

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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TO MY BABY

God gave me laughter
Light as the breeze,
God gave me sunshine,
Flowers, and trees,
God gave me meadows
Fragrant with hay,
A cottage, and home-thoughts
To gladden my day.
God gave me song-birds
Light-winged and true.
But best of all the world
God gave me you.

LELAND J. BERRY.

CHRISTIANITY AND WOMEN

ONCE again the season of Christmas has brought before us the mighty personality of Christ, that personality which has held its own through the doubt-pervading, obstacle-creating, and heart-breaking ages of the world. Spiritual, yet of the world; simple, yet wonderful; gentle, yet almighty; ideal, yet personal, once again, the thoughts, words and deeds of the Christ have been brought into close contact with us; and, of whatever faith we are, we cannot but attend to them in wonder and admiration of so perfect a life.

It cannot be denied, after all has been said, that the greatest freedom to women has been found in the Christian religion. And why? Because, throughout the ministering of Christ, we see nothing but respect and consideration shown to women of all kinds. Moreover, we find no instance in which their freedom was curtailed. It seems to have been taken for granted that women had rights of their own, and had social freedom and liberty to go about and do whatever ministry

they could to others. Christ, we notice, accepted the services of women friends, as freely and gratefully and friendly as he accepted those of the men.

Again, and this is the point we should notice, never did he despise women. He was all kindness and gentleness to the members of the frail sex; more so indeed was He when some of them were sinners. Nowhere, do we find in Him the attitude of the Pharisee, who lauded his own goodness and despised others as sinners. On the other hand, with His unerring instinct for motives, he probed the human heart so surely, but with such tact and sympathy, that, though he gauged the weakness, He never despised it. When the woman taken in sin was brought to Him, did He scathe her with denunciation? On the other hand, He did not even pass judgment on her, but bade others judge her from their own hearts. And yet, that it was a sin of which one ought to be ashamed, we see from the fact that He stooped down to the very dust at the thought of it, and He bade her "go and sin no more." When Mary the sinner poured ointment over His feet as but a small measure of her repentance, did He spurn her? On the other hand, He praised her. "Let her alone," He cried, "she hath done what she could. Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." And to the woman with the plague, he spoke kindly: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace."

And how well did He know how to bring out the best in women! To the sinning Samaria woman, He spoke so sympathetically and searchingly that she was moved to confess her sin and speak of him to others. When the Syro-Phenician woman came to Him to beg help for her insane daughter, He gently tested her. "Let the children first be filled," He said, "it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs." She might have taken offence at His words, but instead she proved her humility. "Yea Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." And then He blessed her: "For this saying, go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter."

He was kind even to the lowest and the poorest among women. He cured Simon's wife's mother of a fever. He was kind to the poor widow of Nain and raised her only son from death, even though, not knowing that he could serve her, she did not specially ask for His help. And He ever had a sympathetic regard for the poor worshippers in the temple; for we read that He praised the poor widow, who was able to give only two mites to the temple:

"They all did cast in of their own abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

Among the circle of Christ's friends, were many women, who were faithful to Him. We read of His friendship with Martha and Mary, and of His great kindness to them. We read how the women accompanied Him on His preaching tours; poor women, repentant women, rich women. When Christ was being led to His death on the Cross, we read: "there followed Him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented Him." And Christ was so sorry for their sorrow, that, even in the midst of His own sufferings, He turned to speak to them: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." When He was crucified, there were women, "looking on afar off." When He was laid to rest in His sepulchre, the women carefully watched to see where He was laid; and very early on the morning of the next day, they brought sweet spices to anoint the tortured body of their adored Master. It was to Mary Magdalene, the repentant sinner, that Christ showed Himself first. How pretty is the story of His appearance to her! "Jesus said unto her: Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him. Jesus cried unto her, Mary! She turned herself and said unto Him, Master."

Christ never despised the institution of marriage. We know that He attended the marriage ceremony at Cana of Galilee and did all He could to make the feast a success. And He respected the purity and sanctity of marriage, for He was against divorce, "And they twain shall be of one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Christ, I think, did not have much use for the masculine type of woman, or for that type which arrogates and claims absolutely equal privileges with men. He liked the domestic type, from whom comes that gentle and kind and helpful companionship, which has been so admired by great men, like Ruskin and Tennyson. But, to such, He allowed privileges far beyond the home sphere. He recognised their larger capabilities, and their scope for greater things than mere domestic service; and he was eager that they should train themselves for that sphere. Witness what he said to Martha, when she reproved Mary for not attending to trivial domestic duties: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful, and Mary has chosen that good part, which shall not be taken from her." To those women who cultivated the

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spiritual in them, he gave His true friendship. At all times, He revered the ideals of faith, steadfastness and devotion; of patience, endurance, greatness and kindness of heart; of charity, selflessness and sacrifice; and I am sure He found many of these ideals among the women who helped Him and served Him as their revered Master.

What then, should Christmas mean to us? Chiefly, service to humanity, for Christ came to serve the world. There are many of us who are not Christians; but as I said before, there are not many who can help admiring the perfect figure of Christ. And, Christmas having been celebrated as the season of the birth of this great Christ, it will not do us harm to pause a little and see what each of us could have done this season of Christmas to make the world around us a little brighter; nay, can go on doing; for, if we think a little, we shall see that the ideals of service are meant for all seasons.

This spirit of service percolates to the world through the divine inspiration of motherhood. How beautiful was the relationship between Christ and his mother, we can see from the lovely pictures of *The Madonna and the child* given to us by the great painters of the world!

Christ loved His own mother. Some people have rather misunderstood his remark to her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" as savouring somewhat of disrespect; but, those who know have explained that it meant nothing of the sort. "Woman," meant "Lady," and what have I to do with thee?" merely meant that He had to wait for His father's command before He could obey her. She herself took no offence; on the other hand, she warned the servants to wait on her Son's command. Then, let us remember how Christ looked after His mother and yearned over her! When He saw that beloved woman standing forlorn and aghast at his cross, His heart bled for her; and, in the midst of His own agony, he saw to her protection and commended her to the care of His loved disciple, John. Indeed, Christ understood and revered that divine feeling of motherhood planted in women, which is one of the saving graces of the world: "A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow, because her hour comes; but, as soon as she is delivered of her child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for that a man is born into the world." From that feeling, He has drawn a larger relationship, which we shall do well to gain inspiration from; for, the domestic relationships of men and women will be of the more value, if from them we can get a larger love of humanity. "Whosoever shall do the will

SOME WOMEN PIONEERS OF SOUTH INDIA



Mrs. K. Lakshmana Rao,
*The first Honorary Magistrate from the
Maharashtra community.*



Mrs. Fernandez,
*The first Honorary Magistrate from
South Canara.*



Dr. Miss Mehta, *The first L. M. (Edin.) and M. R. C. S. (London) from the Gujarati community.*



Mrs. Thangamma Jacob,
*The first nominated Municipal Councillor from
the Syrian Christian community.*



Mrs. D. K. Mistry,
*The first nominated Municipal Councillor
from the Adi-dravida community.*



Miss R. Krishna Bai,
The first L. T. Graduate from the Naidu
community.



Princess Ikkavu Thamburan,
The first Graduate from the Royal families
of South India.



Mrs. Phulavati Shukla,
The first Graduate from the Kanya Kubja
Brahmin community.



Miss Manorama,
The first S. S. L. C. from the Qriya
community.

(Photos by R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam)

of God, the same is my brother and my sister and my mother," said Christ. We cannot aspire to say quite the same; for, how can we claim to be so good ourselves as to arrogate to ourselves relationship with only the good? But we can echo the words of Christ in a lesser, yet a larger, measure.

Christmas, then, through the mother, should have spread to the family, especially the children. How beautiful was the relationship of children to Christ! From the love His mother bore Him, came His own love for the little ones around Him. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God."

And from this love to children, comes that larger saying: "Who-soever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." The world is so made now-a-days that the meek, the innocent, the confiding and the simple types of humanity, which reproduce the best qualities of childhood, look foolish and stupid in the estimation of the worldly-wise; but, as Christ said, they are blessed, for in their foolishness, they are wise.

Christmas, therefore, should be chiefly for children; but let not our women forget, while ministering to their own children, to serve the children of others. As Ruskin said, we must always think of the feeble flowers around us; which for the want of a little help, are fading and dying. I hope, then, that we were able to carry comfort to those children outside our own homes, who may not have been able to get all those delights of the Christmas season, gifts, rich and dainty food, festivities, games, and all the little pleasures, which were so eagerly looked forward to by our own children.

"Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,
Please to put a penny in the old man's hat."

runs the Christmas song. Christmas has been the season, not only for the world in general, and women and children in particular, but also specially meant for the poor and the destitute and the poverty-stricken.

K. SATTIANADHAN.

SOME SNAP-SHOTS OF SRI VALMIKI

"Hail, great ascetic, pious, good and kind!
Hail, Saint Vālmiki, Lord of every lore!
Hail, Holy Hermit, calm and pure of mind!
Hail, First of Bards, Vālmiki, hail once more!"

THE life of the Saint and Singer Sri Vālmiki, as depicted in the 'Ramayana' captures at once the artistic and philosophic senses of the reader, and induces him to pause at certain stages to take some snap-shots of the Poet with his well-set mind-camera. The reader, if he is careful enough to take the snap-shots at each successive stage, will find himself at the close the rich possessor of a good collection of them, which at his leisure he can turn into a picture-album for happy study. Each picture is striking in its own way; and when they are arranged in order, we perceive an artistic harmony running through them in the order of progression, which at its culmination transports our minds to a transcendental sphere of entrancing rapture.

The first snap-shot presents before us a fair Brahmin youth in love with a Chandala maiden. Dark clouds of Kāma and Mōha hover all over his Brahmagnāna (the knowledge of the Supreme) and blind his inner vision. The scene is very suggestive of the head-long fall of the Brahmin youth from the topmost storey to the lowest ground-floor.

In anxious curiosity to know how Providence has dealt with the young Brahmin, we hasten to the second snap-shot. The scene is disappointing. There we see the Brahmin actually transformed into a brutish *vyādha* (hunter) engaged all day in hunting and robbing. He is full of the world and has not a moment to waste in self-introspection and self-analysis. He has entirely lost himself in the lust of life. His brutish heart is dead to the screams of the birds and the yells of the beasts, that he hunts for prey as they roll on the ground in painful agony; the tearful pleadings of the travellers, he waylays, only make his sides ache with laughter! The picture is pathetic, inasmuch as it leaves the reader to mourn for a life hopelessly lost.

But, when we turn to the third scene, we descry a faint ray of hope dawning on the dense mass of clouds. The hunter is pictured as waylaying the *saptarishis* (the seven sages) in his usual unscrupulous way. But in a moment the captor is himself taken captive.

The strange behaviour of the sages who yield to him gently (without trying to escape from his clutches), their looks bespeaking

compassion and pity for him, their strange questions—all these touch him to the quick, and the hunter feels his brutish nature melting away in the divine glow of the sages. The scene is very thrilling as it brings home to our minds an idea of the wide gulf that at once separates and connects the highest and lowest stages of life, as represented by the sages on the one side and the hunter on the other.

The pictures that follow are full of action and sentiment. The hunter is somewhat distressed at the strange question put to him by the sages, 'Oh hunter, will your wife and children share with you the sins you hoard, as they do your enjoyments?' The query darts through him like a flash of lightning and for the first time after his 'fall' there draws in the hunter's mind the consciousness of a *dehin* (Dehi) or soul apart from the *deha* (Deha) or gross body.

Full of anxiety, the hunter runs to his house to get the answer from his wife and children. But, to his great mortification his wife sings to him the oft-quoted lines, nodding her head gently and sweetly. "The sinner alone has to suffer for his sins!" It is a touching scene, one of disillusion for the hunter. The poor man feels himself undone, the sins he has committed stare him in the face, and he shuts his eyes, scared by the sight. Forsaken by the world, and crushed under the weight of accumulated sins, he wends his way to the sages, falls at their feet and begs for protection.

The sages feel delighted, they give him a seat between the twin off-shoots of a tree and ask him there to chant the 'Rama mantra' which will wash off his sins. The hunter struggles hard to chant the sacred name, but his polluted tongue clings to the roof of his mouth and at the advice of the sages he repeats the syllables in the reverse order and he succeeds!

The scene that follows is the most pathetic. The hunter struggling hard to keep his senses under control, stammering out the *māntra* like a child, his eyes firmly closed in his attempt to break open the doors of inner vision, his face clearly expressing the struggle and the yearning for liberation—the picture moves us to tears of joy and pity. He is quite unlike the *Yogi* comfortably seated on his *Yogasana* and meditating on God with a poised mind. He is the poor simple hunter deprived of his bows and arrows, compelled to abandon his favourite pursuits, like a boy dragged away from his pleasant sports to his books and studies by his unkind parents. Would that the sages had left him to himself and his pleasures, instead of making him thus the dreamer of an unrealized life!

But we greet the next picture with unmixed joy. There we hail the return of the seven sages (years afterwards) to the memorable

spot where they had left the hunter. They approach the tree, break open the thick growth of ant-hill between the twin-branches and lo! to their great joy and surprise they discover a brother-saint in the radiant glow of divine splendour. The scene is most thrilling. What a change from the hunter groping in darkness, to this Sage Vālmiki (the child of the ant-hill) the seat of divine life and light! We lose ourselves in admiration of the scene and feel reluctant to turn our minds from it.

If we, however, close our album for a time and reflect upon the scenes we have witnessed, we find them to be a pictorial representation of the spiritual evolution of a soul in travail. They describe four fundamental stages in the progress of the soul from child-birth to divinity—the first is the animal or larva stage when the man is dead to all higher influences. This is the *Dēhōham* stage when the man thinks that he is the body and has no conception of a soul. The second is the human stage beyond excellence when the animal-man evolves into the human or moral being. There is a struggle to subdue the gross nature and resist temptation. This is also the stage of the house holder or family man. By the practice of continence, inner detachment and physical austerity symbolised by the ant-hill life of Vālmiki, the soul evolves into the third or spiritual stage, as the chrysalis into the butterfly. This is the stage of *Vāna Prastha*. The man still lives in the world, yet he is not of it. The fourth and last stage is reached when the spiritual man evolves into the divine man—when the dedicated life of the *Vāna Prastha* is changed into the sacramental life of the *Sannyasin*, when the soul, like the butterfly, wings itself to the joys of heaven and realises its oneness with all that is. He becomes a true *Rishi* or spiritual Seer who sees truth, beauty and love in all things of God's creation.

It is the 'Seer' in Vālmiki, that also made him the greatest of singers. We are indeed fortunate that at least a few of the inspired seers of our Motherland have sung to us. Most of them, having reached the highest stage, forgot themselves in divine meditation, and the sublime bliss that filled their hearts did not flow to us in the form of songs to bless humanity.

It was by a strange stroke of good luck that Sri Vālmiki himself happened to give expression to his self in the form of songs embodied in the 'Rāmāyana,' in the sacred waters of which we daily take refreshing mental baths. Had it not been for the very simple incident of the 'Curlew Pair,' the world would have lost one of the greatest and sweetest of literary productions.

The incident and its effect on Vālmiki's mind speak volumes about the Poet in him. It is so beautifully set in the Rāmāyana that it defies all translations.

One day, the sage as usual goes to the river 'Tamasa' for his ablutions, accompanied by one of his disciples. The air is cool and calm; the plants and trees on the banks of the river fresh and green, the lotuses in full bloom, the clear waters of the stream flowing in gentle ripples and the sweet songs of birds, combine to fill the matchlessly pure and serene heart of Vālmiki with the blissful and spiritualised 'Rasa' of disinterested love for the world. In this state, the great sage enters the waters of the river, but suddenly the sweet harmony of the whole atmosphere is disturbed by a hunter, who mercilessly shoots the male of a curlew-pair. The male bird drops down dead and its female mate in its acute grief coos piteously. The sage, who witnesses the scene is moved, his heart is filled with pity, and out of his pitiful heart spontaneously bursts out a song—'pathos-footed, metre-robed, and poetry-crowned,' in the well-known verse *ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय*, which is actually his *Sōka* transformed into *Sloka*. It is this verse, which duly became the fountain of hundreds of equally sublime verses in the Rāmāyana.

The incident, slight as it is, shows what a great responsive heart Vālmiki had. It is the fine responsiveness of the heart and intense disinterested love for all things and beings of the world, that qualified Vālmiki to be the greatest of poets. We are also struck with the lofty character into which the soul of the ancient brute hunter has evolved. What a contrast is there between the hunter who ruthlessly kills birds and beasts in thousands, his animal heart revelling in cruelty, and the Sage Vālmiki who finds it hard to bear even the apparently silly tragedy of the Curlew pair! Where is the hunter who could not even utter the simple dissyllabic *Rama Mantra*, and where the great Poet from whose heart flowed spontaneously the sacred stream of the Rāmāyana!

In reverence, we bow to that great Sri Vālmiki 'The Bird of charming Song, who mounts on Poesy's sublimest spray, and sweetly sings, with accent clear and strong, *Rama aye Rama* in his deathless lay.'

A. DEVAKI AMMA.

AN EVENING SOLILOQUY

THERE is a remark often passed that we should hear many strange stories if only stone walls could talk. I know a little, crumbling erection of stone, whose story I would very much like to hear, and yet maybe it has no very romantic history, except in the imagination of the many whom its charm and beauty must have inspired.

It is an old castle, and it is in London, within a few miles of the very heart of this great city, in one of the parks given the town dweller, in which to ease his tired mind after the day's toil; but it is an unusually uncultivated park, where tree and bush, flower and weed are left to grow in natural beauty, so much so that the name "Park", which calls up visions of trim flower beds and smooth, grassy lawns whereon human feet may *not* tread, does not seem to fit at all. And one evening I, a tired city worker, was able to dream in a little fairyland for a brief hour among its pleasant ways, and so found my castle.

It stands by a lake whose dark, still waters have even o'erflowed one crumbled grey wall and entered its mysterious portals. Luxuriant moss and waterweed have added a touch of brightness to the sombre grey stones, and water lilies bloom in gold and white in abundance. The dark trees cluster round as if to shield such treasure from prying eyes, and even the little birds in their boughs seem to hush their merry twittering as if to keep their secret.

Moored on the lake and half inside the broken wall is an old punt with little weeds peeping through its boards, and it rests so still as if waiting for someone, who never comes, to send it with sweeping strokes across the dark pool. Surely here some gentle maiden waited for her gallant knight! Surely the echo of some beautiful romance clings to those cold grey walls!

The atmosphere is still and restful,—one feels that a hoarse cry or the roar of the city would shatter this lovely picture. Yet the impression of repose belies the life and action of the myriad tiny creatures, whose home is that still smooth water. And the old castle looks calmly on and the trees stand aloof and serenely heedless of the human ebb and flow beneath their boughs—of the laughter of the kiddies and the low-toned confidences of the lovers who stroll there at eventide. Ah, to be able to live thus, quiet and unmoved by the things that happen round and about us!

The sun had set, and presently a moonbeam glided across the water. The lady Moon wishes to delve into the old castle's secret! But it is securely hidden in those beautiful old walls.

How the time flies whilst imagination weaves her silver threads! I left that peaceful grove and went home to dream of castles and knights and princesses.

MABEL BYE.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE MANAS SAROVARA
AND THE KAILAS MOUNTAINS

"**I**N lights and shadows, and in colours and illuminations, in moods that change from hour to hour and season to season, in charming views and fascinating perspectives, *Manas Sarovara* is the most beautiful of the lakes of Tibet."

Dr. SVEN HEDIN.

These two very sacred places are situated in the Himalayas at a height of over 16,000 feet. The height of Kailas is 20,000 ft.; but it slopes on the southern side to 15,000 ft. The toilsome rocky paths, that lead to these wild spots, have aided from ancient times in making this wonderful country one of the most sought-after pilgrim resorts by the Hindus, as well as by the Buddhists. The grand impressive silence which reigns around the inaccessible mountains, and the inexhaustible wealth of crystal-clear water, which makes the lake the mother of the holy rivers, have contributed also to the attraction. According to Hindu Mythology, the Manas or Lake Sarovara was created by Brahma, by an effort of his will, for the bathing of his sons who were practising penance on the Kailas.

According to the Buddhists, the Manas Sarovara means "The most beautiful lake created by the soul of Buddha." However, Dr. Sven Hedin conjectures that this depression has been excavated from old glaciers of the southern mountains.

The ways to reach these sacred places are two at present. The one *via* Badrinath and Nitipass is very troublesome, and exposed to the danger of robbers. The other is *via* Muttra, to the railway station of Kathgodam, thence by motor to Almora, from where Ascot is reached in 7 days on foot. One may reach Ascot also through the railway station at Tanakpur *via* Muttra in 10 days or so by foot. There are Government coolie depots, from where coolies can be hired for further journeys right up to Garleiyang, near the Tibetan border. The rate for the coolies is generally a rupee per head per day, and each man can carry 50 lbs. luggage. From Garleiyang, a week's journey is necessary to reach the Manas Sarovara and two more days to the Kailas mountains. Thus, one has to spend nearly a fortnight

in the effort to reach these sacred places. after leaving the railway stations of Kathgodam or Tanakpura.

The journey has generally to be done on foot, though a horse may be secured for some stages on the way. But some part of the route is so difficult and steep, that it is not accessible to horses, Yaks, or Zabbus for riding right up to the Kailas mountain and back. The country surrounding the holy places is generally infested by Tibetan robbers equipped with fire-arms and horses; so pilgrims going to these places form into parties at Garleiyang, or if single take a guide with a gun to escort them.

The Manas Sarovara and its sister lake, the Rakastal, are visible from a great distance. Even the first view from the hills on the shore causes many pilgrims to burst into tears of joy and involuntary admiration at the wonderful and magnificent landscape. The oval lake, somewhat narrower to the south than the north, with a diameter of about 16 miles, lies like a brilliant diamond embedded between two of the finest and most famous mountain giants of the world, the Kailas in the north and the Gurla Mandhata in the south, which uplift their crowns of bright white eternal snow over lower but still huge ranges. The water of the Manas Sarovara is very transparent and reflects the blue sky. It is sweet like river water and as cold as ice. The maximum depth of the lake is 268 ft. and the whole lake freezes within an hour's time with a layer of snow of 3 feet over it in the month of December, every year. Its neighbour, the Rakastal, is nearly three to six miles to the west of Manas Sarovara, and is 40 ft. below its level, and its greatest depth is 54 ft. It freezes a fortnight earlier than the Manas Sarovara, and by degrees and in patches. Its water is as sweet as that of the Manas Sarovara, whence it may be inferred that it is renewed constantly by a subterranean inflow from the Manas Sarovara. It is calculated that 1000 cubic feet of water flows per second into the Manas Sarovara from the streams descending from the ice-capped mountains. On the shores of both these lakes, as well as on the Kailas mountain, and also swimming in the cold waters, flocks of wild geese (the traditional swans or *Hamsa*) are visible. They are snow-white in colour and live in couples. In autumn the wild geese go southwards to dry places and return again to the lakes in summer.

R. VENKOBA RAO.

THE BRIGAND'S WIFE

SCENE 1

(THE abode of Karaman, the chief of the Brigands, in the interior of a spacious cavern deep-hidden by high precipitous rocks, and reachable only by a narrow subterranean passage, through which flows a perennial stream, knee-deep in the hot season, but very full in the rainy season.

Through a tiny hole near the upper part of the cavern, one can get a clear view of the King's Palace. The palace is furnished in a comfortable manner and lit by two tall heavy brass lamps. Lounging indolently on a stone couch is Leela, wife of Karaman, her eyes inexpressibly sad; Vasa is busy chiding her mistress for being so dull.)

Vasa.—How, now! Why art thou sad? What sort of spirit is it that gets hold of thee when evening comes? I shall tell Master.

Leela.—(laughingly) Stop babbling, Vasa. Thou art getting more and more childish. I must stop that mouth of thine with cakes.

[She gets up, and at the same time Karaman descends by means of a rope-ladder from an opening at the top of the cave.]

L.—(her face transfigured with joy).

Ah! My Husband! Thou hast come in time to stop Vasa's tongue. It is growing longer every day.

[Karaman embracing her fondly, stretches himself on the stone couch in fatigue]

Come Vasa! Keep thy tongue still and bring us something to eat.
[Vasa goes in]

And Leela, my pretty wife! How went the world with thee?

L.—O! so dull and cold; the world is dark without thee. Thou art my Sun! and now I feel warm.

K.—(stroking her hair) Thank thy stars that I have come back safe to thee.

L.—(in a trembling voice) What dost thou mean, Karaman? Tell me quick.

K.—(in a fond voice) Don't tremble, my pretty flower. Thou art too tender even to imagine the rough paths of life. I had a narrow escape to-day. That tyrant Alladin, set his soldiers on me and like a pack of dogs they chased me, but I dodged them. They did not know—the stupid asses—whom they were chasing.

L.—(in a frightened voice) Beloved! if they find thee here, thou art lost.

K.—(assuringly) Don't you worry about this, my pretty, for these soldiers are as thick-headed as their King and never can they find out this cave, which Nature has so cleverly placed deep hidden and beyond the reach of men.

L.—Thou art ever sanguine about thyself, and I am ever anxious about thee. Each time thou leavest me, my joy sets and I am steeped in gloom. I imagine all sorts of horrible things. To please me, canst thou not leave off this career? What dost thou gain by robbing others of their wealth? Karaman! if thou didst love me as I . . .

K.—(petulantly) There, Leela! Thou hast begun again. Hast thou still doubts about my love for thee?

Women never understand men. We don't 'rob' people. We attack tyrants and take from them their ill-begotten money and help the deserving ones, feed the poor, the weak and the crippled, who are trampled and crushed by the arrogant 'rich.'

L.—Thou art noble in thus risking thy life, for the sake of the poor but thou canst not blame me, if the intense love I bear thee makes me feel anxious for thy welfare.

To live under this perpetual dread, to bury ourselves in this gloomy cave, these are indeed very heavy prices we have to pay. (Tears glisten in her eyes).

K.—(wiping away her tears) Weep not, dearie; I possess a 'charmed' life; I am strong. People call me 'the terror of Hindustan.' It would be better if they called me 'the terror of the Rich'—My mission in life is to defend the Poor.

L.—(attempting to smile) Tonight thou must not leave me. Those soldiers are sure to take thee prisoner.

K.—Let them dare! You foolish Leela! I have an urgent business to attend to tonight. I am meeting the clan at midnight. There, dear! Thou art not to worry thy pretty head about anything.

L.—(feebly) Canst thou not put off this meeting, Karaman?

K.—(emphatically) Impossible! I thought my girl possessed more strength. When didst thou become weak-minded like this?

L.—(in a resigned voice) Go, my Husband, may God be with thee always!

SCENE 2

[It is the hour of noon, but near the woodland stream it is cool and shady. Leela is sitting on a low rock, and Vasa is perched upon the top of the cave and is looking intently towards the city,—shading her eyes from the sun's hot rays by means of her right hand. Both appear anxious].

Leela.—What news, Vasa?

Vasa.—As far as I can see, not a single soul is in sight; but be hopeful, lady, for nobody can touch our master.

Leela.—(in despair)—Hope left me long ago. A succession of bad omens has befallen me today. When I got up this morning, my right eye quivered and I saw a dark shadow flit across the wall; just an hour ago I slipped and fell at this spot and a while ago the string of my pearl necklace broke. These are signs too significant to pass over and they foreshadow—Ah! what sound is that?

V.—(excitedly) It is Veera coming, and in a hurry too. I see him crossing the stream; he'll be here in a few minutes.

[Enter Veera, a member of the clan and a faithful friend of Karaman].

V.—(in a respectful voice) Lady! there is no time to break the news gently to thee. . . .

L.—(impatiently) Then don't waste time—tell me the worst.

V.—Karaman is a prisoner in Alladin's court and he bade me tell thee to take it in good cheer; he hopes to escape soon and—

L.—(in a strained voice) Is it possible for him to escape? Thou knowest how persistently Alladin has been trying his best to take him prisoner.

V.—(nodding his head) To be frank, Lady, I have my doubts; but thou canst rely on us, at least on me, for I shall remain true and loyal to him, and shall die with him if necessary. He has been placed in a dark dungeon, and a number of soldiers guard the entrance, and . . . I need not point to thee the danger he is in.

L.—(in a calm voice) I must think this out deeply.

V.—I shall leave thee, lady, for the present. Keep thy trust in me and I shall bring tidings as often as I can.

L.—I thank thee. (Veera leaves her; after a few minutes deliberation, she suddenly addresses Vasa, who starts in surprise)—Vasa! I am leaving this place at once. What dost thou say? Wilt thou accompany me or stay here?

V.—(reproachfully) What a question to ask thy faithful Vasa? I go with thee even to the end of the world.

Leela.—(tenderly) Vasa! thou art my true friend. Come, there is no time to be lost, let us away as early as we can. (Exeunt.)

SCENE 3.

[On the banks of the River Ganges, the scenery is quiet and peaceful. King Alladin with half-a-dozen select, favoured courtiers is enjoying the cool evening air. A young minstrel, very handsome and prepossessing, is playing with wondrous skill on the 'Saranga.' King Alladin, an ardent lover of Music, is entranced by the youth's songs.]

King A.—(in admiration) Fair youth! where did'st thou learn to sing and play so beautifully?

M.—(in a humble manner) These are gifts which God has vouchsafed unto me.

King A.—Thou shalt be our court singer. Stay with us. Thou hast made us happy, since thy arrival here these ten days ago.

M.—I thank thee most humbly, my Lord, but I am a rover; I am searching for my heart's delight, my heart's desire.

Singing:—

"Ah Sire! I have come
From my forest home,
Beside the mountain stream.
I have roamed in vain
Over hill and plain,
In search of my heart's sweet dream.
Ah Sire! I feel weary,
The way is all dreary,
I have gone thro' water and fire—
All day and all night,
In search of my delight,
O! give me back my heart's desire."

A.—Thy heart's desire?—what is that?—

M.—(with a low courtesy) Thou art a king, the most powerful man on earth; thou knowest everything.

A.—(not understanding anything; yet too proud to acknowledge it—but highly flattered) Choose anything; and it is thine. We have taken a great fancy for thee and we wish thee to remain here as our court singer; will thou accept this post?

M.—(deferentially) O Mighty Monarch! Thou must not think me an ingrate, if I refuse thy generous offer. I care not for position; I scorn wealth.

A.—(impulsively) Then what dost thou desire?

M.—The interest that thou hast taken in me is sufficient reward for me. But, since thou hast asked me to choose, I shall choose something very trivial from thy court, a something which thou

would'st never miss nor care for, but which I'll cherish till I die, and worship daily, as a token of love from one so mighty and powerful.

A.—(graciously) Here is my signet ring! Thou canst choose anything thou desirest from this kingdom and get it by showing this ring. Keep the ring also.

M.—(with a low bow) O! Thou kind-hearted king! I shall take my leave, I shall never forget thy kindness to me. Sometime thou wilt know how grateful I am.

(Sings)

"I go far unto the misty land,
Where the Yamuna's crystal waters
Flow from the icy caves of Amaranth.
There I'll find peace and perfect love
There the trees will smile on me
And the breeze will sing their melody
The snowy mountains and the pearly streams
Will whisper their secrets to me."

(CURTAIN.)

SCENE 4

[It is a dark New Moon night. A solitary goal-keeper is walking up and down in front of a dungeon. The stars are thick o'erhead]

Goal-keeper.—Who is there?

[The minstrel comes forward walking straight and erect and with face set and determined]

M.—(in a commanding voice) Art thou the goal-keeper?

K.—(arrogantly) Who art thou?

M.—Take care man! Thou wilt not talk like this, if thou see'st this ring (showing the signet ring).

K.—(in an abject manner) Pardon me, whoever thou art, I am at thy disposal; what dost thou want of me?

M.—The king has ordered the immediate release of Karaman.

K.—(in a puzzled manner) This evening His Highness sent special orders to guard Karaman carefully.

M.—Thou art right, but for certain political reasons, His Highness has sent me here with urgent orders that Karaman should be released and sent away *immediately*. Hence this signet ring, for His Highness had no time to write this order even. Quick! in half-an-hour, I am to see him off.

K.—(opening the dungeon door) Come out, Karaman, thou art wanted here.

(Karaman comes out, looking pale and weak)

M.—Art thou Karaman?

K.—Yes.

M.—Follow me. (aside) There is no time to lose. Go in the western direction and hide thyself in thy cave-abode. I shall follow thee quickly. (Karaman goes out). (In a calm voice) Thou canst lock the prison door and go home and sleep.

K.—(gratefully) I am sleepy and tired, after having watched him these past ten days, practically without a wink of sleep (goes out).

M.—(with face lifted heavenward and tears in the eyes.) Without Thy Help, O Almighty God, I would have been crushed. We are Thy children.

I must catch him up; of course there is no hurry, for nobody knows the subterranean passage leading to our abode. Karaman is safe for the present. Vasa will explain things to him—O! How happy I feel! (exit)

SCENE 5

[Just outside the city on its western side, near the foot-path leading into the forest, is Karaman apparently waiting for the minstrel. The night is dark, excepting for the faint starlight.]

K.—Who is this man who saved me? Whoever he is, I am bound to him for life. (anxiously) I trust he is not imperilling his life for my sake. Anyhow, I am not going to budge a step further without my saviour. He said he would follow me. Where are my clan brothers? And O! Leela! what agony thou must have undergone in my absence. In a minute, I shall be with thee.

[Footsteps are heard and Karaman hides himself in a dark corner. The minstrel comes along, whistling in a very happy manner.]

K.—Stop, my Saviour! I am indebted to thee for life.

M.—Why art thou here? Did I not ask thee to go home immediately? Thou dost not know the danger that surrounds thee.

K.—Thou dost not know Karaman. How can I go home without thanking thee? How can I feel at rest without knowing that thou art safe also?

M.—Thou art not to question about me any further. I shall leave thee.

K.—Thou *must* come home and be introduced to my wife.

M.—I shall see thee in thy abode some other time. Trust me.

[Just then a joyous voice is heard calling out, "Karaman! dear friend! Is it possible?" and immediately a man rushes forward.]

K.—(in warm response) Ah Veera! I owe my liberty to this young youth. How is it at home? How is Leela?

V.—(his face clouded) Karaman! Sad news await thee. Both Vasa and Leela have disappeared. It is my fault, since thou entrusted them to my care and I have not fulfilled my duty properly. These past ten days I have been searching for them day and night.

M.—From where dost thou come from now?

V.—I have not been home, since Friday, and to-day is Monday.

K.—(in a dull manner) Leela is not dead?

V.—I trust not.

K.—(sitting down wearily) Leave me alone, for a sudden weakness has seized me. A while ago, I felt elated to get back my liberty, but now nothing matters. Prisoner or free-man, life is a blank to me.

O! Leela! Leela! Now that thou art no more, I know thy value. Come back and I shall prove more worthy of thy love. I killed her. She hated the life I was leading. She, the best and gentlest of women, had to suffer through me. Veera! I resign my chieftainship. I am out of this business altogether. I have only one work to do. I shall search for Leela in this life as well as after death. I am feeling faint (swoons).

[Leela, resting Karaman's head on her shoulder, signs to Veera to bring water. She presses him fondly to herself, happy tears coming down her cheeks. Veera brings the water.]

M.—(in a soft voice) Veera! thou knowest me now?

V.—Leela! My Lady! Is it possible?

M.—Leave us together. Go home, for I sent Vasa back already this evening, and asked her to keep everything ready for us. She'll be anxious about us. We shall follow presently. (Veera goes).

L.—(bathing his face in cold water) Karaman! Dost thou hear me?

K.—(slowly regaining his senses) That voice! Leela! my own tender flower!

L.—I am Leela:—Wake, my husband—thy Leela is with thee. It is no dream.

K.—(opening his eyes wide and recognizing her in the minstrel's garb)

Leela—My faithful wife! Thou hast indeed snatched me from the very jaws of death. It seems that God has given me back life just for thy sake. Thou canst demand anything from me.

L.—(lovingly) Don't think, Karaman, that I shall let thee off without asking for some kind of repayment? As the minstrel who purchased thee freedom, I demand of thee to leave this career this very minute, and as thy wife, I ask thee to give thyself up completely to me!

K.—All right, your Imperial Highness! thy disguise is splendid. Thou art a little witch, Leela!

L.—(laughingly) Take care!

K.—(fondly) My foolish Leela! why dost thou love me like this?

L.—I return thy question! Karaman, we must go home. Dear Vasa will be expecting us. [Exeunt]

R. S. SWARNAMBAL.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP

CHRISTMAS for us began at midnight on Christmas Eve. On our way back to camp from a dinner party at head-quarters, our car found itself entangled in a casual musical procession; looking closer we found it was a party of Indian Christians, all dressed in white. We got off the car, and listened to their really pretty songs. One man played fervently on the violin, another beat rhythmically on the cymbals, while a third sang his heart out in passionate words. We wished them a Happy Christmas, and clanked off happily on our ten-mile drive. Arrived at camp, we met a pretty sight—the traveller's bungalow and tents were all decorated with gay draperies, paper garlands, bunches of cocoanuts and palmyra fruit, clusters of foliage and festoons of flowers. Best of all, I think, were the crude little parrots we found hanging everywhere, made from strips of palmyra leaves. We were told that an old man had sat at the task for two hours. It is a fact worth notice that somehow it comes naturally to even the most uneducated of Indians to achieve the most artistic and tasteful scheme of decoration with the simplest of materials—harmony of colour symmetry of form, choice of objects; everything is almost

perfect. I must not omit to mention, however, that the next day I discovered and surreptitiously corrected the greeting on a card over the door, which ran "A Mari Christmas god wishes."

After duly admiring everything, we went to our much-needed rest; but alas, our beds could not keep us long. We had to be up betimes to receive greetings. Stacks of limes, bundles of sweet-smelling garlands, trays of fruit, and tiers of cake, pink-iced, blue-iced, green-iced, did we receive, till we did not know what to do with them. And in spite of all the obsequious salaams, how gracefully, and with what peculiarly Indian dignity was everything done! And never wanting was an audience, for at all times we saw a row of faces interestedly looking over the wall. What they found to watch, much less to admire, I failed to comprehend. I must not forget to mention also, that we found ourselves considerably poorer when the day ended. So much *baksheesh* had to be given out. But I cannot help feeling that there is a great difference now in the attitude of Indians to their superiors. Duty is being done, more as a pleasure than as a task; favours are claimed more as dues, than as privileges, and graceful attentions are paid at festal times, less from a hope of reward, than from a genuine desire to show good-will and affection.

KAMALA.

THE WEST AS I SAW IT

CHAPTER VIII—PARIS

FROM New York City, which sets the standard of fashion for America, we went to Paris, the fashion-city of the world! Paris, with its innumerable boulevards and avenues, was quite a change after New York City and its sky-scrapers.

All the worth-while sights of Paris were seen in turn, not excluding the palace of Versailles, which is at a distance of fifteen miles from the city. Though the palace is empty just now and has been turned into a museum since the days of the French Republic, it was exceedingly interesting to see where old French kings and queens had lived, and especially the table in the royal apartment, where the peace treaty was signed soon after the Armistice. The extensive gardens at the back of the palace with the famous fountain and the coloured lights were most worth seeing. Very many tourists take a special trip on Sundays just to go and see those famous fountains play, and it is well worth the trouble.

The Louvre Museum of Paris, the most wonderful museum in the world, claimed our attention next. It was Napoleon, who had made it so priceless and glorious, though the old kings of France such as Francis I, Louis XII and Louis XIII had already enriched the place with the best art treasures of Europe. But, in those days, the pictures used to oscillate between the Louvre, the Luxembourg and Versailles. It was the Revolution, which centralised them in the Louvre, and the collection was made over to the public.

One of the most priceless treasures of the Louvre is a piece of sculpture called the "Winged Victory of Samothrace." Everyone has seen photographs or models of this majestic and exquisite figure, but it must be studied carefully, if one is to form a true estimate of the magical mastery of the sculptor. The statue is headless and armless and much mutilated. But that matters little. Paris is fortunate indeed to possess not only the Venus of Milo, but also this wonder of art in the same building.

Not less important among the choicest collections of the Louvre is the portrait of "Mona Lissa" or "La Joconde"—Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of the wife of his friend, Francesco del Giocondo. Paris, without this picture, would not be the Paris that we know. It is not the province of this little sketch to take the place of a catalogue, but I feel that these few important glories of the place should be mentioned at all costs, though I have omitted mention of famous pictures by Rembrandt, Reubens, Van Dyke and other master-painters of Europe.

From this grand old building with its grand collection of Art, let us pass on to that most extraordinary and beautifully vast vista near by called the garden of the Tuileries. Once an enchanting palace called the palace of the Tuileries stood there. Catherine de Medici first planned it, though it was not her good fortune to finish it. The palace has vanished now, and in its place stands this beautiful public garden.

It is not until one has walked through the gardens of the Tuileries that the wealth of statuary in Paris begins to impress the mind. For there must be almost as many statues as flowers. They shine or glimmer everywhere, as in the Athenian groves—allegorical, symbolical and mythological. The Luxembourg gardens are hardly less rich, but there one finds the statues of real persons. In this garden, the trees are sternly planted, the beds are mathematically laid out, the paths are straight. The Arch de Triumph, which stands serenely and magnificently at the west end of the gardens, is very

interesting. It was built by Napoleon to celebrate his victories. The grave of the unknown warrior is near by.

The next wonder of Paris is its famous Notre Dame, which is one of the largest cathedrals in the world. It stands on ground that has been holy for many centuries. The theory is that the first stone of that immense church was laid by Pope Alexander III in 1163, and that it took a full hundred years to complete the building. Notre Dame looks dark and gloomy to the visitor at first; but, as one grows accustomed to the gloom inside, the cathedral opens slowly like a great flower, showing its grandeur and fascination, looking still rather mysterious and a little sinister. The secret of the Notre Dame can be fathomed only by wandering in it and round it with a mind at rest. To intend seeing it and its intricacies of masonry, its solid and flying buttresses, its massive bulk, its grace and strength, in a short time is useless. Inside, it is full of old statuary, and there is a large-sized figure of the Virgin Mary adorning the centre and brightening the whole place. The treasury in the Notre Dame is also of interest to visitors. Here one is shown the crown of thorns, pieces of the Holy Cross, a nail from the cross and various such relics. It was in Notre Dame that Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France.

Now let us turn our eyes towards the tomb of Napoleon, which is also one of the noteworthy buildings of Paris. Originally it was a church, and now it is the burial place of that great worthy (which in a way sounds like desecration), though most of the great western churches are adorned with the graves of their great warriors, soldiers and statesmen, who lie buried in them.

The Eiffel Tower of Paris is an important height to scale, and dwarfs all other eminences that we know of. Its chief merit is that it shows us not only Paris, but almost the whole of France. How long it is going to stand, one cannot say, the frame work looks so delicate! It will make a strange rent in the sky if it does go. But, as long as it stands, it serves a useful purpose, especially for a great aerial nation like the French.

'The Opera' is one of the buildings in Paris that is taken for granted. Nobody looks at it much: it is occupying a very central position adjacent to Thomas Cook's office and the American Exchange, and is very useful as a land-mark when one wants to find one's way about in Paris; yet it is the largest theatre in the world! It may not be exactly beautiful, but its proportions are very agreeable; it does not obtrude its size, yet it covers three acres. It sits very

comfortably on the ground and one can walk round it and study the ornamentation and statuary for ever so long.

And now after doing so much sight-seeing, let me say something of the cafe-life of the Parisians. It is quite characteristic of the French people to sit on the outdoor cafe-chairs, sip at their drinks and talk, watch the world and anticipate a good dinner, as if the happiness of this life were the only important thing! For a Frenchman, there seems to be no country like France, no city like Paris and no life like the cafe life! For a short holiday, Paris is a little Paradise to anybody. Paris has an atmosphere, and a climate, and good food and attentive waiters, and a taxi for every six yards and the Champs-Elysee, and good coffee, and "the Winged Victory" and Monna Lisa. But the dominant type of face seen from a chair at the Cafe de la Paix is not a significant one, I think. It is only an illusion that a superficial tourist gets from this gay capital. The really industrious, level-headed, cheerful French people are not to be found at the Cafe de la Paix, though we see that the swift and capable waiters are always busy. The French women as waiters seem to be as clever as the Frenchmen as taxi-cab drivers; on the streets there is scarcely any motor-crash or accident anywhere, though the traffic regulations in Paris seem much less stringent than in New York or London. The French drivers are very nimble and cunning in the art of driving.

RATNAM CORNELIUS.

CHILD-WELFARE WORK

THE starting of maternity and child welfare homes in Western countries is of a recent date. Public attention was concentrated on the high infant mortality, and France was the first to start baby nurseries and make the public undertake this humanitarian work. No doubt, the Government helped these charitable institutions. We see that Holland and other European countries followed, starting similar homes and associations for the benefit of expectant mothers and babies. Child-welfare centres were first started in England and Wales in the year 1902, and within a few years immense good was thereby done to the public. Statistics show that the average death rate in 1000 children born in the year 1871 in England and Wales was 158, and that in the year 1920, it was only 80. We also see that in about 20 towns in the same country the average death rate in the same year was only 70. In New Zealand, we see that the average is so very low as 45. We

thus see that almost all preventable deaths have been got over and that the amazingly small number of deaths is due to non-preventable causes.

A child-welfare home teaches every mother to manage her babies properly. It is there, that a mother gets all the necessary advice from a trained nurse or a doctor. It is also a place where the ignorant people learn about sanitation and hygiene. It is more or less a demonstration centre. Mothers see and are taught right methods. Psychologists have proved that the brain is better and more quickly impressed through the eyes and ears than by direct teaching. Illiterate masses can be easily taught by magic lantern and cinema shows. The present system of education tries to develop the faculties of the eye and the ear.

If we examine the number of deaths of infants in our beloved land of India, we are appalled. Statistics show that one in every five children born in a year dies within the year. Of these, one in every three dies within the first month. A great boon, which our western brethren have bestowed upon us, is the starting of Child-Welfare and Maternity homes and the celebration of the national health and baby week. The Madras Health Council first started Welfare Centres in the year 1923, and from the beginning of 1924 we are celebrating the health and baby week once every year.

India at the present day is suffering more from a famine of intellectuality, than money famine. Wherever we go, we see ignorance, resulting in great misery to the young and old. A nation's health is a national asset. Unless we have wise parents, we cannot expect happy and healthy children. The infants of this generation are the mothers and fathers of the coming generation. Unless these children are properly cared for, nourished, trained and looked after, they cannot become healthy and wise citizens. The duties and responsibilities of parents are not only numerous, but also onerous. The intelligent, cultured, and well-stationed public have got a double responsibility. They have not only to care for their own children, but also for those of their illiterate, indigent and ignorant brethren. In this progressive world, we cannot afford to stand still; we must either lift others up to our level and march forward, or we must allow ourselves to be dragged down from our own level.

One philosopher has wisely said that there is no difference between a new-born child and a new-born calf. The new-born child is made human by the way in which it is brought up. The baby should be properly watched, dressed, bathed, fed, taught and cared for. Life is a precious thing and it is the birthright of every

child to get a healthy life; and, if the babe is not given a healthy life, the parents, teachers, nurses and those that are in constant contact with the young child are responsible. We should always remember that the child of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow.

If people obey the five ordinary laws of health, (1) breathing pure air, (2) drinking pure water, (3) taking wholesome food, (4) taking sufficient exercise and rest and (5) keeping the body and clothes clean, we can avoid much illness. A neglect of these laws results in miseries. When parents understand and follow these rules, they will naturally see that their children are brought up in accordance with the laws of health.

Ever since the medical inspection of school-children began, it has been proved beyond any doubt that many diseases and defects of children are traceable to unsuitable or deficient diet, want of proper care and attention on the part of the parents and others who are in charge of the children. The pre-school age *i.e.*, till the 5th year of every child, is the most important period of one's life. The physical and mental condition of every child should be properly cared for and looked after in that period. The future of the child depends upon this period only.

I have already referred to the numerous deaths of infants soon after their birth, *i.e.*, within a week. Professional men call this period the neo-natal period. As a layman, I do not want to dwell on the anti-natal causes of such deaths. But from a practical point of view, we can definitely say that the chief causes of the neo-natal infant mortality are (1) early marriages, (2) exposure to insanitary conditions, (3) employment of expectant mothers, (4) insufficient food and (5) want of skilled aid at child-birth. The dirtiest and darkest room is always given to the expectant mothers. Barber women or *dhais*, who are ignorant of sanitation and hygiene, attend on expectant mothers. Young girls become mothers and they are not able to know how to take care of babies. Insufficient nourishment before child-birth results in debility, which is the chief cause of many deaths. The children born of such mothers are weak and unhealthy. Hard labour till the time of child-birth and hard labour soon after child-birth bring innumerable miseries to the mother and the child.

In South India, we see all around us sorrows and miseries of all kinds. The three important factors which contribute to these are dirt, disease and drink. The physical and mental condition of the majority of the population is so bad that all the sufferings of the people are due to these three causes. Dirt is the rendezvous of all contagious germs. The people should be educated to shun dirt. We

can say that dirt is the nursery of every disease and epidemic. There are still millions of our countrymen, who believe that all epidemics are due to the anger of some deity or goddess. They cannot for a moment think that they are due to un-hygienic and insanitary conditions. Without taking any precaution, they submit to the fiend, which they call Fate. They do not at all think that diseases and epidemics are preventable. Superstition is so strong that any amount of education is unable to remove the evil. Mass education is imperative. Drink is very common among the so-called depressed classes. Drunkards not only spoil their own health and character, but also those of their children. Instead of spending the little they have on behalf of their dear young ones, they waste their small savings. The physical and mental condition of both the parents and the children is ruined.

Leaving for a while the economic, social and humanitarian side of the care of infants, we see that every one is bound to take the utmost care regarding the welfare of infants. Every religion gives a prominent place to children. Children are the gifts of God. The Lord Jesus Christ, speaking of children, says "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Buddhism lays stress on kindness to children. In Hinduism, the very meaning of Puthran (புத்தரன்) signifies that children are so important to parents that their future liberation from the well-known hell, Puth (புத்), depends upon one's children. In Muhammadanism too we find that a prominent place is given to children. There is much in the significant Tamil saying that, if others' children are affectionately fed and brought up, one's children will spontaneously grow, (ஊரார் பிள்ளையை ஊட்டிவளர்த்தால் தன்பிள்ளை தானே வளரும்.)

From the foregoing lines we see the importance of maternity and child-welfare centres, the responsibilities which the educated have, and the dangers that will arise if nothing is done for the amelioration of the sufferings of poor, ignorant and superstitious people. We have not only to open maternity and child-welfare centres in every village and in every street, but also to educate our illiterate sisters and brethren. In village ponds we see that men, women and animals vie with each other in polluting the water. The same water is used for drinking, bathing and washing purposes. Social service is a divine service. Educated men and women should co-operate in this great humanitarian work. The success of these welfare centres depends upon the co-operation, help and service of every one, and the sympathetic goodwill of every one for the success of all welfare centres is absolutely necessary.

RAJIAH LAZARUS,

IDEAL WOMEN

THIS short note is not in response to the invitation given in the July number of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" for a friendly discussion on the subject, "Who is the ideal woman?" It is impossible to find the ideal in this world where nothing is perfect. The ideal woman can be constructed only by drawing upon imagination. I have no faith in the married man who says he has found the ideal woman in his wife. If he says that the woman whom God gave him is for ever trying to make herself the ideal woman by ministering to his comforts, the chances are that he does not tell an untruth.

Twenty-five years ago, it was a fashion among the Madras University undergraduates to read and admire the novels of Marie Corelli, in spite of the discouraging words said by professors about her literary merits. I was then an undergraduate myself; but I did not catch the fashion not to bother myself with any book which had not been prescribed by the University. Much later in life, I came across one of Marie Corelli's novels, which interested me mainly for the views it contained of women. The views were all the more interesting, as they were recorded in a book written by a woman and not by a man. Some of these views I quote below and my own remarks at the end will show that I am not unfriendly to women.

"There is a stuff in all of us that will weave, if we desire it, into a web of stately or simple harmony; but let the meteor-like brilliancy of a woman's smile—a woman's touch—a woman's life, intermingle itself with the strain, and lo! the false note is struck, discord declares itself and God himself, the great composer, can do nothing in this life to restore the calm tune of peaceful unspoiled days!"

"Few, very few, among the thousands of young women, who leave the scene of their quiet school-days for the social whirligig of the world, ever learn to take life in earnest, love in earnest, sorrow in earnest. To most of them life is a large dress-making and millinery establishment, love a question of money and diamonds, sorrow a calculation as to how much or how little mourning is considered becoming or fashionable."

"Women are too fond of measuring happiness by the amount of fine clothes they obtain; and truly, dress is the one thing that never fails to console them. How often can a fit of hysterics be cut short by the opportune arrival of a new gown!"

"Many women can weep at will. Very little practice is necessary and men are such fools that they never know how it is done;

they take all the pretty piteousness for real grief, and torture themselves to find methods of consolation for the feminine sorrows which have no root save in vanity and selfishness."

"The gift of good conversation in a woman is apt to mislead the judgment of those who listen, for it is seldom the result of thought and still more seldom is it a proof of intellectual capacity."

"Show me a woman noted for turning an epigram or pointing a satire and I will show you a creature whose life is a masquerade full of vanity, sensuality and pride."

"Christ never loved a woman! Had He done so, He would have left us some special Code of Justice."

Apart from the fact that I can quote from women-writers themselves to give the lie direct to the statements made above, I hold that a man's judgment of the female sex is more reliable than a woman's. It is equivalent to a thousand quotations from books written by men on women, if a man says that, if there is virtue in this world, it is because of women.

The last of the quotations made from Marie Corelli's book about Christ and Women demands more than a mere statement that it is contemptible. Women were last at the Cross when Jesus died and they were first at the sepulchre when He rose. The first members of His Church in Europe were women and all these nineteen hundred years women have been the centre and heart of the Christian religion. The men of Europe have talked and preached in the limelight, but the Christianity of Europe was thought less of by them, than by their women who taught the children in their homes to love and follow Jesus.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

OUR INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLE

EPIPHYTIC GROWTH OF TROPICAL FORESTS

THE compact impenetrable forests of the tropics hide within their dark interior a multitude of interesting vegetation. To study their modes of life, and the peculiar ways in which they adapt themselves to their surroundings, gives one immense pleasure. The heavy monsoons pour down in torrents, and supply the abundance of moisture, which supports these thick dark-green forests. Most of them are so impenetrable, that here, "Full many a flower is born blush unseen, and waste its fragrance in the forest air."

One of the innumerable classes into which the forest vegetation can be grouped, is that of "Epiphytes." The forest no doubt contains all gradations of plant life, from tall gigantic trees with broad leaves, to little herbs and mushrooms that grow as the "under-growth" of the forest. But the Epiphytes claim most attention with any one visiting a tropical forest, because of their peculiar mode of living, and the infinite variety of forms they exhibit. An Epiphyte is a plant which clings to other plants for support, plants that are strong enough to support it; but it is not a parasite on them, and is not usually attached to the soil. Anyone peering into the interior of a forest may at once notice these little plants perched up high on huge tree-trunks, and waving their green leaves merrily in the breeze. To understand the marvellous ways, in which "Mother Nature" has provided for the maintenance of such an epiphytic life, and given it means to fight for its survival, is really to gain much knowledge that a scientist would naturally seek after.

The trees are so tall and huge, that they overshadow the small herbs, and give them no chance to expose their slender stalks and tiny leaves to the rays of the sun. They throw them into obscurity and darkness, so much so that the latter find it almost impossible to live side by side with their tall brothers. "Mother Nature" takes pity upon these tiny plants, and says, "Come on, I shall help you to climb up your tall brothers, and live perched upon them, from where you can have an easy access to the rays of the sun. But mind you, you are not to take too much advantage of their hospitality and suck up the food taken in by these trees. You have to manufacture your own food, but you can use your tall strong brother as a support for your tiny selves." At this idea, the herbs all brighten up, and climb up to the tops of the trees, and remain there, from which position they can enjoy the bright rays of the sun, and manufacture their own food.

These poor little herbs are perched up so high that they have no connection whatever with the soil on which they were wont to live, and they have to adopt new methods for the preparation of the food stuffs, which they are no longer able to suck up from the soil, but which contain numerous necessary solutions of salts and other food material. It is wonderful the way in which "Mother Nature" helps them to live in their environment. The view afforded by them as they cover up a whole twig or trunk of trees, and wave their leaves in a triumphant manner, is gorgeous in a botanist's eyes. He is overwhelmed with joy, when he sees a host of them.

"Ten thousand at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance,"

The Epiphytes, being small plants, get favourable situations, without the expenditure on stems needed by climbing on other erect plants; but the obtaining of food, except carbon, which they procure from the atmosphere, becomes very difficult. So they have adopted peculiar mechanisms for obtaining moisture and food material. It is interesting to note the way in which they secure anchorage on tree-trunks. It is not all herbs that can become Epiphytes. No plant can become an epiphyte, unless it has an excellent seed-dispersal mechanism. All epiphytes, therefore, possess wind, or bird-mechanism, by which their seeds or fruits become dispersed to sufficient heights on trees-trunks or branches. They are either light and small, or possess wings, or a tuft of hair attached to them, by which they are carried up to the required height by the wind. Certain other epiphytes have fleshy fruits or seeds which the birds carry off to tree-tops, and leave the hard seed behind, after eating the pulpy part. In other instances, the seeds are carried off by birds for nest-making.

The epiphytes must also possess "hold fasts," or clinging roots to fasten themselves to the support at any angle, almost immediately after germination. For this cause, they develop fast-clinging "clasp-ing roots" from their stems. Such roots are always adventitious. Hence the Monocotyledons with adventitious roots form a vast majority of the epiphytic flora, such as Orchids and Aroids.

Epiphytes are placed in conditions where the water supply is small and precarious and easily runs away. Hence they develop methods for water-storage. The *Orchidaceae* collect water by their aerial roots (roots that hang down in the air, in addition to the roots of anchorage) by a peculiar layer in them called the "Velamen" and store it up in tubers or bulb-like portions of the stem called "pseudo bulbs," or in their thick fleshy leaves. These latter as a rule contain the "aqueous tissue," or water-storage tissue, in which they hoard up water, as seen in *Peperomia*. Many of them have peculiar water-storage pitchers developed as in *Bromeliaceae*, or their leaves form a kind of "pocket," in which water can be stored up. Some of the ferns collect humus between their packed-up roots, which retain moisture.

The mineral substances required for their nutrition are obtained by most epiphytes, from decaying organic matter (humus), which they also store up in pitchers as in *Bromeliaceae*; or in pocket leaves, as in ferns. In most forms, a certain amount of dead-leaves and other debris collects at the base of the plant, or between the compact roots that stick out, and these form the source of food supply.

Moisture seems an important factor in regulating the distribution of the epiphytes. This is the reason why tropical forests with an abundant supply of moisture have their trees loaded with epiphytes. Almost any plant can live as an epiphyte, provided it can satisfy the conditions of life that an epiphyte has to face, and hence the variety of forms of epiphytes from almost any family of plant-life. The Lichens and Mosses and Ferns are all epiphytes, and have fashioned their modes of life to an "Epiphytic mode of living," as have the Orchids and Aroids, and other highly-evolved plants.

SUSAN K. JOSHUA.

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE—COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

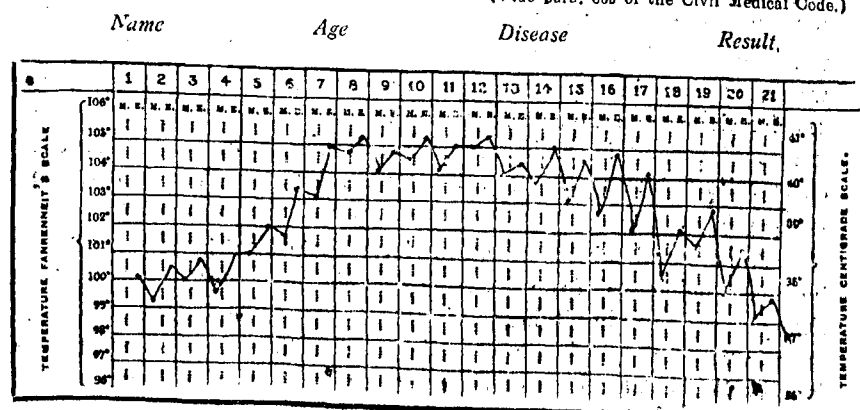
CHAPTER VI—TYPHOID FEVER

TYPHOID fever is rare in infants, but is somewhat frequent in grown up children. It is a general infection, caused by the introduction into the digestive tract, along with milk and water, of the specific germ known as the typhoid bacillus. Once it enters the body, it inhabits the small intestines, multiplies, causes ulceration of the small intestines and produces a kind of toxin which causes fever, and degeneration of all the organs of the body.

Symptoms.—1. Fever. The fever of typhoid fever, unlike other fevers, has a regular course. It rises steadily during the first seven days up to 104° or 105° , remains at about that height for another seven days and slowly comes down to normal in another seven days, as is seen in the temperature chart given below.

Clinical Chart of Temperature, etc.

CIVIL MEDICAL FORM No. 10
(Vide para. 863 of the Civil Medical Code.)



We may not get such a clear-cut ladder rise and fall in the fever of each and every typhoid patient, but a majority of cases will conform to it with very slight variations. It must be noted that the fever rises gradually, and is remittent or continuous, but never intermittent in nature.

2. The abdomen is slightly distended, painful on pressure and there is generally diarrhoea. In rare cases there may be constipation. There is loss of appetite, great thirst, and the tongue is dry. Later in the disease, there is a tendency for the abdomen to get bloated, and if it gets very bloated, it is a bad omen.

3. A kind of reddish rash appears on the body, first on the abdomen on or about the fifth to the seventh day. In all cases of continued fever one should search for this rash, which can be easily detected in fair-skinned children.

4. The pulse to temperature ratio is altered, and the rate is not rapid enough in proportion to the temperature.

5. The spleen gets enlarged by the end of the first week.

6. Delirium, sleeplessness and apathy are constant symptoms.

7. There is great aversion for food, extreme emaciation and weakness.

Diagnosis:—Typhoid fever is the commonest of all continued fevers; therefore any fever of a continuous or ascending type, lasting longer than a week, and occurring in a child over 5 years of age can be strongly supposed to be typhoid. Combined with this, the presence of the above-mentioned symptoms will make the diagnosis clear.

Sometimes it may be mistaken for malarial fever, which is common in our country, and which may stimulate or co-exist with any kind of fever. A sudden rise in temperature accompanied with intermissions strongly suggest malarial fever rather than typhoid. But the fact of their co-existence should be borne in mind for the purpose of treatment. If a diagnosis cannot be made, the safest course is to treat the case as a case of typhoid.

Prognosis:—(i.e. Prospects) Typhoid fever is not a formidable disease, and it is not attended with a high mortality. With careful treatment, good nursing, and great patience, almost every patient can be brought round. Unfavourable symptoms are:—Very high fever, say over 105° ; delirium and sleeplessness, tremor of the limbs and bloating of the abdomen, particularly if accompanied by vomiting. Blood in the stools, particularly if repeated, should be looked upon as a bad sign.

In some children, the typhoid fever may terminate in ten days, or fourteen days; and in some others, especially in older children, it may run to three, four or even six weeks.

TREATMENT. (1) *Reduction of temperature.*—The best agent for reducing the temperature is the cold bath described in my fourth chapter, in the October number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. In addition to the cold bath, or as a substitute for it, injection into the rectum and colon, of large quantities, say 1-3 pints, of saline solution (60 grains of common salt to 1 pint of water) by means of a rubber catheter, serves very well. The irrigator to which the catheter is attached should not be elevated to more than one foot from the child's body; and the temperature of the saline solution should be between 60 to 70 F.

Drugs such as aconite (a common ingredient in all *Ayurvedic* preparations for fever), aspirin, phenacetin, etc., and other patent remedies containing any of these drugs are harmful, as they depress the heart. A simple diaphoretic mixture is safe and effective.

(2) *To restore exhausted nature.*—To do this, we must chiefly rely upon the judicious administration of bodily food and rest. It is well to remember that in typhoid there is inflammation and ulceration of the bowels, and therefore that any solid or indigestible food will make the condition worse. All food should therefore be liquid, cow's milk diluted with barley water in proportion to the age of the child, should form the principal food. If milk disagrees, or if it is not digested, as may be inferred from the passage of milk-curds in the stools, or presence of diarrhoea, or bloating-up of the abdomen, milk must be suspended, and milk-whey*¹ should be substituted. Alternating with this, albumen-water, made by beating the raw whites of two eggs in a tumbler-full of water, strained and sweetened to taste by means of glucose or saccharine, or sugar (if it agrees) must be given. In the popular opinion, egg is considered to be a dangerous thing in illness; but it is not true. There is nothing so valuable, and so harmless as the white of the egg. Two, four or even six eggs can be given in such a way in the 24 hours. Barley water can be used with advantage, instead of plain water. If this is not possible for any reason, the child should not be allowed to subsist on whey alone. It must be given predigested

*¹ Milk-whey is prepared thus:—Add to a tumbler-full of hot milk sufficient lime-juice to form thick curds; the fluid on which the curds floats is the whey. Strain through cloth; add sugar (either cane sugar or milk-sugar) and give frequently to drink in any quantity.

milk.² Brown sugar is bad and must be avoided. Cane sugar is not bad. Milk sugar is best and can be given in large quantities.

If the child is thirsty, as is generally the case, plain water acidulated with unfermented grape juice or orange juice, can be given.

Rest and tranquility should be enforced, for they represent nourishment indirectly. The child should be put into a well-ventilated room and be strictly confined to bed until convalescence is established. Visitors should be prohibited and all conversation with the child should be minimised. The discharges should be removed then and there, without disturbing the child, and all flies and filth should be kept out. Special care must be bestowed on the mouth which should be cleansed after every feeding.

TREATMENT OF SPECIAL SYMPTOMS

1. *Constipation.*—We have seen that typhoid is generally accompanied by diarrhoea; but sometimes we meet with cases which suffer from constipation. In such cases, a daily movement of the bowels, once or twice in 24 hours, should be secured. Calomel $\frac{1}{4}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ grain pill mixed with honey should be given whenever necessary. A small glycerine enema, about one ounce of glycerine, introduced into the rectum by means of a glass syringe, is a very useful auxiliary.

2. *Diarrhoea.*—If it is severe, i.e. if it is more than three or four times a day, it must be checked. Change of diet to a simpler and more digestible diet such as whey and albumen water or water alone will stop the excessive diarrhoea. If a drug is required:—

Bismuth subnitras Grs. 5 to 10

Acid Tannic Grs. 2 to 4

according to age and made into one powder and given every two hours in human milk, is quite efficient.

(Substitute for the above: Two drachms of alum, equal to the weight of two one-anna coins, is finely powdered and boiled for 10 minutes in 20 ounces, or one large tumbler-full, of cow's milk. The resultant fluid is strained through muslin and the fluid thus obtained is called alum-whey. Dose $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce, or 4 teaspoons, three times a day, or oftener.)

3. *Headache.*—Apply *Eau de Cologne* or evaporating solution in a continuous fashion on a soft cloth.

² Predigested food is prepared thus:—Add a pint of boiling water (i.e. 1 tumbler-full) to a pint of new milk; then add two teaspoons of Bengers Liquor Pepticus and 20 grains ($\frac{1}{2}$ rupee weight of bicarbonate of soda.) Mix well and put aside in a warm but not hot place for an hour in a jug. Then pour it again into the saucepan and boil for 2 minutes. Sweeten to taste with sugar or milk.

4. *Vomiting*.—If vomiting is present, give up barley-water and add lime-water*¹ instead to the milk. If it does not stop, give up milk altogether and put the child on milk-whey and albumen-water.

5. If the abdomen becomes bloated up, Turpentine stupes² should be employed. Change of diet from milk to milk-whey, and albumen-water or predigested milk is essential.

6. If there is *sleeplessness and delirium*, nourishment should be pushed. If bath treatment is given from the beginning, these symptoms are seldom met with; but when they do occur, sleep should be secured by the administration of Trional, a safe hypnotic for children. (Substitute:—Musk of the pure variety. Dose, $\frac{1}{2}$ grain two or three times a day.)

7. If there is *failure of circulation*, as evidenced by a weak and failing pulse, and gradual sinking of the patient, alcohol in the form of Brandy from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 ounce in the 24 hours in divided doses or Sherry wine in the same quantity should be given, or Musk should be pushed until pulse becomes better.

To destroy the typhoid-germ, we must use intestinal antiseptics. Creosole, 1 drop for each year, i.e., for a child one year old, one drop, and for a child five years old, five drops three times a day, forms one of the best remedies. It is best administered in large spoonfuls of milk.

Management of Convalescence.—The question of food has to be met at once, as the patient regains his appetite and craves for food. As a general rule, it may be stated that no solid food should be allowed until the temperature has been normal for at least 10 days. Milk with teaspoons of Panapeptone should form the food. If constipation is present, it must be attended to. An error in diet combined with constipation forms the chief cause for a relapse, which means fever for another two or three weeks and greater danger than before.

D. KIRUBAIMANI,

Sub-Assistant Surgeon.

*¹ *Lime Water*—Add 2 ounces of slaked lime to one gallon of pure water, shake, and allow to stand for several minutes. Draw the clear fluid and stock in bottle.

² *Turpentine stupes*; is the same as hot fomentation with a few drops of Turpentine sprinkled to the hot flannel before application to the abdomen.

FRIENDLY CHATS

OUR DAUGHTERS.

"MY daughter, oh my daughter," cried Jephtah in the Bible, when he recognised the evil predicament into which his child had thrown herself; and I cannot help thinking that some of our Indian mothers—they might be called old-fashioned perhaps—would like to echo him.

"What are we to do with our daughters?" is a question many of us would like to ask ourselves. "Under the new and modern customs, borrowed and otherwise, they are going beyond our control. How are we to manage them?"

"My dear mother," I would say, "They must go beyond your control sometime. Give them rope. Let them enlarge their minds. They will soon find their own level. Independence is good, and independence ought to be encouraged. Like little birds, they must leave their nest sometimes; and we old people must not be selfish and hope to keep them with us always."

So far so good; but—, there comes a *but*, as it does in every argument.

Independence is good for our girls; but is independence good at the rate at which it is being preached now-a-days? Are there not many dangers in it?

"There are," the girls would say; "but my dear lady, which new custom for progress has not been attended with evils? Are not evils created to be surmounted? Have you not heard of the huge pit which yawned before the Roman army, which would not close till a warrior had jumped into it? Sacrifices must be made, dangers must be overcome; and then only the road to freedom will be open."

"I agree with you," I return, "but the drastic sacrifices you indicate must be only made when absolutely necessary. There is merit in unavoidable sacrifice; but no merit, in risky adventurousness, in dare-devil martyrdom. And, if we can avoid unnecessary sacrifice by preventive measures, why not do it?"

"How?" they ask.

"By not completely imitating the independence of the West. We must remember we are Indians, and that what suits other nations, especially Western nations, with their more materialistic ideas, may not suit our temperaments; and that grafting on unstable lines is not always safe. So, let us safeguard our teaching to our young girls, and guide them along safe lines of progress."

So far so good. But theory is one thing, and practice another; and it is not easy in a question of this sort to set out details.

Let us then pause and tackle the matter. But, at the outset, the warning must be given that any advice can be only tentative; for individual action must always depend on individual temperament.

We hear often that more companionship exists between fathers and daughters, than between mothers and daughters. In a way this may be true; but I think it is so more in the West than in the East. And, after all is said and done, I think there cannot be a greater or a better influence on the daughter than the mother's, if properly directed.

The best thing will be to establish absolute confidence between the two. An Indian mother and her daughter are often companions till high school or college time; but after that it generally happens that they grow a little apart from each other. The reason is that the mother may not have education enough to interest herself about her daughter's studies; and so cannot cope with her daughter's more advanced ideas, or enter into all the interests in the young life. The second reason may be that the mother may be too old-fashioned for the change in her daughter and may come more to resent it than encourage it. The third is that she may not have the requisite time or patience to cope with the new development. The fourth is that she may too often feel inclined to leave the development of her daughter's mind in the hands of her professors and officious friends.

But remember, all ye Indian mothers, that no trouble can be too great, so that you may be able to wield your legitimate influence on you daughter's life.

Encourage your girl, therefore, to confide in you. Don't ridicule or sneer at her young ideas. Encourage them where you think they are good, gently discourage them where you think them dangerous. Never be too busy to talk to her. Exercise an infinite patience and toleration with her; try to be friends with her friends. Enter into her games and pleasures, if you can; if not, see that she is able to enter into them herself. Interest yourself in her studies. Do all this, and the measure of your reward will be more than enough to satisfy you. And above all, have a sense of humour, so that even if you are disappointed in your daughter's development, you will be able to accommodate yourself to it, and see the best in it.

How can you direct your girl then? In the first place, our Indian mothers must try to throw off some of their old-fashioned customs and conventions. They must see that their girls have a right to live out their own lives in their own way; to marry or work as they like, and if they do marry, to marry the man of their own choice.

In the second place, the mother must be wise enough to curb and guide, but to do it in such a way that the daughter may not resent it. And the following, as far as I am concerned, would be some of the principles on which I would work:

It is the habit now-a-days, to encourage too much independence in the young. In the West, this has too often turned out to be intolerance with the old, even with the parents. But we do not want this in India. We want our young people to consider their parents and respect them and take their advice if possible. When not possible, of course they must differ as tactfully and gently as they can. Moreover, always in a family, there should be 'give and take.' It is all very well for the young ones to arrange their own outside engagements, to join committees, to disburse their time as they think fit. But, in a family, all this should be done in accommodation with the other members. There is no use in each member pulling its own way; and no resentment or sullenness should be felt, if sometimes individual plans have to be altered for the convenience of others. But—and this is necessary—the women must not let themselves be put aside too much by their men, as they are apt to be in Indian families. They must make the men feel that they also have their own rights and privileges. But the danger in India, may be that the young ones, with their unsettled ideas in the present transitory state, may feel too inclined to consider themselves first, and themselves alone.

Again I would teach my girls not to look upon the men as their enemies. Such a thing is getting rather common in India. I admit that our men have, by their rather selfish behaviour, laid themselves open to such treatment, nay, are still doing it. But, let us try not to have sex-antagonism in India. It will be so much more pleasant, if both sides can pull together. One often hears that women can, if they like, do anything with their men. Well then, here is the chance for our Indian women. As far as possible, let us go about the business so tactfully that no sense of enmity need be felt.

Then, let us teach our daughters that their duty lies as much at home, as in outside circles. Let them see that domestic work is not beneath their dignity. Let them see that their best work is to make home duties lighter for their mother. It so often happens, now-a-days, that girls, after their College course, do not like to settle at home. They find it too dull and unenterprising. This is a phase which should be discouraged as much as possible. College professors should so guide their pupils, that the latter should learn to prize their home-life, not to despise and avoid it. Then again, the same

thing can be said about friends. It often happens that college professors—of course I am talking about the lady professors—make themselves so indispensable in their pupils' lives that the latter prefer their friendship to any companionship at home. I must say that it is difficult to explain this point. College teachers must interest themselves in their pupils, and make the latter love them as their friends. But, let them also see that their pupils still may try to find their best friends in their own homes, especially in their own mothers.

Then again, our educated daughters are always searching for work. They like to be independent and earn money for their own requirements. They are always seeking. I do not blame them; but I would also teach them to learn to wait for their call. Let them try not to be always aspiring, but to be satisfied with their nearest work, and to do it well. Theory is good, but practice is better. And, above all, let the girls be taught not to have too many irons in the fire. There is no use in flitting from one interest to another, without doing any too well; in belonging to too many committees and spheres of work, without concentrating in a measure on one. Moderation is necessary in everything, even in one's vocation.

Above all, teach simplicity to your daughter and childlike innocence. In fact, keep her a child as long as possible. She will learn her own wisdom.

I know a mother, who thought that college life had done her girl harm, had made her dissatisfied with home, and made her crave always for excitement and change. But she did not express this to her daughter. She did not even tell her daughter how much she had looked forward to her daughter's companionship in her leisure after her college course, and how disappointed she was that the girl gave her so little of her own time.

On the other hand, she did her best to please her daughter in as many things as possible. She helped her to find pleasure outside home-circles.

But all the time her wise hand was on the reins, guiding, advising, curbing, encouraging; for, you see, she was a fair-minded woman. She knew that, since she had allowed her daughter to be educated, she owed her certain duties and privileges. And, so recognising, she was able to manage so well that her girl was tided into a haven of normal and harmonious development, from which she could, if she liked, exercise a good and useful influence on society and life outside her own home. And the daughter did like to do it, and did it well too.

"AMICUS."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES—POPULAR LEGENDS

1. Why have snakes forked tongues?

THERE was a great sage called Kasyapa, who married thirteen of the grand-daughters of Brahma, and became the fore-father of the gods, the demons, men, beasts and reptiles. Kadru and Vinata were two of his wives. To Vinata was born the great Garuda, who was the eagle-king and the monarch of the birds. To Kadru were born the snakes. The two women were jealous of each other, and once had a bitter quarrel about the horses of the Sun-God. Vinata swore that the animals were white and Kadru that they were black. They settled that whoever was wrong should become the slave of the other. Then Kadru spoke to her sons, the snakes, and made them spit poison upon the horses, which thereupon became black. So, poor Vinata became the slave of Kadru. She begged her son to get her freedom; he tried hard, but to no purpose. At last, it was settled that she should have her freedom in exchange for a jar of the *Amrita* or nectar of the gods, for which the gods at that time were churning the ocean of milk, the nectar, which would mean life without death for them. At last, after many years, and many, grievous troubles, the precious liquid was obtained. Garuda was one of those who, had helped the gods to get it. To him, therefore, after many objections from some of the gods, was given a jar of the precious liquid, and he made ready to carry it carefully to his cousins, the snakes. But Indra did not wish the snakes to have the nectar; so he arranged a secret plan with Garuda to rob them of the stuff, and, at the same time to get Vinata her freedom. In return, he asked Garuda to request a favour, and Garuda prayed that he might be allowed to eat the snakes as his food.

When the snakes heard of this boon, they were afraid to go near Garuda. Yet, they wanted the nectar. So, they begged the Eagle to place the jar on a mat of Darbha grass, which was holy grass, and therefore neutral ground. Garuda did so and went far away. The snakes crept nearer and nearer; but suddenly Indra swooped down from the sky and carried away the nectar. The serpents were bitterly disappointed; but what could they do? They could not war against Indra, the God of Heaven. All that they could do was to lick the Darbha grass for any drops of the fluid that might have fallen on it. But the grass was very sharp and hard and cut their tongues. And that is why all snakes now are said to have forked tongues!

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It was good, however, that at last, poor Vinata was set free from her long slavery. Garuda had carried out his part of the compact and, therefore, he had his reward.

2. Why are there eclipses of the Sun and Moon?

There was always war between the Devas, who were the gods, and the Asuras, who were the demons. The former lived in the *Swarguloka*, or the upper world, and had Indra as their king. The latter lived in *Patala*, or the lower world. Both had great powers; but the gods used them to do good, and the demons to do evil.

For a long time the parties were equal, till the gods made up their minds to churn the ocean of milk for the nectar in it. If they drank that divine liquid, never would they know death; and thus they would triumph over the demons. So, they took the mountain Mandara to use as a churning stick. But they did not know what to place it on, till the God Vishnu took the form of a tortoise and took the mountain on his back. Then, they carried the great thousand-headed serpent, Sesa, which was the couch of Vishnu and twisted it round the mountain and tried to churn the ocean. But they had not enough strength for the purpose. This was the time for the demons to meddle in the matter. They offered their help, on the condition that they should get a share of the nectar. The gods were forced to consent, though they made up their minds to cheat their enemies of the reward, once the work was done.

The churning went on gaily for years and years. At first, nothing but poison came out of the sea, and this poison nearly killed all life. But that trouble was got over. Then beautiful things came out; Lakshmi, the lovely Goddess whom Vishnu took for his wife; the Moon; the noble white horse, Uchaisrava, which Indra took for his own; and at last the divine Amrita itself.

The Devas and Asuras rested, well-content from their labours. Then came the time to deal out the nectar. The gods arranged that they should be served first; then the Asuras. But Rahu and Katu, two greedy demons, made up their minds to get for themselves a portion from the share of the gods. So they quietly disguised themselves and sat in the upper ranks. Unluckily, however, the Sun and the Moon found them out and, just as they were going to drink the nectar, disclosed their presence to the gods. The latter were very angry, and Vishnu cut off the heads of the demons. But, as Rahu and Katu had already drunk a little portion of the nectar, they had become immortal, and could not be killed.

So, the story goes that they were made into planets, and still take revenge on the Sun and Moon by swallowing them now and then. These times of swallowing correspond to what we call eclipses. But really we know that the cause of an eclipse is a shadow cast by some other body. In the case of the Moon, the shadow of the Earth comes between it and the Sun; in the case of the Sun, the shadow of the Moon comes between it and the Earth.

As for the other Asuras, it is interesting to know that somehow they were cheated of their portion of the nectar.

3. The Cruelty of Anger

The beautiful Sakuntala was really the daughter of the hermit Visvamisra and the heavenly nymph, Menaka. She was left as an infant by her mother on the banks of a river, and for a time she was looked after by the *Sakuntas* or birds. Hence, her name, *Sakuntala*. She was later found by the hermit Kanva and adopted by him as his daughter. She grew up into a lovely maiden in his peaceful hermitage. One day, the Emperor, Dushyanta, came hunting into the forest round about the hermitage, and happened to see the girl. He was struck by her great beauty and begged her to marry him by the *Gandharva rite*. The young girl had also fallen in love with him at first sight. She was very innocent in mind; but she felt that she was right to wait for the consent of her foster-father, Kanva, who was away on some business. However, love overcame her scruples, and she consented to become the wife of King Dushyanta.

Some days afterwards, the King was called away on urgent business to his capital. He left his bride, promising to send for her as soon as possible. The poor Sakuntala was drowned in grief, almost unconscious of everything that occurred outside. While she was in that state, the great sage, Durvasa, arrived at the hermitage. He knocked and called, but none answered him, for Kanva was still absent. Now, Durvasa was well-known for his terrible temper. He was inflamed with wrath at the treatment given him. He knew by his second sight what had happened. He, therefore, cursed poor Sakuntala with a terrible curse. She would be forgotten, at a most important moment, by the man she was now thinking so much of.

Having done the cruel deed, Durvasa turned to depart. But the friend of Sakuntala, hearing his curse, was terrified for her beloved comrade, and fell at the sage's feet, begging for mercy. Durvasa like all men with hot tempers, was very sorry for what he had said, but no one could recall a curse, when once uttered. All that could be done was to try and lessen its results. So, he added that, when

38 stitches, darn in the wool at the neck end and knit 2 rows. In the next row cast on 12 stitches, making 50 altogether. Knit until this sleeve is the same length as the other. With the work right side towards you cast off 24 stitches for the sleeve, and knit the remaining stitches to match the other side, casting off loosely on the wrong side.

For the lower part of the back cast on 70 stitches and work just like the lower part of the front, casting off the bottom of the yoke. Sew the top of this piece to the bottom of the back yoke, and join up the sides and the edges under the arms.

With a firm crochet hook work round the sleeve thus:—1 d.c. into one loop; 3 d.c. into the next, 3 ch.; repeat all round. Do exactly like this round the neck, putting a d.c. into every other chain along the top. Work down the edge of the right back with 1 d.c. into every other row for 1 inch. Then 4 ch. and miss 4 rows to make a loop, then 1 d.c. for $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, then another loop, and d.c. to the bottom. On the edge of the left back, work 1 d.c. into every other row. Sew to small buttons on the edge of the left back. Run a ribbon through the loops round the neck and tie at the back.

E. L.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN

Swiss Biscuits

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar,
4 ozs. flour,
4 ozs. butter,
the rind of half a lime,
half the white of an egg.

Mix these together lightly, roll out flat. Cut into rounds and bake after covering the top with the yolk of an egg.

Prune Jelly with Whipped Cream

1 cup prune pulp,
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups prune juice,
1 tablespoon lemon juice,
1 tablespoon gelatine,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling prune juice. Add the lemon juice and prune pulp. Allow to cool until it begins to stiffen, pour into moulds and chill. If the prunes have not been cooked in sugar, add sugar to taste. Serve with whipped cream.

Now, that fresh fruits are growing scarce, dry ones may be made very attractive by easy but varied methods. A prune jelly is much more interesting than prune sauce, and very simple to prepare.

Macaroni and Cheese

2 cups medium thick white sauce
1 package macaroni
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sharp cheese
1 cup buttered crumbs

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Place in baking dish and over it pour a well-seasoned white sauce in which the cheese has been thoroughly blended. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 minutes, or until the crumbs are browned.—*From Children, "The American Magazine for Parents."*

OUR HEALTH NOTES

Hot Baths

A HOT bath is a tonic for the heart and muscles; it opens the pores of the skin, and draws the blood to the surface. Cold baths and hot baths produce the same effect in different ways. The action of the cold bath is sudden and violent; that of the hot bath gentle and more gradual. It is obvious that few people will benefit by the violent method, whereas many people will benefit by the other.

It is unwise for anyone, who does not "glow" at once, to take a cold bath. I have seen people come out of cold baths with blue faces and hands. They believed they were doing themselves good, but really they were straining their hearts very severely. The same people would have felt warm and comfortable had they used hot instead of cold water, for hot water is a tonic to the heart. By drawing blood to the skin, it relieves the circulation; also causes blood to flow more freely through the muscles. That is why a hot bath is so soothing after a day's walking. Many sufferers from rheumatism of the muscles are able to keep clear of pain by taking a hot bath every morning; the muscles and joints are 'flooded' with blood, and so keep supple. A hot bath should be hot, not tepid. Tepid water is chilling, both during and after the bath. There is none of the sting of the cold water, and none of the soothing action of hot.—*The Health.*

Citrous Fruits

M. Hastings, Director, Physical Culture Food Research Laboratory, U.S.A., advocates the use of citrous fruits in place of drugs in *Bramacharya* for October :

In citrous fruits we have a real medicine brewed by air and sunshine instead of in an apothecary shop. Orange juice will prevent or cure the dread disease of scurvy; lemonade (sweetened lemon juice) is a most excellent remedy for colds; grape-fruit will prevent or check influenza. Any of these citrous fruits—for they are all similar in nature and effects—form remedial treatments for many ills; they aid in the digestion of other foods, prevent nausea, build resistance to invading germs, prepare a patient to withstand the shock of ether, even check tooth decay, and serve as skin lotions—*The Modern Review*.

Green Leaves or "Protective Foods"

Dr. H. C. Mankel, M.D., writes in *the Oriental Watchman and Herald of Health* for October :

The green leafy vegetables in their raw state form one of the most important food sources for vitamins and for this reason they are called "protective foods."—*The Modern Review*.

The Care of Children's Teeth

It is well to realise that many of the troubles and discomforts connected with the teeth that are a trial to grown-up people could be avoided if proper precautions were taken during childhood. The tendency is very often to continue giving soft and milky foods for too long a period and after the child has arrived at a stage when it should learn to gnaw and chew properly, writes "Myrene" in "The Lady."

It is only by giving the child hard, crisp foods that the muscles of mastication are developed. The act of gnawing and chewing exercises and develops the muscles of the jaw and mouth, and the pressure thus exerted stimulates the bones of these parts to grow properly. If this stimulus is lacking, there is a tendency for the lower jaw in particular to be undeveloped. The effect is far-reaching, for in a healthy, well-developed jaw in later life there is a definite relationship between the upper and lower teeth. The lower jaw grows steadily if properly exercised. This means that the teeth of the upper jaw close over those of the lower jaw and are arranged to ensure correct chewing. If the development in the lower jaw is arrested because it is not exercised, this correct meeting of the two

surfaces is not possible, and the results are far-reaching, affecting not only the facial appearance, but the digestion and health in general.

From the first appearance of the teeth onwards, children must be given food that necessitates the full use of the teeth and jaws. Instead of bread-and-milk, for example, it is much better to give the child milk to drink and slices of bread with the crusts left on to eat. Quite a tiny child with but few teeth may be allowed to gnaw at a crust, provided it is watched carefully to see that lumps of bread are not detached and swallowed. They may lodge in the throat and cause choking.

When the child gets old enough to eat an ordinary mixed diet it is comparatively easy to give foods that keep the mouth and teeth clean. Many animal and vegetable foods and fresh fruits in particular, actually scour the teeth, clean the mouth, and keep both in a state of hygienic cleanliness. When such foods are artificially prepared they lose those valuable properties.

Take for example jam and marmalade. The fruits from which these preserves are made are tooth-cleaning foods. When preserved with the addition of sugar, a viscid food is formed that tends to cling to the interstices of the teeth and set up decay. The fruits eaten raw have exactly the opposite effect. The fibrous character of such fruits as oranges makes them invaluable for keeping the teeth in condition, and the juices act even more beneficially than the ordinary mouth-wash.

Sugar in the process of refinement, also loses its valuable fibrous character. The sugar-cane in its raw state is chewed with gusto by the natives of the tropical countries where it grows, and every one is familiar with the characteristic gleaming teeth of the Negro, that show up in such marked contrast to a dusky skin.

The foods recognised as tooth-cleaning are all palatable and wholesome, and to an appetite uncorrupted by unwholesome food, appetising also. Children brought up on biscuits, sweets, pastry, and cakes (however plain) lose their liking for much of the food, that is absolutely necessary for the health of the teeth. This includes fresh fruits, especially apples, oranges, grape-fruit, and nuts, and raw vegetables such as watercress, lettuce, and radishes.

The question as to how and when to clean the teeth is often discussed. The ideal of cleaning the teeth after each meal is not easy of attainment, nor after a meal ending with tooth-cleaning food is it necessary. Most children like fruit, and it is wise to give it to them at the end of every meal. For example, after the mixed diet of dinner, an apple is acceptable, and its firm but juicy pulp is

invaluable. It presses on the gums and stimulates a healthy circulation, and the friction of the pulp against the teeth cleans them effectually.

If, however, the meal has consisted of soft food, such as porridge, bread-and-milk without crusts, or biscuits, it is important to brush the teeth with a toothbrush as soon as possible. A small child really wants to be taught to wield a toothbrush properly. Sometimes a child uses the brush much too vigorously, and it should be recognised that it is possible to injure the edge of the gum. If this is accidentally done trouble will certainly set up sooner or later.

More usually, however, the brushing is not sufficiently effectual, and the process is too often merely perfunctory. The child should be taught to brush the masticating surfaces of the teeth as vigorously as possible. A vertical movement as well as a transverse one is necessary for the sides, especially the inter-sides of the teeth. A vertically upward or downward brushing of the teeth should dislodge all particles of food lodging between them.

It is a good thing to train a child habitually to clean the teeth carefully the last thing at night.—*The Madras Mail*.

Nails Indicate Physical Condition

A physician can sometimes tell as much about your physical condition from looking at your finger nails, as he can by taking your pulse or looking at your tongue, says Dr. Norman Tobias in *Hygeia*.

A healthy nail has a rosy pink color, is smooth, free from ridges and glossy. The nail root is delicate and is easily injured by poisons in the blood stream or by injuries to the nerves. A bluish tinge in the nail suggests heart disturbance or poor circulation, Dr. Tobias says. A white anemic nail may mean impoverished blood.

Dull and brittle nails indicate a lack of oil in the skin. Irregular rough or dwarfed nails may be caused by syphilis, ringworm or chronic skin disease. If sores or ulcers about the nail are slow healing, one should consult a physician without delay.—*The Health*.

Learn to Relax!

(BY BARBARA STRONG)

The inherently restless woman is a real tragedy—to herself and to others. When most we condemn her as an infliction, it may well be that she most merits our compassion. For her, inability to relax may be the tragic result of long years of overwork at constant high pressure.

Professional women have the advantage over the housewife in that they can periodically break away from the strain of their labours. Often the little housewife has to carry on from year's end to year's end, when funds are short with never an interval of radical and essential change. Even when finances permit a brief holiday, she is so soon caught up again on the ever-revolving wheel of household routine that her health never gets a real chance. By common consent, the housewife's work is never done. The professional woman has time to cultivate extraneous interests. Her home-making sister has scarcely the energy to turn her restlessness into channels outside her own four walls. Mechanically, that restlessness expends itself on the same old tasks from sheer force of habit. Mind and body lack the necessary freshness to escape from the treadmill and breathe a larger air.

Often it transpires that the ultra-nervy housewife type represents the ultimate evolution of a lazy adolescence which, blossoming eventually into marriage, makes up for youth's irresponsibility by developing a terribly sensitive conscience in the matter of household management. The metamorphosis makes domestic responsibility a nightmare and Time a tyrant. The art of relaxation is gradually but completely lost. And the victim of perpetual restlessness draws nearer to physical and mental breakdown.

Yet, salvation is easy enough to come by, if only the over-conscientious little housewife could be made to listen to reason! No round of duties, however exacting, precludes the possibility of sitting idly for some part of the day. In this short time of absolute rest even reading should be taboo,—unless of the kind that proves an aid to slumber, which form of relaxation is the very best medicine in the world. It is the day-by-day habit that works the gradual miracle with overwrought nerves. It is just a question of compelling the too turbulent spirit to cultivate, deliberately, the habit of occasional repose, to confront fate placidly, as it were, with folded hands.—(*The Madras Mail*)

Why we go Bald

Dr. S. Ernest Dore, speaking on the hygiene of the skin to the Institute of Hygiene, London, said that water was a prolific cause of baldness.

"Recent research by some colleagues of mine," he said, "has resulted in the discovery of a bacillus, which has been named 'the bottle bacillus,' because of its resemblance to a bottle. This bacillus grows on the skin and by degrees causes loss of hair. Dandruff has almost been proved to be due to this bacillus."

Dr. Dore suggested the following means of avoiding baldness :—

Keep hair brushes and combs clean ;

Never use another person's hair brush ;

Use a good antiseptic stimulant lotion for the hair : and

Shampoo frequently.

In an interview after his lecture, Dr. Dore explained that no cure had been found for baldness. An attempt had been made to prepare vaccines but without success so far.—(*The Madras Mail*.)

NEWS AND NOTES

(SELECTED)

Indian Women in Public Service. Five women are members of Legislative Councils in India : Dr. Poonen Lukhose of Travancore, who was for two years Minister of Health, and is now a member of the Medical Board ; Mrs. Madhavi Amma of Cochin ; Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal, Deputy President of the Madras Legislative Council ; and two women in the State of Rajkot.

Thirty two women are municipal councillors in various cities ; four are members of taluk boards ; eight are members of district boards ; thirty-two are honorary magistrates and J.P.'s ; four are elected members of University Senates, and numerous others are nominated or ex-officio members ; six women are barristers and lawyers. (*Woman's Outlook*).

Four hundred prominent men and women, Americans and resident Indians of New York, attended the banquet given on November 10 in honour of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, now on a lecture tour in America, under the auspices of the Hindustan Association of America, in collaboration with other Indian organizations, such as The Moha-Bodhi Society, Vedanta Society, and the Young India Association.

The spacious auditorium of International House, 500 Riverside Drive, which is also the headquarters of the Hindustan Association of America, was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and men and women of over sixty different nationalities had gathered at an early hour to join the reception of the poetess and political leader of India. Among those who welcomed Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the guest of honour of the evening, were Professor A. V. Williams Jackson of Columbia University ; Mr. Curtis Hidden Page, President of the Poetry Association of America ; Miss Ruth St. Dennis, the famous

artist-dancer ; Dr. Felix Valyi, the Editor of the Review of Nations, Geneva ; Mr. Harry E. Edmonds, the Director of International House, New York and Dr. J. T. Sunderland, the American Grand Old Man of India.

The entire audience rose to their feet amidst loud ovations as Mrs. Sarojini Naidu stood on the platform with a graceful Indian bow to begin her speech. She emphasized on the need of better understanding between India as a representative of the old world and America as the spokesman of the new.

"Like the founders of your Republic," said Mrs. Naidu, "The Young India of today has proclaimed to the world a Declaration of Independence, by which they mean not only political independence of the country from a foreign rule, but also social, religious, cultural and moral freedom for the expression of man himself. To this end the India of today is evoking its ancient Dharma of Renunciation and Ahimsa, of which that little man, Mahatma Gandhi, who physically is so tiny, is yet spiritually the greatest living symbol of our age."

In conclusion, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu pointed out in a convincing manner that it is futile to aspire for the freedom of the world without a free India.

A special address printed on rich yellow silk was presented to Mrs. Naidu by Mr. C. J. Chacko, President of the Hindustan Association of America, New York Chapter, after which the poetess was garlanded, on behalf of the Association, amidst prolonged cheers.

(*The Editorial Board of the Hindustan Association of America*)

Oudh Women's Conference

The Second Oudh Women's Conference on Educational Reforms was held with Begum Wazir Hassan, wife of the Chief Judge of the Chief Court, in the chair.

In her presidential address, Begum Wazir Hassan pointed out that the reform movement among the Lucknow women commenced only a year before, but in that short time attempts had been made to give concrete shape to their aims. The women of the city gathered together once every week, and exchanged ideas much to their mutual advantage. This however was only the first step. The obstacles in the path of progress were many. In the first place, there was the problem of purdah. There was a considerable body of Mussalmans who favoured total abolition of purdah, following the example of Turkey and Afghanistan. The speaker's personal opinion was that purdah in India should certainly be reformed, but not to the extent desired by the admirers of Western civilisation. The needs of Indian

women could briefly be expressed in the two phrases, "special reform" and "educational progress." In the sphere of special reform, next in importance to purdah, was the problem of early marriages. As regards education, experience had already proved that the syllabus meant for boys was neither adequate nor suitable to the educational needs of girls. The teaching of theology was essential for girls. Half of the misery of the world to-day was due to paucity of spiritualism and the elimination of the fear of God.

Delhi Women's Conference

The third session of the Delhi Women's Conference was held with Mrs. J. C. Chatterji in the chair.

In her presidential address, Mrs. Chatterji observed that the last fifteen years had seen great strides and marvellous improvements among the women of Delhi. Only a few years ago, the women of the city mostly lived in the four corners of their houses, while to-day they were seen taking an active interest in public life, social service and health work. Then again, only a couple of years back Delhi had about three small girls' schools, while to-day they had two colleges, three high schools and nearly fifty other girls' schools.

Mrs. Chatterji held that the greatest need of India to-day was primary education for girls. She urged the women of Delhi not to rest till they had succeeded in making the municipal committee provide free compulsory education for all girls of school-going age in the city.

Mrs. Chatterji appealed to married women, who themselves had received enlightenment and education to devote some time to personal service for bringing these gifts within the reach of the millions of their sisters in India, who could neither read nor work. To-day, in order that this work might be effective, it must be the outcome of a live sympathy. In conclusion, Mrs. Chatterji said it was easy to pass resolutions, but if their conference was to do any lasting good, what they needed was workers.

Women's Conference in Madras

The following are some of the important resolutions:—

"This Conference is of opinion that marriage should not be thrust as a compulsory vocation upon every girl, and urges parents to recognise the right of their sons and daughters to decide their own career in life."

"This Conference points out to the Government the urgent need for providing more secondary schools for Muslim girls in the City of Madras and in the mofussil.

"This Conference calls upon all schools and colleges to provide adequate facilities for instruction in Hindi as a common language for India.

"This Conference of women brings to the notice of the Educational authorities the fact that women's education can never be complete without the inclusion of such subjects as Home and Personal Hygiene, Domestic Science, Mother-craft, first aid and fine arts, in the curriculum of girls' schools and to give effect to the above resolution the Government should take further steps to promote the training of suitable teachers for the above subjects.

"This Conference of women requests the authorities largely to employ women teachers with Montessori and Kindergarten training, whenever available, in all primary schools and particularly in co-educational schools where both boys and girls attend.

"This Conference recommends that in all school committees, both municipal or district boards, and District Educational Councils, sufficient number of women should be nominated and the district boards and municipalities should earmark sufficient grants for the development and expansion of women's education.

"This Conference of women, gathered to consider the welfare of the rising generation, considers it urgently important that every effort should be made to clean the cities of the presidency from the taint of commercialised vice and immorality, which is a menace to the mental, moral and physical wellbeing of all young men and women, a degradation to womanhood, and demoralising to men; and the fact that minor girl children are kept in disorderly houses and condemned to a life of prostitution calls for immediate action.

"This meeting therefore calls on the Madras Legislative Council to pass during its next session the Bill, now before the Select Committee, for the suppression of brothels and immoral traffic."

Influence of Purdah Women

A correspondent writes: The account of last Tuesday's proceedings of the United Provinces All-Parties Muslim Conference describes how a party of purdah ladies, who were silent witnesses in the gallery, threatened to come out of the purdah and pass the resolution for complete independence, if the men had not the courage to do so. This had a magical effect and the resolution was forthwith adopted by the conference. Several interesting facts emerge from this amusing episode. First and foremost, it bears testimony to the immense

influence wielded by the Indian Muslim women who have been the object of much unsolicited pity for their Christ-like virtues of meekness and mildness. It gives the lie to the argument that the women are opposed to the removal of the purdah. On the contrary, judging from the result of the threat, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that the Muslim men are keener on the perpetuation of the purdah system on their women than the latter. With such people the preservation of the purdah is of greater importance than India's political goal. It is up to such conferences to pass resolutions declaring India's political future as dependence or complete independence, without a qualm about the grave issues involved. Luckily people know what value to attach to these resolutions.—*Indian Social Reformer.*

TURKISH WOMEN AS PIONEERS

'A WESTERN Woman Resident in Turkey' gives a glimpse of the many-sided activities of the Turkish people and the emancipated womanhood of Turkey in *International Review of Missions*. Begins the writer:

Turkey to-day is a land of contrasts. In no areas are these contrasts more marked than in the life of its women. On the third anniversary of the proclamation of the Turkish Republic, October 29th, 1926, the Governor of Constantinople gave a ball in the historic building known as the Sublime Porte, and most of those present were Turks. Everything but the place was of the twentieth century. The Turkish women wore Parisian gowns, had bobbed hair and danced the Charleston to jazz played by American Negroes. On the same night, the President of the Republic gave a ball at Angora, at which no man was received unless accompanied by a lady. This was to bring Turkish women out of their harems. Outside these ballroom windows, ancient Anatolian ox-carts were squeaking loudly along the dusty road, their oxen led by patient peasant women in baggy trousers, and tight-fitting jackets with veils over their heads, absolutely untouched by the western world within.

To some this may appear to be 'Europeanization, with a vengeance. But it is instructive to read the record of the Republic—its rapid but steady progress, especially in ameliorating the conditions of the Turkish women.

On October 29th, 1923, the Turkish Republic was proclaimed. Then began a series of amazing transformations benefiting women even more than men. The Koranic law, the Sheriah, 'proved too

antiquated to direct a modern state. After vainly trying to reform it, the Grand National Assembly adopted *in toto* the civil code of Switzerland, the penal code of Italy and the commercial code of Germany. These went into effect October 1st, 1926.

The civil code abolishes polygamy, already out of favour in Turkey except among the peasants, where a man needs many women to work in his fields. Turkish girls used to marry men selected by their families, and a bride did not see her husband till he lifted her veil after the marriage. Even at the solemn religious ceremony, the *nigia* bride and groom were not present, being represented by two proxies who took the vows for them. No women could attend the *nigia*. At the *duyun*, or wedding reception, men and women were in separate rooms. A man could divorce his wife by merely saying three times, 'I divorce you.' She had no redress. The new code prescribes a simple civil marriage and gives equal divorce rights to husband and wife. Divorce may be granted only after a period of three months. Under the new regime there is social freedom among young people and love matches are frequent.

A powerful factor in bringing about these legal reforms was a women's organization in Constantinople. "The Society for the Defence of the Rights of Women" Delegations of these Turkish women, the most enlightened in the country, visited Angora and brought such pressure to bear on the Government that a number of important reforms were made even before the new code was adopted.

The Government has greatly encouraged women to come out of their seclusion and to mix with men. Harem curtains keeping women apart in trams, boats and other public places have been removed. In large cities most women have discarded the *charshaf*, replacing it by modern dress and a veil like a toque, wound daintily around the head but never over the face. Some wear hats. The changes are coming far more slowly in interior towns, depending on local conditions. Home life also is being influenced and improved by the new education. Women study western books and magazines on home-making. Much credit is due to Turkish women for having been able to adapt themselves to the rapid transformation with dignity and energy, without indulging in much excess. Many of them feel their new responsibility and opportunity to work for their country. They have a number of welfare societies doing useful work. The Red Crescent is now carrying on industrial work and teaching poor girls to copy the beautiful old Turkish embroideries. The Green Crescent, largely composed of women, is working for temperance. Other organizations maintain baby clinics and care for orphan children in homes and orphanages.

The most encouraging indication of the development of women is the widespread interest in education. The Government, realizing that the lower schools are entirely inadequate in number and methods, has increased and improved its normal schools, especially for girls. Normal students pay no tuition fees, but must serve the Government for a term of years after graduation.

The Government has employed for the last three years an American teacher of household arts in a girls' lycee and in the Stamboul Normal School. This is a new and important subject in Turkey. The Stamboul University, entirely Turkish, now occupying the large building formerly used by the Ministry of War, has opened all its courses to women. The faculties most popular among women are medicine and law. In the medical school alone are enrolled four hundred and fifty women, thirty of whom graduated this year. Medical graduates are required like teachers to practise for a few years in needy interior towns. Some Turkish girls have gone to Europe and America for further study; a few have made successful lecture tours in western lands.

There is more demand for higher education of the girls in India than before. But, we are afraid, few of them go in for medical education, though perhaps it is more imperative for them to get it. Again, the health of the school-going girl has been a matter of great concern to all of our advocates of female education. Turkey has not neglected it.

In addition to many classes in physical training, the department of health education conducts special normal courses for leaders who teach gymnastic and healthful recreation in the local schools and orphanages. This teaching, new in Turkey, has been so successful that the Minister of Education has secured Swedish teachers to give physical training to men and women students in the Government normal schools. At the Y.W.C.A. summer camp on the Sea of Marmora, hundreds of girls have discovered the joys of outdoor life and learned to love nature. Swimming and life-saving play an important part. Last summer three camp girls, one a Turk, rescued a man whose boat had capsized and who could not swim. Four girls—a Turk, a Greek and two Armenians—swam the Bosphorus, an unheard-of feat for girls of Turkey.

Let us not fight shy of the word 'Europeanization,' if that implies such healthy enlightenment.—(*The Modern Review*).

Marriages for Women

"The modern world is full of false ideas, crystallised into axioms," says a writer in the NINETEENTH CENTURY upsetting certain popular preconceptions. It is those conglomerations of error which, more than anything else, frustrate the problem of the modern girl and her relations to society.

The moment one opens a discussion of this burning question, one is met with the argument that England now contains an immense excess of women over men (largely a result of the War), and that, in consequence, it has become necessary to train the girls in the mass for independent careers. It is surprising how few people possess even the remotest knowledge of the actual statistical position. The excess of women over men in the European lands is now much smaller than it was at almost any period during the last 500 or 600 years.

The really decisive matter is not the ratio of men and women in the whole population, but the ratio during the marriageable ages. Consider the following figures for England and Wales (1926): Women of marriageable age (twenty to forty-five), about 7,900,000; men of marriageable age (twenty to fifty), about 8,000,000.

It is, of course, necessary to remember that men may, and often do, marry at a somewhat later age than women. In looking for a wife, a man is practically confined to the age groups between twenty and forty (although, since a certain proportion of women over forty do marry, I have taken the groups up to forty-five into account); but a woman may very easily find a husband anywhere between twenty and fifty.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the general tendency of the present-day education of girls is solely responsible for the large number of unmarried women in England.

A machine, which grinds out year by year hundreds of thousands of young women equipped solely with a view to competing with men in industry and business, must of necessity create social conditions highly unfavourable to marriage and home life. The struggle to earn a family wage or salary is thus made for more difficult for the average man. It would be impossible to form an estimate of the exact number of men, who have been prevented from establishing homes of their own as a result of the competition of women, but it must be very large indeed.—(*The Modern Review*).

WOMEN STUDENTS

KEEN discussion took place about sex differences between men and women in the women's group session of the British Institute of Adult Education Conference, at Cambridge.

Whether men or women are better able to endure physical strain, more capable of learning, and more fluent with tongue and pen, were some of the points of difference raised in the consideration of "Special problems of education amongst women."

One lady said :—

"We emphasise the good work our girls can do because we want tutorial classes and good serious courses of study for them in equal quantities to those given to men." Of mixed classes she said: "The influence of the young man teacher has a fine effect for discipline on my girls. I would not be without a young man teacher for anything. Nothing prevents any tendency to hooligan behaviour more than a polite 'Good evening' from a young man teacher."

Another lady said :—

"The girl who wanted to study was heavily handicapped compared with her brother. She had to 'clean up for mother' in addition to her factory work, and had less physical strength."

"I do not think there are many women who could endure what men endure in the lack of sleep and rest in the cause of adult education. One man in this room tells me he only gets four hours in bed a night because he is doing a full-time industrial job, is going in for self-education and hoping to organise adult education for others."

"If women see a job worth giving up sleep for, like nursing, their capacity for going without is endless. As to doing with only four hours' sleep for the sake of books, the average woman of common sense is not going to do it."

Miss Phillips, of the Training College Association, said: "The experience of teachers and examiners is that girls naturally are less fluent with their tongues, but more fluent with their pens, than boys and men."

One speaker, having suggested that woman's approach to subjects was often emotional, Mr. J. McLeod, of Glasgow, said: "My experience of women is that they are far more practical than men, and far less emotional. The popular idea of men is that they are strong, hard, and silent. The precise opposite is the truth. Women are hard, practical, unscrupulous, unemotional and far-seeing. Men are soft and sentimental."

Mr. H. P. Turner, director of extramural studies in Manchester University, said: "I hope we are not going to have another campaign in the warfare between the sexes. Some men are the least satisfactory of God's creatures, and so are some women. We have just to take each other as we are and act on with the job."—(*Wealth and Welfare*).

HELLENIC WOMEN AT WORK

THE National Council of Women in Greece is a very active body. Its special committees concern themselves with problems of education, press, law, emigration and social work. The members are kept in close touch with similar bodies in other countries, and a Greek representative was recently sent to a meeting of the International Council held in Geneva. At home, the Council runs its own evening schools, and has special work-rooms for women of the people, where work is done under excellent hygienic conditions.

In such a country as Greece, where, until quite recently, a women's value at home—to say nothing of the larger outside world—was not held to be high, it is of the utmost importance that feminist societies should carry on their work in closest possible touch one with another. So the National Council is doing double work, in that it is affiliated to several other organisations. Among these should be noted "The Parents' Union", and "The House for the Blind" at Athens, and the "Charitable Association for Young Girls" in Kreta.

The Greek woman does not yet enjoy either Municipal or parliamentary votes, but several measures are being taken to make the enfranchisement a possibility of the near future. It was no small victory for the feminist cause in Greece when, some time ago, a woman was appointed chief of a Civil Service Department. This instance had no precedent.

It has often been said that the modern Hellenic woman has little to remind the stranger of the great historical traditions behind her. I wonder how far this allegation is true? Her beauty, of course, is proverbial, but little is known about her other gifts. Yet she is instinctively artistic. Sometimes her artistry takes shape in small things which might easily escape a casual eye, such as apparently simple decorations on a mantelpiece! A piece of faded blue silk, a few coloured threads—with such poor treasures she produces results which would be unrivalled by greater wealth of material.

Enough has been said about her dancing, but her inborn grace of movement and of touch, comes out also in such things as the arrangement of flowers. I watched one woman with a huge sheaf of wild blossoms in her arms. The house was poor. A disused oil-can had to serve instead of a bowl. But the slim bronzed fingers handled every stem with such artistry that I forgot the ugly can and only looked at the flowers!—(*The Madras Mail*).

A COLLEGE FOR WORKING WOMEN IN ENGLAND

THE word 'College' often seems to working girls rather remote. They have heard of a few girls who have been fortunate enough to reach a secondary school, afterwards going on to a Training College or a University, and in fulness of time becoming teachers, or in some cases doctors, inspectors, or even possibly lawyers. Such opportunities seem for the select few—for those who are specially good with books, or at passing examinations, or in some way or other particularly talented.

Our secondary schools and University Colleges are not enough to provide for all those who qualify to enter them; and there are many more with the love of learning and the curiosity to understand better this wonderful world, who have to leave their elementary school at fourteen and begin to earn their living by some form of wage-earning. Many such girls have cherished a secret dream of going to College, if only there were a College for ordinary people.

The establishment of such a College more than eight years ago at Beckenham was due to the Young Women's Christian Association, to which the idea was first proposed in 1919. The Educational Committee of the Association formed a Sub-Committee to promote the plan and allowed their Secretary to collect for it a special fund not drawn from the finances of the Y. W. C. A. The College was opened experimentally in February, 1920, under a provisional Committee, and during the next six months the Council was gathered together. From September, 1920, the College has been an entirely self-governing institution, affiliated in 1921 to the Educational Settlements Association, and in 1924 incorporated under the Board of Trade.

All sorts of people come for a year, and are prepared to leave their work and risk their jobs to do so. They come from shops and offices, from factories and mills, from doing household work in their own homes or the houses of other people. Dressmaker and hairdresser, French-polisher and cook, telegraph clerk and nurse-maid, typist and shirt-ironer, weaver and tin-box maker, live and study and play and argue together. They find that, beneath all these different experiences, what they have learnt of wage-earning life was very much the same.

So too are many of the subjects they want to learn, for the list of lectures was built up on their request, and is modified year by year on their suggestions. Economic problems about wages and hours

of labour, psychological problems about getting on with other people, and bringing up children, are part of the very stuff of their lives. The new responsibility of the vote makes them curious as to the working of government, local and central; the continuing effects of the war make them interested in the history of Europe. Their unsatisfied thirst for beauty craves for poetry and music, great novels and plays; their curiosity about nature leads them to study biology and physiology. Moreover, they desire to become more useful as well as better informed—the running of a house, the planning and cooking of meals, the making of a speech, and the management of a committee, all lead to eager practice and discussion.

Moreover, the life itself is educative, since most of the responsibility for organizing the College internally rests upon the students. They have their own Students' Meeting, with elected officers, and form the majority in the College Meeting of all residents. This last meeting is the one which makes all rules, approves and remodels the time-table, decides on College customs, and adopts plans for any corporate activity. The Students' Meeting has four Committees for debates, dramatics, games and socials, to which members of Staff are occasionally co-opted when they are needed. In general, as one student puts it, 'the Students say what they want, the Staff show them how to get it.' Of course, such a degree of self-government is only possible, because the students are all grown-up women, ranging in age from twenty-one to forty, and have for years earned their own living and managed their own lives.

In another important matter also, the College has carried out successfully a valuable experiment—that of organizing the necessary household work largely on a co-operative basis, and of putting domestic work generally on the high level of dignity and consideration, which its necessity and requirements deserve. All members of the College, staff and students alike without exception, attend to their own rooms and personal needs. The resident domestic staff are all old students of the College, enjoying the same conveniences and accommodation as all the other residents. They have the title of stewards; they rank as members of staff, attend staff meetings, and sit at high table when all the staff congregate there. A considerable amount of the domestic work is done by students, working two and two together at a round of orderly duties, each for a week at a time. Many hands, indeed, make light work, and, as our visitors frequently note, keep our beautiful house in spotless order.

It sounds a very full and varied life, especially when games and socials, debates, expeditions are added to the list and so it is. Of

course, no one studies every possible subject, but makes a selection and builds up a time-table for herself according to her needs. No one comes to the work unprepared, for to have done some kind of serious study, by regular classes or reading since leaving the day-school, is a necessary qualification for entrance, though there is no examination then or later. Regular essays are written throughout the course, and questions and answers and discussion go freely to and fro in any lecture period. Most students have already been active members of some organizations, and perhaps have done voluntary work in connection with it. This variety of outlook and experience are specially useful, and so too is the mixture of all denominations. Occasionally also the variety is increased by the presence of foreign students. It is specially interesting to learn of the likenesses and differences between women's lives all over the world, and thrilling thus intimately to realise how close is our human kinship with each other.

The work of the College so clearly filled a serious gap in women's educational opportunities that, after its experimental seven years, it is now permanently established in a big house with large grounds near Surbiton station. Here it will eventually be able to double the number of students in residence. A new wing has been added and only needs furnishing to be ready for use. Classes are also being held for day students in the neighbourhood.—(*Woman's Outlook*.)

POULTRY-KEEPING

POULTRY-KEEPING even taken as a hobby has one distinct advantage over other hobbies, in that it is self-supporting, and may even bring in a profit in the bargain. At any rate there is no questioning the fact, that we can be sure of newly-laid eggs every day. Moreover, every member of the family can with advantage devote a portion of his or her time to it.

When fowls are kept as a hobby, they generally do not exceed half a dozen or a dozen, at the most. For a dozen birds we require a house 8' x 8' on the ground, with the highest point of the roof about 7'. The house must be so constructed as to enable it to get the maximum amount of sunlight and fresh air. Regarding the floor, if it is on a well-drained soil it can be of earth, while if on clay it must be of wood or cement. Great care has to be taken to keep the poultry-houses absolutely neat and clean. To keep these fowls in a healthy condition we must provide them with a yard 300 sq. ft. in area for exercise and open air. It is advisable to

enclose the whole area with wire-netting; this will keep the birds safe from enemies.

Having got over the space and housing difficulties, our attention must be directed to the breed we intend keeping. Generally speaking, every one will want an attractive bird which has sound laying qualities. Indian breeds seldom give more than 40 or 50 eggs in the course of a year, and so we have to make our choice from foreign ones. As far as is known hitherto the breed that has been exhibiting a good record in almost all parts of India is the Leghorn. Russian, Orloffs, Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes and the Australian Orpingtons, are some of the other breeds which are recommended.

In India the difficulty is to make a start, rather than to go on with it. We have not got many reliable poultry farmers who can sell us pedigree fowls. However, having spotted out the few that exist we must purchase from them either pullets six months old, or fowls that have passed their first laying season. The latter will cost far less than the former, because professional poultry farmers often sell their old stock to make room for the pullets they have reared up. Generally, fowls don't lay well after their first two laying seasons. The whole art of hatching and rearing chickens till they reach pullet-hood is both difficult and risky. The greatest mortality in chicks is before they get 5 weeks old and so some people are of opinion that it is better to buy them when they are but six weeks old.

Six weeks old chicks are known as "Growing Chickens." They must be given plenty of food rich in proteid matter. A good range must be placed at their disposal so that they may run about here and there picking food for themselves. Usually a light breed matures in its sixth or seventh month.

Great care must be taken of laying hens, for both the size of their eggs and their laying powers depend on the nature of food supplied. No doubt the kitchen and table waste can be given to them, but that form only part of the "Balanced Ration." No diet is complete without carbohydrates and proteids, and a "Balanced Ration" is such that gives these two main ingredients in proportion most suitable to enable the birds to carry on their various functions. When the hen is in full lay, it requires a ration containing 1 part of albuminoid to every 4½ parts of carbohydrates; at other times even 1 in 6, or 1 in 7, will be sufficient. Two oz. of wheat bran will satisfy the above needs. There must be a supply of pure water at all times, and provision should be made for the birds' "Dust bath." For this

purpose a wooden box 2' square with six inches layer of dry earth or saw dust must be supplied.

After the second laying season is over we must select the best layers of the flock for breeding purposes. The others can be killed or sold.

Since the egg-laying capacity of a hen declines after two years, it is usual to renew the stock of fowls every second year. By growing annually about as many young birds as there are hens, we can keep up the number in the flock.

For hatching purposes we must have "Broody hens." When a hen shows its inclination to incubate or "sit", we call it a broody hen; such a hen of moderate size can cover as many as 13 eggs. They must be supplied with grain, pure water and a place to dust during their "sitting" period. Eggs usually hatch in from twenty to twenty-two days.

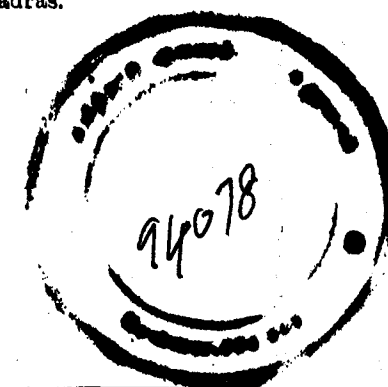
For 36 hours after hatching, no food whatsoever need be given to the chickens, as nature has already provided enough for that period. Healthy chicks need little more than some sort of easily digestible soft food like moistened cracked grains. They must always have a free supply of pure water. The chickens will be ready to leave their foster-mother when they are about two months old. At this stage the sexes must be separated. How to take care of chicks six weeks old has already been dealt with in this article.

—("Bread and Freedom.")

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