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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. II.

MAY 1929.

No. 10



PHOTO BY A. J. PANDIAN, TANJORE.
Off to the Market. How very happy and contented he looks with his fruit of labour.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

A long, long road we have to walk
To Heaven and our God,
Don't loiter on the way to talk,
Get on.....and plod!

Tho' troubles wait us every morrow,
Are with us all the while,
Don't bend the knee to Tyrant Sorrow,
Look up.....and smile!

Lose not heart along the way
Turn not from the fight,
Then we shall reach (God grant we may)
Heaven's Hills by night!

LELAND J. BERRY.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE WOMAN'S MIND

THE woman's mind is an interesting subject; for, woman and her ways have ever been a fascinating theme of speculation. But, in these days when woman is slowly coming to her own, a scientific study of the subject is useful for both men and women. It shows woman in what direction her best powers lie, and where her limitations are. To man, who is every day coming into more and more close contact with woman, it is but proper that she should no longer remain a charming mystery. He finds her not only in his home, making happy his leisure hours, but now also working side by side with him and contesting with him in every walk of life. This article merely aims at giving an interest to those, who have not even thought about this topic, and inducing them to make some attempt at reading at least a few of the many books which have been written on the subject.

The psychology of the woman's mind has to be viewed from three aspects, (1) the physical basis of the mind, (2) the intellectual capacity of the woman's mind, (3) the moral and ethical qualities of a woman's mind.

Anthropology shows that woman leads in evolution physically. Just as the young ape is nearer to the human type than the adult ape and therefore belongs to a higher grade; so is the human child in advance of the human adult, and this is seen in various factors. To mention only a few, the size of the face in relation to the head is smaller in the higher species. It is so in the child. Then again, there is less hair on the body and the physical frame slighter and weaker. Woman, preserving the child-type more than man, is ahead of him physically; and, since the relation between the body and mind is very close, it is but a natural conclusion that mentally also woman leads the way and that she is the "stronger" of the two. When the brain, the physical organ of the mind, is measured, it is found that woman possesses a relatively larger mass of brain than man.

But the nervous system is less under control and the circulation of the blood in the grey matter of the brain quicker and less stable. The heart also beats faster and more markedly. When the senses are examined, it is found that woman is better in colour sense, touch and smell. But men are superior in the taste sense. They also appear to have better mental power and a greater artistic sense.

The physical factors peculiar to woman have a great influence on the working of her mind. The reason is, that they are very closely connected with the pivot of all nature and life, viz., reproduction and propagation of the species. Hence, her motives and actions every day and all her life are affected by them. On account of them, woman lives on a curve. Her energy, vitality, temperament, even her likes and dislikes, are never the same. Therefore it is that woman is proverbially accused of being as changeable as the moon! In those women, whom we describe as 'temperamental', this influence is very great. But even the most 'strong-minded' woman is subject to a certain amount of instability in action and thought.

Besides the character, the intellectual capacity is also affected. Though there is a splendid record of women in the past as well as in the present, from Aspasia to Madame Curie, still the highest types of genius seem to be confined to men. Even in music, cooking and dress-making—the three distinctively feminine arts, in which from time immemorial woman has been associated, it is man who has shown greater imagination and originality. The best musicians, the best chefs, the most popular fashion-makers, are men! Havelock Ellis says the reason is that

woman's natural function in life requires all her energy and vitality in a physical direction, and that therefore she remains unequal to man in the highest psychic processes. But many other writers disagree with this conclusion. They say that *dissimilarity* in the processes of the mind does not mean inequality. Mantegazza asserts that the mind or soul has a sex just like the body, and that even if there should be a sex difference it does not mean inferiority.

In some mental qualities, woman is undoubtedly pre-eminent. Perception and apperception are far stronger in woman. Ladies passing each other in carriages have been known to detect fashion, colour and even the quality of their dress material. Then again any slight difference in appearance is quickly detected by women, while some men are obtuse to even drastic changes in anything! Women are also better in memory. It has been found by experiment that they are 10 to 15 per cent superior to men in this. It has been stated that this is owing to better memory powers, and that in examinations the percentage of women's success is higher and greater than men's. Dr. Schofield says that it has been the experience of many professors and teachers that "women are easier to educate and train than men. They are quicker in mind as well as more diligent". But he also says that, though women are quicker in thought, they can use their brains rapidly only within a limited range, and that, though women are quicker at conclusions, men are more sure!

Emotion is the dominant force in the mind of a woman; intellect in that of the man. Consequently intuition, instinct and tact are far greater in women than men. They are impatient of reason and argument, because by instinct and intuition they arrive at a quicker conclusion. And, though they themselves are not so sure of it, it has been found that their conclusions are in the end less liable to err! Being bad reasoners, they dislike abstractions and generalizations. Concrete instances and facts appeal more to them. Women are also better able to express their thoughts; they are able to make that expression vivid and alive by concreteness and detail. Hence it is that women are more charming letter-writers.

In all movements, not only of the body but of the mind, woman, though less powerful and not so solid, is quicker and more graceful. Being quicker of perception, she is also more resourceful. Her resourcefulness may be the result of physical weakness, for weaker animals are given to secretiveness, which is also a caution born of their physical limitations.

It has been found that women excel in mechanical work at low pressure. They are capable of working continually, even fifteen hours a

day on any mechanical work that does not require much output of energy. But men work at high pressure for a short time and relax. This patience and perseverance is a result of the anabolic nature of woman. Her receptivity makes her more passive than man. It also makes her more adaptable. A woman is more easily at home in new surroundings and circumstances than man.

Woman's best impulses are domestic, and that is why women are best in the professions of nursing and teaching. Woman is not only domestic, but sociable. Society itself is made, ruled and maintained by women. But sociableness is quite different from powers of combination for a special purpose; and woman is sadly incapable of that. Men are more 'clubbable,' but at men's clubs there is very little sociability.

The one art in which women excel is the dramatic art. In the East as well as in the West, there have been always better and a greater number of good actresses than actors. It is perhaps the result of the instinct of ruse and their natural resourcefulness. Mill also considered women better fitted for politics than men. Burdack said the same some years earlier, and he quotes the fact that nearly 90 per cent of the queens were able rulers. In certain primitive tribes, women carry on foreign and diplomatic relations very successfully.

In all other intellectual spheres, history and experiment have proved that man is superior. Though the average intelligence is higher in women, they being poorer in imagination and originality, the highest type of genius is confined to men. The opposite abnormality of idiocy is also greater in men.

Now, we come to the moral and ethical qualities of a woman's mind. The standard of morality is not the same for men as for women. It is higher for woman; for, being more emotional she is moral intuitively, whereas man has to attain moral victory by a struggle. They differ in another way also. The 'end' is more prominent before woman; and to attain a truly desirable and legitimate end, a woman would use means that would offend the conscience of man. But, on the other hand, a man is often less pure in his aims and more selfish; though at the same time more scrupulous about the means used. Men also have a better sense of justice and truth; while women are more self-sacrificing than truthful, and more selfless in their love. 'Love is the glory of woman.' The highest type of love is the mother's love. The love of the wife or betrothed one is not far less. The love of David and Jonathan in the Bible is described as 'passing the love of woman.'

Some writers, such as Dr. Schofield and W. L. George, believe that sex differences decrease in the higher types of life; that, as differences of sex and physique are lessened more and more, the mental differences

will lessen too; and that the man of the future will be more human than male, and the woman more human than female. However that may be, the world is in a transition stage, at present. Kidd, in the 'Science of Power,' says: "the dynamic centre is being shifted from man with his intellect, his fighting force, his egoism, his individualism and obsession with the present; to woman with her emotional ideal, her altruism, her social instincts and her vision of the future." And he hopes that when woman comes to her own, all the troubles and evils of the present times will come to an end. "Perhaps this is too partial a point of view and too optimistic. But when man begins more and more to understand and sympathise with woman and co-operate with her, there is every reason to believe that he will be able to find a better solution for the problems of life. Together they could attain truer progress and reach a higher goal."

H. C. H.

INDIAN WOMEN AND NATIONALISM

"**L**EAVE politics alone" is the advice which the average man will be inclined to give to women. It is well meant, of course, though one can occasionally detect an air of superiority in it. After all, politics is not a game that is played fair and straight at the present day in any part of the world. India is quite new to it, I mean, in the Western sense. The inexperience of the novice necessarily complicates the matter. The elections have become expensive and corrupt practices have crept in. The vast majority of the voters are as yet illiterate and have not a mind of their own in matters political. In fact, they scarcely know whom they are voting for and why! Even the secrecy of voting by ballot is obviated in their case, since they cannot register the required mark on the voting paper in favour of their candidate.

The party system too is new to India. For a long time, there were only two parties, i.e., the Government and the Opposition. But with the advent of the Reforms, which gave some small measure of power to the representatives of the people, the Opposition got split up into three parties in this presidency. The Justice party is one and the Swarajists another.

As for the third group, the Moderates, they are moderate in their aspirations and moderate in their demands. There is again a fourth group calling themselves the Independents. When there are thus three or more political parties with conflicting interests, one is inclined to ask whether it is worth-while asking women to enter the field of political controversy and action. In England too, a similar situation had to

be faced a decade ago. The women there fought very bravely for their political rights at the outset. In fact, the suffragette movement came into being in Britain just to establish the principle of "votes for women." Though the Conservative party was originally opposed to the principle of votes for women, the great services rendered by them to the State during the War made it possible for the Parliament to pass a bill enfranchising women with certain qualifications. Only recently has the Parliament broadened the basis of the woman's franchise, so that now there is no difference between the sexes with regard to voting. The women divide themselves alongside of men into the three main political groups, *i.e.*, the Liberal, the Labour and the Conservative. The women members of the present Parliament seem to act together, irrespective of party considerations and present a united front when measures dealing with women's interests are before the House of Commons. But in India the women got the vote for the asking; they have not had to fight for their political privileges. Is it not a fact that what is easily got is not sufficiently appreciated? Now, since the women have got the vote, they should exercise it judiciously. To ignore their privilege will be shirking their responsibility. Though it seems a pity to drag woman down into the mire of modern political life, there seems to be no alternative. If only women do not come down to a lower level their presence will in due course lead to the purification of the political life of the country. Their influence must be felt in the shaping of legislation, which primarily effects the well-being of woman and children, *e.g.*, marriage laws, prostitution, female education, conditions of employment for women and temperance. The presence of half-a-dozen women of the right sort in each one of the provincial legislatures will be a decided advantage to the cause of women in the country. Of course, it will need women of public spirit, of leisure and of means to do the political work satisfactorily. In a country like ours, which is wedded to communal electorates, I do not see any reason why women should not have an electorate of their own. If they will only agitate for it, I have no doubt, they will get it in the near future.

In this country the national movement seems to be essentially man-inspired. I am far from holding that the women have not sympathised with it and not actively co-operated with the men to give the movement the momentum it needed to make it a success. Had Mrs. Gandhi not supported him, her illustrious husband would perhaps have been nowhere! It was the willing consent of their wives that must have made it possible for Pandit Motilal Nehru and for the late Mr. C. R. Das to make the big sacrifices that they made in the interests of the country. At many a crucial point, it was perhaps the oil which Mrs. Sarojini Naidu poured in, that lubricated the heavy wheels of the national movement. Had not several women silently and bravely borne the burden of the national movement,

it might have collapsed long before now. But they have not as yet come to their own. They have hitherto taken the cue from the men. I think that the time has now come for the women to have their own views on the present-day national problems and let men know them. It is quite possible that the view-point of men may not appear to them to be very convincing. It may not coincide with their view-point at any time. Instead of being either indifferent to the cause or following in the wake of men lukewarmly, it will be far better if they make up their mind on the real issues of the day and strive to make men realise the position. The men then will have either to adapt themselves to the new situation, or take the risk of going their own way without having the co-operation of women. The women have it in their power either to mend the national movement and augment its influence, or to end it. Strong leadership is the need of the day; but it is certain that mere man can never lead the women of India to dare and to do!

Nationalism may express itself in the assertion of the national ideal, as well as in the rendering of national service. If it is desired to touch the heart of India and harness her mental resources to the duties of everyday life, so that she might carve out a destiny for herself worthy of her great past, it will be necessary that both the national service and the idealism be expressed in terms of the national genius. But, as fate will have it, the modern educated woman in this country appears to be very much Anglicised or Europeanised. She looks to the West for inspiration. Indian culture and literary traditions do not count for much with her. Her fond dream seems to be that India should some day be a replica of Europe. In fact, everything that is worth doing should be done on Western lines. This attitude of the educated woman, if I have not misjudged her, complicates the situation.

I admit, without any mental reservation, that the West is progressive and that there is much, very much, to learn from Western civilisation. There is much indeed to admire and copy in the robust optimism of Western research and scientific discovery. The riddle of the physical manifestations of nature can only be solved in the spirit of the patient and persevering abandonment of the Western scientist. We shall be foolish, nay unpatriotic, if we do not import from abroad what is lacking in our country, *i.e.*, the Western science with all its implications. But we should not, on any account, throw away our own precious heritage. We have vast fields of literature and philosophy, a legacy from the past, which have been very little explored as yet. They are unsurpassed for their wealth of illustration, their beauty of imagination, their profundity of thought and height of inspiration. We should not therefore let them be supplanted by Western literature and philosophy. In the craze for modernity, it will be madness to discard ancient wisdom.

As the result of the system of Western education that is in vogue in India, there is amongst the educated classes a hankering after the flesh-pots of Europe, which is all the more regrettable when noticed in women. For, while the average man goes in for Western education through sheer necessity, as it is a means of earning his livelihood—it is a matter of choice with the average woman. It is unfortunate that one should voluntarily get into an atmosphere, in which one acquires a depreciation of one's own country! Of course, the fate of the rising generation is in the hands of the women of this country. We want mothers in India, who will teach their sons and daughters to be proud of their motherland, proud of her great past, of her present too, in spite of her humiliation, and of her future which is in the making. There is something in Indian culture and civilisation that cannot be had elsewhere and which is therefore well-worth preserving and developing on national lines. It will be a great pity if the educated women continue to look to the West for inspiration in everything that pertains to Indian life. It is only when the women of the country shake off this slave mentality, that the motherland can hope to make progress. The trappings of the West can never fully satisfy the soul of India. It will be well if the women of India will not lose in their life and character what is really good in their motherland, but will hold up to the rising generation, like the women of olden times, the torch of ancient wisdom.

The Indian woman has great traditions. Her conjugal fidelity, her touching motherly devotion and her generous hospitality are beyond comparison. Her self-denial in the domestic sphere is above board. But, it will be a pity if her social capabilities and soul force are restricted to the petty concerns of domestic life. While the thought of the home should warm up a woman's heart, her capacity for self-denial and selfless service should overflow the barriers of family, creed and community and reach unto the furthest limits of the nation and humanity. Many of the social problems of the country can never be satisfactorily solved till the women bring in their own contribution to it. Charity must of course begin at home, but it need not stop there. Man indeed cuts a sorry figure in the domain of women. It will need the appeal of the invincible logic of a woman to make her sex realise its duty to its country. After all, India is plastic clay in the hands of her gifted women! The sooner they realise this fact, the better for all parties concerned. Why should women waste their life on trifles, when the motherland needs them for big things?

D. S. RAMACHANDRA RAO,

THE SOCIAL APE IN AMERICA

ACCORDING to the evolutionary theory, human beings are always climbing from a 'lower to a higher' status in life. There are of course some people who believe implicitly in the Biblical story of Creation. Even they will have to admit that the first human beings were not content with the station in life, which God had assigned to them, but began to climb—to climb a tree. It is an inborn tendency to climb. The woman more so than the man is a born climber. She started climbing the forbidden tree. Man most of the time—probably to preserve domestic felicity,—follows her. All women climb. They climb the social tree. No woman has ever sat down to cry like Alexander the Great, because she has reached the pinnacle. The American women are no exception to the rule. They are socially ambitious, in spite of their boasted democracy.

There are three different kinds of aristocracy in America. There is "the Society" sometimes called the "Four hundred." There are the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers. There are the Southern Gentlemen. Then again, there are Pre-revolutionary families. All of them try to preserve their individuality.

The "Four hundred" consider themselves the bluest-blooded Aristocracy of America. There was an original blue book of social register, which contained the names of only four hundred families, who were at that time cultured, wealthy and held offices in power. These families wanted to preserve their assumed aristocracy and formed themselves into a caste, with the same caste rules as in other countries, i.e., no intermarriage and as little dining as possible with outside groups. The chief attraction for "The social ape" to get into this group is money. These families preserved their family wealth. Intriguing mothers educated their daughters to look up to marriage into the social "400." Newport is their summer 'home.'

The descendants of the Pilgrim fathers are probably the most conservative group. Another common name for this social group is 'The May-flowerites.' The Puritans, finding England too conservative for their theology, migrated first to Holland and from there, a year or so after, sailed to America in the 'Mayflower' and landed at 'Plymouth rock,' a little to the North of Boston. There were some thirty families in all in this group originally. The "nouveau riche," the socially ambitious, instruct their 'genealogy hunters' to construct a 'tree' for them which will have its main roots in the Plymouth rock colony. These families are very conservative. Though at the time when the Pilgrims fled from England, they were not socially anything,

yet in the last three hundred years they have assumed for themselves an aristocracy of birth. There are so many people that boast of Mayflower origin, that it is commonly said that the Mayflower must have been a fleet of ships as big as the present American navy. One old wooden tub could not have transported the forbears of the millions that now claim such aristocracy.

The Southern States were mostly penal settlements in the beginning. England used the newly-discovered continent as a place of transportation for life. There were, besides the actual criminals, some who were railroaded or shanghaied by their relatives, conveniently to get them out of their way. There were also aristocrats, second sons of English nobility, impecunious land-aristocrats of England, undesirables who were given letters of patent and large grants of lands and who were sent to America. The latter class formed themselves into the "Southern Gentlemen" class. The people of this class call the descendants of the first group, 'the poor whites' or 'white trash' and so on. The backward white classes of the Kentucky mountains are a couple of hundred years behind date. In spite of an amount of social work done among them, they are still way behind the times.

The pre-revolutionary families try to maintain the purity of blood by organisations like Knights of Pythias, the sons of American Revolutions and their corresponding women's auxiliaries, the Pythian Sisters and the Daughters of the American Revolution. These are descendants of people, who fought in the American War of Independence on the side of America, under the leadership of George Washington. There were of course some 'Royalists' or 'Tories', who migrated over to Canada and paid their fealty to their lawful sovereign, the King of England. Members of all these groups try to prevent others from marrying into their class.

America is a country with boundless possibilities of making money. There are a number of millionaires like Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford, Edison and a host of others, who capitalised their brains and have made enormous sums of money. Most of these men lived as simple a life after they got rich, as when they were poor. But most of their wives were socially ambitious. Opera singers, Cinema stars, and members of a host of professions, which in other parts of the world will not make them millionaires, get a chance to get rich quick in the 'land of opportunity.' The Jews consider America "The promised land," "The land where milk and honey overflows." It is possible for a man with grit and brains to rise from nothing to the supreme rulership of the state.

Since it is possible for an individual to rise from nowhere and from being a non-entity into fame and wealth, it is harder for the socially aristocratic groups to keep them out. A number of these old families

are proud, but poor. They can maintain their social position only if new money is coming in, and hence the social ape finds it easy to climb into these classes.

The most deplorable kind of social climbing is in the way the Americans act with reference to the titled people of Europe. The English nobility are fed with a golden spoon when they visit the United States. Their morals and past are never enquired into. The classy homes in Long Island and the socially big mansions in Rhode Island are flung wide open to scions of English aristocracy. Even impoverished nobles of Italy and France and Austria make highly brilliant marriages when they hunt in America. Italian and Polish counts with long titles and poor finances are for ever invading America. Even the very highest in the United States fall down and worship. The democratic Americans do not mind sacrificing their daughters to any count in order to get a grandson with a title. The European aristocrats usually arrive at the beginning of winter—the best social hunting season—and tour all the large cities and in most cases go home with a rich bride. Many of them may feature in a divorce scandal before many months are over.

There are of course plenty of women, who marry for titles and who maintain their position with such credit that the world hears nothing but good of them. The only defect of such social aspiration is in the fundamental idea that a title and long genealogy is a passport to aristocracy. There are some people who send their children to very expensive finishing schools, whose only object is to get their daughters married. One is inclined to condemn such a policy, specially in America which boasts so much of democracy.

According to Carlyle, democracy is only an intervening stage between aristocracy of birth and aristocracy of brain and brawn. The social ape of America is a sort of reaction against democracy, and may in the future find its true level, and then the aristocrats of Europe will find themselves neglected.

KIRUBAI APPASAMY.

THE KINNAIRD COLLEGE, LAHORE

THE college was born in the imagination of Miss Keary, one time Principal of the Kinnaird High School in Lahore, but she did not live to see her dream become a reality. For years after girls began to take the Matriculation Examination in the Punjab, there was no College

in the whole of North India, where they could proceed to higher studies. In 1886, the Isabella Thoburn High School in Lucknow opened College classes, and a few girls from the Punjab, practically all Christians, went there. But, there were not many parents who believed so keenly in higher education for their daughters that they would send them so far from their homes, and it was felt by many that larger numbers of Punjab girls would gladly continue their studies, if there were a college in their own Province. Consequently, the Kinnaird High School, being one of the strongest Girls' High Schools in the Province, and being situated in the University city of Lahore, was encouraged to open College classes in October 1913, and to seek affiliation to the Punjab University under the name of Kinnaird College for Women.

In the first year, six students were enrolled and University classes were opened in English, Urdu, Mathematics, and History. But the infant College had as yet no separate buildings, and no separate staff; the students lived under the roof and under the discipline of the school. From 1913 to 1917, the College prepared students for the Intermediate Examination only. Many, however, of those who had succeeded in passing the Intermediate Examination declared their wish to prepare for the B.A. and one or two actually enrolled themselves in men's colleges; but their experience on the whole was not happy, and Kinnaird College was consequently urged to open classes preparing for the B.A. Examination.

It was considered undesirable that the first and second year students should be under school discipline, and quite impossible to keep third and fourth year students subject to rules made for younger girls; moreover the lower classes in the school were growing rapidly and requiring room for expansion; hence the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, which supports the school, set at the disposal of the college, a bungalow belonging to them, close to the school premises, and the college was transferred thither. The accommodation was, however, inadequate even at that early stage; the third year class had to be housed in a small room in the bungalow which had previously been used as a dressing room, and the pantry was turned into the College Library, and even so, we had to continue to make use of two class rooms in the school.

After a little more than a year, the Kinnaird High School could no longer spare class rooms for college classes, and the American Presbyterian Mission very generously rented to the college at a nominal figure, a bungalow adjoining the Z.B.M.M. bungalow, and the two compounds were thrown together. Thus, five and a half years after the opening of the first college class, we became completely independent of the school; the buildings, staff and finances became entirely separate, and on February 26, 1919, the Kinnaird High School Committee nominated a



Students of the Kinnaird College, Lahore.

college committee, to which was transferred the responsibility for conducting the affairs of the college.

From the earliest days of the college, however, the Z.B.M.M. realised that a women's university-college was a responsibility far too great, both financially and otherwise, to be undertaken by any one missionary society, hence they turned to other societies engaged in Christian Educational work in the Punjab, and appealed for their co-operation. The college has been assisted by the Indian Christian Conference, the American and United Presbyterian Societies, and the Church Missionary Society. Since the time when these bodies united to keep the college, it has been steadily growing.

When the bungalows spoken of became inadequate, tents were pitched in the college compound, and classes held in them. Finally, the college was able to purchase a piece of land on Lake Road, opposite the University playing field and near the University center. On this property there are three large bungalows. At first, the college fitted into them very comfortably but now we are beginning to overflow our bounds again. This year we again had to pitch a tent, which was used as a class room. We hope that very soon we shall be able to build a new hostel, which will accommodate from thirty to fifty students. This year, there have been forty resident students and twelve or thirteen day students.

Its very smallness and early struggles seem to have put their own stamp on the college. There is a very friendly atmosphere, as of a family, living, working and playing together. We have very few luxuries, but many good times. If there is no class room available, we sit out under the trees and work, and if another student asks to be admitted and is willing to sleep anywhere, the wood godown (store room) is turned out and a bed put in. We have no nurse, no house-keeper, no office staff. The students have charge of their own mess and appoint a senior student each month as house-keeper. A senior student has charge of those who fall ill, and she has many willing helpers.

The college has many clubs and groups, which are all very busy with outside activities. The students run their own games committee and keep the books. Games in Kinnaird College is one of the interesting items on a day's programme. Every evening for an hour the girls turn out to play. We have four badminton and two tennis courts and a net-ball field. Badminton seems to be the game indulged in through the year, though at certain seasons net-ball is more popular, and at other seasons tennis. Enthusiasm is greatest, when practising begins for the Tournaments. This year we have been fortunate in finding a lady, who can assist us in physical culture drill. There are clubs, which plan for debates and public speaking, sewing parties for the National Missionary

Society, sale held yearly in Lahore, a Y.W.C.A. group, a co-operative society which sells stationery to the students, and a dramatic society which is very popular. Last year they produced "The Merchant of Venice" and this year a musical operetta.

We hope that the college will grow. The demand for a higher education for women is increasing with great rapidity in the Punjab. But we also hope that we shall somehow be able to keep our first simplicity and family-feeling and that we shall never become so luxurious that we shall have forgotten the fun of making shift in all sorts of difficult circumstances.

OUR SERIAL

"Choose Your Girl!"

(A Play of Modern India)

SCENE IV

(THE garden of Mr. Siva Rao's house. Enter Meena, and Sankar as Rajan, in Indian dress, rather untidy. Meena is in tennis kit. Her hair is dishevelled. She seems cross.)

Sankar.—I say, Miss Meena—

Meena.—Oh, don't talk to me. You have been positively unbearable today. Your tennis is wretched, and I cannot understand how you can be called a champion. The first day, I thought your bad play was due to your sore foot; but, even when you are better, your play does not improve.

Sankar.—(Limping about) I am still not right, you see.

Meena.—But that is all pretence. You forgot all about it when you were playing. And you looked so silly and so hot. Oh dear! (she frowns and then suddenly bursts into laughter) O dear, dear, it was so funny (laughs again).

Sankar.—(Gloomily) I am glad you can laugh.

Meena.—So am I. Why, I was nearly crying in the field. Here have I been, boasting about you, and inviting all the crack players here to come and see you play, and you—? you have let me down badly, you know. I myself could not play on account of you.

Sankar.—You played a jolly sporting game, all the same.

Meena.—I did not feel sporting, I assure you. I felt inclined to throw my racquet in your face.

Sankar.—Did you? But that is not the right spirit of sport.

Meena.—(Sulkily) I know it is not. But I could not help it. And, by the way, have you been sporting yourself? You boast of your tennis, and it was all pretence.

Sankar.—I did not boast; it was you.

Meena.—But there was your reputation.

Sankar.—Oh, reputation be hanged! I beg your pardon.

Meena.—(Grinning) I am glad you have some manners left. I am sure your friend, Mr. Sankar, would have played better.

Sankar.—(Crossly) Why did you not ask him to play?

Meena.—I did; but he refused absolutely. He is not a man to pretend like you.

Sankar.—Oh, indeed? But, do you know, he is as deep in as I am. If I could tell you—

Meena.—(Eagerly) What?

Sankar.—Nothing.

Meena.—(Turning away) There, you are, always like that, so elusive.

Sankar.—(Following her) Do be kind to me, Miss Meena. If you know how much I liked you—

Meena.—Oh, go away.

Sankar.—Dear Miss Meena, why are you so angry with me?

Meena.—Any girl would be cross with a man, if he persisted in paying unwelcome attentions to her.

Sankar.—Why do you dislike me so much?

Meena.—I do not dislike you at all. On the other hand, I like you in a way.

Sankar.—There you are, you see. In a way. What is it you object to in me? My Indian dress?—

Meena.—I admit it does look a bit unkempt, unless it is very very fresh. But surely, I am not so narrow-minded as to dislike a man for wearing it?

Sankar.—I wonder! If you only knew—

Meena.—What? Is there a secret? Please do tell it to me. I have suspected one all along.

Sankar.—Why do you say so?

Meena.—I am sure I do not know. But you seem rather upset. Is there really a secret about you, or, or about Mr. Sankar?

Sankar.—Sankar? That is myself? No, no I mean Rajan?

Meena.—(Eagerly) Rajan? You are Mr. Rajan, are you not?

Sankar.—I mean Sankar. O Lord, what do I mean?

Meena.—What is the matter, Mr. Rajan?

Sankar.—(In a hurry) Nothing—Only—I—wanted to say—(Aside) Now, what the devil did I wish to say? O Lord! Ah! I have it. (To *Meena.*) I wanted to—to talk to you about position and money. Now, here I am—fairly poor—I mean rich—and in the Heaven-born service. Why do you object to me? You ought to jump at me, really. I thought all modern girls wanted to marry money and position.

Meena.—Did you? You are mistaken then. And, come to think of it, that is why I do not like you much. You see, you have such settled ideas about things, and you will not change your mind. It is like hitting one's head against a brick wall, when one argues with you.

Sankar.—I say, that is too drastic.

Meena.—That is the way modern men act now-a-days, especially England-returned young men, and men in the I.C.S. They think they are the Lords of creation.

Sankar.—I say—

Meena.—Yes, I say it, whatever you may say.

Sankar.—(Pleadingly) Please do change your opinion, Miss *Meena.* (Tries to hold her hand) I am really a most harmless fellow, you know.

Meena.—(Turning away) A most harmful one, you mean.

Sankar.—Miss *Meena*—What—Oh, Miss *Lila*!

(Enter *Lila*)

Lila.—(With dignity). What are you doing? I think, really, you have no sense of decency, *Meena*.

Meena.—Why, what have I done?

Lila.—We are Indian girls, and we must not be demonstrative, or allow other people to be so.

Meena.—How?

Sankar.—For instance?

Lila.—Even English girls—those of good class, do not do their love-making in public. Love-making! A horrid word!

Sankar.—Don't you believe in love, Miss *Lila*?

Lila.—Not in love, as English people do. I believe in attraction and companionship.

Sankar.—Oh, you do? Then, then (advancing to her), I do attract you?

Lila.—Oh, Mr. Rajan.

Meena.—I see it is time for me to object now. Really, *Lila*, you should not do your courting in public.

Lila.—(With shame) I did not.

Meena.—You encouraged him. And Mr. Rajan, I am surprised at you. You, an England-returned man, you have pretty manners. First one girl, then another.

Lila.—How do you know he is like that?

Meena.—From experience! besides, did you not say so yourself?

Lila.—When?

Meena.—Just now.

Lila.—Oh dear, I did not mean that. I meant that it was your fault. You have no reserve, no modesty; you are too forward.

Meena.—And you are too conventional, and too fond of rich young men. If Mr. Rajan was poor, would you like him?

Sankar.—I say, I wish you would not argue about my friend. He is not here, you know.

Lila and Meena.—Your friend?

Sankar.—I mean about me. It is rather unnerving, you know, makes one shy.

(*Lila and Meena* laugh.)

Sankar.—Now, we are all friends, are we not?

Meena.—Not I. I do not approve of you and your ways.

Lila.—You are jealous.

Sankar.—I say—

(Enter *Neela* with an open paper in her hand)

Neela.—(Reading aloud) Here is good news. *Lila* and *Meena*, what do you think? I have been asked to speak at the Girls' College Literary Society. That is an honour, is it not?

Meena.—Oh, I dare say it is.

Neela.—(Looking up) What is the matter? Are you jealous?

Meena.—(Indignantly) This is the second time I have been accused of jealousy. This is really too much.

Neela.—Who else said it? *Lila*? As for me, I do think you are jealous of me, not only you, but *Lila* also.

Lila.—Certainly not.

Neela.—Don't you wish you had passed your exams. like me? Don't you wish you could write and speak like me?

Sankar.—(Admiringly) I wish I could, Miss *Neela*.

Neela.—(Gushingly) Oh! thank you so much. Really, you know, men are much better creatures than women, who are just cats—with claws—scratching—

Sankar.—Not all women, surely. Your sisters now?

Neela.—Oh, they are not bad. But even they are jealous.

Sankar.—I am glad that you like men. I am sure you like Mr. Ganesh now. He is so kind and pleasant, and he understands everything so well. Doesn't he?

Neela.—Does he?

Sankar.—As for us, we admire you indeed.

Neela.—Thank you. It is nice to be appreciated. By the way, could you come to my study? There is a book I want to consult you about.

Sankar.—I would love to.

Neela.—Come then.

Meena.—I would not take him, if I were you, Neela.

Lila.—He does not know what he is talking about.

Neela.—Why? What? What do you mean?

Meena.—He pretends to admire you now. He does that to us all.

Sankar.—There is no harm in innocent admiration, is there?

(Lila and Meena confusedly turn away).

Neela.—(Lottily) All Indian girls think a man wants to marry them, if he just looks at them with admiration. But, I thought you were different, Lila and Meena. Father tried to teach you otherwise.

Meena.—But, what can we do when father asks two men to his house to choose two of his girls as wives. I think it is the limit. I am really ashamed. We throw ourselves open to all sorts of imputations, and insulting behaviour. Now, Mr. Rajan insulted me, and then he—he goes to Lila.

Sankar.—Oh, I say. Miss Neela, do defend me.

Neela.—Mr. Rajan, I feel they are right in a way. There is some secret about you both, and some confusion. Take your tennis now; it is you who have a reputation for playing well, but your friend is better than you.

Meena.—Quite true, indeed!

Sankar.—Hum!

Neela.—Then, there is his singing. I heard that Mr. Sankar sang Indian music, but you do it better than he, and you are supposed to know no music at all.

Sankar.—I assure you—

Neela.—Then, all the time, you call each by the other's name. Why? Have you changed personalities?

Sankar.—Hush!

Meena and Lila.—What?

Sankar.—No, no. I say, please do not make a mistake about us. We are harmless people, I assure you.

Meena.—So you said once before, but immediately afterwards you proved otherwise. I must ask father about it. Wait for me, please, all of you.

(Exit Meena)

Sankar.—Really—ah—she is very impulsive, don't you think?

Neela.—Is she? I have my doubts about you too.

Lila.—I think he is all right, Neela.

Sankar.—Bless you, Miss Lila, you are a girl after my own heart. Shall we go for a walk together?

Lila.—I do not mind—

Neela.—You promised to wait for Meena, Lila.

Lila.—She will be a long time away, won't she?

Neela.—I do not know. Why should we not sit down? Ah! there is someone coming. Why, it is Mr. Sankar. He seems in a hurry.

Sankar.—And in a rage too. I wonder what is up.

Rajan.—(Going up to him) What have you been doing?

Sankar.—(Drawing back) I? Why? Oh ho, that is good poetry, isn't it?

Rajan.—Rotten! Meena has told me that you have been insulting her.

Sankar.—I?

Rajan.—Yes, you have made love to her.

Lila.—Ah, really? I thought it was some jealousy on Meena's part.

Sankar.—You know me well, Rajan, I mean, Sankar, and you know what arrangements we made between us.

Rajan.—But I warned you before, didn't I?

Sankar.—So did I you.

Rajan.—And I have kept my part.

Sankar.—But you never tried to make friends with Lila, did you?

Rajan.—I could not, you see I—I—

Sankar.—Ah, ha! But I—

Rajan.—Yes, you could, and that is what I wish to talk to you about,

Sankar.—Do you? Come on then (squaring his fists).

(Enter Siva Rao with Meena)

S. R.—What is all this about, gentlemen? What is wrong?

Neela.—Father, there is some mystery about them, and I think I know what it is.

Sankar.—That is what comes of being a B.A. you see.

S. R.—What is it, daughter?

Neela.—I think they have both been impersonating each other. Sankar is Rajan, and Rajan is Sankar.

S. R.—Are they?

Meena and Lila.—(Faintly) Oh!

S. R.—Are they, indeed?

Neela.—Yes. Who says now that work is not better for a woman than falling in love? Here I am, as free as a bird, while you two—

Meena.—(Bravely) We are all right.

S. R.—Are they, indeed? I will teach them.

Meena.—Father! What do you mean? Oh, I see, he is still angry with the men.

Lila.—But what about Mr. Ganesh, Neela?

Neela.—Ganesh, what Ganesh? Oh!

Meena.—Yes, Oh!

Neela.—(Sarcastically) Never mind me! Tell me, are you both all right?

Meena and Lila.—(With more assurance) Yes, we are. We care nothing about this tangle.

Neela.—That is good.

S. R.—What do you say about it, gentlemen?

Sankar.—That it is time for us to go home.

S. R.—Is it? There are two sides to that question. Here you have come to my house; you have fooled me; you have insulted my daughters; and now you propose to go away.

Meena and Lila.—Let them go, father.

S. R.—Certainly not! They must marry one of you.

Meena.—Oh, father!

Lila.—Father, father!

S. R.—Be quiet, girls. Leave the matter to me.

Meena.—I am so ashamed.

Rajan.—(Sidling up to her) There is no need to be so, dear lady.

S. R.—Who is that now? The real Rajan. Well, Mr. Rajan, I.C.S.? What have you to say about it?

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Rajan.—Your daughter knows what I would say.

S. R.—Which daughter? I think now, the proper thing would be for you to marry Lila.

Rajan.—What do you say?

S. R.—Marry Lila, and Sankar can marry Meena. Of course, Neela is out of the question, for she says she will not marry now. I know it is not the custom in Indian families for younger girls to marry first. I can certainly force Neela to obey me, but—

Sankar.—Yes, but what about—

Neela.—(Breaking in) Thank you, father.

Meena.—Be kind to me too, father. I too do not wish to marry.

S. R.—Do you not? But I wish you to.

Sankar.—But I do not wish to force the lady.

S. R.—Do you not? Why did you come here then?

Sankar.—Oh Lord! Here Rajan, this is all your fault. Unravel the tangle.

Rajan.—Mr. Siva Rao, I have told you I wished to marry your daughter, but—

S. R.—I knew you would be all right, Mr. Rajan; I.C.S. people are usually of good class. But, you sir, (fixing Sankar with a hard eye) you—

Sankar.—I know I am poor, but—

S. R.—You are going to work as an Engineer, are you not?

Sankar.—Yes, if I get the work.

S. R.—I shall see that you get it. Marry Meena, and you will be safe.

Meena.—Father, have pity. Do not hawk us about like this. What have we done to you, that you should throw us at these men's heads?

S. R.—I am doing it for your good. What do you say, Mr. Rajan?

Rajan.—I will marry your daughter, but—

S. R.—That is all right. We shall fix matters later.

Rajan.—But—

Sankar.—But—

Meena.—But—

Lila.—But—

S. R.—(Impatiently) Are you not all happy?

Sankar and Rajan.—(Reluctantly) We are, but—

Meena.—I do hate these shilly-shallying men, father, and I am going to take my own line. I refuse to marry any one. I am going to get some work and do it.

S. R.—(Feebly) Are you?

Meena.—I am, and you, Lila?

Lila.—A girl should obey her father.

S. R.—That is my own girl. You marry Mr. Rajan, and I shall bless you.

Meena.—But—

(Lila hangs her head).

S. R.—Come here, children. Let us ratify the engagement. *Meena*, do not talk to me, I do not like you.

Meena.—O father.

Rajan.—Sir!

Sankar.—Sir!

S. R.—Well?

Rajan.—I wish to marry your daughter, but—

S. R.—O lord, there he is at it again. What do you wish to say?

Meena.—All men are cowards, I hate them (Flicks out of the room; *Rajan* rushes after her).

S. R.—Why is he going after her?

Neela.—It is her he wishes to marry.

S. R.—By Jove! My little *Meena*! And she?

Neela.—She likes him too, I think.

S. R.—By Jove, and my poor *Lila*?

Lila.—I never liked him much, father.

S. R.—That is good.

Sankar.—(Edging up to *Lila*) Do you like me?

(*Lila* turns away and walks off slowly. *Sankar* follows)

S. R.—Was I wrong there too?

Neela.—(Laughing) Yes, father.

S. R.—How mistaken one is in human nature, daughter!

Neela.—But father, you must admit you have acted mistakenly.

S. R.—(Crossly) How?

Neela.—Don't be vexed, father!

S. R.—Indeed? I know modern girls are not very reverent to their elders, but—

Neela.—But, it is all your own fault, father, isn't it? You have educated us, and now—

S. R.—I have to suffer, eh?

Neela.—Education does mean suffering in a sense, but it also means happiness.

S. R.—I wonder! But, by Heaven, there they are again!

(Enter the two couples separately)

Rajan.—I wish to marry your daughter, *Meena*.

Sankar.—And I to marry your daughter, *Lila*.

S. R.—(Grandly) My blessings on you, my children. (Joins their hands together)

Sankar.—(Aside to *Meena*) He hates the modern girl, you know, *Miss Meena*, or rather, *Meena*. You will be my sister, so I can call you by your name. Ask him.

Meena.—(Loftily) I know all about it. I have spoken to him.

Sankar.—Oh, you have, have you? You pretended to avoid him, but I suspected you all along, you know. However, what about the Indian dress?

Meena.—(Archly) It depends on the man who wears it.

Sankar.—(Sadly) I am not good enough for you, then. Ah! but I have my little *Lila*. You do not mind poverty with me, do you, *Lila*?

Lila.—(Rather reluctantly) No; but—I would not have minded riches with you.

Sankar.—Was that why you were not unwilling to marry *Rajan*?

Lila.—My father wished it, and a girl should obey her father.

Sankar.—Then perhaps you did not really like him. What? That is good. My dear girl, we shall be happy together. You do not mind poverty?

Lila.—I can cook well, you know, and I can make a little go far.

Sankar.—That is my own girl!

S. R.—Come children, we shall go in. And you, *Neela*, you will be my comfort, will you not? You will stay with me after they go?

Neela.—Yes—yes, father.

Sankar.—She hesitates. He who hesitates is lost. Mr. *Siva Rao*, my friend *Ganesh* wishes to marry her. He asked me to speak about it to you?

S. R.—Does he indeed? That is good. And what do you say, *Neela*?

Neela.—(Hangs her head) I—I—I—I.

S. R.—Sits the wind in that quarter? Et tu, *Neela*. Well, well!

CURTAIN.

(Concluded).

K. SATTIANADHAN.

OUR POETRY PAGE

1. Eventide

By the pool, still and deep,
 Geese lie asleep. . . .
 Just now I heard
 The note of a bird
 As he called to his mate
 From the little green gate,
 Cheerio! . . . from the trees
 She answers his pleas,
 Then a short flight they take
 Away o'er the lake. . . .
 And the silence is ours
 Mine—and the flowers.

LELAND J. BERRY.

2. An Illusion

Alone I wandered late last night,
 Amidst the shadowy trees,
 The moon shed forth a silver light
 And made the branches look quite white,
 As they whispered in the breeze.

I watched the shadows leap and prance
 And on the hedges play,
 And all at once I saw by chance
 A tiny little fairy dance,
 Upon the moon-lit way.

She did not know that I was there.
 She gambolled to and fro.
 I watched her form so wondrous fair,
 And her golden dress of stuff so rare,
 That it looked like fire aglow.

But, all at once she glanced at me,
 And gave a little moan.
 And then she hid behind a tree;
 For mortals fairies must not see,
 And I was left alone.

But, when I think of her today,
 It somehow does not seem,
 That I have seen a fairy play
 Upon the silvery moon-lit way.
 It must have been a dream.

Or perhaps I'd seen a glow-worm's light,
 Flashing through the air,
 And on that moon-lit dreamy night,
 Fancied that a fairy bright
 Had danced and frolicked there.

PADMINI SATTIANADHAN.

KRISHNA'S PLAN

(A story)

RADHA returned home sullenly from the Ladies' Samaj. The talk in the club had made her think. She was really beautiful and her vanity had been greatly tickled by the flattering comments made on her by her comrades. Radha felt that she was not treated as well as her personal charms demanded, by her husband Krishna. Why should her lady friends taunt her at the club? Why should they pity her, because that red silk kottadi sari costing over Rs. 150, which would have suited her fine figure so well, was not for her, as her husband was not able to buy it? She herself was the daughter of a well-to-do father, and should she suffer because her husband was not able to please her vanity, as educated by her comrades at the club?

Krishna returned home after his walk on the beach, which usually followed his strenuous nerve-racking work at the bank. Radha, with her customary art, began to catalogue her grievances. She wanted a diamond nose-screw, and a brooch for the moment. He gently remonstrated with her; he told her that she had already exhausted his resources, and that he must cut his coat according to his cloth. This exasperated Radha, and she cried, in utmost innocence that her charms were wasted on him. Krishna felt downcast at the rebuke, and promised to make amends. So, days passed on, till Krishna became the full victim of Radha's unbridled ambition. Everyday, some interesting toilet bill would be found on the table, and Krishna was at his wit's end to meet it. His income and his expenditure never tallied, and he found himself deep in the mire of debt and despondency.

"Do please get for me the red silk sari," cried she after one of her visits to her club.

"I cannot any more satisfy your vanity", replied Krishna in sheer desperation.

"I cannot any more show my head at the Ladies' Samaj, without that sari", persisted Radha.

"The Ladies' Samaj has become the curse of the family," replied Krishna in bitter agony.

"While your mind feasts on the piles of money at the bank, can I not spend some portion of my time gaily with my lady friends at the club?" queried Radha.

"But the Samaj has tickled your vanity, and increased your ambition," replied the hapless husband.

"I only desire to be on a par with, if not better than, my friends of equal status", remonstrated she.

The red *kottadi* sari was already in the house, and Krishna had no money. He pleaded with her, but she refused to listen to reason. She would not for all the wealth in the world look small in the eyes of the traders, from whom she had procured the cloth on approval. She would not also look small in the eyes of her lady friends at the Samaj, who knew of the purchase, and who would be expecting her to wear it at the next meeting. Krishna actually thought of running away from her, as he could not withstand her demand any more. His prayers proved futile. In the night, he dreamt of a horrible fate awaiting him. He thought he had overdrawn his account at the bank, and that the hand of the bank authorities was at his throat. He felt he had no escape from his fate and woke up trembling. On her part, Radha happily dreamt of how she would look in her new cloth the following day, and how hosts of people would comment on the new treasure.

Krishna did not return home for three days. She could not understand how her faithful partner happened to be absent for such a long time from her. She searched everywhere for a message; but no explanation of her husband's absence could she find. The absence of Krishna was freely commented upon at the club, and Radha felt ashamed that she could not satisfactorily account for her husband. She had not the courage to go to the bank to make enquiries, as she thought that such a step would be against custom. She could not send anybody, lest he brought some unpleasant news. She became restless, uneasy, and fearful. She felt the absence of the husband, as something bordering on disgrace to her reputation. The air she breathed was hard. The water she drank was bitter, and the very rooms appeared dreary. A sense of desolation crept over her, and she felt that all the beauty she showered on herself was only transient. No member of the club seemed to have any thought for her desolation, and there was no one to console her misery.

It was on the evening of the fourth day that she went to the Samaj dressed with extra care. She wanted to conceal her tragedy; but any dress without a beaming face was a failure, and the girls began to ask her inquisitive questions, as to the cause of her melancholy. She tried to answer bravely, but finally lost her equanimity; she wanted to go home, but, her courage failed, when she thought of her dreary abode. So, she sought a corner, and with an old paper in her hand lounged drearily on a sofa. The day's paper was in the hands of the Secretary of the Samaj, and eager eyes were trying to scan it. Radha, however, remained oblivious. Then, the news began to be talked about; a tragedy on the Atlantic, the collapse of an aeroplane, the suicide of a maniac on the sands, a conviction of three years for defrauding a bank, were all

retailed with the gusto befitting the occasion. Then, in a corner of the paper, came a piece of news marked sensational. The ladies read it in suppressed voices, and soon all eyes were rivetted on Radha.

"So, pride goes before a fall" murmured an ugly woman to her friend, "All the dress she wore was only daylight-show."

"Let us not taunt her in her misery," said one of the magnanimous ones loudly. Then Radha realised that she had suddenly become the object of special attention. Some eyed her sympathetically, a few even had tear-drops trickling down their cheeks. Radha guessed that they had come across some news of her husband. Then the Secretary walked up to her, and with a feeling more kindly than the others had displayed, she showed her the paragraph, and fell to weeping.

"In the small hours of the morning, Krishna, a clerk in the bank, was arrested by the police and taken into custody. The bank had been defrauded to the extent of a considerable sum; and but for the timely revelation made by one of Krishna's accomplices, the fraud would not have been discovered for some time to come. Krishna appears to have confessed his crime, and has implicated his wife, it is alleged, as being a party to the fraud, in that she had made him live much beyond his legitimate income, and so he had had to draw more and more on the bank. Much sympathy is felt for Krishna, as he had been considered the most straightforward and honest of all the clerks in the office. Krishna is reported to have been hurried to a distant part of the country. Fresh developments are expected."

The news stunned her. The Samajists did not spare her. Some blamed her for her extravagance, while others sympathised with her. Radha felt the world giving way under her very feet. She was taken to her home, and left to be looked after by the servants.

The Samajists spread the news like wild fire. The pride of Radha was brought to the dust. No more could she vaunt her dress on less fortunate women, and no more could she claim the respect she had extorted by her extravagance. She, the queen of beauty, was dethroned. The re-action on her was more than words can describe. She felt herself to be the cause of her husband's crime. She vowed a thousand times that she would never more commit such indiscretions. She swore that she would burn all the cloths and jewels that had brought such disgrace on her and her household. She wished, and wished again, that she had not tormented her husband in the fashion she had. But repentance could not atone for the past. She had fallen in society, and having fallen had dragged her innocent husband with her. She had no friends, no sympathisers, and no obliging people. Some of the unsatisfied creditors came to demand money, or to distrain her property for the balance due to them. She threw away all she had to satisfy the hard people, and prepared for a flight to an unknown destination.

A cheap *khadder* cloth was all that she had left for herself, and she was making her final preparations for her journey, when suddenly her husband came back to the desolate house.

"What has happened, Radha?" cried Krishna seeing her dishevelled hair, and her poor dress.

"Forgive me," wept she, "I am the cause of your ruin. I have disgraced you by my folly. I have realised my mistakes, but alas, too late!"

"Where are all our things?" queried Krishna.

"The creditors have taken them away" replied Radha amidst tears.

"The creditors? But, why should they have done so?" asked Krishna in perplexity, which she thought was put on.

"Pardon me, Krishna, for being the cause of your disgrace" remonstrated Radha.

"I do not understand you, and will you explain?" demanded Krishna, pretending not to realize the situation.

Radha brought him the fatal newspaper, wishing fervently that the paragraph about him were not true; and in her wish, Krishna detected a real sincerity.

"Oh, that paragraph! it was inserted by my friend, the news editor of the local paper. I am glad it has reformed you. I have been to the South on an important commission for the bank, and now I can meet any of your riotous demands. The correction has appeared this morning. Here it is:

'Krishna, the bank clerk, went with a posse of Police to the South on an important mission for the bank, and has just returned. He is, it is understood, commissioned to negotiate with a prominent State Official. Our previous reference to Krishna was incorrect. We beg to apologise for the false news, which must have caused grievous sorrow to the family. We are sorry that our correspondent was so badly misinformed.'

The joy of Radha knew no bounds. In the Ladies' Samaj, she stood up, clad in *khadder*, gave a thrilling address on simplicity, and invoked the ladies in the name of all that was sacred in them not to go about parading their vanities, but to remain useful wives to reasonable husbands.

Radha no more cries for the costly *kottadi* cloth, and Krishna's profuse offers of gifts do not tempt her any more. Taught by her, the Ladies' Samaj is now a model of simplicity, and has adopted as its motto "Beauty, when unadorned, is adorned the most."

N. RAMABHADRAN.

N.B.—Was it right on Krishna's part to reform his wife by the method he used? Was it chivalrous of him to implicate her?—EDITOR.

THE BRAHMIN HOUSEWIFE

THE Brahmin is often supposed to have an uncanny intellect for public affairs and an equally uncanny insensibility for home matters. The majority of Brahmins, however, do as their wives tell them and this is perhaps one of the main reasons why they have been able to preserve to this day some at least of their ancient gifts.

The proper business of all wives is to rule their husbands. Sometimes, they make a muddle of this business and bring acute suffering on both themselves and their husbands. But the Brahmin housewives seldom make one slip in the management of this thrice-important job. They may be utterly illiterate and ignorant, but they know in the highest degree what all wives ought to know, but what many wives in other countries and castes do not often know.)

How do they seize this secret of success and happiness in married life? From birth to marriage one great idea is continuously hammered into their heads, which is the great idea of marriage. "You want a good husband, eh?" "You will win a handsome husband." "Is that your husband that is coming there?" "Look, there's your husband!" In this way, everything but the *Icon* of husband is expelled from the future Brahmin housewife's intellectual outfit. Thus, by the time she is married and begins to live with her husband, the touch-and-go art of management of husband and house becomes almost an instinctive feature of her mind.)

The marriage festival lasts four days. It is a crowded time of many mild holy gymnastics. The young husband goes through them all with his young wife by his side. The shy sweet girl is often very wily. She 'swallows' her husband through the corners of her eyes and at the same time hides herself in her heavy drapery from the gaze of her young lord. The tiny maiden is exquisitely coy, but she has enough wits to toy with her open-eyed admirer.

The sly bride plays the same game, whenever the 'boy' comes to spend a couple of days at his father-in-law's house. The boy comes with a mind full of the desire to see his future wife, but he cannot see her and, what is worse, must show himself to her. The chit hides herself here, there and everywhere in the house, and shoots her invisible glances at the languishing poor soul, and steals all the possible 'readings' of him. Having thus sized him utterly, she analyses and muses over him, when nobody is near. By means of this education, rich with the fragrance of emotion and instinct, she prepares herself as the years go by, for the glorious estate of an adored queen.

Moreover, while the happy girl thus prepares herself for her highest idea of wifehood, a golden structure of desire and dream rears itself in the young boy's mind, which all the after years of disillusion will hardly be able to shake. His elusive elf of a wife gradually begins to live in his heart as a living vision of beauty and charm. If the two had come into close contact at this impressionable age, there would perhaps have come to birth no illusions which, although they often make fools of men and women, never entirely fail to sweeten their lives. By the time such acquaintance is established, the early distance will have lent a permanent enchantment to the view.

Although this educative process, in which the Brahmin housewife rises to supremacy, is not much troubled by illiteracy or ignorance, it provides a special 'class-room' for the natural teaching of common-sense. Whatever the Brahmin housewife may not be, she is indubitably an immense granary of common-sense, the plainest and the greatest corn that can be cultivated in the fields of the human mind. The husband may be subject to frequent fits of flightiness. On such occasions, she steps forward and steadies him and saves him from falling. In the household, the dangers of intellect and the perils of university education are always averted by the secret counsellings, by the 'curtain-lectures' of ignorance, by in fact that primeval child of ignorance, called common-sense, that never grows old and that never fails to warm when knowledge in its pride goes wrong and when men swagger and stride too giddily.

(Nowadays the highly educated Brahmin may be somewhat ashamed of his wife's ignorance, but he dare not tell it her. . . .)

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

FRIENDLY CHATS

Morals and Friendship

I FEEL instinctively that some of my readers will disapprove of what I am going to say. They will say that I have no romance in me, no poetry. They will aver that I must be old and disillusioned. But, never mind. I shall make myself a martyr to duty, and say what I think I ought to say;—again the touch of old age, do you notice?

A time comes almost to everyone of us, when we feel that we have to formulate our terms of friendship—with one dear friend, shall we say, for surely there cannot be many such about whom we shall worry so much. Our friend does something wrong of which we do not approve. We feel very disappointed and heavy at heart; at the same time, that very weight makes us feel disloyal. What shall we do then? What shall we say when people run down our friend's conduct to us?

It is a hard question to answer; and yet often, one's own instinct finds the right answer; for true friendship always is, I think, a matter of instinct. Still, we have gone beyond instinct, we humans. We have come to reason; and so it behoves us to judge between moral principles and friendship.

First, should friendship go with approval and admiration? I think so. It does. Of course, in our modern world, as knowledge grows, and experience enlarges, moral issues are being confused and adjusted, even as the stern maxims in the Old Testament were in some cases modified by Christ's gentler interpretations. David, in his Psalms, continually prayed for revenge against his foes; but Christ asked us to forgive our enemies. The old commandments denounced Sabbath-breakers in no uncertain terms; but Christ taught us that "Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." In the same way, now what are called sporting ideas of conduct are entering into every walk of life. Truth is necessary, but there is truth and truth, and it is not wicked sometimes to tell a lie in matters of expediency. For instance, if it were necessary for me to speak a falsehood to save an innocent man, I will speak it. Then again, suicide is wicked; but is it not justified in sacrifice to save others? And so on, we can continue mystifying ourselves. But still, confused as we may feel, we instinctively feel that, we must reach up to a moral standard, whatever our interpretation of it. We are blindly trying to accommodate ourselves to it. We may change with the times, but we feel, if we are true, that we are changing in the right direction. The conflict is a conflict between principles.

In the point of friendship, however, the question seems to be different. It is a conflict now, not between principles, but between a principle and a feeling. We must not let friendship blind our eyes. We must pause sometime. And so, if our friend has done something wrong, we must come to the conclusion that she has done wrong. We must admit it.

Then, how can we still love our friend? Ah, that is where the test comes. If the friendship is not a true one, it will fizzle out. If it is true and deep, it will continue; for I think true friendship is based on real knowledge. I love my friend, because I think she is my ideal; and my ideal she must be then, whatever happens. Then, what happens, when the friend goes wrong?

This, I think. Our friend has done something wrong, according to our standard; but she has probably acted rightly according to hers; she may have been sincerely mistaken in her estimation of moral values. And so, she is still sincere; and, after all, as great writers have it, sincerity is the thing that matters. And so, we can still go on loving our friend. That is why, I think it is said that great love never falters. Did not

St. Paul say, in his immortal chapter on love, that "Love believeth all things, hopeth all things."

There is another question, however, to think about. It is this: If my friend thinks differently from me about a certain course of conduct, who is right, she or myself? One needs a clear head in these matters, a clear conscience; but if one thinks really sincerely, and does not worry about public opinion, I think one is safe. What then, are we to answer to the criticisms of our friend? It is obvious that we cannot falsely stand up for our friend's conduct, for in that case who knows how many we shall be leading astray. But, we need not obtrude our criticism, unless asked for; and then we can be circumspect in it. We can be loyal in so much, that we can defend our friend's own view of the case. We can stand up for her sincerity, even though we may not approve of it.

And so, that's that. Beyond that, I dare not speak.

"AMICUS."

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

SOME years ago, I remember coming across an article, in which an Indian gentleman deprecated the growing tendency to give up the old deep colours of the Indian woman's costume. The same fact was brought home to me, when to an English friend, I commented on the brilliant flower-like hues of the summer costumes of English girls on a bright summer's afternoon in England.

"No doubt, it is cheerful to see such colours," she said, "But how different they are from the shades you affect in India. Our colours are so crude and bright, compared to yours."

When I heard this, I was at first rather surprised, for it had seemed to me that Indian women really ought to be accused of going in for bright colours, vivid greens, light blues, magenta pinks, radiant yellows. And then, I saw the other side of the picture too. Time was, when our Indian women loved also to wear deep, soft colours, a dusky purple, a deep crimson, a leafy green, a smoky blue, like the colours admired by my friend. Now, we see that fashion has ordained lighter, paler colours, probably in imitation of supposed English preferences. This fact struck me forcibly, when, after an absence of some years, I went to a reception at the Government House. I felt saddened, for the new hues looked rather drab and insipid, though, undoubtedly, they were daintier and more refined.

There are colours, therefore, and colours. They are of three kinds, pale, bright, and deep. The great secret is harmony. Pale colours may

be too dull; crude colours may be too bright, deep colours may be too heavy. And yet, each colour suits a certain type. Light complexions can take bright colours and deep shades; dark faces look well in pale hues. Pale pink, light mauve and canary yellows, I have been told, are the right colours to set off Indian complexions. From the same analogy, we ought to say I suppose, that dark purples and dark reds and deep blues suit a European colour best. But colours look different, according to the different skies they are worn under, the climates they are sported in, the complexions they adorn. In any case, let us not forget that the fairest complexions among us have yet a delicate tint of ivory, and are not of that type of pink and white which obtains in England; so the colours which suit an Englishwoman may not suit a fair Indian and *vice versa*. For instance, I have been told by an English lady, that never did she see gold jewels set off so well as on pale, ivory-tinted Indian arms.

In England, there is the problem of the colour of the hair and of the eyes to be reckoned with. For instance, a golden-haired blue-eyed head would look incongruous, by way of very unusualness, I suppose, over an Indian sari. For this reason, I often do not like to see English ladies in Indian saris; and I think this is why Salvation Army women and other ladies, who dress in foreign style, often fail in the effect they may produce otherwise.

The safest thing is to take lessons from nature and match the colours of sunrise, sunset, and twilight on cloudy days and in bright weather. What beautiful effects indeed are produced! The only trouble is that the effects are so evanescent that we can scarce hope to catch them; and also the extraordinary shading from one colour to another is very difficult to get at. How else can we hope to harmonise pink with blue, or green with purple, or red with saffron, or yellow with magenta, as is done in the sky?

Such schemes of colouring, if carried out too far, therefore, will look ridiculous on a person, although they look beautiful in Nature. But this does not mean that we should not take some hints from nature and reproduce them in our clothing. As I said before, Indian ladies are giving up their old-fashioned deep and bright colours, and are going in for insipid pale colours. This is a pity, for some of the bright colours of nature will look decidedly well on some Indian women. For instance take the beautiful flame colour of our sunsets. A sari of this colour, with a gold border, in some soft silk, which will fall in diaphanous folds, and worn with a blouse of grayish-blue material trimmed with gold, will suit a tall slim Indian girl, who is not very fair in complexion, to perfection. Then again, a silver-grey sari, with little silver stars worked on it, and with a silver border, over a plain white silk blouse trimmed with silver, will be an ideal costume for a middle-aged Indian lady.

A fair-complexioned girl will look very well in a soft dark purple silk sari, with thin gold lines worked on it, and a plain gold-coloured blouse.

Innumerable colour schemes such as these can be worked out and it is to be hoped that our Indian ladies will go back once more to their bright and deep colours.

SISTER SUSIE.

MEMBERS OF THE Y.W.C.A. IN CONFERENCE

THE earliest organization of women for women in the whole world was the Y.W.C.A. known then as the Young Women's Improvement Society. The only Christian Association in India, for and of, women is the Y.W.C.A. of India, Burma and Ceylon started over 50 years ago. Unlike many societies for the social improvement of women, it is not a society of the rich to help the poor, nor is it a society in which some have the satisfaction of giving patronage to those who seem to them to be in need of help or have some claim. A sense of superiority is contrary to the spirit of the Y.W.C.A. and it does not seek to provide this kind of fashionable interest in the poor that has done so much harm in the world. In its inception and in the first purpose laid down, we find these words: "The membership shall include princesses and all who are in the glitter of fashionable life, as well as young door-step cleaners or milkmaids or seamstresses," which were some of the occupations open to women in that day. In Europe, domestic service was the only calling which brought young girls from the country into its cities,

This occupation is not known in India, but other occupations and professions are attracting girls, who are beginning to desire a calling other than that of wife and mother, in order to serve their country in a more active way.

It was a body of such girls as these, who met for over 10 days at Anandagiri, Ootacamund, for the quadrennial conference of delegates from their branches, to meet on equal terms with Committee women and Secretaries who formed this Conference, to make plans and change methods in the next Quadrennium. Salaried Secretaries have no vote, in order that the democratic character of the Y.W.C.A. may be maintained. One of the most hopeful features of this Conference may be summed up in a remark made by a young Indian delegate, "The self-effacement of these Secretaries right through the Conference was a proof of their devotion to India and its women, and that they are in this country only for its good."

The first noticeable feature was the international character of the Y.W.C.A. In all large local centres such as Bombay, Calcutta, Madras,

Rangoon, the Secretariat is composed of women of various races, Indian, Anglo-Indian, American, Australian, British, Canadian and Karen, all living together in a very manifest unity. The Association of India, Burmah and Ceylon owes much to the interest of the American Association, which has from the first taken a practical interest both in sending some of its own Secretaries out to make their homes in this country and also in maintaining the office expenditure necessary to a society of this type. The National Office is at 1 C. Ashutosh Mukerjee Road, Calcutta. No one could be present at the Finance Session, without joining heartily in a vote of thanks to the Foreign Department of the American Association for its contribution in personnel and in money for the advance of the womanhood of India. This was at a time when Indian leadership was not possible to obtain. This international character will be kept up at this beautiful Conference estate, which we also owe to America. All through the hot weather in the Summer Conferences of Teachers, Girl Guides Association and Association members, girls from seventy to ninety in number will be found wandering on the beautiful hills of Ootacamund and studying religious and social topics. Our Association is open also to young married members, with training in handicrafts, physical culture, etc. One of the Indian leaders was an ex-Secretary now married and there is a sphere for young married women in all its branches.

The most far-reaching resolution was that passed on the day, when the formation of more purely Indian branches under Indian management was discussed.

Four women present from such far-removed places as Bengal, Madras, Punjab and Travancore, spent much time in planning the programme for the starting and maintenance of such branches. An American woman at present in the country, with her husband in an official position in Mysore, was so inspired as to accept immediately the offer of one of the delegates, to become a "student in training" for the Y.W.C.A. Secretaryship, in order to start the Indian side of the work in Bangalore. During the last few months, a Student Centre has been opened in Lahore with a Hostel for students, professional women and teachers, who wish to live in Indian style, so as to fit them better for village and home life. The Conference received with great enthusiasm the recommendations on this subject, and the National Secretaries will be glad to hear from any one who desires to form a branch in their neighbourhood.

The Student Department takes no second place in importance, and, although no racial distinction is allowed in the Y.W.C.A., the membership is mostly Indian. It was good for students to meet with other girls and to talk over the problems and difficulties of life which they also have to face when they leave College. Important as College life is, it only lasts for a few years, and a College girl does most good to the

community not so much by joining any College or Old Girls' Union, but by allying herself with the girl of labour and the girl at home, thus making her College life a preparation for life in the home and for companionship with her husband.

The Association is indebted to such women as Misses Brentnall and Elizabeth Zachariah and Miss Schaeffer, who leads the National work, and who is prepared to go to a school or College to start a branch; to Misses Coey and Maduri Dutt who have started and are running the Students' Hostel in North Calcutta. In the new premises, forty-five girls will be accommodated, but already they are too small and sixty-five have been refused. The resolution unanimously passed was, "That this Conference has heard with interest the present situation of the Student Department, and views with sympathy its desire to develop as a movement directed by its members along truly indigenous lines."

The Student National Committee met for four days under the presidency of Miss George of the Madras Christian College and they discussed the present opportunities for the Association and planned to seek to meet the problems of girls in College. These eighteen Committee girls stayed at Anandagiri, as a part of the larger Association Conference.

It may here be noted, and is not always understood, that the Young Women's Christian Association differs from the Christian Church in that it is not an Association of Christians, nor does it require any adherents to the Christian faith from its Associates. It is a Christian Association for all young women, in order that they may find a place where they can discuss and think over the religious problems, which every one in this enlightened age has to face. Therefore, at all its Conferences and Clubs, except the Quadrennial Conference, which is a voting body, any girl, Muhammadan, Hindu, Buddhist, Jew, will find a welcome and a place of friendly intercourse.

At a Conference such as this, we look backward as well as forward. A great interest was taken in the Industrial Department, which has been developed during the last Quadrennium. The World's Y.W.C.A., of which the Indian movement is a part, has paid special attention in the East as well as in the West to the new dangers and complications arising from the growth of industrial centres. India is no exception to this growth of new cities, the population of which is increased through the presence of mills and factories. Miss Wingate thrilled the audience and aroused it to a sense of responsibility, as she described the terrible housing conditions arising from the sudden influx of population when industry invades a quiet town. Her speech created great sympathy, and the observation made by a delegate shows the importance of this side of Y.W.C.A. work. The delegate said: "This Conference has taught me many things, but I never realised before that the comfort in which we are

able to live, the amenities of life we enjoy, is bought for us at such a cost of human labour and discomfort and often danger". Miss Wingate, with Miss Dongre, is now living 7 miles out of Bombay in the vicinity of the mills and has started a Y.W.C.A. Centre for the girls. There are other cities in which these Y.W.C.A. Centres are needed and she will be glad to hear from any one who is willing to do what they are doing and give their life and leisure for the girls of labour to whom we owe so much.

Resolutions for the abolition of Purdah, and in favour of the raising of the age of consent to be forwarded to Government, were also passed by the Conference.

The Hon'ble Emily Kinnaird is now visiting India and will be glad to hear from any to whom either of these subjects make an appeal. She is prepared to visit any place where there is an opening for the Y.W.C.A.; and, although shortly it is hoped to have Indian Travelling Secretaries, she is so much acquainted with Indian habits and homes, that she will be glad to discuss with any one interested and pay them a visit. Her address will be, care of the Y.W.C.A., Mayo Road, Bombay, or at the National Office, Calcutta.

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE—COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XI.—TUBERCULOSIS OF THE LUNGS IN CHILDREN

BY Tuberculosis is meant a condition resulting from the development within the tissues of the body, of what are known as Tubercles (literally meaning a tuber, swelling or new growth) caused by the growth and activity of the germs, Tubercle bacilli. These bacilli are rod-shaped organisms and are easily distinguishable under the microscope. They are widely distributed and are found in varying numbers, wherever human beings are crowded together. Their chief source is from the phlegm of persons with advanced disease of the lungs. It has been estimated that such a person throws off from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ billions of bacilli in 24 hours. Allowed to dry, the sputum becomes mixed with dust and is distributed so far and wide that very few people can pass a day without affording opportunity for the Tubercle bacilli to get themselves lodged in the throat or air passages, inhaled with dust. Another probable source is from the milk of Tuberculous cows. A proportion of cases of Tubercle infection in children should be regarded as derived from this source.

One might feel alarmed at the wide-spread distribution of these dangerous germs, but, it may be a comfort to know that all do not catch the disease. Fortunately, the human body is not a very suitable home

for the tubercle bacilli, for they never thrive unless the soil in man is rendered suitable for their reception and active growth. If conditions are suitable, the germs, which ordinarily have an easy access to the throat, get into the lungs, or the lymphatic glands and then through general circulation gain entrance into any organ of the body. Thus we have Tuberculosis of the lungs, Tuberculosis of the glands, Tuberculosis of bones, of joints, of bowels, of brain, etc. In fact, they can affect any part of the body. Having lodged themselves in some organ, they set about making sure their stay and build a home, as it were, in that organ. Their toxins are neither so powerful as to kill the tissues in a mass, nor so weak as to be neutralised by the natural defence forces of the body. Therefore, they set up a mild form of inflammation in the tissues, which results in an overgrowth of the cells at the expense of the organ affected. Each overgrowth forms a Tubercle, and in each Tubercle are found the bacilli. These Tubercles are so formed that much blood cannot enter them, and therefore medicines have a poor chance of reaching the germs.

These Tubercles are overgrowths formed into masses by coalescence, at the expense of the organ affected, thus destroying its structure and function. After a time, however, under good treatment and favourable conditions, the germs die, the Tubercles become shrunk, and although the destroyed portion of the organ cannot regain its function, there is an end to the growth and activities of the bacilli. But, if the soil continues favourable for the bacilli, these masses of Tubercles degenerate, owing to age, become soft, are converted into some fluid analogous to pus, and thus form cavities of various sizes into the organ, while the bacilli themselves flourish, eat away into the contiguous areas of the organ, and ultimately getting into the main circulation infect all the organs of the body. From this destructive nature of the bacilli, the disease has rightly derived the name of "consumption."

Besides this, the toxins emanating from the bacilli circulate in the blood. They cause fever of a low type, general malaise, and exert a pronounced detrimental influence on all the organs of the body.

Causes of Tuberculosis in Children.—1. A depressed condition of the general health of the body is an important one. It lowers the vital resisting power. Thus, in children, the trouble starts immediately after some ailment such as whooping cough, measles, dysentery, etc. Many of these ailments leave an inflamed condition of the mucous membrane of the throat and intestine, and thus provide a suitable entrance for the germs.

2. *Unhealthy and unhygienic surroundings* are likely to bring about Tuberculosis. Hot and ill-ventilated rooms, dirty surroundings, overcrowded school-rooms, etc. lower the vitality and often become hot-beds of infection, if once a tuberculous patient is admitted to contaminate the air. Under such circumstances, the tubercle bacilli become virulently active.

3. *Some local weakness*, already existing, may favour the infection; for example, slight and often overlooked injuries to bones or joints will cause them to be more easily affected than healthy ones.

4. Lastly, of course, comes the invasion and development of the specific germ, the *Tubercle bacillus*.

Symptoms of Tuberculosis in Children.—Symptoms will depend on the organ affected. The commonest affections met with in the order of their frequency, are Tuberculosis of the lymphatic glands, Tuberculosis of the bones, Tuberculosis of the joints and Tuberculosis of the lungs.

The last mentioned, *i.e.*, *Tuberculosis of the lungs* is rare in children under 5 years of age and when it does occur it does not generally resemble the cases of consumption met with in adults, with its characteristic symptoms of cough, fever, emaciation, spitting of blood, and lasting from months to years. In children it occurs as an acute condition.

Diagnosis of Tuberculosis of the lung in children is rather difficult and the case may be far advanced before a correct diagnosis is made. If the child had suffered from some debilitating illness and if it is followed by any fever which can't be explained during the convalescence, accompanied by anæmia (paleness), emaciation and aversion for food, with or without cough, we must think of Tuberculosis of the lung. And again, if the family is a Tuberculous one and if the child was in close contact with a Tuberculous patient sometime or other, the occurrence of intermittent fever should put us on the guard. It must also be remembered that other fevers, such as the malarial and the typhoid, should be excluded.

Prognosis of Tuberculosis of lungs.—It must be stated that prognosis is on the whole good, provided the child is not too tender in age, not too much broken-down in general health and not too far advanced before discovery. The social position and the financial well-being of the parent also count a great deal.

Treatment of Tuberculosis of the lungs: General.—In the treatment of Tuberculosis of the lungs, the most important point to remember is that fresh air is the best lung disinfectant that we possess. No remedy will kill tubercle bacilli as quickly as sunshine and fresh air. This is the reason why the open air treatment in sanatoria has become so popular. It is not essential, nor is it possible that every child should go to the sanatorium. In country places, the open-air treatment is quite easy, but even in towns it is not impossible. The little patient may be trained to sleep out-doors, away from dust and traffic, or the windows which should be large can be kept open night and day. The important thing to remember is that no symptom, be it fever, or no fever, need prevent the child from a full exposure to fresh air. Those, who can afford a change of place, had better choose a suitable place and remove the child to that place. The requirements of a suitable place are a *pure*

atmosphere, an equable temperature, not subject to rapid variations, and a maximum amount of sunshine. Given these three factors, it matters little where a patient goes, so long as he lives an out-door life.

Diet.—Next to sunshine and fresh air, comes nutrition. A child that is properly strengthened with good feeding will certainly be better able to recover than the one that is under-fed. It is rare to see recovery in a patient, in whom there is constant digestive trouble. The aversion for food, which is a constant symptom, is a serious obstacle, but it is surprising how quickly it disappears under wholesome open-air treatment. A change of place may in many cases promptly restore the appetite. At the same time, care should be taken that medicines that disturb the stomach are avoided. Milk, butter, eggs, and meat juice should form the bulk of the food. Milk, if given, should not be repeated oftener than once in four hours. The yolk of a fresh egg may be added just before feeding. It is better gradually to increase the number of eggs (yolk only) up to 4, 6, 8, or even 10 eggs per day, if the condition of the stomach warrants the same. The tongue is an index of the stomach and it should be examined every day. Butter can be given with bread, in older children, or in the form of cream added to the milk in the younger ones, in a liberal manner. Meat juice¹ (Raw) is exceedingly good and it can be safely given from 1-4 teaspoons three times a day. Presence of fever is no contra-indication. If milk is not well-borne, it must be peptonised² or Benger's food substituted.

Medicinal.—Cod-liver oil in some form or other or ostelin must be given a trial. Pure oil may upset the digestion in some children. This should be borne in mind, while selecting the medicine. Children generally like Kepler's preparations³ and Waterbury's compound. Any of these may be selected, preferably that combined with creasote. It is not advisable to administer cod-liver oil in any form,

¹ Raw meat juice is prepared in the following way:—

Take a small quantity of the best meat, just enough to yield about half an ounce of juice, free from all fat, cut it into the finest mince and put it into a bowl. Add cold water to which a small quantity of salt has been added, just sufficient to moisten the mass well. Set aside to stand for an hour, during which time it may be occasionally stirred. Strain through a coarse cloth, using good pressure. The pulpy mass of flesh ought to be nearly bleached, while the liquid should be of a port-wine colour. The juice can be suitably flavoured before administration. The addition of a drop or two of diluted hydrochloric acid to the meat is valuable.

² Peptonised milk: Add half a pint (10 ounces) of boiling water to an equal quantity of new cow's milk. Then add one teaspoonful of "Benger's Liquor Pepticus" (available at any chemist's) and 10 grains of Bicarbonate of Soda. Mix well and put it 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 to prevent further action of the ferment. Sweeten to taste with sugar of milk.

³ Kepler's cod-liver oil with malt extract, and various other combinations are very popular and can be had at any chemist's shop.

when there is marked rise of temperature, or aversion for food. When pure cod-liver oil has been chosen and when it is not well borne, it may be used by external friction over the whole body or any part of the body, for 10 or 15 minutes and then the child exposed to sunlight for 10 or 15 minutes, preferably in the mornings. The dose of the cod-liver oil by mouth is from 5-30 drops twice a day, and by friction method 15-90 drops according to the age of the child. An over-dose does no harm and the best time to administer cod-liver oil or its preparation is after food. If for any reason cod-liver oil cannot be administered, a teaspoon or two of rich cream⁴ three times a day is an efficient substitute.

Personal hygiene is also important. Every day, the whole body should be sponged with warm water followed by gentle friction with a towel. It should be carried out in a room under conditions which prevent chills. The clothing should be light and loose. It should be woollen, night and day, winter and summer. The feet should be kept warm by means of socks.

Symptomatic treatment.—Certain symptoms call for special treatment, for example, the fever. Very often, the fever subsides under open air treatment and rest; but if it does not, the following preparation will do much good. Take of Liquorice Root⁵ 1 oz., Vettiver⁶ 1 oz., Lettuce⁷ seeds $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., seeds of water-melon⁸ $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and dried Rose-petals $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Macerate all, except the last one, into a bruised condition, in 20 ounces of boiling water for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour and strain. To the fluid thus obtained add 8 ounces of sugar-candy and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of Rose-petals in fine powder form and stock in a bottle. One to two teaspoons of this can be given two or three times a day.⁹

In refractory cases of aversion to food, small doses of "Draksharva"¹⁰ up to $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce per day can be administered a little before meal time, in divided doses.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

⁴ Cream can be had from firms or be made at home. That which is available from firms (Nestle and Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company, for example) contains between 40-45 per cent. of fat of which 1-2 teaspoons will be the average dose, and that which is prepared at home contains only 15 per cent. of fat, of which at least 3-6 teaspoons are required. Cream is made as follows:—In a fairly long cylindrical vessel, keep good fresh cow's milk for 6 hours, after which time, the cream will be found at the top of the milk. This should be carefully separated by means of a spoon, and kept apart for use.

⁵ Liquorice Root: Sanskrit=Madhuka; Telugu=Yashit Madhukam; Tamil=Atimadhurani.

⁶ Vettiver: Sanskrit=Usheere; Telugu=Kuruvaeru; English=Cuscut grass.

⁷ Lettuce seeds: Tamil=Shatlatu Virai; Sanskrit=Kahu.

⁸ Water-melon seeds: Sanskrit=Chayapula; Telugu=Tarbuja Kaya Virai; Tamil=Pitchapala virai.

⁹ Liquor Gulanchaet Cinchore compound sold by the Indian Medical Laboratory, 44, Badur Bagan Street, Calcutta will be an efficient substitute in doses of 15-30 drop doses.

¹⁰ Draksharva or Draksharista can be had from Ayurvedic chemists.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE

I. Arjuna

THIS hero was the most gallant and the most beloved of the five Pandava brothers, who took part in the great war in the Mahabharata. He was really the son of Indra, the God of heaven, and he received the best favours of all from the gods. He was the favourite pupil of the great and wise teacher Drona; therefore he was able to learn the best arts of archery and swordsmanship and weapons from that great *Guru*.

When Droupadi, the Princess of Panchala, had her *Swayamvara* or husband-choosing ceremony, Arjuna and his brothers were at the contest. Arjuna succeeded in the imposed test and won the Princess, and then he went to his mother in triumph with his prize. She was busy inside the house. He called out to her that he had won something. His mother replied to him to share it with his brothers, not knowing to what he referred. And, since the word of a mother could not be gainsaid, Droupadi became the common wife of all the brothers. They were all happy with her. They made certain rules among themselves with regard to her, and faithfully followed them.

Once, Arjuna happened to break a rule; and though he did it innocently he had to go into exile for 12 years. He went away, and met with several adventures. On one occasion, Ulupi the daughter of a serpent saw him and fell in love with him. She took him away to Patala, or the underworld, where she begged him to marry her. Arjuna consented after a while, and they were happy together for some time.

He also married Chitrangada, and Subhadra. The latter was the sister of Krishna, who was the eighth incarnation of the God Vishnu; by her he had a gallant son called Abhimanyu who was later killed in the war. But, Abhimanyu's son was saved, and he it was, who survived the Pandavas and became the King of Hastinapura after their death.

Arjuna went back to his brothers and suffered with them at the hands of their cousins, the Kauravas. When the brothers went into exile after the fatal gambling of Yudhistira the eldest brother, Arjuna was able to save them from several dangers. Once he had even a fight with the God Siva, who was in disguise, and from him he won a wonderful weapon, which later he used against his enemies.

K. S.

II. Our Letter to Our Young Folk

DEAR CHILDREN,

Perhaps you would like to hear something about shells, and a little about the life that exists within them, this month. I wonder how many of you know that the pretty shells, which you see scattered on the

sea-shore, and which you eagerly pick up, once had living organisms inside them, and enjoyed life just as much as you do now. If you look very carefully, you will sometimes find a shell on the beach, which still has its living organism inside, and you will often see the creature drawing in its head hurriedly, and trying to hide from you.

The shell forms a part of the living creature inside it, and is called the "Mantle." It grows with the animal, and gradually gets bigger and bigger. Shells, such as the oyster, are called membranous shells, because they are deposited in layers, with a thin membrane between each layer. Many membranous shells are lined with a lovely shiny substance called "Nacre". This shiny substance is the "Mother of Pearl" in the Oyster.

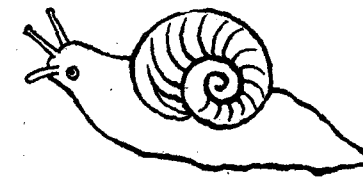
Shells which are not membranous are called "Porcellaneous," because they look like china. The cowry, with which you play so many games, is a Porcellaneous shell. Some shells are called "Vitreous" because they are so transparent, and look like glass.

Now, I wonder if you can divide the shells into these three headings, Membranous, Porcellaneous and Vitreous, when you collect them on the beach. It will be rather interesting to do so, and perhaps your mothers can help you, if you find it too difficult to classify them yourselves.

Besides these three headings under which shells are divided, there is another division which marks them, according to the number of valves they have. Some have two valves and are called Bivalve, some have just one valve and are called Univalve.

The Univalve molluscs have only one piece of shell. They protect themselves by withdrawing into the shell, and by the opening being protected by a lid-like-plate called the Operculum.

I am sure most of you have seen snails. They are so common in our gardens. They have a Univalve shell. Did you know that some people eat a certain species of snail, and that they were considered as great delicacies by the Romans? The snail belongs to the order Gasteropoda, and to the family *Helicidae*. The name of the common snail is *Helix*. Here is a diagram of the *Helix*.



Helix
The Common Snail

The snail lays soft, round eggs, about as big as tiny peas, about two inches below the soil.

Some other shells belonging to the order Gasteropoda are :—

The *Scalaria*, or Royal Staircase Wentletrap. It lives in Indian and Chinese seas. From the diagram of it, you can see that it looks like a staircase. These shells used to be very rare at one time, and even now, good specimens are very valuable.



SCALARIA, OR
Royal Staircase Wentletrap

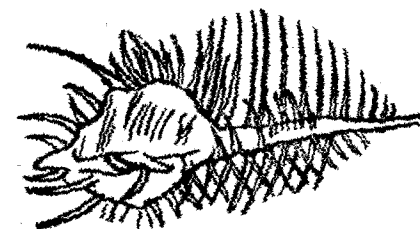
The *Conus* is another example of the order Gasteropoda, belonging to the family conidae. It looks very much like a cone, and its outer surface is indeed very attractive.



CONUS

The *Cowry* also belongs to the order Gasteropoda. I am sure you will be surprised to hear that one species of the cowry is actually used as money in some parts of the world. Cowries are very common in India, and many are the games which our Indian children play with them. I shall, therefore, not give a diagram of it, as it is so common.

The *Murex* is another elegant form belonging to the Gasteropoda. It is sometimes called Venus' comb. It is found in the Indian ocean. It belongs to the family Muricidae.

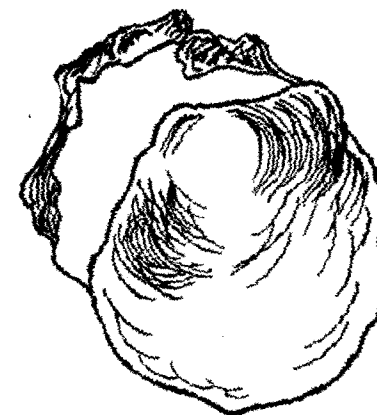


MUREX

All these are Univalve shells.

Now, just a word about Bivalves. They live exclusively in the water. They have two pieces of shells closed firmly by a strong muscle. The living organism is inside the two valves. The two shells are joined together by a hinge. After the animal is dead this hinge opens the shells apart widely. Some bivalves move about by means of a fleshy organ called the Foot, and some move by means of the rapid opening and shutting of valves.

The Oyster belongs to the bivalves, to the order Conchifera. The pearl oyster deposits "nacre" in drops, instead of spreading it in a layer. As you know, many people buy hundreds of Pearl oysters to see if there are any Pearls inside, and sometimes, they are lucky. I wonder if any of you will ever find a pearl.



Pearl Oyster.

Well, I suppose I must stop now, so goodbye.

Your sincere friend,

PADMINI.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN

(Selected)

Chocolate Layer Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 cup sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
Pinch of salt	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, sugar, add beaten yolks and beat all together until very light. Sift flour and baking powder and salt together and add alternately to first mixture with the milk. Fold in stiffly-beaten whites and bake in two layers.

Chocolate Filling

Put 2 squares of bitter chocolate in double boiler; when melted add 1 cup of boiling water, then 1 cup of granulated sugar. Put over fire and let it come to a boil, add 3 level tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold water and a pinch of salt; stir constantly until thick. Remove from stove, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Put between layers and cover top and sides of cake while mixture is lukewarm. This has been the favorite cake in my household for many years.

Scotch Broth

(An old Scotch Recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. shoulder of mutton or lamb
(or lamb bones left from roast)
- 5 quarts cold water
- 1 cup barley
- 1 cup green dried peas
- $\frac{1}{2}$ head cabbage chopped fine
- 2 medium sized carrots (grated)
- 2 small white turnips (grated)
- 1 small onion chopped fine
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- Salt to taste

Cover meat or left-over bones with cold water and bring to a boil. Then add dried green peas which have soaked in cold water several hours, and all the other ingredients, with a little salt. Simmer slowly for four hours, skimming often. If any is left it will be just as good for luncheon next day. I always make it with the bones left from my roast of lamb.

Spinach Supreme

Spinach may be deliciously prepared for a main dinner dish. Line a baking dish with very thin slices of bacon, fill with chopped cooked spinach mixed with equal parts of bread crumbs, three well beaten eggs, salt, a dash of mace and half a cupful of cream or rich milk. Lay bacon slices on top and bake until bacon is crisp.

Favorite Chicken

1 medium sized fowl	9 oz. package elbow macaroni
1 cup celery	Salt to taste
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cream or top milk	Dash of paprika

Little chopped parsley

Choose a fowl not too fat, cut in pieces, place in deep vessel, cover well with water, add salt. Cover and cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Do not remove from fire. Add 1 cup celery cut in one-inch pieces and the macaroni, cook until tender about thirty minutes. The broth should be quite low by this time, so just before removing from fire, add cream or milk. Serve on hot platter, garnishing with a dash of paprika and finely chopped parsley.

Carrot Souffle

2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour	3 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (warm)	
1 cup grated raw carrots or	
1 cup cooked carrots	

Melt butter, add flour; when well mixed, add the milk gradually, stirring rapidly to keep mixture smooth. Add salt and remove from fire; add carrots rubbed through mincer if cooked, add beaten yolks of eggs, cool and fold in stiffly-beaten whites. Bake in buttered casserole 20 minutes in a moderate oven. If the cream sauce seems too rich for young children it can be made equally palatable by using 1 tablespoon of butter, combining the milk and flour and then stirring in the butter.

Baked Apples

8 or 10 large cooking apples	$2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch
1 cup brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
	1 teaspoon butter

Butter a pan thickly, then cover the bottom with half the brown sugar and the cornstarch, add the cold water and mix until smooth. Place the peeled, cored and halved apples in the pan, cored side up and fill each hollow with the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Bake in a hot oven until the apples begin to brown, then cover and bake very slowly until they are all uniformly soft.

All the recipes are from "Children," The American Magazine for Parents.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

A Crochet Insertion of Stars

To make a star:

Crochet a ring of 10 chain, closing with a single.

On the ring, work X-5 chain, 2 long trebles and 5 chain; repeat 5 times from X; 1 single in the last of the first 5 chain. (When repeating, instead of the first 5 chain, crochet 1 long treble).

Join the stars together by the loops, and at the 3rd of the 5 chain stitches, thus:

X 1 treble in the 3rd of the 5 chain stitches of a star, 6 chain, 1 treble on the 3rd of the 5 chain of the next loop; 6 chain, 1 treble in the 3rd of the 5 chain of next loop; 9 chain and 1 treble on the 3rd of the 5 chain of the next loop; repeat from X and fasten off.

The same border is to be worked on the other side of the stars.

OUR HEALTH NOTES

First Year's Food is Vital to Baby

How much of the future health and happiness of the little tot depends upon the food you give him the first year! That is the time when his little organisms are forming; when the body, bones and muscles begin to develop. Improper food, food lacking in sufficient nourishment, at this tender age, may influence his entire life. As one famous dietician once said, "One year of correct feeding at the beginning of life is more important than ten years of careful diet in after years."

Baby's first food after weaning should be given special consideration. Doctors more and more are recommending an oatmeal gruel for this purpose. Oats contain the vital elements babies need so much for their proper development. It is one of nature's ideal health foods. Also, oatmeal gruel serves as a good introduction to other more solid foods to follow later.

Oatmeal gruel for babies is nothing new. It has been a staple diet for generations. Do not, however, give it to your baby until you get the proper proportions from your physician. He will undoubtedly change the formula from time to time, increasing the oatmeal content as baby grows older.—*The Health.*

Why is the Excessive Use of Sugar Harmful?

Sugar taken on an empty stomach is rapidly digested and absorbed and is capable of being converted into energy very quickly before fermentation can take place. Its best use, therefore, is between meals for athletes and labourers who need a rapidly assimilable carbohydrate. Sugar in that way prevents fatigue, increases muscle strength and spares tissue metabolism.

When sugar in any form is taken with meals, it remains for several hours in the stomach, thus favoring fermentation; and the greater the amount of sugar ingested the more active the fermentation process. Cane or beet sugar in solution is a favourite pabulum for the fermentative bacteria, which produce gas and irritating organic acids (lactic and butyric acids) in the stomach and intestines.

Unquestionably many of the digestive disturbances both in children and in adults result from the fermentation of sugar products in the gastro-intestinal tract. This is proved clinically by the fact that many adult patients, who complain of gastric hyperacidity, flatulency, constipation or diarrhoea give a history of the ingestion of excessive quantities of sweets; and in many such patients all that is needed to relieve the symptoms is to eliminate sugar products from their diet.—*The Health.*

Hygiene and Prophylaxis of the Throat

(1) Keep the teeth, mouth and the throat clean. The Indian morning toilet of the teeth with salt and wood charcoal, if performed properly with a vegetable brush—a new branch—is unrivalled. This can be repeated in the evening.

The throat can be gargled with warm saline every time.

(2) Avoid smoking—especially, cheap and nasty tobacco. This is the cause of most of our young men's bad throats even in villages, in spite of the atmosphere being free from dust and smoke.

(3) Avoid dusty and smoky bazaar streets, especially in the evenings—spend the time in the open air.

Don't frequent crowded, ill-ventilated and damp places of amusement. The hours of entertainment and the tobacco atmosphere of these places are so conducive to throat trouble.

(4) Don't eat sour fruits, sour curds, and iced drinks and cream. Lessen condiments and chillies (irritants).

(5) Never get constipated.

(6) Susceptible, delicate and old persons should wear a flannel wrapper round the neck—especially on chilly evenings.

(7) Take a cup of hot milk at bed time,

Treatment (Home remedies):—When throat is congested and there is cough—

(1) A pinch of alum powder added to warm saline. Repeated gargling—weak infusions often, if too much secretions.

(2) Check of condiments, chillies, sour fruits and curds.

(3) Discontinue smoking.

(4) A saline purge immediately, though the bowels are working properly.

(5) Demulcent drinks.

A cup of hot milk with a pepper or two in it.

Pieces of sugar-candy with pepper can displace Anethi Lozenges or Pot. chlor. et Boracis tablets.

(6) Inhalations of Tinct. Benzoin, Camphor or menthol in boiling water.—

—*The Health.*

Care of the Eyes

Does your child blink his eyes, or rub them frequently? In the morning when he gets up, do the lids adhere and when open leave tiny granulations along the edges?

Sometimes the irritation which causes the blinking and rubbing and the discharge which causes the lids to adhere may be overcome by the regular use of an eye-wash every morning.

An excellent eye-wash can be made at home by dissolving a level teaspoonful of boric acid in a pint of water. The water should be boiled first and then allowed to cool. While still rather warm stir the boric powder into it. The powder will dissolve.

The solution should be put into a clean glass jar or bottle and covered or corked tightly and set away until needed. A little may be poured out at each

using. Nothing should ever be poured back into the jar and nothing should be dipped in.

A clean piece of absorbent cotton should be used for each eye and then thrown away.

An eye bath, which fits over the eye socket, allows the fluid to flow around the eye when the head is tilted. Boric solution is cooling and soothing, and is good for tired eyes, too. Do not make the solution any stronger than the directions.

If you find a child reading in a glaring light, stop him at once. Do not allow him to read when lying down, and do not allow him to read too soon after an illness, such as measles or scarlet fever, or any illness that has left his body in a weakened condition. His eye muscles are as weak as the rest of him.

—The Madras Mail.

Suggestions about Sleep

Sleep is one of the first essentials in maintaining or building vitality. There are differences of opinion as to how much sleep may be necessary to health, but that sufficient sleep is required if one wishes to maintain the maximum of energy, no one can question.

Sleep is far more necessary than food; one can fast for many days or weeks if necessary, but no one can "fast" from sleep for more than a few days without experiencing ill effects. In early English History, condemned criminals were put to death by being deprived of sleep. Enforced sleeplessness, in fact, has been used as a form of torture in China, being more feared than any.

No definite rule can be laid down as applying to every individual, for those possessing the greatest amount of vitality and the strongest organism will require less sleep than those who are less favoured. The former are able to recuperate and build energy more rapidly than those who have a weak functioning system.

Generally speaking, therefore, I maintain that most people sleep too little, rather than too much. I would not stipulate any special number of hours for sleeping, but I would advise every one to secure as much sleep as he requires. It has often been said that if you sleep too much you become stupid, but I deny that sleeping or even oversleeping in good fresh air can ever make you stupid. Sleep till you wake up naturally and you avoid every danger of oversleeping or undersleeping.

The quality of sleep is really more important than the period of sleep. It is the depth of sleep that counts, and to secure that one must be physically fatigued. Nervous fatigue is different from physical fatigue and the former generally is not conducive to sleep. Many who complain of insomnia would do well therefore to take long walks in the evening. The walk must be sufficiently brisk to induce fatigue.

If you are a sound sleeper, it may be possible for you to secure more benefit from three to four hours' sleep than a shallow sleeper may reap in eight hours of a lighter degree of sleep. The extreme depth of sleep means complete rest to the brain, absolute loss of consciousness, and to a certain extent loss of sensibility in respect to our senses. In the lighter degree of sleep, some parts

of the brain may be at rest, while others are more or less active. Dreaming represents a state of partial consciousness rather than complete rest.

Bodily rest even without sleep is very valuable for purposes of recuperation. Such rest to a certain extent if accompanied with complete muscular relaxation will make it possible to take less sleep without serious devitalizing results.

The quality of air is another important factor. The air you breathe during sleep should be especially pure and fresh, particularly so because of the more shallow character of breathing. If you are in a room, all the windows should be as wide open as possible. If you have a covered balcony or a flat roof, it is always advisable to sleep out-of-doors. The increased vitality will more than repay you for your trouble. There is something about sleeping out-of-doors that energizes and vitalizes to an unusual extent.

Circulation is another factor in sound sleep especially for nervous persons. Many of those who complain of an inability to sleep suffer from congested brain, and they complain of cold hands and feet. In such cases warm feet will often bring about the solution of the problem. In some instances drinking a cup of hot milk before bed time will enable one to sleep well. A hot foot bath may be good. A bath at the body temperature about half an hour before bed time is excellent. It soothes the brain, and nervous cases often sleep very well. Another remedy for soothing the nervous is an air bath through the entire night. The covers of the bed are so arranged that they form a tent like arrangement on the bed. The person sleeps naked in that bed. The object being that the weight of the covers does not fall on the person and also an atmosphere of air is always playing round the sleeper. However, the whole body except the head is to be kept inside the cover.

The problems associated with the coverings themselves are important. The covers should be light. Woollens are recommended, because they keep warm and are light. Cotton covers used in our country are rather weighty. The mattress should also be of warm woollen material. Feather beds and pillows are to be discarded. In the cold weather cover yourself with as little clothing as possible, being careful however that you do not chill yourself.

The use of a pillow is necessary in nearly all cases. When one is sleeping on his back, a pillow is certainly an objectionable feature, it tips the body forwards and is conducive to round shoulders. A pillow is useful when sleeping on the side or in the partial face-downward position.

There is a special position which I can recommend for restful sleep. In this position you sleep with the body tipped forward partly upon the chest, and on the forearm, with one elbow just back of the body and the hand under waist. The knee of the upper leg will be drawn up somewhat. It will be noticed that in this position the organs lying below the diaphragm are placed in a suspended position. The stomach and other organs are pulled downwards from the diaphragm by their own weight, thus allowing more room for the lungs to expand. This helps the person to breathe more air through the entire night. One may change from side to side without any discomfort. In cases where there is some weakness of the heart, the left side position cannot be recommended, if some discomfort is felt on that side.—The Health.

NEWS AND NOTES

Dr. Besant on Indian Women's Progress

In her annual address to the Women's Indian Association, Dr. Annie Besant dwelt on the rapid progress that the women's movement has made in this country since she first came to India in 1893. She further observed:—"Women were essentially the heads of the households in India. Indian women in the past enjoyed as much privilege as men and there existed in the country, women mathematicians, metaphysicians and philosophers. This was one great advantage for Indian women. They had not been checked by any law, as the women of England and all over Europe were. Indian women had only to fight against custom and not against laws. The whole system of law hindered the emancipation of women in the West and thus made the women's struggle a continual fight in the West. Another great advantage the Indian women had was the great sympathy shown by men, which gave a great incentive to the growth of the women's movement in India. The movement had spread all over the country in an extraordinarily short space of time and everywhere men had helped it in every way they could, without any antagonistic feeling whatsoever. Men had come to recognise the part which women should play in the life of the nation and had helped women to develop to their full stature." The contrast between the men in the West and Indian men towards the women's movement is striking. In India the movement has not only derived sympathy and support from men, but the very credit for initiating it belongs to them. This, in their zeal for righting the wrongs of society, such of the Indian women as have recently taken the lead, are apt to forget.—*The Indian Social Reformer*.

Hartog Committee on Women's Education

The Hartog Committee on Education has done well in pointing out the neglect of women's education in the country and laying strong emphasis on its importance. It rightly observes:—"Despite the growing increase in girls' education the measures taken to promote it have been inadequate. The education of the girl is the education of the mother. The school-education of each additional girl counts more towards the future than the school-education of each additional boy. We are of opinion that, in the interests of the advance of Indian education as a whole, priority should now be given to the claims of girls' education in every scheme of education." Then again, earlier in the summary, the Committee is of opinion that in the primary stage of education the wastage facilities in the shape of more girls' schools, Training institutions, scholarships for women teachers for study and training abroad and liberal grants for girls' schools will serve to combat the prevailing illiteracy to a great extent. The Hartog Committee's findings are a sad commentary on the educational system of the Government, which during the hundred years of its rule has such poor results to show. It is to be noted that the Hartog Committee makes absolutely no mention of private enterprise which has played no mean part in Indian education.—*The Indian Social Reformer*.

The Education of Indian Womanhood

The *Prabuddha Bharata* for March brings out a thoughtful contribution from the pen of the late Sister Nivedita, which like all her observations still applies with equal force on the question of the education of our women.

To be able to will nobly and efficiently has been described as the goal of education. The end of all culture lies in character.

The days that are now upon us, demand of each man and woman a wider outlook than was ever before the case. No single question can be settled to-day, in the light of its bearing upon the private home.

This intellectual training is what we usually call education. But it is evident that the name is a mistake. It is her awakened sense of responsibility that constitutes the truly educated woman. It is her love and pity for her own people, and the wisdom with which she considers their interests, that marks her out as modern and cultivated and great. The geography and history that she has learnt, or the English books she has read, are nothing in themselves, unless they help her to this love and wisdom. Scraps of cloth will not clothe us, however great their quantity! There must be a unity and a fitness, in the garment that is worn. This new knowledge, however, in a truly great woman, will modify every action. Before yielding blindly to prejudice, she will now consider the direction in which that prejudice is working. If she indulges her natural feeling, will it tend to the establishment in India of nobler ideals, or will it merely make for social vanity, and meaningless restrictions? Even the finest of women may make mistakes in the application of these new principles. But honest mistakes lead to knowledge and correct themselves. The education of woman then is still, as it always was, a matter of developing the heart, and making the intellect efficient as servant, not as lord. The nobility of the will is the final test of culture, and the watch-towers of the will are in the affections.

The writer is sure that Indian women have strength enough to withstand modernism, but she is not blind to the demands of modern times.

Change is upon us, and necessity of change. The waves overwhelm us. Nothing is left for us, but to find out how to deal with them, how to make them forces of construction, how to live in our own day a life so lofty and so heroic that three centuries hence men shall look back upon this as one of the great ages of India, and desire to write a Mahabharata of the twentieth century.

Amongst other things, the education of the Indian woman must be modernized.—*The Modern Review*.

Madras Muslim Ladies

A NEW ASSOCIATION

An organisation known as the Madras Muslim Ladies' Association has been formed in Madras with Mrs. Muzruddin as President and Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddy, Mrs. Abbas Ali, Mrs. Zynda, and Mrs. Aslam as Vice-Presidents. The object of the Association are (1) to create and promote unity and goodwill among Muslim ladies of all classes and between the Muslim and other sister communities; (2) to provide facilities for the growth of higher education among Muslim girls and promote the study of Urdu, Arabic and Persian and English among Muslim women; (3) to help deserving poor Muslim girls with free

scholarships; (4) to adopt measures for spreading enlightenment and liberal Islamic ideas and principles amongst Muslim women who are by their age or other circumstances prevented from attending schools; (5) to uproot pernicious social customs, practices, observances and ceremonies, not sanctioned by Islamic laws, but which have crept into their daily domestic life and hinder individual and national progress on the right lines and national solidarity, and thus bring home to the Muslim community the greatness of their true Islamic culture and civilisation; (6) to teach women the fundamental principles of hygiene and sanitation and other allied subjects bearing on maternity and child welfare; (7) to open an industrial home for poor Muslim women where handicrafts such as needle-work embroidery, lace and flower-making, rattan work, spinning and weaving, would be taught, and to teach them the Koran and its principles, with a view to prevent them from begging and leading an idle and degraded life.

To realise its objects, the Association will hold regular monthly meetings, where lectures will be delivered on subjects of interest to women. The Association will also urge upon the attention of the authorities the necessity for opening schools and hostels for Muslim girls in areas where they are needed. Funds will be collected and scholarships awarded to deserving Muslim girls for higher education.—*The Hindu*.

Votes For Women

BANGALORE'S NEW RULES

In accordance with a notification by the Hon. the Resident, the electoral franchise has been extended to women in Bangalore. Thus, for the first time in the history of the Station, women will be allowed to vote and stand for election on the Municipal Commission. Their initial opportunity will occur in July at the bye-election for the seat of No. 1 (Ulsoor) Division. The qualifications required by a woman candidate will be the same as those laid down for men. Comparatively few women here will be eligible under the terms, for among other things, a candidate must have been 2 years immediately preceding the publication of the lists the occupier, as owner, mortgagee, or tenant, of a house within Municipal limits, which is valued for assessment purposes of not less than thirty rupees a month; or have paid on her own behalf, for the year immediately preceding the said time, municipal taxes of one or more kinds of the following—on carriages, houses or other animals, upon arts, professions, trades of callings, or on houses, buildings or lands, to the aggregate amount of not less than twenty rupees.—*The Hindu*.

Work Among Women

Miss Cornelia Sorabjee writes in "The Times".

Much is being done in India in the way of social service—child welfare, health and sanitation, etc. But the workers are mostly honorary, and, though we cannot do without them, their numbers do not suffice for the need, and it is found increasingly difficult to fill gaps for temporary absences. Then, there are the villages—our honorary workers, cannot reach them. There are 750,000

villages in India; and in Bengal alone 816 babies, we are told, die daily for want of attention. On the other hand, there are a growing number of girls, who elect to marry later in life than custom has hitherto permitted, and who sometimes even elect not to marry at all. These women would be ideal social workers, but cannot afford to give their services honorarily and should be trained if they are to serve efficiently. In short, we want a salaried service of women social workers, i.e., social service must be made a career and a profession.

Another aspect of the question is that we need a central clearing house for co-ordination of work; a centre in which to house our health exhibitions, so that they need not disappear after the one week in a year for which they are held, but might remain to benefit pilgrims and visitors to Calcutta, in charge of a man willing to repeat demonstrations. And yet another need is the housing of a clinic, to which Purdah-nashins and other Badralog may come. These persons are debarred by custom from using the public clinics, yet just as much as the very poor do they need help and advice for their babies.—*The Madras Mail*.

The Idiot on the Hearth

(BY A WOMAN READER)

The most brilliant and tragic of the Victorian epigrammatists described women as sphinxes without secrets. If he were alive to-day, and read some of the stuff turned out by women scribes, I think he might call us wenches without brains. I have just been reading an article, written by a woman and presumably for women, in which nearly a solid column is devoted to the argument that women like "scenes"; that such domestic upheavals are essential to their real happiness; and that the reason why so many marriages are failures is simply because unhistrionic man does not see the necessity to play up to his histrionic woman!

Anyone, who accepted such evidence as to the true inwardness of the feminine gender, must come to the disastrous conclusion, that women are just a hopeless neurotic set of sensational idiots, all suffering from a bad form of inferiority complex combined with tragically retarded mental development.

The post-war woman, at any rate, is no more like that, than Mayfair society is like the hectic parodies thereof, which American film writers put across suburban film fans. One needs only to recall the healthy, efficient, calm-eyed women, who helped to win the War—the nurses, the farm-girls, the business managers, the policewomen, and a host of others—to realise the libel on our sex contained in such half-baked "psychology."

No doubt we shall grow out of this stage of artificial women's journalism. We must banish the insane delusion that woman en masse are hysterical monstrosities, pining for mutual domestic brainstorms, and sickening of divorce fever because their unfortunate husbands cannot switch on the film sub-stuff at any moment. I fancy it is the men, and not the women, M. P.'s who have so far figured in "scenes" even in the House of Commons. And I am pretty sure that most domestic "scenes" are not deliberately stage-managed by wives and daughters, but are the result of sheer masculine sheikishness failing to adjust itself to the small exasperations of the family circle after a bad day at the office! It is much more a masculine than a feminine habit to want to "take it out of the furniture."—*The Madras Mail*.

Employment of Women in Japanese Industry

In the February 1929 issue of the *International Labour Review* there is an interesting article on the above subject by Iwao F. Ayusawa containing a statistical survey of the position of women in Japanese Industry. It is pointed out that a striking fact in the economic organisation of Japan is that the aggregate number of women engaged in all kinds of labour exceeds that of men and that certain basic industries are largely dependent on female labour.

At the end of 1927, the total number of women employed in factories was 1,009,550. Of these women 128,796 were unprotected by the Factory Act because they were employed in workshops or small factories which employed regularly fewer than 10 persons and in which the work performed was not considered of a dangerous nature or injurious to health.

The legal minimum age for industrial employment of children is now 14 instead of 12. By raising the standard minimum age to 14, Japan has come up to the general standard of the Washington Convention of 1919 fixing the minimum age for admission of children to industrial employment. The only exception, besides certain transitional provisions, is that if a child has completed the course at an elementary school before reaching the age of 14, it may, by obtaining special permission, be employed while under the age of 14, but under no circumstances before reaching the age of 12. Employers who contravene this provision are liable to a fine which may be as much as 1,000 yen.

The problem of the employment of young persons and in particular of young women workers in their adolescent or pre-matrimonial period is far more acute than that of employment of children, which may be considered as almost wholly disposed of. The difficulty lies in the peculiar situation of the basic industry of Japan, namely, that the textile mills are operated almost exclusively by young women before their marriage. It is seen from the available statistics regarding age distribution of workers in Japanese factories during 1922 to 1925, that the number of boys under 16 years of age employed in factories has diminished considerably and that of men above 16 has increased. In the case of female workers, the number of girls under 14 has decreased and of those above 14 has increased. If the proportions of these workers in the different age groups are worked out, it is seen that in 1925 as many as 95.41 per cent of the male workers were above the age of 16, while women workers above 16 years of age were 73.88 per cent of the total, leaving 26.12 per cent for girls below the age of 16. In other words, among women factory workers in Japan every fourth person is a young girl below 16 years of age.

There is a striking preponderance of young women in the Textile Industry. Beside that of the young person under 16 years of age, girls are more than 16 times as numerous as boys, while, among the adults there are between 3 and 4 times as many women as men.

The Mining Industry in Japan has made considerable progress in recent years. In 1927, the number of women employed in mines was 64,287. The proportion of women to men is about one-third. It is pointed out that the presence of many women workers in mining work, which involves hardship and physical danger, is in itself a problem, whose seriousness is intensified by the fact that there are many women, some of them quite young, employed in

underground work. In 1925 out of 208,295 miners working underground, about 47,071 were women, 8,672 of whom were, under 20 years of age. It must, however, be remembered that the employment of women in underground work is an old custom in the country, especially in the southern coal mines, where miners are accompanied by their wives, sons and daughters.

—*The Indian Social Reformer.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We have much pleasure in acknowledging a donation of Rs. 150 from Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar. We are grateful for such help, and shall be glad to receive it from other kind friends of women's education.—*Editor, 'I.L.M.'*

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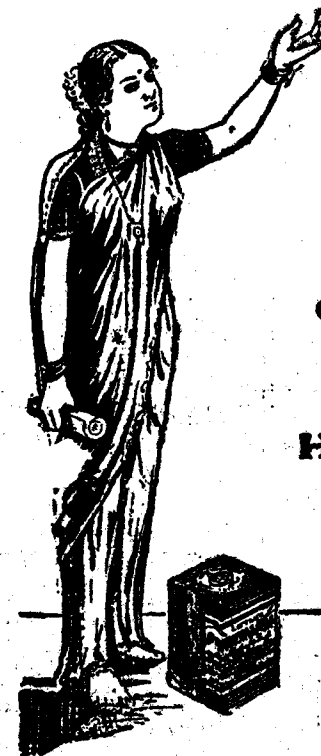
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I LOVE THE NIGHT

I love the night, its dreams, its stars,
The sleepy winds that stir the lake,
I love the shadows round the firs
The long swift flights that night-birds take.

I love the golden ecstasy
Of night-walks in the country lanes,
I love the sight of farm-yard haunts
Slumbering after daylight wanes.

I love the sound of lispings streams,
Singing gaily through the night,
I love the broad and fragrant fields
Clothed in yellow mist and white.

But best of all I love the peace
That night bequeaths with reverent hand,
When I can wander with my thoughts
Over the slumbering dreaming land!

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In these days of keen competition and grim struggle for existence, when most men and many women have to fight for a living wage, when civilization gets more complex and we are thrown more and more into contact with our fellow-creatures and with machines, we tend to forget the significance and value of leisure and are in danger of ourselves

becoming soulless machines. Even those, who are fortunate enough to be well supplied with this world's goods, are frequently obsessed with one idea, and plunge headlong into Politics or Social Welfare or Committee work and forget that there are other things worth giving a thought to. Prematurely bitten by the germ of politics or philanthropy, they hurry, unprepared, with no reserve of thought or learning and with no true message, into a whirlpool of wild rushings-about, fierce barks at a stolid populace or indiscriminate showering of largesse; they do not realise that it is personality that counts in the long run and that all their efforts are but wasted, when not backed by deep thought, genuine unselfishness, a strong personality and real vision. How ridiculous do they appear sometimes, airing their shallow minds in argument or lecture.

"When only foolish reasons can be found,
He argues best who utters not a sound."

There are many of these "one-aim" people, whose tastes are atrophied and minds are made morbid by this ceaseless activity in one direction, with no variety, no leisure, no ambition but one. "It appears that we have not made a judicious investment. Works and days were offered us, and we took works."

Watch the average wage-earner returning in the evening to his home. He staggers in with hollow eye and strained look, takes no interest whatever in his family or his surroundings and forthwith proceeds to hold forth on how he scored a point off his boss or punished a subordinate, or decided a case, or argued an appeal, or performed an operation, or gave a lecture, or bought some securities, or something similar. How often are social clubs made the centres of party politics, or places where members exchange views on "Shop". I know of a college at Cambridge, where the talking of "Shop" in "Hall" is penalised by the fine of a shilling, the shillings incidentally contributing to the contents of a communal "loving cup." I would penalise all those, who, at a place set apart for recreation and social intercourse, injure themselves and bore others by talking about their work. Such people brand themselves as hopelessly selfish.

"But," says the harassed worker, "You talk of leisure, but I have none." This is absurd and an illusion. Every man or woman can find time for leisure, not years and months, but precious hours and moments every day. "We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments that signify."

Granting that leisure is the prerogative of all, what do we do with it, how do we occupy the moments we can call our own? It is better to be kept grinding at work night and day than to waste leisure in blank inactivity. We in India are scoffed at as dreamers and visionaries. We may have been so in the past, but now we are more likely

to be nothing at all, except machines that grudgingly perform the day's duties, to rest betimes in vacant lethargy and helpless inertia. It is good to be doing something, it is good sometimes to be a dreamer or a visionary, but it is bad to emulate a log of wood.

What then are the uses of leisure, what are the benefits it might be expected to give us? First, we must aim at variety and change from our ordinary vocations; we want to rest and recoup our energies; we want to switch our minds right away from our work, and to turn to something refreshing and new; we must build and strengthen the body, and refresh and exercise the mind by doing any or all of a host of things, each according to his taste, such as games, reading, the arts, hobbies, nature study or contemplation. "There can be no greatness without abandonment."

Secondly, our leisure hours must give us the opportunity of building up personality and developing good taste. It is here that we really differ from the brute beast. The tiger hunts its prey, gorges itself and then lies down, doing nothing. But man, who has been endowed with a highly complicated nervous system and a flexible brain, can rise to untold heights, if he but applies himself to mental development. "We shall one day see that the most private is the most public energy, that quality atones for quantity and grandeur of character acts in the dark and succours people who never saw it."

The greatest contributions to real progress have been made, not by men of actions, but by dreamers and visionaries, the men who have observed things around them, loved Nature and all the works of God and evolved for themselves a wide and kindly philosophy. "Our poets and literary men have taught their successors, for long generations, to look for good not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself an end and when I look at your business men importing the anxieties of the day into their scant and grudging leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and illiberal care . . .", let us be grateful that "we have leisure to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars."

Finally, one must plead for forbearance and to live and let live. Let him, who loves to spend his leisure in gush and gaiety, leave the "poor worm," who prefers quiet and contemplation, to his solitude. We should treat the "days" with respect and kindness. "Life is good only when it is magical and musical, a perfect timing and consent, and when we do not anatomize it. You must treat the days respectfully,

you must be a day yourself, and not interrogate it like a college professor. We must be at the top of our condition to understand anything rightly. You must hear the bird's song without attempting to render it into nouns and verbs. Cannot we be a little abstemious and obedient? Cannot we let the morning be."

W. R. S. S.

DRAUPADI—A Study in Contrast

INDIAN womanhood enshrines the names of several sweet and lovable characters. With all their wonderfully feminine delicacy about them, they never fail to impress us with a majesty and dignity all their own; so much so, that they are far removed from appearing the "dressed up toys" of man. Draupadi, the great Queen of the Pandavas, towers high above all her sister heroines. One finds in her dashing courage, fiery indignation at her wrongs, profound learning which won her the title of *Pandita*, as well as the uncommon virtue of forgiveness and tenderness to her fallen foes. Let us try to see the two contrasting aspects of her, Draupadi the Terrible, and Draupadi the Merciful.

The Pandu brothers passed through their valley of humiliation, according to their plighted word. They emerged joyously out of their exile and proposed to send a mission to the Court of Hastinapur to reclaim their former Kingdom. But Duryodhan, the usurper, was at the height of his power and intoxicated with pride. He could snap his fingers at the disinherited Pandavas. Yudhistir was always for peace and friendship, as became him. His other brothers, the mighty Bhim and the peerless Arjun, bowed to the behests of the eldest born and were willing to surrender their Kingdom in return for a grant of five towns.

Sri Krishna, the go-between, liked to appear an impartial person, and so spoke of compromise and brotherhood. Last of all, came the turn of Draupadi to tender her opinion on the matter. Her speech to the Divine envoy is full of her fiery spirit—was she not born of fire? Her hot indignation at the insults offered to women was tempered by sorrow.

Let us render her speech in the language of her epic-historian, Sri Vyas. "Oh Lord of mercy, you have heard from my lords their views. They are too ready to accept the insulting gift of five villages. I beseech you, Sir, not to think of compromise, to accept nothing less than the whole Kingdom. Don't show any tenderness to our enemies, who deserve only the severest chastisement for their unchivalrous conduct. It is the duty of my knightly husbands to smite down without mercy such grasping and sinful rulers. Sinful it is to allow such



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PHOTO : R. VENKOBABAI, CHENNAI.

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creatures to live at all, on the face of the earth. I ask this assembly of my heroes this question. Is there in all the wide world a greater queen than myself, the beloved of the mighty Pandava princes, the darling of the King of the Panchalas, born of the sacred fire, the friend of the Lord of Dwaraka, and the foster-mother of the invincible Abhimanyu? Yet, is there a worse example of misfortune and degradation than mine? While you, heroes, were living, and in your presence, I was shamelessly dragged by my hair along the street, by the accursed one. You, warriors, sat dumb, and motionless, while I was treated worse than a slave. He, who insults a lady, be he the very Brahma himself, deserves no mercy, much less our vile cousins. Remember the sins of Dussasan towards me. If such warriors as Bhima and Arjuna turn out cowards, I have still other friends to avenge me. My father, though old and infirm, is ready to draw his sword for me. There are the dauntless sons of mine, five in number, truly lions in war, with Abhimanyu as their leader, sitting restive and ready to hack to pieces the tainted Kurus. Till it is done, my heart cannot find any peace. The flame of anger has been burning in me, white-hot, for the last thirteen years; how else can I quench it, but in the blood of my enemies? My heart is like to burst, when my Bhima speaks of Dharma and peace. Ah, pity me!"

Sri Krishna soothed her, saying:—"Weep not, my sister. Soon you shall behold the wives of your enemies washing with blood-red tears the feet of their smitten lords."

The fratricidal war raged on furiously for 18 days. Duryodhana, the Beelzebub of the fallen army, found all his hopes vanished. Out of his millions, only two survived, himself and Aswathaman. Duryodhan could not die in peace till he had destroyed his enemies root and branch. Aswathaman undertook the task for him. On a dark and fearful night, he stole into the Pandu's camp, like a common thief, and cut off the heads of the sleeping sons of Draupadi. But even Duryodhan was aghast at the cowardly deed of his friend; he disavowed the act and rated him for his disgraceful action.

The discovery of the dastardly murder of the princes spread consternation and sorrow all through the Pandava lines. The Queen, Draupadi, was plunged into sorrow and anger. She would neither eat nor drink. She would give no rest to her husbands, till her dear ones had been avenged.

Then ensued a terrible duel, and Aswathama, the cowardly murderer, was brought in in triumph. The prisoner could expect no mercy. He was taken into the presence of the sorrowing Queen, who was to pronounce the final doom of his death. It was a tense moment. Silence hung on every lip, awaiting with bated breath, the death-warrant of the captive. But the sight of the helpless Ashwathama wrought a

sudden revulsion in the feelings of the Queen. Her inflamed passions subsided as by magic. Pity claimed her heart; and the spirit of the mother awoke in her. She spoke gently to her husbands. "Let this coward go. Punish him, I cannot. Is he not the only son of our Guru's wife. Spare her the agony of sorrow for her child; I, alas, know its intensity. To plunge others into sorrow for the sake of our grief, is not just. I forgive the sinner. Let the son of my Guru's wife live long."

V. RAGHAVENDRA RAO.

THE BOOK OF JOB

ONE of the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament of the Bible is a splendid dramatic poem, which Victor Hugo called the greatest masterpiece of the human mind. According to Froude, the "Book of Job" is an extraordinary book and to call it unequalled of its kind is to say very little about it. When Milton determined to write a grand epic, he had a desire to attempt the story of Job, and Shelley was minded likewise when he cast about for a subject for a great lyrical drama. But, both of them dropped the attempt, for as soon as they set about the task, they found that the story was already such a magnificent poem, that all their genius could do nothing to better it.

The theme of the Book of Job is as old as man and as wide as the world. The reason of human suffering is an old old question, that has puzzled wise men from the beginning of the world until now. We often see in the world the ungodly, blessed like a tree planted by the river of water that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, while the godly are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. A Christian, troubled by this sight, may derive comfort from the thought that righteousness will find its reward in the life that follows death. But a Hebrew had no such belief. When, after the downfall of the Kingdom of Judah, the Israelites were in captivity in a strange land, the divine government of the world became a perplexing problem to them. Jeremiah had exclaimed, "Wherefore do the wicked prosper and wherefore are they all happy that deal treacherously?" An unknown writer tackled the subject, employing strange idioms and strange allusions, but left the question unsolved!

In a still, calm, most majestic prologue told in the fewest possible words in prose, we are introduced to the circumstances in which the characters in the drama came together. "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright and one that feared God and eschewed evil." He had seven sons and three daughters and he had substance in plenty, which made him the greatest of all the children of the East. The Almighty regarded him as a man,

like whom there was none else on earth. One day, the sons of God presented themselves in heaven and Satan was among them. Satan had marked Job, and how he feared the Lord; but he thought that Job's piety was due to the fact that God had set a hedge about him and about his house and about all that he had, on every side. Satan challenged God to put forth His hand and touch all that Job had, and then test his integrity. God accepted the challenge and said unto Satan, "Behold, all that Job hath is in thy power; only upon himself, put not forth thine hand." Satan then deprived Job suddenly of all his substance, his sons and daughters. Still Job held fast to his integrity, exclaiming "Naked came I out of my mother's womb and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But God had not tested Job fully, so Satan held. "Skin for skin," he said to God, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. Put forth thine hand and touch his bone and his flesh and he will renounce thee to thy face." And the Lord answered, "Behold, he is in thine hand; only spare his life." Satan left the presence of the Lord and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. Job took him a potsherd to scrape himself withal and sat among the ashes. His devotion to God disgusted his wife, who said unto him "Dost thou hold fast thine integrity? Renounce God and die." But he replied, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?"

There were three friends of Job, who, when they had heard of the evil that had come upon him, came every one from his place to sit with Job and to comfort him. Thus began the trial of a "perfect and upright man like whom there was none in earth", a trial with the Almighty God and the angels as spectators.

Some time had passed since Job's calamities, and a striking change had come in his mind by the time his three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, had arrived. He was no longer so submissive, as he had been, when the evils had fallen on him, and his wife had taunted him on his loyalty to God. For seven days and seven nights, the friends sat with him and spoke not a word, seeing the great grief he was in. At the end of the seven days and seven nights, Job broke out, violently cursing the day, when he came into the world and asking why he was permitted to live a wretched life. He longed to be, where "the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary be at rest."

Then began a debate between Job on the one side and the three friends on the other. The debate was conducted in an orderly manner and is recorded in verse. What is known to us as poetry has no likeness to the poetry written by a Hebrew. Hebrew poetry lacks both rhyme and metre and is so like prose that we may not be often certain whether

we read prose or poetry. It was based upon "parallelism", which was the outcome of the mental habit of the Hebrew to express himself by a direct statement and then to amplify it by expanding it, or modify it by stating an opposite truth, connecting the two statements with the word "and", or "but".

Eliphaz was the first to speak to Job. He was superior to his two companions in the depths of his views and the varieties of his arguments. He was not prepared to believe that Job's sufferings were unaccountable. "Who ever perished, being innocent, or were the upright cut off?" he asked. Bildad spoke against Job with greater severity and passion than Eliphaz, entrenching himself behind wise proverbs of remote antiquity. Zophar was still more violent in his arguments, clothing the reasoning of the others in a constrained and pompous style. All the three held that a man suffered because of his transgressions. Their tone towards Job was one of rebuke. Job had his shortcomings and it was necessary that he should repent his sins. If he did so, God would restore him certainly to his former prosperity. Job, on the other hand, argued that their theory that sufferings were the outcome of sin, might be true in general, but that his case was an exceptional one. His sufferings baffled explanation and remained a mystery, which could be accounted for only by God. The three friends repeated one another's statements, with but little difference. The sameness of their arguments was intentional, for they expressed not their individual views, but represented the prevailing opinion that God was ever just in His dealings with men and that He punished the wicked, while He rewarded the good.

In vain did the three friends seek to defend the celestial throne from the pointed arrows of argument, that Job darted against heaven, smarting under the pain of wounds inflicted by God. They had come to point out the justice of his sufferings and to comfort him; and they had not only failed to convince him, but had also added to his pain and sorrow. At last, they ceased to reason with Job "because he was righteous in his own eyes."

Now appeared on the scene a very interesting character. "Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the family of Ram; against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God." In Elihu, we see a masterly picture of juvenile presumption endeavouring to conceal itself behind the mask of modesty. The conceited over-bearing youth was incensed at the three friends retreating into silence. With all the captivating ardour of youth, he spoke eloquently, condemning Job. But in the main, he spoke not differently from his predecessors. He repeated many of their arguments that God was just and dealt to every man what he exactly deserved. But Job did not honour him with an answer.

An awful silence followed the presumptuous words of Elihu. Job was anxious that God Himself should vindicate him. According to his wish, the Lord appeared in a whirlwind and said with a voice of thunder, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" His voice silenced all—Job, his three friends and the arrogant youth. God demanded of Job answers to a number of questions affecting His government of the Universe. In a series of splendid pictures, He caused the panorama of Nature to pass before the eyes of Job, the earth, the sea, the stars, the light, the rain, the snow and frost, the lightning and the varieties of marvellous instincts and powers possessed by animals. The wonders and omnipotence of His wisdom were so obvious, that the heroic Job sank into a deep humility. Job confessed that he had uttered that which he understood not; and seeing and hearing God, he abhorred himself and repented in dust and ashes. God turned also to Eliphaz and said "My wrath is kindled against thee and against thy two friends, for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right." He commanded them to offer up for themselves seven bullocks and seven rams that they might not be dealt with after their folly.

And so we learn from the "Book of Job" that even a righteous man may suffer. It is wrong to think that suffering is always the result of sin, for God may put the righteous on trial. A man who is truly righteous will not break away from God in his sufferings. The moral government of the world is not thoroughly comprehensive to the human mind and the true solution of moral perplexities is to be sought in the larger and fuller sense of God's wisdom and power.

The book ends with an epilogue, in which Job is restored to double his former prosperity. "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning." Job died old and full of days, after living an hundred and forty years and seeing his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations. It was but just that Job should be indemnified for his sufferings, as they had arisen from God's desire to defeat Satan. This end might be according to the fitness of things in poetry. But it need not have been so in life. As Froude says, Job might have died upon his ash-heap, as thousands of good men have died, and will die again, in misery!

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Some time ago, I came across a conversation about Job between two women in a modern novel. I should like to quote it as an *addendum* to the above interesting article.

"Why don't you read the Book of Job?" asked an Englishwoman of another, who had suffered a great calamity; "It is a wonderful bit of literature, and here in the East it strikes you with vivid flashes of

insight. I know nothing of it from the point of view of learned authority."

"I have met many Job's comforters: people like Eliphaz, who pointed out, that it was happening to everybody; 'and now it is come upon thee and thou faintest.'"

"Job saw what a fallacy it was to pretend that the wicked do not prosper, and it made him doubtful of ultimate justice. He claimed personal merit and saw it unrewarded, unprotected."

"To me there is no more fascinating history than Job on his defence, justifying himself and judging God, as you do."

"And so you cannot find Him good enough for you" said the other woman cruelly. "You say—if I were God I would not do that. Job was righteous in his own eyes too, you know. A modern young woman like you should feel something in common with Elihu, the youth, who said: 'there is a spirit in man and the Almighty giveth him understanding;' but, 'great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand the judgment.' Elihu realised that each individual must co-operate to exercise that gift of intelligence and free-will; he said 'let us know among ourselves what is good.' Yet he was not a rebel; he admitted that God 'openeth also their ear to discipline.'" Her voice lingered on the ultimate word. "You and I, where armies have come and gone, sitting here in the midst of an army at this moment, find that last word a true one, I think. No nation will discover and preserve what is good, without moral discipline. You can't, you can't do just as you please!"

"Here I am in this inexplicable world, with a body that is an odd box of tricks to me. I have all sorts of urgent needs to satisfy. I must eat and sleep and wash and dress. Certain people are companionable to my mind and I seek their society. I see beauty and desire it. Movement is necessary to me; so I want horses and motors and a good band when I dance. And I get sick of myself, and become fond of people. Being a European, I turn to Christianity for help; not to the Hindu deities, nor Mahomed, nor Buddha. Religion is not silly and sentimental—I can feel that—it is thrilling and strong and difficult. Prayer and worship and grace might just make the whole difference, develop my soul, open up communications, direct me towards the real truth, give me the necessary powers. But, there's a lot of bother and discipline in it. That would completely put me off, if I did not suspect that Paradise makes perfect. When the kingdom of heaven is within you, it stands for happiness. So, unless there is a catch somewhere, it must be possible for me to acquire a mental attitude which ensures satisfaction with life. Only, I must have faith in a something that is neither mammon nor man; and I must love, and I must make a sound use of my mind and body."]

OUR CHILDREN

(A play in one scene)

(URMILA, a young Brahmin widow, not dressed like a widow, is seen in a large kitchen, finishing the preparation of some *Palaharams*—Indian cakes).

Urmila.—There, those are ready for frying. I wonder when mother will come. I would do it myself, but I promised to wait for her. Poor mother! she is so afraid that I shall overwork myself. In the meanwhile—

(Goes to a mirror and unfastens her long hair. She takes a comb and begins smoothing and arranging the hair over her brow and ears.)

(Enter mother)

Mother.—All ready, Urmila? Your father will be coming soon. What are you doing, my child?

Urmila.—Nothing particular, mother, only combing out my hair. Mother, how can I thank you and father for allowing me to keep my hair, even though I am a widow, and my pretty clothes too.

Mother.—(Evidently ill at ease) My dear child—

Urmila.—(Still busy at her mirror) I wish I could wear some jasmynes, mother; but I suppose I cannot? Eh? Well, well, there must be a limit, I suppose. And no jewels, besides my one pair of bangles and my ear-rings? All right. By the way, have you ordered that piece of tussore silk for me? My friend is going to teach me to stencil such a beautiful border on it, simple yet pretty.

Mother.—My child?

Urmila.—What is the matter mother? You seem all distraught today. Are you not going to fry those *Palaharams*?

Mother.—Yes, yes. Where is the frying pan, and the ghee, and the iron spoon? (Bustling about uselessly) Oh, I cannot find anything today. Urmila, I wish you would come and help me, instead of worrying about your hair.

Urmila.—(Runs to her mother, and holds her hand) Are you angry with me, dear? Why? Do tell me.

Mother.—(Sitting down suddenly and bursting into tears) Oh—oh—oh—I wish I were dead and at ease.

Urmila.—(Kneeling by her) What is the matter? Is it father again, with some new theories? But you are quite capable of coping with his foolishness.

Mother.—(Through sobs) I wish you would not think your father foolish. He is a wise man.

Urmila.—Ah—hem!

Mother.—You children are getting too much above yourselves now-a-days. And you are getting too vain, also. You think of nothing but your looks now. What, indeed, have you to do with good looks, Urmila?

Urmila.—Why? Because I am a widow. Oh mother!

Mother.—(Stubbornly) Yes, the priests say so. We are giving you too much liberty.

Urmila.—Indeed, do the priests say so? What have they to do with us?

Mother.—Everything. And that means, I must tell you—oh, oh, oh, how can I say it?

Urmila.—What is the matter, mother?

Mother.—You—you must cut off all your beautiful—hair—and wear the widow's dress—oh—oh—

Urmila.—(Standing up) Do the priests say so? And what do you say, mother?

Mother.—You are a widow, my dear child, and we are told that God has thought it best to punish you for your sins, though I do not know what sins you could have committed.

Urmila.—Oh mother!

Mother.—Yes, you are a very good girl, though it is I, your mother, who says so. And there is no ill-wind that blows nobody any good. I am thankful you are with me, because you are a widow. Why, I did not know what to do, when you were away these two months. Oh Urmila, don't cry. What can I do, child, to ease your sorrow?

Urmila.—(Weeping) Nothing mother, and yet—and yet——

Mother.—(Weeping also) What can I do for you, dear child? Oh, glad as I am to have you with me, what have you done to deserve such a miserable fate?

(A pause).

Urmila.—(Drying her eyes) Mother, it is fate. We must submit to it. But you said, did you not, that you would do anything for me?

Mother.—Anything in reason.

Urmila.—Mother, you are sad for my suffering, are you not? you are sad because God has thought fit to make me a widow so young in life?

Mother.—Alas, alas!

Urmila.—And yet, dear mother, you are preparing Janaki for the same fate, Janaki, my little sister, your little daughter, so small, so pretty, so sweet!

Mother.—Child, what are you saying? Avert the evil omen! I am preparing her for her marriage.

Urmila.—(Sternly) Mother, how old is Janaki?

Mother.—Ten.

Urmila.—And Sadasiva Rao, whom you intend for her husband, how old is he?

Mother.—(Sullenly) Forty.

Urmila.—What a difference! Oh, mother, does it not hurt your conscience? Are you not doing something wrong to marry this little girl to that old man? What chance will she have in life, but to be a widow soon? (Weeps again).

Mother.—It cannot be helped. It is fate. We have all suffered, and our children must suffer.

Urmila.—What is fate? How do you know that it is her fate that she should marry this man?

Mother.—Child, do not be so rude to your old mother.

Urmila.—I am sorry, mother, but one must be cruel to be kind. Is it fate, I ask you, that she should be married to this man? Is there no one else she can marry?

Mother.—There are many people; but none so rich, or so well-placed as Sadasiva Rao, or indeed, so good. Indeed, he is a very fine man. You have not seen him yet, Urmila?

Urmila.—I do not wish to see him; but I do object to our modern utilitarianism. What we all look to, now-a-days, is money, and position. Goodness comes only in the third place. And happiness, not at all. Do you ever stop to think how a young, young girl, can be happy with an old, old man?

Mother.—None of us do. I was married like that and so were you?

Urmila.—And yet, you are sorry for me, because I am a widow. What else could I be, mother, when you gave me a husband three times as old as myself?

Mother.—(Crying) Child, child!

Urmila.—(Getting up and kneeling beside her) Mother, mother I beg you, beseech you—

Mother.—It is not for us to think of such things.

Urmila.—All the reformers, now-a-days, are speaking of the evils of early marriage, and of the marriage of young girls to old men.

Mother.—Let them! May they be cursed! what business have they to interfere with our own customs?

Urmila.—For our own good, mother, not for theirs. Now, listen like the good little mother you are.

Mother.—But first, tell me, what about yourself? The priests are clamouring that you should dress like a widow. And your father insists on it. Be reasonable, my dear. I hate to think of you as a shaven widow, but the priests are priests. They are the men of God.

Urmila.—(Aside) Are they? (To her mother) Shall I make a bargain with you?

Mother.—(Suspiciously) What bargain?

Urmila.—Will you promise?

Mother.—No, I will not, till you tell me what it is.

Urmila.—Very well, then. You promise me two things,—not to get Janaki married so early, and not to marry her to that old man; and I, in return, will promise to get my head shaved, and wear widow's dress.

Mother.—One alternative is worse than the other. We shall be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. The priests will be more vexed.

Urmila.—(Standing up sternly) Very well, then, I shall not do as you ask me.

Mother.—Urmila!

Urmila.—(Stubbornly) I am adamant, mother. I absolutely refuse.

Mother.—You are a wicked child; oh—oh—oh (cries).

Urmila.—(On her knees) You know really that you are all for us to be free. It is only custom that blinds your eyes. You are so wise, mother, and if you think a little, you will see things as they ought to be seen.

Mother.—Um—um—um.

Urmila.—Why should we be priest-ridden? Are we not our own masters? And how often do the priests go wrong? What about their action in the case of Menaka? They drove her mad, and made her kill herself.

Mother.—That was her fault and her fate.

Urmila.—Oh! I am sick of the word 'Fate.' What is fate but the will of a good God—a good God, mother, who likes to help us by giving us free will. Don't you see it? Oh, mother, try.

Mother.—But—but—your father?

Urmila.—(Laughing through her tears) Oh mother! You know father will do whatever you tell him. You can always influence him.

Mother.—(Smiling) Can I? You are a flatterer, you know.

Urmila.—Of course. He now wishes to marry our Janaki to this old man. But, who persuaded him to it?

Mother.—Who?

Urmila.—It was you? Father first was all for reform. After I—was widowed, he did not wish to marry Janaki young; and you—you—mother—you—forced him to change his mind.

Mother.—(Proudly) Why should I not?

Urmila.—Yes, why should you not, indeed? You are an orthodox Hindu lady, the head of an orthodox Hindu household, and what business have your orthodox daughters to submit to social reform?

Mother.—(Doubtfully) Yes—yes.

Urmila.—Probably, Janaki also will be widowed soon.

Mother.—Avert the evil omen!

Urmila.—And then, we shall both be left on your hands. Father is old, and you have no sons. If—if anything happens to father, which God forbid, who is to look after us three? Have you any money?

Mother.—I have my jewels, and—and—I have a few rupees put by from the household money.

Urmila.—Father is rich?

Mother.—He has some lands, yes.

Urmila.—Who is to look after them? His brothers will come forward, and take all the money, on the pretence of looking after us, and we also will have to go into their care. Then, what shall we do? How can we be happy?

Mother.—I shall appeal to Government, to give the lands into my hands.

Urmila.—Then, who will look after them?

Mother.—An agent of ours.

Urmila.—Who will probably cheat us. No, no, mother, that will not do.

Mother.—What can I do then?

Urmila.—Listen, mother. Don't marry Janaki now. Let her finish school, then go to College.

Mother.—No—no.

Urmila.—Yes, yes, mother dear. And then, let her marry whom she likes. Her husband can manage our lands.

Mother.—Your father will never consent. He has set his heart on Sadasiva Rao. There are limits to my influence, I tell you.

Urmila.—Women can do anything they like with men, mother. Let father think you are humouring him, while you get your way.

Mother.—But, Sadasiva Rao?

Urmila.—Why not ask him to wait a few years more, say five, till Janaki studies a little longer at school.

Mother.—He will never consent.

Urmila.—Let him go then. There are hundreds of others. Our family is a good one.

Mother.—But, we shall get a bad name.

Urmila.—Risk it, mother. After all, is not the woman the Shakti of the house? In the woman's hand lies the power of the world.

Mother.—True.

Urmila.—And if women do not show the right way to men, who can?

Mother.—True.

Urmila.—It is up to us to lead our own men right.

Mother.—It is.

Urmila.—You know what Tennyson says—'If she be small, slight-natured, miserable—'

Mother.—Who is Tennyson?

Urmila.—One of the greatest of the English poets. Mother, do you not think it is up to us to show the world that we can be as good and as sensible as women of other nations?

Mother.—Oh, child, we are only meant for the house, and the kitchen.

Urmila.—Not so, not so. We do have our houses to see to; but we have also to see to India.

Mother.—How?

Urmila.—Only if women are free, can India be free.

Mother.—Really?

Urmila.—Yes, and it is people like us who must show the example.

Mother.—I am a poor miserable woman.

Urmila.—You are my mother, and I—and I have a heart which wants to serve all India. Oh, mother! You want to see me happy, do you not!

Mother.—Of course.

Urmila.—Help me then to assist to set India free. And first, see about Janaki.

Mother.—How?

Urmila.—Just try to influence father. What a feather in your cap it will be if you can make him change his mind again!

Mother.—Can I?

Urmila.—Of course you can. And, there is father coming to have his food. Now mother, do not forget.

(Exit)

(Enter the father, a tall old stout man, dressed in a *dhoty*, with an *angavastaram* round the bare upper part of his body. The mother gets up and spreads a carpet for him, and pours water on his hand.)

Father.—(After washing, squatting down on the carpet.) Dear, dear, I am so tired. What a business these marriages are! But it is all nearly settled now. And it is all due to me. You must admit, wife, that I am clever!

Mother.—I do. (She sets a leaf before him, and proceeds to serve him with cakes and coffee.)

Father.—(Eating) And you have been my right hand, all along. What could I have done without you?

Mother.—Everything. You can always stand up for yourself.

Father.—Do you think so? But why should I ask—I know you do. About this marriage dowry now, I have been able to knock off half of what was first asked. Is that not good?

Mother.—Oh, very good, but—

Father.—No dowry at all, eh?

Mother.—That would be better still, but—

Father.—I do not know if I can manage it.

Mother.—I am sure you can. You can do anything. Why not tell them, we cannot give our Janaki otherwise.

Father.—Oh no, that would be cutting our own throats.

Mother.—But they will come round.

Father.—Never! They will go to some other family.

Mother.—Let them!

Father.—And we? What shall we do about our Janaki?

Mother.—She—can—go—on—with school.

Father.—What!

Mother.—She is very, very young to be married.

Father.—What, have you changed so quickly, Sita? It was you who made me change my mind, and now—

Mother.—(Soothingly) Your own good sense made you change your mind; and now you will do what is best.

Father.—Eh?

Mother.—What is the use of this humdrum life of ours? Here, we have been good Hindus, obeying the customs, honouring the priests, sacrificing our children,—

Father.—Sacrificing them?

Mother.—(Firmly) Yes, what else have we done? Our Urmila is a widow, thanks to the old customs. By the way, (reproachfully) you have forgotten all about our Urmila, and the sad fate set for her by the priests. You have not even asked how she took their command.

Father.—Sorry. How—

Mother.—She refuses, except on conditions.

Father.—Indeed, she must obey.

Mother.—Why should she, indeed?

Father.—What?

Mother.—Yes, it was our fault that she is a widow, and now, our Janaki is destined for the same fate, I suppose.

Father.—Sita!

Mother.—Yes, indeed, yes. Why should we suffer, and our children suffer, for the sake of other people? And not only that, but we have also to give dowries to sacrifice our daughters. Injury added to insult!

Father.—True, true.

Mother.—And what do we get out of it? Any special praise or consideration? No, on the other hand, we are looked down on by several people as old-fashioned creatures. Everywhere, people are advancing.

Father.—And you think we ought to advance too?

Mother.—Yes, of course. When we are in Rome, we must do as the Romans do. Then, perhaps, we shall get some praise.

Father.—We shall.

Mother.—We shall be looked upon as social reformers and perhaps we shall be given a medal, or get a title from Government.

Father.—A Rai Bahadur! How good! But we shall be excommunicated.

Mother.—We may! on the other hand, we may be called orthodox reformers, or something like that!

Father.—Yes. And after all, Sita, you must remember that I advocated this all along.

Mother.—You did, you did, and it was I who hung back. But now, I have learnt the lesson.

Father.—You are a wonderful wife!

Mother.—And you a more wonderful husband!

(Janaki enters and stands by the door, with head down.)

Mother.—Oh, there you are, child. Have you washed your hands? What is the matter with you? Are you not well?

Janaki.—(Coming to her, and hiding her face) Oh mother, I am feeling so shy.

Father.—Shy? That is a new thing with you.

Mother.—Why, Janaki?

Janaki.—He—he—is there, waiting.

Mother.—Who?

Janaki.—The—the—man, who will—

Father.—Sadasiva Rao.

Janaki.—Um—

Father.—Sita, what shall we do? I cannot see him. I am going out by this door. I have some urgent business to do.

Mother.—No, no, my husband, sit down. What is he doing, Janaki?

Janaki.—He is sitting down. And what an old man he is, mother! He is like father.

Mother.—Hush, child, hush. Where is Urmila?

Janaki.—Oh, by the way, Urmila is talking to him.

Father.—Really?

Mother.—Really? But how? She usually does not do a thing like that.

Father.—Never, indeed.

Janaki.—She was passing through the hall, and he—he—stopped her to ask the time.

Mother.—Dear, dear!

Father.—Oh, Sita, this may be a solution to all our troubles.

Mother.—What? Our Urmila? That is nonsense indeed. What will the priests say?

Father.—They will say enough in any case about Janaki. Why not go a bit further about Urmila?

Mother.—Eh?

Father.—After all, our children must be happy. And, in for a penny in for a pound. What do you say, Sita?

Mother.—(Dazedly) I do not know what to say, indeed.

Father.—And, if we want to get a title, we must go the furthest we can.

Mother.—Ye—yes.

(Enter Sadasiva Rao, a tall handsome middle-aged man, and stands outside the door, on the verandah. The father goes to him, the mother stays inside, listening. She sends away the reluctant Janaki.)

S. Rao.—Is that your daughter?

Father.—Who? Urmila? Yes, our eldest daughter.

S. Rao.—How is it I have not seen her before?

Father.—She is just back from a long stay with a friend. She is a widow, you know.

S. Rao.—She does not look it.

Father.—(With head down) No, she does not. (Then looking up bravely) But why should she? She is our child, and we can do what we like with her.

S. Rao.—You can indeed. I agree with you. There is no use of spoiling beauty like hers.

Father.—Beauty?

S. Rao.—Yes, indeed; she is a beautiful woman.

Mother.—(Inside) Ah—h—h.

Father.—Sadasiva Rao, I have something to say to you about that dowry question. We—cannot give any dowry for Janaki—

S. Rao.—Never mind; I need not marry her.

Father.—Indeed? Of course, you need not marry her, and you will not, either. We are sending her to school and college.

Mother.—(Inside, softly) Ha—ha—ha—

Father.—(Glaring at her) Yes, if you want her, you must wait for her.

S. Rao.—Indeed, for how many years? Let me see, she is ten now. Five more years in school, and four for college—the earliest—nine years more, and I am forty now. I cannot wait so long.

Father.—I am sorry, but—

S. Rao.—(Hesitating) May I say something I—I, dash it all! By the way, how old is your daughter Urmila?

Father.—Twenty. We lost many children between her and Janaki.

S. Rao.—(Softly) Twenty. Much nearer to my age than Janaki. Ganapathi, will you—give her—to me?

Father.—What?

S. Rao.—I wish to marry her.

Father.—What, you too? Are you too in league against the priests? (Clapping him on the back) Oh, good, good!

S. Rao.—I am glad you are pleased. Is it settled, then?

Father.—Yes, settled! let the priests do what they like. What do you say, Sita?

Mother.—I agree.

S. Rao.—Thank you, lady. But I am really surprised at you both. You are very brave.

Mother.—(Simply) It is for our children, and for India.

Father.—(Vaguely) True—

Mother.—But—what about Urmila herself. She may not wish to marry again.

S. Rao.—You can surely make her obey you.

Mother.—We cannot. Having given in to them in so many things, we must now allow them to exercise their own will.

Father.—Ye—yes. Where is Urmila?

Mother.—She will be coming soon. I have sent Janaki for her. Ah, there she is. Oh, Urmila, have you been there long?

(Enter Urmila shyly)

Janaki.—(Appearing from behind her) Yes, she has been listening to you, and so have I. And I am glad—glad—that I am not marrying that—

Mother.—Hush! Janaki. So, Urmila, you have heard everything. What do you say, child?

(Going to her, and holding her) don't be shy, dear. Look up. This worthy gentleman wants to marry you. He is a brave man, and is not afraid.

Urmila.—(Softly) But you—and father—what will the priests say?

Mother.—Let them say what they like.

Urmila.—Thank you for your sacrifice, father and mother.

S. Rao.—(Advancing) Do you consent?

Urmila.—Ye—yes.

Father and Mother.—(Together) Then, both our children will be happy. Thank God!

Mother.—And our Urmila need not look like a widow. Oh! I am so glad!

KAMALA.

THE POWER OF FATE

THE College was closed for the Michaelmas vacation and my friend X and I had arranged to start together for our homes on the same day by the 21-20 train. We lived in the same town.

I was in my seat at 21-10, but my friend had not come and there was already another person waiting near the door of the compartment to fill up his place. "My friend is sure to come, Sir. We reserved our seats as long as two days ago, and so you can get into some other compartment", said I. But before I could hear what the intruder had to say, my friend was there saying under his breath, "I am not coming now, I shall come only after next Monday". "Why? why?" I asked, with anxious looks. "I shall write to you all about it. My father sent me a letter two days ago to my hostel address, which only reached me to-day. He has warned me not to start till next Monday should have passed, since an astrologer seems to have predicted that during this month till next Monday I should not undertake any journey. I shall write to you all about it. I have returned my ticket," he said.

And before I could criticise my friend's action, the engine puffed, and my friend got down, and the stranger was in the seat that had been intended for the other. Through the window, I shook hands with my friend and we bade each other "Good-bye".

My companion in the train was a garrulous old man and he began conversation with me with an enquiring glance: "I could not help hearing your friend's words. I think there is wisdom in his action. Is

there not?" Thinking that his expectation was an answer in the negative and to avoid further conversation on the unpleasant topic, I said "Yes, Sir, he was really silly", and I opened my book. But my old companion would not allow me to read.

"There is no armour against Fate", he said; but, before he could proceed further, I interrupted him. "Yes, Sir," I said "but only when connected with Death I believe."

"Young man, I also thought the same forty years ago. But now I have changed my mind, for it is certain that we are but the play-things of an hour, and the programme of our life has been once and for all fixed and Fate will have its way."

"I did not mean Fate, Sir, I meant his belief in astrology," I interrupted.

"Yes. And I was coming to that. Hear me, young man. Forty years ago, I was twenty-five years old and had just become the father of a girl, my only child. My wife was very superstitious, argue with her as I might. She consulted an astrologer about my child's stars.

"'Twenty-seven years hence this child will be the unfortunate mother to a widowed daughter of twelve and she may not live to see that,' said the astrologer.

"I was young then and made fun of the prediction. Yet, I made calculations. Only if she should be married before she is fifteen, she could have at her twenty-seventh year a daughter twelve years old. Well, I would not allow her to marry before she was eighteen! The argument was quite logical; but things had a different end altogether. My wife died before my girl was ten years. And, before she grew up to thirteen, many people applied for her hand; and, as I was not really superstitious, I could not reject the offer of a rich and educated suitor of a good family, who demanded but a small dowry. Well, she was married and exactly at her fifteenth year she was the mother of a girl! and an astrologer was consulted on the baby's stars.

"'All threatening' said the man. 'She will be healthy, but she will experience a shocking loss in her twelfth year and that may ruin her health.'

"An uncontrollable shock thrilled me, and I prayed, 'If there is any truth in astrology, Oh God, let me not live to see all this.'

"My son-in-law said it was all nonsense and I half believed it, and she was married, and scarcely a year had passed after the marriage when we all started on a journey. We could not all of us find places in the same compartment," murmured my old companion, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Well, the train was derailed, and only I and my granddaughter escaped. The loss of her parents and her husband was too much for her, and an attack of typhoid ended her life.

"Young man, these experiences were enough for me to change my old casual view of Fate and Astrology; and believe me when I say that man may try to guard against Fate, but that Fate will work its will and take man unguarded."

We parted some time after, and he went one way, while I went another. But his story troubled me till the Tuesday after, when my friend reached home safely.

Would he have been safe, I wondered if he had travelled with me as arranged at first? Certainly, he would have been, for no accident had happened to me. But, would it have happened if he had been with me? In that case, my fate would have had to be changed on the sudden. Then, the programme of my life could not have been fixed. Fate then was not unchangeable; or what was Fate?

Or perhaps, my friend would have met his fate in some other way, in the same journey, without including me in his destiny. Well, it was all a complicated problem, the solution of which would not be easily found. The best thing I felt was not to worry about the future, but to trust in Heaven. Fate after all could be but the will of a good God.

A. M. G.

OUR POETRY PAGE

1. The Rocket and the Stars.

The shining stars lay twinkling up on high,
Like radiant diamonds hanging from the sky.
Oh, what a world of calmness round them dwelt!
No strife or sorrow had they ever felt.

As I watched these sparkling gems of silver light,
My spirit seemed to mingle with the night.
I lost myself in Nature's beauteous grove;
With worldly griefs my soul no longer strove.

But, all at once, when I was in this dream
The night was shattered with a flashing gleam
And through the air, a flaring rocket flew
While from its depths, bright, sparkling gems it threw.

Like drops of vari-coloured crystal rain,
They showered through the darkness, grain by grain.
Like beads of scintillating, sparkling hue,
Through the inky night, these fragments flew.

This beauteous sight with rapture I espied.
I thought that mortal power with God had vied.
For the gems the rocket scattered through the sky
Were better far than stars that gleamed on high.

in several places, and with certain sections in India, to lose its original sanctity. Now, during its course of ten days, several scenes of merriment take place. People disguised as wild animals, such as the tiger and the bear, and other *veshams* (disguises), dance in the streets to the music of drum and pipe; youths with faces and bare bodies blackened with paint, and shining with oil, strut about and yell and caper; men disguised as women dance the *Nautch*; several other silly and ridiculous scenes are acted. But, there are not wanting true followers of the Prophet, who still commemorate the grief and frenzy of old.

On the tenth day, a procession is held of the *Taboots*, or cages, and *Panchas*, which are constructed to represent the coffin of Hussain, and the lances, which did him to death. Financed as some of these concerns are by rich people, the *Taboots* sometimes present a splendid spectacle. Preceded by Mohomedan music, which generally sounds very pathetic, the procession moves on with noise and shouts of merry-making, intermixed with lamentations, to a large tank or lake near the town. Into the water of this, the *Taboots* are dipped; and with that, the glory of their gilt and tinsel is gone; and slowly and sadly and quietly the mourners return home.

K.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

WITH the growth of Nationalism in India, our ladies are becoming more and more independent, not only in their attitude towards life, but also in their use of foreign goods and clothing. There are some, who like to encourage Indian industries, and thus, the saris they buy must be woven in India; and the soap, ink, pencils, and all other household necessities they use must be manufactured in their own land. This is indeed a useful way in which to help the country, and we only wish that all our ladies can be induced to follow the leading few, and encourage our Indian industries. How else will our country prosper?

There is, however, a tendency among those ladies, who are thoroughly Indian at heart, to be too intolerable and rigid in their views. They are apt to look down on others who may not conform to their views. For instance, they may be able to afford rich saris woven in India; but, when other ladies wear, say, *crepe de chine*, or some other foreign silk, they look down upon these poor unfortunates.

There was a young Indian girl, once, who was dressed in an extremely pretty *crepe de chine* sari, with a unique Indian border sewn on to it. The whole outfit happened to be much cheaper than, and as pretty as, a silk sari woven in India, and naturally the owner was rather proud of her attractive, and at the same time economic, outfit. What was her

disappointment and consternation, then, when another Indian lady, dressed in a tip-top Benares sari, turned round to her, and in a cutting tone, remarked; "You should not wear such saris. You should encourage Indian industries, and not go in for foreign silks."

"But," answered the girl, "you are not wearing *Khaddar*. Your sari is also foreign, for the silk fibre is imported from foreign countries."

"Ah, that may be," remarked the other, "but it was woven in India."

"Still," said the girl, "your sari is much more expensive than mine. I cannot afford to buy such costly saris. Mine is as pretty as yours, and much cheaper."

And so, the conversation ended; but it had made the girl unhappy, because she had really been proud of her sari, and was extremely disappointed with the remarks which had been passed on it.

Now, it is necessary for all our Indian ladies to encourage our own industries; but, is it necessary to be prejudiced against those who may not be able to agree with their views? After all, happiness is a thing that is as valuable as helping one's own country, and surely it is as bad to make somebody unhappy, as it is to be unpatriotic. I am afraid that some of our Indian ladies, in their enthusiasm to help the progress of India, become a little too arbitrary, and are inclined to force their views on others, at the expense of being rude.

Perhaps, they are also inclined to sacrifice their own health in order to carry out their theories; for, I once heard an Indian lady, who had just returned from England, say:—

"I never wore shoes and stockings in England, for, the great thing is to show foreigners that we are thoroughly Indian."

I could not help being surprised when I heard this remark; for, was it not much better to wear shoes in a climate which needed such protection, than to risk the chance of being laid up with a chill? Why go to England at all, then, if we are so very Indian? Surely, we can do more work in our own country, than waste our energies in foreign lands?

Our Indian ladies should also be more consistent, for they very often forget to practise what they have preached.

And, above all, let them try to be more tolerant in their outlook on life, and perhaps try to influence others without being rude or over-sarcastic in their remarks.

SISTER SUSIE.

FRIENDLY CHATS

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

MAY we bring the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* to the generous notice of our readers? It is edited in the interests of the women of India. It is an old Magazine, having been started in 1901, at a time when the rights of the women of India needed much advocating, as they were only then being publicly put forward. *The Indian Ladies' Magazine* was the first of its kind then; and might be safely said to have been an instrument, though a humble one, in the advancement of the cause of the women of Madras.

The annual subscription of the Magazine is only Rs. 5, a sum which is far below its necessities, since the monthly press bills are very heavy, owing to the fact that each number contains more matter than is warranted by the subscription. Hence, the journal is in great need of money, and requires the hearty support of the public, in the way of getting new subscribers, as well as in large donations. We have drawn notice to the fact that we have received the kind donation of Rs. 150 from Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar; and we hope that other well-wishers of India, will kindly help us liberally.

There are many ways, in which we could improve the Magazine, the chief of them being:—

1. The addition of sections in the different Vernaculars, for those women who do not know English;
2. The opening of prizes to encourage essays and discussions on important subjects.

But, for such purposes, large sums of money are needed. We would welcome suggestions, as well as articles on topics of interest, from men as well as women. In this connection, we wish to bring to the notice of our readers, that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, though called a Ladies' Magazine, is meant not only for women, but also for men. We have often been told and with justice, that for the advancement of the women of India, we need the co-operation of the men; hence, it is necessary to awaken the interest of the men of India on the different matters relating to the advance of their women. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* strives therefore to include articles, which will appeal to men as well as to women.

There have been different criticisms levelled at the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. One is that it is not intellectual enough to appeal to the educated minds of the more advanced women of India. To this, we would answer, that we do try to include a section for such intellectuals; but it must be remembered that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is also meant for simpler and less educated minds and therefore has to cater for

their needs as well. Besides, may we point out that the true results of a good education should be, not only an appetite for very intellectual food, but also an undiminished, nay greater, interest in the ordinary affairs of everyday life?

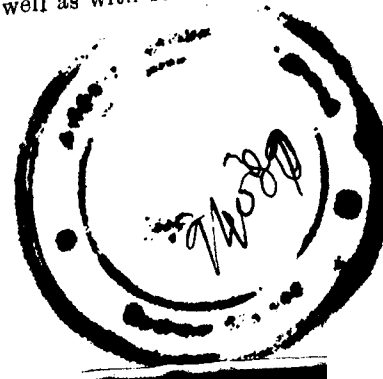
Then, there is the other criticism that we do not specially advocate women's rights and privileges, especially the political aspects of them, as brought forward in other Magazines. To this, we would answer, that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is meant to be a social magazine. Of course, politics, as meaning service for the state, must enter into the social life of the people, and as such the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* does include that aspect. But, we have always gone according to the principle that the advance of Indian women must be *Intensive* as well as *Extensive*. There is no use of merely theorising, or in talking largely. There must be practice, and the sincere acting-out of principles. There is no use of women coming out merely to preach, if they are not prepared to carry out what they preach. What is the use of Indian women coming out to talk one minute of needed reforms, when the next minute they go back to ordinary routine and forget all about their high talk? In real advance, preparation is necessary for life to meet the demands upon it. The inner life must be moulded to support and justify the external aspect. Unless Indian women make themselves ready to appreciate and act up to a larger life than is given them, they cannot hope really to live up to the standards of higher living now being so largely advocated. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* takes this attitude, and strives more to prepare, than rush forward. As the *Indian Social Reformer* once had it, it represents more or less the conservative side of Indian reform.

Again, we have the opposite criticism that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is not romantic enough to represent the women of India. Is it necessary to point out in this connection that too much romance in modern days is not calculated to help real progress? Here again, practice is what is wanted, not too much imagination.

In conclusion, we acknowledge that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* has many faults and short-comings, which we shall try our best to correct. As I said before, suggestions for improvement will be very welcome.

We hope that the public will come forward to help us with articles of interest, as well as with subscriptions and generous donations.

EDITOR, 'I. L. M.'



OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE

1. Fairies—A Story

“O H Madhavi, I wish you wouldn't talk like that, because I know that there are fairies in this world. I've seen them, I tell you.”

“All right, Malati. You may have seen fairies. You see all sorts of funny things. But I tell you, I know there are no fairies. I've never seen any, and I won't believe you, until I've seen one with my own eyes.—So there!”

Malati and Madhavi were the two small daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Sarma. Malati was eight, and Madhavi was seven. Both of them were very beautiful little girls, with lovely curly black hair, and fair delicate faces. But, there was a vast difference in their expressions, because their natures were different. Malati was a dreamy imaginative child full of love and affection for everyone she came across. She had beautiful large big eyes, like two dark pools of clear water with an unknown light shining in them. She spent most of her day in living in a dream-world, and her powers of imagination were so real, that she sometimes actually believed she was doing a thing which she was really only thinking about. Madhavi, on the other hand, was extremely practical. She had no imagination at all, and she never believed in anything which she actually did not see with her own eyes. These two little girls, were therefore always quarrelling and arguing, because Malati could not understand why her sister would not believe in all the beautiful things which she believed in, such as fairies and dwarfs and little wicked witches and beautiful princesses and handsome princes. She also felt extremely hurt and sorry, because Madhavi would not join in any make-believe game, but always wanted to play silly little real games. Madhavi, on the other hand, was really cross and angry with Malati for always worrying her with stupid rubbish, as she called it.

Malati was now trying to convince her younger sister of the existence of fairies.

“You say you have never seen a fairy?” she said. “Well, you have seen plenty of butterflies, with their gold and black and red wings, and you have seen beautiful flowers, and tiny leaves and little birds, haven't you? Where do you think all these lovely things go to at night? They just become fairies, and dance and play and sing in the moon-light, and then, as soon as the dawn appears, they quickly change their clothes and become butterflies and flowers and leaves and birds again, so that men may not see them as little fairies.”

“Oh, what rot,” returned Madhavi, “They are no more fairies than you and I. They are just ordinary butterflies and flowers and leaves

and birds, and, as soon as it gets dark, they just go to sleep. Why should they be fairies?”

“Will you listen to something I shall tell you? Only you musn't laugh, because it is a great secret of mine. And you mustn't tell anybody about it. I have only told Mamma so far. She never laughs at what I say.”

“All right, tell me, and I won't laugh. Only, hurry up, because I want to play Tiddlywinks with Jeeva.”

“Do you remember, one night, about a week ago, when the moon rose like a big ball of fire over the sea?” began Malati, in a hushed whisper.

“Yes, I remember, and mother told us to go to bed soon after it rose, and you cried because you said you wanted to watch the moon all night.”

“But mother said it wasn't good for little children to keep awake the whole night,” continued Malati. “So she took us to our room, and after we went to bed she kissed us good-night and came down again. As soon as she left the room, you went to sleep, but I couldn't sleep, because I could see the moon floating in the sky outside, and I was just mad to go out and run and play and dance. I knew there were thousands of fairies outside calling me to join them, and telling me that it was a shame to lie in bed on such a lovely night. I lay awake for a long time, because I knew Mamma would not like me to go out, but at last, after many hours, I could not stay in bed any more. I knew that mother and father had both gone to bed, and all the house was silent and still. So I slowly got up, and opened the door and went creeping down the stairs. Each step I put my foot on seemed to creak so loudly, and I was so afraid that some one would hear the noise. But, I was simply mad to go and see the fairies, so I went on. At last I was out in the garden, and oh, it was so delightful. I went running down the path with the long blades of grass waving their heads to welcome me on either side. I knew where the fairies would be. They would be waiting for me on the other side of our little pond, where those two or three mango trees grow together, and the ground is covered with soft green grass. I went to the edge of the pond, and there, under those trees I could see thousands of little fairies dancing, dancing madly in a ring, with a little magic lamp in the centre. I called to them, because I did not know how to get across, and one small fairy heard me, and she went running to the fairy queen, who was sitting on a throne made of jasmines and roses. She said something to the queen, and the queen waved her wand, and all at once, I saw a lovely boat, standing in the water. As soon as the fairies saw it, they shouted with delight, and many of them came crowding to

it. But there was only room for a few. The others waited on the bank, while these few came to my side, and told me to get in. I was simply thrilling with delight, and I could hardly get into the boat, because I was so happy. They took me across in the moonlight to the fairy nook, and when we reached the bank, they told me to go to the queen and kneel down before her and kiss her hand. So I went, feeling very frightened, because, although she looked very beautiful, with her silver wings, and in her little sari made of violet petals, I knew she could do what she liked with me. I went up to her, and knelt and kissed her hand. Then, she waved her wand over me and said, 'Comrades, come here.' And all the fairies came trooping up. Oh, they looked so pretty in their different-coloured saris and their silver and gold wings. How they glowed in the moon-light!

"This is Malati, a little human child", said the queen, 'but she believes in us, so we can include her in our company. Let us all have a merry dance together, and then, we shall have supper on the branches of the tree.' She got up from her throne, and all the fairies shouted, 'Welcome to the human child,' and then we danced and danced out there. Oh, Madhavi, it was lovely, lovely. Oh, I had such a gorgeous time.

"After some time, the fairy queen suddenly stopped.

"Time for supper," she announced, and flew up and sat on a little mango that was hanging from the tree. All the fairies followed, but I had no wings, so I did not know what to do, until one of the fairies came down with a pair of spare wings, and stuck them on my shoulders. She told me to flap them, and as soon as they shook, up I went right through the air.

"They made me sit near the queen, because I was a guest. I had to sit on a branch, because I was too big for a mango.

"After we had all settled down, some of the fairies served us with the most exquisite honey taken from the innermost recesses of flowers. Then, we washed our hands in dew, and we all came down from the tree to play some round games; but, as we were just going to start, the moon-light became dim, and a funny grey light crept over the earth. All at once, the fairies stopped and fear came into their eyes. 'The day, the day,' they screamed, and they all disappeared somewhere, and I was left alone. I wanted to cry at first, because I had lost them, but then I knew I had no time to cry. So I started running, when I remembered that I still had my wings. In one minute, I had flown across the pond, and up through the window, into our room. As soon as I got in, my wings flew away from me, because fairy wings cannot stay in a mortal house. I crept silently to bed. You were fast asleep, and I felt so sorry because you had missed the lovely time, but I was very tired and, as soon as I closed my eyes, I was fast asleep.

"There, now do you believe when I say there are fairies?"

Madhavi had been listening with open mouth, for the tale had thrilled even her practical little soul, and now, she suddenly caught her sister in her chubby arms and hugged her.

"Oh Malati," she cried, "I believe you at last. I wish, I wish I could have been with you that night. You are sure it wasn't a dream, aren't you? You might have dreamt the whole thing, you know."

"Of course it wasn't a dream, you silly child. Oh, I am so happy now, because you believe. Madhavi, we shall always, always be friends hereafter, won't we, and we can have such fun with our fairy friends."

And the two little girls kissed each other, and went to tell their mother what had happened.

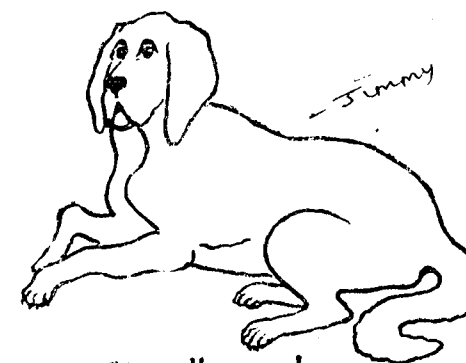
PUNKAJAM.

2. Our Letter to Our Young People

DEAR CHILDREN,

This time, I want to say a few words about dogs. I expect you all know that there are many kinds of dogs; but so few of us can make out which breed a dog belongs to, when we see one. The habits of the different breeds, and the particular things they are useful for, are all very interesting. Of course, I can only mention a few kinds here, and I cannot tell you much about them.

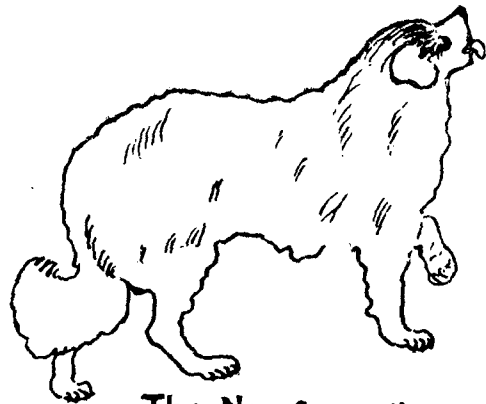
1. *The Bloodhound*.—These animals are found in Cuba, Africa and England. They have a very powerful sense of smell, and are extremely good at tracing men or animals. The English Bloodhound is often mentioned by old historians. The colour of this dog is reddish tan, shading into black on the back. It has a deep voice, and is a very large animal, almost two feet four inches tall. I have given a diagram of the Bloodhound.



The Bloodhound.

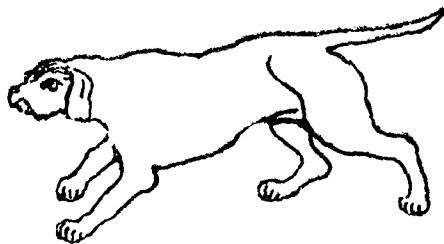
2. *Foxhound*.—This dog is often used in hunting, as it is very good at tracing game. It is specially good at hunting the fox. The Foxhound is about one foot ten inches in height. There are many Foxhounds in England.

3. *The Newfoundland*.—This dog was at first found in Newfoundland. It is a very magnificent animal, and can be trained to draw small carriages and sledges. It is extremely fond of water, and is well known for saving the lives of people who have fallen into it. It is a very hairy dog, as you can see from the accompanying diagram.



The Newfoundland.

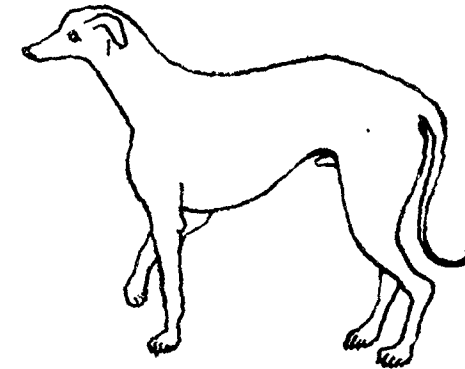
4. *The Pointer*.—This dog is called the Pointer, because it points out the place where the game lies. It runs about the hunting ground, until it comes close to where the bird or animal is, and then it stands absolutely still, with its tail pointing straight backwards. It stays like this until the shot is fired, and then it looks for the bird which has been shot.



The Pointer.

5. *The Bull-dog*.—I am sure all of you have seen a Bull-dog. It is well-known for its ugliness, and looks extraordinarily fierce. It is very brave, and never gives in in a fight. In olden days, there used to be a very cruel sport, in which people made Bull-dogs fight against bulls. The dog used to cling on to the nose of the angry bull, and never let it go. There is a story in a book about a cruel master, who had a wager that he would cut off the four legs of a Bull-dog when it had siezed a bull. He carried out this dreadful experiment, and won his bet, for the poor dog never let go its hold even while its four legs were cut off, one after another.

6. *The Greyhound*.—This dog is very swift, and is used for coursing i.e. chasing the hare. Its scent is not very good. It has not got much hair, and its snout is very long.



The Greyhound.

There are some dogs which do not belong to any particular breed, but which are nevertheless very charming. Many people despise mongrels. This is a pity, because a mongrel is often extraordinarily affectionate, and is as useful as a highbred dog. Here is a little story about a tiny dog, which was of no special breed. I read it in a natural history book.

The dog's name was Quiz. He had so much hair, that people could not make out on which side its head was. But on looking carefully, they could find two sparkling eyes under a mass of hair. He was extraordinarily clever. He could play the piano with his feet, and sing in a musical howl. He was very fond of being noticed, and did not like to be ignored.

At one time, his mistress was not well, and the doctor used to come every day, and feel her pulse, and ask her to put out her tongue. After some days, Quiz felt annoyed that he should be ignored by the

doctor, and one day, he was seen sitting on his hind legs, holding out his paw and putting out his tongue, just like his mistress. He was not very patient, however, and kept on drawing in his tongue every now and then.

Was he not a dear little dog?

Well, I must stop now, as I have already exceeded the space allotted to me.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE—COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XII.—TUBERCULOSIS IN CHILDREN

Tuberculosis of the lymphatic gland is the commonest form of tuberculosis affections in children. The glands of the neck are most commonly affected, being nearest to the throat and air passages and they enlarge in a slow manner. Those under the jaw are first affected, the affected ones enlarge, coalesce with the neighbouring ones and appear as a tumour under the jaw or on the sides of the neck. The skin over the swelling is not red or hot, or shiny (as in acute abscess), but looks healthy and is freely movable over the swelling. The disease is frequently associated with eczema of the scalp or the ears or some dental mischief. The child does not seem to be ill, does not get fever generally, the swelling is not very painful, and the inflammation is a slow process, taking perhaps months. Ultimately, the swelling forms pus, bursts of itself, and leaves a ragged ulcer which takes a long time to heal.

Treatment.—Painting the swelling with a diluted Tincture of Iodine¹ every 4 hours and attending to the eczema, if any, of the scalp or its neighbourhood, is the first step. Then, the administration of Syrup Ferri Iodide² (available in all chemist's) in doses of 3-30 drops in proportion to the age, two or three times a day, until the swelling or swellings disappear, is essential. A combination of the syrup with cod-liver oil, continued for months, will be a still better method. Dietetic and hygienic details (mentioned under Tuberculosis of lungs) are, of course, important and should form part of the treatment. It must also be remembered that a child suffering from Tuberculosis of the glands is very liable to develop Tuberculosis of any other

¹ Tincture of Iodine, may cause small blisters, if the skin is delicate. In such cases, it should be given up and Iodex ointment substituted.

² Syrup Ferri Iodide is liable to undergo discolouration and only fresh supplies should be obtained.

organ, chiefly the lungs, and all precautions in the matter of hygiene and diet should be fully observed.

For oil bath and daily toilet, an oil prepared with the expressed juice of the Nirgundi leaves¹ and any bland oil should be used for a long time. It can also be applied to the swellings with great benefit.

The question of surgical removal of the glands should be considered, when the swelling persists in spite of suitable care, when they enlarge and extend in spite of treatment, and when they become soft and show signs of pus-formation inside. Ugly scars at the neck will be inevitable, but it is well to remember that scars of a surgical operation will be less obvious than those which follow a spontaneous opening of the gland.

Tuberculosis of the Joints.—Among all the joints of the body, the hip joint in children is the one most frequently affected by tuberculosis. How, actually, the Tubercle bacilli enter this joint is difficult to say. There is usually the history of a slight accident to the joint, before the disease actually comes on. Obviously, the bacilli, which may have found their way into the circulation, are attracted towards this joint at the time of the injury, and they find themselves flourishing; their business is to eat away bit by bit into every element of the joint, giving rise to dead materials, deformity, etc.

The first and the foremost sign of tuberculosis of the hip joint is that the child begins to LIMP in an awkward fashion and does not get over the limp for days together. (There is no acute pain or complete disability.) Secondly, the joint affected will be found to be rigid. This can be elicited in the following way: make the child lie down flat on his back and getting hold of the healthy leg, flex the thigh on the abdomen, extend it, take it inward, take it outward, and rotate it round and round, just to get an idea how a healthy thigh would move in its joint. Now, take the affected side and perform the same movements; it will be found that movements in every direction will be met with a certain amount of resistance and there may be pain also. It will not move as freely and as fully as the other. The third important sign is the presence of a certain amount of DEFORMITY somewhere about the hip. The deformity will be best noticed when the child is made to walk. He will walk with a limp, tilting up the hip and carrying it forwards along with the thigh. There will also be slight wasting of the thigh muscles on the affected side.

In arriving at a diagnosis of this condition, it should be remembered that children are very susceptible to tuberculosis of the hip joint, and therefore any affection of the joint, which is NOT ACUTE and which lasts for more than 3 weeks, should be looked upon with great suspicion.

¹ Nirgundi: Telugu=Sindhuvaruma; Tamil=Chinduvaram; Canarese=Bile nekki.

Coupled with this, if the signs mentioned above are positive, one can be almost sure of the diagnosis. The prognosis of this condition is by no means unfavourable, but the risk of the little patient developing tuberculosis of other organs must not be overlooked.

The treatment of this condition will be comparatively easy if it is given in the early stages, when the deformity has not far advanced. The child must be confined to bed and the limb placed in a horizontal position. This position must be maintained under medical advice, perhaps for 3 months or so. During this period, the child should be placed on good anti-tuberculosis treatment, by way of liberal diet, open air, cod-liver-oil, etc., combined with Calcium¹ and Iodine therapy.

Tuberculosis of the Bones.—The commonest bone affected is the spine. It is characterised by a slow destruction of the vertebral bone, leading to its gradual disappearance, and the formation of a curvature of the spine. It may appear at any period of life, but it is most common in the first ten years of life, particularly between the 3rd and the 5th year. Any part of the spinal column may be involved, but the middle of the back is the commonest.

The earliest signs of this condition are PAIN and RIGIDITY; the pain is not severe, being caused only by a movement of the spine such as bending, twisting, etc. The pain can also be elicited by direct pressure over the spine, or by tapping the head. Rigidity of the spine is a constant and early accompaniment of the disease. The back is held stiff, the child abstaining from all movements which would bend it. Thus, in order to pick up an object from the floor, the knees and hips are bent, and the child gradually lets himself down, with an absolutely rigid back into a sitting or squatting posture: and while in the squatting posture, the child will be noticed to support himself by resting his hands on the floor. The rigidity can also be demonstrated by laying him on his face, grasping his ankles, and ascertaining the amount of movement of the spine by lifting the legs and also by moving them from side to side. In a healthy child, the legs can be elevated and the spine bent back nearly to an angle of 60°, whereas, if the spine is affected, this movement will be impossible or very much limited.

In later stages, a DEFORMITY will be noticed and it is generally an angular curvature of the spine with a bulging at the spot.

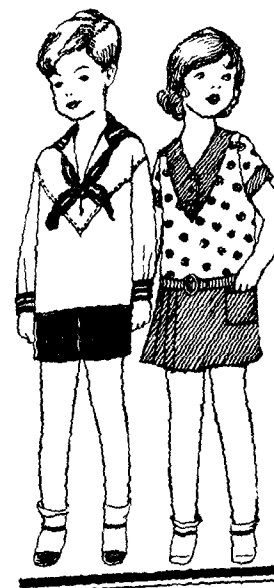
Prognosis of this disease is, on the whole, bad; left to itself, this disease will progress steadily and give rise to local abscesses and paralysis of the lower limbs, thus endangering life by the formation of bedsores and other septic complications. Years of patient treatment are necessary, and occasionally, the most severe cases may end in recovery.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

¹ Calcium Therapy: The preparation called the "Tricalcine" is an excellent form of calcium which promotes nutrition and growth of bone-tissue.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

Suits for a boy and for a girl (in washable silk)



Boys' Middy Suit with wide-knee trousers, 2 to 8 yrs.

Girls' Dress with yoke, 4 to 14 yrs.

From "Children," the American Magazine for Parents.

OUR COOKERY NOTES

Scrambled Tomatoes

Remove the skin from twelve tomatoes, cut them up, add a teaspoon of butter and a teaspoon of salt and bring them to the boil. When tender, add five or six beaten eggs. Stir one way for three or four minutes, until tomatoes have thickened. Serve hot on toast.

Baked Vegetables

6 medium-sized carrots

1½ cups thin white sauce

6 medium-sized potatoes

Salt to taste

6 medium-sized onions

1 tablespoon butter. Dash of paprika.

Peel and slice potatoes and carrots, mince onion and mix all together. Season with salt. Pour into buttered baking dish and pour over all a thin white sauce. Dot with butter. Cover and bake in a moderate oven until tender.

Apple Pies for Children

A nice make-believe apple pie for little people, who are not allowed pastry, is made by preparing five or six apples as for stewing. Put them in a pie-dish with sugar and a little lemon juice. A cup of sugar will be enough, unless apples are

very sour. Cover with fine stale breadcrumbs. Pour three tablespoons of rich milk over the top and bake until fruit is cooked and the top nicely browned. These can be made in saucers for individual servings.

Tomato Sauce

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 2 cups stewed tomatoes | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 1 slice of onion | 2 tablespoons flour |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | |

Cook onion with tomato till tender. Melt butter, add flour and blend. When smooth and bubbling, add tomato mixture, stirring constantly to keep smooth. Let it boil three or four minutes, season, strain and serve with cold meat.

Swedish Pudding

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 quart water | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated tapioca | 8 oz. glass currant jelly |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | |

Bring water to a boil, add tapioca and sugar and cook over boiling water until clear. Take from the fire and beat in the currant jelly. Add vanilla. Serve cold with whipped cream.

Apple and Orange Dessert for Children

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 6 apples—pared | 6 tablespoons sugar |
| Juice of 6 oranges | 2 tablespoons butter |

Make syrup of orange juice, sugar and butter. Pour over apples and cook till transparent.

Cottage Pudding With Chocolate Sauce

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour | 1 egg |
| 1 cup sugar | milk |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | |
| 2 tablespoons melted butter | |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | |

Sift dry ingredients three times. Break egg into cup, fill with milk and add to dry ingredients. Beat well and add melted butter. Bake in buttered square tin. Cut in squares and serve warm with chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 or 2 squares chocolate | |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cornstarch | |

Stir chocolate, sugar, salt and boiling water over fire, until boiling. Cook five minutes. Add cornstarch dissolved in very little cold water and boil 6 or 8 minutes, stirring constantly to keep smooth. Add vanilla and use hot or cold.

All the recipes are from "Children," The American Magazine for Parents.

OUR HEALTH NOTES

(Selected)

Good-bye, T.B.!

An American doctor optimistically prophesies that tuberculosis will be only 'one of the relatively minor causes of death' in the future. Recent developments give support to this statement. An active anti-tuberculosis campaign has been in progress in America for the past thirty years. Local societies have been launched all over the country, which have co-operated with the health department and inaugurated a definite policy of tuberculosis control. As a result, the death-rate has been lowered by 60 per cent, and a standard of life reached, unequalled by any other country.

If the death-rate can be lowered so effectively in America, why cannot it in India? A large percentage of school children in zenana schools are suffering from tuberculosis, and yet they come to school day after day, exposing others to the infection. The poorer people must be reached with information, for it is they who suffer most. Public opinion must be aroused. It is to be hoped that India may some day have reason to be as optimistic as America about the stamping out of this terrible disease.—*The Treasure Chest*.

How to Resist the 'Flu

Influenza, which has lately appeared in epidemic form in some parts of Europe and America, still continues to baffle scientists. No one can tell what germ causes it, how it is spread, or how to stop it. Large sums of money have been spent in the study of this disease. But in spite of all the resources of Science, she is forced to own herself so far beaten. Doctors have no 'sure serum' with which to combat the germ. But they offer the weapon of prevention, which is more valuable than that of cure.

The following rules for the prevention of influenza have been tabulated by Surgeon-General Canning, for the benefit of the public:

1. Avoid needless crowding. Walk to work when possible.
2. Sleep with windows open.
3. Take advantage of sunshine.
4. Avoid people who are coughing and sneezing.
5. Wash your hands before eating and do not put your fingers in your mouth.
6. Do not use napkins, towels, spoons, forks, knives and drinking cups, unless they are clean.
7. Use plenty of clean water, both inside and outside. Eat wholesome food. Sleep at least seven hours.
8. Keep away from houses with influenza.
9. Avoid dust and overheated rooms.
10. Avoid undue chilling of the body.
11. In case you do contract the disease, go to bed as soon as symptoms develop, and remain there till thoroughly recovered. Call in a doctor at once.—*The Treasure Chest*.

Convention makes one old. Constantly looking about us to see what others are doing, and gauging our feelings, opinions and habits by what "they say," gradually takes the sap out of life. A certain amount of conformity is necessary, but we should be careful to keep the reserves of personality free. It is very easy to become smothered and senile under the pressure of fashion.

Want of faith speedily kills the youthfulness in us. The very freshness of the fountain of youth is belief. When you feel you have no more confidence in yourself, no more trust in others, no more credence in the great moral forces of good in the world, it means that your spiritual teeth are loose and dropping, your spiritual hands weak and shaky, and your spiritual legs rheumatic.

To retain youth you must cultivate and preserve your power to enjoy things. As our forms of pleasure become complex and expensive, the soul becomes stiff and cramped. To love simple food and drink, simple methods of play, simple speech, and above all, the manifest simplicities of nature, makes red blood.

Resist the inroads of pessimism. It means the twilight of the soul, and the empty night.

Whoever has ceased to wonder has become old. It may be said of him as of Ephraim, "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, and he knoweth it not." There can be no youthfulness without awe and reverence. The knowing person, the sophisticated person, is simply the prematurely aged.—*The Health.*

Concerning Scents

It is seldom that we trouble to think seriously of the important part played by the olfactory nerves in the daily routine of life, yet our senses are thrilled, repulsed, comforted, or soothed, by the things we smell, as well as by those we see.

Some people have an intense dislike for artificial perfumes of any sort, but I never met anyone who expressed disapproval of the scent of flowers; and I have heard hundreds of people say how much they like the smell of log fires, the scent of green grass and earth after a shower of rain, the aroma of hot toast on coming home tired and hungry after a long tramp!

All these things appeal to the senses and produce a feeling of well-being, just as a faint scent of lavender will instantly conjure up the vision of a country house and the well-cared for linen cupboard of a dainty woman. The odour of damp tweeds and leather bring instantly to mind the picture of a manly man on the open moors, and the fragrance of tobacco.

I fancy it is the abuse of perfume that makes it unpopular with some people. Often women have no sense of proportion and "lay it on with a trowel," so to speak, so that the atmosphere becomes permeated with a sickly, overpowering smell that nauseates sensitive folk.

Every dainty lady, like a flower, should select and be faithful to her own individual perfume. Just a suspicion of it—no more! In the years to come, who knows what memories may be conjured up by just that particular fragrance.

Scent should be chosen to suit the temperament of the person using it, and a temperamental atmosphere is created that is almost a permanent personality.—*The Madras Mail.*

OUR CEYLON PAGE

According to the present constitution, women have no franchise—The Donoughmore Commission, while granting manhood suffrage, set a higher age limit for women. Only women above 30 years of age are given the vote and the right to sit in Council. The reason the Commissioners urged for this restriction was that the new franchise greatly increased the present electorate, and a limit somewhere for a time was necessary to make proper adjustments. This point has also been much discussed and commented upon. On the whole the country is in agreement with the view of the Commissioners—though many criticise manhood suffrage and would like the age limit for women reduced.

There are two important women's associations chiefly for political purposes—the Women's Franchise League and the Women's Citizen Association. The former is of longer standing and gave evidence before the Donoughmore Commission. They wanted all women above 24 years of age having certain property or other qualifications to get the franchise. The League carries on active propaganda by means of meetings, and pamphlets.

That education is as necessary for girls as for boys is much more widely appreciated by the Ceylonese, and nearly the same proportion of girls as boys attend schools. Education being more widespread, the number of schools is proportionately very much greater in Ceylon than in India. The proportion of students going up for higher education is small. This is because Ceylon has no University of its own. The Ceylonese wished to profit by the mistake of India, and wanted to make elementary and secondary education first of all popular, through the length and breadth of the land. But at the University College, Colombo, which is affiliated to the London University there is quite a good number of men and women students. Ceylon will however soon have its own University. It is to be a residential one, on the model of Oxford and Cambridge; and located near the Hill Capital of Ceylon—Kandy—away from the mundane business world. The estimate for instituting it, presented at the last session of the council, was for 30 lacs of rupees.

A few years ago, Ceylon slavishly followed western ideals and western ways of life. The fashion now is to follow India.—Nearly all Singhalese ladies now wear the saree, and many of them dress in the style of the North Indian ladies. Sir James Peries, the President of the Council, interviewed by a paper the other day after his recent visit to India, advised that 'Ceylon should follow India.' Mahatma Gandhi visited Ceylon at the psychological moment when all Ceylon was beginning to get keenly interested in anything Indian; and his tour was a great success! The Ceylonese are easily roused to enthusiasm and are a very hospitable people.

NEWS AND NOTES

(Selected)

Lady Vidyagauri Ramanbhai Nilkantha is the wife of the late Sir Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkantha, the well-known political leader of Gujarat. Herself one of the first lady graduates of her province, she takes an active interest in educational and social work and is devoting her energies to the cause of social reform. She is connected with almost all the educational and social institutions of her part of the country, among which only a few can be mentioned here. She is the President of the Gujarat Stri Mandal, Gujarat Sahitya Sabha (Ladies Section), Sharada Mandir (a Montessori School); the Vice-President of the Ahmedabad Prarthana Samaj, the Gujarat College Musical and Dramatic Society; and the Secretary to Divalibai Girls' School, Bombay Presidency Women's Council (Ahmedabad Branch), Gujarat Ladies' Club, National Indian Association (Ahmedabad Branch), Victoria Jubilee Hospital for Women, Gujarat Vernacular Society, and a host of other institutions. In all her manifold activities, she has always been setting a noble example of devotion to duty, kindly grace, high-mindedness and all the best characteristics of a cultured Hindu lady.

Her daughter, Miss Vinodini Ramanbhai Nilkanth, B.A., is another Hindu lady who has distinguished herself both in scholarship and literature. She is the author of a volume of short stories in her own language, called "Rasadwar," and has recently been awarded a scholarship for the study of Sociology and Education by the University of Michigan (U. S. A.).—*The Modern Review*.

A Lady's Munificence

Srimati Kirpadevi, wife of the late Raghunath Pershad, Meerut, has created an endowment trust of Rs. 30,000 for running a girls' school named after her husband, a widow's home and other charitable institutions. Rai Bahadur Lala Sita Ram, President of the U. P. Council, will be president of the trust.—*The Indian Social Reformer*.

A Social Reform Marriage

A social reform marriage according to Arya Samaj rites has been contracted, the contracting parties being Mr. Natesa Aiyar, son of Srikanta Sastri of Coimbatore, and Seethadevi Ammal, an Adi-Dravida. A very large number of visitors attended the function.

After the marriage ceremony, Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu said that this marriage might be said to be an epoch-making one in the social reform world. The so-called Adi-Dravidas had been made untouchables by previous generations, and it was the duty of the present generation to reclaim them and include them in their fold. He would like a law to be enacted, making marriages like the present legal and valid, and said that it would be safeguarding the interests of the couple and their progeny if such marriages were registered under the Civil Marriage Act. He would also further advise people, not to contract social reform marriages without due deliberation and thought.

Dr. Natesa Mudaliar said that the ancients of this land made no distinction between castes. Their religion was the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood

of man. That state should once again be brought into existence and he hoped this marriage would be followed by many similar ones.

Dewan Bahadur R. Ramachandra Rao said that South India was economically very low, because no one cared for his fellow-men, and the whole land was full of the voice of communalism. When once this poison of communalism was removed, they had a glorious future before their country.—*The Hindu*.

Free Education for Girls

The Government, have, I understand, directed that the recommendation by the Legislative Council on November 5 last, that the Madras Educational Rules be modified to the effect that poor girls reading in any educational institution, Government, local fund, municipal or aided, be exempt from payment of school fees in any standard up to form III, be given effect to from the current year. The exemption will apply to girls now reading in recognised secondary and elementary schools as well as to future entrants.—*The Madras Mail*.

Triumph for Woman

Dr. Winfred Cullis, head of the Physiology Department at the London School of Medicine for Women, has been elected Deputy Chairman of the Convocation of the University of London. Such a distinction has never before been conferred on a woman in this country, and marks another advance by women in University life.—*The Madras Mail*.

Woman's New Sphere

Mrs. L. M. Foster-Welch, Deputy Mayor of Southampton, has been chosen as President of the Port Sanitary Association of Great Britain for the next two years.

She is the first woman to fill the post.

Mrs. Foster-Welch's new honour is due to her long period of work on the public health and port sanitary committees of her town. During the past two years she has served as Vice-President of the Port Sanitary Association.—*The Madras Mail*.

International Women's Congress

"J. P." WRITES IN THE *Forward* :—

Many things have been accomplished by woman since she lost her inferiority complex and began to exterminate the notion, harboured by mere man, that the weaker sex must also be the inferior sex. Gone are the times when, in England and elsewhere, a lone band of heroic women fought valiantly for suffrage. England, Germany and other countries have long ago accorded woman the franchise and other privileges and, though there remains much to be done, much has been achieved. Perhaps, the War helped, but, chiefly the success is due to the untiring labors of the leaders and the rank and file of the international women's movement.

A review of the past and a programme for the future of woman's endeavours will be the feature of the eleventh congress of the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal citizenship. A call for this congress has been sent out by the President, Mrs. Corbett Ashby, who in her New Year's message,

urges that each country should send its most representative woman "to bring the tale of toil and its reward, with pride in its achievements won, and with humility for all that is left undone."

This gathering will meet in Berlin from 17th to 21st June this year, twenty-five years after the first congress which was held in that city in 1904. Over six hundred delegates representing forty-two countries are expected to attend. In addition, over thousand men and women prominent in the international emancipation movement, have already intimated their intention to come to Berlin for the congress and give their moral support to its decisions.—*The Indian Social Reformer*.

Women Protest

WHERE THEY DO NOT WANT THE VOTE

The women of Messolonghi—the city that saw Byron die for the freedom of Greece—have risen up in a body and denounced the growing cry, "Votes for women."

In a telegram addressed to the Speaker of the Greek Parliament and to the Minister of the Interior, they protest against the recent doings of their more modern-minded Athenian sisters. The telegram reads:

"The Greek family, which has been the foundation of the Greek nation, is endangered by the post-war notions that have driven the girls out of their homes."

"The Greek society will not profit much by the meddling of women in the electoral strife."

"Voicing the general opinion of this city, we protest against the propaganda for the conceding of the vote to women; it is carried on by persons hostile to the traditions of the Greek family and threatens to undermine its happiness."—*The Madras Mail*.

Child Welfare and The League

A group of ninety teachers from Australia, Canada, the Irish Free State, New Zealand and South Africa visited the Secretariat of the League of Nations in April.

These teachers have come to England for a year under the auspices of the British Empire League, and their visit to Geneva was arranged by this organisation.

The Child Welfare Committee of the League of Nations has been studying legislation governing the position of illegitimate children in different countries, and the Social Section of the Secretariat has prepared a memorandum on the subject, which has still to be completed.

During the discussion of the memorandum, Dame Katherine Furse, who represents the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movement, declared that it was necessary to study the problem not only from the point of view of the rights of society and the family but also of the rights of the child, and with an appreciation of the unfortunate psychological results which its position often entailed. This was generally accepted.

Children with physical defects necessitating special educational facilities, abandoned or strayed children, children alone in foreign countries, and children indigent and exposed to social dangers, are among the subjects in the course of study by the Child Welfare Committee of the League.

On the last point, a special inquiry is being undertaken by Mademoiselle Chaptal, the funds having been provided by the American Social Hygiene Association. She has already been at work in England and in France and is sailing for the United States in May, where she will spend some four or five weeks, afterwards proceeding to Canada for the latter part of the summer.

The discussion of the preliminary work brought to light some interesting information on the conduct of juvenile courts in various countries, the work of the auxiliary services attached to these courts, and the very useful part played by the voluntary organisations.—*The Madras Mail*.

Education of Young Girls

The direction which should be given to the practical education that girls between the years of eleven and fourteen are to receive in the "middle" schools, which are to be established under the Hadow Report, was discussed at length in mail week by a conference held at the Friends' Meeting House under the auspices of the Manchester and Salford Women Citizens. In the course of two and a half hours, many opinions were expressed which may prove of value to those who will be charged with the local school reorganisation.

Miss Weddell, headmistress of the Cheetham Hill Central School, opened the discussion by saying that not only did girls usually like housecraft, but they felt a strong pull towards it, because of the call of their future needs, which befell a girl usually two-fold, presented a difficulty. A girl left school at 16, and did not usually marry until 26 or 28. At present there was little opening for girls between 16 and 26.

As to the moral effects of teaching housecraft and the influence on character, Miss Weddell said handicraft and practical housecraft seemed to increase the girls' self-respect. "Work that has visible results," she observed, "has a satisfaction that manual work has not. That is one reason why so many take to knitting. They feel more virtuous after knitting a garment than after doing some really intelligent piece of work. They see themselves expressed in the finished work."

Miss Mary Heywood, who has charge of the Municipal Central Evening School of Domestic Economy, spoke of the ardent desire which she had for some years past found to be shared by girls over the age of sixteen years to be trained in practical domestic subjects. She rejoiced that needlework was to be given a better place in earlier education, for the work of her school had suffered lately because of the poor groundwork they had to go upon in the girls who came to them.

Mr. Roland Hall, representing the Manchester Teachers' Association, and at present headmaster of Thomas Street Mixed School, West Gorton, entered a protest against distinguishing too early between the education of boys and girls, and against depriving the girls of working-class homes, of any opportunity of cultural instruction merely in the interest of stressing these practical subjects in an undue degree. A girl required to learn swimming just as much as a boy, and he did not think needlework need be thrust into those early years. What with sewing-machines and knitting machines, this necessity for drudgery in acquiring needlework seemed to be past. And were cookery and dress-making purely women's jobs? Chefs and dress-designers were mostly men.

Miss Mary Clarke, headmistress of the Manchester High School for Girls, opened that part of the discussion which dealt with the direction education might take under the reorganised school, by remarking that the solution was not to be found in taking subjects that were merely practical in themselves but in the inclusion of more practical methods of teaching cultural subjects. Miss Clarke said she hoped the operating of the Hadow Report would do much to abolish artificial social distinctions in the schools and lead to a better re-grading. All education after the age of eleven she would regard as secondary and she saw no reason why up to the age of sixteen the curriculum for boys and girls should not run mainly on the same lines. The child of the contemplative type should have a practical education as a corrective and an inducement to spiritual humility.

For that type, manual work was very good, as providing respite for overbusy brains; but for the practical type, whose latent thinking powers could only be reached through some bodily activity, the school work had to be very carefully chosen. The practical training should not be vocational. It should be selected purely with the object of drawing out latent powers of expression.

Miss Clarke said she could not range herself with those who believed in domestic science for girls between the age of 11 and 16. It should come later. Having suggested that practical work for both boys and girls should encourage the exercise of skill in some manual work such as carpentry, Miss Clarke said that a valuable form of practical training would be furnished if girls and boys in these advanced schools were organised in outside brigades to take charge of the play of less fortunate children, whose mothers did not seem able to care for them.

Miss Ada Jackson, speaking as the representative of the National Union of Women Teachers, insisted that the purpose of education should be the cultivation of social efficiency. Everyone, she said, should acquire some skill in the occupations of everyday life.—*The Madras Mail*.

Are We Overdoing Sport?

(By E. H.)

The question sounds old-fashioned and morbid! Sport means so much to modern women. What would we do without tennis, badminton, golf, or lacrosse?

Yet these games, played to excess, ruin our figures, take our minds from serious thought, and tend to turn us from "feminine" girls to those most unpleasant of all creatures—manly women! The modern tend is so to perfect the game that every missed point is an aggravation. The tennis "expert" despises the mediocre player, and has no time at all for the girl who does not belong to a sports club. In a word, we take our sport so seriously that it is no longer a pleasure but an exacting monster, goading us on to a perfection that robs us of our leisure.

The lithe, athletic figure of a girl who plays games in moderation is beautiful; the muscle-bound, thin, masculine form of the sports-fiend is a disgrace to womanly beauty. The calf muscles become as hard as an acrobat's, the biceps and forearm muscles "stand out like iron bands," and the figure is robbed of all its moulded charm.

Why make such a business of sport? The ordinary player, who puts in a few hours a week on the course or at the nets, who laughs at her own shortcomings, and is sympathetic with those of others—who, in a word uses her sport as a game, a source of pleasure in life—she is the one who derives joy from her pastime.—*The Madras Mail*.

Drinking among Women

Disquieting reports of drinking among women in cafes and factories were given at the Prohibition Conference held last month in Melbourne, and the necessity for securing the votes of women at the coming elections was stressed. Cocktails, and medicated tonic wines, and sly-grog selling were mentioned as among the serious menaces to society. Drinking among men is serious enough, but when the coming mothers of the race take to wine and cocktails, and even brandy, it is a bad lookout for the future of Australia. One speaker quoted from a liquor official in England:—"The votes of the flappers who drink cocktails are much more numerous than the votes of those who attend Sunday School."—*The Indian Social Reformer*.

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