics, games and sports; so that there are suitable paths of self-development open to all.

One very important feature recently developed in the Guide movement, is the enrolment of bodies of Indian Girl Guides. There are already some very successful Indian Girl Guide companies in Calcutta, some (I believe) in Bombay and the North, and in Madras a company has been started in one Indian High School. The Indian Guide uniform consists of jacket and sari, so that the national dress is not in any way abrogated; the constitu-

tion has been so modified, tentatively, as to suit the social customs of Indian girls; and in the great variety of badges for which to work, Indian girls will find full scope for all their womanly and domestic accomplishments. Special stress is laid on all exercises and practices, which will enable Indian girls of good caste to take their position as efficient Guides, without coming prominently from the retirement in which they mainly live. Nothing can be farther from the Girl Guide spirit than anything which leads to self-advertisement and ostentation, and by keeping up the careful organisation of our Guide Companies we hope to maintain the ideal of pure, modest, helpful and serviceable womanhood, which Girl Guides have set before them as their standard.

In conclusion, I may say that if any one in the Presidency wishes to organise a Girl Guide Company, her first step should be to communicate with Mrs. Todhunter, the Hermitage, Luz, Madras, who is the Provincial commissioner, and who will give her full particulars of the steps next to be taken.

M. I. EBBUTT.

(Assistant District Commissioner,

Madras.)



Jewels and Jewellery.

A jewel is anything that is highly valued; but it will be inappropriate to call a house a jewel, though it may be considered a jewel among houses. The word has come to be applied mostly to precious stones and artistic specimens of the goldsmith's art, and, though the wearing of jewels is a survival of barbarism, the fashion is still popular, as a display of wealth and prosperity. This love of displaying one's precious things is as old as life itself. When Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was shown the jewellery possessed by a friend of hers, she in turn introduced her sons saying "these are my jewels." In the Bible, there are many allusions to jewels, and Solomon declared that a virtuous wife was in value above rubies. That the wearing of jewels is a survival of primitive days there is no doubt. So are uniforms worn by the military. They are the war paint of the American Indian. The savages of Africa and other countries deck themselves with what they consider ornaments, to make them more attractive to, or to cause fear in, their beholders.

From wearing a variety of jewels, the more refined and less pretentious among people began to wear few but expensive jewels. A single diamond in a ring might be worth thousands of rupees. The cheaper the jewellery, the more abundant it is. A woman, who wears much, either wishes to display her wealth, is vain and conceives that the jewels enhance her beauty or she follows a popular fashion, and in India it is the fashion to wear jewel-

lery in abundance. The climatic conditions appear to have some close connection with the wearing of jewels. In cold inclement climes, clothes are generally worn more for use than display or ornament. In temperate and torrid climes, fine clothes and jewels play a greater part in the social life of the people. The Poet Milton, describing Satan's throne in Hell, refers to the eastern custom of using jewels lavishly,

"High on throne of royal state, which far

Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind;

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat."

This brings to mind the magnificent peacock throne of the Great Moguls, which Nadar Shah when he sacked Delhi carried away with him. We have read of the jewels hidden in the idol in the temple of Somnath which the same iconoclast cut down with his sword. Indian history and all history tells of jewels. The Kohinoor belonged to the "Lion of the Panjab", but is now in the crown of England. In French history, the pearls of the necklace of Queen Marie Antoinette come to mind. Literature is full of allusions to jewels and jewellery. The High Priest of the Jews has to wear certain jewels on his breastplate. Pope describing a lady writes:—

"On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,

Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore."

Precious stones are often made into that now accepted emblem of Christianity, the cross. Before Christ gave sanctity and significance to the cross by being crucified on it, it had a different significance. But it has always been a favourite device for jewellery to the maiden. A shining jewel shows all the better for its setting. A sparkling diamond on a dark skin is more effective than on a white one. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the poet says of Juliet:—

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." Shakespeare very frequently alludes to jewels. Richard the III speaking of what he dreamt says:—

"Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea"

The sea bottom must conceal many jewels of value, and only lately in the *Lusitania* we read of some priceless jewels having been lost.

The word 'jewel' has often been applied to women. In the "*Merry wives of Windsor*," Shakespeare quotes Sir Philip Sydney's line,

"My dear, my better half

Have I caught my heavenly jewel?"

A man's good name is alluded to as the immediate jewel of his soul. Even death is termed the "jewel of the just" in a poem by Harry Vaughan.

Men have sacrificed honour and name to obtain wealth in the shape of jewels. Colonel Blood's attempt to rob the crown jewels of England kept in the tower of London is a historic fact. When Clive, who consolidated British power in India, was on his trial, he alluded to the treasures that had been placed at his disposal in India and thrilled the house of Commons by saying, "Gentlemen, I stand this moment astonished at my own moderation," a defence which is one of the very strangest in history. One could write volumes on jewels and their history and fascination. In India, jewellery is still fashionable; it is a convenient form in which to amass wealth. Banks fail, business is uncertain. Life in the times before the Pax Britannica was uncertain and wealth in the form of jewels became the only certain thing to possess, and so India even now is ready to absorb all the gold currency she can get by converting it into ornaments. On gala days, even in posaic sober Madras, the display of jewels by Hindu ladies is worth seeing, and curiously enough they will combine precious stones and virgin gold with glass beads and simple corals in a marvelously artistic way. The heroic days of India have not quite passed away. The average Hindu Maharaja does not now festoon his throne with jewellery, but on state occasions magnificent jewels are still worn. Very little jewellery is worn in Europe comfortably, except on ceremonial occasion, when tiaras of pearls, diamond coronets and brilliant necklaces are seen on ladies of position and wealth. Men and women are all children of a larger growth and are as pleased to

possess shining stones and to look with pleasure on the yellow gleam of gold, as their children to possess colored marbles or gaudy ribbons.

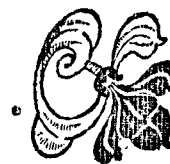
The League of Peace.

Now that the frightful war that the Allies have been waging with Germany shows indications of termination, the great question of the hour, after peace is declared, will be how to maintain that peace in perpetuity.

What guarantee is there that there will be no more war. Before August 1914, it was felt that no nation could afford to go to war for any length of time. It was thought that with the modern armament it would be so expensive that no nation could enable to stand the financial strain for more than a few months. The war has disproved that anticipation. Money has never been wanting and money has been so lavishly expended that thinkers and statesmen wonder why the money now perhaps wasted on war could not have been utilised in the education and betterment of the human race. In India, for instance, money has always been lacking for pushing education, in extending medical relief, in providing sanitation, in building railways and communications and so on; and yet one hundred million pounds were unanimously contributed to the war, and a further magnificent grant was recently voted for. The war has awakened the world to the knowledge of new facts, on the basis of which a complete reconstruction of society and government must ensue. With nations,

events move slowly, and a long long peace is necessary for the world. How that peace is to be secured is the problem that will have to be solved. President Wilson thinks that a League of civilized nations should be formed on an international basis, and that questions of great moment between nation and nation, disputes of territory and trade and preference, and the breach of treaties etc., in fact all friction that is likely to occur between nations, should be submitted to arbitration by a Committee or Chamber composed of representatives of the nations forming the League. But the problem still offers difficulties. How, if the nations concerned in the dispute refuse to abide by the decision of the arbitrators? How, if two or more nations, discontented with the League, conspire to declare war on another nation. It will be said that the League of nations will provide a force for compelling the recalcitrant nation to submit to its dictates. Writers say that a multitude of interests divide individuals and communities in a nation, and that all these individuals and communities respect the policeman and submit to the laws. But is this so in all cases? How about revolutions that destroy the policeman in the shape of a new or a varied form of government? If the last resort of the League of Nations is force, then it may be taken as axiomatic that force will be forthcoming in time to combat force. For one thing, the arbitration Court of the League would have more than enough to do. If it sat for instance at the present moment, it would have to deal with the Home rule question in Ireland, the same question in India, the grievances of the

Indian in South Africa, the disabilities of negroes in the settlement of Russia, America, and so on; and it is not to be supposed that human nature is so amenable to reason as to submit to decisions which self-interest, hatred and ambition decline to accept. To our mind, before the scheme of a League of Nations is likely to be successful, a vast change must come over humanity. That change is enshrined in the teaching of Christ, "Love ye one another." Bear ye one another's burdens." If the men of all nations could be brought to see and recognise that all mankind are members of one family—that there is no racial difference, no question of colour, creed or caste involved—and that love is the religion to be followed, then there will possibly be no need for a league of nations at all. In this world of ours, where man is mortal and fallible, peace may, for selfish reasons, prevail for a while, but war will never altogether cease. It is against the scheme of Nature, which is "red in tooth and claw," and in which only the fittest survives. Not that the fittest is always the one most deserving of survival!



The Thespian Art.

IN MANY AGES AND MANY CLIMES.

"Thespis, inventor of dramatic art,
Conveyed his vagrant actors in a cart;
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appeared,
And played and sung, with lees of wine besmeared."

Much interest may be gained by a study of the curious and rude attempts at drama which have been made in various countries. The origin of every art and science is crude, and the drama is no exception to the rule.

For although Thespis, mounted on his cart, was unquestionably the father of the Greek drama, the origin of dramatic representations must rather be sought in an idolatrous form of public worship.

When Danaus, a son of Belus, having quarrelled with his brother, Ægyptus, with whom he shared the throne of Egypt, set sail with a numerous retinue in quest of a new settlement, he landed in due time near Argos, of whom he eventually became the monarch. It was at this city that he instituted festivals in honour of Bacchus, who it was generally believed was a deity synonymous with the Egyptian Osiris. These pagan feasts soon became popular all over Greece, but the songs were of a low order and the festivals were conducted in a most licentious manner.

Literature, however, had made considerable advance among the various tribes, and these licentious revels had filled the minds of the Athenians with a certain amount of disgust, and a noteworthy attempt was made to observe the festival in a more fitting manner. They gave the

god the appellation of *Dithyrambus* and the odes sung at the celebration were called *Dithyramps*. Faithful to their character as patrons of learning, the Athenians offered a prize for the best *Dithyramb*, delivered extempore in a wild and enthusiastic manner. The prize was a "*tragos*" or goat, with which was coupled the privilege of its sacrifice to the pagan god.

From this circumstance it appears that every theatrical representation, in which the life of a person was supposed to be taken, came to be known as a tragedy, or *Song of the Goat*. Some years later, however, a second prize, consisting of a cask of wine, was offered for the best comic song delivered extempore in praise of the same god, each competitor having his face besmeared with the lees of wine. As these comic performers were not tolerated in the city of Athens, but were compelled to reside in the outlying district, the comic ode received the name of a "*village song*" and then a "*vintage song*". At last the Greek term "*Komus*" was applied to every festival procession and dramatic representation not purely tragic, and in which singing bore a part. Hence the modern word *Comedy* is said to have originated.

The drama remained in this rude state until Thespis, a native of Icaria, appeared on the scene. Taking his subjects from history, he introduced a singer, who addressed himself to the chorus in a monotonous strain, and in return they addressed themselves to him. Subsequently, it occurred to Thespis to make an actor recite the brave deeds of some hero, between the

singing and, so relieve both the chorus and the singer. This introduction proved so satisfactory to the Athenians that many assisted in a practical manner in the foundation of a regular drama by applying themselves to the composition of tragedies and comedies.

A great reformer arose, however, in the person of Æschylus, who introduced dialogue and diminished the length of the chorus singing which had no reference to Bacchus, but partook of the subject of the play. Abolishing the portable stage formerly in use, he built a regular theatre and made it replete with scenery. He also introduced a person to take the leading role, whom he raised above all the other characters by means of "*cothurnus*," or buskin, and veiled the whole of the performers in elaborate costumes. Thus, little remained for Sophocles, a later reformer and tragedian, except to add a third speaking character and to dress each performer in an appropriate habit.

In comparison with the mad devotion to the games of the circus, the theatre was never much cared for at Rome. We are told, however, that Livius was so frequently encored that he lost his voice; so he obtained permission of the people to station a slave by the flute-player, who was to sing the "*cantica*," while he himself accompanied them with the proper gesticulations. Tragedies were never much liked at Rome, and under the Empire they appear to have been endured only because of the opportunity which they afforded for the most profuse, and often the most ill-placed grandeur. Comedies were somewhat more popu-

lar. To the Italian of the present day, however, the theatre is home, senate, forum, academy—all and everything in life. He does not go there half so much for the sake of the performers, as to fill up four or five hours of his daily existence, to see his friends, to hear what is going forward, to look at any strange face that may attract his notice, to contemplate from his stall near the orchestra the different flirtations carried on in the boxes above and around him, and to take his own share, perchance, in the numerous little comedies of real life that are here nightly performed while the mock drama on the stage forms but a minor part of the interests so curiously concentrated in this building.

Chinese theatres are very strange. There is practically no scenery. The performances take place during the day time, while the orchestra, strangely enough, is set 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 marks the entrance and the one on the right is the exit. Very peculiarly, there is no charge for admission, and all who can get standing-room may go inside. The respectable plays are principally from historic subjects, in which the Chinese are very careful to be in the costume proper to the time. The religious element does not enter into their plays. Women are not allowed to act and their parts are taken by young boys.

The Siamese are a pleasure-loving people, and, among the higher classes, theatre-going is the favourite amuse-

ment. The plays deal with the adventures of gods, kings, heroes, genii, demons, and the like, and are usually of the most extravagant character. For example, in 1896, a most absurd play was the hit of the season in Bangkok. In this drama, Ceylon was represented as the capital of England, and the plot was based upon a marriage which had seemingly been arranged between the late Queen Victoria and the King of Siam! Misunderstandings arose, and the marriage having been broken off by the King, Queen Victoria invaded Siam to obtain damages for breach of promise of marriage. She was repulsed with great slaughter, despite the bravery of the Duke of Cambridge, who, single-handed, fought three Siamese fairies with a battleaxe. However, all the difficulties were eventually removed, and the curtain rung down on the marriage of Queen Victoria and the King of Siam!

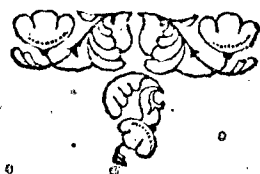
The chief enjoyments of the Japanese are their theatres. Their stages revolve and the scenery is invariably mounted in a manner similar to our own. They have, however, no limelight effects. Instead of this arrangement, a black-hooded mute, with a bamboo pole, at the end of which is a lighted candle, skips about and illuminates the actors' faces. At first, this ever-lasting probing forward of the lighted candle becomes somewhat detracting, but that feeling soon wears off, and the antics of the "animated illuminator" cease to detract attention from the plot. During the performance, everyone smokes, eats and drinks. Criticisms are very audibly expressed. Conversation and chaff are

very general. There is a system of "pass-out" checks, which renders transference impossible. When anyone leaves the theatre during a performance, with the intention of returning, he goes to the door-keeper and holds out his right hand. The door-keeper then, with a rubber stamp, imprints on the palm the mark of the establishment. When an act is ending, a man announces it by beating two pieces of hard wood together, and, as the curtain falls, all the children in the theatre scamper to the stage, on which they are allowed to play until the next act commences. When this is ready, as announced by the clapper, they disappear quickly. Plays begin at 8 o'clock in the morning and continue until 17 o'clock in the evening.

Exigencies of space will allow only a passing reference to the mystery play of the mediaeval ages and its modern development in the Passion Play. The world-famous Ober-Ammergau passion play is performed every ten years. The theatre in which it is performed is a structure of very unpretending exterior. It is built entirely of boards, and is partly open to the sky. The stage, like the stages of the old Greek theatres, is contrived so as to represent a theatre within a theatre. Being regarded by the villagers as an act of religious worship, the performances take place on Sundays and the great festivals. Both visitors and villagers are admonished by the early firing of cannon to attend one of the Masses before repairing to the theatre. With regard to the effect produced in the mind by means of these representations of Biblical subjects,

there are naturally various opinions. Whilst many condemn them, a large and perhaps a greater number sing their praises; and a vast number halt on the middle course and remain undecided. The evil, if such there be, has already befallen the villagers. They have at least become a centre for the world's gaze, and the fear must be constantly recurring to the mind, that in the fierce light that beats about celebrity in any form the virtue of simplicity must perforce pale and wither. One very great safeguard, however, lies in the fact that the proceeds of the play are devoted in a large measure to charitable purposes, each player being allowed only an honorarium to repay for the time lost in learning and rehearsing parts. It is difficult to believe that work undertaken in such a spirit can produce results other than beneficial upon those actually engaged in it; and surely none who are content to witness the drama in that spirit need fear that their visit will prove other than a privilege and a blessing.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



An appreciation of MRS. BROWNING.

Mrs. Browning, whether as a woman or poet, deserves careful study, since her rich and beautiful life is suggestive of many lessons to be learnt by us. In her autobiographical poems, her views on marriage and allied topics are wonderfully and graphically put forth evoking unstinted admiration from the reader. In her essays on Mind, her religious nature is seen. In her unique sonnets—her own individualistic conception of love is given. Indirectly light is thrown on the masterly character of Browning, how he should have been able to call forth her best poetical powers and achievements. It is problematical how her work would have been without the wholesome and robust influence of Browning. Mrs. Browning's physical frame, her big magnetic eyes, her dark curls, her exquisite hands and tender fingers—in one word she presents herself to us, an ideal concretised. The bold unconventional way in which she chose to marry Browning against her father's will, her independence, her chastity and tenderness of passion, the message which she gave to the world, the new standards of soul-life which she set up, make one fall in love with her and adore her.



Among the Ghats.

There seemed to me to be no more deserted spot on Earth than a valley I sighted in one of my rambles among the mountains of the west. The scene, situated as it is among the hills, between a rich plateau on the east and the fertile regions of the coast on the west, struck me because of its unwonted solitude. High hills rise on all sides, descending precipitously on to the wooded valley below. There are not in this scene many of the subtle charms of nature or the strange harmony of the components of such scenes made famous by the immemorial verdict of mankind. It is not a scene that excites any of the gentler springs of the human heart. A morbid fear rises in you as the vapours steal over its valley, and yet as its marsh lights gleam with wondrous haze, a joy steals on you. There is a weird grandeur in this scene, that extends over miles, and which in its unanimous homage to the winds bear a strange likeness to the shaggy unkempt tresses of a monstrous witch revelling in the thought of the coming feast of babes. From this huge valley of fear, there ascends unto the Heavens a perpetual roar of waters, torrents dashing on from the distant hills to the sea. It is a place most sacred to Nature, where she holds her solitary sway. During the space of three hours which I spent gazing on this scene, I saw no sign of life. It seemed to be deserted by men. The sweet sounds of the sylvan race of beasts and birds were dead. But ever the roar of the mountain streams came to me like the roar of distant thunder, which alone marred the deathlike stillness of the scene, nay in the absence

of which no human being could endure a visit to this spot. Dark dank vapours of the valley rose high in the skies. The sun cast a lurid light and all seemed to be a vast enchanted land. I would fain have descended into the valley; but I could discern no access to it. Sad at heart to depart from the scene, I lingered a while casting my eyes on the depths of the dale below. The horror that had at first seemed insurmountable now held me to the scene. The mind of man had drunk deep of its power. The feeling of kindred ties, the sympathy of a common origin, held me. Whatever in my nature had lain dormant these years now evolved like a mist and seemed to envelop me in its folds. I experienced the opiate of the harmony of my soul and that of Nature spread before me in her glory. What had been at first a desolate woodland, dead to all life, now was to me a living speaking soul. In her I read the awful truth of the nothingness of the body, the dead weight to the aspiring soul. In her I drank deep a strange pleasure, that set me revolting against the pleasures of the world, which had retarded the soul's pursuit of its undeformed image in Nature, too deep-hidden for weak, mortal perception.

But alas! the weight of my mortality was great. The trance lasted but a while. The awful woodland stared me again in the face, became again the valley of Death it had been to me at first. I retraced my steps to my rude hill-side home to lament the lost vision of eternal Truth.

T. G. S.

Amateur fishers.

*Rukmini's answer to her fisher-friend
(See August number.)*

My dear Fisher-friend.

I was delighted to receive your letter about "Amateur Fishers" and found it very interesting.

I think I can spot one or two of the party but not more, and you must tell me who each individual is when I meet you, as it would make an interesting study in psychology. I would like to learn how to fish from the wee flapper, who seems such an adept in the art. I wonder if I know her! will you let me have three guesses?

Some of my friends think that it is very wicked to fish and to kill these bright, beautiful denizens of the deep. But don't you think it is just as bad of Vegetarians to root up and kill tender plants for the table, especially after Sir J. C. Bose has proved to us that plants have nerves and are just as sensitive to injuries as human beings? After all, you can't tell where to draw the line. Vegetarians seem to me to be dainty meatarians.

It must have been a brave tortoise that held on like grim death, while it listened to shrieks after shriek, wail after wail from the lady, for ladies can shriek when they like! Perhaps tortoises have no auditory apparatus, or this one was particularly defective in this respect. After all, he had no perseverance, just like a man, and she like a woman had the last word on the subject. Who was the greedy man who stole the mango away from the poor, hungry

horse? He ought to have been severely reprimanded and fined by the Madras S. P. C. A. I know several members on the Committee and would try to influence them as much as possible.

And who was the Missing Link? Just fancy you amateur fishers discovering him after Darwin's and Wallace's vain search. What a piece of luck! Did you snapshot him? If you send me a copy, I shall have bad dreams at night.

Where can I get a fishing-rod, not a brand new one on the latest model, but a really serviceable one? Or perhaps I could get one made, if you will give me the directions.

I hope you will answer all my questions faithfully without omitting a single one. I shall be awaiting the postman's knock every day.

With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

Rukmini.

Current Comments.

A bill for the admission of women as members of Parliament was introduced the other day in the House of Commons and was passed by a large majority, and women will exercise a commanding voice in the legislative assembly. Six million women's votes will help in the election. There are many questions in which women are keenly interested, and their influence is calculated to humanize the law in some respects. On questions of education, woman will naturally exercise con-

siderable weight. Social purity again is a subject in which women are interested. Divorce is another! Hitherto, women have submitted to men-made laws, and their disabilities under which they laboured have not been considered. In respect to the question of divorce especially, the women are at a disadvantage and there seems to be some probability of men and women being placed on an equal footing in the matter. Women have long struggled against such disabilities. The War has proved a blessing in disguise to women. It has crowned her with men's recognition of her rights and abilities. She has responded so completely to the call war has made on her, that there seems to be no department of social and political activity in which she will not in future participate. Only four years ago the Suffragette, sisterhood, driven to desperation by the refusal to give women the franchise, took to almost insane measures to revenge themselves on society. They were guilty of incendiarism, the smashing of windows, and the destruction of artistic treasures, and other anti-social acts, and were imprisoned for their misconduct. They then tried the passive resistance of the "hunger strike," and merely convinced the authorities that women were unfit to exercise any power at all. Then the war followed and the Suffragettes and women generally responded loyally to the necessities of the crisis and have proved themselves as competent, as faithful and as capable as most men. Mr. Asquith, the late prime minister, was absolutely opposed to granting women the vote; but when he recognised the enormous amount of help

they rendered to the nation at a time of great trial and pressure he was the first to declare that he had been mistaken and that he considered that women could not be refused a voice in the councils of the country. Great changes are likely to occur after the war, political and social, and in such changes it is certain that women will play no small part.

* * * *

There are in India enthusiastic men, and even women, who think that Indian women should be given the vote in local self-government elections and in the greater matters of national political life. It is doubtful if Indian women will, for a long, long time to come, be in a position to appreciate the modern idea of progress. The Indian woman is conservative to a fault. Were she not so, the men of India would long ago have been stronger politically and socially, than they now are. The educated Indian male, in most cases, lives a dual existence. In the outer world of business activities, he is almost,—and in numerous instances quite—on a par with the European publicist and business man. In his inner domestic life, he is a conservative unable to oppose his women, who are sticklers for the preservation of caste, the seclusion of Zenana, and are the supporters of harmful social customs such as child-marriage, perpetual widowhood and superstitious observances and ceremonies which the educated Indian male considers injurious and reactionary. Education, not so much book learning as a general enlightenment, must first emancipate Indian women before they can be considered capable of being the

real helpmates of their husbands and menfolk. Their social life for many centuries has unfitted them for competition with men.

A rather amusing article appeared the other day in a Homepaper regarding women lawyers. It was contended that women would never succeed as lawyers, as their educational characteristics were against their being either good advocates or impartial advisers. It was stated that, although women doctors of medicine have accomplished good work, it was singular that women (English women) requiring aid, invariably preferred to employ men as medical advisers. This may apply to European nations, but in India both women lawyers and women doctors have a wide field of practise open to them. The differences in social upbringing account for this. Women in England are, from childhood, associated with boys and men, and their reserve is not so pronounced as is the Indian woman's, whose social environment is limited to her close relations.

There will be no use in women being thrown into the vortex of competition to become the competitors of man, unless it makes for home life on which is built the morality of a people. But it is hazardous to dogmatise on such a subject. New times bring new manners, and it may be that relations between the sexes will be established on some new basis, so as to make the one the complement of the other instead of the competitor. We are disposed to believe that the rapid and expect-

ted advance of women will bring about its own reaction. Nothing is stable in this world. The pendulum swings from side to side and the next swing of the pendulum, so far as women are concerned, may demonstrate their own desire for chiefly domestic pursuits and a greater aptitude for filling the functions of wife and motherhood.

Book Reviews.

The Pilgrimage of Premnath (By Edmund White, I. C. S.) Methuen.

This is the story of a wealthy Indian Banker, who, in his business cares and troubles has not divorced his mind from his religious learnings. Blessed with wealth and a faithful wife, Premnath abandoning his worldly affairs goes on a pilgrimage to the sacred cities of India. A true pilgrim like Premnath deprives himself voluntarily of all the comforts of wealth and suffers the hardships of a simple life. Those who have read Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia* will remember that Buddha's father, a king, who went to meet his wandering son, when his son converted him, assumed the beggar's bowl and entered on the path of renunciation and enlightenment. Premnath's wife, delicately nurtured and brought up all her life in comfort, succumbs to the hardships of their pilgrimage, and Premnath continues his, and studies the life and limitation and ways of Yogis and saints, and is disillusioned. He is unable to see how, by renouncing life and its many activities, the soul by mortification under conditions of pain

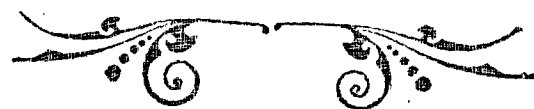
and desperation gets nearer to God; and he rebels against the claim of such men to judge and condemn men and women who are best fulfilling God's purposes by devoting their talents to do the best for themselves and their neighbours in the battle field of life. It is often thought the religious temper of the Hindu is *sui generis*, but it had its analogy among the early Christians who shut themselves up in tombs and caves, wore their shirts and flogged themselves in the insane belief, that they were pleasing God. St. Simon on his pillar is no better saint because of his isolation and hardships and idleness than the cooly who, notwithstanding many slips into the mire of an evil life, still strives to do his duty as husband and father and neighbour. *Premnath's Pilgrimage* is a psychological enquiry into Indian religious claims and should be read by all intelligent Indians. It is not a novel so much as a study of society in Indian life.

Captain Dieppe. (Anthony Hope) Sheffington. Sir Anthony Hawkins is a popular author, for every one has read his *Prisoner of Zenda*. Other novels such as *Rupert of Hentzau* are just as well-known, while his *Dolly Dialogues* have delighted thousands. *The King's Mirror*, *The God in the car* are others in a prolific output. Captain Dieppe is something on the same lines as the *Prisoner of Zenda*. The Captain is a political adventurer and adventures naturally attend him. Mr. Hope is always witty and his dialogue is charming, and added to this there is a lady in distress and misunderstandings and mysteries and fighting and gallantry, and the reader who likes stories of breathless interest told in a

captivating manner cannot do better than read *Captain Dieppe*.

Faiths, Fairs and Festivals. (Major C. H. Buik. Thacker Spink & Co.) It seems almost superfluous to write books on the faiths, fairs, and festivals of India, by reason of the wealth of information already contributed on these subjects by eminent European and Indian authors, and the careful and exhaustive compilation of the many Census Reports of the Government of India. But Census Reports are not read by the ordinary public and Major Buik in this volume gives a condensed account of the religions of both Mahomedans and

Hindus and the evolution of beliefs held by Aborigines and Aryans. It is one of the ironies of religious life among Hindus and Mahomedans, that the average person has no real conception of the rites and ceremonies he performs or the significance of the festivals he celebrates with such enthusiasm. This book gives a wealth of information on such matters and the educated Indian will learn much by a perusal of the contents. As a work of reference, it would be of great assistance to the new missionary worker and the young European Civil Servant in understanding the people.



Our Quotation page.

LOVE.

"Love suffereth long and is kind ; love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up ; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil ; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth.....
Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three ; and the greatest of these is love."

THE BIBLE.

"All through life there are way-side inns, where man many refresh his soul with Love ; Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above."

LONGFELLOW.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.
Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
Gazing on many truths."

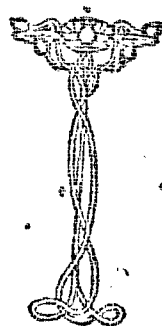
SHELLEY.

"Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

SHAKESPEARE

"Love is the star by which our course we steer
 Love for our kind, its image glassed below;
 And when the breeze of Hope begins to blow,
 The radiance spreads of that dilated sphere
 O'er Life's dark waters nearer and more near.
 A silver path that star appears to throw
 Toward us, and with light that plain to sow
 Which shakes beneath the shock of our career.
 Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home
 Itself a beacon unto those that stray!
 The beacon thus becomes the glittering way
 To all whom Hope impels her seas to roam!
 What then is Hope?—a Faith that dares to move!
 And what is Faith?—the happy rest of Love!"

AUBREY DE VERE.



News and notes.

The Woman's Cause. After over a century of hard struggle, the Woman's cause is making rapid way everywhere. The women of the United States of America celebrated on August 13th, the 10th birthday of Lucy Stone the pioneer of the woman's rights movement in America. She was the first Massachusetts woman to take a college degree (at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1848), and she began her public work for equal suffrage five years before Susan E. Anthony entered the movement. The *Public* of New York announces in the same issue that the Secretary for Labour, Mr. Wilson, has appointed Miss Florence C. Thorn assistant director of the Workings Condition Service in the Department of Labor, whose function is to examine into the working conditions in war industries, determine the standards that should be maintained, and adopt rules and means for enforcing such standards. The appointment of Miss Thorn, who is a graduate of the University of Chicago, to such a responsible position, adds our contemporary, encourages the women of organized labor to think the Federal Government is coming to take a broader view than formerly. A Reuter's telegram last week states that the House of Commons has passed a resolution by 274 votes to 25 that a Bill should be passed forthwith making women eligible as Members of Parliament. We trust that no reservations against women as women will be made in the extension of the franchise in the coming constitutional reforms

in this country. Women must be entitled to vote for and to sit in the Legislature on the same terms as men.

INDIAN PRINCESS ON WOMEN'S WAR WORK.

The Maharanee of Bhavnagar in Kathiawar writes to a friend in England as follows:—

I was greatly interested in the account you have given in your last letter of the noble work done by the English women for their country. They are undoubtedly the most fortunate members of our sex, as their heroic deeds will be writ large in the pages of European history. I do consider you as being especially lucky in having the privilege to be on the spot to witness what is, undeniably a very important part and side of the European war. It is very edifying indeed to know that there are women who can successfully compete with men, and take their stand with them at any manual or brain work. This condition of things while very pleasing on one hand, is on the other equally depressing here, for the state of our women in India looks the more pitiful by contrast. Alas! they are still in their long sleep. You ask me to bring about the female Rajput evolution. I think it is high time that not only the Rajput, but all Hindu women, were somehow lifted out of their dark abyss of ignorance and indolence, but their minds are so full of old-fashioned ideas, prejudices, and superstitions that no amount of preaching, teaching or persuasion seems to have any effect upon them. I am, however, trying to do my "little bit." The Rajput Girls' School

that I had been long contemplating was opened last March and is working well. There are 14 boarders at present, and I have every hope that the number will soon increase. The work of the staff, as well as of the girls themselves, is progressing satisfactorily, and I have full confidence in God that He will bless the work further."

COLONEL PRINCESS MARY.

His majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the appointment of her Royal Highness Princess Mary to be Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment.)

The Queen is Colonel-in-Chief of the 18th Hussars, and among other feminine members of the Royal Family who hold similar rank are Queen Alexandra (19th Hussars), the Princess Royal (7th Dragoon Guards), Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), and Princess Patricia of Connaught (Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.)

Lady clerks from Australia are, it is understood, to be the latest novelty contemplated by the Federated Malay States banking department of the head office in Kuala Lumpur. The General Manager, Mr. Anthony, is at present in Australia. The announcement has provoked protests from and on behalf of the local women and sons of the soil, whose prospects of employment or promotion would be effected, but it has been pointed out that the Australian lady clerks will only come to Malay on very good salaries and that the majority of them will marry within a twelve-month.

WOMEN FIGHTING IN THE RANKS?

Commander Botchkorova, of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death, visited the House of Commons in mail week. She was dressed in the Khaki uniform of an officer, with tunic breeches and leather leggings, and she gave one the impression of great strength and determination.

Although she was in what was practically the same as male military attire she was feminine at a glance. Her jet black hair was cut fairly short and fell in a fringe above her neck. Her face was feminine, but utterly determined and almost grim in its expression of unconquerable determination and fixity of purpose.

She had tea on the terrace and listened to the debate from a seat provided for her by the Speaker in the special Ladies' Gallery.

"I may not speak of the subject of my visit to London," said Madam Botchkorova to a Press representative. "If my appearance in soldiers' uniform strikes you as strange I may say that I believe that the day is near when a woman in such uniform will excite no comment. The Germans will not readily admit that their armies, which they believed invincible, are no longer capable of victory. Rather than this they will train their women to fight for their Fatherland. The idea may to-day be ridiculed, but I am sure the women of the Allies will be ready to face the same dangers as the women of Germany."

(A Reuter cable published a few days ago mentioned that the enemy had employed women as machine-gunners and aviators.)

"Was I terrified when I entered the battle line? Of course I was; I do not think such sensations are more marked among women than among men. Some women would be no good fighters. This may be said of many men also. I have heard that British women in India have in the past acted with great heroism when besieged in fortresses, and that they have taken their soldier relatives and offered resistance to the enemy."

Those women were, I supposed, ordinary English women whose conduct was dictated by circumstances. If Britain called for 100,000 of them, they would come forward at once. Already there are ten times as many doing 'men work,' and it would be a short step to the fighting line. I don't like being compared to Joan of Arc. I don't feel at all a heroine, but I do feel very patriotic, and my patriotism is, I trust, of a practical nature."

Women's War Work.

TRIBUTE BY GENERAL MARSHALL:
(ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

Bombay, 26th Oct.—The fourth annual report of the activities of the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund has been issued:—Lieutenant-General Sir William Marshall, in a foreword written from Bagdad, speaks very highly of the splendid work done by the women of the British Empire. Referring to war work by the women of Bombay, he says:—In Bombay Presidency a leader was ready to hand in the person of H. E. Lady Willingdon, who, gifted with administrative genius of high order, energy and great

personal popularity, formed an organisation known as the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund, and it became from its inception a thoroughly well organised concern and consequently no efforts were wasted. A strong Committee composed of ladies of all creeds, but all imbued with the highest patriotism, was formed with Her Excellency as President and from the beginning the fund which found most generous supporters, has been an unqualified success and deservedly earned the deepest gratitude of many thousands of British and Indian soldiers. In the course of the foreword, he further says:—The efforts the women of the Bombay Presidency, though the performance at times was diverted to different channels, have never relaxed, and what the army in Mesopotamia owes to them is such a debt of gratitude that it can never be repaid. We can only offer our most heartfelt thanks. Anything that is for the benefit of the troops, whether nursing sisters, officers or men, is at once provided by this wonderful association of ladies, and not only provided when asked for, but in the majority of cases it foresees what is required to add to the comfort of the force. It is needless to point out how very greatly the happiness and contentment of an army reflects on its morale (and, therefore, its efficiency); and in whatever successes that have been attained by the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, the women of Bombay Presidency most assuredly have their share.

Among other things the report

contains interesting details of the Comforts Department, Women's Employment Bureau, Hospital Visitors Committee, work done in connection with embarkation, a report of work in Mesopotamia, Red Cross work, and reviews of the recent exhibition of food and household requisites.

WOMEN IN VEDIC TIMES.

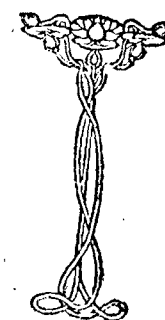
We are glad that Pandit A. Mahadeva Sastry has collected together in a single handy volume his essays published from time to time on Vedic religion and its bearing on social reform in Hindu society. Mr. Sastry has conclusively proved that the Vedas which are the final authority in all matters to professors of the Hindu religion, do not countenance the inferior position which latter *Shastras* have assigned to women. He has conclusively shown that in Vedic times women's status was equal to that of men; girls were, like boys, initiated in Vedic studies through the sacrament of *upanayana* and they had to follow the same course of study, including the Vedas, as men; that women were free to marry or not to marry; that the remarriage of widows was not forbidden; that infant and child marriages were unknown; and that inter-caste and inter-racial marriages were not prohibited. Mr. Sastry's explanation of why and when this elevated conception of women's position in society and the family was departed from, is far-fetched and unconvincing. He suggests that the degeneration began when Brahman families ceased to employ Aryan *Shudras* for domestic service, including

cooking, as they used to do; that the whole of domestic service fell, in consequence, to the lot of Brahman women; that, as a result of this change in her economical status, any systematic intellectual education was thought unnecessary for Brahman women; and that, therefore, for the girls, marriage and married life had come to take the place of the *upanayana* and student life of boys. In other words, the position of Hindu women according to Mr. Sastry, was high so long as the Hindu social system rested on the basis of a kind of domestic servitude of Aryan *Shudras*. Such an explanation is in flat contradiction to the experience of other ancient societies, which has invariably been that the existence of the institution of slavery in a society has had the direct effect of lowering the status of women. We are, therefore, inclined to take the view—the very opposite of Mr. Sastry's—that it was the enslavement of the *Shudras* that led to the degradation of women's status in Hindu society. Women, who were as competent in Vedic times as men to study the Vedas, come to be classed as *Shudras* so far as their competence for such study was concerned, and in other respects, their position in society became one of ever-increasing dependence.

To us, who have no pretensions whatever to Vedic scholarship, but have some acquaintance with sociological processes, the downward movement of Hindu society represents a social fusion on unequal terms. No Aryan woman who had been accustomed to the higher status of the Vedic regime, no woman born of such a one, would have submit-

ted to the role of a domestic drudge, a child-wife, or a child-widow. She would have revolted against the attempt to enslave her by such social customs. These customs could have been enforced only on women of a subject race whom the Aryans were obliged to marry and whom they obliged to marry them as they spread over the country. Such women would naturally come under the ban which forbade Vedic studies to *Shudras*, for they were themselves of *Shudra* origin; pre-puberty marriage would be adopted as the sole sufficient safeguard against pre-marital license which is still observable among several aboriginal tribes; enforced widowhood would have been regarded as a means of impressing forcibly on such women the sanctity of the marriage tie. These restrictions survived even after the door was closed against marriage with women of the indigenous tribes, and when the men of the higher castes were every whit as mixed in their origin as their women. The social reform movement was originally and is still very largely an attempt

to restore to women the status which belonged to women of the Vedic period. It aims at emancipating them from the thralldom of ignorance and of depressing social customs. Many of the early reformers little understood the full implication of the movement. They thought that enforced widowhood could be abolished without any further disturbance of the social environment; when they found that child marriage was intimately connected with enforced widowhood, they hoped that the raising of the marriageable age would be all that was needed; when, again, they realised that the want of education of women, was at the root of these two social evils, they dreamed that the education of women was the ultimate solution of their social problems. These, no doubt, are very important reforms. But the greatest reform of all is the abolition of caste, because so long as men regard their own group as superior to that of other men, they will not like to give to women a freedom which may lead them to choose husbands from outside their own groups.

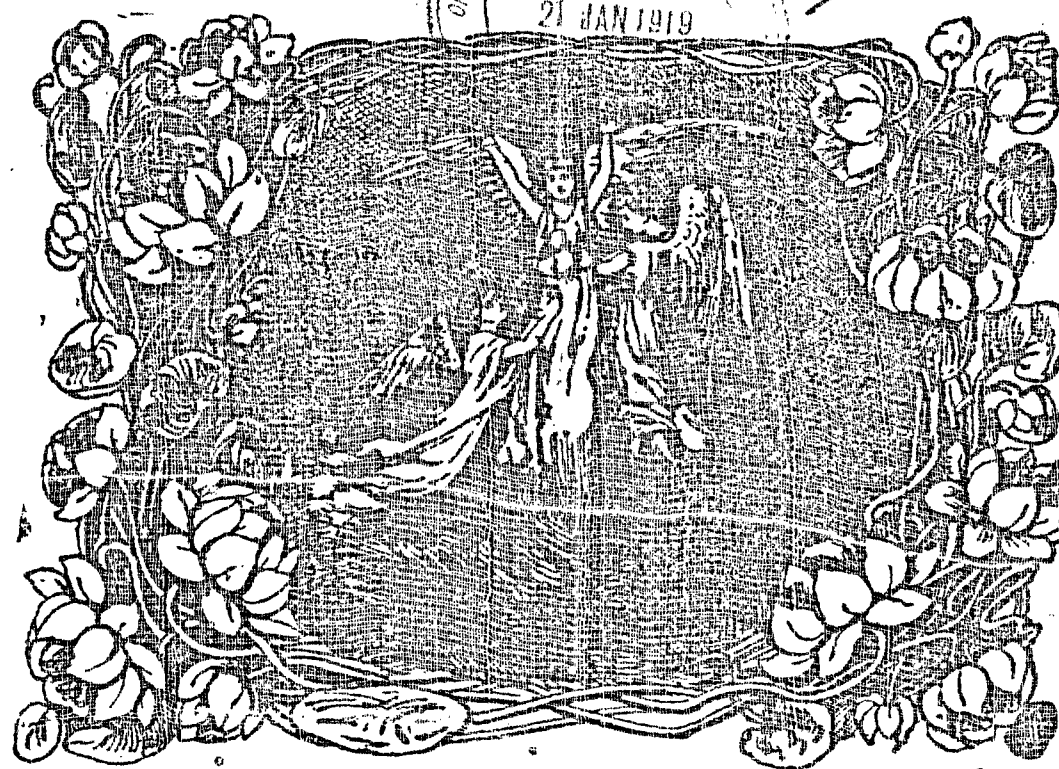


-208-



MISS BANNERJEE.

(See page 454.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI.] NOVEMBER 1918. [No. 16.

Joy.

"Who is the angel that cometh?
Joy?

Look at his glittering rainbow wings—
No alloy

Lies in the radiant gifts he brings;
Tender and sweet,

He is come today,

Tender and sweet,

With chains of love on his tender feet.

"Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord."

A PROCTER.

The Welcome of Paradise.

A legendary story founded on the persecutions under the Emperor Nero.

The old Roman and his wife sat together hand in hand. Many Christians had died on the previous day. They, too, were Christians, but as yet were safe. Nevertheless, Nero's hand spared but few, and their arrest was clearly a mere question of time.

Heavy steps were heard all at once outside. Shortly afterwards the door was tried. Involuntarily, husband and wife sprang to their feet. The old woman seized a little roughly-carved wooden cross, and held it before her face, while her lips moved in silent prayer. Once more the door was tried, and the old man pulling himself together, slowly opened it.

By the porch there stood a soldier in the uniform of Nero's body-guard. Never had the old man seen so tall a figure before; his body appeared as lithe and straight as the mast of a ship. The unexpected and unwelcome visitor looked wonderingly at Marcella, who continued praying and kissing the cross. With his eyes fixed upon the kneeling woman, the fair-haired soldier retreated to the farthest wall and placed his hand before his face as if to guard him from an enchanter's spell.

In blank amazement, the husband and wife looked towards each other. They expected the gigantic soldier to have straightway fallen upon them, bound them, and perhaps killed them outright.

But he stood against the wall looking more puzzled than themselves.

"Be easy, my brother," the old man said at last, "my wife is doing nothing amiss," at which the soldier let his hand slowly fall and enquired, "You are Christians?"

The question was a deadly one. Aquilus, the old man, in reply, however, said quietly, "Truly, we are Christians," and stood waiting with bent head for the arrest. But there was no arrest.

Stepping forward, the soldier sat upon a wooden stool, while the two old people regarded the mysterious visitor with wonder which ever increased. Who was he? What did he want?

Amid the silence he stretched out his arms all at once towards the cross which Marcella still held in her trembling hands. "Show it to me," the soldier said as he took it and began gently to touch the cross-beam.

He throw back his head and looked full at the old man, with burning, anguished eyes and evidently wished to ask something.

"Is it true," he said at last, "that men rise again after they are dead?"

"Yes, that is true," the old man said aloud and very quickly, "if one can conquer death in the faith of Christ."

With a nod, the soldier murmured, "That is exactly what she told me" and tears then came to his piercing eyes.

There was silence for a little spell, after which the old man noticed how the young face of the soldier began to glow, like the face of a boy who feels

his coming manhood. Then he felt his hand taken in a great grip.

"Do you believe," the words came breathlessly, "that Claudia lives?"

"Claudia?" the old man started. For Claudia was a fair Christian maiden, who had only the day before met her death. The soldier's eyes meanwhile seemed to pierce into the eyes of Aquilus as though the answer would be life or death.

"Do you not know her? But you must know her? She sent me to you," he added impatiently.

"She sent you to me?" stammered the old man in amazement.

The soldier's quietude, torn by an impatience which he could restrain no longer, had broken.

"For goodness sake, tell me! Does Claudia live? Does she live?"

With an effort the old man freed his hands and raised his arm on high.

"Claudia lives as truly as you and I are here together. Claudia, who yesterday died at the stake, is not really dead, but lives for ever and ever."

The giant stood at the old man's side, shaking him by the shoulders.

"I will go to her," he cried. "Show me the way. You can show it to me. It was Claudia herself who said so."

Marcella, who had risen from her knees, stepped between them frightened at his vehemence. "We, too, loved Claudia," she said softly. "Tell us how you came to know her."

The soldier went back and sat upon the stool. He threw back his head, and then let it sink again. He tried to

speak, but found it impossible, and something like a sob was heard in the little room.

Marcella and her husband mercifully let him alone, although their hearts were burning with impatience. The man had clearly seen Claudia the evening before. It was easy to imagine from his grief that he had been with her at the last and that it was his ears which had heard her last cry. Her death, in fact had left her as a saint among the little Christian community. For the sweetest blossom in Rome had chosen her lot amidst the despised and rejected. Freely and willingly she had given up her young life for the sake of Him, who had been more despised and rejected than them all.

When the old man plainly saw that unaided speech had become impossible to the soldier, he stepped fearlessly towards him, and broke the reserve with a timely question: "You are one of Caesar's body-guard?"

The soldier raised his head and nodded.

"Yesterday-evening," the words came out in broken fragments, "we were marched—into Caesar's garden. They told us that the Christians were to be burnt, because they had set fire to Rome. We were marched to the place, where a crowd of stakes stood in a double row, and one over against the other. They told us that Caesar would walk up and down between the stakes, whilst the Christians were burning on the stakes."

"And you were to attend Caesar, as he walked up and down," the old man involuntarily enquired.

"No," the soldier replied with a shrug of the shoulders. "We were each to take a stake, and at a given signal we were to set it alight."

"Until then," he said wistfully, "I had believed that the Christians were robbers and murderers. But when I came to my stake, bound to it, was an innocent woman."

The old people were quite silent. There was a glint of tears in the soldier's eyes, but something like a laugh on his face.

"They had all but stripped her," he continued, "and her gown and her shoes were all costly and beautiful and fine, such as ladies wear when they go into the streets; and I knew she must be a high personage of rank and yet she was there."

"Soon," he continued with a fierce flush scalding his youthful face, "came a Roman centurion with a torch. He put it into my hand and said: 'When it is quite dark Caesar will come into the garden. Then a loud order will be given—*Kindle the stakes*—. When you hear that, you will set light to the brushwood around the edge of the stake. Do you understand? Get it well ablaze.'

His tone spoke of things unbelievable to man born of woman. All he said was quite loud and the woman must have heard exactly what they were going to do with her. Then the centurion went away and I looked at her and observed that she was not frightened at all."

In a whisper the last words seemed almost lost and the soldier appeared as though he was again going to lapse into silence.

"How did she look? What did you see in her face?" the old man enquired.

"Almost as if she were glad," the soldiers answered slowly. "I can hardly describe it," he said helplessly as he rubbed his forehead. "She looked like an eager child. For a long time she looked at me; and because it made me sorry, I said, 'Why do you look at me?' She answered: 'I look at you because it is you who will open to me the Gates of Paradise,' and, as I did not understand, I asked her 'What is Paradise?'"

Then she said: 'It is a garden more wonderful than anything in the world. Green pastures and shady trees are there. There is no winter and no more tears.'

"They had bound her snow-white arms," he continued, "which looked as though she might fly away with them. And that is how I see her still. And it was all so wonderful to me that I enquired, 'Are you not afraid?' And it was then that she smiled."

"She smiled?" repeated the old man breathlessly

"Yes," and the story-teller went on, "And she said 'Ah! if you knew how happy I am, my brother, you would know that I am not afraid. Have you never heard of the Christ?'"

And because I had never heard of Him I shook my head.

She bent down to me so far as the cords would let her, so that I felt her breath, and she whispered to me, 'When I am dead, my brother, go to Aquilus, the weaver. Tell him that

Claudia sent you to him, and let him tell you the story of the Christ.'

Because she acknowledged me as a brother, and I could not understand it, I said, 'You are a high-born lady and I am but a poor soldier. Why do you call me brother?'

Again she smiled and said, 'You are my brother, for we have all one Father, and he dwells in that great paradise yonder, of which I told you.'

Then I said to her, 'If I go to Aquilus and become a Christian, shall I come to the garden to which you go?'

She said, 'Yes. At the very door of the garden will I wait till you come. I will hasten and greet you. Will you come soon? Soon?'

I really wanted to shelter her in my arms. Because of the brushwood, which was heaped around her, I could not do so, however. But I said, 'I will come to you as soon as I can. You shall never walk alone again, as I will always be at your side.'

As we talked in this manner to one another, there suddenly rang forth from one end of the place to the other the cry, '*Kindle the stakes!*' The signal had apparently been given for some time, but we had not heard it. The stakes, however, to the right and left of us blazed away. The Romans began to howl round the stakes like wild beasts, while the followers of Christ threw back their heads and cried to the heaven above. Then Caesar, driving in a chariot, came into the garden. His chariot was of precious gold, and it was drawn by eight white horses.

I stood moveless and she whispered to me: 'You must kindle the stake, my brother.' At that I remembered what the centurion had said to me. However I tried to put the torch to the brushwood, I could not do so. Caesar's chariot was fast approaching and she cried, 'My brother, you must do it.'

Away I turned my head so that I could no longer see her, and to the brushwood I set the torch. At once the flames leapt out and the fire licked her feet like a tongue up to her knees. I heard a cry like the breaking of a glass. Round I turned and saw that her head had sunk back, and her eyes had closed. It was then that I sprang into the burning brushwood and trampled out the fire, so that not a spark remained that could do her harm. With my hands I tore down the brushwood they had set between us, and I sheltered her on my heart. To her I said 'Fear nothing. You will die; it must be so. But not in pain shall you die, but by my hand. Death is noble when it comes through a man's sword, and you shall die in that way. For you are a noble woman, whom I love as I have never loved woman before. I shall love you, indeed, for ever.'

I took out the sword at my side, and her head lay on my shoulder and her face touched my face; and so I kissed her on the mouth and said, 'Farewell, Claudia. Will you wait until I come?'

Then she said, 'Claudia will wait.'

I drove the point of my sword into her naked breast just where I knew her heart lay throbbing. It was a straight stroke, and so she died."

The soldier, during the last part of his story, broke down utterly, and the old man came and stood beside him. With his hand dipped in water he drew on his brow the sacred sign of the cross, and murmured the beautiful prayer which was used by the little Christian community at their baptisms.

The three were so deeply occupied that they failed to hear the sound of footsteps outside. The door was suddenly burst open with one blow and three Roman soldiers stood in the doorway.

"Are you Aquilus, the Christian?" enquired one of them.

"Yes," said the old man.

"And the old woman there,—your wife. Is she likewise a Christian?"

"Also a Christian," she said in a trembling manner.

"Then get ready, you must come with us," the soldier replied.

"Leave the old man in peace," the blonde giant said to the soldiers. "And the woman, too. They have done you no harm. All the lies which are being told about the Christians have no foundation in fact."

"Do you not hear me?" he emphasised. "I told you to leave the old man in peace."

A life and death struggle ensued between them, which lasted but a few seconds. Then a huge blow fell from the giant's fist and the Roman rolled senseless on the ground.

With a snarl of rage, the others rushed forward and cried: "What ails you? Do you side with the Christians?"

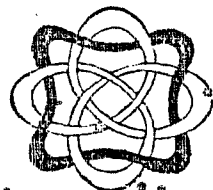
Swords were drawn and the sight of their naked blades awoke the wild beast within the giant and he sprang a step backwards, tore his long thin sword from its sheath, and swung it round his head.

"I am a Christian," he shouted, so that it could be heard out in the street. He had found a new battle cry; his eyes grow bloodshot; his face wild with the lust for fight.

"Revenge for Claudia!" and a death-cry followed. A second Roman bit the dust. The sword had got him between the shoulder and the neck. The third Roman rushed from the side, and drove his dagger into the soldier's body up to the hilt.

In Marcella's lap, the fair head of the dying man reposed and his lips whispered once more the beloved name of Claudia. The mighty body was convulsed, then lay very quiet and still. On the tranquil face was a smile. For had not Claudia kept her word? Had she not come to meet him? Were they not wandering hand in hand in that fair garden where there is no more pain and no more tears?

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



Courage.

"Courage as a virtue is the habit of will that makes for the doing of what is to be done, in spite of discomfort, disinclination and pain, present and prospective." It is the ability to resist pain, suffering and danger and to compass our purpose by means of a rational will. This determined following of purpose without regard to suffering and pain is not the same as being fearless.

Fear to a great extent slackens energy and prevents one from firmly facing danger; and perhaps this fact has led popular opinion to consider the fearless man courageous. The point about this view is that it completely ignores the significant fact that, to the man who faces danger because he is fearless, the dangers are neither painful, terrible, nor dangerous. Hence he exhibits no special virtue. For the sake of lucidity, let us consider the case of a man who jumps upon the front platform of a moving train. There may be many explanations for his action. He may have done so through ignorance of the danger, or because he knew the trick of landing safely on the platform, or because he saw that it was the only way to caution the authorities of an approaching danger. In the first case, he is ignorant of the danger and so has no fear; in the second he has clear knowledge regarding his safety and so has no fear. In these two cases, having no fear, the man is incapable of appreciating the danger he is facing and consequently has no opportunity to exercise his determina-

tion or self-control. In the third case, he is fearful, but courageous. For being fearful he is obliged to exercise self-control in order to put down his fear and in spite of the pain and suffering involved in his action, to discharge what he feels to be his duty. Thus courage is, as Miss. Cabot points out, the leap of Reason vaulting over fear, because fear bars its way!

From the above illustration we see that fearlessness is not only not identical with courage, but on the contrary that to exercise courage there must be fear. The essence of courage consists in fully appreciating danger and then trying by means of a rational will to overcome that fear. "Courage," says Miss Cabot, "lies in our knowing what we are about and doing the best we know in spite of the consciousness of danger." There is no courage, unless suffering or fear is genuinely experienced and endured or controlled:—should one not add 'or excluded'? Thus courage always involves the effort to control fear and therefore it is clearly distinguished from fearlessness which may be due to dulness of perception or ignorance or to the knowledge that one is safe.

But when we say that there must be fear to give opportunity for the exercise of courage, we must be careful not to confuse fear with panic. Panic makes men foolish and irrational. For instance, when a theatre catches fire, there is great confusion and panic. People run this way and that without doing anything materially to extinguish the fire. This behaviour of the people is panic which is different from fear and entirely incom-

patible with courage. "In order to be courageous, we must put down panic but not abolish fear. "Courage," then, "is always the effort to hold to the reasonable in the presence of temptation or panic."

Aristotle, whose great idea is the 'golden mean' defines courage as the mean between two vices, abject cowardice and blind fool-hardiness. Abject cowardice is exceeding fear and exceeding faint-heartedness. This is one extreme. Blind fool-hardiness, where there is an excess of confidence in respect of things fearful, is another extreme. Courage is neither the one nor the other.

'Indiscriminating insensibility to pain' is not a praiseworthy quality. The rash man who risks without an exact appreciation of danger does not and cannot withstand what is truly fearful. He is hasty and eager before danger, but when actually in it falls away, while the brave man is quiet and composed before danger, but when in it is quick and sharp. He who rashly runs unnecessary risks does as much injury as he who in a cowardly manner flees from the field. The brave man must be sensible and not run into every danger. He must face dangers if, by so doing, he will avert greater dangers and calamities or bring about any positive good. He should not run into danger or bear avoidable pain, unless they meet him in the course of duty. For instance, it is extremely silly for a man to jump upon the platform of a moving train, just because he wants to show his skill in doing it, but he is noble and genuinely courageous if he does so in

order to prevent a catastrophe. The rash man doesn't think about the danger he is going to face. He doesn't think about the consequences of his action, of the relevancy of meeting the danger, of the best way of meeting it. Without any foresight or deliberation, he plunges headlong into danger. But the brave man acts quite in the opposite manner. As Aristotle says, "he withstands, and fears, and is bold, in respect of right objects, from a right motive, in right manner, and at right times!"

Thus the man, who, when attacked and in great danger, neither foolishly runs away, nor rashly rushes into danger, but retaining his presence of mind uses his powers effectively and carefully and calmly studying the situation, quietly deliberates and decides on the best measures for meeting the critical situation, and then carries out his resolution firmly and energetically, is greater and more useful than the man who springs headlong into dangers in foolhardy disregard of essential facts! Prudence therefore forms an essential feature of courage.

In Rashness, this intellectual element, this ability to be in full command of one's faculties, to control one's actions calmly and without any unnecessary worry and anxiety in the face of danger, is completely absent. 'Rashness doesn't make any attempt to judge of the wisdom of its daring act.' This defect is well expressed by Longfellow, who says:—

'Write on your doors the saying wise "Be Bold! Be bold!" and every-

where 'Be bold!; and old! Be not too Bold!'"

By 'bold' he means courage which he holds up for our admiration and cultivation, and by 'too bold' he means rashness or foolhardiness which he despises and warns us against. Courage is, thus, as far removed from rashness as it is from cowardice. It is greater and nobler than the simple physical courage of the primitive mind. Mr. Stephen says, "we admire the courage which is manifested by the General commanding under stress of great danger and heavy responsibility more than the simple courage of the soldier who walks up to a battery or of a hunter who confronts a tiger in his jungle."

That which differentiates rashness from courage is not merely an intellectual defect. It is also a moral defect. We cannot calculate what evil consequences, the man who without foresight plunges headlong into dangers, will bring about. The results of his actions may extend not only to himself but to his family and even to the society to which he belongs. He has perhaps a right to bring upon himself pain and suffering, but by no means has he the right to bring suffering and pain on others. His foolish and thoughtless actions may occasion great loss of lives, pain, misery, suffering etc. He has no moral justification whatever—perhaps not even legal justification—for bringing these miseries upon innocent and peaceful people. Thus the rash man does acts which are not moral. His rashness prevents him from carefully considering the evil consequences which his

actions bring about and their range of importance and extent. Therefore, a rash man is not only devoid of presence of mind and prudence, but also of moral qualities such as respect for others' lives and sympathy for others' undeserved sufferings (due to his own foolish and hasty actions). There is thus in rashness both an intellectual and a moral defect.

Originally, physical bravery constituted the essence of courage. This physical courage may be called animal courage, since it is only a matter of feeling and not of will. It resembles the courage of the animal which is prompted by mere impulse. In the course of development, some men became endowed with great physical prowess which enabled them to dare and endure many painful things. Gradually, the valuable qualities of daring and endurance became habitual with them and won the just admiration of their neighbours. This admiration was originally instructive, but later became reflective. People came to value courage as a quality valuable for the community. This was especially the case when a community was surrounded by savage men who attacked and carried away its property. In a community like that, existence depended upon the ability and readiness to face danger. The greater the number of brave and strong men in that community, the greater will be the chances of its surviving and holding its own against its surrounding savage enemies. Thus, in primitive warlike society martial courage was highly valued.

Though the primitive mind consi-

defied it unmanly to flinch before human enemies, it did not and probably could not conceive that it was equally unmanly to flinch before the various mental and material foes of man. For instance, the savage could not conceive it at all disgraceful, to give way before what he called 'The Supernatural.' He could not keep himself from trembling when he heard thunder, for he regarded that as an expression of the anger of the gods. Thus the savage recognized only one form of courage, viz., the disregard of suffering and danger.

Out of this slight germ grew up the rich civilised conception of courage. As men advanced in intelligence, they recognized that war was awful and dreadful and that mankind has more important and useful things to perform than merely to cut one another's throats and make a hell of this world. Peaceful pursuits thus became as important as, if not more important than, warlike pursuits. To this change in men's outlook is due the further development of the conception of courage. In peaceful times, the importance of other vocations besides the military was recognized, and the men who had the strength of will to resist and overcome obstacles and impediments that lay in their particular sphere of work, were justly applauded and admired. There is a great variety of peaceful pursuits and each has its own peculiar obstacles and dangers, and courage to meet them varies accordingly. But the courage is the same in all cases. For example, the courage of the fireman who braves flames and tottering walls and the courage of the doctor who braves

disease and death are in essence the same, though they are exerted in different ways and in regard to different dangers. Thus "the danger to health and life in the mission field, the city-slum, and the fever ward makes the foreign missionary, the slum-sister, and the hospital nurse as heroic types among ourselves as the citizen soldier was among the Greeks." Victor Hugo says, "For man, great actions are performed in minor struggles. There are obstinate and unknown braves who defend themselves inch by inch in the shadows against the fatal invasion of want and turpitude. There are noble and mysterious triumphs which no eye sees, no renown rewards, and no flourish of trumpets salutes. Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment and poverty are battle fields which have their heroes!"

The high and clear moral ideas that we of the twentieth century have, enable us to make a further advance in the conception of courage. Judging from our high Ethical standard, we disapprove of a great many of the actions which our ancestors marked out as courageous. We consider some of the boldest actions of the greatest military geniuses as worthy of condemnation. Some of these acts we even regard as immoral. Therefore, we note that only some brave acts have moral value.

We would not call a man morally courageous because he kills a tiger. Moral courage has, as one of its essential characteristics what Mezes calls 'subjective rightness.' By this term Mezes means cases, where a man does what he sincerely considers to be his

duty. True moral endeavour involves conviction and resolution. "It consists" as Miss Cabot says, "in the disregard of ordinary fears out of an absorbing desire of, and devotion to, some great superior principle." For instance, Patriotism—facing danger and death for the love of one's country—is a true moral endeavour. Here, the individual in the desire to do his duty to his motherland, sinks individual considerations of personal loss and harm! On behalf of common good, he is willing to endure many hardships and inconveniences. Such actions as these are admirable and genuinely moral.

Moral courage, as Pailson says, is to be independent in thought, to be self-asserting against the pressure of inferior and superior forces, to be true to oneself, to calmly and firmly oppose every attempt to subject the individual to established rules and customs, to serve and remain faithful to truth and justice because one considers it a duty to be all this and without considering whether such conduct will bring us popularity or disfavour and contempt. It is as some writers point out "willingness to brave for the sake of a new idea of the good, the unpopularity that attends breach of custom and convention." James A. Garfield writes, "There are some things I am afraid of; I am afraid to do a mean thing!" It seems to me that in that sentence, James put the essence of moral courage. It is to be courageous to hate all meanness and baseness. This is the idea which Miss Cabot amplifies, when she declares that moral courage is to speak the truth when every word will pierce

and sting, to confess a guilt which has very little chance of being brought to light, to be what we really are and not to pretend to be what we are not, to live and dress within our means among our richer and more fashionable acquaintances, and to give and take unflinchingly all necessary pain.

When we compare the primitive physical courage with moral courage, we can at once see the great advance that we have made. Though Physical courage is valuable and originally was considered the best and the highest, it sinks in significance before rich and high moral courage. Physical courage is admirable, but moral courage is more admirable and of higher Ethical value.

Kant regards moral courage (all actions performed for duty's sake) as supremely and completely moral. He thinks that it is in no way defective. He ranks it as the highest among the virtues. Now, when we speak of courage as a virtue, we must be clear as to what we mean by virtue. "Virtue is a quality of character that insures the performance of objectively moral conduct." Now, moral courage does not satisfy this definition. Its characteristic is 'subjective rightness' whereas virtue requires 'objectively moral conduct.' In moral courage, we rely on our convictions and consciences. But we are familiar with instances of conscience erring grievously. The acting upon our sincere but erroneous convictions does more harm than good. Kant did not make this distinction between subjective and objective moral

lity and so failed to notice any defect in conduct inspired by duty. Since we have learnt from experience not to trust conscience implicitly, we cannot look on "moral courage, when by itself and unaided, as a virtue, simply identical with 'virtue,' (i.e.) as a quality of character that insures objectively moral conduct."

Moral courage without common-sense is not a virtue. We should not lay implicit trust on our consciences. Only those, who have sound judgment and infallible knowledge as to what is the best for social welfare, can trust their consciences and can have the virtue of courage. Those objects are objectively moral that promote social welfare, and the virtues are qualities of character very necessary for such objectively moral conduct. Among these qualities, courage is one, for without it "duty would often fail of performance." Courage as completely virtuous, then consists "in determined performance of objectively moral conduct, (i.e.) in resolute beneficence, in spite of aversion in any form."

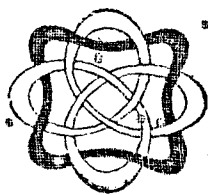
True heroism, genuine courage, therefore has the following elements, an exact appreciation of danger, a proper motive for facing it, presence of mind, and grim determination or self-control.

Miss Bannerjee.

(See frontispiece.)

This accomplished lady is the only daughter of Mrs. Bannerjee and of Mr. A. R. Bannerjee C.I.E., I.C.S., Dewan of Cochin lately, and now Executive Councillor of Mysore. She comes of illustrious parentage, her grand-father on the father's side being Mr. Sasipada Bannerjee, the noted Social Reformer of Bengal, and her mother's father being Sir Krishna Gupta, retired from the Secretary of State's Council, and President of the Indian Women's Education Association in England.

Miss Bannerjee is President of the Ladies' Club in Bangalore, started under her guidance and influence, after her coming to Bangalore. Miss Bannerjee is very well accomplished, and has a fine taste for music, her favourite instruments being the banjo and the piano. She has but lately returned from England, where she has passed high examinations in music. We are proud to have such ladies in our midst and we hope that they will take interest in bringing more light and knowledge to their ignorant sisters in India.



Priyam Vada.

A Social Tale.

Translated from

A Canarese Story by

Mrs. R. Kalyanamma of Bangalore

CHAPTER I.

MATERNAL LOVE.

It was a modest house in one of the moffussil parts of the state of Mysore, not evidencing much wealth, but being an indication of the neatness and care of its humble occupants. It was not furnished on modern lines. Its inmates were few, and its visitors none. Its walls were bare except for a few prints from the gracious pictures of the great Ravi Varma, and one or two old fashioned paints representing the Gods and Goodesses who still retain a hold on the Indian mind, in spite of the decay of religion, and the degeneration of fashion. In the airy and open central room of that house there were two occupants, both of them ladies, and both of them lovely, one showing from the settled tranquillity and absence of merriment on her countenance, that Fate, while lavish in her gifts to her person, had denied her those accompaniments, that are necessary even in the case of a beautiful woman, to make her face look bright, and her heart feel blissful. Her garments were plain and of subdued hue and all her appearance showed that she was not rich and that she had been bereaved not very long ago of her life's mate. Her companion was a maiden who had just entered the inexpressible period when the glow and grace and charm

of womanhood begins to spread on the form and face, as at dawn the bright hues of nature suffuse the eastern heavens. Her face showed lineaments which, later, would shine with that beauty which burst forth from her mother's face even amidst the gloom of widowhood. It was a face so delightfully pure and innocent and sweet that the beholder, who could guess from her garb that the maiden was married, would be forced to involuntarily declare, not without a touch of jealousy, what a lucky dog the husband was! The maiden was seated on a stool near the window, and listlessly working at a piece of needlework. The mother was seated on the floor against the wall and was sewing leaves together for use in their daily meals. It was an hour or so after they had finished their noon-day meal and the maiden had gone to her needle, and the mother had finished her work in the kitchen, and was busy with the leaves. Ever and anon her gaze would fix itself upon the form of her only daughter at the window, and her face cloud with pain at the thought of the misfortune which had left that beloved child an orphan. Once she heaved a deep sigh, and the maiden, looking up from her work suddenly asked, "why mother, what is the matter?"

"Nothing child," she said "I am only troubled about you."

"Do I cause you trouble, mother? I am so grieved. What could I have done to cause you thought? If I err at any time, unconsciously, should you not freely chide me for it? why mourn in silence?"

"No, my innocent child. It is nothing you have done. It is all Heaven's inexplicable doing. What can you or I do?" said the mother, and tears trickled from her eyes.

For a long time neither mother nor daughter spoke. Seeing their silence the parrot in the cage, cried out, "Priyam Vada, there is a cat coming! come up." The maiden turned at the familiar cry of her pet, and seeing that it was all sham, said to the untruthful one, "Muddu-Rama, have you too learnt to tell lies. It is very well indeed!" and went up and began to fondle it. The mother gave way to her tears, and before long, exhausted by the oppression of her thoughts sank down in the unconsciousness of sleep.

The reader would no doubt like to know here the cause of the unfortunate mother's sorrow. Priyam Vada, the young daughter of the house had lost her father not long ago. The mother had alone been left to tend her with care, and they had been living by themselves on the little store of property left to them by the father. Priyam Vada had been already married in her father's time, in her 9th year to a boy who had just entered the college. The boy's mother who was a veritable devil of greed, used to wring money from the poor widow on all occasions of festivity. Much also had been given away at the marriage itself with the expectation that some day the daughter would be happy in her husband's house. Now when Priyam Vada's father was dead and she was of an age to go home, her husband's mother sent word that she would not have the wedding of her son nor receive Priyam

Vada into her house, since her mother had no money to add afresh to her dowry. You may imagine what a blow this was to the mother. Usually mothers deplore the presence of even widowed daughters in their house. But a daughter with a living husband, and, separated from him will be a grief to a mother with which there can be little else to compare. It was about six years by this time since Priyam Vada had been married. And her mother, what with her widowhood, and what with her divorced child, had much difficulty in restraining her overflowing tears.

Daughter:—"Mother, may you not tell me? What have I done to bring pain to so noble a mother as mine?"

Mother:—"My daughter, you have done nothing to grieve me. It is unhappy I that am the cause of your misfortune. I had you married according to Brahmin custom in your ninth year. The bridegroom was in the Entrance class. He was good-looking too, but very poor. But I gave your hand to him charmed with his cleverness, and not minding his poverty or other defects. Thinking that he would finish his education and earn much, I gave him 1500 rupees at marriage and 1000 rupees in jewels, vessels, and clothing. Being told that if I gave you in marriage in the year of your father's death, he would reach Heaven, I hurried to bring it to pass within that period. And then besides 2500 rupees then given, under the pretext of one festival or another—Yagadi, Ganesh, or Deepavali—they have snatched away another 1000.

I gave that too, thinking that that it was our country's custom, and that I might not go against it. My child, the money left by your father at the time of your father's death was about 10000 rupees. Of that, for marriage, debt, and festivities, I had to spend 3500. When I was getting on somehow with the remainder, the failure of the Bank of Arbuthnot in which our money was invested occurred, and we lost even the little we had. The little that I have now is not even enough for the ordinary life of us two. When this is so, your mother-in-law has, besides writing several times to that effect, sent word by third parties, that she will not have your wedding consummated unless I give her 2000 rupees for the occasion. My child, what shall I do? To see my only child bereft of the company of her husband, is evil to me. I could give my life for you. But whence shall I bring the money? I cried out my tale before your mother and father-in-law. I begged them, I prostrated myself before them. And they drove me out of their house without ceremony. You are sixteen, now. People say all sorts of things at your not going to your husband's house yet. I did not know what to do, and so I wept. I did not want to make you too miserable by informing you of all this. But to-day since you pressed me, I had to tell you."

Daughter:—"Mother, your son-in-law has passed the B. A. and is studying for Law. Can you not speak to him? He might know all our customs. Do you think educated people will hunger for money?"

Mother:—"In our community, we should not speak with sons-in-law

And sons always act according to the wishes of their parents. What is the good of talking with him?"

Daughter:—"What can you do then, mother?"

Mother:—"What else? I have decided to give up my life. But I must get you admitted before that to their house. But I don't like to go to anybody's door, like that. They might not treat you with affection. They might even send you away. Then without me, and disowned by them, what would you do! I don't know what to decide. All this is vexing me a great deal." Saying this, she began to weep again.

Priyam Vada did not speak. Her bright countenance grew pale. Her eye began to shed tears. She tried to restrain them, but could not. She placed her head on her mother's lap, and gave way to a paroxysm of weeping. The mother said "Priyam Vada, it is owing to this that I refrained from telling you all this. How can you weep in this fashion?"

Priyam Vada:—"Mother, do you know why I weep? Listen, I will tell you. Ignorant persons do many things for love of money. My husband is very learned. He has read all the codes of law. His present studies will show him many things in worldly matters. I do not see why he should reject me. If you do as I say, both of us will be relieved of trouble."

Mother:—"Say child! what do you wish to be done."

Priyam Vada:—"Promise that you will not take away your life. Take me this very day to my mother-in-law's house and leave me there. Don't give them room either to praise or illtreat

me. If you don't give way to sorrow at our parting, and spend your time in prayer, you will soon hear well of me."

Mother:—"Let it be as you say. If they discard you, where will you then go?"

Priyam Vada:—"Mother, do not fear. Even if they discard me, I shall not leave them. I shall learn to bear all hardships, and keep patient. Justice everywhere conquers. Now prepare to start. You will see my courage."

Hearing this speech of her daughter, the mother's heart was elated with a little pride, and though doubtful of the result, she consented to carry out the plan, and putting together all the jewels and clothing belonging to her daughter, started on her journey to her son-in-law's house.

My readers, Priyam Vada's mother was a widow. Her mother-in-law's name was Anna Poorna. She was the very image of greed. How could such a woman be satisfied? Where there is desire for money, there even parental affection becomes dimmed. By this bad practice of dowry, numerous poor families in our country have become beggared. How many have there not been who have sold their homes and property to satisfy the demands of the bride-groom, and gone out with a beggar's satchel afterwards for their own livelihood? How many wicked ones have there not been who, not satisfied with what they had at marriage asked more and more at festivities, and at the consummation of marriage? If that is not given, they will discard the poor girl, and have a new marriage. And in the case of

the discarded ones, what an eyesore to the mothers whose daughters are thus practically widowed. It is on account of this infamous dowry system that noble, sensitive, Bengalee maidens have sacrificed their lives. This evil practice has not ceased even in this time of bright enlightenment and advancing civilization. It is current yet in many places. Where a man is a father of five or six daughters, how shall he provide a dowry for each of these? Many families being seized by the devil of this system are washing their hands with their own tears. Until the day that this atrocious practice ceases in this our immortal land, our country cannot prosper. And by being driven into the arms of the maimed, old, and illiterate, our girls will have to lead a life of darkness and despair, until death relieves them. This grave misery must only be relieved by the great God of mercy.

To be continued.

The making of a Gentleman or Lady.

A friendly chat among ourselves.

A gentleman was at first a person of "true descent and ancient blood; next one without a title, on whom gentility was conferred by the grant of a coat-armour; and by several gradations has finally come to mean one possessed of intellectual refinement and delicacy of feeling."

Therefore, what is it to be a gentleman? Thackeray answers the question thus: "It is to be honest, to be

gentle, to be brave, to be wise; possessed of all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful manner." Cardinal Newman tells us the following: "All that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address, features, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the power of conversing, the talent of not offending; the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the happiness of expression, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candour and consideration, the openness of hand;—these qualities, some of them come by nature, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity."

There is a feeling among many people that true gentlemanliness means chiefly the inward virtue of a man, and not necessarily outward grace and polish. But this opinion is apt to be dangerous. In any case it is both right and wrong. On the one hand, it is not right to lay too much stress on the outward refinement of man, for fine feathers do not often make fine birds; neither is all that glitters true gold. But, on the other hand, a true gentleman must necessarily shew outward refinement of manner, not exactly in graces and polish but in true courtesy of thought and deed. "A gentleman's just characteristic," says Ruskin, "is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of that structure of the mind, which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies, or as one may simply say, fineness of nature." A true gentleman may not know exactly how to act by the rules of society; but he will know how to act in cases

where gentleness and kindness are necessary to be shewn. And this innate refinement of feeling will teach him to behave so sweetly and kindly that after the first surprise of seeing him going against some rules of etiquette is overcome, his true gentlemanliness is at once perceived and understood. But, be it understood, that this means outward refinement, not necessarily shewn in conventional propriety, but outward refinement for all that, as well as inward refinement.

Many great writers have tried to think out the essential qualities of a gentleman. The author of the little book on "Moral Science," summarizes these for us in a very business-like way.

The chief external qualities of a gentleman, leading of course from internal excellence of heart, seem to be Courtesy, Affability and Politeness. "Courtesy consists in a certain readiness on our part to behave obligingly towards others—even at the expense of our own comforts; and in giving expression to our thoughts and feelings so as to please everybody round about us—without ever giving offence or causing pain." But here the question comes, what about giving pain where it is necessary to point out faults or wrong-doing? It is of course necessary in certain cases to criticise. But this can be done only in absolutely necessary cases. There is such a thing as righteous anger. Where friends are criticised or rebuked, they will understand and not be offended. But in the case of those, who are not friends, criticism even can be made in a most tactful manner. And it must be remembered also that criticism is

often based on cynicism and priggishness and self-conceit.

To return to our enumeration of the qualities of a gentleman, "*Affability* consists in a certain readiness to admit others to our conversation and to listen to them with a certain amount of considerateness." "*Politeness* shows itself principally in a certain disposition to give others pleasure, and to condescend to them in whatsoever detracts not from other rules of good-behaviour and the practice of other virtues." The rules of society may seem irksome and unnecessary; but most of them, if we come to analyse them, come to mean the showing of kindness and gentleness in dealing with women and children; and the exercise of honour and truth in dealing with the world in general. Courtesy, Affability and Politeness therefore mean, the putting of our companions at their ease as much as possible. The following is a good summary of the matter:

"In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour, which springs not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the custom of the world in matters indifferent, but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is a certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end with being vicious and immoral."

The second group of qualities necessary in a gentleman is Trust, Confidence and Fraternal charity, Sympathy and Compassion. "Society is built upon trust, upon confidence of one another's integrity." It is our sacred duty, therefore, to trust others so long as positive reasons are not forthcoming why we should not."

"Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes."

It is obvious that, following upon trust and confidence in others, come Peace, Tolerance and Forbearance, the basis of which is true Charity.

"Above all things, have charity, which is the bond of perfection—bearing with one another, and forgiving one another, if any have a complaint against another."

"Nor will the wise man expect too much from those about him. If he would live at peace with others, he will bear and forbear. And even the best have often foibles of character, which have to be endured, sympathised with and perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not suffer from some thorn in the flesh? Who does not stand in need of toleration, of forbearance and forgiveness?"



Our Quotation page.

DUTY.

"The doing of our duty involves an immense sense of responsibility. No one can lead a true life, unless he feels this sense, and energetically acts up to it."

"My life is in my hand, and lo!
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling string
An arrow that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window towards the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance!"

LONGFELLOW.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream,'
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul!"

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way:—
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today!"

LONGFELLOW.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control
These three alone lead life to sovereign power,
Yet not for power! but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

TENNYSON.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

"One launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea!
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down!
He meant much good,—none came. Strange destiny;
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,
Yet good he had not meant, became his crown;
For once at work,—when even as nature, free
From thought of good he was, or of renown,—
God took the work for good and let good be."

J. INGELOW.

"Beautiful it is to understand and know that a
Thought did never yet die; that, as then, the origina-
tor thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the
whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future."

CARLYLE.

"Life loves no lookers-on at his great game."

CLOUGH.

Manapuram.

(a place of historical importance.)

Manapuram is a place of historical importance in South India. It extends from Chetwa in the North to Cranganore in the south. Though the island itself goes further south to the Cochin Harbour, it may be said to occupy a central position in Malabar or Kerala. Cranganore, the most important town in this sandy spot, once formed the great emporium of trade between the East and West. It is believed that it was from this port that Solomon got his cargo of ivory, apes, peacocks, incense, &c. After the Phoenicians, the Greeks and the Romans extended their trade to the Malabar Coast. Ptolemy mentions Cranganore as *Mustiris*. This was the metropolis of the great Chera Kings. We have it from the ancient Tamil literature that the early Chera Kings such as Chrukudavan and others lived here, Chrukudavan's brother Ilanko Adikal composed his celebrated poem the *Chilappathikaram* at Madilakam or Trikkannar Mathilakom, in the early years of the Christian Era. The Manimekala is also believed to have been composed here. To Tamil Literature, Cranganore is known as *Māgodai* and *Muchire*. The Jew's copper plate mentions it as *Mayinkadu*. Cranganore continued to be the capital of the Kerala Kings till about the latter part of the 10th or the beginning of the 11th century A. D. when the great Chola King Rajendra conquered Cranganore and despoiled the Kerala King of his ancestral family treasure, crown &c.

Cranganore formed the key to Malabar in subsequent times. It was from Cranganore the traditional Cheraman Perumal divided his Empire between his friends, relatives and dependents. Though this tradition is a mere myth, this Perumal is said to have become a Mohomedan and gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Island of Manapuram played an important part in the wars between the Zamorin and the Cochin Raja before the advent of the Europeans. On the arrival of the Portuguese and the Dutch, it continued to be the scene of warfare between them and the Native Powers. The Fort at Pallipuram was the 1st Fort built by any European power in India. The Dutch built the fort of Cranganore as a special stronghold. During the invasion of Haider and Tippu, the Dutch finding it unable to hold it against the invaders, sold the Fort to Travancore and this drew the English into the fray, as they were bound by treaty to assist the Travancore King in defending himself against his enemies. After the war with Tippu, Manapuram became an English possession.

Cranganore is again of great importance as the place where St. Thomas the Apostle landed in A. D. 52 and planted the Cross and introduced Christianity into India. It is also said that previous to this the Jews had arrived and founded a colony there. Then again as already observed Mahomedanism also was introduced when the traditional Cheraman Perumal became a convert and went to Mecca. Thus Judaism, Christianity and Mahomedanism found their way to Malabar

and India through Cranganore. Hence the importance of Manāpuram, which holds Cranganore.

R. K.

News and Notes.

(Selected.)

Women and the Bombay Municipal Corporation. The Hon. Mr. Desai's motion to which we referred last week, to enable women to be elected members of the Bombay Municipal Corporation, was carried by a majority at the last meeting of the Bombay Legislative Council.

Scholarships to Lady Students. The Arya Mahila Samaj offers to pay two terms fees for a poor lady student studying in any Arts College in Bombay. Applications should be forwarded to Dr. Kashibai Nowrange, Bhuleshwa, Bombay.

LADY WILLINGDON FUND.

DISPENSARY FOR WOMEN.

Bombay, 22nd Nov.—At a meeting of the subscribers of the Lady Willingdon Fund it was decided that the balance of the funds subscribed be utilised in founding a dispensary for women and children, to be called the Lady Willingdon Scheme Dispensary, and that the work of milk distribution and health visitors be continued until these branches of the scheme are absorbed in the Health Department of the Municipality. The handsome donation of Rs. 5 lakhs by the Trustees of the Haji Sabu Sidick Fund,

which Her Excellency handed over to the Municipality to be utilised in keeping up the existing maternity homes which were initiated and supported by the Lady Willingdon scheme and taken over by the Municipality, and in providing others, will continue the important work inaugurated by the Lady Willingdon scheme.

The meeting expressed the opinion that all maternity homes should have a dispensary attached to them and that a recommendation should be made to the corporation to that effect.

H. E. LADY WILLINGDON.

FAREWELL ENTERTAINMENT.

Bombay, 5th Dec.—At the Town Hall, this evening, Lady Willingdon attended a farewell reception given in her honour by the women of the Bombay Presidency. Addresses, expressing regret at her departure, were read in English by Mrs. Palmer, in Urdu by Lady Ali Shah, in Gujarati by Lady Jehangir, and in Marathi by Mrs. Ranade. These were presented in caskets and also a large uncut emerald and a cheque for Rs. 24,000, which latter Her Excellency declared her intention of handing back to be devoted to the Famine Relief Fund.

A significant feature of the success of Lady Willingdon's efforts towards social fusion was given on Wednesday, when, after she had opened the Purdah Ladies' pavilion, she had presented for their use to the Willingdon Sports Club, she was entertained at a lunch in the Club dining room by H. H. Lady Aga Khan, Lady Petit, Lady Jehangir, Lady Metha, Lady Nethersole, Lady, Fazulbhy Currim-

bhoy, Lady Ibrahim Rahimtullah, the Begum Sahib of Sanavar and about 40 others. This was the first occasion on which ladies of all classes sat down and ate together at the same board, hereby inaugurating a new era in social evolution in India.

INFLUENZA.

QUAINT SOUTH AFRICAN INCIDENT.

The cabled information that in Ultenhage in the eastern province of British South Africa, an epidemic of Spanish influenza has broken out among baboons, which are dying like flies, has an interesting bearing upon the discovery, made within comparatively recent years, that the blood of the higher apes responds to the same scientific tests as human blood.

Discussing the matter, Major E. A. Le Souef, Director of the Zoological Gardens at Perth (Australia) pointed out that, owing to the fact that baboons lived in communities on cliffs and rocky hills, infectious diseases would be likely to spread rapidly amongst them. In view of the established fact of a blood relationship between man and the higher apes, it was not surprising that a disease such as influenza should spread from human beings to baboons.

"If the disease diminishes the numbers of the baboons to an appreciable extent," remarked Major Le Souef, "the South African settlers will have no reason to be sorry, for these animals work serious havoc among the crops, and among the sheep flocks. Although their natural food is native roots and insects, they seize the lambs, and tearing

them open, devour the stomachs containing milk; they also catch the milky ewes and tear off the udders. When they cannot get dainties as these, they turn over every stone through hundreds of acres of land in their search for insects, principally scorpions. They have a natural terror of snakes, and when they find them under stones, they gently replace the stones, so as not to disturb them. Sometimes they become very bold and destroy the shepherds, and concerted action has to be taken by the settlers, to keep them in check. When members of a colony have been shot, the remainder always avoid men carrying guns, though not afraid of men unarmed or of women or children. The baboons band together against other wild animals, and have even been known to overwhelm leopards by force of numbers. They have keen eyesight, and it is said to be impossible to poison them owing to their remarkably keen sense of smell.

THE FIRST MYSORE LADIES'

CONFERENCE.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

In opening the proceedings, Mrs. K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, the President, observed as follows:—

I feel that this is indeed a notable day, one that may well prove to be of some consequence for the future of Mysore; for it is the first occasion on which a formal conference of Indian ladies meets in the Capital city of this State in order to consider what measures will ensure the progress of the country and particularly what steps are

immediately needed for the advancement of its womanhood.

Those who have been watching the public life of India will have noticed during the past few years the manifestation of a new force expressing itself in increased earnestness of purpose and enthusiasm for public service, and the striving after great and noble ideals. As a result, people are impelled—not men alone, but women as well,—to agitate and discuss on the platform and in the press questions of vital importance to the nation in all departments of life.

Though ours is the first Ladies' conference for Mysore, our sisters in Gujarat, Maharashtra, Kerala, Andhradesha, and elsewhere have anticipated us in this respect. And what, it may be asked, is the significance of it all? The significance seems to me to lie in the fact that women are coming to realise that, just as the welfare and the happiness of the home and of the family lie largely in their hands, so have they their share of responsibility for the progress and prosperity of the country and the nation. The idea that woman's concern is limited to the kitchen is fast disappearing with the increased recognition of her sphere of influence as co-extensive with the whole field of national existence.

Women are afraid to take part in public life because they feel that they have not the necessary training and experience. Their brothers are educated men and know a great deal of the world, and hence are fitted to take an active part in the country's work; but this advantage, they feel, has been denied

to themselves. But it is not wise to rest content with the position. Unless we make up our minds to go forward, we cannot acquire the training necessary to fit ourselves for our parts. Practice and capacity go hand-in-hand; the one cannot wait till the other is attained. If a person wants to learn how to swim, he must go into the water and get the help of some one who knows swimming to teach him the art and to pull him out of the water if he should venture too deep. Just in the same way, we must not be afraid to come out of our seclusion; else we cannot realise all that there is for us to do; but we have the help of several of our sisters who know a little more of the world than we do, and of our brothers as well who are much more advanced and experienced than we; these will show us the way and set right any mistakes that we may make at first. The main thing is that we should range ourselves alongside of our men and help on to the best of our power the work that the country needs.

Some of you may ask whether this is not a new thing that you are being asked to do, and whether there are in these times Indian women who have taken successful part in public affairs. I can name many who have done useful and valuable work in the fields of literature, women's education, social reform, politics, administration, and the rest,—women like Mrs. Sarojini Devi, the Maharani of Baroda, the Begum of Bhopal, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, Pandita Ramabai, and several others whose names are household words all over India. All of them, while striving to

advance the cause of women, are also helping to show what women can do if the opportunity is given them. It is because of the new force which, as I said, is beginning to be active in the world that such work is being done by these sisters of ours. It is important that at this juncture we move in the direction of this force and work along with it, so as to ensure steady orderly progress.

Some may object "Why should we exert ourselves? Let the world move on if it likes." If you take this attitude the consequences may not be very pleasant. The spirit of progress may be likened to a fast-moving motor car bearing on its cushions all those who are in harmony with the movement; but those who are afraid or do not like the movement are like passengers in a bullock cart which, because the force is irresistible, is yoked to the back of the motor car; imagine the uncomfortable position of the occupants of the cart, jolting along at a speed of 20 or 25 miles an hour and getting every little while a heavy knock or kick. That illustrates the truth which I wish to emphasise, that if we do not go willingly along with the strong onward current, we shall have hard and painful experiences and be put to serious disadvantage and discomfort.

Time was when the sex itself was looked down upon as the embodiment of weakness. A feeble man used to be called derisively a womanly creature. But there is no real strength apart from the divine energy for growth, and that is as strong in women as in men. Sons inherit their qualities from their mothers

no less than from their father, be it courage, intelligence or capacity. Many great men have acknowledged that they owed their greatness and all else that was good in their lives to the influence of their mothers. You all know the saying: "The child takes after her mother; the cloth takes after the thread." It is easy enough to mention instances of the force of maternal example and influence; one of them I dare say will at once occur to your minds in the gratifying fact that the taste for higher education possessed by our sister here, Mrs. Rukminiamma, has been imbibed by her daughter, who is like her a graduate and is preparing herself to take the M. A. Degree.

In this matter of educational progress as in other respects our Maharaja and his enlightened Ministers have made what I may call a thoroughfare, along which they invite us to go; they have provided for us various facilities for acquiring the knowledge and training that is so necessary for our advancement. It behoves us to put to use, for ourselves and our girls, the opportunities that are available and those that may be added in course of time. The great thing is for us to come out of our seclusion and take a part in the work that has to be done.

RESOLUTIONS.

The first of the Resolutions placed before the conference affirmed that higher education should be on the same lines for women as for men; and was moved by Srimati Mrs. K. D. Rukminiamma B. A., and seconded by Srimati Sou: K. Subbamma B. A.

In commending this Resolution for the acceptance of the meeting the President, Mrs. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, observed that Mrs. Rukminiamma had given excellent reasons in support of it. "Female education" was not a happy expression, accentuating as it did the sex-aspect where it did not exist; cultured people did not like it either; and she might add that her husband, whenever he found the expression "female" used in that way, was for scoring it out and substituting "woman." As regards the main portion of the Resolution, she had to say, that women were already in a very disadvantageous position compared with men in the matter of higher education; what they wanted was greater facilities, more encouragement and better inducements, rather than any discrimination in the nature of the subjects or the mode of teaching. The vernaculars were no doubt entitled to special consideration in the curriculum of national education, but if their exclusive use as the media of higher education was as beneficial and desirable as it was represented to be, it must be so for all, and not merely for women students. She deprecated experiments being made in this respect at the expense of women till after the scheme had been tried successfully in the case of men. Instead of that, if the lines on which higher education was given to women were made materially different from those available to men, the result would be an increasing divergence of quality between the products of the two kinds of education, entailing among other things the one being placed at a serious disadvantage, compared with

the other in entering the various walks of life. It was easy enough to draw up special curricula in the vernaculars for women students; but it was rather difficult to see how, if the latter insisted upon following the same course of studies as were available for men, they could be prevented from following their own choice.

The Resolution was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The second Resolution, about the desirability of raising the age of marriage for boys and girls, was to have been moved by Mrs. G. Aravamudiengar, but owing to her regrettable absence on account of illness, though she had come all the way from Bangalore to speak on the point, the duty of moving the same fell to the President Mrs. Chandrasekhara Aiyar. In doing so, she said that she had spoken at some length at the Civic and Special conference held in June 1917 on the subjects of postponing the age of marriage. She did not want to repeat all that she had said then, but would content herself with summarising the main points. After doing so, she remarked that till education was fully and properly gone through, marriage was undesirable for both sexes; it interfered with education, and it was bad for the health of those prematurely united in wedlock; there could be no doubt whatever about the fact, and she alluded to several instances from her own experience. The next question was whether legislation by Government should be resorted to in order to raise the age of marriage. The speaker considered that this was not a very effective or satisfactory remedy, and

that a much better thing was that they should themselves realise the evil consequences of early marriage and act with the force of public opinion behind them to get rid of those consequences. In this connection, she cited the instance of plague prevention measures: when plague first broke out twenty years ago, the people did not understand the benefits of evacuation and disinfection; so when the authorities insisted on their giving up their homes and betaking themselves to sheds, there was bitter opposition, a good deal of obstruction, and even a few murders. But now that people had begun to see for themselves the advantages of these measures, there was no difficulty in getting them to do what was useful, and many lives were being saved and much suffering obviated. Similarly with regard to the age of marriage, there was a Regulation which made it punishable to cause the marriage of a girl who had not completed 8 years of age; very few people did take part in such marriages now; but foolish people who wanted to evade the law, had merely to go to Jolarpet beyond the border, perform the marriage of the infants, and return to the State without fear of punishment. There was a proposal that Government should raise the minimum age of marriage to 10 years; but already all kinds of objections and controversies were being raised, and it was to be feared that in any case very little good would come out of it in the end. In the opinion of the speaker, the proper age was much higher; but, as she had already said, it was far better that people should themselves realise what was

the right thing to do in the matter and regulate their action accordingly. Early marriage was opposed to the Shastras; and it seemed to have come into vogue in the days of Mohomedan domination, when unmarried young women were liable to be carried away, whereas married women were immune; hence even children in the cradle were occasionally put through the ceremony of marriage. The times had altogether changed. Women were now everywhere respected; and in public functions and in all respectable society the first honours were accorded to women. In the state of enlightenment that had followed in the wake of British administration, the old precautionary practice of early marriage had lost all reason for its existence. After touching upon some of the practical inconveniences of early marriage and the advantages of postponement, the speaker added that they (the women) should understand the matter clearly and speak up strongly in support of what was undoubtedly the better practice. The men stood on platforms and spoke themselves hoarse in favour of late marriages; but they were not supported by their womenkind, whose opposition even compelled them to break their solemn resolutions. As a matter of fact, women had greater strength of mind in these matters than men; and if they made up their minds that the reform in question was a desirable one, nothing could prevent its being accomplished.

Mrs. Ranganna seconded the resolution, which was carried without a single dissentient vote.

OUTSTANDING EVENTS OF THE WAR

1914.

28th June.—Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian Throne, and his consort assassinated at Serajevo in Bosnia by two students. The crime is alleged by Austria to have been instigated by the Serbian Government, and is followed by anti-Serbian demonstrations in Vienna.

23rd July.—Austria-Hungary delivers an ultimatum, prepared in collaboration with Germany, giving Serbia 48 hours to accept Austria's demands or face war.

28th July.—Austria declares war against Serbia.

29th July.—Germany proposes to England that in the event of a general war England shall remain neutral on the understanding that if Germany is victorious she (Germany) will content herself with taking the French colonies and will aim at no territorial acquisitions in Continental France. Germany also asks that England shall raise no objection to the passage of German troops, if necessary, through Belgium.

British Government rejects German proposal for what Sir Edward Grey characterises as "a disgraceful bargain." Mr. Asquith stigmatises the proposal as "infamous."

3rd August. Sir Edward Grey announces that Germany refuses to respect Belgian neutrality and that the King of the Belgians has telegraphed to King George "a supreme appeal." Mr. John Redmond expresses

Ireland's sympathy with Belgium. Dramatic scene in the House of Commons.

Germany presents an ultimatum to Belgium demanding assistance for the passage of her troops through Belgian territory.

4th August.—Mobilisation of British military forces.

Germany having refused to give assurances to Britain to respect the neutrality of Belgium, war is declared at 11 P. M., London time by His Britannic Majesty against the German Emperor.

11th August.—German cruisers *Gosben* and *Breslau* take refuge in the Dardanelles.

17th August.—It is officially announced that the British Expeditionary force, Field-Marshal Sir John French in command, has been surely landed on French soil.

23rd August.—Japan declares war on Germany.

23rd to 26th August.—The Retreat from Mons. The Germans attacked the Allied line extending from Mons through Charleroi to Namur. The British were on the extreme left at Mons. On Sunday, the 23rd instant, the battle began with a vigorous attempt to turn the Allied left by forcing the British from their position. Two British Army Corps were attacked by four German Army Corps and threatened by a fifth. The attacks were all repulsed, but retirement of the whole line became imperative. This movement was partly carried out on the 24th and 25th instant, and in spite of tremendous efforts on the part

of the German forces to drive the British into the fortress of Maubeuge, they had fallen back by the night of that day on to the line Cambrat-le-Cateau Landrecies. On Wednesday the British were attacked by five German Corps but they offered a "superb and most stubborn resistance to tremendous odds and extricated themselves in good order under terrific fire without losing any guns except those whose horses were all killed or shattered by high-explosive shells." In the afternoon, the German attacks having been repulsed, the retirement was continued to a line from the river Somme to the Belgian frontier at Mezieres.

26th August.—The German colony of Togoland surrendered unconditionally to the Allied forces.

28th August.—Repeated German atrocities in Belgium culminate in the burning of Louvain with its cathedral, university and library. All male inhabitants were made prisoners, several notables were shot, and the women were despatched by train to an unknown destination.

Cruiser engagement off Heligoland. Under cover of a fog British cruisers and destroyers approached the island and endeavoured to cut off from their base a number of German cruisers and destroyers. German cruisers *Mainz*, *Köln* and *Ariadne* sunk and many damaged. Two German destroyers also sunk. No British vessels sunk, British casualties 69. German casualties 1,200 including 300 prisoners rescued by British vessels.

29th August.—Apla, the chief town and harbour of German Samoa in the

Pacific, surrenders to an expeditionary force from New Zealand.

1st September.—St. Petersburg renamed Petrograd.

Russian reverse on the Soldaux-Osterode line in East Prussia. General Samsonoff killed.

9th September.—Battle of the Marne; British army on left of Allied force, drives back the Germans and re-crosses the Marne.

10th to 14th September.—German cruiser *Emden* enters the Bay of Bengal and captures the merchant steamers *Indus*, *Lovat*, *Killia*, *Diplomat*, *Trabnoch*, and *Kabinga*, sinking the first five and placing their crews in the *Kabinga* which is allowed to return to Calcutta.

11th September.—Germans still retreating. The French capture several colours and all the artillery of one corps. Large quantities of transport, several guns, and many prisoners taken by the British.

22 Sept.—German slight cruiser *Emden* shells oil-tanks at Madras setting two on fire and doing slight injury in the town.

26th to 27th Sept. German cruiser *Emden*, operating from the Laccadive Islands, sank the *King Lud*, *Tymeric*, *Riberia* and *Foyle*, and captured the admiralty collier *Buresk*.

Dardanelles closed.

Announcement in London of arrival of Indian contingents at Marseilles.

9th Oct.—Antwerp evacuated by Belgian and British forces. Two thousand men of British naval brigade lay down arms in Holland. Six thousand reach Ostend in safety.

14th Oct.—German army fails to reach Calais, and is pushed back south to the Lys and across the Belgian frontier.

15th to 19th Oct. German cruiser *Emden*, sinks the British merchantmen *lehilkaaa*, *Benmohr*, *Troilus*, *Clan Grant* and *Pendrael* and captures the collier *Exford*, 120 miles east of Mincoy.

28th Oct.—German cruiser *Emden* visits Penang and sinks the Russian cruiser *Jemchang* and a French destroyer.

29th Oct.—Unprovoked attack by Turkish warships on Russian ships and ports in the Black Sea.

30th Oct.—Resignation of Prince Louis of Battenburg of the post of First Sea Lord officially announced. He is succeeded by Lord Fisher.

1st Nov.—State of war declared between the Allies and Turkey.

1st Nov.—Naval action off Valparaiso. British cruisers *Good Hope* and *Glasgow* attack German squadron consisting of *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Nurnberg*. British guns outranged by those of *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* sunk with all hands.

6th Nov.—Surrender of Tsingtao to the Allied Forces.

British operations on the Shat-el-Arab begin by the occupation of Fao by Indian troops assisted by H. M. S. *Ocean*, and gunboats.

9th Nov.—German cruiser *Emden* driven ashore and burns on (Keeling) Cocos Islands by H. M. A. S. *Sydney*.

14th Nov.—Death of Lord Roberts in France.

8th Dec.—Naval battle off the Falkland Isles. A British squadron consisting of the *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Canopus*, *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Kent*, *Bristol* and *Glasgow* under Vice-Admiral Sturdee attacks a German squadron consisting of the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, *Leipzig*, *Nurnberg* and *Dresden*. All the German vessels except the *Dresden* sunk in an action lasting five hours. No British vessels sunk.

17th Dec.—Egypt constituted a British Protectorate.

18th Dec.—Prince Hussein succeeds the ex-Khediv Addas with the title of Sultan.

1915.

24 Jan.—The Battle of the Dogger Bank.—A German squadron, consisting of the battle cruisers *Derfflinger*, *Sydltz* and *Moltke*, the armoured cruiser *Blucher*, six light cruisers and some destroyers, set out with the object, apparently, of bombarding English coast towns. It was intercepted by the battle cruisers *Lion*, *Tiger*, *Princess Royal*, *New Zealand* and *Indomitable*, which were accompanied by light cruisers and destroyers. The enemy at once took flight and was pursued to within seventy miles of Heligoland. The armoured cruiser *Blucher* was sunk and two of the German battle-cruisers when last seen were "very heavily afire and seriously damaged." Owing to their superior speed the *Lion* and *Tiger* were for some time the only British ships in action and the victory would have been greater but for a chance shot which disabled the *Lion's* engines. No British ship was lost or very seriously damaged.

5th Feb.—Germany declares her intention to destroy, from the 18th

February, any hostile merchant ship in British waters regardless of the life of crew and passengers and intimates that neutral ships in those waters will also incur danger.

19th Feb.—A France-British fleet begins bombardment of Dardanelles forts.

18th March.—During a general attack on the Dardanelles forts, floating mines sank the French battleship *Bouvet* and the British battleships *Irresistible* and *Ocean*. The crew of the *Bouvet* were lost; the crews of the British battleships were saved. The *Gaulois* and *Inflexible* were put out of action by gunfire.

22nd April.—Surprise attack by the Germans north of Ypres. By the use of asphyxiating gases they drove back the French troops to the Yser canal and thus compelled the British to evacuate St. Julien in order to keep touch with their Allies.

26th April.—An Allied force under the Command of Sir Ian Hamilton effects landings on both sides of the Dardanelles.

7th May.—Cunard liner *Lusitania* torpedoed by the German submarines off Irish coast. The vessel sank in eighteen minutes. Out of 2,160 persons on board 1,400, including 139 Americans, were killed by the explosion or drowned.

24th May.—Italy declares war on Austria.

3rd June.—Two thousand Turks, 13 guns and a quantity of river transport surrendered to General Townshend at Amara.

23d July.—Calcutta *Statesman* War Gift Fund closed. More than Rs. 5, 82,000 subscribed.

22nd Aug.—Italy declares war against Turkey.

4th Oct.—A division of Allied troops landed at Salonika.

13th Oct.—Miss Edith Cavell, the "Florence Nightingale of Belgium," shot by the Germans for harbouring fugitive British, French and Belgian soldiers. This abominable act aroused greater horror and indignation in the civilised world than any other of the atrocities perpetrated by the Germans.

19th Oct.—Sir Ian Hamilton recalled from the Dardanelles. Sir Charles Munro appointed in his place.

25th Nov.—The Queen inspects at Buckingham Palace 25 of the motor Ambulances presented by the Calcutta *Statesman* War Fund.

3rd Dec.—General Joffre appointed Commander-in-Chief of the national armies of France.

16th Dec.—Sir John French resigns command of the British forces in France and Flanders, and is appointed to the Command of the troops in the United Kingdom. Sir Douglas Haigh succeeds to the command of the British troops in the Western theatre.

20th Dec.—War office announces that Smyrna Bay and the Anzac Zone have been evacuated.

1916.

5th Jan.—Mr. Asquith introduces the Military Service Bill for compulsory attestation of unmarried men and childless widowers between the ages of 18 and 41.

9th Jan.—Evacuation of Gallipoli completed.

15th Feb.—Lord Kitchener announces that the conduct of the Mesopotamian operations has been taken over by the Imperial Government.

29th April.—Kut garrison surrenders after a resistance of 143 days.

3rd May.—Mr. Asquith introduces Military Service Amendment Bill extending compulsion to all males between 18 and 41. Bill passes second reading by 325 votes to 36.

31st May.—Naval battle off Jutland. German High Seas Fleet intercepted by British battle-cruiser squadron and forced to return to its harbour. British losses, battlecruisers *Queen Mary*, *Indefatigable*, *Invisible*; armoured cruisers *Defence*, *Black Prince* and *Warrior* and eight destroyers. German losses: One battleship *Hindenburg*, two or three battle-cruisers *Lutzow*, *Derfflinger* and *Seydlitz*; four light cruisers *Elving*, *Pommern*, *Restock*, *Frauenlob* and six destroyers.

5th June.—Field Marshal Lord Kitchener and his staff drowned in cruiser *Hampshire* which was sunk by a mine off the Orkneys while on her way to Russia. Mr. Asquith takes temporary charge of the War Office.

9th June.—Sherif of Mecca proclaims independence of the Hedjaz and captures Mecca, Jeddah and Taif.

1st July.—Opening of British and French offensive on a front of 20 miles north and south of the Somme.

10th July.—Great Britain and France withdraw from their undertaking to be guided by the general principles of the declaration of London.

11th July.—General Haig reports that after ten days and nights continuous fighting our troops have completed the methodical capture of the whole of the enemy's first line on a front of 14,000 yards.

27th July.—It is officially announced that Captain Fryatt, Master of the Great Eastern Railway Company's steamer *Brussels*, captured by German destroyers on the 24th June, has been "executed" by the Germans for an attempt to ram a submarine in March, 1915. This atrocious murder, coupled with the deportation in barbarous circumstances of 18,000 civilians of both sexes from Roubaix and Lille, excited profound indignation throughout the civilised world.

28th Aug.—Italy declares war against Germany.

Roumania declares war on Austria. This declaration evokes declarations of war against Roumania from Germany and Turkey.

Hindenburg appointed Chief of German General Staff in place of Falkenhayn.

15th Sept.—Battle on the Somme front. British capture Courcellet, Martinquich and Flers.

24th Oct.—Recapture of the village and Fort of Donaumont by the French who regained in seven hours ground which it had taken the Germans five months to capture.

15th Nov.—New food-stuff regulations introduced in Great Britain, including the prohibition of milling of white flour.

19th Nov.—Mostar captured by the Allies.

23rd Nov.—Death of the Emperor Francis-Joseph.

29th Nov.—Mr. Balfour announces that Admiral Jellicoe has been appointed First Sea Lord, and that his place as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet has been taken by Vice-Admiral Beatty.

1st Dec.—Detachments of Allied landed in Athens are attacked by Greek troops. Many casualties on both sides. The incident was followed by anarchy in Athens and a general Royalist insurrection.

15th Dec.—Resignation of Mr. Asquith.

6th Dec.—Mr. Lloyd George undertakes to form a Government.

12th Dec.—Germany addresses identical notes to the Allies expressing her willingness to enter into peace negotiations. The proposal is unanimously rejected by all the Powers.

21st Dec.—President Wilson cables to all the belligerent and neutral Powers a Note, suggesting that "the opportunity is propitious for a comparison of views between the belligerents."

1917.

11th Jan.—Reply of the Allies to President Wilson's Peace Note published in Paris.

18th Jan.—Government of India announce that they intend to issue a War Loan, the proceeds to be given to the Imperial Government.

24th Jan.—Greek Government apologise for the events of 1st and 2nd December.

29th Jan.—Flags of the Allies

ceremoniously saluted in Athens in conformity with the ultimatum.

2nd Feb.—Publication by the Indian Government of an ordinance requiring registration of all European British subjects resident in India between the age of 16 and 30.

3rd Feb.—United States Government severs diplomatic relations with Germany.

7th Feb.—The Viceroy outlines measures of compulsory military service to be introduced in India.

24th Feb.—German retirement on the Ancre begins.

British operations on the Tigris result in the re-occupation of Kut-el-Amar and the flight of the Turkish army, leaving thousands of killed, wounded, and prisoners, and immense stores of munitions.

11th March.—Baghdad occupied by the British.

13th March.—Revolution in Russia. Czar Nicholas deposed.

6th April.—America declares war with Germany.

9th April.—Battle of Arras begins. Vimy Ridge captured by the British.

15th April.—Opening of great French offensive between Soissons and Rheims.

6th May.—Mr. Balfour addresses the House of Representatives in Washington.

11th May.—Parliament sits in secret session.

It is announced that from the 1st June the English Mail Service will run fortnightly instead of weekly.

of the sort for which the rejected ex-Premier, Mr. Asquith, stood. The great heart of England, we repeat, in sound.

WOMEN CANDIDATES.

As the Sinn Feiner Countess Markiewicz is the only woman elected and as the Sinn Feiner who emerge from the election the third strongest Party refuse to sit at Westminster, the Commons remains exclusively male. Miss Christabel Pankhurst came nearest to the election of women, being defeated by a narrow majority by the Labourite candidate. Other women, including some of the foremost among the Women's Movement, were decisively rejected, and at least two, Mrs. Strachey and Mrs. How Martin, must forfeit the deposit of £150, which is the penalty the new Franchise Act imposes on every candidate who fails to obtain one-eighth of the votes of the poll. This penalty they share with over 100 candidates, for the remarkable feature of the election is the frequency of enormous majorities. Mr. McKinnon Wood, Mr. Pringle and Mr. Austin Harrison are notable among those thus penalised.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The women of India have entered the Congress and have not been slow to assert their claims for equality of treatment with the men in connection with the Reforms Scheme. A special resolution was placed before the Congress, on which several Indian ladies spoke with emphasis, urging that women possessing the same qualifications as were laid down for men in

any part of the Reforms Scheme should not be disqualified on account of their sex.

A male delegate from the Punjab urged those of his sex to support their women's claim before they turned on them the arguments which they were using against the bureaucrats.

The resolution met with the loud and enthusiastic approval of the Congress.

After the Congress adjourned for the day, the members of the Subjects Committee met, it is said for the purpose of reconsidering one or two matters which had been already concluded. Several members of the Subjects Committee having already left Delhi on the closing of the Subjects Committee last night, some of the remaining members are raising technical objections to reopening matters already concluded.

The Congress is to meet to-morrow, when any settlements arrived at the Subjects Committee will come up in open session.

H. M. THE QUEEN.

MESSAGE TO THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

Delhi, 31st Dec.—The following message from H. M. the Queen Empress to the women of India is published for general information:—

A short time ago I sent a message of thankfulness and hope to the women of the Empire. I wish now to add to it a special message to the women of India. If my words are brief and

simple, they are from the heart. I know that by the custom of their country and time-honoured traditions, by which they are reverently bound, the women of India are for the most part prevented from undertaking those public and industrial tasks which their sisters in other parts of the Empire, when the manpower of the country went forth in its defence, were able to discharge. In the seclusion and solitude of their homes, the women of India had to bear the bitter parting, to suffer bereavement and privation, to live through the days and months of doubt and anxieties, in ignorance of the fortunes of the war, and without tidings of their absent ones. Reports have reached me from many sources, of their fortitude and endurance during the strain of the war, which have filled me with admiration and gratitude. Many have done more than this. I have heard of letters from Indian women to husbands, sons and brothers, with the forces abroad, exhorting them to be brave in battle, stout-hearted to adversity, faithful to their country and Throne to the point of

death. The history of India is full of the heroism and courage of its women in the past. The war has shown that their spirit is unabated. The women of India are equally noted for their charity and compassion. I know how deeply they have been moved by the desolation which the war has brought into many households, and how ready they have been to provide relief for the sick and wounded, and to lighten the privations of their poorer neighbours. I rejoice to think that many influences are at work which make for the greater well-being and advancement of the women of India. I watch with deepest interest and sympathy every step that is taken to bring means of education and knowledge more within their reach, to provide greater facilities for their obtaining proper medical relief through the agency of their own sex in women's hospitals or in the privacy of their own homes, to widen their interests and activities and to secure to them the adequate protection of the law.



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NOTICE

A Sericultural School will be opened by the Silk Syndicate with effect from 1st July 1918, for imparting male & female students a course of instruction both practical and theoretical in mulberry cultivation, rearing of silk worms on rational methods for seed, reeling of Silk, and elementary principles of weaving.

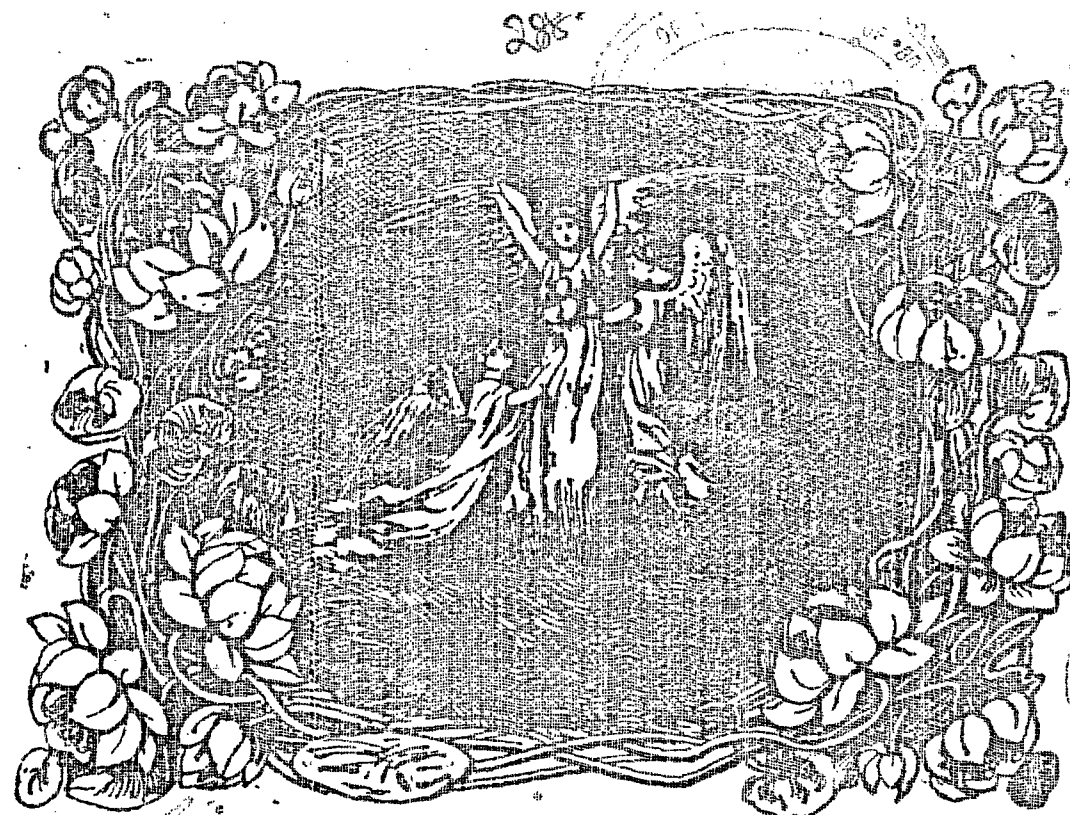
The course as at present arranged extends from six months to one year. Each student is required to pay a nominal fee of Rs. 12- for the whole course, half of which should be paid on admission and the other half before January 1919.

Candidates for admission must be able to read and write English and should apply to the undersigned not later than the 25th June 1918.

Students showing sufficient aptitude will be employed by the Syndicate on salaries ranging from Rs 15 to Rs 50 per mensem.

Baligalpet,
4th May, 1918.

B. SHANKAR RAO,
Superintendent.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI.]

DECEMBER 1918.

No. 17.]

Purity.

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it, by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made pure."

MILTON.

The lays of the nursery.

LULLABIES: IN MANY AGES & MANY CLIMES.

"Oh, slumber, my darling, thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother's a lady, both lovely and bright,
The hills and the dales from the tower which we see,
They all shall belong, my sweet infant, to thee.
Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day
Oh, rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may."

(Quaint old lullaby).

One is somewhat struck by the wonderful vitality of nursery lullabies. They are to be found in the literature of every age and clime. Much perhaps is contained in the literature of life and not the literature of the pen; much if not all, is traditional and handed down from age to age. For there is surely no mother who does not croon some tender tune as she bends over her little one as it goes to sleep.

The cradle song, indeed, is often more universal and invariable than the nursery rhyme, and is indicative of the instinctive need for some simple rhythm in the tiniest babe. In the words of an old French chronicler, there is a sad story which tells of a certain wise man who tried the experiment of tracing the earliest language spoken by man. He took some orphan children and gave them out to a goat to nurse, so that they might never hear the sound of the human voice. Unfortunately, however, the children died, because they had nobody to sing them to sleep! It is not, of course, actually believed that the music will send the babe to sleep any sooner, but the lullaby nevertheless expresses well all those loving thoughts, which we feel towards that precious tiny bundle of pink humanity.

For, after all, what fascination there is about the cradle! What scenes of romance and pathos have taken place around crib, cot and cradle! Every mother has woven about it her dearest dreams, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that

every cradle has contained a potential Shakespeare, Cromwell, Joan of Arc, or Florence Nightingale. We like to believe, too, that the Holy Mother at Bethlehem sang her wondrous Baby to rest, and we can be quite sure that the words were just as simple and possibly no more tender than the lullabies we sing to-day.

Very many of our earliest quaintly-worded carols are lullabies which our forefathers, and most certainly, foremothers, believed were compositions of the Blessed Virgin. In reality, however, these sweet old songs were the work of the early Christian poets and were used in the Church's festivals of the representation of the Holy Child at the Manger of Bethlehem. In most of these lullabies, joy is dimmed by the premonition of suffering, even as the old painters portrayed the Madonna with a sad, wistful face, though she was clasping the happy little Boy in her arms. An old Latin song, sung during some of the old Miracle plays, combined the lullaby of the Blessed Virgin with the adoration of the worshippers.

"Sleep, child, thy mother's First Born Thou,
Yea, first and only one,
Then sleep on, sleep,—Thy father calls
Unto his little son.
To thee a thousand times we raise,
A thousand songs of praise!"

A lifetime undoubtedly might be spent in pursuing a study of the lays of the nursery in their variations in every age and through every clime. For where there are children, there will also be found cradle songs. Everywhere, curiously enough, the snail seems to be regarded with the same mischievous curiosity, and in every clime the lady-bird is told to "fly away home" or to seek her tormenter's sweetheart. Mothers in England, for instance, are fond of repeating the rhyme:—

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children at home,
All but one that lies under a stone,
Fly thee home, lady-bird, ere it be gone."

In Scotland, the lady-bird is addressed as "King Gallowa" or "Burnie bee," while in Germany she is known as "Mai

"Käfelchen." The children in Sweden, however, address her as the "gold-cow" and sing:

"Guld-kona, guld-ke!
Flyg ester, flyg vester,
Dit du flyger der ber din älskade!"

Of all the countries that have concerned themselves with cradle songs, France is perhaps the only land that has a really carefully arranged collection. The lullabies arranged by M. Montel and Leubert begin with the two-line nenna, sung on two notes in a monotonous chant. These songs gradually become longer and more lively, but always adapt themselves to the awakening intelligence of a little child. Such lullabies do not appear to be capable of effective translation. Their charm, indeed, lies in the words themselves, often half meaning- less, and the monotonous cadence of the mother's chant.

In Normandy, as of yore, the children still are taught to invoke the guardian saint of their home:

"Saint Pierre, Saint Simon,
Gardez dion notre maison!
S'il y vient un pauvre,
Baillez-li l'aumene;
S'il y vient un pelerin
Baillez-li de notre vin;
Mais s'il y vient un larron,
Baillez-li du lourd baton!"

Sung at Nissergues in Province is the following curious rhyme:

"Din! dan! din! dan!
Las campanos de Sant Jan.
Cai las seno? Cai fas dis?
Lous efans del Paradis."

Spain has really some interesting cradle songs. There is an excellent lay in the following:—

"Tiny little one,
Of the bosom and cradle;

Where can your mother be
That she does not sing to thee?"
(Nine chiquirritite
De pecho y cuna.
Donde estara tu madre
Que no te arrulla?)

"At the gate of Heaven
They sell little shoes,
For the little angels,
Who are bare-footed."

(A la puerta del cielo
Venden zapatos,
Para los angelitos
Que estan descalzos.)

"Child of my heart,
Be quiet and don't cry,
For I bring you news
Of your love."
(Corazencito mio
Calla y no llores,
Que to traigo noticia
De tus amores).

Black nurses frighten babies with stories about white men who will eat them, just as white nurses alarm their infant charges with stories of black ogres.

In Chile there is a charming little song which runs thus:—

"Tu, tu, tu, la qua qua!
Carita di luna
Cierre los ojitos.
Por San Juan de Dios."

Translated this goes: "Hush (pronounced "too") the baby! ("wa-wa") beloved of the moon. Close the little eyes (on-eyes), for St. John ("Hwan") of God."

The Maori mothers sing the following lullaby:

"My little neck satchel of sweet-scented moss,
 My little neck satchel of fragrant fern,
 My little neck satchel of odoriferous gum,
 My sweet-smelling neck-locket of sharp-pointed tarrines".

The most familiar ditty in England runs:—

"Hush-a bye, baby, on the tree top,
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
 When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
 Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all".

Of the seasonable songs the following is without doubt the most familiar:—

"Christmas is a-coming, the geese are getting fat,
 Please put a penny in the old man's hat;
 If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do,
 If you haven't got a ha'penny, God bless you".

Scotch babies hear the refrain:—

"Hush-a-ba, babie, lie still, lie still,
 Your mammie's awa to the mill, the mill;
 Babie is greeting for want of good keeping
 Hush-a-ba, babie, lie still, lie still!"

Amongst American mothers the subjoined is probably most common:—

"Eeny, meeny, miny, me,
 Catch a nigger by the toe;
 If he hollers, let him go,
 Eeny, meeny, miny, me!"

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



A Lecture on Women's Education.

The question of Female Education in India is very dear to most of us and an opportunity like this of promoting the course of Female Education in India is one that I would always heartily welcome. The greater the number of people who take an interest in this question, the better it is, I believe, for the cause, and our meeting this evening will, let me fervently hope, promote the object which most of us have so much at heart.

At the outset of my lecture, however, let me explain two points. First, the subject of the lecture is a vast one and it is manifestly impossible within the compass of one lecture, to deal fully with all the topics connected with it. I am therefore going to take up one branch of the subject and deal with it somewhat in detail, viz. the difficulties in the way of Female Education in India and some of the solutions which may be offered for them. I am therefore not going to deal with many other important topics connected with this question in the present lecture.

The other point, which I want to make clear, is that the opinions, unless otherwise stated, that I shall express in this lecture are mine own and they do not in any way represent the views of the great institution, the Diocesan College for girls in Calcutta, to which I have the honor to belong.

I must first of all give you an account of the present position of Female Education in India.

Position in 1911: As regards Female Education, Burma heads the list—due no doubt to the absence of the Parda system in that province—which drives one to the conclusion that the diffusion of Female Education varies inversely with the prevalence of the Parda System (Census of India Rep. 1911, India, P. 294). Madras, Bombay and Bengal draw close behind.

1911 Number of females
 per mille:—(all ages.)

Literate.	Illiterate.	Literate in English. per 10,000	
All religions	40	990	10
Hindu	8	992	2
Brahmin	648	352	4034
Parsi	637	363	1704
Mahomedan	4	996	1
Christian	135	865	604
Indian	96	904	173

Census Report 1911 India,
 Vol 2, P. 311.

Another way of showing the relative positions of the different communities as regards female Education is by calculating the percentage of those at school to the population of school-going age in each community. This calculation in 1912 stands thus:—

Europeans and Anglo-Indians	100 p.c.
Indian Christians	26'6 "
Hindus-Brahmins	16'7 "
Non-Brahmins	2'9 "
Mahomedans	4'5 "
Parsis	88'9 "
Total	5'1 "

The following tables also interesting
 1912

No. of Girls at School

		P.c of girls at school to girl population of school-going age.
Madras	226,685	7.2
Bombay	153,090	7.8
Bengal	194,114	4.6
U. P.	54,329	1.2
Punjab	79,416	8.9
E. B. Assam	153,766	6.1
C. P. Berar	30,847	2.6
Coorg	1,935	10.4
N. W. F. P.	4,820	3.8
Total	952,911	5.1

Number of Girl's Schools

(Indian-European)

1907—12,440

1912—16,073

Number of pupils (Indian-European)

1892 339,031

1902 444,470

1907 645,028

1912 952,911

Expenditure on Girls' Institutions

1907 Rs. 44.34 Lacs

1902 " 60.75 "

The above figures do not include Expenditure on girls in boys' schools who are about half the total number of girls under instruction.

I now turn to the difficulties in the way of Female Education in India.

(1) The chief difficulty which prevents the spread of Education amongst girls in India is the conservative custom and tradition of the people of India. Orthodox custom looks with something like horror upon the idea of girls being educated in schools. Indian public opinion is not yet fully

decided as to the expediency of a school-life for girls. Parents are generally indifferent to the Education of girls on account of the rigid conservatism of our society, and it requires not a little courage to stand up and brave the opposition of society in sending our girls to school. Hindu and Mohamedan societies, generally speaking, regard with extreme disfavor the idea of girls going to school for education. To these difficulties may be added the belief, perhaps more widely felt than expressed, that the general education of women means a Social revaluation, the extent of which cannot be foreseen. "Indian gentlemen," it has been well said, "may thoroughly allow that when the process has been completed, the nation will rise in intelligence, in character and in all the graces of life. But, they are none the less apprehensive that while the process of Education is going on, while the lessons of emancipation are being learnt and stability has not yet been reached, while in short, society is slowly struggling to adjust itself to the new conditions, the period of transition will be marked by the loosening of social ties, the up-heaval of customary ways and by prolonged and severe domestic embarrassment.....in fact the people at large encourage or tolerate the education of their girls, only up to an age and up to a standard, at which it can do little good, or according to their point of view, little harm."

(2) The effective desire for Education as a means of livelihood, which was the material consideration helping to spread education among boys in India, is absolutely inoperative in the

case of girls. There is nothing more shocking to the Indian mind than the thought of single women earning their livelihood apart from their families, among the higher classes. Specially. Thus, the chief incentive to female education is wanting and no wonder it makes so little progress as compared with the education of boys. This then is our second difficulty.

(3) There are in many places strange prejudices against female education. It is said there is a widely prevailing idea that an educated girl is likely to be childless and that her husband is likely to die young. In a country, where a son is so vitally necessary for the salvation of the soul, there is no greater curse for a woman than to be childless, and with this prejudice in the minds of many people it is no wonder female education in India makes so little progress.

(4) Early marriage: In India, the universality of marriage is the most striking feature of our social life. With the vast majority of the Hindus, marriage is a religious necessity. A son is necessary for the salvation of the soul and so boys are married early. In the case of girls, they must be married before the attainment of puberty, as otherwise the unhappy parents will meet with social ostracism in this world and serious trouble in the next.

With the Mahomedans, marriage is equally inevitable and universal, though not exactly on the same grounds.

Westermarck, in his celebrated history of Human marriage, has attempted to deal with this aspect of the question in much greater detail,

but I have no desire to deal here with the religious and socio logical causes which have contributed in the earliest period of our history to the growth of this custom. Suffice it to say that to women in India, marriage is the one end and aim of their existence. It is the only career, and it is the universal career, open to our women in India: Comparisons are odious, they say; but it is necessary sometimes to resort to them to illustrate important points. Calculations made in 1880 show that in Western Europe, of the population below the age of 20, 1 man in 2147 was married and 1 girl in 142. In India on the other hand, 10 per cent of the male and 27 per cent of the female population below 20 were married (Census Report India) (1911) (P. 263—4.)

The number of married females per 1000 of the female population, in the case of the two great communities of India, Hindu and Mahomedan, is shown thus.

	1911	
Age.	Hindu.	Mahomedan.
0—5	18	5
5—10	132	65
10—15	488	393
15—20	836	834
20—30	887	909

Census Report India (1911) P. 275.

Marriage thus being inevitable and universal, there is no wonder that the system of early marriages grew up in India from the earliest times. The Hindu Law books lay down that girls should be married at a very early age. With the orthodox Hindus, therefore, the early marriage of girls is a religious necessity. With many people it is the badge of respectability.

It is obvious that, if girls are married at a very early age, their education cannot go on. The custom of seclusion behind the Parda, to which we come later, compels the withdrawal of girls from schools as soon as they are married. The result is that the "duration of school-going age for girls is very much shorter than that for boys. It usually terminates at 9 and seldom extends beyond the 11th year." It thus comes to this that all that we want to teach the girls must be taught within the limited period of 4 to 6 years. It must be admitted 4 to 6 years is much too short a period to teach anything, which would be really useful to girls in later life. And it thus happens that girls are withdrawn from schools just at the time when it becomes possible for them to learn something, which would be really useful to them in later life.

There is no doubt, however, that improvements are slowly, very slowly, settling in and that in the case of the educated community the marriage of girls takes place much later than in the case of the uneducated classes. The census report of 1911 found a slight diminution of the practice (census 1911, India, p. 271) and there is a growing volume of opinion amongst the educated classes against the practice. The question was first raised in a practical way by the late Mr. Malabari, who, being greatly moved by the complexity and the difficulty of the question, appealed to the government of India to take the initiative and solve the problem. The government invited public opinion on his scheme and the results were not in any way commensurate with his hopes. The only result

was the passing of a practically harmless measure, which in the opinion of many responsible people remains a dead letter. Ever since then, the educated community in India are trying in the annual Indian National Social conferences to create a volume of opinion against the practice. Some of the communities in India have definitely given up the practice e. g. Brahmos; whereas other communities are hesitating at indefinite stages.

(5) This is the system of the seclusion of women of the well-to-do classes from the gaze of the public. The ladies of respectable Indian families in the North observe the strict pardah system and they do not appear before the public at all. In such families, the young girls, as soon as they grow up, have also to observe the rule. The result is that girls, as soon as they reach the age of 11 or 12, must retire into the zenana. They cannot attend schools which they now have to give up. So that early marriage and the Pardah system together make an end of all chances of the girls getting any suitable education at all. These two together prevent any but the most elementary education being given to the girls. And yet we complain that our girls are not properly taught. As soon as the girls reach the age of 11 or 12, school-going is discontinued, they are brought inside the zenana and are taught to be "womanly"; there is no opportunity to continue the education after marriage, and if the family to which the girl is married is very orthodox, as is generally the case—even home education after marriage is stopped.

(6) There is another difficulty in the way of female education in India which follows as a consequence of the early marriage of girls—I refer to early maternity. I can only deal with this matter very briefly. It is evident that, if girls are married early and they become mothers too early, the cares and duties of motherhood will leave them little time or opportunity to go on with any education after marriage. It is recognised on all hands that, the custom of early marriage, being so inevitable and so universal in India and as a consequence of it, the school-going age for girls, before marriage, being too short, it is necessary to provide for some means of imparting education to girls at their homes, inside the zenana, after they are married. With this end in view, various systems of zenana education, by which married girls are taught at their own homes inside the zenana, have been devised. We have an excellent organisation in Calcutta for this purpose organised by the Bharat Stree Mahamandal or the All India Women's Association. These are very good means, so far as they go. But the early maternity of girls will give them no time or opportunity for continued instruction after their marriage, even if we bring the means of education within the four walls of their rooms. This then is another serious difficulty.

(7) In India nearly half the girls under instruction read in boys' schools. In 1912, 407,414 girls out of a total of 952,911 read in boys' schools. In 1907, the percentage was 41.9. In 1912 it was 42.8. The number of separate schools for girls is not high and to many people in India, mixed schools

are absolutely unsuitable for the education of girls in India.

There is a wide diversity of views on this difficult question of co-education. This diversity of views exists, not simply in India, but in all the advanced countries of the west. It is a point of keen controversy amongst the most renowned educationists of the West; whether co-education of boys and girls is really beneficial to both or not, one school violently condemns the system, while another equally strongly supports it. I have no desire to deal at length with the theoretical aspect of this question, because that is beyond the scope of my present lecture.

A vast volume of literature has grown up round this question and anybody who desires to make a detailed study of this question will no doubt know where to go for it. The greatest supporters of co-education come from America where it is widely adopted, though there is an increasing volume of support for it even in Old England. For instance, a vigorous plea for co-education was made out in a book by Cecil Grant and Norman Hodgson in England entitled, "The case for co-education." There is a large number of other books dealing with the theoretical aspects of both sides of the question. But at present I must leave them aside and consider the question from the special Indian point of view.

The question has a peculiar aspect, when considered with special reference to India. We now turn to it. First of all, let us consider the advantages of co-education in India. Its foremost advantage is the economy of expenditure which it involves. In a

country like India where the number of girls you can get for school education in a village is not high and where it is extremely difficult to find an adequate supply of trained female teachers for conducting such schools, it would be manifestly impossible to establish a girls' school in every village, and under such circumstances attendance at a boys' school will often be a girl's only chance of learning anything (Ed. com. 1883). Mixed schools are for less expensive to maintain than special schools for girls, and in a poor country like India where we need all the money we can get for continual national development in a hundred different ways, this aspect of the question cannot certainly be lightly ignored. Co-education thus increases the total facilities for female education in India. It thus offers the easiest and the cheapest way of spreading education among girls.

So much for its advantages. Let us now turn to the disadvantages of co-education in India. First of all, there is a very serious aversion on the part of parents to send daughters for education to boys' schools and specially to schools staffed by male teachers. The system as it is, constitutes in some cases a positive violence to the social feelings of a large number of people.

Secondly, it is because of this system of mixed schools that many girls, who would otherwise have gone to school for their education, cannot go and their parents prefer keeping their daughters uneducated at home to sending them to boys' schools. Thus it results in a restriction on female education in some cases at least.

Thirdly, in a mixed school the curriculum can never be so framed as to be entirely suitable for girls. The subjects taught are generally taken up with a view to meeting the requirements of boys. Feminine arts, like sewing, music, domestic economy—things which are such very necessary equipments in the education of a girl—are completely neglected.

After considering both sides of the question, let us turn for a moment to actual facts. (a) The system, as it is, really "amounts to the attendance of little girls in primary schools for boys; the number who so attend shows that at least among large sections of the population there is no prejudice" (sixth Q. Report, Page 220). Similarly small boys are allowed to enter schools for girls. The number of girls in boys' schools already amount to about half a million—about 50 per cent of the total number of girls under instruction.

(b) Then again co-education in India is a co-education of mere infants and in such cases most of the professional objections against co-education disappear.

(c) on the other hand, most of the advantages which professional supporters of co-education claim for it might be derived by a continuance of the system. Thus we come to the net result that co-education, as we find it in India to day, can do no harm and may do some good. The soothing influence of co-education, the improvements in moral tone which follow from it, the range and possibilities of co-operation between boys and girls, the training in self-discipline, the constant stimulus of healthy competition between boys and girls, the cultivation

of good manners—all these and yet many more advantages of co-education may be secured, while the risks of evil are at a minimum. The boy unwittingly lends his robust outlook to the girl, and the girl lends her peculiar tact and grace to the boy.

At the same time, we cannot shut our eyes to the great popular prejudice against such schools in India. Indeed, it has been urged that one easy way of popularising female education in India would be by starting separate girls' schools—with a staff of lady teachers in each. This is regarded by many sober thinkers as the indispensable condition of any real advance. There should be strict *Pardah* arrangements in girls' schools everywhere, and in such cases, parents will have no objection to sending their girls to schools and even keeping them there much longer than is generally done now. The education commission in 1883 suggested schools for children under 7 years of age under well-trained mistresses as most useful in laying the foundation for the further education of both sexes. Girls below 7 might be taken in infant schools and such schools were to be liberally encouraged; but the Education commission further recommended that "attendance of girls at boys' schools should not be encouraged except in places where girls' schools cannot be maintained." This then is the test; where "separate girls' schools cannot be maintained, the mixed schools must continue, though at a very great disadvantage. But where financially it is possible to start separate girls' schools, it must be done, and I am glad to say, it is generally done.

(8) We now come to another serious difficulty in the way of female education in India, viz., the lack of trained female teachers. The supply of such teachers in India is wholly inadequate to demand. Since the *Pardah* system in India makes the employment of female teachers an indispensable condition to the spread of female education, the difficulty of establishing a girls' school to-day lies not so much in filling it with children as in supplying the requisite staff. There is a very strong prejudice against male teachers and inspectors in girls' schools. The Education commission of 1882 found the majority of girls' schools conducted by male teachers. Only elderly men were employed and, as the commission remarked, "any attempt at a wide extension of female education by means of young male teachers would be opposed to the sentiments of the people." Hence the system of employing male teachers in girls' schools is condemned and must be given up, the more so, because the conditions of the country require that if male teachers are to be appointed they must be old men, superannuated school masters who have long lost their best powers of work. They cannot possibly do their best in their new work and it is indeed unfair to expect that they will do their best when their best working days are past. The education commission recommended that male teachers should be gradually replaced by female teachers. But the question is where to get an adequate supply of the latter? As Mr. Orange remarked "The Progress of female education at present is chiefly the history of experimenting on the two

difficulties of obtaining pupils and obtaining teachers." (5th Q. R. 1902-7 page 259.) "It is not merely a question of getting good teachers, but of getting any teacher at all" (5 Q. R. 1902-7 Page 264) The reasons why girls generally do not volunteer for taking up the teaching profession in the mofussil are not far to seek. In the villages, their position is extremely isolated. Living outside the family circle, in a new place, this isolated position is a burden to them and worry to their lives. Their novel and exceptional position, as a new element in the village, exposes them to unfriendly comments and their conduct is subjected to the closest possible scrutiny. Then again in the villages, they generally meet with a considerable degree of hostility from the village male teachers whom they supersede or those who have to work under them. These latter think it undignified on their part to serve under female head mistresses and the attitude they often take up towards them is not always very happy and certainly not very pleasant to the girls in a strange unknown village.

Let us now turn for a moment to the various remedies which have been suggested or tried to meet the difficulty. The one obvious remedy lies in training up a sufficient number of girls for undertaking the work of teaching in schools. But whom are we to train? Marriage being the universal career for girls in India and the idea of respectable women earning their livelihood being so repugnant to the deeply rooted feelings of the people, I ask again, whom are we to

train? Till this problem is solved, female education will make no real progress and as long as early marriage is universal and the position of unmarried women considered dishonorable, the prospect is not very hopeful (5. Q. R. Page 254) The real difficulty in getting a supply of trained female teachers is not the salaries offered, but an inadequate supply of girls to be trained. Various attempts were made in the past and are still being made for getting an adequate supply of trained female teachers on a large scale. The Bengal government once attempted to train the Vaisnavis, who devote themselves wholly to religious life, as teachers, as early in the last century they took a considerable share in the Zenana education of the country. But the attempt failed absolutely. The sources to which we can now turn for a supply on an adequate scale of female teachers—both as regards quality and quantity—are the following:—

(a) Indian christian girls—They are the only Indian girls who can be induced to regard teaching as a profession in life. The schoolmaster's profession is the noblest of all professions. It is the finest of all industries; while all other industries fashion material things, the schoolmasters—and this also includes the schoolmistresses—fashion the supreme creation of providence, viz. men and women. All honor therefore to the noble band of Indian christian girls, who have pioneered the line and who have supplied to a certain extent a number of trained female teachers in the country. But then, they are so few. Of the very

few that we get, many are absorbed by the missionary societies for their own work, leaving the supply almost as inadequate as before.

(b) The wives of schoolmasters, it has been suggested, will make capital schoolmistresses. In some parts of India the schoolmasters do not object to their wives engaging in teaching work as it really means a supplementary source of income to the family. The education commission of 1883 found a beautiful system at Jubbalpore, under which the male and female Normal schools trained both the husband and the wife and when duly qualified, sent them out as teachers to various places. "In this way," they said, "a certain number of localities have been supplied with both a boys' and a girls' school conducted respectively by the husband and the wife."

In some parts of India, however schoolmasters object to such arrangements—not because they fear sweating or the lowering of the wages in their own profession—the unfortunate prejudice against all forms of female labour which we find so much in evidence in England and other countries of the West—but because of social and family reasons. It is evident a schoolmaster's wife has to be a wife first and foremost and a schoolmistress next. She must be the head of a household and the cares and difficulties of domestic management, the duties and responsibilities of motherhood which she must discharge, the enforced withdrawal from all forms of work for certain periods from time to time, all these forces combine against the schoolmaster's wife becoming either a very

regular or a very efficient teacher. But these difficulties are universal and arise in the case of all forms of labour on the part of married women, whether in the class room or in the factories or in the field, in all parts of the world and this being so, we must make the best of the situation as far as we can. "As the pecuniary advantages of the arrangement," wrote the education commission, "become more widely understood and as the sentiment that married women should never work for their livelihood loses its influence among the higher castes, the number of female teachers of this class will probably increase." They accordingly recommended that liberal inducements should be offered to schoolmasters' wives to qualify themselves as teachers.

(c) The next source which has been suggested for drawing an adequate supply of teachers is the large number of widows in India. The widows in India amount to 17 p. c. of the total female population, as against 9 in Western Europe (census 1911, India, page 265); further in Western Europe only 7 p. c. of the widows are below 40 as against 28 p. c. in India, and 13 p. c. (the actual number exceeding a third of a million) are under 15, an age at which in Europe no one is even married (census 1911 India, page 265.) In the whole of India no fewer than 11 p. c. of the females between 15 and 40 are widowed (do, page 273.) The number of widows per 1000 females in India in the two great communities of India—Hindu and Moslem—in 1911, is shown thus (Do, p. 275):

Hindu. Mahomedan.

0-5	1	"
5-10	5	3
10-15	17	11
15-20	42	29
20-30	90	64
30-40	214	180

The very large number of widows in India is the most unhappy feature of our social life. This is due partly to the very early marriage of girls, partly to the disparity of ages between the husband and the wife and partly again to the prohibition of remarriage of widows generally among the Hindus and Mahomedans. The lot of the widows, it is generally admitted, is a very hard one. I am not going to print in a lurid light their hard conditions of life. I leave it for much abler hands like those of the late Mr. Malabari and others. Besides it is beyond the scope of my present lecture, through in passing I must say that though the lot of all our widows is most unfortunate, the conditions of most of them are not so miserable as those who are outside our social circles generally imagine. The self-consecration and the self-denial with which most of our widows live in our families is beyond all praise. But all the same there is no denying the fact that their lot is a hard one. The proposal therefore to utilise their services as teachers has some manifest advantages. First of all, there is a very large number to draw upon and if it can be utilised, it will go far to solve the whole problem of inadequate supply of female teachers. The total number of widows was in 1882 11 millions, of whom $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions were below the age of 24. The total

number of widows in 1911 amounted to 26.4 millions, of whom 7 millions are from 15 to 40. It is therefore clear that if we can draw upon this source, we have an abundant supply. But the question is, can we draw so freely?

The next advantage of this source is that the widows are best fitted for the work and the work is best fitted for them. It will relieve their hard lot to some extent by giving them a purpose in life and an independent career and income. They would cease to be burdens on their families and life to them would have some work to live for. The scheme will utilise their services for the noble object of educating their own country-women, and will solve one of the most difficult problems of female education in India. Other female teachers must have family cares and duties, which will certainly make it difficult for them to succeed in teaching work. But the widows, at least the childless widows, have no cares to divert their attention and they would make excellent teachers for girls' schools.

* But there are difficulties in the way. The Hindu public opinion is positively hostile to the idea of widows coming out of the Zenana to earn a livelihood. Their career in life is confined to domestic duties, where they find splendid opportunities for noble service. Respectable Hindu and also Mahomedan families would never permit their widows to undertake such public employments, though in some parts of the country the idea is slowly gaining ground. The education commission recommended that widows should be trained and they should be provided

with sufficient protection in their places of employment. But the commission could not suggest how this could be done and this problem of practical difficulty has yet to be solved.

(d) We now come to the next source of supply of trained female teachers. It has been suggested that the women of the domiciled community with a knowledge of vernacular might greatly help. The suggestion is worthy of a trial.

These are our difficulties. The remedies are obvious. We must necessarily wait for the gradual enlightenment of public opinion in the matter of the employment of widows and married females. Till then the government can only go on in its present ways by granting liberal aids to training colleges, extensive stipends, liberal aids to schools employing certificated female Teachers, opening of training schools and even paying girls to attend them, granting rewards to school masters for inducing their wives to take up teaching work, encouraging European and Anglo-Indian girls to qualify in vernaculars, so as to take up teaching work, and so on. Additional normal schools should be started as soon as sufficient pupils can be expected. The education commission even recommended a bonus to every girl passing the certificate Examination. Stipendiary pupil teacherships should be encouraged to induce girls to look forward to teaching as a profession.

(9) Closely connected with the above difficulty, viz., the lack of trained female teachers, is the next great difficulty to which we come. The inspection of

girls' schools and their control ought to be completely in the hands of women. Inspection is vitally necessary so long as we have to deal largely with untrained teachers, examinations behind the purdah, fictitious registers and other unreliable features of female education. The male inspection of girls' schools is eminently unsuitable in this country. As the education commission found, male inspectors are quite unable, in spite of their best efforts, to enter into or to understand the difficulties which beset a female teacher. "The peculiar circumstances of India make the latter very timid when they come in contact with men who are strangers to them." As Miss Collett had pointed out, "I have known of cases where the Deputy Inspectors, instead of going to the girls' schools to inspect the records, have ordered the women to bring them to their offices or houses; now the fact of a mistress going to the residence of a Deputy is quite enough to raise an evil report about her." This instance shows quite plainly how extremely delicate a matter the treatment of female teachers is. This difficulty has however been greatly solved at the present day. The direction and inspection of girls' colleges and schools are very largely in the hands of ladies. For instance, in 1907 there were 34 female inspecting officers, in 1912 there were 43. In recent years the number has increased still further. But this solution of the problem viz., the wider employment of a female inspecting agency is not absolutely free from difficulties. India is a country of long distances and girls' schools are scattered all over the country. One great difficulty of female

inspector is the inaccessibility of many schools. The range of an inspectress is limited by metalled roads and staging bungalows and where schools are not situated in the vicinity of these, she cannot reach them and return before nightfall" (5th Q.R. p. 255). The small number of girls' schools and the wide areas over which they are scattered, make the work of inspection by inspectresses extremely difficult.

B. MUKHERJEE.

(To be continued)

An appreciation of Rabendra Nath Tagore's Poetry.

The message of Rabendra is to break conventions, rise above what is called social respectability, be one's true self, let one's words, thoughts and actions—one's life—be natural and spontaneous. Though this message is not new, the fact, that it is delivered by one who has realised all that he preaches, interests us. Mere intellect will not do. New strength, flux of power, guidance must be had from God always. The same message the same inspiring truth is given by Sri Arambhoo Ghose. It is spiritual strength that is needed. This alope can steady us.

These facts make us go to Rabendra's poetry for internal illumination. He is a mystic. That is, he has formed a habitual communion with God. His poetry breathes fragrance. It is bewitching. Here is a master poet, a superman, who has united life, who has

woven the beauty of nature, the dignity of man, woman and child, into his poems. Some of his thoughts and images are commonplace. But this is no deficiency of the poet. A critic recently in a Telugu newspaper gave expression to such an idea. But the greatness is in making the commonplace original. That is the test of the master artist. His poetry gives one a taste of perpetual youth. Youth can be renewed—there is no death, there is only completion, fulfilment, perfection. Nothing is lost. How comforting and strengthening is this idea, how it revives our drooping spirits!

But some of his thoughts are original. They ought to be treasured up in life.

"Life of my life, I shall ever keep my body pure, knowing that it is thy truth" &c. His oft-quoted lines, where he says that the mind is without fear, that the head is held high, that the mind is led forward into ever-advancing thought and action, should be a trumpet call to all.

How invigorating and soul-stirring are the above lines? Are they not a trumpet call to all of us to make the best of life? Age, health, money, these are nothing. That is, they are not everything. God must be enthroned in our lives.

"Gitanjali" and "The Gardener" teach such ideas. Gitanjali can be used like the Bhagavatgita or any other religious book. The calm meditation which pervades the book, the holy atmosphere which it throws around the reader, the peculiar mood that is required for contemplation, the way in which it reminds us of God and

takes us to Him, are some of the many great qualities of Gitanjali. Oh, what a privilege and joy it is to dedicate one's works to God! Of, course, this is not a novel thing for us—Indians—to know about. The author of the Bhagavatam has done so. But again during this century, when our thoughts are turning worldward, that is, when our lives are made up of secular education, the earning of money and the making of fame, which is to be measured according to what others speak of us, when there is not a burning aspiration in our lives after a higher life, when the creature in us is not destroyed, when desire is not annihilated, when we are not able to give our all to Him, that a great wonderful, beautiful and masterful personality should have chosen to sing of God in his own peculiar and unique way, is simply grand. Rabendra gives us a blend of the cultures of The East and the West. Of love, all poets and Bhaktas have sung, but in many ways. Rabendra has assimilated some of the different ways and the result is a new radiant type of love, hot from life and experience. To understand a poet, there must be some affinity between the poet and the reader. We have an inborn love for certain persons. But a poet perfects these impulses. He gives us self-knowledge.

It is a great thing and very pleasant also, for one to go back to one's recollections and ideas of childhood. This Rabendra has excellently done in the "Crescent Moon." The book makes one a baby and a child for the time being. The necessity for internal repose, the

harmony which ought to exist between the different members of our lives, the need to discipline the senses and to curtail our wants, the ideal of simple life in the forest amid natural scenery, are pleaded for, in "Sadhana." Artificial life is criticised, for a life full of activity with no leisure for calm enjoyment is not desirable.

His stories are airy. That is they haunt one by their mysteriousness. Some unknown and fascinating power holds us in its sway. They treat of asceticism. They are a mirror of the Indian life—social, religious and spiritual. I should consider his biography the best of all I have read. His humour, his playfulness, his presentation of nature to us in some of her best moods, affords us a solid enjoyment in life.

P. SUBRAHMANYAM



The Girl Guide Movement In India

It is not possible to give an accurate account of the early history of the movement. Isolated Companies, corresponding direct with London, were started as far back as 1911. Dr. Cullen, of Jubbulpore, and Dr. Baker, of Bangalore, were pioneers in India, and their work has been of permanent value. Other Companies seem to have been started, of which we have no record, but we hear from time to time of Guides whose Company seems to have disappeared. Information on the history of these isolated Companies would be welcomed at Headquarters.

In 1913, we know of Guides at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, Bombay taking the lead. In 1914 Calcutta began to go ahead, and all three centres began to feel the need of Headquarters in India. This point was discussed, together with the whole organisation of the scheme, at the quadrennial conference of the Young Women's Christian Association held in Bombay in January 1916, and the arrangement arrived at was that the Guide movement should be organised jointly by the Guide Commissioner in India and the Y.W.C.A. Permission was obtained from Home to have our own Indian Headquarters, a Chief Commissioner being appointed, and the Headquarters was placed in Calcutta. Later, in April 1917, the Y.W.C.A. withdrew from the arrangement of joint control, as their secretaries were already overworked. This at first seemed to be a great set-

back to Guides in India, but the movement has progressed very much, in spite of the fact that it has been organised without any outside help. That much more could have been done with more assistance goes without saying. It has been a very uphill task. Conditions all over India vary so much, and Officers in one part are apt to think that what is good for their girls is also good for all the rest. Much prejudice has had to be overcome; in some cases the isolated Companies mentioned above had started on similar lines to Companies at Home, with disastrous results to themselves and much harm to the whole movement.

Climate, customs, language have all been difficulties. Pioneer work is always hard, especially is it so in conservative India. At first the Education Authorities, in almost every Province except in those where they were merely indifferent, were against us. Now we have the interest and approval of nearly all the Directors of Public Instruction in India, especially those of Bengal, Madras, and the Punjab. Gradually, one difficulty after another has been surmounted, and we are able to report that the organisation is practically complete.

The administration in India is vested in Provincial Commissioners for each of the large Provinces, under a Chief Commissioner for India. The Provincial Commissioners are advised by a Provincial Council.

The following are the Provinces with their provincial Commissioners:—

Bengal ... Lady Sanderson

The Central Provinces ... Mrs. Mayes.
Bombay ... Mrs. Kent.
The Punjab ... The Hon. Lady Monro
Madras ... Mrs. Todhunter.
The United Provinces ... Lady Burrard.

Behar and Orissa, Burma, and the Malay Federated States have as yet no Provincial Commissioners.

Those parts of India which do not come into the Provinces are administered by Division Commissioners. Those already appointed are:—

Rajputana ... Mrs. Manners-Smith.
H.H. The Nizam's
Dominions ... Lady Fraser.

Provincial Commissioners can also delegate part of their work to a Division Commissioner. This has been done in the United Provinces, Mrs. Pearson being appointed Division Commissioner for U. P. West, Miss Cullen for Jubbulpore, in the C. P., and in Bengal, where Mrs. Richardson is Division Commissioner for Calcutta.

District Commissioners in India now number 25, viz—

Bengal—
Calcutta S. ... Mrs. Pugh.
Calcutta N. ... Vacant.
Calcutta, Central Mrs. Selfe.
Calcutta E. ... Mrs. Richardson.
Indian Guides
(Calcutta) ... Miss Greaves.
Kharagpur, B. N.
R. ... Mrs. Tulloch.
Darjeeling ... Mrs. Wernicke.

Madras—
Madras ... Miss Sampson.
Miss Ebbutt (Asst.)
Ootacamund ... Mrs. Cuming.
Kodaikanal ... Mrs. Breedem.
Travancore ... Miss Rosemeyer.
Trichinopoly ... Vacant.

Bombay—
Bombay ... Mrs. Tod.
G. I. P. Ry. Mrs. Jamieson.
Poona ... Mrs. Lyons.
Panchgani ... Vacant.
Karachi ... Mrs. Anderson.

The United Province—
Dehra Doon ... Mrs. Pearson.
Mussoorie ... Mrs. Gale.
Cawnpore ... Mrs. Young.
Allahabad ... Mrs. Lawrie.
Moradabad ... Mrs. Crosthwaite.
Lucknow ... Vacant.
Mirazpur ... Vacant.

The Central Provinces—
Jubbulpore ... Mrs. Mitchell.
Nagpore ... Vacant.

The Punjab—
Hyderabad ... Mrs. Robertson.
Lahore ... Mrs. Richey.
Simla ... The Hon. Mrs. Spence.
Kasauli ... Mrs. Hodgson.

Burma—
Rangoon ... Vacant.

Federated Malay States—
Kuala Lumpur. Vacant.

The number of Companies is 96.

The approximate number of Guides is 2,500.

The extension of the scheme to Indian girls has been unexpectedly encouraging. There are three Companies in Calcutta under their own District Commissioner, Miss Greaves.

A Company has just been started in Bombay, and for more than a year there has been a Company in Poona.

Unfortunately, the attempt to amalgamate with the Girls Messengers failed, and this is being organised by the Y. W. C. A. It is a great cause of regret that it was not possible to unite under one flag. The Girl Messenger Service is an adaptation of our Guide scheme; permission was given by our Chief, Sir R. Baden-Powell, to some American missionaries in Lucknow to take the Scout ideas, but this was before the Guide movement had developed from the Scout scheme. He did not contemplate that, when the original movement had been extended to include first English, and then Indian, girls, an organisation based on his ideas and principles would remain independent and thus outside the great Imperial Sisterhood which he aims at creating. The original founders of the Girl Messengers did not mean it to extend beyond their own school.

A glance at the number of Badges earned during the year will give some idea of the great amount of really practical work which has been done by the Guides, but the training in service for others, the *esprit de corps*, the arousing of interest in all kinds of things—games, competitions, concerts, war work—the habits of cheerfulness and endurance which are being slowly formed, the arousing of the Imperial Idea in the minds of the girls, the good turn which is becoming a habit, the sense of discipline, and, above all, the training in honourable conduct, are things which do not show on paper.

A new departure, that of Senior Guide Companies, has proved very successful. Dehra Doon and Calcutta have Senior Guides Clubs, and Bombay has a growing Company.

Though much has been done and the progress made would have seemed impossible this time last year, yet the apathy and prejudice of European women in India makes the work very discouraging—so much to be done, so many women available, and so few to come forward and help.

No doubt remains as to the usefulness of the scheme. There is no instance among all our companies of the movement having failed when the Officer has been keen and regular in her work. All that is wanted to arouse a wave of enthusiasm all over India are a few European women willing to take the lead. The present workers are too few, and many of them completely spoil their work by their irresponsibility. It is not work which brings kudos, it is not so easy as some other work. It means training oneself, and learning Guide work, Guide ideas and habits; it needs self-sacrifice, but it is tremendously worth doing. The Guides are going ahead, and they will be a force, the effect of which will be felt more and more every year. The number of Guide mistresses is steadily growing; if every European in India would do her share, the work would be very light for everyone.

"The Feast of Youth."

Since the days of Toru Dutt, there have been Indian poets and poetesses, who have been interpreting the East to the West through the medium of their poems. Their verses are full of the rich varied colouring of the East, which blends harmoniously with the paler tints of Western expression and mode of thought. Kipling may have to remodel his lines where he says

"For East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet;"

for East has been joining hands gracefully with West in the realms of poetry; and Indian poets, although they have adopted a foreign tongue merely for their mode of expression, still retain pure national thoughts and feelings.

In this renaissance of India, one of the latest singers is Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyay, the author of "The Feast of Youth." One of the most striking features of the poems is their youthful optimism and *joie de vivre* and although the poet does not express his thoughts in his own language, the command of English he displays is marvellous. We wonder to what heights his poems will ascend if written in his own mother-tongue. It will be an interesting experiment to watch, whether his genius will unfold more richly in his own language or in his adopted *lingua Franca*. One is also struck immediately on reading a few of the verses with the spontaneity and graceful ease with which the lines seem to flow, like the silvery spray from a beautiful fountain.

To understand and appreciate "Sufi worship" and the other similar poems, we have to be familiar with Persian poetry, which seems to have influenced Mr. Chattopadhyay's work. Those who have read a few of the elegies of Anwari, the odes of Sa'di and the epics of Firdawsi will get some idea of the beauty and nobility of Persian poetic literature, which is characteristic of extraordinary picturesqueness and power and is often upon an elevated plane of mystic, religious fervour. The author of "The Feast of Youth" seems to have drawn inspiration also from the earlier masters like

Omar Khayyam, Jami and Jalaluddin Rumi, whose writings reach a height of sublimity and a depth of self-abnegation almost unintelligible to more materialistic minds. They all bear the stamp of a devout aspiration, a desire for the good of our fellowmen and an elevated ideal of worldly conduct, such as a worshipper of any religion would be proud to acknowledge as his own.

In the poem called "Realisation", which seems to be one of the finest in this volume of verses, the outstanding feature is its simplicity of style and language. It is so easy of understanding that no one will hesitate to place it in the hands of a little child and yet the theme is divine in its essence. Another popular one, "The God of Warriors," is full of power and strength and illustrates the fact that the poet is a deep student of Nature, not nature peacefully wrapped in her calm quiet mantle, but Nature in her most magnificent splendour, in a mood of righteous indignation. The poem closely resembles a Jewish psalm of praise, except for one fact, viz., that it is lacking in the expression of Divine love and sympathy for the weak and defenceless. But its majestic grandeur can be traced in the following lines—

"I have a God.....His arm is the white sky
Tattooed with starry beauty, and His proud,
Determined brow, the dark and threatening cloud.
His sword gleams in a lighting flash. His eye
Opes in the fiery Sun.....The winds that sigh,
His burning breath. The thunders bursting loud,
His mighty war-drum, Lo! a gleaming crowd
Of colours in His rainbow banner high!"

In the very first poem "The Feast of Youth," it requires only a poet's imagination to conjure up the pictures painted in these lines—

O! I shall draw the blue out of the skies
And offer it like wine of paradise
To drunken Youth.....pluck the red sun
Like a rich fruit to set before his mouth.

But those who have read the Ramayana, will remember the reference to the tale about Rama and his mother and will

recognise the rich metaphors culled from one of the national epics of Ind. And everyone can appreciate the delicate beauty in these three lines of the same poem.

The Ocean-shells

Transport themselves for rapture into bells
For Youth's bright feet of faery-shape!

Now and again the poet's flow of words is so eloquent with beautiful sounds that the meaning is sacrificed on the altar of rhetoric and there seems to be no opportunity for restraining the easy spontaneity. But it is perhaps a fault of exuberant youth, which only time and experience can modify.

Mr. Chattopadhyay is essentially a colour-poet. He is very sensitive to the rich tints, the variegated colouring of the East. His metaphors are kaleidoscopic and they are one of his chief charms. We find them rapidly changing; first a figure, resplendent with brilliant colouring; then suddenly as an excellent foil without any notice we come upon an image of exquisite, delicate beauty.

A few of his verses can be compared to a unique specimen of Hindu statuary, which is symbolic of the spiritual essence, though the sense of proportion is lost in the contemplation of the divine. Sometimes one is at a loss to understand the meaning lying hidden in a few of the poetic figures, but it can be traced to Oriental mysticism, which has taken a firm hold of our young poet. For example, in the poem called "Day and Night," a little gem of six lines, we read,

God watched a little child at play,
Divined the sparkles in its eyes,
And through their depths he seemed to say,
"O child! your wisdom makes me wise;"
Then, forth He went to make the day
And set the moon-glow in the skies!

The fourth line is rather difficult to explain, unless we take the child's wisdom to mean a reflection of God's.

One misses a touch of masculine vigour in one or two of the poems, the touch which in some authors carries one away

forcibly into the realms of the Muses, where the Immortals dwell; but this is due to the extreme youthfulness of the poet and may blossom into things of richer promise later on.

A general favourite in the collection is a "Message," where we can actually hear the peal of silver bells in the music of the poem, if we listen carefully to the skilful handling of the metre.

Secretly he sends His message
Swiftly through the flowering years...
In a child's resplendent laughter
And a woman's tender tears...
Sunset fires are dancing, dancing
To the music of its feet
In the browning breast of sunrise
I can hear its footsteps beat

The poet displays his striking originality and dazzling wealth of imagery in the two poems "Noon" and "Aquarium" where the majestic figures are heralded with great reality and picturesqueness. The "Sonnets" and "by the launched Boat" will always be treasured for their note of plaintive tenderness, which makes such an indelible impression on the reader.

As John Oxenham says in his "Bees in Amber," "India is a fortress armed and guarded jealously" and as such she should be proud of one of her sons who occupies his own peculiar niche in the world of poets, and we trust that in the near future, he will fulfil the brilliant promise of his youth—

ZIMHA LAZARUS.



SECOND ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

Abala Abhivardhini Samaj.

(Madanapalle Branch of the Women's
Indian Association)

1917-18.

The following Report gives an account of the activities happily and successfully engaged in by the Abala Abhivardhini Samaj during its second year of work. The Samajam has become an honoured feature in Madanapalle life and it has given many pleasant memories and widened interests to the many ladies who have attended it.

Object:—The aim of the Samaj is to provide opportunities for the training of Indian women in useful knowledge and accomplishments of an educational, philanthropic and social kind. It is specially adapted to the needs of women past the usual school-going age, whose opportunities for study and self-development are limited by household duties and by social restrictions.

Membership:—Membership is freely open to women and girls of all castes above ten years old. There are now 75 members on the Samaj Roll, of whom 10 have joined during the past year. The attendance of members is very fluctuating, owing to the constant removals of families and the prevailing visiting customs. A large number of visitors have attended the meeting and classes. Many gentlemen in the town are active supporters of the work of the Samaj.

Activities:—The activities of the Samaj consist of a weekly General

Meeting; classes for English, cutting-out, needlework and rattan work; and a Badminton Club.

I. General Meeting:—A General Meeting conducted in Telugu was held each Sunday afternoon, at the house of a different member each time. It began with the singing of Eastern and Western songs followed by the united recitation of a Prayer, and then an Address on some Religious, Educational or Social Reform subject, or the narration of some useful story or famous life. The meetings closed with the distribution of *pan supari* and flowers. The average attendance was about 40, and visitors have noted the happy interested atmosphere which always prevailed in these meetings.

English Classes:—There was a steady attendance of 30 members at the English classes from September to April. These classes were held three times a week between 4 and 6 o'clock and were instructed by Mrs. Cousins and Nanjamma. Great progress was made in English, several ladies now having become fluent translators from English into their mother tongue. A portion of each class was devoted to teaching English conversationally, as the aim is to enable the members to speak and understand spoken English as soon as possible.

Other Class:—The class for instruction in cutting out garments continued till April under Mrs. Jacques. Since then, there have been classes for teaching crochet and drawn-thread work. Great interest was shown in the latter which was new to all the members, and beautiful specimens

have been made by them. Instruction in rattan work began in August and it is intended to make this a special feature of the coming year's work.

Badminton Club:—The game of Badminton has become very popular with the members and has been a source of happy recreation and good physical exercise. The first ladies' Badminton match ever held in Madanapalle took place in March between the Samaj members and the ladies from the local Mission School; the former won, but the return match has yet to be played.

Special Meetings:—The year began with the Anniversary Meeting attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen, when a fine programme of songs, dialogues, recitations, etc., by the members was much appreciated. In November, Mrs. Galletti, wife of the District Collector, attended two Samaj Meetings and at one held a sale of pretty baskets in aid of the War Fund. On December 7, Mrs. Annie Besant addressed a large women's meeting organised by the Samaj. The members had taken part in the procession celebrating her release from internment, and they also joined in the procession of welcome when she entered Madanapalle on her visit. After her inspiring address to the women, a sum of Rs. 90 collected by the members was presented to her as a token of gratitude for her services to the country.

In connection with National Education Week a bazaar was held one afternoon which created much interest. It was concluded by an exhibition of tableaux ("living pictures") which

represented incidents in the lives of Indian heroines. A programme of songs and recitations in Tamil, Telugu and English, was interspersed between the tableaux. This was the first time a display of "living pictures" had been given in this town, and they were greatly liked by all. By these two entertainments, the Samajam was able to hand over Rs. 80 to the National Education Fund.

On July 24, Mrs. Tampoe, wife of the Sub-Collector, invited the Samaj members to a meeting in her garden for the purpose of collecting War comforts for Indian soldiers. She gave an Address in fluent Tamil, and the members made a good response with a large number of contributions in kind which were later acknowledged in the Press.

Acknowledgements:—The Samajam acknowledges its indebtedness to Nanjamma, its paid Assistant Teacher, for her capable services during the year; to Mr. Parthasarathy Aiyangar for a Magic Lantern Lecture on "The Care of Child Life"; to Mr. C. Ramaiya, B.A., Dr. Gopal Rao, Mr. S. Ramachandra Row, and Mr. Shankar Narain for delivering addresses; and to Mr. R. Seshagiri Row for his constant help and encouragement in every direction and especially in connection with the staging of the tableaux; to those who kindly gave donations and benefit performances; and to the Editors of various newspapers which published reports and notices of Samaj activities from time to time.

Number of Meetings:—36. General Meetings and 150 classes were held

during the year, the latter taking place, by kind permission of its Manager, in the class-rooms of the Shri Krishna Vidyalaya Elementary School, the Badminton Court being also in its compound.

Finance:—The balance in hand from the previous year was Rs. 166. During the past year, the Thumbapalle Dramatic Society generously donated Rs. 50, and the East Coast Electric Bioscope Company Rs. 10-8 from benefit performances; Rs. 114-8 was contributed in fees by the members towards expenses. Rs. 145 was spent in paying the assistant's salary; Rs. 20 in an outlay as capital for starting rattan work, and Rs. 28-6 for minor working expenses, such as printing of Reports, Badminton Net, Anniversary Meeting expenses, etc. The result is that Rs. 157-10 is the balance in hand for the coming year.

Miscellaneous:—During the year the advent of "Stri Dharma," the organ of the Women's Indian Association, was welcomed by the members who read it from cover to cover. They also followed the proceedings of the Women's Deputation to Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford with deep interest, as it was organised by their President, Mrs. Cousins. Later a number of the members signed the Requisition sent by the Madras Presidency women to the Madras Provincial Conference requesting the extension to women of all the opportunities for public service given to men by the Congress or other Reform Schemes.

General:—The death of Mr. R. Giri Rao was much felt by the Samaj, as he had been its constant supporter. Much sympathy is felt for his daughters and

aged mother who are all members of the Samaj.

The very large number of eighteen of the regular class members has left the town for various unavoidable reasons, hence the numbers has been much reduced since the summer holidays. We especially feel the loss of Nanjamma and Sugunammal who were valuable interpreters and helpers. Notwithstanding all these recent changes there is still every prospect of a successful year's work ahead, as our remaining members realise the advantages of the existence of the Samaj, and they will undoubtedly gather others round them to fill up the vacant places.

The past year has been so full of mutual benefit and enjoyment for all the members that the last thought of this Report must be the wish that during the coming year very many similar Branches of the Women's Indian Association may be formed in other towns for the encouragement and training of young Indian womanhood to be helpful citizens of their motherland.

GIRJABAI,

Hon. Secretary.

MARGARET E. COUSINS,

President.



News and Notes.

THE ONLY WOMAN M. P.
COUNTESS MARKIEVICZ.

The first woman to be elected to the British Parliament and the only one elected to the present House is the Countess Markievicz, who has been returned for Dublin, St. Patrick, in the Sinn Féin interest.

In a sketch published in 1916, the *Times* said:—

For years the Countess Markievicz has been one of Dublin's stormy petrels. At all times of popular excitement she has appeared, rushing about with tremendous energy and haranguing sometimes a crowd, at other times, individuals, with a curious swift shrill rush of words, and giving the impression of a well-meaning but ill-balanced and hysterical personality. In spite of her name, Mme. Markievicz is an Irishwoman, being the eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Gore-Booth Bt., of Lissadel, G. Sligo, and sister of the present baronet, Sir Josslyn Gore-Booth. Another sister is Miss Eva Gore-Booth, the poetess.

In 1900, she married the Polish Count, Cashmir Dain de Markievicz; and in all those little tea-cup storms that periodically tossed the art world of Dublin the pair were to the fore, always siding with the most "advanced" party and always anxious that the *bourgeois* should be well shocked for their own good. The Countess was the more active in all these quarrels and reforming enterprises, and the Count, a genial, popular boyish giant, who painted pictures, wrote plays, and, with enormous enthusiasm,

sang the Polish National Anthem at artistic functions, followed his wife closely, and between them they gave a good deal of amusement to Dublin in the long age before the war. The genuine artists and "intellectuals" were tolerably amused, but there was often an element of disgust the amusement of the plain people. When the Countess appeared in the Count's plays, the small but sophisticated audiences that attended always had an evening of suppressed giggles. It was all so earnest and the shocking was so comically self-conscious!

But when authority had to be defied the Madame Markievicz surpassed herself. Then what denunciations of England from this gaunt excited figure! What belabourings of Man! For she was a "suffragette" as well as a Sinn Féiner, and she was a prominent figure in the suffrage disorders in Dublin. One of her chief swoops into notoriety was in the big strike in 1913, when she was one of the most active of Larkin's supporters.

In 1916 the Countess was sentenced to death with seventeen others by a Field General Court Martial for her share in the rebellion of that year. Before promulgation, however, the sentence was commuted by the Commander-in-Chief to penal servitude for life and later the Government released the Countess and her fellow convicts from prison.

As the Sinn Féiners have declared that they will never sit in a Parliament in London, it is unlikely that the Countess will grace St. Stephens with her presence.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.
POSITION AFTER WAR.

The general question of the position of women workers after the war has just been considered at an unofficial conference between leading Trade Union women and employers of labour, arranged by the National Alliance of Employers and Employed, Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson presiding.

The first question discussed was whether the one and three quarter million women who, in addition to the three million in industry before the war, now compose the women's industrial army, could be retained in industry after the war. It was pointed out that there was to be first considered the pledge of the Government to the trades unions that the men should all go back to their old jobs and that pre-war conditions should be reinstated in industry. There was also the extreme difficulty of the conversion of the factories from the production of war materials to the needs of peace, and there was the further problem of the obtaining of necessary raw material, so that there should be no break in the work. It was felt that the terms of peace would have an important bearing on the question. It was also anticipated that the rate of demobilisation would be an important factor.

It was realised that the Government must fulfil its pledges to the trades unions, but this was seen in no way to apply to new industries, or to the extension of old industries that have led to the employment of an increased number of workers, as compared with pre-war figures. The general opinion was expressed that while there would

be a temporary period of dislocation, during which the whole community would have to be patient and work on a give-and-take basis, there was little doubt that there would ultimately be work for all, and the whole of the women at present in industry could be retained.

The possibility of a minimum wage was discussed, and the meeting was unanimous that such was advisable and that it should be based on a reasonable standard of life, but would have to vary in different areas.

It was also agreed that during the period of demobilisation it would be better to institute a system of part time work, so that the whole of the work people should be employed for part of the day or part of the week, rather than that some should be employed full-time and the rest turned out on the unemployment market. It was anticipated that this period would be only temporary, and ultimately all would be re-absorbed.

Dissatisfaction was expressed at the delay in the production of definite and co-ordinated plans by the Government, and the conference agreed to meet again, either to consider the Government's demobilisation proposals, or failing that, to formulate its own on the nearer approach of peace.

THE JURYWOMAN.

In the United States women have the privilege of serving on juries. The other day during the luncheon adjournment in a case before the Supreme Court, this conversation, according to an American paper, was overheard between two women jurors:—

"I just hate the lawyer with the moustache." "I do, too." Verdict was given for the plaintiff, and as the defendant's barrister was the only one in the case so whiskered, he based an appeal on the strength of the colloquy between the jurywomen. The reply of the Court is worth quoting as an example of legal humour:

"It is not made clear whether the two women jurors were voicing a malice towards counsel for appellant and made reference to his moustache as a mark of identification, or were only innocently voicing the old-age prejudice against the hirsute adornment of the face which some of the sex have nursed ever since the days of Delilah. Then, again, we can almost take judicial notice of the fact that the present generation is extravagant of speech. Terms in young ladies' seminaries, and even college careers have sometimes netted no more in the way of a vocabulary or in power of expression than 'I just hate,' 'I just love,' 'It is perfectly grand,' 'It is perfectly lovely,' or perfectly terrible—terms applied without reference to real emotion, and to things animate and inanimate, from marsh-mallows to men, and from breakfast foods to works of art. If we were justified in relying upon our observations of human nature, we would question that part of the affidavits wherein it is alleged that the other disciple of the court assented, saying 'she, did, too,' for it is more likely she manifested her approbation with the more familiar words, 'I should say.' No prejudice against client or counsel is a thing to be enquired into and we cannot think that the fair jurors would 'hate' coun-

sel to the extent, at least, of penalising his client for a cause trivial and for a condition so easily removed."

57 HOURS UNDER WATER.

THRILLING RESCUES FROM A SUBMARINE.

Of the many thrilling stories which might be told of naval heroism during the war, few, if any, can rival that of a British submarine which went down in Gareloch, near the Clyde. The story has in part already been told, as it related to the act for which the late Captain Goodhart, D. S. O., was posthumously awarded the Albert Medal in gold.

The submarine was on her trials. She had on board 73 persons, including naval contractors and men from the yard where she had been built. The order was given for her to submerge, and when she had just gone beneath the surface water began to pour into her aft, and she descended stern downwards into 15 fathoms. The ventilating shafts had been accidentally left open. Those in the rear of the submarine, 31 in number, were immediately drowned. The forepart of the vessel was shut off, and the 42 who were at that end were saved. How their rescue was accomplished is a tribute to the skill of the Admiralty Salvage Department.

A few hours had passed before divers went down to the submarine on what they considered a forlorn hope. Getting to the bottom, they discovered that the stern of the vessel was imbedded in many feet of mud. They knocked at the hull, and to their amazement

there was a responsive tapping showing that some at least of those inside were alive. Then Captain Goodhart essayed a task which cost him his life. The high pressure air bottles were brought into use, and the Captain undertook, with their aid, to be projected through the conning tower and shot into the water in the hope of reaching the surface and conveying to the rescue party information as to the condition of those below. He was hurled upward at terrific speed, but his head struck a support in the tower, and he was immediately killed. His example was followed by another ship's commander on board, who was fortunate enough to reach the surface and was caught and saved by the salvage men.

Acting on his information, divers again descended and got into communication with the imprisoned men by means of Morse signals. With great ingenuity, the rescuers were able to insert through a water flap, which was temporarily opened from the inside, a flexible hose, through which air and also Bovril, chocolate, and other sustaining food was passed. The entombed men never lost heart, although the chances were that they would never be got out alive. At their request playing cards were sent down "to beguile the tedium of waiting," as one of them said. Strong wires were put round the vessel, and as the submerged men were provided with air from above there was no need for them further to conserve their air bottles. These they utilised to blow out the oil fuel stowed forward. With this gone, the vessel after a time drove upwards at high speed until her bow

was well above water in a perpendicular position. Immediately a big hole was made in her by acetylene burners, and the 12 men were brought out and conveyed to an infirmary near by.

It was about midnight when the submarine rose, and in the glare of the arc lights of the salvage ships they walked, or were carried, to the infirmary amid the cheers of scores of men who had been aiding them to escape death. The submarine spat out fire and smoke, and the last man had not been long rescued before the vessel settled down and slid again to the depths of the loch. The submarine had been below about 24 hours when Captain Goodhart made his ill-fated attempt, and altogether the party were down 57 hours before they were so miraculously saved.



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NOTICE

A Sericultural School will be opened by the Silk Syndicate with effect from 1st July 1918, for imparting male & female students a course of instruction both practical and theoretical in mulberry cultivation, rearing of silk worms on rational methods for seed, reeling of Silk, and elementary principles of weaving.

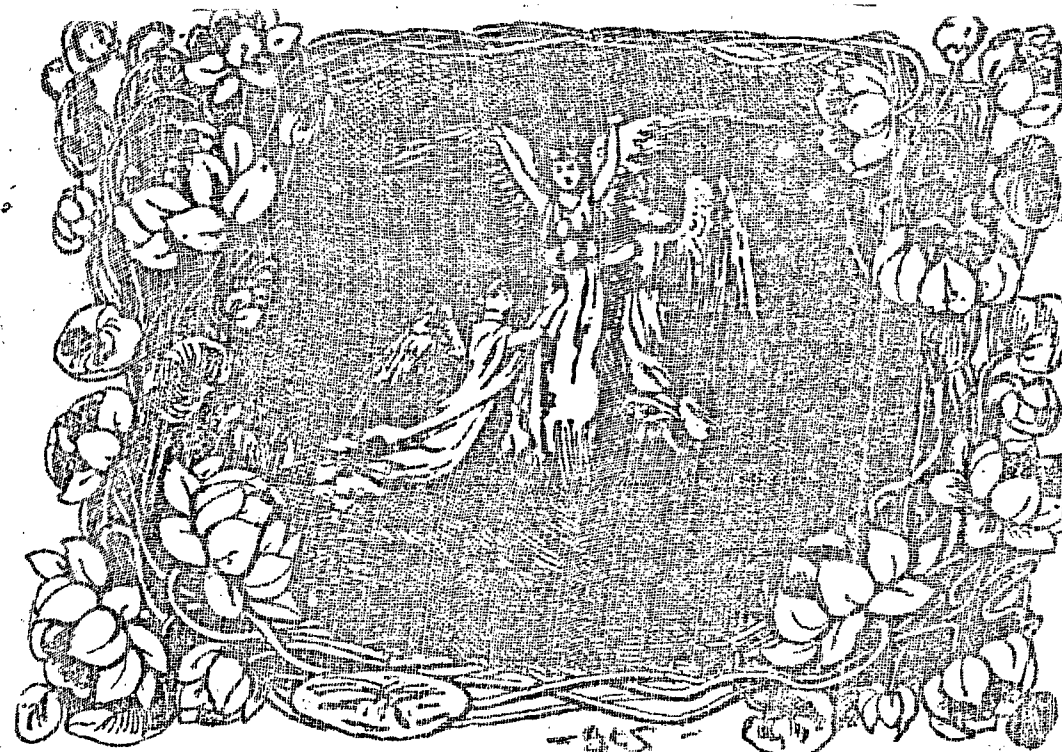
The course as at present arranged extends from six months to one year. Each student is required to pay a nominal fee of Rs. 12- for the whole course, half of which should be paid on admission and the other half before January 1919.

Candidates for admission must be able to read and write English and should apply to the undersigned not later than the 25th June 1918.

Students showing sufficient aptitude will be employed by the Syndicate on salaries ranging from Rs 15 to Rs 50 per mensem.

Bangalore City, }
4th May, 1918. }

B. SHANKAR RAO,
Superintendent.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII.]

JANUARY 1919.

No. 18.]

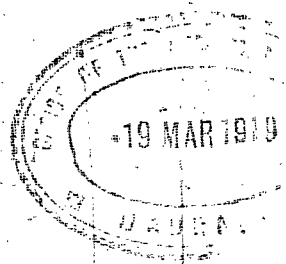
The companionship of the dead.

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame,
And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.



TENNYSON.

TWO INDIAN SONGS.

1. The Rajput Wife.

This is a pathetic story of undying love and absolute devotion, told by Sir Edwin Arnold in his little collection of Indian poetry. The story is represented as told to the accompaniment of the Veena by an old warrior, Jymul Rao, at the close of day and the cessation of day-labour, to an eagerly-listening audience of village lads and lasses:

"Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts
and lingers,
Sets athrill the saddest wire of all the six;
And the girls sit in a tangle, and hush the twinkling
bangle,
While all the boys pile the flame with store of sticks."

Soorj Dehu was a Rajput king, more indeed of a soldier than a king, and yet a king for all that.

"But Soorj Dehu, the Rajput, owned neither town nor wall,

His house the camp, his roof-tree the sky that covers all;
His seat of state the saddle; his robe a shirt of mail;
His court a thousand Rajputs close at his stallion's tail.
Not less was Soorj a Rajah, because no crown he wore
Save the grim helm of iron with sword-marks dented o'er"

He was an undaunted soldier, the loved master of his subjects and the happy husband of his sweet Rance Neila. He was a great enemy of the proud Mussalmans, and was successful in many attacks on them, never giving in to the enemy, till at last treachery conquered him, and he was taken by them when sleeping.

"Nor ever shot nor arrow, nor spear nor slinger's stone
Could pierce the mail that Neila, the Rancee buckled on;

But traitor's subtle tongue-thrust through fence of steel
can break;
And Soorj was taken sleeping, whom none had ta'en
awake."

Then, indeed were the Mussalmans glad and proud. They offered him the choice of two things, either to join their faith, or to die in torment. His answer was obvious; no shameful insult, no cruel deed could change his heart.

Word was brought to the Rajput camp of their leader's dire distress, and all the warriors rose in arms:

"Up sprang a hundred horsemen, flashed in each hand
a sword;
In each heart burned the gladness of dying for their
lord;
Up rose each Rajput rider, and buckled on with speed
The bridle-chain and breast-cord, and the saddle of his
steed."

But Neila, the bereaved queen, called only the brothers of Soorj to her and told them to go with her to the enemy's camp. She would get her lord back or die.

"If love and craft can conquer, a thousand is as three.
If love be weak to save him, Soorj dies—and ye return,
For where a Rajput dieth, the Rajput widows burn."

Then she took away her own beautiful costume, and arrayed herself, O wonder of wonders! in the dress of a dancing girl.

"Thereat the Rance Neila unbraided from her hair
The pearls as great as Kashmir grapes Soorj gave his
wife to wear.
And all across her bosom
She wrapped the tinselled sari of a dancing Kunchenee;
And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells,
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts
and dwells.
And all in dress a Nautch-girl, but all in heart a queen,
She set her foot to stirrup with a sad and settled mein."

But she carried one thing with her, which no dancing-girl carried,—a sharp dagger!

All day long, Soorj had suffered and endured in silence, terrible torment and bitter agony of body and mind; "With better cruel torments, and deeds of shameful kind,

They racked and broke his body, but could not shake his mind.

No meat, nor drink they gave him through all that burning day,

And done to death, but scornful, at twilight time he lay.

So when the gem of Shiva uprose, the shifting moon,

Soorj spake unto his spirit, 'The end is coming soon.

I would the end might hasten, could Neila only know.'

Suddenly, he heard a Nautch-girl singing the song "of love and fear" his queen had sung to him at parting.

"Whence comes she by the music of Neila's tender strain,

She, in that shameful tinsel?—O Nautch-girl, sing again!"

Softly the answer came back from his own Neila:

"Ah, Soorj!—here thine own Neila stands, Faithful in life and death alike,—look up and take my hands:

Speak low, lest the guard hear us;—tonight, if thou must die,

Shureef shall have no triumph, but bear thee company.

So sang she like the Keil that dies beside its mate;

With eyes as black and fearless, and love as hot and great."

But alas! Death with its bitter parting was near.

"Then the chief laid his pale lips upon the little palm And sank down with a smile of love, his face all glad and calm;

And through the cage-bars Neila felt the brave heart stop fast,

'O Soorj!', she cried, 'I follow! have patience to the last.'"

Then went the Ranee Neila "in grace and face divine" to the wicked Mussalman chief Shureef, and before him, alone with him in his tent, she danced a shameful voluptuous dance, "she! a Rajpoot, she!"

"Sang the melting music, swayed the languorous limb."

Shureef's drunken heart beat—Shureef's eyes waxed dim."

He took a beautiful pearl ring from his hand, and offered it to her, bidding her kiss him. But that was his last word,

"For the kiss she gave him was his first and last—Kiss of dagger, driven to his heart and fast."

She took his own sword, cut off his head and "like the goddess Kali," went with it to where her lord's brothers stood beside their murdered chief. Then in the silent camp she ordered the funeral pyre to be built for her, for a true Rajpoot wife never outlived her lord. The pile was built, and she mounted it and her lord was laid beside her, with his head on her lap.

"In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile, Laid his head—she radiant, like a queen the while.

Then the lamp is lighted, and the ghee is poured—

'Soorj, we burn together: 'O my love, my lord!'

In the flame and crackle dies her tender tongue,

Dies the Ranee, truest, all true wives among."

In the morning, a wild clamour arose. The Mussalman chief was headless, Soorj Dehu had disappeared, and the wandering Nautch-girl could not be seen. Only the sentries had "at the breath of dawn", seen two horsemen faring forth from the gates, carrying with them the urn of clay, in which Rajputs usually took

"The ashes of dead kinsmen to Gunga's holy spray."

II. The Caliph's Draught.

In this story the Mussalmans are set out in a better light than in the previous one. To them also, as to the Rajpoots, belonged courage and valour, kindness and chivalry to the weak and helpless, devotion and trust.

Mohatsim, the Caliph, sat in royal state one day, upon a day in Ramadan, preparing to feast after the fast.

"The fairest slave of those that wait
Mohatsim's jewelled cup did hold
Of crystal carven was the cup,
With turquoise set along the brim,
A lid of amber closed it up;
'T was a great king that gave it him.
The slave poured sherbet to the brink,
Stirred in wild honey and pomegranate,
With snow and rose-leaves cooled the drink,
And bore it where the caliph sat."

He was very thirsty and he was just starting to drink, when, among the news read out by his news-reader, he heard something which inflamed him with mad anger. This was the story of how an Arab girl of noble race had been taken prisoner by a lord of Roumi in Armoria; how when the latter had been cruel to her she had cried out to her own king Mohatsim for help; and how her captor had then mocked her,

"Call louder, fool! Mohatsim's ears
Are long as Barak's—if he heed—
Your prophet's ass; and when he hears,
He'll come upon a spotted steed."

Then the Caliph refused his drink and ordered it to be kept for him.

"Wallah; the stream my drink shall be,
My hollowed palm my only bowl,
Till I have set that lady free,
And seen that Roumi dog's head roll."

Then he gathered his men around him and, with the cup carried in state behind, rode to Armoria and defeated the lords of Roumi.

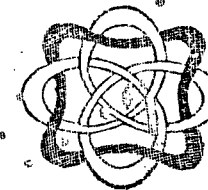
Then he rode his steed into the city, and the noble Arab lady came out from her prison:

"She held her hair before her face,
She kissed his feet, she laughed and wept."
With fierce eyes, Mohatsim upbraided her insulter:
"She whom thou smotest on the face
Had scorn, because she called her king;
So, he is come! and dost thou think
To live, who didst this bitter thing
While Mohatsim at peace did drink?"

So, he cut off his head, and then called for his belated drink:

"Lightly he took it in his hand.
As down his throat, the sweet drink ran
Mohatsim in his saddle laughed,
And cried, *Taiba ashrab alan!*
By God! delicious is this draught!"

PADMINI.



What is your name?

CHRISTENING & NAME-GIVING:
IN MANY AGES & MANY CLIMES.

I do beseech you—

Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers—

What is your name?

"TEMPEST" ACT III SC. I. 32.

One cannot help feeling sorry for children who are labelled for life with odd-sounding names, merely to satisfy the whims and fancies of their parents. Amongst Christian people, of course, Biblical names as a general rule have an irresistible attraction. Yet there must surely be a limit, even to this means of choosing a name. One man some time ago, for instance, called his sons Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in accordance with the order of their birth, and, when the fifth and sixth arrived, to preserve the succession, they were denominated respectively Actner and Romanser!

An American writer states that he was acquainted with a family whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The two children of another family were named "Also" and "Another." An instance is known of parents who named their children respectively Imprimis, Finis, Appendix, Addendum, Supplement and Erratum; while in Kansas City there used to be six brothers of the Frost family, who owned the following curious list of names: Jack Frost, Winter Frost, White Frost, Cole Frost, Early Frost, and Snow Frost.

Not so many years ago, a char-woman, in signing her name in an English marriage register, "Mailliw," was

questioned as to its correctness. Explanations, however, were satisfactorily forthcoming. Her father stated that he was intent upon William for the name of his child if it should prove a lad. Upon being intensely disappointed at the birth of a little girl, the mother consoled him by saying: "Never mind; we will have William after all, but we will spell it backwards as it's a girl!"—and her idea was carried out.

The ancient Greeks were much more simple in their nomenclature than the old-time Romans. Each of them had but one name, though they freely used nicknames to describe peculiarities or defects. The Latins and Etruscans seem to have had at first only one name apiece. The Sabines had two, however, and in later times the Sabine system was generally followed. A Roman boy, therefore, had a given name and a family name, which were indispensable; but he might have two others, descriptive of some peculiarity or remarkable event in his life—as "Scaevola," left-handed; "Cato" or "Sapiens," wise; "Coriolanus," of Corioli. "Appius Claudius Sabinus Regillensis" means Appius of the Claudian family of Regillum, in the country of the Sabines. "Lucius Cornelius Scipio Africanus" means Lucius, of the Cornelian family, and of the particular branch of the Scipios who won fame in Africa. Those were called the praenomen (forename), nomen (name), cognomen (surname), and agnomen (added name.)

One of the perplexing things that confront the foreigner in pondering over China and its topsy-turvy ways, is the curious fact that Celestials change their

names at various periods in life. A boy, for instance, has one name in childhood, a different one at school; yet another when he dies; and quite frequently, while his real name in private life might be the equivalent of "Robert Brown", over his place of business and on his cheques, one finds a weird string of words that conceal his identity in the world even from his very friends. With girls it is somewhat different. They often have no name at all. No. 1., No. 2., No. 3., and so on, are often thought of sufficient dignity for their lowly position in society!

Children in Japan are given some very quaint and curious names. Many a boy goes out into the world handicapped by such a name as "Tiger," "Panther" or "Bear". Amongst the girls the sweetest titles are used. The favourite names include "Plum", "Sunshine", "Springtime" and "Snow." In their desire to give special honour to the tiny maiden, the Japanese sometimes prefix "O" to her name. Then it will read thus: O-Hana, the Honourable Miss Plum, O-Tama-San, the Honourable Miss Jewel. Yanagi-Goshi is particularly in request. It signifies 'willow-waist', a token of the admiration shown for the grace of the willow tree.

The ceremony of child-naming in Borneo begins on the second day with the kindling of a new fire, a terrific concert of gongs, and the introduction of a black pig, which is wreathed about with valuable beads. The "Dayong" has a stick, cut at the end into a brush of splinters. This is dipped with a cloth in water and waved over the child's head, with an invocation that the child's

life may be "lamin", that is, quiet and calm. To insure protection against evil spirits, a healthy chicken on the previous day is waved above and around the child. The chicken's head is then chopped off and some of its blood smeared on the baby's head. All evil spirits have now been effectually dispelled. The "Dayong" squats down by the pig, and, taking from the fire a small stick of wood with a glowing end, he touches it to the pig's side by way of calling its attention to what he is about to say. The pig is then soothingly addressed and begged to intercede with Peny-long and Perbungan, and to tell unerringly whether or not the name now to be given to the child has been auspiciously chosen. After further ceremonies, the sacred pig is killed and eaten.

Kaffir babies have only one birthday in their lives. Among this race, there is no means of recording dates. Their children are generally named after some current events. During times of trouble, they are often called "Nomfazwe" (War). A drought will cause "Langa" (Sun) to be a common name. If the child has any peculiarity, it will be named accordingly. A lame child is called "Velatshona" (Rise and Fall), and the tenth child is invariably called "Noshumi" (Ten).

With regard to baptism it is interesting to observe that in some parts of England it is thought highly necessary that the child should cry during the ceremony, or that otherwise ill-luck will sooner or later overtake it. The idea originates from the conception that, when the child screams and kicks, the evil spirit is in the act of

quitting it. Silence, on the other hand, signifies that it is too good for this wicked world. In some of the Saxon churches, an angel, with a basin in his hand, descends by means of a pulley or spring from the ceiling, and presents the basin to the minister, who, by way of exhortation, exorcises the devil in the following form: "Get thee hence, thou unclean spirit and make room for the Holy Ghost". At the same time, he makes the sign of the cross and repeats the exorcism.

France, through its official physician, is usually the first to take cognisance of a new baby. The Church, however, is not far behind. A priest without much delay is sure to appear and administer the rites which it considers essential. The baby's first outing will undoubtedly be on some Sunday afternoon for the purpose of administering baptism, when it will be sumptuously dressed, and all the family and friends put in an appearance. Then its sponsors renounce Satan's works and pomps on behalf of the child, while the baby wails with the distress of its unusual clothes and environment. Among the peasantry, a christening is accompanied by a great feast and the file of guests walking arm-in-arm in couples, to and from the Church, makes quite an impressive procession. The nurse receives presents from every one, the godfather gives the godmother a present, another to the mother, and without fail, he bestows on his god-child a silver mug, fork and spoon. The bells ring merrily, of course, and sugar, almonds and sous are thrown on every side to gladden the hearts of the poorer village children.

Before it is christened, a Roumanian child should not be left alone for a moment. Were it left unattended, either the Devil would warp its mind or change it for a pink fiend, or a wandering vampire would come and turn it into a vampire too. Baptism is by complete immersion and as soon as the child is baptised it is given Holy Communion. If it fails to cry during that ceremony it is without doubt a child of the Evil One, and should be shunned through life. Scarcely, however, has a child to bear that stigma, for whoever may be holding the babe during this time invariably gives a pinch in order that the child may effectively pretest its faith.

When taken to a Sicilian church to be christened, an infant, if a boy, is carried on the right arm; if a girl, on the left. In the church, the father is of little import, for the godfather carries off all the honours. The more pompous ceremonial at baptism, of course, occurs only at the birth of the first son. The Sicilian proverb has it: "The first son is born a baron". Sicilian Albanians immediately after the ceremony perform a special dance; and when they go home they throw out roasted peas to the people. Hence: "When shall we have the peas?" is used as a periphrasis for: "When does she expect the confinement?" The water in which the "chrism", or christening cup is washed, is regarded as of a holy character, on account of the sacred oil with which it has been touched. It is, therefore, flung on to the hedge in order that no human foot may tread the soil which has received it.

The Lutherans baptise their children

within a day or two of their birth. In certain parts, including Denmark, infants, who are illegitimate, are not baptised at the same time as those who are born in wedlock. In Sweden, all legitimate children are christened before divine service begins, but children born out of wedlock after it is over, when the father is under no obligation to attend. A little gold or silver cross or one of inferior value, according to the circumstances of the parent, is hung in Russia about the infant's neck as a badge or token of baptism. He must wear this symbol not only as long as he lives, but carry it with him to the grave.

Among the Moors, it is customary on the morning of the "name-day" for the father or nearest male relative to slaughter a sheep. As he cuts the throat of the animal, he exclaims: "In the name of the Mighty God: for the name of N, son (or daughter), of M," referring to the mother who is asked to give the child a name. A feast is made of the sheep in the evening and the nurse receives as her perquisite the fleece and a fore-leg. Perhaps this is accompanied with a present of cash in return for her presence for seven days. The mother, be it remarked, sits in State on a special chair brought to her by the nurse.

Boys become members of the Muhammedan faith by circumcision, and their names are usually given to them on this day. In Persia, several names are taken out of the Koran and huddled together. One is drawn by the infant, and this is given to the child. It is interesting, by the way, to observe that the names in vogue in Moroc-

co, though rather limited in number, are very simple in character. Muhammed is the favourite, though most frequently conferred on the first-born son. Next in order we have Slave-of-God, Slave-of-the-Powerful, Slave-of-the-Merciful, Slave-of-Peace, Slave-of-the-Rich, Slave-of-the-Glorious, Slave-of-the-Generous. Ali (Noble) Mustafa (Chosen) Bu Sha. ib (Father-of-Traveling Bags), Bu Shta (Father-of-Rain) are not unusual types of name. The names of girls are undoubtedly very restricted. Fatimah (Weaner), Ayesha (Mother-like), Mananah (Kind), Zobidah (Marigold), Zainab (an Aromatic tree) are common specimens. A distinctive appellation is given to the slave. Of such a character are the following: Habibah (Dear), El Yakut (Ruby), Zaidah (Increase), so far as women are concerned. Fatah (Victory), Maburah (Blessed), Bellal (Benefit), Marzuk (Provided-for) are examples of names given to male slaves.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



A lecture on Women's education.

(Continued from last issue)

We now turn to another question—that of the curriculum. The curriculum of secondary education is determined by the Matriculation Examination of the Universities and there are very grave misgivings amongst thoughtful thinkers on this point. No distinction is drawn between the curriculum that is suitable for boys and that suitable for girls. The same curriculum is set up for both boys and girls and, as it is bound to be, such a system can never be wholly satisfactory in the interests of the girls. Some universities, no doubt, offer departmental examinations alternative to the matriculation and these alternative examinations no doubt provide for subjects more suitable for girls; e. g. Hygiene, cooking, dress-making &c. But the girls' schools generally prefer to prepare the girls for the matriculation examination. As Mrs. Drysdale, Inspectress in Madras, remarks "Preparation for the matriculation sums up the entire work, and success at their examination is the ultimate goal in all high schools. The examination shadow is to be seen in every turn from the third form upwards and it is only with the greatest difficulty that sufficient time can be snatched for the teaching of a little recitation, drawing and drill" (5th Q.R. page 258).

It is evident that if the girls have to take the same course as the boys for the matriculation examination, they can-

not make the best of it and it must be injurious to them. There is a serious overloading of the course and the spectre of examinations leads girls to work hard and this, coupled with not very ideal sanitary conditions of living and the difficulties of taking the instruction through the additional handicap of a foreign tongue, leads to a serious physical and mental strain which in most cases the girls are ill-fitted to bear. It is obviously attempting to do the impossible. This view was very forcibly expressed by Mr. Prior (Inspector of schools Bombay), whose remarks are well worth quoting "I confess that I prefer to suspend judgment as to the benefit of secondary education for native girls in India. It appears to me that with Hindu girls at any rate it involves a strain, which they are ill-qualified to bear; and even in the case of Parsi girls I am compelled to think that the advantages are very doubtful. Moreover, in this country marriage is rightly the almost inevitable destiny of woman, and beyond the power of conversing in English, a secondary education commonly constitutes little that is of much service in later life." Further, he remarks "whereas in India one ideal should have been, above all things, to educate girls to become good wives and mothers, we have fostered the ideal, rendered necessary by our English abundant population, viz., that girls must be so educated as to be able to earn their livelihood" (5th Q. R. p. 256). It is against this denationalising tendency that most people protest.

This then is our great defect. In spite of the fact that less than 10 per cent go

to college, the whole plan of school education leads up to the matriculation. Instead of completing a school course, the aim is to prepare for a college course which only a small fraction finally takes up. There are many desirable things, which one would like the girls to learn, but the very limited school age of the girls should lead us to concentrate within practical limits. The curricula framed for the girls are entirely unsuitable for them, either individually or taking them as part of a bigger national life. Sufficient stress is not laid on feminine arts. Needlework, music, domestic economy, Hygiene, nursing, cooking—all these are not sufficiently recognised.

So much for the curriculum in secondary schools. In the primary schools, the need of a differentiated curriculum is much less acute. Girls in primary schools usually take the same course as boys, with slight differences here and there. For instance, in the lower primary stage, reading, writing, and arithmetic are as they must be—common. The girls take in addition a slight teaching of music and needlework, while the boys take the physical drill. Above the lower primary stage, the curriculum for each becomes more different—the girls not taking the particular courses meant for boys, e.g., agriculture, science, higher mathematics, but taking instead domestic economy, hygiene &c. It is evident, "as girls do not remain at schools more than two years and a half on an average, a large portion of the scheme must be beyond their reach" (Ed. com. 1883). The curriculum suitable for boys is absolutely unsuitable

for girls. History, Geography, Arithmetic beyond the fractions &c. are, in view of many people, quite useless to the majority of our girls. "The standard of instruction for primary girls schools should be much simpler than that for boys and should be drawn up with special reference to the requirements of home life, and to the occupation open to women" (Ed. com. 1883).

We are happy to note that the curricula are being revised in almost all provinces, so as to make them more suitable for girls. The Government Resolution of 1913, recognising these difficulties, laid down the following principles, as regards female education:—

- (1) The education of girls should be practical, with reference to the position which they will fill in social life.
- (2) It should not seek to imitate the education suitable for boys nor should it be dominated by examinations.
- (3) Special attention should be paid to hygiene and the surroundings of school life.
- (4) The services of women should be more freely enlisted for instruction and inspection.
- (5) Continuity in inspection and control should be specially aimed at.

The question of the curriculum is closely bound up with the question of suitable text books for the girls. It is admitted on all hands that there is a lack of suitable text books for girls. The education commission wrote, "In this country more than in others, the life of women is a thing apart from that of men and it is unlikely that books prepared for boys will be either interesting or suitable for girls. Morality is no

doubt the same for both sexes and for all classes, still the particular lessons in "morality to be inculcated on boys are certainly not those primarily needed for girls" (Ed. com, 1183, Para 615); e. g. boys are expected to learn manly virtues, but text-books with such lessons will be hardly suitable for girls.

The remedy for this difficulty is not far to seek. Text-books written by educated ladies, journals conducted by them—we have some of them—can solve the difficulty and the preparation of such text books should be encouraged. Much has been done recently to remove this difficulty. In Bengal, at least some of the recent works of educated ladies are excellent as media for instruction. They remove to a great extent, the difficulty of continuing the education after school life or even college life. Some of the ladies' journals that we have e. g. the Indian Ladies Magazine and the Bharati—are doing excellent work for the cause of female education in India.

The Bombay system introduced by Miss Coveinton suits the girls admirably and a description of the systems in her own words is well worth quoting. "Taken as a whole the girls' Readers are simpler in general treatment and narrower in the range of subjects than the boys." The wider topics of history, literature and science are of little concern to vernacular girls for whom—apart from the practical demands of domestic economy—biographies illustrating the good deeds of great and virtuous women, accounts of their native land and its most distinguished sons, ethical stories and lessons inculcating modesty and so-

briety of conduct and demeanour, together with poems of a moral and natural religious tendency, are held by native public opinion to be more fitting pabulum. Such have been provided" (5th Q. R. P. 262-3.)

The bulk of these Readers give a slight description of the more important geographical phenomena, some account of India and her Royal Family, stories about Sita, Savitri, Mirabai, Nurjahan, Asoka, Akbar, Shevagi, &c. "The lessons on domestic economy..... will supplement, reinforce and possibly suggest practical demonstrations in their various subjects..... They treat of food substances and their preparation, of cooking, of the cleanliness of the house and of clothes, of furniture, of household management, of dress, sewing, and so forth. They also include lessons in elementary physiology and hygiene." (5th Q. R. P. 2623.)

The last difficulty to which I want to refer is the question of moral and religious instruction for girls. The question of imparting moral and religious education to both boys and girls was very fully considered at the Allahabad educational conference in Feb. 1911. A wide diversity of views was expressed on this vital question and we might just as well pause for a moment to consider some of them.

The demand for such instruction and its vital necessity was admitted on all hands and it is hardly necessary at this day to argue the point at length. It is only when we turn to consider the means of imparting the instruction that we encounter heavy odds.

First of all, when some people demand that moral instruction should be

given, what they really mean is instruction in their own religious dogmas.

Secondly, there are very vague ideas as to what exactly comes under religion and what exactly comes under morality.

Thirdly, gross doubts were expressed by some people as to the possibility of introducing direct religious instruction, and apprehensions of difficulty in the working of any definite system were put forward.

Fourthly, doubts were expressed as to the efficacy of direct moral instruction, when divorced from religious sanctions.

In the matter of moral instruction, the difficulties were much less; excellent moral instruction can be given to our girls from our classical works—the Ramayan, the Mahabharat, Hariz, Rajasthan and other classical works in Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian and Pali. The lessons of patriotism, chivalry, chastity, courage, strength of mind, charity, devotion to duty, which can be imparted from our classical works like these are quite enough in all conscience for a complete scheme of moral education.

In their resolution on the Indian educational policy issued in 1913, the Govt of India laid down that the formation of character was to be the main objective in education and they remarked that "in the formation of character, the influence of home and the personality of the teacher play the larger part. The education as it is generally given today produces, in the words of Miss Cowan, (education of women in India, p. 23) an abnormal development of the repetitive faculty; intellect is

emphasised at the expense of character and the whole tendency is to take away from the Indian child his own historical heritage of thought and feeling. It is in fact a godless education that we are imparting to our boys and girls and this system we all deeply deplore. Some schools and colleges do in fact give some elementary instruction in morality, but by far the greater number of our boys and girls finish their education without ever coming across God within the four corners of their text books. Frankly speaking, life is the finest of all fine arts and the object of true education is so to chisel and polish our lives as to make them fit for the high ends which God has, in his All-merciful wisdom, determined for us. It must help us to achieve in our lives the end for which we were made—the glory of God and the relief of man's estate. Hence in religion we observe the true secret of education. To try to educate a people without leading it nearer to God is just like ploughing the sands on the seashore. Education without religion is like the atmosphere without air. The new age which is dawning upon the world will at once be a relief and a challenge and we must be very illequipped to face that challenge when it comes, if we have no solid background of religious convictions to guide us, to strengthen us and to support us in our time of need."

The strict religious neutrality of the govt. in India does not involve that the Indian boys and girls should go on cultivating the intellectual at the expense of the moral and religious activities. That is a thing which all sober minds in India deeply deplore.

Local committees have however been formed recently in the provinces to consider this question and most of them have already reported. Their recommendations, I believe, are waiting to be adopted.

I have dealt with only one part of the question of Female Education in India, viz. some of the difficulties in its way and their solution. It is not possible for me to deal at length on the many other important topics which come under the heading of Female Education in India. For instance, I have said nothing about the origin of Female Education in India, which grew very largely out of the noble efforts of Christian missions in this country, for which we are at all times deeply grateful. Were it not for their patient and benevolent efforts—carried out in many cases amidst the most disheartening circumstances and tremendous popular opposition—it would not have been possible to achieve even what little we have to-day. I have said nothing about the various agencies by means of which female education is imparted in this country e. g. the Education department, the municipal and Local Board, the private Indian organisations and the Christian missions. I have said nothing about the large number of Zenana missions, organised by noble bands of Indian—and in some cases, European—ladies, who are carrying the benefits of education right into the heart of the Zenana, for the benefit of those whom custom and social rules compel to live inside the Zenana. I have said nothing about the higher forms of University Education, collegiate instruction, professional education for girls, e. g., on

medical lines, and their industrial education in the various arts and industries suitable for them. I have said nothing about the question of Finance, which almost always is the most important question in any scheme of Education. These and other important questions I am not going to deal with now.

India today is on the era of a new life. The educated communities of this country are on their trial. At such a time as this, "nothing is so hopeless as to try to build a nation out of men only." "One good mother", it has been said, "is worth a hundred school-masters". Aye, more than that. We want our girls to be good wives—and what is far more important than that—we want them to be good mothers. We want them to be such that to know them would in itself be a liberal education. It is hardly necessary to argue about the benefits of education, whether for boys or for girls, "Water-lor," it was said, "was won at Eton," and it is the same British system of education which will yet again save liberty and civilisation from the wounds of a savage and despotic militarism. One American legislator had said that if we had the Archangel's trumpet the blast of which could wake the living of all nations, he would take it up and cry—Educate, Educate and Educate. We in India want education, more education and yet more,—education without limit and without stint, education for our boys and education for our girls. Civilisation certainly means something higher and better than the railways and the penny post. We want education. "Open a school and shut up

a prison." In this mighty work of reconstruction, we want the help and sympathy of all. We want men and women who will bring to this work high enthusiasm—minds incandescent with purpose and melting with zeal. We are really marching on, though it must be admitted our progress is much too slow. But we want real progress. More artificial stimulation is absolutely worthless, without any real progress at all. It is absolutely a case of more hurry and less speed. We are marching on and though our progress is slow, let it be by all means sure. We are under no illusion and we know our progress must be through grave difficulties and disheartening circumstances. But, all the same, let us march on. In the words of one of India's foremost orators, "What are trials, what are delays, what are disappointments, what is even the cankering worry of vexation, before this consecrated task? These are the necessary trials through which we must pass in order to qualify us for the splendid heritage to which we aspire" (Bannerjee, Ahmedabad Congress). So, as I said, let us not halt, let us not hesitate, let us go on. In the words of Carlyle, let us say "Produce, produce, were it but the pitifulest, infinitesimal fraction of a product,—produce it in God's name."

B. MUNERJEE.



The Cross of Flame and The Crown of Gold.

(A story of the massacres of the early Christians under the Emperor Nero.)

The lurid glare from her funereal pyre shone on his glittering corselet of steel. The glory dawning in those eyes gave way for an instant to a look of earth-born love and tenderness; and an angelic voice rang out above the crackling faggots, the roar of flame, and the groans of anguish: "Brutus! Brutus! Crux Redemptor!" Her right arm, with uplifted pointing finger, reached high above the ghastly mass. Her left hand held the burning stake, seized from the petroleum-steeped faggots around her, across its wrist; and Brutus, transfixed with horror and amazement, beheld a Cross of Flame.

It was, however, merely for a moment. The next instant the flame-reddened arm fell, the burning, glorified face sank on her bosom, and Cassandra heroically passed from the Cross to the Crown. Her body, a mass of flame to-day, a handful of ashes tomorrow, her soul with Him Who is the same Yesterday, To-day and for ever.

Could horror be more terrible for Brutus, as he did patrol duty amongst the frightful pyres which had been lit by the Emperor Nero with which to illuminate his Palace Gardens? He had not been aware, however, that she was there. Full well he knew that Cassandra was a Christian: she was once his foster-sister, but latterly she had become dearer to him than sister, dearer to him than life.

The awful sight chilled his blood. With a bitter cry, he reeled, but staggered forward.

Again he reeled, and, maddened, blinded, was hurried forward from behind. Partially out of pity for Brutus in his anguish and partially on account of fear lest his friend should be seen exhibiting sympathy with the Christians, a comrade placed his strong arm around Brutus' shoulders, and, unseen in the fitful glare and unnoticed in the tumult, kept him in the ranks.

Brutus was not aware how he reached the barrack room of the Praetorian Guard that night. There was, however, no sleep for him. He lay, a leaden weight of woe, upon his hard pallet, and pallid and spectral fires, hideous demons and a *Cross of Flame*, time and again whirled tumultuously through his aching brain. And high above all was that girlish voice, shrill, high-toned and sweet, calling him from the flaming faggots: "*Brutus! Brutus! Crux Redemptor!*"

Next morning, hollow-eyed and tired, he rose an old man. He had aged, not in years, but in experience. That *Cross of Flame*, with the radiant face behind it, was burnt for ever into his weary heart.

"Andramenos worships his God!" Coarse jests and oaths greeted the rude drawing on the barrack-wall. Brutus, haggard-eyed, glanced somewhat listlessly at the "*Graffito Bas-femo*" as he passed; but, stopping short for an instant, as if transfixed, "*Crux Redemptor!*" passed almost inaudibly from his lips.

He had heard enough of the story of the despised Nazarene to know that the caricature was horrible in degree. He knew that the Christ was holy, pure and good, and that this rude jest was horrible and absurd. Beyond that, however, he was in darkness.

Many thoughts, nevertheless, swept through his mind. Andramenos, therefore, the quiet inmate of the barrack-room, so unlike the rest, was a worshipper of Christ? In fact, as he stood, a determination formed itself in his almost paralysed brain, bringing with it a pulse of new life and energy; from him he would learn and embrace the faith delivered to the Saints.

Since that awful night's experience, there had been one thought impressed into his very being. It was this. There must be a reality, a stern reality, in a faith which would enable a tender girl to die with such glad courage, and face torture that would have shrivelled with fear a Roman soldier.

So Brutus sought out Andramenos, and gleaned from him the great secret. In course of time he proved an apt disciple, and, though he possessed but a page or two of the Gospel, carefully copied out the story of the crucifixion, and a fragment of the Epistle to the Romans. It was sufficient for Brutus. Passionate, heart-deep prayers, a humble and contrite heart, and he soon became a fervent disciple. There was no shirking or half-heartedness on his part, but bold confession. As frequently as possible, he made visits to the Catacombs, with all their attendant risks, and was gloriously happy in the Gospel! He was, indeed, a new man, and life was now to him well

worth the living. That communing with the saints, those psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, together with the glorious "*To Deum Laudamus*," essentially translated the terrestrial into the celestial and made him feel at times as if heaven had indeed come upon earth.

Little wonder therefore, that he soon became known as a Christian, and that ere long he would be hurled, in company with many others, to make amusement at the Coliseum for a Roman holiday.

The sun was blazing in a cruelly blue sky. On every side of the arena, a sea of mocking faces—men and matrons, youths and maidens, emperor, senators, patricians and plebians, peasants soldiers and burglers—looked down, with glitter of colour and flash of jewels; thousands, with wicked faces and fierce inhuman cries! And all at once, the great barricades were withdrawn and flung open, and there slowly emerged from the gloomy subterranean depths the huge cages with their savage flesh-eating occupants. *Wild beasts and men were hurled unceremoniously into the arena.*

"*Death to the Christians! The blood of the Christians!*" were cries, which rang out from every quarter. From the topmost seat to the lowest rows, the cry rose and fell, in one hoarse shout, and then fierce eyes and white-tusked jaws intimated to Brutus that his moments were numbered and that the end for which he yearned was near.

A young white-robed figure stood forth. Uplifted beyond the sea of

cruel faces were his eyes, they gazed into the deep blue overhead. The lad was thinking only of the Crucified Redeemer and of the Crown immediately within his grasp. Meekly, his hands were folded, while the fierce beast that should have feasted upon him merely yawned and crouched at his feet. Deafening and fierce were the yells from every side.

"*He robs us, by Jupiter, of sport. There is witch-power in the lad. Provoke the savage brute!*" were cries which issued from prince and plebian alike. Out they flung their arms and pointed with scorn at the young lad. But Lantanius merely stood, calmly passive, white-robed, white-faced, white-souled.

All at once, quite unexpectedly, Lantanius flung forth his sinewy arms, and, with head boldly raised, exclaimed: "*Loose a panther upon me! It was a panther that gave my father his Crown and I would follow in his steps also*". A panther was accordingly loosed, and, as it bounded across the arena to its prey, an exultant cry arose from his lips, "*The Crown! The Crown!*" The savage beast sprang from the ground and dashed at his throat with a mighty roar. Crimson blood dyed the white robe: one groan of anguish, the fiery Cross had been endured and now his was the golden Crown!

And Brutus? A confused mass of emotions whirled through his brain, as he firmly stood upon the blood-stained arena. Not long, however, had he to wait for his reward. For the roar of beasts reverberated through the ghastly arena. Cruel bloodshot eyes fell

on his face, hot breath and teeth gleamed, and a tawny mass of stripes, yellow and black, "huffed" itself upon him. One sharp stroke from its mighty paw, and the fangs buried themselves into his flesh, and Brutus, soldier and martyr, passed into the beyond. He, too, had endured the *Cross of Fire*, and it could not have been long after his last sacred words—*Crux Redemptor, Gloria Corona!*—that he went to receive his well-earned Crown.

S. J. C.

Revti helps her father out of his difficulties.

(By an Indian lady.)

In Agincourt, which was situated on the River Savitri, there once reigned a king named Devpal who was known to be very haughty and conceited. In his kingdom there was a Pandit—the guru of many disciples—who was pious, well-educated, kind, religious, and truthful, and who always spoke in sweet words. This Pandit's name was Bhrigu, and he lived with his wife Susheila, and daughter Revti.

Bhrigu was Devpal's favourite Pandit. Devpal always respected him, bestowed rich gifts on him, and used to take his advice in most of his affairs. On seeing the partiality of the king for Bhrigu, all the other men in court were jealous, so one day they agreed to accuse Bhrigu, and complain about him to the king, so that his regard for the poet should cease, and he should insult him.

While these men were planning an intrigue against Bhrigu, and looking

for a suitable opportunity to satisfy their desire, Devpal sent a messenger to King Chuttur Bhuj of Kusha, asking his daughter in marriage. In reply, Chuttur Bhuj said, "My daughter cannot be given to you, as she is better educated and more religious than you are. I shall give my daughter to that man only, who is worthy of her."

On hearing Chuttur Bhuj's reply, Devpal was furious, and being as angry as a cobra when annoyed, he said to his commander-in-chief, "Go with the whole army to Kusha, cut off the heads of the king and his family, and bring them to me!" The commander-in-chief, and the army went immediately and attacked Kusha. After many days of fighting, the commander-in-chief came back, his work done.

When the heads were brought and put in front of Devpal, he, being overjoyed and over-whelmed with conceit, said to the men who were there, "Now the other kings will know how powerful I am when they see these heads, and hear how they came here. They will have no courage left to fight against me. A pillar should be erected in front of the gates of this city, and on that pillar, these heads should be studded. The day it is ready, all the poets, musicians, and songsters should sing my praises."

So on the appointed day, every one in the kingdom assembled in the Durbar Hall, and each poet, musician, and songster in turn, sang the praises of the king. Devpal was very pleased when he heard them. When every one was quiet, Devpal,—passing his eye all around the room, as if sear-

ching for some body—said "where is my favourite Bhrigu? Why does he not say something? He knows that I like and favour him more than others." Bhrigu was in the assembly and heard what the people said with a sick heart. He felt so sorry that the king who had been kind only a month ago, should be now so hard-hearted, and hear with great pleasure the flatteries and praises of his cruelty, which the men sang; so he said, "O King! there are very few who like to hear the truth spoken. These men have flattered you, but if I do speak it will be the truth, so I had better be silent." But as the king urged him on, he said "First, O King! I must ask you to forgive me, if I say anything which displeases you." Then he continued "O King! from the beginning of this world to the present moment there have been many kings and emperors, but the truthful poets have only praised those who were kind and religious. Those who are greedy for your favour and wealth will flatter you. You are mistaken, if you think that Bhrigu will do the same. You have killed poor innocent Chuttur Bhuj, his daughter Gunwati,—who was a well-educated girl—and his family. Devpal! listen to the pure truth! This pillar, which is ready, will not as you think be the means of making you famous, but will no doubt be the cause of much talk, and all the religious and good men—when they hear of or see this pillar—will abuse and hate you. Not only in this world, but in the next also, O King! you will have to answer for your cruel and cowardly action. Having committed a very base crime, and disgraced your family,

you want me to flatter you." On hearing these words, staking with anger, the king said to the ministers "What did Bhrigu say? Is it true?"

The men who were looking for a suitable opportunity to disgrace Bhrigu, on hearing this said, "O King! now you see that Bhrigu is in reality a conceited man, and contradicts you, as he has always done before. You have, O King! been unaware of a traitor who you thought was devoted to you, so you favoured him, brought him up, and bestowed all your confidence on him, but he, in human form, is a poisonous snake. He is not fit to be seen by you."

On hearing this, Devpal became furious and said the following words in such a tone as to make every one tremble while hearing, "This Bhrigu shall have to repent of his words to me. He has insulted his king and benefactor, and has shown what an ungrateful person he is. Now he will know what poverty is. My order is that all his wealth and property should be taken and put in the royal treasury, and he with his family should be driven away. Let it be proclaimed in the city, that whoever befriends or respects Bhrigu in his poverty, will be punished by me." By the orders of the cruel king, poor innocent Bhrigu was banished from his post, and had to pass his life in poverty.

Even in his calamity, Bhrigu never lost courage, but used to spend his time in telling Susheila and Revti some religious stories, how men in their poverty never lost courage, and in the end were again restored to the favour of those who had rashly

punished them. Some times Bhriгу used to sigh and say to himself, "Alas! how happy the flatterers are in this world, and how bitter is the truth."

Poor Reyti used to feel very sorry for her father, and her only ambition was to restore him to the King's favour. She thought of a plan by which she could do so, and one day started for the King's palace to plead the cause of her father. When she reached the garden, she saw a woman picking flowers. Revti went up to her, and entered into conversation. This woman was the gardener's wife, and she used to pick flowers every day, to make a garland, which the gardener took to the King. When this woman saw Revti near her, she said, "who are you, and why have you come here?" Revti replied, "Mother! my parents are poor, and I want to help them. I know how to make pretty garlands with flowers, which will please the king, so if you don't mind, I will stay a few days with you and in return will make a garland every day. So they agreed, and Revti went to the gardener's house, and stayed there for some time, as the gardener's adopted daughter.

Some time after, the king one day, remarked to the gardener when he took the garland, "For the last few days, you have been bringing me, much prettier garlands than before. Tell me who has been making them." The gardener said, "O King, I have a very well-educated and industrious daughter, and for a few days, she has been making them for her mother." On hearing this, the king wanted to test her knowledge, so he told the gardener to ask his daughter to design a moral in the flowers. The gardener

when he went home, repeated the king's message to Revti, who was very pleased to hear it; so she worked hard, and soon finished making an artistic garland which was taken to the king. He was very pleased with it, and asked the gardener to bring his daughter who did such wonderful work.

So Revti was sent for, and when she came, the king asked her to read what she designed. Revti read a Sanskrit verse in a very sweet voice.

The king thanked her, and asked her the meaning, so she said:—"If, in the country of a king, those, who live according to the directions in the sacred books, who are able to teach, are truthful, renowned, but in want; the fault lies with the king; because the learned are in glory, and are famed, even without riches, as they are praised in the world for their knowledge. Those, who are unable to value precious stones, are to blame, and not the gems."

On hearing this, the king said, "I cannot believe that you are the gardener's daughter, because your knowledge, intelligence, and manners prove that you have been brought up by much more learned and worthy parents." Revti said, "O King! you have guessed right, I am not your gardener's daughter, but am just staying with them. I came here on purpose to have an opportunity of bringing the above moral to your knowledge."

Devpal in surprise said, "What! is there any poet or learned man in my kingdom, who has not been appreciated according to his capability, and who is living in poverty? Am I the

person who has not valued the gems, and have treated them as false stones? Maiden, if this is true, then there is no one so unjust as I."

Revti said, "O King! I was brought up by my worthy mother Susheila, and my father Bhriгу. Don't you remember your favourite Bhriгу whom you so unjustly insulted? You could not bear his truthful words, so you drove him to poverty. My father is at this moment, sitting at home, bearing silently the misery and pain of poverty. O King, think and tell me, if you are not the one who cannot rightly value a precious stone?"

The words had the desired effect on the king, and with tearful eyes he repented of his rash act, and then he sent his minister to bring Bhriгу back, and gave rich gifts to him and took him back to his favour.

K. R.

A LETTER FROM AN INDIAN LADY, TRAVELLING THROUGH HILL TIPPERAH IN ASSAM.

We left Agartala (the capital) on the 14th Dec. 1918, and have been travelling since in the interior. We have come partly by boat, and partly by elephants. We have stayed at three places up till now. We saw the jungles at each place on elephants, for we made the two elephants follow us, though we travelled by boat, and when we reached the stations, we had the elephants ready to take us about, for you can see nothing, without their help, the jungle being very dense, and the grass reaching up to our faces, even

when sitting on the elephant. In most places there was no footway either, and the elephants had to break trees, and trample them to make way for us.

This grass was of the coarse, high kind, in which tigers and elephants live. The day we were leaving our last stopping place—Udaipur—a shikari had killed a full-grown Bengal tiger, a strong animal, which had killed 2 buffalo, 13 cows, and 27 goats. The animal was killed at Maharancee (the name of a place) where we tied up the boat last night, and we could not help thinking of this tiger that had been killed here the day before. Udaypur was the old capital of Tipperah. The capital was removed to Agartala 260 years ago. They had to do this on account of a Mahomedan usurper Chazi, who they say was caught by the English and executed. The ruins of the old place are in a thick jungle, with no pathway up to them. They are situated on the top of a small hill on the river Gomoti, on which we have been all those days. The situation is beautiful, and the old ruins overlook the whole country. You can see miles of undulating country. It is nowhere straight, and you can seldom see the end of a field. The hills are all low ridges. The walls of the palace are five feet in thickness, made of small narrow bricks, which you also see in the walls of the temples, and many of them in the same state as in the palace.

We stayed at the place five days, and saw all these ruins on the elephants. I sent back the shikari, who seemed to be a very lazy man, and did

not wish to go out to shoot, and expected me to give the elephants for him to do his shooting with. But, as I preferred to do sightseeing with them, I made use of them, and let him sit idle at home. He was glad to return, as he found the cold too severe for his pampered self, he being the maharaja's shikari, and not being used to hunt on foot. I suppose the Maharajah must have set aside an elephant for him. I could not bear his lazy ways.

We had also a servant of the Maharaja's. He was of the same sort too. So I sent him back also. We expect to get two wild men, at the Dumber Falls, (the place we are making for) to shoot for us.

We went to see the old ruins here, where we found a narrow path up to the foot of the hill. But there was no path up to the top. So the "Mahat" (driver) sighed and spoke to the elephant, and he started breaking trees, right and left, and they fell crashing to the ground. Then the animal began trampling on the long coarse grass, which reached above our heads. Step by step the path was made, till we reached the top, where we came up to a low wall that surrounded the old palace. I thought that we would have to return, as the elephant would never get over the wall, but it did and made a perpendicular climb. At the same time, the "Howdah" got loose towards the tail and we thought we would all go down into the Khud, but we stuck on, and were righted, when we got to the other side of the wall. Here the grass had all to be trampled, till we could get near the ruin. We found a high banyan tree

clasping two or three of the rooms. The roots looked like huge snakes, holding the walls. Then all these roots got twisted into a huge rope, and the ropes on top formed into a huge trunk, from which a high banyan-tree seemed to reach to the sky—a thick and handsome tree, the biggest in Udaipur—and which could be seen from every quarter.

The remaining time we saw the many tanks and ruined temples, and the famous shrine of the goddess Kali, called Tripura Sundari, a very old place mentioned in the Mahabharata and called by the same name, as at present. It is a dirty shrine, kept up by the Maharajah. The common people call the temple, "Our mother's House," and wanted to know if we were bound for, "The mother's House."

I am writing this from the boat, sitting outside. Four men are punting as they cannot draw the boat by ropes, there being no pathway along the banks. We are making for the Dehta, Mura Gorge, which is said to be very narrow and shallow. But we have got a flat-bottomed boat, and I hope we shall get through it safely. The going is very slow; nothing can be slower. A man can go faster walking. But we like it, and have arranged it according to our ideas of comfort. We have brought two bamboo-morahs, and we sit on them outside the whole day. The nights are very cold, and we cover ourselves well with thick blankets. We have a fire, both morning and evening. This is a country of bamboo and high grass and wild plantain-trees. The bamboo is used for everything. The houses are bamboo. The walls are of mat,—not even

mud—and the houses are very draughty and cold. It is more a Muhamedan country so far. The rest are Hindus. Then there are the wild tribes, 12 or 13 of them towards these parts. They have Mongolian features, and are fairer than the Hindus and Muhamedans. They cultivate a place for one year only. They come back to it after some years. They never live in the same place for two years together. They are simple good people, and have no end of strong healthy children with flat faces and straight brown hair, who look regular foreigners. We are getting milk, eggs, fowls and ducks. Most of the fowls and ducks have come with us from Comilla. We have taken other things too from there.

I have got two servants, that I brought from Calcutta. One is a woman who does our beds, and saves us all other bother. The other servant cooks for us and washes the dishes.

This river is full of traffic. You see long rafts of bamboo and wood being carried to Comilla. The boats take rice, cotton-seeds in gunny bags, and long baskets like "Kundies."

The officers in these parts are mostly Bengalis, well educated, but very poorly paid. One feels bad for them, for they surely deserve much more, and one can't help seeing how extravagant the state is over things that are quite trivial. After two days, we shall get to a post office, from where I shall post this letter.

The Position of Women in India.

It is gratifying to find that this subject is at present occupying prominently the public mind in this country. The throwing open of the parliament to women, the moving of the inter-caste marriage bill by Mr. Patel and the subject of the enfranchisement of woman in India have all provoked a general discussion of the status of woman.

In the matter of the enfranchisement of woman, the real difficulty would be the present absence of social freedom of any sort between the two sexes. As long as it is an immodest act for my wife to hold a friendly conversation with my man-friend and for the latter's wife to converse with me, women will not find it easy to take their place in municipal councils, or even in polling booths. A social reconstruction, adjusting fairly the relation between the two sexes, is at present urgently needed but the need does not seem to be generally felt.

Outside the bread-winning trade or profession, a man has a great deal of life to live. The domestic life occupies a part of this, but this and the professional life do not exhaust the world of human interests. There is such a thing as a "social life." It is in this sphere that man and woman deserve to be placed on a position of perfect equality and freedom. The unit of social existence is the home. The strength and well-being of both the home and of society depend on the absolute harmony subsisting between the ideals of the home and the ideals

of society? Social co-operation should be on a perfectly democratic basis. Each man and each woman count in it as the representatives of the social unit,—the home.

Social co-operation among men only, excluding the possibility of women sharing in it, is an absurdity. Women have always the opportunity to dominate within the home itself, and if they cannot educate themselves by contact with other homes and gain some idea of the needs of social existence as a whole, the home will not be helped to be placed on a satisfactory basis for the good of itself and of society. By the exclusion of the dominant members of the home, the women, from general social co-operation, there is bound to spring up a hostility between the ideal of the home and the ideal of society, which will prove baneful to both.

No social friendship or fellowship is perfect without absolute sympathy between home and home. The things which are dearest to a man are his wife and children. He can contract no really profound friendship with another man, who does not enjoy the opportunity to know them personally and show his friendly regard to them. Similarly, the things dearest to a woman are her husband and children and no other woman can be her perfect friend who cannot know them personally and show her friendly regard towards them.

The only way to democratise the basis of social co-operation is to admit women into it. Man has his profession and count his rank as either highly placed or otherwise, but wo-

man as only the head of the home carries no invidious distinctions with her. Her place in society is by her own right as a woman, or a gentlewoman, if you please. It is well-known that courtesy, which is essentially a democratic quality of human life, is not completely realised in this country. One way of ensuring it will be by the admission of woman into society.

It will be a sign of civilised life to recognise that woman has not only a domestic duty to fulfil, but also a social one. That is why, for instance, even in the Hindu Śāstras, woman associated as an inevitable partner with man in all religious rites and in the ordinary discharge of hospitality. Woman has a peculiar softness and grace, which should serve to chasten and purify social existence.

By being permitted social freedom, woman will develop self-reliance. Her sense of perpetual dependence will disappear. She will also cease to be a veritable drag upon her husband's life, by not demanding his services for performing her smallest affairs outside the home. Above all, freedom for her will imply health for her body and wealth for her mind. It will then become impossible for three times as many women as men being annually claimed by death from consumption, as the case is at present.

I should like to say something here on the subject of the education of woman. There are some specious notions aired abroad that this should be something radically different from that of boys. It is often thought that the highest object of educating girls is to make good wives and

mothers of them. Mrs. Rukminiamma retorted appropriately to this in a Mysore assembly by asking if men were educated that they might make good husbands and fathers. Nor do we think of boys' education as intended only to enable them to earn a living by. Most things that a boy learns in school and college are not directly useful to him in after-life. Education, it has been said, is to teach a man how to live. An educated man lives a more complete life than an uneducated man.

The only way of placing man and woman on a reasonable footing of mutual sympathy and equality is to let them imbibe the fruits of a common education. If education in English is good for boys, it is equally good for girls. Education for girls does not need to be a whit more "religious" or "national" than for boys. Of course, girls do not need to remember or utilise in later life many things "learnt" in a course of education any more than boys. All that is essential is that a fairly satisfactory course of general education should be followed by all girls, just as it is equally necessary for all boys. As a national ideal, I will say here that a secondary school education is necessary. It will be well if all the girls living in "educated" families will strive to attain a high school education. Nor does it need to stop there. They may have ample opportunities for further self-education in the company of a even better-educated husband. But the thing is, that a general high education is first essential to make possible such further education.

Ladies' Recreation Club.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The seventh annual meeting of the Ladies' Recreation Club was held at the Club premises yesterday and was the occasion of very pleasant friendly intercourse between the European and Indian members. Mrs. Todhunter was at home to the guests and, spared no pains to make every one happy and comfortable. After a game of badminton, a general move was made to the refreshment tables, which were laid out in the garden and presented a pretty sight with their masses of beautiful carnations and other flowers some of which had been specially ordered from Ootacamund by Her Excellency. Here Indian and European ladies sat down together, and though very few of the former partook of the refreshments, yet it was a pleasant sight to see such a happy intermingling of East and West. The band of H. E. the Governor had been kindly lent for the occasion and brightened the entertainment with music, which was much enjoyed.

The business part of the meeting was held later on in another corner of the spacious compound. Mrs. Madeley, one of the Secretaries, read the Report in English, and it was translated into Tamil by Mrs. R. A. Sreenivasa Iyengar, the other Secretary. Then Mrs. Krishnam read the financial statement.

THE REPORT.

We append the following summary of the report:—

The year opened with 250 members. There were nine admissions as against

P. R. K.

six in the previous year. The Club has lost eight members by resignation and eight by deaths. The number on the rolls at the end of the year was 214 (resident and non-resident members).

The year began with a balance of Rs. 8010-12-7 to the credit of our capital account. The ordinary income of the Club from subscriptions and entrance fees amounted to Rs. 2,107, as against Rs. 2,289 in 1917. The Committee have pleasure in saying that during the year a donation of Rs. 1,000 was received from the Rani of Venkatagiri, who has become a Patroness of the Club, this amount has been added to our building fund. It is desirable that the Club should have a permanent building in a central place; and all donations and subscriptions received from the patronesses and life members are placed to the credit of this fund. The credit balance of this account at the end of the year under review was Rs. 7,300. We had an extraordinary income of Rs. 895 for the War Fund started by the Club.

The ordinary expenditure of the Club amounted to Rs. 2,629 11-3 during the year under report, as against Rs. 2,345-12-0 during the previous year. In connection with the War Fund, we have spent Rs. 690-6-0.

The Married Ladies' Class in connection with the National Indian Association has continued to meet at the club premises during the year, by kind permission of the Committee, only a nominal charge being made to cover expenses. Mrs. Sathianadan, M.A. teaches English, Sanscrit and needlework. Miss G. Everard teaches drawing and

painting. There are only about 10 pupils on the rolls at the present time, and it is hoped that more ladies will avail themselves of this excellent opportunity of continuing their education after marriage.

The club has now been in existence for seven years and it will be noticed from the reports that since 1915, which was the most successful year, the amount of subscriptions and attendance of members has somewhat decreased each year; at the same time expenses have been steadily rising, increased rent, higher wages to servants, etc., all making a difference to the financial position of the club. Now that the war is over, it is hoped that the number of members will increase and that all will help to make the coming years more successful ones.

H. E. LADY PENTLAND.

H. E. Lady Pentland, in moving the adoption of the report, expressed her great pleasure in the fact that it was the seventh year of existence of the club. As with every other organisation, the war had affected the nature of the club's activities during four out of its seven years. But the close of the war had come, and the successful gathering that had been arranged to celebrate this, was a pleasant recollection. During the last year, the club had maintained its active part in war-work, by subscribing nearly Rs. 900 towards the fund. It had been a great pleasure to receive the Rs. 315, which had been the latest gift of the club to the Red Cross Fund. The club had also joined in the Silver Wedding gift, and the members would be glad

to hear that the large sum of half-a-lakh had been despatched from Madras, to help to bring up the sons and daughters of Indian soldiers. They would also be glad to hear that their old friend, Mrs. Bedford, had sent from England a gift of Rs. 100 to the war fund. It was always found that working together for any object strengthened every association; and so what had been done for the war would most probably be the forerunner of other work that would be undertaken by the club as a happy union of Indian and European ladies in Madras. A Council of Work for Women had been lately formed in Bombay; and if the movement extended to Madras, it would surely find a strong and useful ally in the Ladies' Recreation Club.

Then Lady Pentland went on to speak of her pleasure in the continuation of the married ladies' classes. The library also was being used. It needed extension, and gifts of additional books would be gladly received from members and friends. It would not be a bad idea for the club to join the Madras Literary Society and thus get a larger choice of books, and a wider field of study. The games of the club had been very successful during the year, and it was pleasing to think that the opportunities given were being used and appreciated. To get more open air exercise was good for everybody, besides the rest and relaxation from work and the opportunity given for pleasantly associating together. Her Excellency hoped that the tournaments would continue and that the club would again begin to win in matches with the women's schools and colleges of Madras. Then

she spoke of the great improvement in the garden of the club, and warmly thanked Mrs. Todhunter for the trouble she had taken in rearranging it. She also thanked Mrs. Todhunter for the very pleasant party that day, which had made a business meeting a most enjoyable function. Other signs of Mrs. Todhunter's interest were visible in the club, and the club Committee should be grateful for such a kind and energetic chairman. There was also much to be grateful to the Committee and the office bearers, on whom all the burden of carrying on the work rested. Special gratitude was due to the Secretaries, Mrs. Madeley and Mrs. R. A. Sreenivasa Iyengar.

Mrs. Madeley to the inexpressible regret of everyone, was not standing for re-election in the new year. Although there was a hope that she was coming back, yet she was leaving for a time, and Her Excellency did want her to realise the heartfelt gratitude of all for her constant and zealous devotion to the interests of the club and its members, for her incalculable trust and sympathy with every one, and for all the trouble and patient self-sacrifice that she had shown in her faithful service during all these years. The feelings of admiration and gratitude for what she had done for the club could not properly be expressed in words, but the reward of Mrs. Madeley would be the continued prosperous progress of the club and the knowledge that it had been the foundation of many ties of friendship that would last through separation of time and space, as shown for instance by the letters received lately from Lady Benson and Lady Atkin-

son, expressing their continued interest in the club.

Everyone was eagerly watching the League of Nations and the Peace Conference. The war surely should teach us the need there was for more loyalty and sincerity between individual men and women, and through them between different parts of the Empire, and finally between nations themselves. This has been and should still be one of the ideals and objects of the club.

Her Excellency moved the adoption of the report, and in addition proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Madeley for her assiduous services.

In the absence through indisposition of Mrs. S. Sreenivasa Iyengar, Mrs. Todhunter seconded the adoption of the report, which was put to the vote and carried.

Mrs. Madeley spoke a few words of thanks for the kind words spoken about her, and said that it had always been a pleasure to her to do what little she could do for the club.

A PRESENTATION.

After this, two handsome silver vases were given to Miss Sergeant and Mrs. Pattabhirama Iyer, the winners in the tennis tournament, and prizes of badminton bats to Mrs. R. A. Sreenivasa, Iyengar, Mrs. Madeley, Mrs. Desika, chari, Miss Krishnan and Sri R. A. Janaki, the winners in the badminton tournament.

Mrs. Spencer proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Her Excellency for presiding on that day and for the great interest she had always shown in the club. For seven years, she had always

found it convenient to preside at the annual meeting and surely no greater sign of her interest could be shown.

Her Excellency said that it had always been a pleasure to her to preside at the annual meetings and that she was sorry she had not been able to take more advantage of the opportunities afforded to meet and make friends with the members of the club.

The meeting closed with the presentation of a beautiful bouquet of white lilies and a lovely garland of gold lace to Her Excellency.

(From the Madras Mail.)

News and Notes.

(Selected.)

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

DELHI, 7th Jan.—The following message was sent on the 6th instant by H. E. Lady Chelmsford to Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress, in reply to the Queen's message of the 1st instant to the women of India:—

"In the name of the women of India I beg to thank Your Majesty for your gracious and sympathetic message. It has been received by them with heartfelt thanks and a profound admiration for the personal knowledge and solicitude shown by Your Majesty in the particular circumstances of their lives.

The women of India are ever grateful to Your Majesty for the deep interest which you take in all that concerns their welfare in matters of education and medical relief, and wish to offer you their humble congratulations on the

successful termination of the war, in which they are proud to have had a share.

MALABAR.

A GIRLS SCHOOL.

CALICUT, 9th Jan.—Cheruvannur, with the neighbouring riverside country, south of Calicut, is a rising industrial centre and promises to grow in importance. It contains three large tile factories and the establishment of a couple more has been decided upon. There are also the long-standing Mainalli Coffee Works, a fairly large timber-export business and much else in the way of minor industrial activities, by reason of all of which, much labour has immigrated to the locality, in recent years. Although two or three schools exist, there had hitherto been no special facilities for the education of girls, but this want has now been supplied by the opening of the Choi Armistice Memorial School, through the public-spirit of Mr. Ullathodi Choi, a prominent contractor of the locality, who has erected a building for the institution. The opening ceremony was largely attended, those present including Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Wright, Mrs. Baker, who kindly distributed suitable gifts among the pupils, Mr. Baker, who spoke a few words on the benefits of female education, Mr. Shunmugam Moodelliar, and other leading residents. Over 30 pupils have already been enrolled and many more are certain to join.

FUTURE OF WOMEN'S AIR FORCE.

It is not unlikely that the Women's Royal Air Force may presently become a permanent service, and that women who signed on for the duration of the war may have the option of remaining in the Force under new conditions. The Force, of which Mrs. Gwynne-Vaughan is Director, numbers 23,000 women, of whom 6,000 were taken over from Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps and 2,000 from the Women's Royal Naval Service; the others were obtained by direct recruiting. Already officers and women are writing in to headquarters asking "If the Women's Royal Air Force continues, may I remain, if fit?" A circular is being sent out in order to discover the women's wishes in the matter. No attempt at any demobilisation of this service has taken place, but those women who are married and whose husbands are home on leave are also given leave immediately and when demobilisation takes place the soldiers' wives will be the first to be demobilised. There are no members of the Women's Royal Air Force in France. Arrangements had been made for them to go over at the beginning of December, but the armistice has put an end to any extension of their activities at present.

A SCHOOLGIRL'S PATRIOTISM.

The following letter was written by an English school girl in the Punjab as a school composition. It is supposed to be a letter to a German girl written last September in answer to the question "why are you proud of being British?"

and in view of the fact that the writer is only 12 years old it may appeal to a wider circle:—

DEAR FRAULEIN,—I hope you are keeping fit, and that you will get this letter alright, as it is in answer to yours, in which you asked me why I was proud of being British. So I am going to give you the reasons at once, without delay.

I am proud of being British because Britain is the greatest nation in the world, and besides she has colonies all over the world, and can look after them with pleasure, knowing that they are faithful to her and always will be; while many other countries, as Germany for instance, cannot colonise properly; she took all the wealth out of the colonies she had before the war. But since the war began, she has lost all her colonies, which were few. And the only land which is at all large is Germany herself.

Germany is gradually decreasing in wealth and power, while Britain stands steadfast, among the most powerful and wealthiest nations. Britain's Allies are conquering and defeating the German forces in France and on all the other fronts.

The people of Britain are kind and chivalrous, and look after the weaker countries, and come to their aid when treaties are broken and they are invaded by cowards and men who do not know what chivalry means. The Germans invaded Belgium, which was forbidden in a treaty which was signed by Britain, Germany, and the other great powers of Europe.

Britain being honorable and true, could not stand by and see other countries, which are small and weak, being invaded and destroyed by beings that called themselves humans.

Besides this, by Britain joining in this war against Germany, the greater part of France was saved and before the war is over every single German will be driven out of France and Belgium, except those that are prisoners.

So now I think you may be able to understand why I am proud of being British.

Yours, with hate.

WOMEN SPIES.

TWO FAIR BETRAYERS

There is one field in this war where woman has won hands down—espionage. In this refined and anything but contemptible art she has made mere man look about as intelligent as—the villain in a spy play!

Bolo and Lody and other men may have held the stage more, but indubitably the most pregnant spy case of the whole war was that of Mata-Hari, the Dutch-Hindu dancer, who died so bravely before a dozen *poilus*, her eyes unbandaged and refusing a chair.

In this young woman you see crystallised the super-spy. She was pretty, charming, a linguist. She was a cosmopolitan, had travelled in Europe and gained the highest friendships before the war, and had an *entree* into the most exclusive salons, there to display her art—and incidentally, keep her ears open for the vanity-babble of frivolous "Society" women discussing their husbands at the front.

She was shot for being largely responsible for the set-back to Nivelles on the Aisne in April, 1917. She was worth an army to the Huns. There are Mata-Haris still lying low to-day in the capitals of Europe: a dozen such more vitally affected the war than a dozen thousand of the kind all our scares have been about. In this tabloid tale I may recall but one other.

It was at the Hotel Bristol, Warsaw, about Christmas time, four years ago. The same people always stayed at the Bristol: the wives and daughters of senior officers, the military attachés and special correspondents, a selection of war brides and chaperoned fiancées, scious, effeminate enough at times, of the local houses, visitors to the front, Red Cross sisters of high degree, finally an incessant flow of officers living at a hundred miles an hour for a few fleeting days before returning to the front.

Well, in this Hotel Bristol resided a brilliant and pretty "Polish" girl, when she was not working in a Red Cross train out at Bolimov. This girl was everybody's favourite; she had all, and more, of the accomplishments outlined above in Mata-Hari's case.

And what was she doing? Collecting information from every second officer in the hotel, in this way.

"Yes, it is true, I love you. Let me dress up and come out to the trenches with you. No? Well, you must tell me exactly where you are, where you sleep, fight, live, so that when I think of you I shall imagine I am actually with you!"

Whereupon she would produce a large

scale map and get her admirers to mark on it full particulars of their life in the line—where they were billeted, and much more information. Should she want a few battery positions marked in, she would transfer her affections temporarily to a gunner.

Then came her *tour de force*. She actually persuaded one of her adorers to give himself up to the Germans, bearing her reports, when on night patrol in No-Man's Land. Happily her victim "rattled" at the last moment, and the pretty sister—she turned out to be a German girl from Posen—was shot by the *moujiks* she had betrayed with one arm, while tending them with the other.—*Daily Mail*.

PREPARATIONS FOR AN ATLANTIC FLIGHT.

BLAZING THE TRAIL.

Mr. J. A. Whitehead, the aeroplane manufacturer, speaking at Queen's Hall, said that the wonders of to-day in the air would be naught as compared with the wonders of to-morrow, and the life of to-morrow would be unimaginably unlike the life of yesterday. The face of the world would be changed. Our methods of life would be changed. Our ideas of speed would be changed. We should be no longer insular, but international. We should be the people of the Air Age.

We should set out to establish (1) aerial posts; (2) an aerial passenger line; (3) a taxiplane service for the United Kingdom; (4) a commercial air service; (5) the development by means of aircraft of distant and undeveloped parts of the world; (6)

international co-operation for the development of commercial aircraft. Although the cost of carrying a letter by air might be equal at first to the cost of sending a telegram, everything would be gained. To convey one's ideas adequately by wire and to ensure that no mistakes would be made entailed a long and costly message; but by aerial post it would be possible to send specifications and holograph documents such as were required in business or in legal affairs. It would be impossible for many years to come to build enough aeroplanes to send into the air all the people who would want to fly. Flying was absolutely safe. No machine would be allowed to be used in the service of the public until it had been registered in much the same way as ships are at Lloyd's. Experienced captains were forthcoming and the rising generations would take to the air as a highly skilled and lucrative profession.

A constant stream of aeroplanes, he added, will link the old world with the new. Atlantic flight is no longer a problem. It will be flown by an aviator in a Whitehead aeroplane, in the early spring. We shall blaze the trail across the Atlantic. Lightships, floating aero-stations to point the course, will provide a refuge in case of need. They could operate under their own power and maintain their positions. I am quite sure that before a year or two we shall see such international Atlantic stopping places established and the crossing made as easy and as simple as from London to Paris. The use of the aeroplane in the development of the world's resources is a matter not alone for the City

man and the suburban speculator, but for the Government. An Exploration Department to find out how our surplus labour and surplus wealth can best be expended for the good of the nation is not only an idea—it is a duty.

COMMERCIAL AVIATION.

AN INTERESTING LECTURE.

LONDON, 7th Jan.—Major General Sykes, Chief of the Air Staff, delivered an address of greatest interest and importance on commercial aviation in the light of war experience, before the members of the London Chamber of Commerce. In the course of a most fascinating story of the recent feats of passenger services, he told how two members of the American Mission had made a record trip to Paris and back in four hours, and twenty minutes. On another occasion, a trip of 170 miles from Manchester took 85 minutes, the course being largely steered by compass. A pilot of over forty years of age had crossed the Channel 281 times, frequently in bad weather. Aviation was now on the threshold of a new existence in commercial life. In its technical aspect we could pit the brains of our inventors and engineers against the world. We had already gained for ourselves the foremost place in the design and technique of aircraft and engines. The risk and danger were much less than were often supposed, the considerable proportion of accidents hitherto being due to higher war training, in aerial fighting and formation flying, but even under these conditions accidents, considering the circumstances, were surprisingly few. Dealing with the Overland project to

India, Major General Sykes said a machine starting from London would fly without a stop direct to Marseilles and thence to Suda Bay. Then, after a short rest, to Taranto for inspection and minor repairs, preparatory to a long journey overseas from Crete. The machine would reach the African coast at Sollum, whence after overhauling and replenishing petrol tanks, it would go to Cairo with a possible rest en route at Mersa Matruh. It would be probably advisable to transfer the mails at Cairo to another machine in order that the machine from London might be completely overhauled. Continuing the journey, the route passes Damascus and Baghdad, both possessing subsidiary aerodromes for repair facilities. Thence to Basra. From Basra, Karachi would be reached from Bushire along the coast to Bandar Abbas. Some twenty-five aerodromes were necessary on this route, and Taranto, Cairo and Basra would need to be equipped with first-class facilities. Each average stage would be 350 miles and the total distance from London to Delhi was approximately 6,000 miles. Major-General Sykes thought we were justified in looking forward to a mail service by this route, the time of passage not exceeding seven or eight days. Postal rates by aeroplane would be high, in comparison with the present charges, perhaps a few shillings per ounce for urgent letters. Another route which the Air Force hoped to open was an All-Red route from Cairo to Cape Town. Survey parties had already been despatched from Cairo. This flight would be undertaken both by flying boats and aeroplanes. It was hoped to pro-

vide landing grounds every two hundred miles, the route passing *via* Assouan, Wady Halfa, Khartoum, Lakes Albert and Victoria, Nyanza and Tanganyika. The route for the flying boat would be Lake Nyasa, Blantyre, Beira, Lorenzo Marques, Durban, Port Elizabeth and Cape Town, 5,700 miles in all, whilst for the aeroplane the route *via* Elizabethville, Livingstone, Bulawayo, Pretoria, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein and Cape Town, would be 5,300 miles. Major-General Sykes incidentally mentioned an interesting fact, that a Zeppelin flew from Gamboli and Bulgaria to German East Africa, carrying twelve tons of ammunition to the relief of Germans there. Upon arrival in Central Africa, she was informed by wireless that the force had surrendered, and she thereupon returned home reaching the Bulgarian base safely, having been in the air four days without landing. Major-General Sykes told this incident in order to emphasise that for commercial purposes the airship was well adapted for long distance journeys. Indeed there was practically no limit to its range, provided it could be made large enough. There was no reason, he added, why they should not be built capable of completing the circle of the globe.

PLANT PHYSIOLOGY.

SIR J. C. BOSE'S LECTURE.

Sir J. C. Bose's discourse delivered at the Bose Institute, Calcutta, last week, dealt with the mysterious phenomenon of recurrent opening and closure of flowers. Some of them open in the morning, and close in the evening; others do exactly the opposite,

opening at night and closing during the day. These various effects have been described as the "waking" and "sleep" movements of plants. The subject had attracted the attention of plant-physiologists for more than half a century. After summarising the various results, Jost in his recent work says that no satisfactory explanation of the sleep movement of plants has yet been forthcoming, and that the true theory can only be established after new and exhaustive research. This investigation has been in progress at Sir J. C. Bose's laboratory for the last five years; and special automatic recorders have been invented by means of which numerous plants have been recording their movements for every hour of the day and night and for many days in succession.

In the course of his discourse the lecturer said:—

The poets have forestalled the men of science. Why does the water-lily "Kumud" or "Nymphæa" keep awake all night long and close her petals during the day? Because the water-lily is the lover of the Moon, and like the human soul expanding at the touch of the Beloved, the lily opens out her heart at the touch of the moon-beam, and keeps watch all night long; she shrinks afrighted by the rude touch of the Sun, and closes her petals during the day. The outer floral leaves of the lily are green, and in the day time the closed flowers are hardly distinguishable from the broad green leaves which float on the water. The scene is transformed in the evening as if by magic, and myriads of glistening white flowers cover the dark water. The recurrent

daily phenomenon has not only been observed by the poets, but an explanation offered for it. It is the moon light then that causes the opening of the lily, and the sunlight the movement of closure. Had the poet taken out a lantern in a dark night, he would have noticed that the lily opened at night in total absence of the moon; but a poet is not expected to carry a lantern and peer out in the dark; that inordinate curiosity is characteristic only of the man of science. Again the lily does not close with the appearance of the sun; for the flower often remains awake up to 11 in the forenoon. A French dictionary maker saw Cuvier, the Zoologist, about the definition of the crab as "a little red fish which walks backwards." "Admirable?" said Cuvier. "But the crab is not necessarily little, nor it is red till boiled; it is not a fish, and it cannot walk backwards. But with these exceptions your definition is perfect." And so also with the poet's description of the movement of the lily, which does not open to moon light, nor yet close to the sun.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

The waking and sleeping of the water-lily is by no means an isolated instance. My attention was first drawn to another remarkable floral display by the folk-song which begins with:

"Our day of work is over—

Like life's span, but an hour:

For now behold the gold starred

fields

Of opening 'Jhingā' flowers?"

Since then I witness every afternoon a glorious transformation in my experimental garden at Sibaria on the

Ganges. The gardener has planted a large field with "Jhingā" (*Luffa acutangula*). The flowers when closed at daytime are very inconspicuous, the lowest whorl of the sepals being dull green; in my afternoon walk, I can hardly recognise the old familiar field, which is now covered with masses of flower in their golden glory. Here also the flowers remain open throughout the night: but they close early in the morning and the fairy field of cloth of gold vanishes suddenly. The revelation made by the plant-scripts led to the discovery of certain new and unsuspected reactions in the life of plants, notably, the influence of variation of temperature in modifying the geotropic curvature. There are at least ten variables, which by their joint effects give rise to over a thousand variations in the resulting movement of plants. The effect of each of these different factors had been isolated and a new theory propounded which offers a complete explanation of the so-called sleep movement. The life reaction of plants to the various stimuli of environment was most strikingly illustrated by means of the supersensitive Magnetic Crescograph. The plant was shown to perceive the shock of light, to which it made an answering signal, so also to the action of warmth and cold. And it was explained how the various combinations of effects induced by environmental changes found diverse expressions in the movement of plants. The scientific explanations offered for the opening and closing of the water-lily is that the flower is closed under sunlight, and that the opening takes place under darkness. But Professor Bose

has been able to keep the lily awake even in the daytime by placing it in a cool place. A simultaneous record of the movements of the flower and the thermograph of daily variation temperature proved conclusively that a rapid fall of temperature in the evening brought about the opening of the flower, at first slowly, then rapidly, and by 10 P. M. the flower was fully expanded. About 6 in the morning there is a rise of temperature, and the reverse movement of closure sets in. The flower continues to close very rapidly till the sleep movement of closure is complete by about 10 A. M. It will be seen how different flowers through their sensitiveness to heat and cold execute movements of "sleep" or of "waking." Some of them have the healthy habit of normal humanity to sleep at night and keep awake at daytime. Others turn night into day, and make up for their long night-watch by sleeping it off at the day-time.

GLASS FROM PADDY HUSKS.

EXPERIMENTS IN BURMA.

Mr. A. P. Morris, Principal of the Government Engineering School, Insein, and provincial art officer, Burma, has written an interesting note on the possibilities of glass manufacture in Burma, one of the principal methods being by the use of paddy husk.

In the course of his note Mr. Morris says that the production of glass has so far not been attempted in Burma. One reason has been the lack of supply of sufficient pure silica. This, indeed, had been the chief factor in the failure, until very lately, of any attempts to produce good glass on a commercial scale all over India,

though recently suitable supplies had apparently been found.

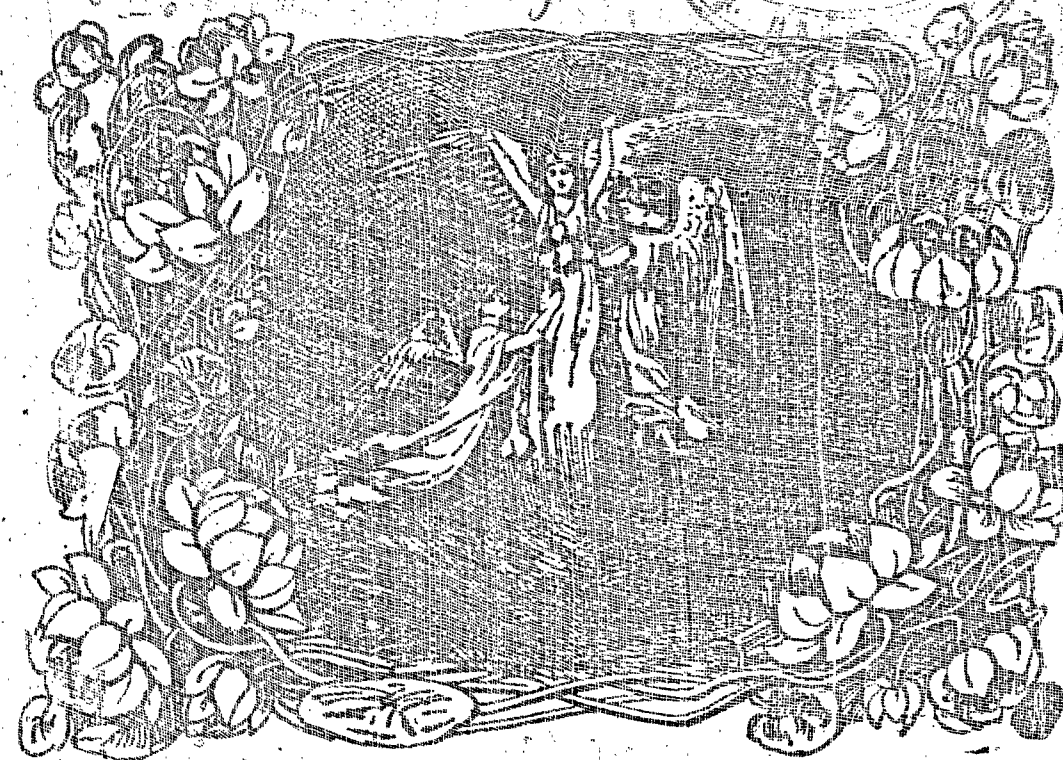
Proceeding, Mr. Morris says:—"It seemed to me that paddy husk might be useful. Experiments show that the ash is mostly silica and the husk gives about 18 per cent. of white ash. Using this as a source for my supplies of silica, I have with the help of Mr. Nicholas, science lecturer at the Engineering School, conducted a few experiments. The husk used was not cleaned and a small amount of iron indicated by the tests was probably most of it due to clay present in the dirty husk. Even so the silica yielded glass of a light green or yellow colour. By the use of manganese dioxide, colourless glass can be prepared and I have managed to produce in the laboratory colourless lime soda glass of fairly high fusibility."

If the husk is washed, states Mr. Norris, the percentage of iron is greatly reduced, but he was not sure that it would not be more economical to use it as it was and to add manganese.

The second important ingredient in glass manufacture is sodium carbonate or, better still, sodium sulphate and this, says Mr. Morris, is also available locally, in fact if production can be stimulated there should be no lack of supplies. Lime of pure quality can also be obtained and manganese is available in Burma or could be imported from India. The experiments conducted indicate that (1) paddy husk can be used to develop sufficient heat for glass manufacture. (2) paddy husk yields as a bye-product, silica sufficiently pure to be suitable for the manufacture of colourless glass. Further, silica is in a finely divided state which makes its conversion into glass particularly easy; (3) either ingredients for lime soda glass are available locally and the glass obtained is of a high fusibility and good quality; (4) with husk fuel at such a low price and silica in a finely divided form the manufacture of glass would be particularly cheap.



Three Graduate Sisters.
(See Page 563.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII.] FEBRUARY 1919. No. 19.]

From art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shivered lance
That breaks about the dappled pools.

• The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp. •

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-vanton ripple break,
The tender-pencilled shadow play.

TENNYSON.

A famous Tamil Poetess.

Our readers may not be aware that India, at least Tamil India of the extreme south, can boast of an Indian poetess. Though in other parts of this highly civilized land there are and have been two or three poetesses of whom the nation can well be proud, they belong to the modern age and have sung in a foreign tongue. But the subject of this sketch hails from hoary antiquity and her voice is still to be heard in her own native tongue. To those who formerly condemned female education, the melodious verses of Auvvei, the Tamil poetess, echo down the stream of nineteen centuries, a stern rebuke for their unfounded injustice to man's equal and counterpart. But the times are rapidly changing and the cry for female education was never so loud or persistent. And it would have delighted the poetess's soul to see the swift pace of reform in the direction of female education.

Auvvei is said to have lived in the beginning of the Christian era and is even reputed to have been a sister of the great ethical poet, Tiruvalluvar. Her real name is not known. Auvvei merely signifies a venerable lady. It is more usually written Auvveiyar, with an honorific plural affix. How the poetess spent the years of her childhood, whether she attended the popular school and learnt her alphabet by tracing it on sand and then wrote on leaves with a style, no one can say with authority. Probably she learnt to read and write at her father's knee. Tradition does not even say whether Auvvei was married.

Evidently she remained a maid all her life, spending her days in devotion to the god of the family and the service of the public. The poetess was chiefly a wandering minstrel, moving from village to village with something like a tumbrel in her hand, and visiting at the courts of the Pandyan and Chola kings. Like Oliver Goldsmith in his travels, Auvvei earned her supper by singing, so much so that one of her designations was Kurukkup-padi, the songstress for porridge. That she often starved is evident from the following apostrophe to the stomach:—

If asked to give up a day's food, thou wouldst not;
If asked to eat two days' food, thou couldst not;
Never canst thou know my pangs, O my
Deeply afflicted stomach! it is impossible to live
with thee.

The beauty and pathos are lost in translation.

The poetess wrote no prose, but always sang impromptu verses. It is said that she habitually conversed with her contemporary poets and philosophers in verse. She sang for both adults and children. Her songs for the latter are like Watts' Divine Songs, special favourites in all elementary Tamil schools. It is her Golden Alphabet that is first taught in our infant Tamil schools. There are twelve vowels and eighteen consonants and 216 vowel-consonants in Tamil, not to speak of another letter, called the aitham, and for each of these 247 letters the poetess uttered a dimeter verse, which is termed the Golden Alphabet, learnt by heart by all Tamil children. I shall content myself with translating the twelve vowels, as a specimen of the poetess' genius and

philosophy. The pupils invariably sing the aphorisms. They are as follows: Desire to do charity, Anger needs cooling, Conceal not what may be given, Don't prevent a gift, Reveal not your possessions, Never give up courage, Despise not letters and figures, 'Tis a disgrace to beg, Give alms and then eat, Walk in peace, Cease not from reading, Avoid envious talk, Do not diminish your grain.

Among these and the larger numbers with consonant initials, there are many aphorisms which are worth placing by the side of other well known and ancient sayings. It is said that poets have a special message to deliver to their age; in fact, for all ages. This is as true of Auvvei as of other great poets. Truth flashes like sparks from her glowing furnace. Here are a few. 'Mother and father are the first revealed God. Temple worship is exceedingly good. Children who need no prompting are an imperishable nectar. What is done in the forenoon yields fruit in the afternoon, reminding one of the saying, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Though your inferior, speak humbly, he is exalted, as blessed are the meek.' Auvvei had great faith in agriculture, man's occupation by right. 'If you seek prosperity, seek the plough.' The savour of food by ploughing is sweeter than that of food by servility. Learning is true riches, not wealth. She epitomises the wisdom of her age and coins truths which are current for all ages. It is truly said of Shakespeare that he has contributed the largest number of proverbs and sayings to the English language; and it is no less true of our humble Tamil poetess

that most of her aphorisms have become stamped as proverbs, which are still quoted with authority by both men and women, who speak the Tamil language.

Starving Auvvei was a great admirer of nature, both animate and inanimate. She makes the coco palm an emblem and evidence of gratitude.

When a kindly act has been done to one,
Ask not for the time of reward;
The upright cocoa, which seems to grow forever
Yields at its head the water drunk at its foot.

Evidently she had often quenched her thirst with the refreshing liquid of a tender cocoanut.

She has some beautiful lines on the higher virtue of returning good for evil. 'The wise,' sings the poetess, 'will always protect those who do them nothing but evil till their death; have you not seen the tree which, till felled by men, continues to give them its cool shade?'

The one on intimacy with the good is worth quoting:—

To see the good is good, while to listen
To their words is also good; good is it
To speak of their virtues, and good
Is it to be intimate with them!

She has a similar verse on intimacy with the evil. The following is an exquisite simile on the influence of the righteous:—

Water drawn for the paddy, oozes along the channel,
and nourishes the way side grass; thus
In this ancient world, if there lives one righteous,
For his sake will it rain on all.

The poetess was frequently to be found in the assembly of poets and sages. In those days, they asked and answered in impromptu verses. This is peculiarly oriental. Even Beshi

the famous Italian poet fired off *Vendas* on the spot. It is a tale that Indian philosophers should write on the *Dharmarthakama-moksha*, i. e., the four great subjects of virtue, wealth, pleasure and heaven, which they imagined comprised the sum total of human knowledge. Science was far from their thoughts. Even the Author of the *Kural* undertook to write on these topics but stopped at Heaven. The poetess once appeared among the savants and surprised them with her wit and wisdom. "I can exhaust the four-fold topic in a single verse," said she, and sang at once:—

To give is virtue; to save without sin is wealth;
Two lovers with unity of aim to live forever for
Mutual support is bliss; to renounce
These three in thought of the Supreme is the true
bliss of Heaven.

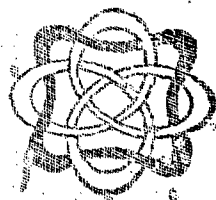
Tradition has doubtless surrounded the dame with a halo of the miraculous and even made her an everlasting personage! Even a candidate for the Tamil M. A., in his thesis on *Auvvai*, hazarded the statement that she has lived 40,000 years! Still, the poetess' fame and her poetry are immortal and will certainly last as long as the Tamil language continues to be spoken. Many western savants have eulogised her genius and her verses. But philosopher as she was, she was once outwitted by shepherd lads, in the same way as Sir Isaac Newton, who had to learn from the same set of lads that the sudden twisting of sheep's tails indicated approaching rain. The poetess, once hungry and cold, found herself under a naval tree (blue apple), on which were the lads enjoying its fruit. She looked up and begged them to throw her a few.

Recognising the famous poetess, they asked, Do you want hot or cold fruit?

"What fools!" retorted the old dame, "I have never heard of fruit being hot or cold. Never mind your wit; throw me some, for I am dying of hunger." The mischievous lads then dropped her some over-ripe berries, which when falling on the ground got mixed with sand. Eagerly and innocently, the poetess picked up the berries and began at once to blow off the sand adhering to them. "Do you see now, grannis," cried the lads from the tree-tops, "that even fruit can be hot?" She laughed at their wit and her own discomfiture and went away having satisfied her hunger.

Space forbids my relating any more anecdotes. She was the Solomon of her age. Many valuable treatises are ascribed to her genius. Celebrated sages vied with each other to get into argument with the poetess. Though acquainted with Sanskrit literature, *Auvvai* preserved the purity and sweetness of her native tongue. It is an inspiring example she thus bequeathed to her countrywomen, to be prophets and poetesses and wield their respective vernaculars for the lasting benefit of their less fortunate sisters. For she, being dead, yet speaketh.

THE REV. DR. LAZARUS.



Telling: In Many Ages I Many Climes.

ht and use me well,
ime to thee will tell."
(Inscription on an old pocket-dial).

hat every man can keep a
ch in his pocket, it is difficult
ne days when sundials and
cks were the world's only
ers. The world undoubtedly
y well then, certainly better
the early twelfth century
ut surely it went more slowly
these days of momentous
hronicle and forgotten be-
are a week old. "Doubtless,"
est old Izaak Walton, in one
arming pages of the joys and
of rural life, "the dweller
he meads and streams may
ith him his well-contrived
of silver or gold, yet, as he
by the river-side, he will
the rise and fall of day, by
opening and shutting of flowers

that deck the head, or by the sweet
music of the birds at morn or eve; by
the shadow on the mossy dial in the
sunny garden of the farm, or hard by
the tower of the village church."

In his time such dials were plentiful
enough. Indeed, dials have been the
approved timekeepers in many lands.
One, with four faces may be seen
among the Elgin marbles. It probably
stood at some old Athenian crossway.
Another, discovered at Pompeii, was
evidently intended for use in Egypt.
In Arabia and China, many traces of
ancient sundials survive whilst the
Turks seem to find a sundial as essen-
tial in their mosques as do the English
a clock in their sacred edifices.

Sundials, it may be presumed from
the foregoing are of very ancient date.
The honour of inventing them in fact
is claimed for the Phoenicians. The
first mention of them occurs in the
well-known incident recorded in Holy
Writ, where King Hezekiah, when sick
and penitent, is granted, in miraculous
evidence of the Lord's intention to
restore him to health, that the shadow
should go backward ten degrees on
the sundial of Ahaz. Homer, often
supposed to be a contemporary of
Hezekiah, states in his *Odyssey*, too,
that there was a dial in the Island of
Syra, upon which was represented the
sun's annual race.

It is not singular that we should find
the dial all over the world. The
Japanese, for instance, carries his
bronze dial in his pocket. The China-
man has one fixed in his travelling
chair as well as on his house. It is
associated, too, with many religions as
well as many lands. The old Peruvian
sun-worshipper revered it as "The
Throne of our Father the Sun". The
Moslem fixes it on the wall of his
mosque, marks it with the hours of
prayer, and furnishes it with a pointer
to show the direction of Mecca. The
devout Catholic, too, often marks his
dial with the canonical hours. There
are old sundials thus marked in Ire-
land, which go back to the seventh
century when Ireland was, "The Isle
of Saints and Sages".

Sundial mottoes furnish a literature
of their own and they are undoubtedly
laden with wise saws. A Latin one
in Lincoln's Inn bears the solemn
injunction, "On this moment hangs
admonition." Even this was turned into
eternity the wag of a councillor, and
jest by son.

one morning a book was found hanging on the gnomon, which on being taken down proved to be "Proceedings in Chancery!" In the Temple buildings there are several interesting mottoes. "Time and tide turns for no man", says one dial in Brick Court. "Shadows we are, and like shadows, depart", says another. "No retracing the steps of time," says a third; while a fourth gives the reminder, "The hours pass, but are laid to our account. The queerest of the old Temple dial mottoes was removed in 1828. It consisted of the words: "Be gone about your business." The story ran that the artist went into the library to ask some legal luminary what inscription he was to place upon the dial-face. So absorbed was the lawyer in the study of a musty old folio that he sharply said: "Be gone about your business." The artist took him at his word and the Benchers, we are told, approved of the motto as a fitting rebuke to loiterers and gossips.

The necessity for some method of telling the time must have early made itself felt, although quite sufficient accuracy for every ordinary purpose in long-bysgone times was attained by observation of the sun. Human ingenuity, nevertheless, exercised itself upon the problem, with the result that the Chinese claim many interesting inventions with more or less plausibility. The hour-glass and the clepsydra, or water-clock, came very probably from that ancient and stationary civilisation. In Rome, they appear to have been set up for the first time in 158 B. C. a clepsydra, which greatly pleased the people. By its use, quite independent of the

shining of the sun, they were to measure the time with accuracy. Some improved added after a few years toothed wheels and an indicator the transition to a descending and the fundamental mechanism the modern clock was not cult.

The Malays simplify a primitive clock by boring a coconut shell, and placing it so that it will sink in a given say an hour. Some similar device is yet to be observed in the Tyrol.

The most primitive form of the familiar hour-glass or sand-glass that described as in use in the Malay Archipelago. Two are fastened securely neck to neck, sand is placed into one of them. It pours itself into the other bottle half an hour, when the bottles are reversed. Near by is a line on which are strung twelve rings, marked with notches from one to twelve, with a hook to be placed between the stick whose notches denote the hour last struck and the next. To look after this apparatus and to reverse the bottles, a regular keeper is appointed.

The famous candle-clock of King Alfred is one example of various time-tellers which call for the aid of fire. The islanders of the South Pacific string on the midrib of a palm leaf a row of the kernels of the candle-tree nuts, and propping up this torch, light the top kernel, which burns with a clear, beautiful flame, and, when consumed, sets fire to the next kernel below. All the kernels are pretty

nearly the same size, and burn a regular number of minutes. Pieces of string are tied at intervals to mark the divisions of time by the number of nuts burned.

Chinese doctors curiously enough mark the time for their patient's medicine-taking by bending an incense-stick, lighting it, and telling the sick man to take his dose when the fire reaches the bend. Abbe Huc, in the narrative of his travels in China, tells that once, when he asked his attendant the time, he went over to a cat that was quietly basking in the sun, and, after examining its eyes, told the Abbe that it was about two hours after noon. This novel application of the expansion and contraction of the cat's eyes, according to the brightness of the light, may serve the observant as a rough guide for approximating the time, but absence of the sun, or the gloom of a storm, would certainly put this feline horometer all wrong.

Dutchmen are credited with telling the time by means of the number of pipes of tobacco smoked. According to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter Van Twiller dismissed the Dutch Colonial Assembly always at the last puff of his third pipeful of tobacco. The hill people of Assam reckon time by the number of betelnut quids chewed, and measure the distance traversed on a journey in the same way.

A curious account of the manner in which the Malagasy divide the day is given in a book on Madagascar. There are 35 divisions, each of which is named from some natural occurrence

or common event of daily life. Thus our 2 a.m. is "frog croak" in Malagasy; 3 a.m. is "cock crow"; 5 a.m. is "crow croak"; 5-30 p.m. is "cattle come home"; 7 p.m. is "people begin to cook rice"; 6-30 a.m. is "leaves are dry from dew"; noon is "over the ridge of the roof". In the cataract region of the Congo, the day is divided into four parts of three hours each, which are indicated by stretching the arm towards the east for sunrise; 45 degrees towards the east for nine o'clock; towards the zenith for noon; 45 degrees towards the west for three o'clock; and horizontally towards the west for sunset. Each of these four periods has its name. Four days, each with a name, make a week; and seven weeks make a month, and long periods are described in the common fashion of uncivilised people, in moons.

Now that the twenty-four hour method of keeping time is getting so common in European countries, and 15 minutes past the 22nd hour (22.15) is no stranger than our common 10.15, it may not be unwise to ask whether any serious proposals are on foot for the decimalisation of time. For certain professors have proposed on several occasions that our well-established twenty-four hour day should be changed into one of ten hours, each with ten minutes and a hundred seconds.

The clock or the watch of course, is the last word in time-keeping and serves for night as well as for day. It is not dependent, like the sundial, for sunlight, and has become an indispensable chronometer for modern life. The dial may do well for sunny climes, but the clock alone is of

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

practical service in busy, foggy countries, where the sun is only too often conspicuous by its absence. But, as Lamb well says, a clock, "with its ponderous embowlements of lead or brass, and its port or solemn dullness of communication" is "a dead affair when compared with the silent heaven-guided witness of the dial; and though the latter, poor old thing, is now but a curiosity, we still have a weakness for it, if only for the remembrance of the good work that has been done under its guidance in days gone by.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

Savitri.

The sun was shedding its roseate, hues of early dawn across the horizon, when Savitri came out into the garden, with her little basket, to gather the dewy jessamine.

"What a delicious morning!" she exclaimed to herself, as she inhaled the exquisite fragrance of the snowy blossoms she gathered.

Having filled her basket, she sat down on a grassy mound, to fasten the jessamine into a garland. Taking from her basket a piece of plantain fibre, she began her pleasant task. As she fixed each little flower in its place, her thoughts had wandered miles away. They had travelled into another hemisphere, where her soldier husband was fighting for his Emperor, at whose command he had willingly gone to do his work, leaving his newly-wed bride to his mother's care.

Savitri was an orphan, brought up by a wealthy child-less couple—her uncle and aunt. She was reared in the lap of luxury, and great pains were taken to educate and to show her as much of the world, as her adopted parents thought proper.

When Jemandas Arjan, a young kinsman of Savitri's, saw her once in the Temple Gardens, he could not rest. He pestered his mother to approach Savitri's aunt, on his behalf.

"Of what avail, my son?" Pritha, his mother, asked, before she set out on her match-making mission.

"I know she is absolutely denied to me", Arjan hopelessly answered, "but try, mother, it will cost you nothing, but you will gain the fervent thanks of your child."

"My son" Pritha began—"set not your heart on the damsel; but I will try my best. I know the girl and like her", but she questioned doubtfully, "won't her uncle expect to marry her to some one in a higher position?" "I know" Arjan replied wearily, "she is more advanced than the average cultured girl, and a fortune has been spent on her accomplishments, and so you think she must marry some one great? she won't!" He exclaimed emphatically, with a resolute look on his handsome face.

And so it happened—Savitri, who had also observed Arjan in the gardens, and could not forget the look he had given her, that was fatal to her heart, accepted his offer of marriage when her Uncle took the proposal of Pritha to the love-sick maiden. They were soon betrothed and married, and then Germany declared war against

England, so Arja had left his young bride, to join his regiment at the Front. Savitri was a slip of a girl, fresh and beautiful as a lotus flower, and all who came in contact with her, fell secretly a victim to her unconsciously exerted charm. "What was there in one so fragile and gentle, that forced one in her presence to think ill of none?" her mother-in-law, who began to love her as a daughter, thought when the bride was left with her.

"Savitri! Savitri!" called a voice from the hidden red brick house, across the garden, where Savitri sat making her garland of jessamine.

"Yes, mother! I am coming," she replied, her flute-like voice reaching Pritha, who walked with slow steps towards the corner of the jessamine plot, where she knew her daughter-in-law spent her mornings.

"What a pretty garland you have made," the old lady observed, going close to the girl.

"Yes! is it not beautiful?" the girl replied with a sigh. "The scent of the flowers goes all round the garden, it reminds me,"—she broke off, with a pathetic expression clouding her young face.

"What does it remind you of, child?" Pritha asked, shading her eyes with her hands as she looked at the golden dome of the temple, built on the hill miles away, that glittered in the light of the rising sun. "What makes you so sad, Savitri?" she asked her silent daughter-in-law, turning round to the girl. "Do you want to go back to your palatial home in Chandor, my child?

I am poor company for you, I know", she pensively added, looking into the sad flushed face.

"Mother", the girl replied with a listless voice, "I don't want to go home! Why, is this not my home, where your son left me? I am as happy as I can be here with you, my mother", she continued, observing the worried look on Pritha's face.

"Apart from the bitter sorrow of parting from my child, I am often anxious about you, Savitri. You ought to be more cheerful in your state of health. Are you not proud of your husband?" she asked. "His father and his grandsires have all wielded their swords on battlefields, but not one of them could have experienced what my boy has in this terrible war. Can't you guess how happy he must be in the trenches, from the photographs he has sent us?"

"Yes," Savitri replied, knitting her pretty brows, "but I can't understand how any one could smile, with bombs flying about. He will have a lot to tell us of, when he comes home."

"Indeed, he will," Pritha replied with a proud smile lighting up her grave features: "but I hope he'll come back with his limbs intact."

"God grant he may!" the younger woman gravely exclaimed, as she stood up and brushed the jessamine petals from her lap, and held up the garland to her mother-in-law, for inspection.

"Did you see neighbour Shakuni's son?" Savitri asked, as they walked towards the house.

"I did," Pritha replied with a deep sigh. "One son killed in action, and

one son come home a wreck; I knew the lads," she murmured, "straight as darts and handsome as Arjan."

"Poor Shakuni!" Savitri stammered, "he has not left his house since his son came home. As for the mother, she is mad with grief! How can we sympathise with such sorrow?" she asked softly.

After a brooding pause, Pritha spoke in clear accents, "my child, in this world, it is to-day for you, tomorrow for me. What if this sorrow falls on us?"

"What if this sorrow falls on us?" Savitri murmured, as if not quite understanding the meaning of the words.

"Well!" Pritha said fervently, "if this sorrow falls on us, we must bow to God's will. It is not in the power of mortal man," she continued gravely, "to escape the sword of destiny; every day, since the war began, we hear of some startling events happening to others. Even in our far-off mountain town, homes have been shrouded with grief. If we have the great Yama come our way", she continued shaking her head, her two hands clasped together, "let us bow to God's just decree, it is not on earth His justice ends."

"But this is dismal talk for you, my child," Pritha exclaimed getting up, and moving the scattered chairs on the verandah into their places, before she entered her room.

"Come in, Savitri! Take your Vena, and practise some sweet melody, that only you can draw out of that cumbersome instrument, and", she added cheerfully, "be thankful your husband has not parted with his hands or legs up to this time."

Left alone with her Vena, Savitri soon forgot her troubles,—it was true, that only she could make that old instrument bring out so many sweet melodies, as she sang, making the house ring with her beautiful voice and accompaniment.

"What is that, Cama?" she asked, stopping her music and wondering what brought her little maid-servant there to interrupt her.

"Your mother-in-law," said the little maid with a scared face, "is shedding tears that will fill a well." As she conveyed this news, she wiped an imaginary tear away.

"What is wrong with her?" Savitri asked, rising from her sitting posture on the carpet, and putting her garnet-coloured Kashmir saree, that had slipped off her slender shoulders, in its place.

"What is the matter, girl!" she questioned the alarmed servant, as she walked towards Pritha's part of the house, with Cama following.

"Your husband's Uncle's son is dead, in the war," Cama replied, mustering up a few sympathetic tears, that she thought she was expected to shed on such an important occasion.

"Mother!" Savitri called, going into the room and finding Pritha in the depths of despair, as she sat rocking herself to and fro.

"Mother, when did your brother get this bad news?" Savitri softly asked, sitting down next to the old woman, and gently laying a hand on her.

"He heard last night," Pritha replied, wiping her tears away, "it is the hand of fate", she murmured, with bent head,

"we must resign ourselves to the inevitable."

After a break in their talk, she began, "I hear his wife is dumb with grief,—What good will that be?" she hopelessly asked, "when it is written on her fore-head, that she should be a widow? What good fighting with fate, tell me?" she questioned.

"This is a cruel war!" Savitri exclaimed.

"When I read of the terrible doings acted in the Front, I tremble. Our men are praised for their devotion, coolness and efficiency, but that does not save them, they are slaughtered like sheep."

"Almost in all the magazines", she continued, "people write pathetic stories of British mothers and wives being left desolate, and bearing their sorrow with resignation; but I have yet to read of the gloom and desolation in the homes of the dead heroes here."

"Who cares what rubbish is written of?" Pritha argued, "but the sorrow of those women bears no comparison with ours; we are fighting for our Emperor, but not for our country, we are a conquered race, remember: once we lose our loved ones, we lose all."

"Don't say that, mother," Savitri gently rebuked. "The sorrow caused through death is the same all over the world, but don't forget that nothing good dies, there is not a soul that goes back to the Creator that made it, that does not help on earth those that loved it here."

"You with all your learning can hold to that still", Pritha gently answered, "I, with all my bitter ex-

periences of having lost husband and children, can easily cling to that, but what of the millions illiterate?"

"Leave them to God", Savitri simply said, her voice soft as a flowing brook: "and she gravely added, "let us submit our loved ones to His Keeping,—as you said, it is to-day for you, tomorrow for me."

"How many dead! How many dying!" Pritha inaudibly murmured, fixing her eyes on the beautiful face of her daughter-in-law.

"I hope", Savitri said, "England will remember India's great part in the war, when it is all over."

"That's the least they can do," Pritha remarked nodding her head.

"But what use is Home Rule, or marshal Rule when the husbands and sons have gone to a Higher Rule?" she hopelessly asked with a sigh, "will they come back to share the Victory?"

"Last night, I dreamt a dream" the old dame went on, "it was an evil omen, and this morning, I hear this sad news. This is not all! I feel it coming," she continued wearily, "this is not all!"

"What was your dream?" Savitri questioned with a soothing voice.

"I dreamt, you and I walked up yonder hill," she said, pointing to the distant hill, she could see from her window, "and when we reached the temple there, Arjan stood within the gate; as we walked towards him, he smiled and disappeared, and the bright day turned black as night; I could hear you but could not see you. God, what means this dream!" she desperately exclaimed, wiping the sweat from her brow.

"Are you going across the plain to Uncle?" Savitri asked gently, to change the current of the old lady's thoughts.

"It is a visit I dread," she replied.

"What am I to say to people who will be feeling crazy with their sorrow?"

"True, mother", the girl replied.

"Whatever you may say, however kindly meant, will sound cold to their saddened hearts."

Later in the day when they both made a journey to the house of mourning, they heard a great noise. Inside the house, every one cried aloud and at intervals spoke of the virtues of the dead soldier with bated breath.

The poor mother sat glumly dispondent with not a tear in her weak eyes, in a dark corner. Her daughter said "mother sits like that since the message of death came."

"Bear up, sister," Pritha said gently, sitting down and taking her hand in her own, but she got no response from the old woman, who sat mute and appeared as if she did not hear Pritha's voice.

Savitri and her mother, after spending several hours with their bereaved relatives, returned to their home in the cool of the evening.

After their supper, the cute little servant girl brought out a lemon-coloured envelope, and gave it to Savitri.

"When did this come, Cama?" Savitri asked the girl, with scared lips, holding the dreaded telegram in her firm hands, as if afraid to open it.

"Cama! Cama! where has that bad girl put my beetle-box?" the old Pritha asked, coming into her daughter-in-law's chamber.

"What is that?" she asked standing aghast and pointing to the telegram in Savitri's hands. "I don't know," Savitri said with a dry tongue and pale face.

"Mother," she said reading its contents, "it is sad news. May God help us!"

"What is it, tell me, child?" Pritha said.

"He is killed in action"; she calmly said, as a blur came over her eyes and she sank back on a divan, pale, with a mournful look on her lovely face.

"My God"! The old woman simply said "Thou hast made my dream clear."

That night, Savitri's baby was born. He was "the image of his father," his grand mother proclaimed, "when Arjan was of that tender age."

When Savitri came out of her room where she had under-gone her Gethsamane, she had lost her bright ways, her sweet face had lengthened, and her usually smiling mouth had assumed firm marked lines, that spelt evolution: her eyes were always sad and thoughtful, so that one could guess she lived in a world all her own. But for the little Arjan, she would have found life unbearable through her mother-in-law was her stay and comfort, even as she was to the disconsolate Pritha a tower of strength.

When little Arjan was a little more than three years old, the armistice was signed. A few months after, one evening when the cold weather was vanishing, and the moon was rising in all her silvery radiance, the little boy

and Cama were playing in a secluded part of the garden.

Savitri sat at a half-open window in her daintily-arranged room. She was in one of her dreamy moods, and she murmured to herself some lines she had read that morning. The shadows softly fall, where thou are sleeping. The moonbeams dance upon their beds.

And thou are in God's keeping—

Some where in France."

"Yes, indeed," she murmured pensively—

"In God's keeping."

"That girl will keep Arjan awake all night, the way she excites him before his bedtime!" Her mother-in-law exclaimed entering the room, and standing by an easel on which a portrait of her dead son rested, with a garland of roses that adorned it.

"Listen, how the little fellow laughs," Savitri said, holding up her hand, as the child's hearty laugh and the loud mirth of Cama reached them.

"I feel strange to-day," Pritha said sitting down wearily.

"It is very strange, mother", Savitri replied, "but I also feel strangely—"

Queer; but it is a peaceful sensation."

"Baby laughs too much with that mad-cap Cama," Pritha said, hearing a loud peal of laughter that interrupted their talk.

Savitri stood up, and opening the window wide, she saw her baby on the shoulder of a lean Khaki-clad figure; the glimmer of a sword attached to his Sam Browne belt caught her

eye, and the moonlight showed her the little Arjan happy riding on the shoulder of the stranger, as he pranced about the garden, while Cama stood holding her two sides and laughing as only a servant girl who is told she should not give way to foolish mirth, can laugh. "Mother, there is a stranger in the garden," Savitri said turning round, "who is making them laugh."

"One of the War heroes; I wonder why he seeks us at this late hour," the mother said. "Stop!" she added, with a smile lighting up her old face, "he brings a message from the dead."

"I hope it is so", Savitri said, "it is hard to suffer, not knowing how he died."

"You go out, mother, and speak to the stranger", she began; "if there is any message for me, call me."

As Pritha with lagging steps walked towards the happy trio, the stranger limped towards her,—"who are you, and what brings you here, friend, at this late hour?" she asked in a kind voice.

"Don't you know me?" He simply asked, kneeling on one knee with bent head and joining his hands together in salutation. The moon had gone under a cloud, so Pritha's weak eyes could not discern his features, but she cried—"whose voice is that?"

"Am I dreaming—the voice is," she went on, but Savitri bounded into the garden, saying "Mother! mother! It is Arjan, can't you see?"

"It is, thank God," the poor Pritha, fervently exclaimed, joining her hands together and looking up.

As they sat far into the night, discussing the past leaden years, Jemundar Arjan V.C., who had been supposed to be killed in action, explained, that there were so many killed, and so many missing whom the War office put down as killed, that they were not able to contradict their own mistakes.

"I am only one among the many who have just been released from a prison in Germany," he cheerfully said.

"I can make your hair curl," if I tell you of the hundred and one experiences I have gone through during these past four years," he continued, looking at the two women, whom he had left at home to mourn his departure.

"I hope the sarcar won't march you off again to another war," his mother remarked, suspecting future evil.

But Savitri sat silent, listening to the voice of her beloved, and inwardly thanked the Ruler of Destiny, for making the impossible—possible.

Three graduate Sisters.

(See Frontispiece.)

The photo which forms the frontispiece of this issue is that of three sisters of the same family who are graduates of the Madras University—an event which has not yet occurred in any Indian family in South India. The graduate sisters are daughters of the Rev. Dr. J. and Mrs. Lazarus. Miss Theodora Lazarus, the eldest, has already put in over 11 years service in the government and is now a first grade Assistant Inspectress in the Southern Circle. The next is Miss Zimha Lazarus, who is now lecturer

in Science at Bangalore in the Mysore Educational Service. Both these sisters are also E. T.'s, having specialized in Botany. The one standing in the photo is the youngest, Miss Evangeline Lazarus, who took her degree last November and is now in service under the court of Wards to the minor zamindari of Urkkad. The local Government twice recommended, but without success, Miss Z. Lazarus for the Government of India scholarship; but the other two sisters are arranging to go to England in August 1920 to complete their higher and more special education. We wish much success to these talented and enterprising ladies and trust their example will be followed by many Indian girls.

The Ladies' Club, Madura.

The Ladies' Club, Madura, was started by a few Indian ladies two years ago.

Our first year office bearers were:—

President—Mrs. D. G. Rai [(wife of Major D. G. Rai I. M. S.)]

Vice President—Mrs. M. T. Subramania Mudaliar, Uthampalayam.

Hon. Secretary—Mrs. M. Manikkavasigam Pillai.

Treasurer—Mrs. Gnanaolivu.

I am sorry to say Mrs. Manikkavasigam Pillai resigned her secretaryships in August 1918 on account of her ill-health. Mrs. Velayadha Menon very kindly took the office and has become the secretary ever since.

The Second Anniversary of the Club was on the 28th of February 1919, and the following report was read by the Hon. Secretary.

Annual Report for the year ending with 28th February 1919.

1. The Madura Ladies' Club owed its origin and present position to the inspiring influence and example of its President Mrs. Rai. Under her noble and untiring guidance, the Club continued its progress during the second year of its existence. To record its history during the period under report is perhaps only to detail the various acts of solicitude evinced by the President for its welfare and popularity.

2. Want of any proper habitation for the Club has been its chief drawback and perhaps its greatest asset. For while this circumstance might have touched the delicate feelings of the members that they were taking undue advantage of the unstinted hospitality of Mrs. Rai, who not only placed her house and garden at the disposal of the members for their meetings every Friday, but also entertained them; the President being under the common law of the Club "At Home" to the members every Friday: at the same time this homelessness contributed largely to the careful nurture and the strength of the Infant Institution, inasmuch as the President realized more than any other the responsibility of steering its destinies towards prosperity and usefulness and of placing the club on a sure and independent basis. This anxious solicitude on her part has resulted in the grant by Government of a Suitable Site of 1 acre and 47 cents (one acre and forty-seven cents) near the Race Course for the location of the club.

3. The desire of the President and members to house the Club in a healthy and convenient place was readily responded to by a wealthy and philanthropic citizen of this District, Mr. M. T. Subramania Mudaliar, of Uthampalayam, who has generously promised to endow the Club with a house, built on the site granted by Government. It is a matter for extreme congratulation that the club has been so fortunate in being able to hope to have an habitation of its own in the near future.

4. We are deeply indebted for this to Mr. G. F. Paddison, our collector, and Mr. M. T. Subramania Mudaliar. We also tender our thanks to Mrs. Paddison for kindly consenting to perform the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the building today.

5. It is worthy of note that in response to Her Excellency Lady Pentland's invitation for our co-operation and help in organizing a provincial fund for giving to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen Empress a Silver Wedding gift from the women of India, communicated to us by Mrs. Paddison, the club voted a donation of Fifty Rupees out of its sparse surplus.

6. To enable the club to get from the Government the grant of the site of 1 acre and 47 cents near the Race course, it was necessary to have the club registered under act XXI of 60, an Act for the registration of Literary, Scientific and charitable Societies. The Club was accordingly registered on 8th February 1919.

7. The Club had on its rolls, 17 members at the beginning of the year.

under report. During the year there were three admissions and one resignation.

8. The year opened with a balance of Rs. 240/- with the Treasurer. During the year, collections of monthly subscriptions from members amounted to Rs. 178-8-0 making a total of Rs. 418-8-0. Out of this, Rs. 50/- was remitted to Her Excellency Lady Pentland for Her Majesty's Silver Wedding gift, referred to above. Fifty rupees were spent for the registration fee for registering the club and Rs. 5-8-0 for expenses incidental there to—such as typing charges, stamp paper etc., and Rs. 24-0-0 was paid to the Peon for collecting subscriptions. Cash balance in hand is Rs. 289/-; of this Rs. 245/- has been invested in one year's fixed deposit account in the Madura Ramnad cooperative central Bank, carrying interest at 6% per annum and the balance of Rs. 44/- is with the Treasurer. Arrears of Subscriptions amount to Rs. 22/-

9. I beg to thank the President, the Treasurer Mrs. Gnanaolivu, and the other members for all their help and advice ungrudgingly given to me in the discharge of my duties. I also take this opportunity to thank Mr. M. Manikkavasigum Pillai for all the trouble he took in the matter of registering the club under the Societies Act.

After the report was read, all the members and guests walked to the spot and Mrs. Paddison laid the Foundation Stone. We had a very happy time, and we hope the building will be finished in a short time.

A MEMBER.

Child Welfare Work.

The need there is for child welfare work cannot be too greatly emphasised. Child-life is truly the wealth of a nation, and if there is any fact that the late war has brought prominently before the minds of all thinking men and women, it is the great importance of man power to the strength, nay, even to the very existence, of a nation. Hence, among all the national movements that have taken place in the world during the last few years, years that have left no time at all for the accomplishing of anything but what was necessary for the establishing of righteousness and a lasting peace, child-welfare work has taken no second place. On the contrary such work has been further developed, special workers have been appointed, and far greater sums of money have been spent than before the war. England, France, and America, have, while fighting hand-in-hand for a noble cause, realised the need for fighting for the health and welfare of infant and child life, and the result is an ever-improving system of child-welfare work in all these countries.

India has not had to bear the same strain, nor has she felt the same need for man-power. Rather, has she a surplus population, and the wiping out of the excess by epidemic diseases and famine is taken as a way of solving the problem. Not one among us needs to be told that this is at all the best way, nor that it should be a way at all! This excess is due to the two existing conditions of universal and of early marriage. The proportion of births is thus much higher than in

countries of the world where these conditions do not exist; adequate provision is not made for the care of infants and children, and thus both infantile mortality and the death rate among children are very high. Out of thousand infants born in Madras, three hundred die before they are a year old, which is in the proportion of eight infants to every one that dies in England and Wales, within the first year of its life. It is impossible with even the best precautions taken, and the best provision made, to save the life of every infant that is born. A certain proportion must be lost, and this rate after careful study has been fixed at forty for a thousand. Comparing the three hundred we actually lose with that forty, our rate is surely abnormally and excessively high!

Ignorance and poverty are very prevalent in this country and the resulting conditions of the one increase the evils of the other.

Not the most patriotic amongst us can in a day convince another of the evils of early or of improvident marriage, of the great harm that is done to the race through the ignorance of its "mothers", through the gosha system, or through caste observance; harmful conditions can be got rid of only after some time. How long that time shall be depends entirely on the attitude of those among us, who are neither ignorant nor poor towards such conditions, and on our action against them. An ever-increasing interest in such work should be ours for more reasons than one. Firstly, child-life, as stated before, is the wealth of a state; the children of today will one

day be the active members of the nation, and the position that India shall then occupy among the nations of the world will depend entirely on what their children have been allowed to inherit and to acquire morally, mentally and physically. Secondly a great many of the causes through which so many infants die can be easily prevented; and some proportion at least of these deaths are therefore due to the thoughtless indifference of both individuals and classes of society. The sin therefore lies at the doors of these, and the duty of saving the lives of these helpless infants, in the hands of parents who are perhaps more helpless than they, becomes a duty that is owing to God and to fellowman. Thirdly, the duty of saving child-life, and of making adequate provision for the healthy development of the bodies and minds of all children is specially that of women. Women all over the world have done so much for their respective countries, during the war shirking no new responsibility or hardship that unusually difficult times have placed upon them. With all that willing response, however difficult it may have been, they have in no way attached secondary importance to the task which is primarily woman's,—the care of children. The state of Indian society is such yet that a great deal of the work of emancipating and of educating Indian women belongs to the comparatively few enlightened women of the land.

Indian women therefore can least afford to be idle now, or to be indifferent to the great call on their time, thought and public-spiritedness. To save babies, to educate their mothers,

and to make adequate provision for the healthy growth of their bodies and minds, should be one of the chief aims therefore of every one of India's daughters.

L. VIRA SINGHE.

Superintendent,
Child-Welfare Scheme,
Corporation of Madras.

News and Notes.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS

SCHOOL OPENED AT MASULIPATAM.

On February 5, Mr. J. J. Cotton, I.C.S., District Judge, Kistna, opened the Lady Ampthill Government Secondary School for Girls at Masulipatam. The meeting held at 8 a.m., was attended by Mrs. Shreenivasa, the Ag. Inspectress of Girls' Schools, and the leading citizens of the town. The proceedings began with the singing of a prayer-song by the girls. Mrs. Shreenivasa then read a report detailing the history of the Girls' School.

It was started over a quarter of a century ago, funds being provided by local donations, and was at first managed by Mr. V. V. S. Avadhani and then by Mr. K. Krishnamachariar. On the death of the latter last year, the management passed to his son, Mr. Rangachari, who recently handed it over to the Committee for the Promotion of Women's Education. The school suffered for want of suitable accommodation till 1905, when the Zemindar of South Vallur made a gift of a building and the school was named

after Lady Ampthill. Paucity of funds led to inadequacy and inefficiency of the staff, and so the school, though Elementary, never kept the required level. Since 1912, the Manager, Mr. Krishnamachary, the Ladies' Association, and the Committee for the Promotion of Women's Education petitioned the Department, and tried a great deal to get a Secondary girls' school under public management. The Municipality having pleaded inability to take up the management of the school, the Government have now done so and raised it to the secondary grade. The Committee, in transferring the school, made over to the Government its building and equipment.

Mr. Cotton, in opening the school, said that he was always interested in the education of Indian girls and was pleased to perform the function assigned to him by the Inspectress. He exhorted the citizens to popularise the institution started that day on a liberal scale by Government. He hoped that the school would ere long develop both in size and standard of education. Dr. B. Pattabhisitaramiah and Mr. V. V. Subba Rao, on behalf of the Committee making over the school, expressed the great satisfaction of the people at the fulfilment of their long-cherished desire and thanked the Government for giving them what they so badly stood in need of. They hoped that the school would very soon grow in size and status and be a centre of progress in the future. Grateful references were made to the untiring zeal and abiding interest evinced by

Mrs. Shreenivasa in the cause of female education.

The distribution of sweetmeats to children and the singing of the National Anthem terminated the proceedings.

The evening of the same day witnessed a remarkable gathering of the members of the Ladies' Association and the mothers of the school girls, organised by Sreemati Rajabayamma, to meet the Inspectress, where the valuable services rendered by the latter for the higher education of their girls were gratefully acknowledged.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN CALCUTTA.

A Calcutta correspondent writes:—A public meeting was held on the 17th January to consider what steps might be taken to give an impetus to the cause of the education of girls and women in Bengal. Sir Ashutosh Chaudhuri in moving the formation of a Society for the work said that they had been agitating to impart education to their girls for a long time but up to now no appreciable advance had been made. In this respect, Bombay was far superior to Bengal. But so far as Bombay was concerned there was one advantage, namely, that there was no "purdah system." In order to avoid the difficulty which existed in Bengal, they should, among other things, prepare teachers who would teach girls at different centres of the city. Their girls should be taught in the Bengali language and in Bengali fashion, so that in the long run they might not turn out to be

"Memsabebs," and be imbued with foreign ideas. These remarks coming from one who is a finished product of English education should be taken note of by people who are never happy unless they run after foreign ideals."

MADRAS WIDOWS HOME.

H. E. Lady Pentland, accompanied by Mrs. Todhunter visited the Brahmin Widows' Home at the Ice House, Triplicane. Her Excellency was received by Mrs. Drysdale, the Inspectress, and Sister Subbu Lakshmi, Superintendent. An interesting programme of songs, recitations, *Kolattam*, marches, drills, etc., was gone through, and Her Excellency was presented with an address.

Her Excellency made a suitable reply. She said the Home under the able management of the Superintendent had been making rapid progress. Its fame had spread throughout India and to Delhi in particular, where some of its alumni are reading for the medical degree. She hoped in future the Home would be able to send students to England for study. Her Excellency concluded by wishing the Home every success.

Her Excellency was presented with an ivory image of Buddha, on the pedestal of which were engraved the different stages of the growth of Buddhism.

INDIAN WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

We have received the following from the Women's Indian Association, Madras:—

There is a general impression that the Franchise Committee have not at

all been convinced of the need to give Indian woman the franchise on the same qualification as the men, simply because large deputations of women have not been interviewed them nor been cross-examined by them. As a matter of fact, dozens of resolutions have been sent to them, but the reason that Indian women have not come forward specially in deputations is that they have not realised that there are no other means of making their wishes felt on this matter. That every woman, to whom the matter is explained ardently desires the franchise is without question; and as to the desire of Indian men to gain the women's co-operation in India's social and political regeneration, the Resolutions of Congress bear testimony. The following will show how both English women and men and Indian men and women are working in England.

(Sd.) D. JINARAJADASA.

15TH JAN., 1919.

Dear Mrs. Jinarajadasa—Thank you very much for your letter of the 28th Nov., just received.

I enclose a letter and address we have sent to the Indian Franchise Committee in support of the Indian Women's claim.

In a remarkable series of letters of support I have had from people of all political opinions, Educationalists and Doctors particularly point out that to include some women in the new electorates, would be the quickest way to help forward the better education of Indian women in general. I am quite sure Bishop Weldon and others, who have written to insist on this point, are right.

We are anxious, in making our appeal to the public, to point out that it is not just a "Suffrage appeal" as the subject has been understood in Europe, but that our efforts for our sisters in India, spring from a real consideration of past and present conditions there, and also from the knowledge that this matter is one that deeply interests and affects Muslims throughout the British Empire.

In every case I have received support and help from Muslim men. I find the justice of the cause appeals to their traditions in a way it does not do to all Hindus, or even to all Christians.

We shall be glad for you to make our ideas known.

With best wishes,

Believe me,

Yours truly,

(Sd.) CONSTANCE M. VILLIERS-STUART.

The Indian Women's Education Association, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

To the Right Honourable Lord Southborough P.C. G.C.B., etc., Chairman of the Indian Electoral Franchise Committee.

12th December, 1918.

MY LORD,—We on behalf of the Indian Women's Education Association and the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, together with the undersigned Societies and individuals, beg respectfully to approach your Committee and place before them our earnest conviction that it would be in the best interests of India and the Empire, that women should be included in the new electorates in India.

We are the more strengthened in this conviction by the fact that many of our sisters in India have themselves initiated this claim. It was urged before the Viceroy and Mr. Montagu by an All-India Women's Deputation during the latter's visit to India. And it has been since supported by a large body of Indian gentlemen, the Special Session of the National Indian Congress having passed a Resolution advocating it, as did also the Muslim League.

We venture to urge this right of franchise (1) on general grounds, because women everywhere form half the race, and without their aid the practical problems of education, marriage and the family, cannot be successfully dealt with by any government; and (2) as particularly helpful in India, where the four great existing forms of civilisation meet:—Hindu, Buddhist, Christian and Muslim. For few reforms will succeed there, if they do not take into account the inherent civilisation of the country, which in India to-day, from a variety of causes, lies largely in the hands of women.

We have carefully considered the main objections put forward by responsible people to granting the franchise to women in India:—

(1) The custom of purdah.

(2) That so few Indian women are educated in the modern Western sense of the word.

The first is merely a social custom; many women who observe it are nevertheless well informed and capable of grasping such subjects as will come before the elected Councils. It is to be noted that women already vote and

are eligible for election to local Councils in several parts of India.

The second objection (which applies in a lesser degree also to Indian men) would seem to ignore the fact that there is an education of life as well as of letters. We heartily agree with H. E. the Aga Khan, "An assembly to the election of which Indian women had contributed would keep nearer to the facts of life, to the real and actual in the country, than one selected by men alone."

At least there can be no reason why the few who may be regarded as competent to exercise the franchise now, should be excluded. In fact, the grant of the right to such ladies would have a direct and stimulating effect upon women's education, about which the Indian Government are so solicitous.

For a long time to come, universal suffrage will not be practicable in India; and while educational and property qualifications provide the standards, the number of women voting will be relatively small, but it would be invaluable to establish the principle of co-operation at the start of the new regime.

We have the honour to remain

(Sd.) THERESE MUIR MACKENZIE,
(President I.W.E.A.)

(Sd.) MILLICENT GARBT FAWCETT,
(President M.U.W.S.S.)

(Sd.) A. ALI BAIG

(Sd.) CONSTANCE MARY VILLIERS
STUART,
(Hon. Organising Secretary.)

The Indian Women's Education Association, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden London, W.C.

To the Right Honourable Lord Southborough, P.C., G.C.D., G.C.M.G., etc., Chairman of the Indian Electoral Franchise Committee.

MY LORD.—In continuation of my letter of the 12th December, I beg, on behalf of my Committee, to submit that two classes of women are, in their opinion, particularly entitled to the franchise, viz., first, women who own property in their own right or under the Hindu Law, as "female owners" who have an interest in the property or estate for their lives with full power of alienation for certain purposes defined by the Hindu Law. The bulk of these ladies are specially competent to have a voice in the administration of the country, and can give their votes, if in purdah, by special arrangement.

The second are ladies who have taken their degrees in English or Indian Universities, with respect to whose qualifications to vote there can hardly be any question.

I remain
Your Lordship's Obedient Servant,
(Sd.) CONSTANCE MARY VILLIERS-STUARZ,
(Hon. Organising Secretary.)

THE LATE MISS BROWNE-DECKER. A MENTAL SCIENTIST.

In a recent issue we published a paragraph in connection with the death of Miss Kathryn Browne-Decker. The following report of an interview, which the Editor of the *Indian Film Gazette* had with Miss Browne Decker recently and published in that journal will be read with interest.

"One understands her success. successful actress must be in earnest, and she tells how, at six o'clock on the evening of the performance she begins to turn on and flood her veins with the mood which her role demands. From then until the play is ended, she prefers not to talk, as regard for the conventions may oblige her to shake off the view point into which she is working herself. She does not perform perfunctorily, but strives earnestly, to live her parts, bodily, vocally, facially and psychologically."

From the foregoing remarks one can understand why Miss Browne-Decker prefers the legitimate to the silent drama and why she has declined many tempting offers to forsake the stage and become a film star. She has only appeared in a limited number of photodramas ("The Closing Net," "Would You Forgive?" "The Fifth Commandment" are three which one recalls). As she explains, the movies do not satisfy her artistic nature, because of the absence of the voice and the incoherence of the acting. The last part of the film may be photographed first or any time but in its place and then there are hours of waiting and many other disagreeable features.

In this connection, she tells of many amusing incidents. In one film she was cast for the role of a very young girl. On the day of the filming she awoke early and subjected herself to several hours of rigid mental and temperamental discipline to acquire the mood and spirit of the young girl. She forced herself to feel the part; she was for the time being the quintessence of youthfulness. In this buoyant psycho-

logical frame of mind she arrived at the scene of operations—to be met with the producer's announcement that the photoplay had been entirely recast and that she was to enact the part of an aged dame! From seventeen to seventy at a jump! On another occasion, the case was reversed; she had forced herself into the mood, manner and mentality of an old lady, only to be told, "Oh, you're twenty-five to-day."

This sort of thing, and the vexatious waits and lack of organisation characteristic of film production robs it of its attractions for one of Miss Browne-Decker's intense temperament. Under such circumstances, no artist can produce her best work, and Miss Browne-Decker was satisfied with nothing but the best. "Good enough" was not good enough for her.

She said however, that the production of moving pictures was improving in every respect.

Miss Browne Decker had many interests outside her professional interests. She was a staunch suffragette. She was one of the founders of the Gamut Club of New York City, a woman's club which, we imagine, is unique in this respect—that in its precincts no gossiping is tolerated. She was also a keen member of the Stage Woman's War Relief Association, the members of which leave the footlights to sew, and farm and found typewriters on Uncle Sam's behalf. She, whilst in India, interested herself in the position of the womenfolk of this land; not only the Indian womenfolk but the Europeans. Why, she enquired, are no efforts being made by the white women to do some

useful service for the country? She deplored the idle life of the majority of white ladies in the East, saw in their lack of interests and hobbies the potentialities of considerable harm to them, and urged them to be up and doing something—anything which would be of service to themselves and the people.

Miss Browne-Decker feared nothing. She held that one attracted the things one feared. And she was a mental scientist.

The following is an instance of the close interest the Queen shows in the various works which she visits from time to time. Her Majesty was being shown round some big printing works, and a copy of a magazine which had just been thrown off the machine was handed to her. She instantly detected that the wrong name had been inserted beneath a photograph. The compositor, who was standing by—a canny Scotsman—thanked the Queen for pointing out the error, and asked her if she would be good enough to write down the correct name, which she did. The workman has got that example of Her Majesty's handwriting carefully preserved at home, as a valuable souvenir of the Royal visit.



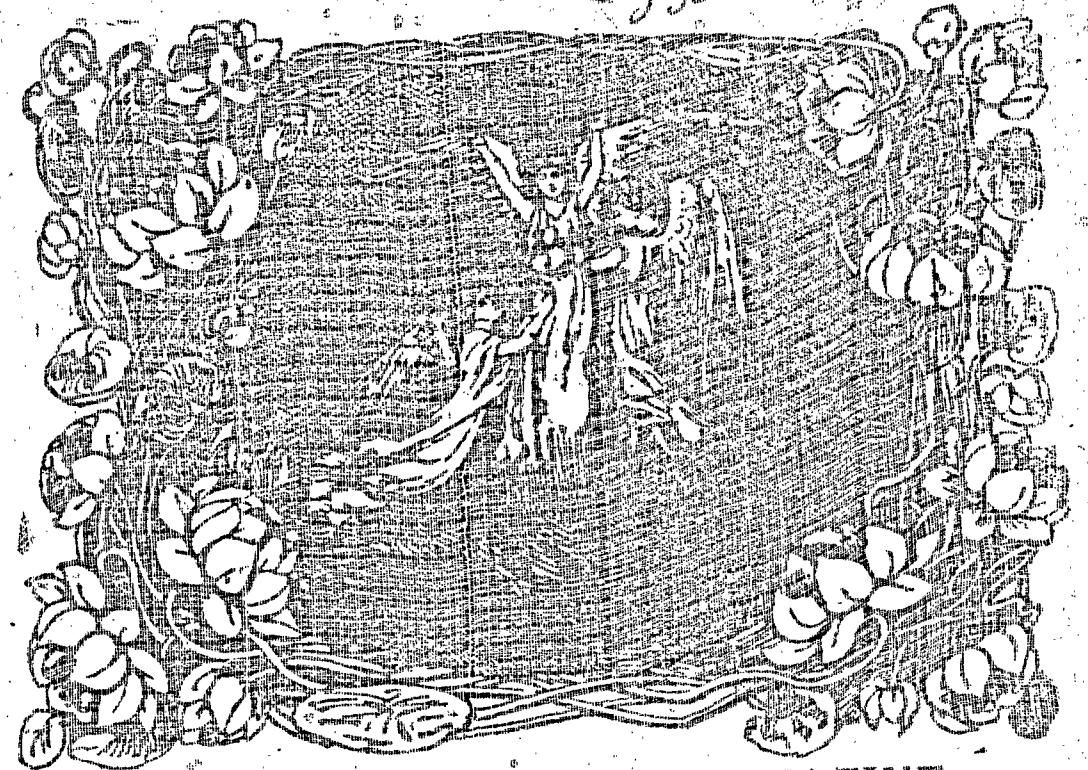
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Pandita. H. Sundaramma.
(See page 581.)



The Late Valiya Amma Tampuran.
(See page 587.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XX.]

MARCH 1919.

[No. 20.]

Compensation.

I dreamed there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost :
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chattered trifles at the door :

I wandered from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs :
I took the thorns to bind my brows ;
I wore them like a civic crown :

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary hairs :
They called me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

They called me fool, they called me child :
I found an angel of the night :

The voice was low, the look was bright :
He looked upon my crown and smiled :

He reached the glory of a hand,
That seemed to touch it into leaf :

The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand.

Farewell Address

TO
HER EXCELLENCY THE
Lady Pentland, D.B.E.,
FROM

THE LADIES' RECREATION CLUB,
MADRAS.

Your Excellency,

We the Members of the Ladies' Recreation Club are met together to-day with our hearts full of regret that you, to whom we all owe so much, are about to leave us.

For nearly six years you have been our President and your unfailing interest and sympathy with all that concerns our Club have been a very great help and encouragement. Our records show how varied have been the activities of the Club during these years, and how much our efforts have been influenced and strengthened by your constant help upon which we could always rely. In spite of the incessant calls which have come to you from many other directions during the difficult and trying years of the war, you have ever been ready to visit our Club, take part in our games, and participate in all we have been doing.

We rejoice that you have remained long enough to join with us in the celebration of the Armistice, and now that happier days have come, and the time for your departure is at hand, we desire to offer you our united and most sincere good wishes for your safe journey home and for a long life full of interest and happiness in some other part of the Empire.

We beg you to accept this Address with the assurance that in the hearts

of all the Members of this Club your name will ever be remembered with feelings of affection and gratitude.

"THE LUZ,"

OLIVER'S ROAD,

22nd March, 1919.

Editor's Note.—The Indian ladies of the Madras Presidency, who are not members of the Ladies' Recreation Club, will all endorse the sentiments in the above address, of gratitude to Her Excellency for her great interest in the welfare of the women of India, and of regret that she has left us. Lady Pentland has been a true friend to us, and many of her Indian friends will look back with pleasure on the friendly conversations they have had with her. Her unfailing tact and her charming kindness will always be remembered with gratitude, as some of the brightest memories of the results of social intercourse between English and Indian ladies.

Proverbs: In Many Ages & Many Climes.

"In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say."

Dryden.

For many, as we are bound to admit, comfort springs not so much from religion as from the optimism of proverbs. The hope of the silver lining speeds many a cloud. Even in his darkest hour, when life seems dark and cheerless to an unutterable degree, man may not be prevented from anticipating the impending dawn. We cannot get away from the fact that the real essence of a proverb lies in its

homely statement of the most unquestionable truth. It may perhaps present in many cases only one side of a picture; indeed, it may prove only a partial truth. Nevertheless, it must be, so far as it goes, undeniably accurate.

We are prone to forget that proverbs, containing within themselves the kernel of moral truth, are strangely universal as regards their fundamentals. For, long before letters were invented, wisdom was abroad in the world, and proverbs are nothing if they are not the very germs of moral and political science. Not unfrequently have they constituted the compendious vehicles for the transmission of the dogmas of religion and the first principles of philosophy, arts and sciences. Though national proverbs vary like the dies impressed on the gold, silver and copper coinage of various races, the material from which they are coined is the common experience of humanity which is everywhere the same.

Proverbial lore, therefore, may be viewed as a vast cosmopolitan creed. The beliefs of to-day, as we are all well aware, are broken asunder by many unhappy divisions. Even the most widespread of religions have innumerable schisms and harassing heresies. Nevertheless, whether oriental or occidental, ancient or modern, the people are essentially members of one world-wide human family, and however distinct from each other they may outwardly appear, they are influenced by the same elemental forces and animated by like passions. From the snows of Lapland to the burning sun of Ind, the common oneness of humanity gains assertion in proverbial

lore. Their phraseology may vary in age, or clime and their outward garb may change, but there is a striking similarity in their inner idea and meaning. They are the inviolate faith of the democracy, and, though thrones totter, dynasties disappear, and religions come to ruin, the proverbs of the people embodying an age-long and popular creed, live long and are handed down without fail from one generation to another.

Solomon's proverbs seem to have a counsel for every emergency in the troublous life of man. To the conceited, the wise king cries: "Be not wise in thine own eyes," "Cease from thine own wisdom"; while those who are swollen up with pride are warned that "Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall". The value of friendship is very fully enforced. We are warned that "A man who hath friends must show himself friendly". The vindictive are admonished that "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein," while the value of forethought and common-sense is laid down in the hint, "Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." In that mine of wisdom, the Book of Ecclesiastes, too, we are warned that "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap", while the Italians in like manner declare that "He that looks at every cloud never makes the journey".

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure": so runs one of the oldest saws in our language. A latter and somewhat similar saying has it, "Marry in a hurry, and live in a worry". This

same prudent warning has been put into doggerel rhyme:—

"Those who rashly give on Hymen their offerings to accept."

Shall by that god of marriages in misery be kept;
And will be given ample time to sore regret the worry.

They have brought upon themselves by their unseemly hurry."

The Italians have a popular proverb almost identically the same, word for word "Chi si marita in fretta stenta adagio"—"The honeymoon is bliss" affirms a quaint old adage, "but marriage is a blister." The Italians can boast of a similar proverb which ruthlessly asserts that matrimony consists of one month of honey, while the remainder is gall. "Nol matrimonio un mese di miele evil resto di fele".

"Every one to his taste" says a well-known proverb; and there is another somewhat similar adage which runs—"Each takes his pleasure as he finds it." We come upon the first of these proverbs identically repeated in the French "Chacun a son gout," which the old gentleman whose toes were incapacitated, translated: "Every one has his gout!" The Italian version "Tutti gusti sone gusti"—"all tastes are tastes", is unquestionably phrased with a laudable regard to toleration.

Some of the Servian proverbs are interesting. One is, "What is taken by force or unjustly is cursed." Others are: "God does not settle His accounts with men every Saturday, but the day comes on which He settles them," "The Devil never stumbers"; "Boast to a stranger, complain only to a friend," "If you wish to know what a man is,

place him in authority"; "Where big bells ring, the little bells are not heard"; and "Who readily lies readily steals." Many homely truths are tersely expressed in Russia. Amongst an interesting collection are culled: "Good luck disappears like our curls; bad luck lasts like our nails"; "Poverty is not a sin, but twice as bad"; "A dog is wiser than a woman; it does not bark at its master."

No nation, of course, has bad proverbs. The Dutch, however, have some very good ones. The subjoined are excellent: "The best pilots are ashore"; "Many cows, much trouble"; "God giveth the fowls meat, but they must fly for it"; "He is wise that is always wise"; "The pastor and sexton seldom agree"; "When old dogs bark, it is time to look out"; "A good seaman sometimes falls overboard"; "When everyone sweeps before his own house, then are the streets clean"; "No crown cureth headache"; "It is easy to make a good fire of another's turf"; "High trees give more shadow than fruit"; "An idle person is the devil's pillow"; and "Even hares pull a lion by the beard when he is old."

"It is easier to preach than to practise" runs a sagacious and pointed proverb; and it must have been patent at some time or another. For this apothegm is also expressed in the Italian "Piu facile predicare che praticare." The very ancient saw respecting the fact that "Birds of a feather flock together," has been rendered in doggerel rhyme:

"The pinioned triles of like plumage and colour,
Congregating commonly each with the other."

The Italians have a proverb—"Dimmi con che vai, ti dirò chi sei", "Tell

me with whom you associate and I will tell you who you are." The French have one almost exactly similar in the words, "Dis moi qui tu vas, je te dirai qui tu es."

"It is a foolish bird", we say, "that fouls its own nest", a sentiment that the Italians reproduce in their adage, "Mad is the priest that blasphemes his own relics." Another fine Italian proverb is found in, "Who doth not burn doth not inflame," i.e. he must himself be on fire who would kindle ardour in others. "Everyone cannot have his house on the piazza,"—is quaint though of sound philosophy. "Il remedio e peggio del male" is but an Italian version of the generally accepted adage, "The remedy is worse than the disease." "Una rondina non fa primavera" is the Italian rendering of "One swallow does not make a summer." In France this proverb of wide acceptance is "Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printemps"; in Holland, "Een swaluw maakt geen zomer"; in Spain, "una golondrina no hace verano." Its significance is repeated in another Italian proverb that "One flower does not make a garland", The English protest, as to the absurdity of carrying coals to Newcastle, finds its echo in the German idea of carrying water to the sea—"Wasser ins Meer tragen." Another picturesque Teutonic adage is "Die süßesten Trauben hängen am höchsten", "the sweetest grapes hang the highest."

Chinese proverbs do not appear to be very numerous, but they are often very happily phrased. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined", we say, and the Chinese have the same

idea "The growth of the mulberry tree is in its youth." "One man spreads a false report, and a hundred report it as truth." Though the life of man be short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much pain and anxiety as if he were to live a thousand. "No image-maker worships the gods: he knows of what they are made." The Japanese say that to see the chariot that is in front overturned is a warning to the chariot that is behind. They have also the saying: "When thou crossest a frontier, inquire what is forbidden within it." "To love and be wise" say the Spaniards, "is impossible". A Persian proverb has it: "Who speaks, sows; who listens, reaps". "No man is so tall that he need never stretch," the Danes tell us, "nor so small that he need never stoop."

Another valuable shrine of proverb-philosophy is to be found in the pages of the Talmud. The teaching is excellent: "A myrtle among nettles is still a myrtle"; "He who prays for his neighbour will be heard for himself." "Throw no stone into the well whence thou hast drunk" teaches us to scorn ingratitude, while the Arab proverb about standing on the wall and trusting to Allah is re-echoed in the Talmudic precept: "Do not stand in a place of danger, trusting in miracles."

As this is in truth an age of terseness and contractions, when mankind enjoys the services of so many devices for shortening time and saving trouble, it is not at all surprising to find that proverbs and epigrams retain a high place in the scale of popular favour. Indeed, the great popularity of proverbs is exceeded only by their

undoubted antiquity. In spite of this, however, few men of ordinary intelligence would have the boldness to assert that our actions might be modelled unreservedly according to proverbial precept. Too rigid an adherence would inevitably end in either confusion or disaster. No one can deny that many sayings have stood the test of time and experience. Before acting upon an unfamiliar proverb however, it is advisable always to test its worth by the litmus-paper of reflection and experience. It would be sheer folly for instance to accept slavishly the axiom: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." Society would soon be in a muddle, if every man tried to satisfy his own wants, instead of enlisting the skilled aid necessitated by the division of labour.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

The Late Valiya Amma Tampuran.

Aristocracy is perhaps the most abused and most misunderstood community in all countries and I do not know whether Travancore has a more charitable view of it. The aristocrat, as a rule, by virtue of his admitted advantages of birth, draws down upon him the opprobrium and mockery of a public that appears to smart under a rankling sense of injustice against him. In it as in other communities, there are black sheep, but that should not lead us to brand a whole class as worthless, wicked or soulless. The British aristocracy furnishes many living examples

of the noblest natures combined with the finest culture. The Travancore aristocracy has like-wise produced some of the most noted celebrities, who rank foremost in all Malabar if not South India. It is our purpose to introduce to our readers a lady of aristocratic birth, who in her small sphere and in the midst of her quiet and uneventful career contributed her quota to give the lie to the general misconception of an aristocrat.

The sudden death of 'Mahaprabha' commonly known as Ayilyam Thirunal Valiya Amma Tampuran, the mother of Her Highness the Senior Ranees of Travancore having brought her more prominently into the public mind, I have pitched upon her as a fit subject for a short life-sketch.

The Amma Tampuran was born in 1871 and was the eldest of the five children of the late artist Raja Ravi Varma by his wife Bhagirathi Amma Tampuran, the younger sister of the late Senior and Junior Ranees of Travancore. When the Amma Tampuran was 9 or 10 years old, she was taken to Trivandram there to associate with the princes Rama Varma and Marthanda Varma, sons of the late Junior Ranees, who were of almost the same age as the Amma Tampuran. The mild and unoffending disposition of the girl must have greatly impressed the princes and their guardians, as was evidenced by the continued favour she received from the prince's mother and aunt, the late Ranees of Travancore. The Amma Tampuran's other companion during her stay in Trivandram was her future husband, Mr. K. Kerala Varma Kottayam B.A., Nephew of the late

Artist Ravi Varma, who was then a classmate of the princes during their private tuition.

The late Ranees of Travancore having no daughters of their own and finding in this girl, their direct niece, a most lovable and amiable nature, treated her with more than motherly kindness and tenderness. It would have been a marvel if her sweetness of manners, her affability and alacrity, diligence and untiring patience had failed to provoke at their hands the kind return which they actually did.

At the time she was a girl, women's education in their community was not viewed with much favour, and yet this lady had the good fortune to possess a very fair amount of Sanskrit learning.

A love match among the Hindus is almost a rarity, but in the case of the Amma Tampuran she was married to the gentleman who had already gained her affections. Her husband, as I have ere now mentioned, was her play-mate in her girl-hood, and their union was one of the happiest conceivable. There was perfect understanding between the husband and wife and in their single-minded devotion to each other there was something that was exceedingly pleasing and touching. The wife's conception of her duties to the husband was in reality an exaggerated idea of the same held by the ancients among the Hindus. In spite of her independent position and other advantages sufficient to turn the head of any person, she always made her comforts and conveniences strictly subservient to those of her husband. Her influence with both the late Ranees was very

considerable; but she always took care never to utilise it unless it was to mediate for an erring servant or to bespeak the Ranees' charity in regard to some needy supplicant. Her dignified and noble bearing was quite in consonance with the magnanimity of heart and the complete absence of self that characterised her actions. She could never be persuaded that the practice of a certain amount of dissipation was a *sine qua non* to a successful career in the world. Her abhorrence of meanness and narrow-mindedness alone constituted a virtue, which many in her position cannot lay claim to. She was distinctly candid and outspoken and never championed the practice of enshrouding even the most insignificant commonplace with a confusing mystery, a feature that has become alarmingly common in certain quarters.

In the midst of her brilliant yet sober career, she received a shock that vitally affected her subsequent life. This was the death of her mother in 1890 at the comparatively early age of 36, leaving beside herself four children, the youngest being hardly 8 years old. The Amma Tampuran herself was only 20. One is apt to imagine that one in her years and in her favoured situation would have lightly felt the responsibilities consequent upon her mother's death. Though her aged grand-mother was still alive, she was perfectly aware that her old age and infirmities made her a subject of her concern, so that she could expect no assistance from the old lady in bringing up the motherless children. Suffice it to say that she sacredly held the trust which adverse circum-

stances imposed upon her, and with much self-denial and with a scrupulous conscience she undertook the thankless business of looking after the affairs of the four children. A few months after the death of her mother, she gave birth to a son. Then was born the present Senior Ranees of Travancore. Her Highness, Sethu Lakshmi Bai. Including these two, she had at the time of her death eight children, three daughters and five sons. She was distinctly a passed mistress in the difficult task of bringing up children. Every one of her children bears the unmistakable impress of good breeding, and in school and society alike their good manners, humility and modesty mark them out as a class by themselves. In the matter of their education, no mother can boast of a greater share in the training of their children's mind or a greater zeal in their studies, than this lady. No better testimony is needed to this statement than the living example of her children, all with educational qualifications to their credit commensurate with their ages. The eldest boy who is 26 passed his B. L. a couple of years ago, and is now a Vakil of the Madras High Court. His sister, the Senior Ranees of Travancore, is a most widely-read and cultured lady. Her next brother is a boy of 18, who is a bright enough student in the intermediate class. All his younger brothers likewise give good promise of making a figure in the world. The Amma Thampuram was a very pious Hindu, devoting her latter years especially to religious meditations and prayers. But all the

same she was not one of these irreconcilable reactionaries, who can't bear anything that is modern or away from the stereotyped old usages. She realised that the world was in a stage of transition, and sticking to everything that was old and denouncing all that is new was not practical politics. The result was that, though in what concerned herself she was not over ready to act up to the new fangled ideas, she allowed a surprisingly large latitude to her children. But the children, always appreciating the liberal views and indulgence of their mother, never wounded her susceptibilities by overstepping the boundaries. Her high connections and ample competence were things which were likely under ordinary conditions to make one look askance at the advantages of education and good breeding. But she hated the idea of her children acting as a drag on the family or more probably as so many scapegraces causing constant grief and distress to their unfortunate parents. Even in other respects, her relations with her grown up children were what every sensible mother ought diligently to copy. She treated them as her equals, never permitting any false sense of dignity to restrain her natural impulses. I have known parents priding themselves upon being feared and avoided by their children. Our Amma Thampuram was a kind mother, a loving and ever devoted wife and a sympathetic and generous friend. As if to furnish another example to the saying that 'whom the Gods love die young', her end came suddenly and very early. At the time of her death i. e. on 8th January last, she had just completed

she died was Apoplexy, which gave scarcely any premonitory indications, and no medical aid to prevent the mischief was out of the question. But, after the attack, everything possible was done, but as ill-luck would have it 24 hours after the attack commenced she breathed her last, leaving besides her own deeply-distressed children a legion of mourners.

R. K.

Pakalathika.

(A hand-book on Cookery)

(A Review)

Mr. Vellakkal Narayana Menon, the enterprising Editor of the "Lakshmi Bai", the well-conducted and highly appreciated Malayalam Magazine of Trichur, has just now edited a very excellent hand-book on cookery, in Malayalam, for the use of the vernacular elementary schools. As rightly observed by the Editor in his foreword to this book, "Food is one of the chief considerations of man. It is the very pivot of human life, social, political, industrial and religious. Man is a machine and he requires his full steam, if he should do the work allotted to him. Just as coarse and uncut fuel will injure the inner mechanism, ill-cooked food will upset the health of a man. It is therefore necessary to see that what little we eat should be well and neatly cooked. It would therefore be in the interests of humanity to teach cookery in our schools as an art." As there are very few books in Malayalam bearing on the subject, we are sure the one before us, Pakalathika,

will be warmly welcomed by the Malayalam-speaking Community. The author Mr. N. Velu Pillay, retired Inspector of schools is well-known in Travancore, Cochin and Malabar; his *Pachaka-chintamani*, a bigger book on cookery, having earned for him no small reputation. Pakalathika is written in chaste, simple Malayalam, and is well-suited to the school-going girls for whom it is intended. The book supplies a long-felt want and we strongly recommend it to the Text Book Committees of Travancore, Cochin and Madras, who, we are sure will prescribe it as a Text book on cookery for the elementary schools in these parts. The price per copy is only four annas and copies of the same can be had of the manager, Lakshmi Bai office, Trichur.

A JOURNALIST.

Pandita A. Sundaramma.

(See picture).

She was born in 1886, of Sree Vaishnava Parents. When Education was started for Women in Mysore, she was put to study, and she passed the Pandit Examination in Sanskrit in 1903. She is the Head of a Mutt in Bombay with many disciples, by right of marriage, and since 1903 has been Head Mistress of several Girls' Schools in the state. Her public work was noticed succinctly in an address which was read recently at a social function of the girls of the London Mission Girls' School, Bangalore. They said "The self-sacrifice and simplicity of Pandita Sundaramma are an inspiration to everyone who comes

in contact with her. She is already one of the leading women of our Province, and has put fresh life into many ladies' societies." She is now Head Mistress of the Chamaraipet Girls' School, Bangalore.

Arundhati's true devotion.

Long, long ago, there lived in a forest named Namish, seven rishis and their wives. The rishis, whose names were Vasishita, Angira, Atri, Yamadagni, Marichi, Kashyapa and Bharadvaja, used to meditate from morn till night, while their wives looked after the huts, collected fruit and roots, and brought water from the rivers. When they were free, they also meditated for a short time.

Once there was a great famine for want of rain, so the poor rishis and their wives could get nothing to eat. Even water was difficult to find. So one day, all the rishis said to the women, "we have to pray, so we have no time to seek for water and food. If you go and bring the things, then you will be able to protect yourselves and us."

On hearing this, the six women said, "It is very difficult to bring any food stuffs, as they are not to be found anywhere, and water is 5 or 6 miles from here. We won't be able to go every day, and bring what is required."

But Arundhati—the daughter of Muni Angira, and wife of Muni Vasishita—said, "I shall try to bring you something to eat, and water to drink everyday. You may peacefully meditate, and I promise to bring you enough

food and water, so that your meditation may not be disturbed."

The next day, Arundhati woke up very early, and took the pitcher for water. Everyday, she was up before the others, and brought some leaves, fruits, roots, and creepers, and some water. The leaves and creepers, which could not be eaten raw, she cooked; after cooking, she first served the rishis and the other women; then if something was left over she ate it, but very often nothing remained, so she fasted. Once or twice, she had to fast for a whole week.

One day she brought fruit and roots, but could not find any water. She searched everywhere for eight miles, but in vain. Still she walked on, though she was tired and foot-sore, and when she came to the twelfth mile, she sat down under a tree, covered her face with her hands, and prayed to God to have mercy on her, and send her some water.

While she was in this position, a woman—dressed as an ascetic—came there, and asked her, what she was doing there, and where she lived, as she could see no hut or dwelling place anywhere near. Arundhati answered all her questions, and also told her that she had come in search of water for 12 miles. The ascetic was very pleased to hear Arundhati, and she said, "come with me, and I will reward you for your true devotion by showing you a spring of water." Arundhati followed her to a place where the water had all dried up. Arundhati's guide touched the dry mud with her stick, and said to Arundhati, "Here will you obtain what you desire. We must

wait, and soon we will see water." They both started digging. In a time, a little water flowed out, more and more. Arundhati was rejoiced, and surprised. She fell at the feet of her guide, and thanked her. Then they both went to the Ashram.

When the rishis tasted the water which Arundhati brought, they found it to be sweeter than usual, so they asked Arundhati where she had got it from. She narrated everything. The rishis then thanked the ascetic woman, and praised Arundhati for her true devotion, and the pains she had taken in providing them with food and drink. The next day, they had some rain. So then the famine was over, and there was no difficulty in getting food.

K. R.

A Ladies' Gathering.

Under the auspices of the Mahila Seva Samaja, a ladies' meeting was held in the Chamaraipet Sanskrit College Hall, Bangalore City, at 4 P.M. on Saturday the 15th instant. Over two hundred and fifty ladies were present. The meeting began with music, vocal and instrumental; The Misses Abbay Naidu and Balasundram Iyer played on the harmonium and Miss Chengiah Chetti on the vina. Mrs. Mahadeva Sastri of Adyar kindly consented to take the chair. Then the President of the Samaj (Mrs. Chandrasekhara Aiyar) explained the chief object of the meeting, which was to award the *Kasturi* prize to the girl student of the Samaj named H. N. Subbamma who had punctually attended the Purana classes in the half year just ended and showed an intelligent grasp

of the subject of composition. The prize was called after the lost child of Mr. M. Krishnamurthi, Advocate, founder of the prize. Then, as announced in the notice of the meeting, printed copies of the report of the Ladies' Conference held at Mysore during the last Dasara were distributed. As most of the Members of the Samaj had not been present at that Conference, the Secretary read out from the report the Presidential Address of the Conference delivered by the President of the Samaj. Then the Chairman gave the *Kasturi* prize to the winner, with some appropriate remarks. She said that, as a Member of the Samaj herself, she was very proud of its success. Seeing that in that City where the Government of His Highness the Maharaja had done so much for Women's Education there was still room for self-sacrificing work like that of the President, the Secretary and other Members of the Samaj, it was evident that there was ample scope for such labour in other parts of the country also. The amount and value of the work done by the Samaj might not be fully realised by people on the spot, though they might be familiar with its working; but to one like her who knew how difficult it was to bring together a decent gathering of ladies even in such a place as Madras, the success of the Samaj in this direction was really a marvel. The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of the Mysore National Anthem and by the invocation of Divine blessings on King George and the Maharaja and their families.

Sukrita's devotion to her Motherland!

One hot and sultry afternoon, a handsome youth was walking through a thick jungle. From his appearance he seemed to be a man of position, but his face was very sad and careworn. He was dressed in rather coarse and unbecoming clothes, and looked very fatigued and miserable. The heat of the day and his long walk had tired him out, and had made him very thirsty. He saw a white sheet of water from the distance, which was a river. When he reached it, he sat down to rest, and after washing his hands and face, had a drink. As the evening was approaching and he wanted to get to a place where he could get something to eat, and spend the night—he continued his journey. After a couple of miles walk, he arrived at a small village, where he saw some children playing outside the small kacha houses, and cows were tied here and there. The traveller stopped near a small house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a girl, who seemed kind and gentle. She asked him who he was, and where he came from.

"O kind lady!" said the youth, "I am a poor traveller, I have lost my house and property, and now am wandering about to save my life. Will any of the villagers here take pity on me, and give me shelter for the night? It is getting dark, and it is impossible for me to continue my journey any further."

"You are quite welcome to spend the

night here," said the girl. "My parents are out in the field, sure they will welcome you, they come home. Please take a seat and make yourself comfortable. After saying this, the girl brought him some water to wash his hands, milk from the cow, and gave him nice warm milk to drink, and then she busied herself with preparing the night meal. By this time, her parents had returned from the fields, and she told them all about the traveller.

The whole family was very kind to the guest. As the people were very poor, the guest ate humble and simple food. But the contented faces of his host and hostess made every thing taste delicious.

Next morning began with heavy rain and storm. The host said to the guest, "Please don't worry yourself any longer. All our house is at your disposal. Though we are poor, yet you are quite welcome to join us at our humble meal, and we will all try to make you comfortable."

Sukrita—the girl—very kindly spun some wool, and made him some coarse warm clothes for the severe winter. She often used to sing some sweet songs and cheer him up whenever he felt sad and gloomy. She would read to him some historical stories at times, to while away his time.

Thus he passed a few weeks with them. One day, he heard from the village people, that the men of Magadh country were searching for their king—Bheesham—who after being defeated by the Mohammedans, was hiding him-

somewhere; for his men had raised a strong army, and as soon as Bheesham was found, they intended attacking the Mohammedans, and at that time, they were pretty sure of victory.

After hearing this, the youth asked his host and hostess one evening, if they would kindly let him go, as he would like to join the army, and thus serve his motherland. They bade him 'good bye,' and he left them, after thanking them for their kindness. After a short time, they all forgot the poor traveller, as no one knew who he was or where he had come from.

On a rainy day, all the villagers were sitting and talking in their huts. Sukrita was spinning some wool, while her father was telling them about the havoc played by the floods, which the whole village dreaded every year. Suddenly, they heard drums and the marching of horses. Thinking that the soldiers were marching through the village, they all went out to see them; but what did they see? The soldiers had stopped at Sukrita's door, and were shouting "Maharaj Bheesham ki jai." Sukrita's father was frightened and startled. He could not understand what it all meant. He saw King Bheesham getting down from his steed, and heard him addressing Sukrita as follows, "Goddess! I wonder if you still remember the poor traveller to whom you were so kind, and whose life was rescued by your care. I am the same fortunate being. Now I have come to thank you for your kindness."

"Rajan!" said Sukrita, overwhelmed

with joy and surprise, "we are very poor people, and we could not make you comfortable. Please do forgive us all our short comings."

"Devi," said Bheesham, "I had the most happy time with you. You took care of me, and gave me shelter, when I was miserable, homeless, and penniless. All my glory and victory is due to you. So please do ask for something you like best."

"Rajan," said Sukrita, "If you are really so kind, as to give me a boon, please order a bridge over the Amungia (our river) and bunds along its banks; because in the rainy season, the river gets in flood, and washes away many huts, cattle, and other valuables."

"O image of kindness," said the King, "You are serving the motherland. This is the true devotion to the motherland. Your wish will be granted. The river will be controlled. But just for the memory of my visit to this village, I would like it to be developed into a big town, and left under your management; because I am sure the people cannot get a better and kinder manager than yourself."

American Scholarships for Indian Women Students.

The *Indian Social Reformer* of the 23rd February last published a letter from Mr. Nilkant Anant Chavre, an Indian gentleman at the University of Michigan, U. S. A., addressed to Professor D. K. Karve of the Indian Women's University, Poona, calling

attention to the existence at the Michigan University of the Barbour endowment of ten scholarships for which women students from India are eligible. The Hon. Mr. Levi L. Barbour, the founder of the scholarships, was a former Regent of the University. The scholarships, originally three in number are intended for girls going from Oriental countries to the University of Michigan. They are awarded by trustees who are Mr. Barbour himself; the President of the University, Mr. Harry B. Hutchins; the Dean of Women, Miss Wells; and some other members of the faculty. Mr. Chavre added that since writing the letter he had another interview with President Hutchins and that he gave him (Mr. Chavre) to understand that there were ten scholarships instead of three (as mentioned above) and the scholarship-holders were at liberty to pursue any studies they like; the trustees prefer medicine, on account of great need for medical hands in Oriental countries.

The scholarships for this year are already given out except one or two which can be had from next season that is from February 1919. But applications can be sent from now on for the next year. In this University the year begins on the 20th of September.

The applications should clearly state the course of studies so far pursued in India, and the application should be accompanied by a certificate from the head of the high schools or college in which the applicants have studied. If the applicant is a holder of a degree or has matriculated from any of the

universities, it should be mentioned.

The Catalogue (Calendar, as we call it) of the University, has the following relating to the scholarships: "In June, 1617, the Hon. Levi L. Barbour, of Detroit, gave to the University the sum of 100,000 dollars for the establishment of scholarships for women students from Oriental countries. The holders of these scholarships for the year (1917-18) are Kameyo Sadakata and Gladys Wing."

Professor Karve, in sending Mr. Chavre's letter to the *Indian Social Reformer* for publication, requested the Editor of that journal to take steps to carry out the suggestions contained in it, he (Professor Karve) himself being unable to devote time to this matter, as he is frequently on tour. The Editor accordingly, invited the following ladies and gentlemen, and they have kindly agreed, to form a Committee for the purpose of receiving and recommending applications for the scholarships: Sir Narayan Chandavarkar; the Hon. Mr. Lalubhai Samaldas; Khan Bahadur Professor Fardunji M. Dastur; Miss Kashibai Nowrange B. A. L.M.S., Miss Kamakoli Natarajan B. A. and the Editor of the *Indian Social Reformer*. The American Consul in Bombay, Mr. Stuart Lupton, has also very kindly agreed to serve upon the Committee.

The information given above is all the information at present available. Several letters from all parts of the country have been received asking for further details such as the amount of each scholarship, whether it will be sufficient to cover all expenses, and so on. Detailed information on these

other points will be obtained by going to the university authorities, they will be duly published as soon as received. Meanwhile, communications should be addressed to the Editor, the *Indian Social Reformer*, Empire Building, Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay, with a stamped envelope for a reply, if one is desired.

The Condition of Indians in Fiji.

Under the auspices of the Mahila Seva Samaja, Miss Florence E. Garnham of the "Calcutta London Mission" addressed a meeting of Indian ladies (of whom nearly three hundred, including pupils were present) on "the Social and Moral Condition of the Indian people in Fiji", in the Hall of the Sri Chamarajendra Sanskrit College Fort, Bangalore, on Saturday last. The President of the Samaja (Mrs. K. S. Chandrasekara Aiyar) was in the chair, and (after a short preliminary programme of music on the Veena by Srimati Jeevaratnamma) introduced the lecturer to the audience. The Secretary of the Samaja (Mrs. G. Aravamudan Iyengar) translated the address into Kannada for the benefit of the non-English knowing ladies.

The lecturer gave a graphic description of the pitiable position of the Indian coolies, both men and women, recruited for work in the Island of Fiji, many of whom had gone there without a correct understanding of the conditions that obtained in the colony. The disproportion in numbers as between the sexes led to much immorality and unhappiness among the poor

Indians. There was much overcrowding; medical facilities were quite inadequate; and the people had almost entirely abandoned all idea of religion. The references by the lecturer to her own personal observations in the Island imparted a pathetic interest to the story and moved the audience. She explained the various kinds of work that might be done to mitigate the miserable condition of the Fiji Indians, especially the women. The lecturer's appeal for funds, which was reinforced in the vigorous closing remarks of the Chairman, was readily responded to by those present; and as a result more than Rs. 150 was promised on the spot.

News and Notes.

WOMEN IN CIVIC LIFE.

BOMBAY CORPORATION'S ATTITUDE.

"The future of women is uncertain" said Lady Lloyd in her speech at the meeting of the Y. W. C. A., and how true that is will be seen from the attitude of the Bombay Corporation, who have refused to sanction an amendment to the Municipal Act so as to remove the bar against women from becoming members of the Corporation. Women almost all over the civilised world have in the past four years taken their place side by side with men and proved themselves worthy of the greatest honours, so much so that they are now permitted to sit in Parliament. But the Bombay Corporation are still of opinion that the precincts of their holy of holies is no place for them.

On December 2 last year Mr. R. S. Navalkar moved: "That in recognition of the valuable services rendered by the ladies of Bombay in the present war and other benevolent works, the elections committee be requested to report whether it is not desirable to amend the Bombay Municipal Act, so as to enable the women of Bombay to be elected as councillors of the Bombay Municipal Corporation."

Against this, the Hon. Mr. C. V. Mehta had moved an amendment on December 12: "That the elections committee be requested to report whether it is not desirable to amend the City of Bombay Municipal Act, so as to remove the sex bar which prevents ladies from becoming members of the Corporation, or so as to enable them to be associated with councillors in municipal work."

On the 19th December, the Hon. Mr. Phiroze C. Setlani moved the following proposition: "That the election committee be requested to report, in consultation with the Commissioner, whether a clause should be inserted in the Municipal Act to the following effect:—Notwithstanding anything contained in this Act, it shall be lawful for the Corporation from time to time, by a resolution supported by not less than one-half of the whole number of councillors to appoint, as members of any committee under Sections 38, 39, 40 and 41, any persons of either sex, who are not councillors, but who may in the opinion of the Corporation, possess special qualifications for serving on such committee, provided that the number of persons so

appointed on any committee shall exceed one-third of the total number of the members of such committee. All the provisions of this Act relating to the duties, powers, liabilities, and qualifications and disabilities of councillors shall, save as regards the disqualification on the ground of sex, be applicable so far as may be to such persons."

Against this Mr. R. S. Navalkar had moved an amendment: "That the subject of the proposition be referred to the election committee to report in consultation with the Commissioner as to the best way of modifying the Municipal Act to enable persons of either sex to take part in the municipal administration of the city."

The various propositions led to much wordy warfare, rather laughable at times, and when votes were taken were lost.

Widow Remarriages according to Hindu Marriage Ritual:—The Secretary of the Hindu Missionary Society of Bombay writes to us as follows: "Recently we celebrated two marriages of Brahman widows with Hindu or Vedic marriage ceremony. In both the cases, the bride and the bridegroom being of the same caste, no registration was required. In both the cases the brides were virgin widows. Gangubai (widowed at 9, now 21) was married to Raghav Ramachandra Wanmalwar (aged 28), both coming from Nagpur. Godubai (widowed at 11, now 19) was married to Gopal Vaman Jugchar (aged 25), both coming from a village in the Satara District. Before marriage, the brides were initiated

given the sacred thread. The Sandhyavandana was taught to and the Gayatri Mantra explained. The Hindu marriage ceremony is performed in the presence of the sacred fire. These were the first widow marriages performed by the Hindu Missionary Society of Bombay."

Miss B. Amritammal, who has been appointed a Lecturer in the Government Secondary Training School for Women at Triplicane is a grand-niece of the Hon'ble Dewan Bahadur P. Rajagopalachari. After a distinguished career at the Egmore Training School for Mistresses, Miss Amritammal joined the Queen Mary's College for Women, and passed the Intermediate examination of the Madras University two years ago, with history as her optional. Last month, she completed her B.A. course, and during the time she was in the Women's College was the recipient of a scholarship awarded by the National Indian Association in recognition of her abilities as a student.

THE HINDU WIDOWS'

HOME, BOMBAY.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

The Hindu Widows' Home started by the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association on 1st August 1916 completed its second year on 13th July 1918 and the Committee appointed to manage the affairs of the Home submits the following report of the working of the institution during the second year ending 31st July last.

At the close of the last year there

were 6 widows in the Home. During the year under report, 15 widows sought admission, out of whom 10 were admitted and one was refused admission on account of her inability to produce a certificate of character. During the year under report 6 widows were married, 3 left the Home of their own accord and 7 remained on the roll. Of the 6 widows married, 2 belonged to the Bhatya community, one was Kapole Bania, one Gujrathi Jain, one Deverukhe Brahman and one Dhruva Prabhu. The number of marriages which took place this year, viz. 6, as against that of last year, viz. 2, is not at all discouraging.

Out of the 7 inmates on the roll on 31st July 1918, one is learning English 3rd Standard, one Marathi 5th, one Marathi 4th, 2 Marathi 1st, and 2 Marathi alphabet.

In addition to the school education, the widows are taught in the sewing Class started by the Social Service League on the premises of the Home. They are also taught cooking and other household duties in the Home.

One prominent fact with regard to the applications for admission is that generally widows in extremely poor circumstances—those more or less in a helpless condition—request to be admitted. Such widows are as a rule illiterate. Most of the widows admitted commence their A. B. C. of vernacular education in the Home. There is naturally an amount of prejudice against an institution which avowedly affords facility for the marriages of widows. The institution is not also yet widely known, but the inmates, coming as they do from mofussil centres, are

helping to spread the knowledge of its aims and objects. They will also gradually contribute to lessen the first prejudice against the institution by familiarising it in society. The Home, thus by silent and steady work, is sure to make its beneficial influence felt and it will not be long before widows in better circumstances will seek admission thereto. Even at present, the Home is useful to the guardians of such widows, who seek the assistance of the Superintendent in a confidential manner. The inmates, whose marriages are not arranged, continue their studies, and if the Home helps them to earn an honest livelihood, the Committee will have the satisfaction of having relieved them from their helpless position, when the higher satisfaction of having given them married domestic happiness cannot be realised.

Dr. M. D. Malwankar L. M. & S. generously continued to help the Home by treating the patients from the Home free of charge, for which kindness the Committee's best thanks are due to him.

Mr. A. S. Wagh, the permanent Superintendent, had to go out of Bombay for about 3 months owing to illness. His charge was taken over by Mr. P. B. Gothoskar, B. A. one of the members of the Council of the Association, who did his work most satisfactorily, for which he deserves thanks of the Committee.

Mr. Mawji Govindji gave a bag of rice this year for the use of the Home.

The total expenditure for the maintenance of the Home during the year under report was Rs. 2175-11-4 (food charges Rs. 1040-5-0, clothes for in-

mates Rs. 56-12-0, books and fees Rs. 59-13-6, rent Rs. 6600-0-0, establishment Rs. 228-8-9, postage Rs. 3 and printing, stationary etc. Rs. 98-12-9). Donations were received from the following gentlemen: 1 Hon. Mr. Lallubhai Samaldas Rs. 300, Mr. Lakhmidas R. Tairsee Rs. 270, The Hon. Mr. G. K. Parekh Rs. 225, Mr. Narotam Morarji Rs. 200, Mr. G. M. Seth Rs. 135, Mr. Bhagwandas Madhavdas Rs. 135, Sir N. G. Chandavarkar Rs. 135, The Hon. Mr. Justice L. A. Shah Rs. 135, Mr. Sitarām N. Pandit Rs. 180, Mr. Chunilal Ichharam Rs. 51, Mr. Hiralal Parbhudas Rs. 81, Rao Bahadur Wamanrao Kolhatkar Rs. 50, Mr. Jamabhai Mahomedbhai Rs. 40, Rao Sahib Purushotam Qodhavji Rs. 25, Mr. K. M. Kooper Rs. 20, Messrs. John Dickinaon & Co's. Indian Staff Rs. 15, A sympathiser Rs. 10, Mr. P. V. Shrikhande Rs. 5, and sundry donors Rs. 3, Total Rs. 1985.

WOMEN "ON THE ROAD."

Do women make successful commercial travellers?

Scores of managers of business in the district around St. Paul's Churchyard are able to answer this question to-day, says a woman writer in the *Daily Mail*. Many of these houses, devoted to supplying woman's need of clothes and to cater for her passion for finery and fad-lals, would have found it almost impossible to carry on during the war, and particularly during the last two years, but for the women.

Apparently it had never occurred to them that to send men all over the

country to sell millinery and corsets and lace collars and camisoles was absurd. Fancy a 14st. man in height, offering a dainty line in minisoles!

No doubt one of the reasons for the general employment of men for this work has been the idea that the life of the road and the commercial room was unsuitable for women. But in this respect things have improved very much in the last few years. There are still, it is true, hotels, which cater for commercial travellers in which the women are looked at a little askance, and where the day's work over, they are expected to sit and twiddle their thumbs by the fire in a cheerless coffee-room and go early to bed, while the men enjoy all the amenities of a room designed and furnished for their ease and entertainment. But hotel-keepers are learning their lesson, and if the "woman commercial" has really come to stay, the women's commercial room will come also.

Whether she has come to stay or not remains to be seen. Certainly, many of those who have kept this branch of men's work going, while the men have been in the Army, have made good. Some are wives who have taken on their husbands' jobs, and several have done more business and earned more money than their husbands did.

Perhaps after all, going early to bed has had something to do with it.

WOMEN AS ACCOUNTANTS.

Women are now eligible, on the same terms and conditions as men,

for membership of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors. The necessary alteration of the society's memorandum of association was approved by a large majority at a meeting of the society last October. It received in due course the sanction of the Board of Trade, and it was formally confirmed by Mr. Justice Eve on a petition from the society to the High Court.

The question of the admission of women to the society was first raised nearly 36 years ago, but at that time the general feeling was opposed to the change. During the war, however, women have justified their claim to pass many doors previously closed to them. Among other tasks they have performed temporarily on behalf of men who joined the Forces, has been that of accountancy, and there is the evidence of the president of the society himself that "the care, the accuracy, and the judgement which that work demanded have been found to be not wholly the monopoly of one sex." The alteration of the regulations of the society to throw it open to women who wish to continue in the same work, or others who chose to enter the profession, was a logical result of this experience. There was also another factor in the question. The society has for some time been considering the possibility of obtaining statutory recognition for the profession, and it has reason to know that, even if women had not been enfranchised, Parliament would not pass such legislation so long as women were excluded from the society or from the Institute of Chartered Accountants. For this reason, in addition to the

merits of the change, the society has modified its constitution.

It does not follow that there will be a sudden great influx of women members. Women will still have to fulfil the somewhat exacting conditions laid down by the society for admission to its membership and to pass the qualifying examinations provided for under the by-laws of the society. There are at present only one or two professional women accountants in the City of London, but many professional men accountants are employing women as clerks and assistants, and a number of years' service in this capacity renders an applicant eligible for admission without the qualification of a specified period of service under articles of clerkship.

TRIBUTE TO MISS MARY CARPENTER.

Professor G. Hare Leonard, presiding at a lecture at Bristol, last month, by Mr. Ernest Baker, on "The Future Government of India," emphasised the need for understanding and knowledge between the peoples of Britain and India, and paid warm tribute to the services of "Miss Mary Carpenter, a well known and gifted Bristol lady," founder of the National Indian Association. He pointed out that she devoted the latter years of an eminently useful life to promoting that desirable interchange of intercourse and friendliness between Britain and India, and did everything in her power to help the educational and social progress of the women of India, visiting that country several times after reaching the age of 60 years. It is to Bristol's honour that the Cathedral contains a memorial

medallion, with an inscription deserved tribute to the great servant of the nation and the Empire of Carpenter's life and work.

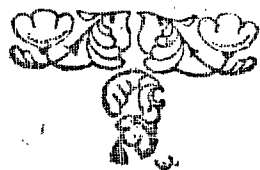
THE EUGENIC MARRIAGE.

Some interesting details are given by the *British Medical Journal* of the new marriage law which came into force in Norway at the beginning of this year. In some of its provisions it represents the boldest attempt to put into practice eugenic principles. It lays down, among its numerous provisions, that no man under 20, and no woman under 18 may marry without the consent of the authorities. Birth and baptism certificates must be produced before the banns are published, and, under certain conditions, contracting parties may be required to show that they have not been insane. Both must declare in writing that they are not suffering from epilepsy, leprosy, or any disease in an infectious form. In the alternative the subject of any of these diseases must prove that the other party to the marriage contract is cognisant of the fact, and that both parties have been instructed by a doctor as to the dangers of the disease in question. The doctor concerned is not to be tied by professional secrecy, and is bound to interfere if he knows that any one of these diseases is being concealed by either side. A written declaration must also be given by the candidates for marriage as to previous marriages and to children born to them out of wedlock. The marriage may be nullified if it is subsequently proved that insanity or any of the above diseases have been concealed, or if an incurable morbid condition, incompatible with married life, exists. Dissolution of the marriage may also be claimed if false declarations have been made or obstacles concealed, and for various other causes.

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI.] APRIL and MAY 1919. [No. 21.

LOVE.

"Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-depths,
Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,
Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts,
So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.
But how should Earthly measures mate
The Heavenly unmeasured or unlimited Love,
Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense
Into the thunder-song that wheels the spheres,
Scarce living in the Aeolian harmony,
And flowing odour of the spacious air,
Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,
Be cabined up in words and syllables,
Which pass with that, which breathes them?"

Sooner Earth

Might go round Heaven, and the strait girth of Time
Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
Than language grasp the infinite of Love."

TENNISON.

The Psychology of Dreams.

There is an element of the paradoxical in the trite yet undeniable truism that mankind is least acquainted with the very matters, with which it is most commonly associated. Scientists may be voluble and vehement with regard to abstruse sidereal problems, but remain conspicuously tactiturn when attempting to theorize upon the recondite mysteries of the dream-world, with which everyone of us is more immediately concerned. Metaphysicians, too, despite the probing of so many hundreds of years, have been unable to inform us the reason why all the operations of mind are carried on with undiminished strength and activity in dreams, except the judgment, which alone is suspended and dormant.

Who cares, however, for dreams! Is any importance attached to the idle shadows that flit across the brain in sleep? Such questions suggest that the machinery for dreaming could hardly have been planted in the human brain for no purpose. That faculty, in alliance with the mystery of darkness, is the one great channel through which the ordinary man-of-the-world is connected with the shadowy realm; and the organs of dream-land, in connection with the heart, the eye and the ear, compose a magnificent apparatus which forces the infinite into the chambers of the human brain, and throws dark reflections from eternity upon the mirrors of the sleeping mind. So far as dreams are concerned, in fact, we are all poets. Each one of us creates the

persons of the drama and gives characters their appropriate figures, faces and costumes. Not only are they perfect with regard to their attitude and manners, but moreover they speak after their own characters. They speak to each of us, and, with surprise we listen to what they say. What play, may Emerson well ask, could equal such thoroughness of invention?

Among the most ancient dreams on record are those mentioned in the Homeric poems. For the most part, these are introduced, as in the case of Agamemnon in the "Iliad", with the gods. Penelope, however, relates a dream without referring to its supernatural origin. She is nevertheless made to explain in a general way the source of "winged ties" and the images of truth, which enter the realms of sleep through two portals, the one of ivory and the other of iron. The simple theory of antiquity, perhaps, is thus fairly represented. Dreams were regarded as of two kinds, false and true, in either case originating from a superior intelligence. It was a theory highly susceptible of embellishment by poets and fabulists. Sleep, according to the poets, was the son of Erebus and Night, and the Father of Dreams, who lay on a bed of ivory, curtained with black, with the visions reposing around him. There is much appropriate fancy, indeed, in the description of "an island of dreams", into which we enter by the haven of sleep: It is surrounded with a forest, inhabited by owls and bats, and in its midst is a river which flows by night along its silent course. Sleep is the King of the Island; Night is its divinity and Dreams the citizens of

it forms and stature which permit its varied inhabitants.

Every age a traditional knowledge has been attached to its dreams. In olden days, sleep was regarded as a second life and the "visions of the night" were respected as of an instructive character. A Rabbinical tradition acquaints us with the dream of Adam in the "deep sleep" when Eve was created. Deluded at first by a visionary form of beauty, which disdained his embraces, he awoke, and clasped to his bosom the mother of all living. There is no intimation in Genesis that the Garden of Eden and the vision of Jehovah belong to the land of dreams. The two lives, the celestial and the mundane, belong to one undivided consciousness. It is only in later times that the light becomes dim, and the truth, expressed in remote symbols, requires an expounder. When perception or intuition was lost, there remained at least a degree of faith and it was long before the inspiration of the dreamer was deemed impossible.

History, however, shows that the ancient faith in dreams lost its vigour very gradually. There is no period of classic Greece and Rome, during which confidence in these omens was abated in the slightest degree. To cite one or two illustrative examples, it is related that Calphurnia, the wife of Julius Caesar, dreamed that her husband fell bleeding across her knees. He proceeded to the Forum on the ensuing day, with a total disregard of her entreaties, only to be stabbed by conspirators to death. Marius had a vision that he saw

Attila's bow broken, and his death is recorded on the same night. Carcella was forewarned of his own assassination in a dream; and only one night before his death Sylla was given a similar warning.

Primitive records, however, leave a great deal of contentious matter with regard to the beliefs of the ancients respecting dreams. Upon this we will not at present venture a discussion. Suffice to mention that Aristotle, in his treatise, "De Divinatione per Somnium", holds the opinion that dreams were not Heaven-sent, but had their origin in nature. He argued that dreams could hardly come from the Divine, as they were sent to the wisest and best men by preference and that there was absolutely no discrimination in the partaking of them. His theories led to the assumption that impressions might be made much more easily upon the simple-minded, since their minds were unoccupied with the cares and the pre-determined thoughts of the learned. Many of his views seem similar to those of Pliny, with the exception that the latter held that infants dream from their birth. Aristotle contended that children began dreaming when four or five years of age (Hist. Animal. lib IV. c. x.) There is nowadays far more agreement with the view of the Roman naturalist, and little doubt need be dispelled that the infant of a year or two in age has many dreams of innocence.

Pliny held that sleep was nothing else but a retreat and withdrawing of the soul into the midst of itself. To his mind it was evident that horses, dogs, oxen and sheep were subject to

dreams, together with all creatures that "bring forth their young quick and living", but it was not so certain in his mind that those dreamed which laid eggs. We may all observe how horses neigh and rear in their sleep, while dogs bark and growl and exhibit all their characteristic passions. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel", reference is made to these manifest signs:—

"The stag-hounds, weary with the chase
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged in dreams the forest race
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale moor."

The first interpreter of dreams, according to Pliny, was Amphietyon. Tertullian, after recounting various philosophical opinions, gravely asks who was altogether so disencumbered from the attributes of our human state as not at some time or other to acknowledge that a dream had been verified. He expresses his belief that future honours and dignities, medical remedies and treasure, had been revealed at times by means of dreams. Many dreams perhaps he attributed to the agency of demons, but he also considered that dreams often proceeded from the Most High as one portion of Divine prophecy.

There are many who consider that dreams are useful at times in affording prognostics of the probable termination of certain diseases. Violent and impetuous dreams occurring in fevers generally indicate, we are told, approaching delirium; those of a gloomy, terrific nature give strong grounds to apprehend danger; while dreams of a pleasant cast may be regarded as harbingers of approaching recovery. Other diseases, besides

fever, however, give a characteristic to dreams. The dropsical subject the idea of fountains and rivers; seas in his sleep; jaundice tinged objects with its yellow and sickly hue; hunger induces dreams of eatable and agreeable food; while excessive thirst presents us with visions of parched oceans, burning sand-plains and fearful heat. Persons of bad digestion, and hypochondriacs, are harassed with visions of a most frightful nature. Diseases of the chest, where breathing is impeded, also give rise to horrible visions, and constitute the frequent causes of that most frightful modification of dreaming—nightmare.

Other matters have an influence on the character of dreams, such as the thoughts of the previous day. By the usual intoxicating agents, a peculiar wildness and extravagance is given. The imagination is expanded and filled with thoughts of the most eccentric description. The sound of a flute in the neighbourhood may invoke a thousand beautiful and delightful associations. The air is perhaps filled with tones of harps and all other varieties of music, and the visionary may be regaled with a rich and melodious concert. The slipping of the feet over the side of the bed may conjure up a thousand dread phantoms, such as standing upon the brink of a fearful precipice. The pattering of rain and hail have been known to give the idea of a hundred cataracts pouring over the rocks. A smoking chamber has given rise to the conception of a city in flames.

In view of these accidental circumstances, it is important that the vision-

reader should properly take all points to account. Indeed, in the literature of dreams, the first important name is that of Macrobius (5th cent. A. D.), who divided dreams into five broad categories, which were further subdivided as outlined:—

I. The ONEIROS (somnia) or dream proper, in which everything that occurred was either figurative or symbolical.

(a) *Proprium*:—when the dreamer himself was active or passive.

(b) *Alienum*:—when someone else appeared to be so.

(c) *Commune*:—when himself and another were jointly so.

(d) *Publicum*:—when the transaction affected the public welfare.

(e) *Generale*:—when the sun, moon & stars, or the whole universe, formed the subject.

II. The ORAMA (visio), in which there was a waking ecstasy or scenic representation or second sight of that which should be exactly fulfilled.

III. The CHREEMATISMAS (oraculum), in which some respected person, often after certain peculiar rites and ceremonies, appeared to intimate in plain terms what ought to be done or avoided or what would assuredly happen. Of this nature, we may mention the shade of Hector appearing to Aeneas and warning him to escape from

Troy, and the admonition to Priam that he should entreat Achilles for the body of his slain son.

IV. The ENUPNION (insomnium). The dream which might be traced to physical causes, such as hunger, thirst, or any excitement of the passions immediately before sleep.

V. The PHANTASMA, a class to which he assigns the ophialtes, the incubus or nightmare, and generally those floating images which arise between sleeping and waking.

[The modern theory of dreams, particularly in Western civilisation, quite incorrectly traces all that occurs in them to physical causes or material impressions, and is consequently based wholly on the fourth class of Macrobius (insomnium).]

At a latter date, Baxter, in his treatise on the "Immortality of the Soul", endeavours to prove a contention that spiritual beings amuse or seriously employ themselves in engaging mankind with all those imaginary transactions which occur during the night. Democritus and Lucretius accounted for dreams, too, by presuming that spectres and simulacra of corporeal things constantly emitted from them and floating up and down in the air, came during sleep and assaulted the soul.

Viewed in a modern philosophic spirit however, it is evident that a series of thoughts and feelings are called into existence in dreaming, and that it is impossible to describe the whole mind-

as any longer in a state of inaction. Certain of the functions are undoubtedly awake, and evolving their peculiar trains of thought. As a hypothetical example, let us consider a person's memory is active whilst the other faculties are in a state of dormancy. Under such a condition, the individual will recall with more or less vividness, the feelings and impressions of former day, perhaps in this or some past life. Excited imagination, bursting asunder the bonds with which it is enthralled too, will produce images of splendour or gloom. Possibly those impressions may prove of an exaggerated character, since the judgement was not awake to give a salutary check to the fancy in its many and extravagant flights. In such a case, in fact, we find the universal law of nature. The fancy is strengthened and more active with the diminished activity of the more sedate and judicious faculty; just as the blind acquire enlarged powers of hearing and the deaf obtain increased acuteness of perception.

Although it is beyond the scope of the present article to refer to abnormal cases, it may be well to represent in this regard that some lunatics have "dreams" such as "no one ever had before". Amongst these well known delusions, where certain faculties appear dormant and others exaggerated, may be included the sensation of "being off in space", wheels going round continually in the ears, senseless phrases repeating themselves, seeing birds and hearing the fluttering of wings. They hear footsteps following them, their rooms are mysteriously illuminated, strange things crawl

through the keyhole, faces stand out on the wall or at the window, flies buzz about and convey information to them, amber spots revolve between them and the objects they look at. Many too have a baseless fear of insanity and it may be recalled that one lady sought a position in an asylum, so as to be at hand when the day of aberration should arrive. Others fear they will never die, but live upon the earth for ever, suffering the pangs of nervous exhaustion.

It would need a lengthened scientific analysis to show how those phantasies seem to establish clearly some further proof of the inexorable law of cause and effect. This writer, indeed, has often imagined that an elaboration of dreams might prove at times most useful in certain psychological and medical records. Suffice to mention that the law of Karma is existent even in the now almost unexplored regions of dreamland and that a more thorough investigation may result in discoveries of immeasurable value.

S. J. C.



20 9660

Two legends of Greece.

I. The love of Sappho.

Sappho, famed as a poetess, was celebrated as the Tenth Muse through the old Greek world. She belonged to Lesbos and she had many lovers; but she herself only truly loved one in return, and that in vain. The beloved of her heart was Phaon, a ferryman between Lesbos and Chios. The story goes that he was one day starting on his daily duty, when an old woman hobbled up to him and begged for a passage, for which she could pay him nothing. Phaon took her in and put her across. As she stepped on the further shore, she turned to thank him, and great was his astonishment to see that she was no longer old and ugly and poor, but young and beautiful and richly-dressed; in fact that she was no other than Aphrodite, the radiant queen of love. She said to him.

"For the service thou hast lightly done me, I give thee a boon not to be bought by all the gold in the world: be for ever young and beautiful, as be seems one whose life is lit by my favour."

Then old Phaon became young and as handsome as a god. The goddess further bestowed on him an alabaster box of ointment, which would make every woman on the island fall in love with him. But she left his heart untouched and cold. He was not friendly to anyone, nor did he return any maid's devotion. So, when Sappho saw him and fell in love with him, her love-sick sighs for him met with only scornful words and ridicule.

Thomas Moore writes of her thus:

"As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers strayed,
She weeping turned away and said—
'Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weave as once I wove,
So wildered is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth of love.'"

Sappho herself invoked Aphrodite in verses, which are still known as 'Sapphics,'—

"Splendour-throned Queen, immortal Aphrodite,
Daughter of Jove, Enchantress, I implore thee
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;
Stay me not, goddess!

Come in thy pity—come, if I have prayed thee;
Come at the cry of my sorrow; in the old times
Oft thou hast heard, and left thy father's heaven,
Left the gold houses,
Yoking thy chariot. Swiftly did the doves fly,
Swiftly they brought thee, waving pumes of wonder—
Waving their dark pumes all across the Æther,
All down the azure;

So once again come, Mistress; and releasing
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,
Grant me — prayer, and be as heretofore now
Friend and protectress."

But all in vain. Her beautiful Phaon had no love for her.

"Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man, who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee
Silverly speaking,
Laughing love's low laughter, Oh this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed;

Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
Weaves in my ear sounds;
Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes—
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance."

And when the cold lover went to another country, far out
of reach of her love-sick prayers, she wrote to call him back:

"Gods, can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds, my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air.

Or when, alas, shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return, ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies, while careless Phaon strays,

O launch the bark, nor fear the watery plain:
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main,
O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales:
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.

If you will fly—(yet ah, what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas;

To raging seas, unpitied I'll remove;
And either cease to live, or cease to love."

And so, hoping against hope that the seas might bear her
to Phaon, she threw herself into the sea from "The Lover's
Leap", which was a tall white cliff, with a temple of Apollo
on it, from which love-sick maidens usually ended their lives.
But, though seen no more among men, her name has always
been remembered, and indeed is even now not forgotten.

II. Echo and Narcissus.

This is another example in Greek legend of a maiden's
love scorned and despised by an unresponsive lover. The
river-god, Cephissus, had a son named Narcissus, who seemed
to his mother the most beautiful child on earth. She sought

to know his fate, and was given the following answer by a blind prophet: "That he will live to old age, if he shall not have known himself!"

The boy grew up so fair and beautiful that every maiden, who saw him, fell in love with him; but Narcissus was so vain of his own beauty, that he took all admiration as a just tribute to himself, and was in love with himself alone. His habit was to walk away to solitary places, and admire his own gallant form, which he thought no eye but his own was worthy enough to gaze upon. One day, as he wandered through a wood, the wood-nymph Echo saw him and fell in love with him. But a strange punishment had been laid upon her for her chattering tongue, by the goddess Hera; she could not speak unless in answer to some other voice. And so, she could only shadow him among the thickets, waiting for him to speak first. And one day, as he halted to drink from a cool spring, he heard a rustle in the bushes.

"Who is there?" he called.

"There", Echo answered.

"What do you fear?" he asked.

"Fear", called back the poor Echo.

"Come forth here", he commanded, and

Echo glided out blushing, and went lovingly up to him.

But the youth, who had caught the reflection of his own image in the water, pushed her away; and Echo disappeared, praying silently that he might learn for himself the agony of vain love. Her prayer was soon answered. Narcissus fell in love with his own beautiful face, as it lay reflected in the silvery water.

"Who art thou that hast been made so fair?" he asked it. When the lips of the image moved, he smiled at it, and it smiled back at him. He stretched out his hands to it, but his touch broke the surface of the water; and the reflection vanished, to return again in all its old enchantment. Again

and again, he bent down to clasp the lovely image; but it always eluded him. And so, day after day, he hung over the bank of the pool, till at last his heart ceased its throbbing, and his beautiful form lay lifeless among the water-lilies. The gods themselves were touched with pity, and transformed him into the flower that still bears his name. And Echo, who had seen the answer to her own prayer, pined and pined away, till only a voice was left of her, which still haunts the rocks, where she can never be seen by wondering eyes, but where always she must be allowed the last word.

We are given the warning:

And thus to each—which was a woeful matter

To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them;

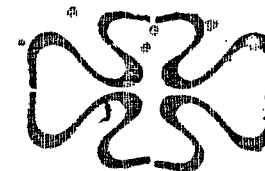
For inasmuch as each might hate the lover,

Each loving, so was hated.—Ye that love not

Be warned—in thought turn this example over,

That when ye love, the like return ye prove not."

PADMINI.



The Art of Terpsichore.

DANCING: IN MANY AGES & MANY CLIMES.

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe." (Milton).

One of the most surprising effects after all great wars is the revival which is naturally given to dancing. Everywhere Terpsichore reigns supreme. All other diversions at the present time seem tabooed and even amongst men the claims of billiards, and bagatelle, are overcome by this wave of dancing. Children, in fact, have succumbed to this healthy epidemic, and nothing in the world can be prettier than to see a company of children dancing. For dancing, after all, is something which a child really loves, and it is quite as natural for a child to dance as it is for a bird to sing. From an educational point of view, quite apart from the acquisition of gracefulness in pose and movement, dancing for children has much to recommend it. The Spartans, indeed, practised dancing as a gymnastic exercise, and made it compulsory for all children from the age of five years and upwards.

Whether in the form of the modern American dances or of the more stately Quadrilles and Lancers, this honoured diversion is styled by the learned as the Terpsichorean Art, in memory of Terpsichore, the daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, whom the ancient peoples regarded as its inventress. For dancing is as old, of course, as the human race. The an-

cient Egyptians knew how to dance well, and from them the Greeks and Romans borrowed the pastime. The Greeks excelled in dancing. Even Socrates and Plato are said to have been performers. In the early days of Rome, dancing was considered an essential part of education. The old English May day festival, indeed, is derived from a sacred dance of the Romans, which they again had learnt from the Greeks. In later times, however, the Romans considered it disgraceful for a free citizen to dance, except in connection with religious ceremonies, and in their days of decadent luxury were content to witness the performance of professional dancers.

With the Jews, dancing was an expression of religious fervour. The Hebrews, as a rule, left dancing to women. It was their part to lead demonstrations of triumph, and to welcome the heroes on their return from a war. The leader was generally a woman of near relationship to the hero, and she improvised certain figures and steps, while the rest imitated her. The movements were graceful, but unpremeditated. Miriam and her maidens, Jephtha's daughter, and Judith are all mentioned as having led a chorus and dance of women on the occasion of a triumph. Salome's celebrated dance before Herod must have been a far more elaborate performance, for by that time the influence of Roman dancers had spread, and the simple character of the early Jewish dances had vanished. The early Christians, it is interesting to observe, also indulged in choral dances.

France was for some centuries the creator of society dances for Europe, and most English dancing was copied from the French. England, however, held her own for centuries in her country dances, jigs and other step dances which characterised English festivals, excepting during the Puritan days, when dancing was considered a work of the devil. Dancing in England, however, may be clearly traced back to the fourteenth century, when the Morris Dance, supposed to be of Morris origin, was introduced when John of Gaunt returned from Spain; and, of all amusements, dancing was most popular at the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

Dancing varies, of course, with different climes. Who could imagine for instance, a mandarin dancing a polka or a cotillon? Who could picture to himself a woman waltzing in the land of mutilated feet? In all Asiatic dances, as we are all well aware, agility and liveliness are seldom attempted. Dancing in its real form, symmetric movements and swaying to the accompaniment of drum and music, has existed in China from prehistoric times up to the present day. Some of the Chinese dances are called *small dances*, because they are learnt in infancy. Of these there are five, which curiously enough take their name from an object held in the hand of the performer. The sixth dance was called the Man's dance, because it was performed with empty hands. Other dances are known as *Ancient* or *Great*. These are only learnt after the age of twenty. Two special seasons call for the dance in the Celestial Kingdom, the winter solstice,

when heaven is worshipped; and the summer solstice, when the earth is worshipped.

Many and various are the dances of Italy. There are dances, in fact, to suit all tastes, from the lively *Giga* to the stately *Possuamento*. There is much similarity of character, indeed, between the ancient and modern Italians. If the modern Italian loves the dance, we remember that a favourite pastime of ancient Rome was the pantomime. This spectacle originated amongst the Greeks. Aristotle says, "Dancers make use of rhythm alone to express themselves without the aid of harmony; for by means of rhythm, accompanied by appropriate action, they can display character and sentiment and subject." The nature of the Greek pantomime pursued in Rome under the Emperors was the same as that of the ballet now performed in the theatres of Italy, that is, it was a drama of dumb show, accompanied by music.

The dances of Sweden are lively, and in some measure they are a dramatic representation of love and courtship. They are called *Polska*, and, though this may sound Polish, are essentially national in character. Over four hundred varieties exist. Ireland has a national dance called the *Vikivaka*, while the Lapps dance to heroic songs, ending their performance with a vehement lamentation at not being able to follow in the glorious footsteps of their ancestors.

Portuguese dances are generally innocent and decorous. They resemble quadrilles, with hops and skips, but without much spirit. The faces of the performers, in fact, maintain a

solemn gravity. Castanets are seldom used, but the dance is accompanied by the guitar, or by songs.

Japan has its ritual dances. Among others is the Shinto dance, a sacred chorus described by Dresser in 1882, in which priestesses and little children form solemn and stately steps to slow music, alternating the figures of the dance with prostrations before some little tables on which the sistrums are alternately placed and removed, either to be worshipped or to be shaken during the dance.

Spanish dances are composites, built up of parts of all the world's dances. Here one finds the legs doing most of the work, yonder a dance of body muscles and eloquent head, there one full of expressive arms, and sometimes a dance in which everything seems combined. Gentry and nobility are free to dance as well as commoners, and anyone fortunate enough to be in Seville during the great April feria, or fair, may see society señoritas, gaily but full of native dignity, dancing the *Sevillanas*, the general amusement of Andalusia. In the dim interior of the Cathedral of Seville, before the High Altar itself, the dance holds prominent place during certain set feasts of the religious year. Centuries ago, of course, the Israelites danced before the ark of the covenant; and as the ages went on their slow course, that ceremony was commemorated in Spain by dancing choir-boys before the High Altar at Easter, and Corpus Christi. At first the dances were profane, mere folk-customs brought into the sanctuary; but gradually a sacred measure

was evolved; and the choir boys gave place to an endowed body of boys known as the seises, or the sixes. There are ten of them now instead of the old six, trained and completely educated at the expense of the church.

The dance comes late in the afternoon, after an elaborate vesper service. The scene is weird and stimulating. Golden candle-light from the silver high altar floods the chapel with mellow radiance, that brings out the shadows in a Rembrandt manner; the huge rose-windows at each end of the transept burn in glorious colours in the waning afternoon sunlight; thereja throw black shadows on the dull stone floor; there is a great black patch in the crossing, where the spectators sit or kneel. The ancient structure rings with the praise:—

Hay, Jesús mio, tu amor me inflame;
Hay, hay, Jesús mio, tu amor me inflame.
Fués ha salido para inflamarme!
Ven, amor mio; ven, y no tardes;
Ven come sueles a consolarme!

Then comes the quaint dance, to the repetition of the song. In some respects, it suggests the lancers, in others the minuet. But each movement, line, star, double chain, or wheel, has a cryptic meaning and a religious purpose; the S. S. of the double chain, for example, indicating the *Santisimo Sacramento* and so on. Suddenly a sharp staccato rattle occurs and the dancers side-step, reverse, whirl violently to position with a final triumphant roll of their castanets. Then kneeling, they bow to the Altar and the dance is completed. Surprising as it may seem, the ceremony gives not the slightest impression of

irreverence or of sacrilege. The solemnity of the cathedral atmosphere, the richness of the archaic costumes, the perfect gravity and earnestness of the young performers, all give it the quality of a fitting part of the sumptuous ritual of the church, as natural as it is at first striking.

The beautiful national dances of the Poles are known all over the world; the graceful *Polonaise*, the bold *Mazur*, the ingenious *Cracovienne*, belong to prince and peasant alike. Formerly, their dancing was accompanied by singing, instead of instrumental music. Their songs were improvised and probably never written down.

It may be interesting to explain in conclusion some dancing terms. Lancers, for instance, derived their name from a company of lancers who originally improvised this variation of the quadrille for their own amusement whilst seated in their saddles. Quadrille, of course, is the literal French for "a little square", so called from the position taken up by the dancers. The Polka is of Polish origin, and is so designated on account of the Bohemian word *pulka*, a half, in allusion to the half step occurring in it. The Waltz is a contraction of the German *waltzer*, derived from the verb *waltzen*, to roll, to revolve, alluding to the revolutions made by the pairs of dancers placed vis-à-vis. The Reel has reference to the whirling evolutions performed by the dancer, as if winding cotton on a reel; whereas the Jig comes from the French *gigue*, a lively dance and *gige*, a stringed instrument. The Roger de Coverly derived its name from the great

grandfather of Roger de Coverley, or rather to be precise, of Roger de Cowley, near Oxford, who invented it; while the term Breakdown is an Americanism, denoting the last boisterous dance before the breaking up of a dancing-party towards early morning.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

My Friend's Little Wife.

I had known the person of my friend for ten long years, we having been neighbours in the country side; but his temperament and the essence of his inner self had been beyond my comprehension. A steady staid lad, with nothing remarkable about his movements or expressions, but an intense melancholy cast about his comely face and eyes, which could almost be termed inane, he had gradually and successfully steered his course through all possible impediments of a college life and taken his degree in the year 1917, without having done any thing extraordinary or worthy of any special mention. The successful termination of college life and the prospect of a decent competency in life attracted a concourse of parents and relatives of eligible brides, sly of purpose but shy of an immediate and open offer. The parents of the young man seriously entertained a common conception of conjugal felicity as pertinent to an early wedding; and I cannot tell you the horror and sorrow of the aged ones when my friend openly declared that he was seeking an ideal bride and that she decidedly was outside

the circle of the hopeful concourse of kindred and those aspiring to kinship. I was aware of his secret intents and desires regarding a certain gentle and amiable young lady, possessed of a remarkable share of personal feminine charm, whom he had often met in his college corridors and among the tall trees of his college avenue. It is not strange that he should have at first entertained and later cherished some hopes of marrying her. I had observed the lady almost disdain the poor lad, as not seldom they met in the college, certainly casually on the part of the lady, but purposely on the part of the lad. This attachment did not in the least abate in its intensity; on the other hand the intervention of years made the object of his cherished hopes gradually become his ideal, and his highest dreams of felicity in life depended on the possession of this object of his most ardent desire. The lady was now residing at her father's estate, far away among the purple hills of the West, desirous of no higher ambition, than a life-long devotion to literary pursuits. When the infatuated young man presumed to address to her a letter fully expressing his most ardent thoughts and feelings and in the last few lines of his remarkable avowal of passion made a direct proposal for her hand, he was answered by an exceedingly curt reply from the lady's father, wherein it was definitely declared that the writer of the letter was a presumptuous and ill-mannered young fool. To relieve the intensity of this declaration of his opinion of the young man, the lady's

father thought it best to tender the inexperienced youth some wholesome advice; and he thoughtlessly suggested that the usual mode of marriage was to apply to the parents first. At this comment, which the old man had carelessly made, the love-stricken lad clutched with tenacity. His almost vanishing hopes revived and with his father's consent he determined to directly apply to the lady's father for her hand, and since his person had not been associated with any happy impressions in the lady's family by his illtimed and mad letter, he decided to deny himself the pleasure and responsibility of a personal visit. I was, though young and inexperienced, sent on the responsible mission; but before I was despatched I was fully instructed as to my actions, and intrusted with a letter from the lad's old man to the lady's. It was not that I was in any way qualified for such an enterprise nor that the lad not older men much better suited to the task than myself among his relatives and friends; but there existed a superstition in my countryside that success usually attended my attempts; and it was this conception of the powers of my good genius that induced the poor old father and the superstitious young man to entrust this mission to me. Nevertheless I was attended by the lad's maternal uncle, himself the father of a girl and the entertainer of some secret motives with regard to the young man.

If was on a clear and sunny morning in April that a dinky pony cart came slowly rambling along the country road into the lady's village or rather a progressive small town

bearing me and the other man. We halted at a remarkably clean and spacious house, to which we had been directed by our friends. The inmates were highly solicitous of our comforts and were pleased to entertain me with a narration of kindred ties that existed between themselves and the rich old man, who had sent us over to them. All the morning I was in my room, recapitulating to myself the various items of my mission; and in the afternoon to my surprise I received a visit from a college friend of mine, intimately known to me on the field and highly respected in the hall. He was surprised to find me there and when I confided to him the purpose of my presence he was much amused and declared it the funniest bit of news he had heard for some time. I also laughed with him, unconscious of the course the affair was ultimately to take. He proposed to play tennis with me in the town club, which was the favourite resort of the people of the town. I was exceedingly pleased at the prospect of a good game and went away with him. The evening was pleasant and I had a good game with the best of the assembled players. As the sun was then almost down behind the hills, I asked my companion to indicate to me the direction in which was situated the dwelling of the lady I was seeking. But, without answering me, he took me by the arm and proposed to take me round the town and show me the objects of interest there. We went round a few places and at the farthest end of the road he indicated to me a dark

low pile of buildings and promised to show me something worth looking at. I gladly assented and in ten minutes we were at the hall door of a spacious but old fashioned house, with massive furniture. Without any ceremony he entered the hall and loudly called out for his uncle. No reply came, but the echo from the arched passage strangely fell on my ears. He gave me a seat and went directly into the further end of the building. After the lapse of a few minutes, he returned followed by a young lady and introduced me to her, and I was greatly surprised to meet the identical person for whom my friend far way was making himself miserable. She had become, since I last saw her, a shade paler but had a strange intellectual charm about her beautiful face. I mentioned to her that I had already seen her at college and that she had undergone a change. The nature and quality of the change was expressed by no words, but were evidently indicated and understood by the lady, through some unforeseen and unguarded expression of my face. However, I speedily resumed my usual equanimity and without once adverting to my poor friend far away plunged myself into an entertaining talk. Before an hour had elapsed, the master of the house came in and was duly introduced and the old gentleman took to me as I to him. I was invited to come again ever so many times and I responded perhaps for as many and perchance for more. I let my readers surmise my meaning, for I shall not be explicit and neither is it possible to be definite. During all these visits, I did not once mention the cause of

my arrival in the town. Days passed and finally I procured for myself the bride, for securing whom for another I had been purposely sent over. It might be deemed perfidious and a breach of plighted faith; but two natures had come together, and it is to the glory of both that their union was achieved. I need not dwell on the details of how my affection towards the lady rapidly developed into love and elicited a response and of how we were united by bonds of wedlock, for such a narration would be out of the scope of my small attempt.

It was not long before the news of my success in my own enterprise reached my poor friend. He determined never more to entertain any kindly thoughts of friendship towards me. His father secretly rejoiced at my conduct, for he had been strongly prejudiced against such a wedding for his son. Poor man, he was yet to see that such an alliance would have been the best for the lad and for the honour of the family. The shock of the news was too heavy for the poor fellow. In a moment of desperation he left his house and proposed turning monk. But destiny had something else in store for him which he could not set aside.

Before a year had passed by, it was common talk among the country folk that my friend had become the most disreputable of men. He had taken a wife from among his kin of the neighbourhood, but before they had been together for a year they had parted. It was definitely understood that the young man was to blame for this mischance. I could not bring myself to conceive how a steady lad,

as he had been in the past, could have behaved so badly. The cause of this is now evident to me. There is something indefinable in his nature, which estranges from him almost every one that happens to live intimately with him for a time. Besides this, there is an icy coldness, almost amounting to inanity, about his laugh, which is disgusting in the extreme. In this I do not endeavour to expose the possible causes that estranged this pair and I am conscious that such an attempt is futile. But the life of the man strangely changed after this mishap; and the finishing stroke for this change was the death of his old father. All the countryside was startled to see the young man begin a style of life, which none had imagined was within the old man's means, or sympathetic with the young man's melancholy temperament. A small bungalow was built in a spacious garden, to which the young man transferred his residence; a noble horse of the Arabian breed and a magnificent little dog-cart were purchased, a multitude of not very desirable young men was assembled and a life of dissipation speedily followed. The remonstrances alike of interested friends and of his aged mother were of no avail. The fortune which he had inherited gradually dwindled away; and the pressure of numerous creditors swept away all his worldly effects. The aged mother was immune from this disaster, thanks to the care of the dead man who had made over to her a portion of his property. The poor and almost bankrupt youth sought to repair his decayed fortunes by another wedding

to a wealthy bride. But no one would entertain any serious thought of an alliance with him. The pressure of misfortune and poverty were so intense that he sought refuge from those oppressive perils under my roof.

On a stormy night in December, the careworn and dissipated young man appeared at my door. I was alone then, my wife having left me for a month's stay with her father and I was greatly agitated to see him come to me. My apprehensions of any evil intentions were speedily at an end; and immediately I discerned the cause of his appearance and offered him my utmost kindness and help. He could not utter a word, but desperately threw himself into a chair by my side and wept for the ruin of his life. I could not then find it in my heart to scorn his repentance or proffer any advice. He stayed with me for a fortnight, gradually regaining his equanimity. At the end of this period, my wife arrived and her conduct under the circumstances only intensified my love and regard for her. At her suggestion, I tried to effect a reconciliation between my friend and his estranged wife. But all our attempts were grossly rejected on both sides. I knew that a well-mated wife would be the only hope for his happiness in the future. Before I could suggest to him the necessity of such an act, he himself declared that he had decided on his choice, and to our great surprise he went to the end of the garden and returned with a dark, slim and tall girl, scarce eleven years of age. I was greatly struck by the beauty of the child, and the frankness and strength of character, easily

discernible in the clear eyes and noble and highly intellectual face. My friend intimated to me that she was my writer's niece come on a visit from beyond the hills. She was an orphan and had come to spend a few years with her uncle. I looked upon the whole affair in a very genial light; but my wife was not definite in her opinion. My friend insisted on his marrying that poor girl and assured us that he would surely be happy with her. How such a course of conduct could be managed, I could not perceive. The child was too young to be married; but my wife came to my rescue and proposed to take the girl under her care till she was old enough to be wedded. The writer was sent away to another post, since his presence in the vicinity was not conducive to the tranquility of the child's existence under our roof and our affection for her. My wife is now educating her. She is indeed remarkably sweet-tempered and highly intellectual. Hers is perhaps the loveliest face I have seen, with the exception of my wife's. The fortunes of my friend were at a very low ebb; but I was then in a position to fetter his fallen status by procuring for him the managership of an extensive rubber estate in the Malay States, a lucrative post, the disposal of which I had been entrusted with by the proprietors of the estate. He is carefully amassing wealth for the happiness of his girl and in three years he will be among us, a renovated individual, worthy of the excellent girl, my wife is bringing up for him. I am fully conscious of the child's excellent nature and spirit, and further

am assured that she will be the proper mate for my friend's remodelled temperament.

T. G. S.

Woman in Social Co-operation

The present time may be regarded as most auspicious for a consideration of this subject. The throwing open of seats in the British Parliament to women has been one of the greatest events of human history. Still it cannot be held that this event bears any close influence on public feeling in India. The possibility of equal development for woman with man was opened up long ago in the west, and after that possibility has been availed of, the British nation has now accorded her bare justice in recognising her rights in the highest of all spheres—of exercising civic privileges. But in India it is far otherwise. We are yet to make it 'possible' for woman to advance on any fair lines of progress.

The object of this paper is to plead for a free meeting between the two sexes in social existence as essential to healthy development in man and woman, as well as for the welfare of the social order on the whole. It is attempted to show here that woman has a social duty as well as a domestic one to perform. The principle of freedom of social meeting between the two sexes is an incomparably trivial matter, when compared to the admission of women into the British Parliament.

Yet it is an essential step for the furtherance of all serious matters of social reform. It is foolish to overlook this. It can even be argued that the failure of social reform in many matters of importance in the past in this country is due to the want of recognition of the principle of free social meeting between the two sexes as necessary to sound social organisation. We fret at early marriages. But how can a grown-up girl or boy be reasonably drawn into marriage without being permitted by social etiquette to have previously met and known and chosen her or his future partner? Again we talk of extending the period of a girl's education to greater length than at present. How is this possible if social feeling does not previously throw away the barrier of seclusion now effectively weighing on our woman-hood, or how can widow-marriage again take place unless it has been humanly led up to by mutual meeting? A Surgeon-General tells us one day that women-doctors and women-nurses are a crying need in Indian hospitals. The idea catches us immensely and we echo it. But how is it possible, unless our social feeling has properly recognised that women's life is not necessarily confined to the home, but should extend to the social sphere? Women-nurses are angels on earth to the sick. And yet according to the popular feeling of the Hindus, a Hindu woman offering her services as a public nurse in a hospital should at the present time submit to being regarded in a very low light! Nor can we expect to recruit women-teachers on any satisfactory understanding in this country at present. As long as we fail to recognise

that woman has a social duty to fulfil, besides bearing her domestic burden, we shall never succeed in achieving any kind of desirable social reform.

To insist on the social obligation for woman is not exactly to plead for woman's equality with man. The confining of the woman within the home is a prohibition not against woman only, but equally against man. If the present barrier to social meetings between the two sexes is to disappear, it will imply an enfranchisement of man even more than woman.

II

Before discussing the rationale of a proper co-operation between the two sexes in social organisation, on its own merits, we may pause to make a few citations from Sanskrit literature and ancient Hindu practice. To press too far an examination in this direction would naturally be unwise. After all, the devil can cite scripture to suit his purpose.

In the "Ramayana," in the description of the marriage rites, the husband and wife are frequently spoken of as the "substance to the shadow." Is it not reasonable to infer that this should imply an intimate association and co-operation, not in the home only, but outside it, in society? What is the significance of all the great heroines of Sanskrit literature to whom we passionately cling as the most glorious types of Hindu womanhood? Savitri, the spouse of him who embodied truth itself, is essentially the product of a free, open-air life. She wanders away into the forest, makes friendship with the young

men living in it and chooses for herself the most exalted among them in human virtue. Though fallen in worldly fortune and consigned for the time to poverty and obscurity, Satyavan quickens in her love that is unquenchable till its object is attained. She is stubborn and self-willed in the most important affair touching her life, the choice of her husband. Not Savitri alone, but every other heroine in our ancient literature, cannot but impress upon us that they moved freely in the society of both the sexes. Every tale of languishing, maiden love should be looked upon as an evidence of intimate friendship, association, and knowledge between the members of the two sexes. In the modern versions of the tales, this fact is apt to be frequently lost sight of, but common sense should serve to set our minds aright. No reasonable woman will languish in an all-consuming love for a man, unless she has had previously ample opportunities for knowing and admiring his qualities, unless she has moved with him with a certain degree of social intimacy, and not only with him but with many others of his kind also to be able to single him out from the rest for love and devotion. Damayanti, if she is not to be transformed into a mere meaningless creature of imagination, should have met and known Nala as a man of incomparable virtues among his compeers, before languishing in the most ardent passion for him.

In the story of Sakuntala, we see the beautiful maiden, though bashful in her youth, still not failing to discharge the due rites of hospitality to the hand-

some royal guest Dushyanta, in the absence of her own foster-father from the hermitage. Still another way to discover evidence in our ancient past to support the presumption that woman then fulfilled a social duty as well as a domestic one, is to catch the social significance of many of our religious practices. It is well known that in this country all that is human and merely social has been crystallised into the very system of religious organisation. It is not therefore unreasonable to look for all social precedents in our religious codes. It is said that woman is an indispensable partner to man in the performance of all religious ceremonies. It is also enjoined that the performance of religious ceremonies should be always in an assemblage of Brahmans or communal representatives. Looking at the matter in a human light, is it likely that, while the man performing the ceremony is invariably accompanied by his wife, she should, alone of her sex, be in a male congregation of the community. The only reasonable inference is that the Brahmans, who came, came accompanied by their Brahmanis as well. The wife's share in the discharge of hospitality, so religiously enjoined in our scriptures and mentioned in our literature is sufficiently indicative of the larger social function allotted to her sex. Not in hospitality alone, but in the making of all gifts is the woman's partnership religiously enjoined.

It will be interesting to make a reference here to the character of Lakshmana as typifying an attitude towards

woman in society, which is sometimes unfortunately cited for imitation. There is a passage in the epic, where Lakshmana is said to have been so modest as to be able to identify only the foot-ornaments of Sita. His manner was so delicate that he had cast his eyes on Sita's person no higher than her foot. It is extremely foolish to take Lakshmana as a model in this matter. He is the type of a man, who illustrates an extremely one-sided development of character. He was not even a good husband, consigning, as he did, his wife to remain at home, while he shared with his brother his momentous forest wanderings. His one perfect virtue is his devotion to his elder brother. It is an aspect of this stern devotion that he should not look even at Sita's person higher than her foot. Poor Lakshmana was mistaken. He might have looked straight into Sita's face to advantage, for he would have known what it was to look at a perfect picture of softness and purity and high exalted wifely virtue.

In discussing the share of woman's co-operation in social reconstruction, we may at the outset take note of certain marked tendencies visible at present among the people in this country. There is a spirit of "nationalism" and pseudo-patriotism current, yielding a self-satisfaction which is likely to prove harmful. Nor is the source of this feeling difficult to explain. Popular feeling is always swayed to extremes. A generation ago, people unanimously believed in the gospel of the West as the only fit gospel to substitute for the beliefs and institutions of the East which were universally condemned to be unfit for civilised existence. We

now witness a somewhat reactionary feeling.

Life in this country has naturally enough gravitated within recent times towards the town. The ideals of this town-life have exhibited certain marked features of divergence from the life of the past and the life that is seen even to-day in villages immune from the influence of the town. The modern woman of the town, following partly the example of the modern man of the town, despises manual labour as extremely undignifying. In the same spirit she disdains to walk in the street. She will not generally walk to pay a call to a friend or relative living even a few doors off in the same street. The modern woman forms remarkably few friendships with other women. Her outlook on life never extends beyond the horizon of the home. She is a pale flower hidden from the direct gaze of the sun and not infrequently she withers away at the first attack of illness or the trial of childbirth. Her sole aim in life is to be clothed and jewelled, that she may look as pretty as possible within the home. Her co-operation in the discharge of social hospitality is a fast dying matter.

There are not wanting persons in this country, who loudly protest against the charge of secluding woman within our homes. It is a fact of simple statistics that three times as many women are dying in this country, of consumption and such like diseases as men, year after year. Everyone knows that consumption is a disease which can be kept at arm's length by the enjoyment of plenty of open air; and the higher

rate of death by consumption among women points only to the conclusion that women are physically secluded and confined to the detriment of their share of God's air along with man. As against the charge of seclusion, a writer tries to point to the fact of women being exposed to public view by the rivers, at the temples and in the bazaars in this country, as proof of its refutation. Of course this kind of satisfaction is a matter depending on the relative ideals of justice, which we may institute for ourselves. Compared to the Mussalman habit of completely veiling woman from the public gaze, the liberty for the Hindu woman to bathe in the river, or walk to the temple and the bazaar is indeed a great forward step. But should this be a satisfying degree of freedom? Religious fervour may still induce the Hindu woman to go to the river and to the temple, though even that is a fast disappearing quality. Poverty alone obliges the modern woman to go to the bazaar. Now, appearance by the river or at the bazaar is an absolutely insignificant and trivial matter. In judging the seclusion or otherwise of women, there should be one absolute standard to measure by and that is the standard of liberty enjoyed by men. The sphere of action for woman need not necessarily be as wide as that of man, but we have to question ourselves whether the woman's sphere has been reasonably extended, so as not to fall far short that of the man's.

People are sometimes carried away by the paradox of Thucydides that the highest virtue of woman is not to be spoken of either for good or for evil.

Before this ideal is proposed for acceptance, it will be useful to have a peep at the organisation of Greek society. Ample opportunities for illicit pleasure were provided for the maids in the existence of the courtesans. These courtesans enjoyed great repute for intellectual accomplishments as well. They were the source of inspiration to statesmen and philosophers alike. The ordinary women of Greek society lived in seclusion and in ignorance of all the culture of Greece. The ethical foundation of Greek social organisation was essentially unsound, and unless we are to strengthen the ranks of public prostitutes in this country, we cannot but strive to offer the fairest possibilities of progress to the woman who lives within the recognised bonds of society.

We may also notice here that the accident of the imbibing of English education and the pursuit of the modern learned professions have largely widened the gulf between man and woman. Even the petty clerk, who has got together a few scraps of English, wishes to be regarded as a demi-god by the women-folk at home. The frequent use of the English language for the medium of expression and the gradual discarding of the vernacular have again helped to mystify man in woman's eyes.

The ridiculousness of the situation of woman in this country is best paralleled by that of the sensitive plant. If a male visitor enters the parlour of a Hindu home, he will often serve to scatter to all corners the women that chance to be assembled there. The ridiculousness of this

behaviour cannot but carry with it a hypocrisy of manners which is sure to dwarf, if not taint, the moral sense within.

The unit of social organisation or cooperation is the home. For purposes of self-interest, man continually enters into social co-operation. Obviously in this co-operation, it is essential that the ideal of the home should be completely harmonised with the ideal of the larger social existence.

The sense of corporate social existence is a thing which deserves to be kept alive constantly. In Kipling's *Jungle Book* the animals continually greet each other with; "We be of one blood, you and I." The ties of corporate social existence are frequently ties which fickle the animal in man. If a congregation of men and women unite in giving expression to a general cry, a thrill of corporate social existence passes among them. It is the feeling which a Scotch company experiences when singing "Auld Lang Syne," or any British gathering when singing the National Anthem or merely "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." It is not difficult to discover the same instinct among the Hindus. It is common to hear on festival occasions cries of "Govinda" or "Hara" from vast concourses of Hindus. It is not by the general cry alone, but also in common eating and drinking that the sense of corporate social existence is realised and promoted.

There is again a higher sphere of human activity, which must depend on social co-operation. It is the cultivation of the fine arts. Among the many aspects of national fall in this

country we must recognise not the least, the absence of the cultivation of the fine arts. The fine arts have no conspicuous place at all in the modern Hindu home. Neither singing nor painting is a general personal accomplishment in this country. The greatest stimulus to both should naturally come from social co-operation. No person can persevere in cultivating music except with the inspiration of social approval. You cannot sing unless you have chance of being admired, not by the people of your own limited family alone, but by the members of your social circle in general. So with painting. It is a matter of merely craving for applause. These are things to be taken up as a means to bring together the members of the social order. Common study and common pursuit and common criticism are requisite to keep alive the fervour on their behalf.

Now the first condition of a sound social organisation or co-operation is that it should be on a perfectly democratic basis. In the linking of home with home in the social circle, what is essential is the sense of equality in each of the units. We may note here that there are many human associations and organisations which cannot approach to a real social co-operation. The members of a common profession may often congregate together for the transaction of business and still the struggle of professional competition may be so keen as to make real hearty social co-operation among them well nigh impossible. We see men frequently clubbing together in this country for purposes of social satisfaction. The thing that operates

against perfect harmony in these organisations is the sense of difference of rank and material situation among the members, which is not often eradicated. The best way then for democratising social co-operation will be by the admission of woman into it. By being exempt from the struggle of bread-winning occupations, woman has the advantage of taking her place in society, without being inevitably associated with the differences of occupying a higher or lower status according to ordinary worldly calculations.

The admission of woman into social co-operation is imperative again, because it will help to place the social ideal in harmony with the domestic ideal. The supreme motive for social co-operation comes after all from selfish interests. The dearest objects of a man's affections are after all his wife and family, and social co-operation comes to nothing, if it cannot in some measure help to sympathise with a man's domestic interests.

That woman possesses certain advantages peculiar to her sex to play a part in society should not be difficult to perceive. She is endowed with a native grace and softness of manners, if not always with beauty. Confined to the home, at present she enjoys no facilities at all for self-education, by contact with the wide world beyond. And as long as there is the present isolation between home and home and a complete barrier to social meeting even of a formal kind between the opposite sexes, woman has not much chance of forming considerable friendships even with other women.

"Development needs freedom," is a favourite maxim of much of pedagogy and of politics. Needs the truth of less force when applied to woman. We can never exaggerate the fruits of emancipating her from the prison of the home, to play a part in social existence. Her present sense of perpetual dependence on others must vanish. She should no more look up to male assistance to fulfil the commonest affairs of her life. Whether at the hospital or at the post office or in the shops, she should be enabled to transact business independently on her own initiative. And then in the commonest of all acts of travelling, say in a railway train how little women are able to venture by themselves at present. The contact with the larger world in various ways is in itself a remedy for the narrower domestic concerns that beset a woman. How much for instance is a reflection on general human grief, a source of consolation to soothe a private sense of loss? With the larger sphere of action, woman will get to attend to the sacred task of cultivating the fine arts. It has been already said that social co-operation is essential for this. More than all, the emerging of woman from the home into the outer world of social existence will help to reshape and strengthen her character. Hypocrisy will cease to characterise her general breeding. Her behaviour and manners will be so enlarged as to comprehend polite conduct towards a world much larger than her home.

The good effects on man himself of moving in the mixed society of both sexes are not negligible. His conver-

sation, which is not infrequently characterised by coarseness at present, even where he lays claim to a superior "education," is bound to be refined in the presence of female company. The company and friendship of a good woman has an incalculable influence on man which cannot be exactly indicated here. It saves many a man from forcing himself into enmity with his moral nature and wrecking himself in despair. Poetry gives us evidence of the fine emotions aroused by a woman of charm and beauty. Wordsworth mentions the woman who can be a phantom of delight. Dr. Johnson's life, it is recorded to us, was largely supported by the friendly regard of good women.

The entrance of women into social cooperation, apart from its certain beneficial effect on man and woman separately, will serve to ennoble the domestic ethical ideal. What this ennobling will be cannot be easily realised. There is a narrowing and selfishness of interests in the present isolation of the home, which is bound to be broadened by the greater social co-operation of woman. There is naturally a widening of the moral vision, and a mutual education when man and wife enjoy frequent opportunities of mixing with other men and other women in social converse and union.

The principle of free social meeting between the two sexes is frequently opposed by the professed guardians of social purity. Milton has referred in his undelivered oration, "The

Areopagitica" to the foolish critics of national conduct who, while barring the entrance of sin through one gateway, cannot help letting it in through another. With all the prided safeguards for female chastity in this country, no one will honestly deny the whispered scandals clinging to every town, every street and even to many a house. It is extremely childish for any race to fancy itself as best protecting sexual morality, easily presuming that the race of a different social code is too full of lapses into immorality.

Personal purity is seldom the result of an external imposition. It evolves usually as an utter necessity for happy existence. Man is moral because it is productive of happiness to be so and he is not immoral because it will be so unhappy for him to be so. We may point here to the analogy of grammar and literary composition. Any amount of studying the pedantic rules of grammar cannot secure than ability for good literary composition. A man writes a grammatically correct composition as soon as he successfully and accurately expresses his ideas in language. Human conduct is exactly similar. If a man wants to secure for himself the best of human life, the only means to do it is to live a moral life.

Because we recognise the principle of freedom of social meeting between the two sexes, it does not mean that every woman in society stands the risk of being assailed by the advances of every knave. Every individual has the right of choosing his own society. We know what has applied to man himself during

all time. In the exercise of our freedom of movement, do we then not select and choose our company? It is reasonable to suppose that a man will introduce his wife only to such of his friends as in his opinion are fit to be associated with himself and his family.

It is well-known that the average woman stands for a higher standard of purity than the average man. It follows logically that the admission of woman in social meeting should lead to greater social purity than at present. It is sometimes foolishly argued that a woman can enjoy social freedom only when she has received a high degree of education. It is well known that such a restriction has never applied to man, whose opportunities to indulge in vice have been unlimited even when he cannot lay any claim to education. We have already said that woman by nature is less prone to vice than man. She therefore deserves to enjoy greater freedom than man.

A firm conviction of the need of the greater co-operation of woman in social organisation should carry with itself the resorting to means favourable to the realisation of the ideal. Still, it will not be irrelevant to indicate here a few opportunities where conscious effort may be exercised towards realizing a social organisation, which completely itself avails of the co-operation of the sexes. First, we must concentrate on the systems of education training our boys and girls. The talk of a special system of education for woman different from that of man must cease. The object of girls' education should be no more to make good wives and good

mothers of them, than it is the object of boy's education, to make good husbands and good fathers of them. Cookery and sewing can never claim a place in an "educative" curricula. What is useful "practice" should not be confounded with what is an "educative" influence. The object of education is to "liberalise" the mind, to enlarge it and to systematise it in sound habits of reasoning. Even if it is thought good to include useful arts as cooking and sewing in an educational course, the best way of popularising them is to include them in the education of both the sexes. Music, for instance, should be as much a boy's subject as a girl's. Of course, a girl may cook and serve and sing more in after-life than a boy may ever have to; but education strives only at a *general* training.

To establish a proper social understanding between the two sexes, it is essential that they drink of the same educational system. If the boys receive an English education, the girls should receive it too without any demur. There should be no special solicitude for "national" or "vernacular" education, just where girls' education is concerned. Nor should there be special talk of "religious" education just where girls are concerned.

It is again impossible as well as unnecessary to formulate the exact degree of education which is good for woman. As in the case of man, it is a matter depending entirely on personal circumstances. Where the social and domestic circumstances are favourable, there is no reason at all to insist on benefiting by the highest grade of education. If

we want a practicable average level of education, we may have a secondary education as an ideal to be striven for universally. Nor is there any new point in this. A secondary education is good as a national ideal for man's citizenship as much as for woman's.

Apart from completely harmonising the system of education for boys and girls, there is much to be gained by the general adoption of co-education. It should always remain a mark of advanced civilised life to eradicate the difference of sex in social co-operation. In the beginning of human existence, it is well-known that there was promiscuous congress between the two sexes. Marriage by capture evolved later and the state of monogamous marriage based on a peaceful social understanding is a still later product of social evolution. It is a mark of civilisation when man has advanced so far as to respect the state of monogamy as an essential moral condition of social existence. It will be the mark of a much more advanced state of civilisation when man and woman can completely and freely co-operate in social organisation, without at the same time risking or injuring the happiness of monogamous existence.

One necessary means of ensuring social equality for woman will be the general cultivation of good manners. Politeness and the chivalrous sense have not been yet completely familiarised in the vernaculars in this country in this time of transition when English manners and English etiquette have come to be adopted by a large section of the educated classes. Boys should

be trained in polite behaviour to the other sex early in life. It were well if the educated classes make a conscious effort to practise all forms of polite address in the vernacular.

The means to establish social equality for woman then, is in the fashioning of a common education for both boys and girls, in the promotion of co-education as far as possible and partly in the cultivation of good manners and the chivalric sense. Still another way of achieving the object is for man directly to invite and encourage the co-operation of woman in social organisation. It must be acknowledged that man has hitherto been accustomed to the neglecting and despising of woman's co-operation in most matters of social organisation; so that it will need the instilling of quite a new habit to utilise woman's co-operation in every matter of social organisation.

Let it be said, in conclusion, once again that the more man and woman are able to co-operate together as members of a common social order without the consciousness of the differentiation of their sex, the more can that society lay claim to civilised life.

By P. R. Krishnaswamy in
"Everyman's Review."



The Ivory State Chair of Travancore.

The Ivory work of Travancore has obtained for the state no small reputation. Specimens of ivory work have been sent to almost all the exhibitions in India, Europe, America and other places and these have been very well appreciated. The following account of an Ivory state chair made in Travancore will not be uninteresting to your readers.

"About the year 1849, the Madras Government intimated to His Highness the then Maha Raja of Travancore, the intended holding of the London Exhibition of 1851 and requested the aid of His Highness' Government also in making contributions to this great exhibition. Accordingly, His Highness ordered the Dewan to make the necessary arrangements and a committee was formed to collect the articles. A very satisfactory collection of all the raw products and manufactures of Travancore was made and sent to England. The most important among these exhibits was an Ivory Chair in the shape of a throne. This was under construction at the time, for the use of His Highness the Maha Raja and when His Highness heard of the exhibition he thought it to be a fit specimen of Travancore workmanship to be exhibited in London, and this chair was also included in the list of exhibits sent from Travancore. When it was despatched, His Highness sent a letter also to Her Majesty the Queen, which was as follows:—

"To

Her Most Excellent Majesty
Alexandrina Victoria, By the Grace of
God, Queen of the United Kingdom of
Great Britain and Ireland.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

From His Highness Sree Padma-
nabha Dasa Vanji Pala Marthanda
Vurmah Kulaskhara Kereetapathi
Bhagheodaya Rama Rajah Munnay
Sultan Maharaj Raja Bahadur Sham-
sheer Jung, Maha Rajah of Travancore.

May it please your Majesty,

Major General W. Cullen, the
British Resident at my court and my
valued friend and adviser, having
conveyed to me a communication from
the Court of Directors of the East
India Company through the Govern-
ment of Madras, intimating that Your
Majesty had been pleased to appoint
certain learned and eminent gentle-
men as Commissioners for carrying
out a project formed at the instance
and under the distinguished patronage
of Your Majesty's Royal Consort, His
Royal Highness the Prince Albert, for
the collection and exposition in Your
Majesty's city of London in the ensu-
ing year 1851 of the specimens of
produce, manufactures, and arts of all
countries and nations, and awarding
prizes to the most approved produc-
tions, and requesting the co-operation
and aid of my Government in the
promotion of this most laudable and
important object by collecting and
forwarding to the said Exhibition
specimens of articles from my country,
I have given particular instructions
to my Dewan for the furnishing of the
choicest and most useful and interest-
ing of the productions, which instruc-

tions are now being executed with all
care and expedition under the immedi-
ate direction of my friend Major-
General W. Cullen.

"The transmission of articles from
this country for the Exhibition has
afforded me an opportunity of which
I am anxious to avail myself for for-
warding also to London a chair of
State, made of ivory, carved and
ornamented, the production wholly of
the native artists of my country, and
which I request permission to offer for
Your Majesty's acceptance as a curio-
sity, and at the same time as a slight
token of my profound respect for
Your Majesty's exalted person and for
the numerous and great virtues for
which Your Majesty is so eminently
distinguished.

"I beg Your Majesty will graciously
condescend to receive this friendly,
but humble tribute, from the Native
Prince of a country situated at the
very southern extremity of Your
Majesty's vast Indian empire, who is,
as every one of his predecessors has
always been, a faithful ally and
dependent of the British Government,
which, on its part, has ever extended
to us its protection and favor, a relation
which I humbly trust will continue to
the end of time. And wishing Your
Majesty a long happy reign and Your
Majesty's Royal Consort, and all the
members of Your Majesty's illustrious
family long life and happiness,

I beg to subscribe myself Your
Majesty's most devoted faithful friend
and servant."

(Sd).

Trevandrum Palace,
11th October 1850.

At the close of 1851, the following
reply was received from Her Majesty
the Queen:—

Sign Manual, (VICTORIA.)

"Victoria, by the Grace of God of
the United Kingdom of Great Britain
and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the
Christian Faith.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

"To

His Highness Sree Padmanabha
Dasa Vanji Pala Martanda Vurmah
Kulasekhara Kireetapathi Bhagheo-
daya Rama Rajah Bahadur Shamsheer
Jung, Rajah of Travancore.

"We have received safely the
splendid chair of State which Your
Highness has transmitted to England
for our acceptance.

"It was a source of much gratifi-
cation to us that Your Highness'
attention enabled us to exhibit in the
great exposition of the industry of all
nations, so beautiful a specimen of
the ability acquired by the natives of
Your Highness' country in the carving
of ivory.

"Your Highness' chair has occupied
a prominent position amongst the
wonderful works of art which have
been collected in our metropolis, and
Your Highness' liberality and the
workmanship of the natives of
Travancore have there received due
admiration from a vast multitude of
spectators.

"We shall find a suitable opportu-
nity of conveying to Your Highness
some token of our esteem, and we
hope that it may please the Almighty
to vouchsafe to Your Highness the
enjoyment of many years of health

and prosperity.

"Given at our Court at Osborne,
this 21st day of August in the year of
Our Lord 1851, and in the fifteenth
year of Our reign."

"By Her Majesty's command,
(Countersigned.) BROUGHTON."

In the Exhibition Hall, the chair was
very well admired. The Pall Mall
Magazine for April 1889, Vol. XVII
No. 72 (spring No. PP. 471—472) gives
a front view and a side view of this
Ivory chair and also the following
appreciative account of the same:—

"In a walk through the 683 rooms
and corridors of Windsor castle there
are of course to be found many pieces
of furniture of the highest interest
which there is not space to describe
or illustrate in this article. For in-
stance the golden throne encrusted
with precious stones of the King of
Kandy. There is one piece which
stands so prominently, both from
beauty of design and perfection of
workmanship that I give its photo-
graph here. This is the throne chair
entirely made of carved ivory and
encrusted with precious stones which
was presented to Her Majesty by the
Maharaja of Travancore in 1851. It is
upholstered in richly embroidered
green velvet. The very shape of this
chair should be to us a lesson in
furniture designing. It is sad to
think, that with all the money thought
and time spent on art training in this
country (England,) it is still absolutely
impossible for us to produce an
original piece of furniture of such
beauty. Good work we may and
do make, but of original designs we

ve none. All that we design is but a lame copy or adaptation from the great masters of the past or from alien races who possess a finer sense of beauty than ourselves.....

....." This chair and a few other valuable works of art were sent to the world's fair at Louisiana, America, where also the chair was highly appreciated by the vast multitude of spectators and the workmanship of the native artisans of Travancore was highly commended. The following account of this chair appearing in one of the recent issues of the Scientific American may be read with interest:—

".....Among the priceless treasures comprising the Jubilee Presents of Queen Victoria, which have been sent to America by King Edward of England for Exhibition at the world's fair is a wonderful ivory chair and footstool. These were presented to the late Queen by the Maharaja of Travancore. The carving on the chair and footstool is a revelation of possibilities of art. The feet are in the form of a lion's paws and the arms terminate in lion's heads. The back is in the form of a shell supported by elephants rampant. The seat is of alabaster, and the chair has a gold and silver tissue drapery around the underside of the frame finished with tassels and richly fringed ornate ornaments. The cushions are of green velvet embroidered in gold & silver thread. Every outside path of the chair is covered with delicately carved figures of men and animals.....

....." These appreciative accounts clearly show that Travancore workmanship

in Ivory is highly admired in all countries. Owing to the rise in the price of Ivory and for want of encouragement, very little work is done now in Travancore. It is hoped that the Government of Travancore will do something for the development of such arts and industries.

K.

Motherhood: in Many Climes.

"The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being, who would be
A savage,

But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her Queen o' the World".

OLD PLAY.

"We want men," said one of his generals to the great Napoleon. "No", replied the Emperor, "we want mothers." The attention which all civilised countries are bringing to bear upon the care and preservation of child-life would suggest that the unparalleled sacrifice of humanity in Europe has not been in one respect in vain. For many years the declining birth rate has been the cause of much anxiety and the sterility of marriages is regarded in many quarters with grave apprehension. Well, may a popular British preacher declare: "It is not the hand which rocks the empty cradle that rules the world, but the hand which empties the cradle to find room for yet another 'man born into the world'".

A mother's duty to her children is second only to her duty to her creator; it is the mother, after all, who makes the domestic hearth the

nursery of heroes. Nothing is more pleasing than the sight of an affectionate mother, watching with untiring devotion, over her helpless child. It is a beautiful tribute to the influence of motherhood, indeed, to observe how the greatest and purest minds recur with ever increasing satisfaction to the maternal influence and training of their early life, and attribute all their successes to her gentle teachings.

One of the strongest characteristics of the great Pope was his extraordinary attachment to his mother, in whose society he found an exquisite delight. Neither the flatteries of the great, nor the pride of his fame, could stifle his filial love, and among the most touching strains which his genius inspired are those addressed to his mother. The mother of John Randolph died when only 36 years of age, and in the bloom of her womanhood, but he always retained a vivid remembrance of her person, her charms, and her virtues, and often did he shed tears over her grave, by whose side it was the last wish of his heart to be buried. "I am a fatalist," said he; "I am all but friendless; only one human being ever knew me—my mother."

The Chinese mother's chief aim is to see that her child's first impressions should be those of joy. Everything possible is done to make his life one long dream of gladness. It is considered a great breach of manners, and a deplorable want of consideration, to display sorrow of any kind before a child. Almost directly it is born, the mother begins to protect it from evil spirits by hanging it over with charms—little pieces of stone tied on by

string, scraps of holy writing, darning needles, and all sorts of trinkets until the baby resembles a miniature Christmas tree. She believes that her child has not one soul, but three souls. When it is ill she takes it for granted that one of these must be missing. Accordingly she sets out at midnight, carrying with her some bright little trinket belonging to the child, and a lantern, and walks about the streets, calling and coaxing the spirit to come back. The poor woman almost invariably goes back home quite comforted and assured that the spirit has answered and is coming along with her.

Not very clean are the Chinese mothers with regard to their children, and the washings are very few and far between. They never use soap. Sometimes they use oil; but more often it is a good dry rub to which the babes are treated. It never occurs to them to use warm water; besides they imagine that this will cause the little one to grow up weak and sickly. The chief fear of the mother, to which allusion has already been made, is that her child is going to be stolen by evil spirits.

American mothers seem unkindly kind to their children. They sacrifice everything to them, especially to the boys. All the clever sayings and deceptions of these small persons are related and enlarged upon, until they are made to consider themselves of some importance in the world. The eccentricities at times are exceedingly amusing, it is true; but the maternal appreciation must surely be very detrimental. American parents, however, incarnate their lives anew in

the lives of their children, and their hopes and aspirations, are as boundless as their ambitions for them. They take great pains to develop individuality in their offspring and to impress upon the budding mind a feeling of responsibility. It is urged that everything they do in the world, the most casual thought or action, may be of consequence, and that the child—no matter how humble—has a chance of taking part some day in furthering the interests of the great Western Republic.

On the birth of a son the Japanese mother sits on a mat all day and receives all sorts of presents—toys, pieces of crepe for dresses, dried fish and eggs for good luck—executing dozens of bows each hour, and dispensing dozens of cups of tea. She sits and discusses with her friends what dresses baby is to wear, for great care must be taken with these miniature dresses. They must be exquisite works of art in rainbow-coloured silks, and are often very costly. Indeed, a dress for a Jap baby costs more than would provide a wardrobe for all the children in an ordinary European household. She takes pains to develop the artistic propensities in her child, not by long dreary lessons and visits to picture galleries, but by taking him out to see the cherry blossom in full bloom, teaching him to appreciate the beauties of Nature.

Persian mothers are quite scandalised if they see a European baby picking and throwing about its limbs. For Persian babes are rolled up in shawls tied round with braid, and look just like mummies! Only the tiny face is left uncovered, the arms

and legs being tightly strapped up in the bundle. In astonishment, therefore, Persian mothers ask if European children's legs and arms do not grow crooked or get broken on account of these precautions not being observed.

Mothers in certain parts of Spain greet their babes at birth by knocking them over the head with a plate! If the plate breaks, he is considered a sensible, hard-headed child; if not, he is bound to cause sorrow. Nevertheless, Spanish children have a birth-right of charm and seductiveness and are brought up in a sort of caressing atmosphere. When an infant first begins to notice things, it is a practice with many Spanish parents to place before it a board, upon which are laid a silver coin, a sword, a silver cross, a book and some fruit. To whichever object the child stretches forth its hand, indication is supposed to be made in respect to its future vocation. The coin portrays the profession of a merchant; the sword, a soldier; the cross, a priest; the book, a lawyer or scholar; and the fruit, a farmer or landowner.

Portuguese parents and especially the mothers—sacrifice themselves to yield to the whims and caprices of their children. They are scarcely ever corrected until they are grown up, when, for the sake of appearances outside, they are apt to criticise severely the shortcomings of the new young men and women.

Italians are the best mothers in the world. They regard motherhood as a religion, not as a drudgery. As in Brittany, children are considered blessed gifts from God and Italian parents,

in their love for them, are almost like children themselves. They enter into their games, their joys and their sorrows. No Italian mother will willingly consent to leave her babe: the bonny cherubs slumbering contentedly in their cradles on the barrel organs of European cities are taken about far less for effect than out of pure love. Children, indeed, are adored in Italy, and, though the small houses are unpleasantly crowded because of them and the food is often scarce on account of them, mothers in Italy would not willingly part with any one of these mischievous black-eyed elves.

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of asafetida to the necks of their offspring. Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle, to ensure the safety of their children.

It is not at all difficult to understand the fervent love which the Malayan mothers often display towards their children, for there is something singularly fascinating in the faces of the dusky mortals when quite young. There is a keen, bright intelligence, a wistful, pathetic, appealing something about the tiny face of the baby "black-fellow," but unfortunately as they are generally terribly spoiled by the indulgence of their mothers, the baby soon becomes a particularly unpleasant little creature, sharp as a weasel, but dirty and fierce.

The Kaffir mother takes as much pride in keeping her little children well painted as do some parents in seeing their children fashionably dressed. They are fond of painting their bairns

all over a fiery red, a cheap and well-fitting paint that will last for many a month, and is easily renewed when it begins to grow shabby! Nevertheless, Kaffir babies are most delightful little mortals. These woolly-headed, bright-eyed, chubby little people are always most inviting to the pencil and camera.

All true mothers, irrespective of nationality, in fact are Saints that should be canonised by every creed. They wear a halo of glory indeed, to show their worthiness to sit upon the steps of the celestial throne. They are the creators of the home, and the Edens of earth are the happy homes over which they preside. There is no honour on earth so great and so full of blessed rewards as that of sending out into the world a man or woman fully equipped for a noble life-work. The mothers of the world are truly co-workers with God in the uplifting and regeneration of the human race. These queens of the heart, whose realm is bounded by the affection and well-being of their household, should not be discouraged therefore, if their toil seems fruitless and their words unheeded, for, in the deep recesses of the hearts of their children, their message is undoubtedly graven deeply, their words and gentle teachings are assuredly there recorded, and, in future years, and perhaps in distant climes, their lessons, and patience and influence, will bring a rich harvest of reward.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

Suniti's advice to Prince

Mahavir Singh,

In Rajputana there once reigned a just, brave and very good king named Jayasingh. He had a son—Mahavir Singh—who was sent for his education, after his sacred thread ceremony, to the family guru—a brahmin named Bhumitra. Bhumitra tried his best to teach the Prince all about his religion and many other subjects; but Mahavir Singh would not pay attention to any of the subjects, except music and singing. He would spend the day in playing and quarrelling with the other boys. He would neither study himself, nor let the other boys do so. At seven in the evenings, he was asleep, and long after sunrise he would wake up. He wasted all the money which he received from his parents.

When Bhumitra found that all his efforts were useless, he was very sad, and tried hard to think of a plan of teaching his pupil. One day Raja Jayasingh came to ask Bhumitra how Mahavir Singh was getting on, and he found him sitting in his room all alone, and thinking of something. When Bhumitra saw the King, he got up, and offered a seat to him. After a few minutes, Jayasingh asked him many questions regarding Mahavir Singh, but received no answer. At last he said, "I am sorry I disturbed you, but let me know how Mahavir Singh is, and if he is improving, then I shall go back quite satisfied." Bhumitra was about to say something, when Mahavir Singh himself passed by. And seeing him, the king said, "Tell me what you read and learn. Do you pay

attention and say your prayers regularly twice a day?" The foolish Prince could not say anything, so he kept quiet. The king again questioned him, and he said, "I have learnt nothing."

On hearing this, Jayasingh turned to Bhumitra, and said, "Your father and grandfather taught me, my father, and grandfather, so I thought that you were pious and capable of teaching, and I left the Prince with you; but you are not worthy of the trust, and the Prince is just as he was when I sent him to you. Don't you know that in our race no uneducated man has reigned as yet? The people will say that Jayasingh's son was not able to rule." Bhumitra said, "Maharaj! I have tried my best to teach the Prince, but all my efforts are useless. He does not pay attention to studying, does not like or want to hear about religion, never says his prayers, and hinders the others from studying."

The king said, "I will allow you only one month more from today. If in that time, the Prince does not learn anything, then I shall know that the family guru—Bhumitra—is not capable of teaching." After saying this, the king very sadly left for his palace. In the night when Bhumitra came home, he was very sad, and went straight to his bedroom, without having any dinner.

Bhumitra had two very well-educated daughters—the eldest one Suriti, and the younger one Suniti. They thought that there must be something troubling their father.

Next morning, when Bhumitra woke up, he was still very sorrowful, so

they both asked him the reason of his sorrow. He told them everything. Then Suniti asked him if the Prince liked any of the studies. Bhumitra said that he was fond of music and singing only, and never paid attention to anything else. Suriti then said, "Don't be sad, father. Send the Prince to us today, and we shall see if we can do anything."

Bhumitra did so, and when the Prince went there the two sisters gave him a seat and made him comfortable. Then Suniti said to Suriti, "I heard the Prince is very fond of music and singing. Will you kindly sing something?"

Suriti sang a Sanskrit verse so sweetly, that Mahavir Singh was delighted, and thanked her. Suniti said, "The meaning of this verse is very nice. I am sure you will like it when you hear it."

Mahavir Singh asked her to tell him the meaning, so she said, "Those who have no education, who do not practise religious meditation, do not give charity to the needy, who have no wisdom, are short-tempered, and have no virtue, they are a burden to mother Earth, and though in human form, they are only deer or beasts."

On hearing this, Mahavir Singh was ashamed of himself, but said nothing. Suniti said to her sister, "You sang a very nice verse, and very sweetly too, but there is a mistake in the verse."

Suriti said, "It cannot be, as Bhartrihari (the composer) is a very famous poet. Where is the mistake?" Suniti replied, "There—where it is said that an uneducated man is to be compared to a deer. I do not like that compari-

son, as the deer is a very pretty animal—his eyes are beautiful, his gait so swift, and he is harmless. There are no such virtues in an uneducated man, and to compare him to a deer, is, I think, decreasing the beauty and merit of the deer."

"That is true," said Suriti. "Well, can an uneducated man be compared to a bull?" "No," replied Suniti, "The bullocks do a lot of work. They plough the field, draw water from wells, and pull carts. How can such useful animals be compared to uneducated people, and those who never think of God?"

Then Suriti asked, "Can such a person be compared to asses and donkeys?" But Suniti shook her head saying, "No. Donkeys and asses are better than him, as they work the whole day, carrying heavy burdens on their backs, and eat only grass and straw. But uneducated people, and those who know no difference between deserving and needy people, and undeserving ones when they give charity—cannot be compared even to a donkey—the worst-treated of useful animals."

"Are they not even like dogs?" asked Suriti. "Mother Earth can bear the weight of dogs," said Suniti, "but not of foolish, bad, or wicked men. Dogs are very faithful to their masters and guard them when all—including nature itself—are asleep. They jump, run, dance or lie down to please their masters. Uneducated, foolish, and wicked men are no help, but a hindrance to others."

"I hope it is not wrong," said Suriti, "if I say that such men can be com-

pared to straw." But Suniti replied, "They are not even like straw. Look at the work we take from straw—beasts eat it, and sometimes thatched roofs and mats are made from it. What is the use of a foolish or wicked man?"

Suniti again asked, "Do you say it is wrong to think of an uneducated and foolish man as ashes?" "He is not to be compared even to ashes," said Suniti. "When any animal—for example bullocks—have a wound, then ashes are applied to the wounded places, to stop the blood from flowing, and flies do not sit on the wounds. Sometimes ashes are strewn on fields, and the crops grow more abundantly. A man who has no knowledge of anything, he who wastes all his hereditary property, and cannot earn himself, and who though he knows the rules of religion, yet adopts bad habits and is always found in bad society—is of no use in this world."

"I understand you now," said Suniti. "Your meaning is, that such a man who is of no use in this world, should never have been born." Suniti said, "Yes, you are right. This precious birth—which every one has taken—will only be fruitful when it has been used for the good of others, when people study and learn all that they can, are pious, and impart to others what they know."

Suniti then enquired, "Are these virtues necessary for Princes?" Suniti replied, "These virtues—such as being just, kind, brave, wise, and well-educated etc., are absolutely necessary for Princes, Princesses and royal families, as their fame spreads round

the world, and they have their kingdoms and countries etc., to rule. Ordinary people have only their family and a little property to take care of, but the royal families have all their subjects, and everyone depends upon them."

Prince Mahavir Singh heard all this, and was ashamed of himself. In his mind he thought, "Alas! I have wasted all the precious time which I spent here in playing and quarrelling. Even beasts of burden and ashes are better than me. I am not worthy of being a Prince." He got up, and said to Suniti, "I thank you heartily for the beneficial advice you have given me. I shall never forget it, and shall from today try my best to learn all that I can." After saying this, he went to the schoolroom, and found the other boys preparing for lessons. He paid all attention to his studies, and soon came to like them. At the end of the month, when Raja Jayasingh came to see the Prince, he was surprised and pleased to see how much he had learnt since he had last seen him.

In a few years, Mahavir Singh was able to rule his kingdom well, and was loved by his subjects for his justice, piety, mercy, chivalry, and many other good qualities.



News & Notes.

Food Value of Rice.

By "O. D.")

As the consumption of rice is so great, and it is the staple food of the majority of Indians and "domiciled" Anglo-Indians, it will be of interest to know its food value and importance. Rice is said to be the most important food product known to man. Gautier, one of the greatest living authorities on food, has stated:—"Rice affords nourishment to the greatest number of people in the world, a statement that can be verified by statistics. The greatest American authority on foods, W. Gilman Thompson, has said, "Rice constitutes the staple food of the majority of the world's inhabitants." Asia with its population of over a billion people, which is nearly two-thirds of the total population of the world, consumes per head $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of rice daily. It might therefore be concluded that a single year's failure of the world's rice crop would probably exterminate the teeming populations of India, China and Japan.

The Indian labourer, except in the Punjab and northern parts, partially dependent on rice, the Chinaman's food is entirely rice, to which is added some beans and peanuts, the Japanese soldier, we know, won their greatest battle on a diet of rice, the Panama canal was dug by rice-eaters. There is no doubt, it is admitted, so satisfying the natives of the tropics as rice.

The physiological reason why such an enormous number of people can subsist exclusively upon rice, and their preference for this particular cereal may be worth consideration. Professor Bunge who made a more exhaustive study of foodstuffs than any other living chemist, points out what are, probably the true reasons for the choice of rice as a foodstuff by so large a part of the human race. One reason which he adduces is the remarkable ease with which rice is utilised by the body. Many experiments have shown that rice is one of the most easily digestible of all foodstuffs. No other cereal can compare with it. This was proved by Beaumont in his classical experiments upon the wounded hunter, Alexis St Martin. The following table shows the length of time required for the digestion of rice and various other foodstuffs, as determined by Beaumont:—Rice boiled, one hour, apples sweet and mellow $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, Tapioca 2 hours, Barley boiled 2 hours, milk boiled 2 hours, milk raw $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Eggs raw, whipped $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, eggs hard boiled 3 hours, eggs fried $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, stewed oysters $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, roast beef $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, fried beef $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, corn beef $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, pork roasted $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours, corn bread $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours, wheat bread $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, potatoes boiled $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, potatoes baked $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, cabbage boiled $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, cabbage raw $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. In all of Beaumont's experiments, no other food than rice was found which the stomach could digest in one hour. But Bunge made another original observation, which is perhaps

of still greater importance in placing rice at the head of the list of human nutrients. The discovery relates to the chemical composition of rice, and especially the extremely small proportion of alkaline salts which it contains. The alkaline salts of food, we learn, are eliminated through the kidneys, which Dr. Menkel tells us can eliminate quantities of these salts so long as they remain in health, but he adds that overwork weakens them. There is no organ in our body so mercilessly ill-treated" states Bunge "as the kidneys which are obliged to let everything pass through them, and the harm done to them is not felt till it is too late to avoid the evil consequences." Certain food stuffs contain these alkaline salts in very great excess, far more than the body requires. Rice, according to Bunge's figures, contains less than any other cereal, in fact, less than any other foodstuff. For example, according to Gautier, oats, wheat, rye, and barley contain from five to six times as much alkaline salt as rice does; peas twelve times as much, beef nineteen times as much, cow's milk nine to seventeen times as much. When quantities having equivalent nutritive values are compared, the potato contains, according to Bunge forty-eight times as much alkaline salt as rice does!

It is therefore apparent that the work required of the kidneys in the elimination of a alkaline salts on a diet of rice is five to forty-eight times less than is required with other food. The enormous difference between rice and the potato in this particular is especially noticeable. Would it not, for this reason, be well to suggest that

rice might in larger part be substituted for the potato and for other cereals as a source of farinaceous food.

The increase of Bright's disease is, at the present rate, so rapid that it is predicted the death rate would be double what is now in 25 years time. It has been pretty clearly established, we know, that this disease is discovered by Dr. Bright is chiefly due to the influence of poisons absorbed from the blood. The prolonged exposure of the kidney tissues to these poisons in concentrated form finally results in hardening and destroying the tissue of the kidneys. This naturally prevents the kidneys from efficiently performing their work of blood purification. For this reason, it is highly important that the diet in Bright's disease should be antitoxin. The eminent professor Hoge therefore calls the attention of the medical profession, especially, the importance of rice as a diet for persons suffering from Bright's disease. It appears is worthy of serious consideration when it is known what ravages this disease is making at the present time.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE WHICH MAKE RICE THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOOD.

1. Rice is the staff of life for nearly two-thirds of the world's inhabitants.
2. Rice is the most easily digestible of all foods; it digests in less time than any food.
3. Rice is the most easily utilised of all foods, taxing the body least in both digestion and elimination. Food such as corn and other cereals contains five

to twenty-five times as much as does rice of the irritating potash salts of which rice, of all foods, contains the least. (Bunge).

4. Rice is the best food for sore and feeble stomachs (Bunge).

5. Rice should be the chief food of persons suffering from Bright's disease (Bunge).

6. Rice is the most antitoxic of all cereal foods, and hence the proper food for persons suffering from "biliousness" and other forms of intestinal auto intoxication. (Herald of Health).

We may yet learn a lesson from the Orient in the matter of diet. The sturdy Japanese has given a good account of himself while he was fighting the Russians among the snows of Manchuria, digging the canal at Panama, and while engaged in strenuous naval work. The poor Indian cooly depends for his hardy endurance wholly upon the rice which he eats largely with what condiments and additions he can afford.

To obtain the full nutriment of the rice grain it should be rather steamed, and not boiled out of its substance as is commonly done by most people.

The correct method of cooking rice so that its nutriment may be retained in the grain is to boil it in just sufficient water which will become absorbed in the grain and leave it grainy. Enough water must be added to boil the rice just to cover it about an inch above the quantity which settles in the cooking utensil. When it feels soft to the touch, the utensil with the rice is taken off the fire and kept heated close to the fire place, with a lid upon which a few coals of fire should be placed. Rice may also be steamed in

the ordinary steamer. The rice is washed, is put in a copper vessel wet, with a fine piece of cloth over the perforators to prevent it falling through. In this way of cooking, the steamed rice should occasionally be wetted, to make up for loss by evaporation. It can also be boiled in the manner that cocoanut rice is made, much in the style that the Indian kitchidi or kedgree is cooked; that is rice cooked with lentils or dhal. There are several recipes for making kitchidi, which can be found in many cookery books. Rice cooked in the Burmese and Japanese methods is very satisfying and nourishing.

From a table of food values it is found that rice (once milled) that would mean *putcha*, or raw rice, has a nutriment value percentage of 91.2 compared with mutton (medium fat) which is 34.8 lean beef 28.0, wheat-meal 84.47, Oatmeal 89.11. White bread 56.5, haricots 87.2 lentils 83.0, peas dried 86.7 cocoanut 50.5, bananas 26.6 raisins 76, figs 75, potatoes 24.4, beet 11.4.

If the poorer people who live largely on boiled rice would study the value of this popular cereal and take some personal trouble, and show the Indians how to cook it so that its nourishing properties may not be lost, it will be made a far more sustaining food than it is with its "lip" boiled out of it.

Rice can be strained together with green peas, beans, gram and other Indian cereals, and thus prepared it becomes quite a satisfying meal supplying all the needs of the body.

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Bangalore City,
4th May, 1918.

B. SHANKAR RAO,
Superintendent

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