

The Indian Ladies Magazine

Nov Dec 1929.

Vol. III 4 & 5

JL
Y1 m 2, NO1
N29-B.4 & 5
94084

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

*Published
Monthly.*

Vol. III NOV. DEC. 1929 No. 4-5.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER

19 AUG 1931
CONTENTS.

Illustrations:

"With the best compliments of the season"

A rural Christmas procession in S. India,

A Beauty spot in the Nilgiris,

Mrs. Anusays Bai Kale,

Mrs. Tambe,

Mrs. V. Kamaladevi,

Andhra Ladies Conference,

Higher Ele. Training students,

Sarada Vidyalaya,

Some of the Committee members of

the Sarada Vidyalaya Union,

A group of Travancore girls,

(Contents continued on next page)

Annual Subscription

INLAND Rs. 5

FOREIGN Rs. 5-6

Editor and Manager

MRS. K. SATHIANADHAN, M. A.,

Cannanore.



PAVAR MADRAS

You will be simply delighted to see

Camisolene

The wonderful material which
is perfect in wash and wear.

Extra superior finish in
pure Egyptian cotton

At

G. Cunniah Chetty & Son,

No. 2, Rattan Bazaar Road,

Madras.

"F. X. Pereira & Sons are prepared to clear
goods arriving at the port of Tuticorin and to make
arrangements for the despatch of same by rail or
bus to any town. They undertake also shipment
of any packages to any part of the world.

Special terms can be arranged by firms who
entrust their clearing, forwarding and shipping
works regularly to us.

CHARGES MODERATE.

For Particulars apply to:—

F. X. Pereira & Sons,

Beach Road,

TUTICORIN.

94081

CONTENTS (Contd.)		PAGE.
1.	My Star—Selected Verses—Robert Browning ...	151
2.	The Personality of Christ—Kamala ...	151
3.	Indian Poetesses—An Indian woman ...	156
4.	The modern Indian woman and her responsibilities—R. L. Rau ...	164
5.	A Leonora—A story of Beethoven— K. Shiva Rama Krishnan ...	167
6.	Nursing for Indian Ladies—"A daughter of India" ...	172
7.	Our Historical Article—An account of the Maritime activity of the ancient Tamil country— Pundit N Chengalvarayan ...	178
8.	Our Poetry Page (1) Dreams—H. Kaveri Bai ...	183
	(2) A Temple garden—A. H. d'Alwis ...	183
9.	A change of bridegrooms—a story— Padmini Saththianadhan ...	184
10.	A quaint character—a story—M. G. Venkatesaiya	191
11.	In Man's realm— (1) Is there a Man's Realm?—W. R. S. S. ...	195
	(2) Verses to Men—By a Modern Cynic ...	196
	(3) Experiences of an Indian Orderly Officer —Manajirao Palande ...	197
12.	Sri Sarada Vidyalaya, Madras ...	199
13.	Friendly chats—Home proportion—Amicus. ...	201
14.	Our Children's pages (1) Malati and Madhavi see Father Christmas for the first time—Punkajam ...	204
	(2) Our letter to our young people—Padmini ...	206
15.	Common Ailments of Children—Chapter xviii— D. Kirubaimani. ...	207
16.	Our Fashion suggestions—Sister Susie ...	209
17.	Our Cookery Suggestions—G. L. ...	211
18.	Our Needlework Notes—Selected ...	211
19.	Our Correspondence column—Mother Confessor ...	212
20.	Our Health Notes—Selected. ...	213
21.	News from Travancore ...	215
22.	Our News and Notes—Selected. ...	218
23.	Acknowledgments ...	

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. III. NOVEMBER—DECEMBER 1929. No. 4 & 5

MY STAR

All that I know
Of a certain star,
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar),
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue ;
Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue !
Then it stops like a bird ; like a flower, hangs furled :
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world ?
Mine has opened its soul to me ; therefore I love it.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE PERSONALITY OF CHRIST.

NOW that Christmas is coming near, the world, whether Christian or non-Christian, gives special attention once again to the divinely-grand and the majestically-impressive figure of Christ, and asks about His message to the world. We know that this message is meant for everyone, for women as well as men, and that the beauty of it is that it is a closely personal message, which brings us into intimate touch with the Master Spirit of the world. The preaching of it cannot but be firmly associated with the personality of Christ, who lived, as well as taught, His doctrine. We cannot do better, therefore, than pause for a while to study some aspects of the life of this great teacher, whose birth is so joyfully celebrated at this season in every corner of the earth.

First then, let us dwell on the outward appearance of Christ. Dean Farrar tells us that, in Medieval times, Christ was represented in divergent ways. Sometimes, he was pictured in rather a revolting manner, by people, who sought by means of such a misrepresentation to show that Christ was different from the gods of

heathen sculpture, who were exquisitely perfect and beautiful. Sometimes, on the other hand, there were many, who represented Him as "the softest and loveliest ideal of human beauty." The fact remains, however, that Jesus is generally regarded as presenting a very beneficent aspect. Dean Farrar describes Him "as a man of middle size, and of about thirty years of age, on whose face the purity and charm of youth are mingled with the thoughtfulness and dignity of manhood. His hair, which legend has compared to the colour of wine, is parted in the middle of the forehead and flows down over the neck. His features are paler and of a more Hellenic type than the weather-bronzed and olive-tinted faces of the hardy fishermen, who are His apostles. No man, whose soul has not been eaten away by sin and selfishness, can look unawed on the divine expression of that calm face." It was indeed not possible for Christ to have appeared otherwise than as "something starry", as St. Jerome expresses it. What a man of power He was! John the Baptist, as soon as he looked on Him, called Him the Christ. The multitude saluted Him as the Son of David, and were ready to acclaim Him their king. Women served Him with the deepest devotion; and ignorant men, as soon as they saw Him, were ready to leave the world for His sake. His very glance was enough sometimes to cause an agony of repentance in the hearts of wrong-doers. His very presence drove devils into madness or quelled them into calmness. His very majesty made His bitterest enemies shrink from Him in fear or remorse. "All true beauty is but the sacrament of goodness, and a conscience so stainless, a spirit so full of harmony, a life so purely noble, could not but be reflected in the face of the Son of Man."

Christ's dress, we are told, was very simple. His hair was covered by a white *Keffiyeh*, which was fastened by a fillet round the top of the head and hung over the shoulders. A loose blue outer robe covered a seamless striped woollen tunic, which was girdled round the waist; there were sandals on the feet.

This Christ was born in a very humble home, which His charming presence must have made very happy. We know very little of His childhood and boyhood, and yet during all those years He must have been preparing Himself for His ordained ministry, gaining deep inspiration perhaps from the inanimate Nature He loved, through which the spirit of God spoke to Him. The teaching of Christ was peculiar to Himself. "There is no science in it, no art, no pomp of demonstration, no carefulness of toil, no trick of rhetoricians, no wisdom of the schools. All is short, clear, precise, full of holiness, full of the common images of daily life. He spoke of green fields and springing flowers, and the budding of the vernal trees; of the red or lowering sky; of sunrise and sunset; of

wind and rain ; of night and storm ; of clouds and lightning ; of streams and rivers ; of stars and lamps ; of honey and salt ; of quivering bulrushes and burning weeds ; of rent garments and bursting wine-skins ; of eggs and serpents ; of pearls and pieces of money ; of nets and fish. Wine and wheat, corn and oil, stewards and garden labourers and employers, kings and shepherds, travellers and fathers of families, courtiers in soft clothing and brides in nuptial robes—all these are found in His discourses."

Let us now take a few facts from His life on earth. Dean Farrar gives us five of these. First, Christ led a life of *poverty*. All the features of His existence on earth go to prove this,—His humble birth, the simple offerings made at His baptism by His mother, His life as a carpenter, His wanderings as a poor teacher, in which sometimes He could not find a shelter for Himself, His being sold to His enemies for such a small sum as thirty shekels. Though He was rich, yet for our sakes, He became poor."

Secondly, His was a life of *simplicity*. There were no luxuries in it, His food was very plain,—He could eat and enjoy coarse bread, simple boiled fish, a piece of honeycomb. He had never any money or possessions of His own, and His teaching to His disciples was to be as simple as Himself. "Carry no purse, no wallet, no shoes, and eat such things as are set before you."

Thirdly it was a life of *toil and work*. Christ was always at the service of others and sometimes He had no leisure even to eat. "Teaching, preaching, travelling, doing works of mercy, bearing patiently with the fretful impatience of the stiff-necked and the ignorant, enduring without a murmur the selfish pressure of the multitude—toil like this absorbed all His energies."

Fourthly, such a life was bound to be a life of *health*. We never hear that He was sick Himself. He could live on very little food, He could rest anywhere, He could sleep readily and well, He had powers of exceptional physical endurance, as we see from the last scene of all, when His strength endured through hours of mental agony physical trial and torture.

Fifthly, it is pointed out that His was a life of *sorrow*. He was indeed called the "Man of Sorrows." He suffered "the sorrow of rejection by those whom He loved, the sorrows of One, on whom were laid the iniquities for the world, the sorrows of the last agony upon the Cross," for there was no doubt that He was a man of deep feelings. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," He groaned once, and begged His Heavenly Father to let the cup of agony pass from Him, if He would. And yet, we cannot think of Him as having no joy. On the contrary, in spite of everything, he ever had a true inward happiness, the "joy of an unsullied conscience, of a soul removed from every shadow of baseness, the joy of



A rural Christmas procession in South India, where the Roman Catholics carry images of the Virgin Mary, Christ, St. Michael and other saints, in decorated cars.

Photo by A. J. Pandian, Tanjore.

an existence devoted wholly to the service of God and the love of man." And, though He indulged in no frivolous merry-making, in no foolish pleasures, He yet never discouraged innocent festivities. In fact, He even quietly joined in them.

He lived his earlier years in the home-circle. He attended weddings and feasts, He ate and drank with others at the marriage at Cana, He created wine, that drink which is so much spoken against by many people. Was Christ then wrong? Certainly not. He wished to shew that innocent worldly enjoyment could go with religion. It is easier indeed to be good when separated from the world and living away from it. But it is more useful to live in the world and shew how to live a godly life. As someone said: "Christ's ministry is to be a ministry of joy and peace. His sanction is to be given, not to a crushing ascetism, but to a genial innocence; His approval, not to a compulsory celibacy, but to a sacred union. He, who, to appease his own sore hunger would not turn the stones of the wilderness into bread, gladly exercises for the sake of others His transforming power; and but six or seven days afterwards relieves the perplexity and sorrow of a humble wedding-feast by turning water into wine. The first miracle of Moses was in stern retribution, to turn the river of a guilty nation into blood. The first one of Jesus was to fill the water-jars of an innocent family with wine."

So, Christ's message to all of us is to live among men and enjoy life with them, to go out into the world and set an example in ordinary life. "Go to Jerusalem and Samaria, to the crowded cities and homes of men. Live among them, kindling them with the passion of your holiness. Suffer little children to come to you; publicans and sinners to draw to you; crowds to follow you. All I ask is that whether you eat or drink, you should do all to the glory of God." And nothing is to be done in excess. Liberty must not become license, joy must not become revelry; eating and drinking must not become vices. All enjoyment must be innocent.

Christ did not despise marriage. On the contrary, I think, He absolutely condemned divorce and He often pointed out the sanctity of marriage. "Have you not read that He which made them from the beginning made them male and female. For this cause, shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife, so that they are no more twin, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Was it any wonder that later the connection between Christ and his Church was taken as typical of the marriage-relationship? "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And it was given unto her that she should array herself in fine linen, bright and pure; for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the Saints."

Yet, in spite of His arduous ministry among people, there is no doubt that Christ really preferred the life of an ascetic and an anchorite. He loved *solitude*. He liked quiet, and whenever possible he avoided towns and cities, walked in lonely places, rested in gardens or on the sea-shore, or went out into mountain retreats to pray the whole night in sweet peace and communion with His Father. It, indeed, must have been with difficulty that He frequented crowded places, as He so often had to.

Let us take some more facts of Christ's life. He was a man of *Holiness and purity*. We know that He was looked upon as good by others. "And behold, one came to Him and said, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

He was a man of *humility*. He poured water on the feet of His disciples; "Take my yoke upon you," He taught, "for I am meek and lowly in heart," and "Many shall be last that are first, and first that are last." He was full of *gentleness and tenderness* of heart, for we read that He hated violence and the doing of harm to others; and he ever advocated non-requital of evil and forgiveness of injuries. "Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

He was a man of *tolerance*, as we see by His kindness to the woman taken in adultery, to the woman of Samaria, to the Publicans and Mary Magdalene.

And yet, he never *cringed*, nor was He ever *frightened*. That He was a man of courage, we see from His fearless replies to His enemies, and His undaunted demeanour before Pilate and at the Cross. That He could shew *righteous anger* for the sake of His cause we see from His driving out of the money-changers from the temple. And that He was not afraid to be severe in punishment, we see from His condemnation of the Gadarene swine and the barren fig-tree.

Christ was a *just* man. He said "As I hear, I judge, and my judgment is just, because I seek not mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." He was very *straight-forward* and went right to the heart of things, as when He ruthlessly told the rich young man about the futility of his wealth, and also when He pitilessly advised the taking up of His cross as the only proof of discipleship.

Christ was full of *sympathy and kindness* to others. He ever sought out the oppressed, the down-trodden, the despised and the poor, and His sympathy extended to all classes of people, like the widow of Nain, the Syro-phenician woman, the poor widow with her mite.

He could *discriminate* and understand character, as we see by His differentiation between Martha and Mary. His special attitude

to Nicodemus and Nathaniel, his leniency towards Thomas, the doubter.

He was fond of children and simple-minded people. He had plenty of *humour* in Him, as we can well understand from some of His replies to his enemies. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," He said with a deep enjoyment of the perplexity of the chief priests. Again, "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," He uttered, laughing gently, I am sure, at the exceeding astonishment of His disciples. And, it was only a man of humour, I venture to think, who, disliking pomp and ostentation as He did, yet consented to ride into Jerusalem in a sort of humble triumph.

Finally, let us not forget that Christ's life was always a life of *unselfishness*, of *self-denial*, of willing *sacrifice*. In all His sorrows He never forgot to say: "Nevertheless, not as I will, But as Thou wilt," It is this acquiescence of sacrifice, which makes Christ's message to us a message of reconciliation and atonement with the universal Father, as expressed in the message of the Angels, when they sang at the birth of Jesus: "Glory to God in the highest; peace upon earth; goodwill towards men."

KAMALA.

INDIAN POETESSES.

IT is rare, and therefore perhaps thrilling, to find women writing good poetry. It is rarer still to find an Indian woman doing it. It always gives me pleasure, therefore to skim through the pages of the little volume edited by Mrs. Macnicol, in which a number of poems by Indian women have been collected after translation into English. It is interesting to note that the collection starts so far back as 1000 B. C., when some ladies wrote in Vedic Sanskrit, chiefly about material boons. We get songs in Pali from the 5th to the 7th centuries B. C., when, following a spirit of discontent with degenerated priestly methods, came the teaching of Buddhism and other great doctrines. Many of the verses, therefore, treat about the quest for peace and the freedom of the soul from restrictions of various kinds,—from irksome domestic routine, as well as from life's transitory doubts and fears, but not, as is pointed out, "a release from sin."

In the medieval period, we get poetry of varying types and thought. One is connected with the school of *Bhakti*, or Devotion to God, culminating in an intense desire for service. The passionate side of it is sometimes built round Sri Krishna's life on earth, sometimes round special shrines. The philosophical side of it is concerned with "release, as due to the realisation of the oneness of the universal spirit, the recognition that the worshipped and worshipper

are one. The deliverance sought is from birth and re-birth and bondage to action and its fruits. It is on the emotional side that it is at once most akin to, and most diverse from, the Christian faith. Again and again, a verse from the Psalms might be a free translation of some lines from a Marathi hymn."

There were also women then, who wrote about Court affairs, and were encouraged by royal patrons. As the Moghul power declined in the 18th century, the Court became more debased and the poetry grew more artificial and ornate. We get in this period some poems of religious fervour, in which the thoughts are centred round the personality of a special *Guru* (teacher). Then comes the modern period, in which, we are told, Europe began to contribute towards India's development. Mrs. Macnicol points out the following characteristics of the period: (1) the impetus given to prose; (2) the extension of the range of subjects in poetry; (3) the careful description of nature; (4) a note of romanticism and love-poetry; (5) the desire to serve humanity, as an accompaniment of devotion to God.

Let us now take some selections from the poetry of our Indian ladies. First, come the verses in Vedic Sanskrit, in which there is a poem by Ghosha to the twin Asvin gods.

"Arouse the lovely hymns and make our thoughts to swell,
Stir up abundant riches—that is our desire;
Make glorious our heritage, ye Asvin pair;
Yea, make us for our princes like the Soma dear.

This praise-song have we made for you, O Asvins,
Have fashioned it as Bhrigus build a wagon;
Have decked it as the bride is for the bridegroom,
Presenting it to you as our own offspring."

There are a few poetesses in Classical Sanskrit also. Gangadevi wrote, quaintly enough, of the unreliability of her own sex:

"Shady places where all evil blossoms; snares that trap as a deer is trapped, minds blended with passion; weapons wielded by the deceiving emissaries of Desire :—how can the wise have confidence in women?" Her description of Autumn is pretty: "With eyes like full-blown lotuses, eager to behold her own countenance, verily did Autumn draw out of her own bodies of clouds the mirror of the sun."

Equally pretty is the invocation of Vikantanitamba to a bee: "Divert now your rambling mind, Oh bee! to shrubs that can bear your pressure. Why do you thus unreasonably torment the double jasmine's sprouting bud, in which as yet no pollen has been formed?"

Among the Buddhist poetesses were some nuns, who had re-

tired from the world from various causes. Here is the plaint of one, who had lost her son :

Now here, now there, light-headed, crazed with grief,
Mourning my child, I wandered up and down,
Naked, unheeding, streaming hair, unkempt,
Lodging in scourings of the streets, and where
The dead lay still, and by the chariot-roads—
So three years long I fared, starving, athirst.

And then at last I saw Him as He went
Within that blessed city Mithila :
Great Tamer of untamed hearts, yea Him,
The very Buddha, Banisher of Fear.

Now all my sorrows are hewn down, cast out;
Uprooted, brought to utter end,
In that I now can grasp and understand
The base on which my miseries were built."

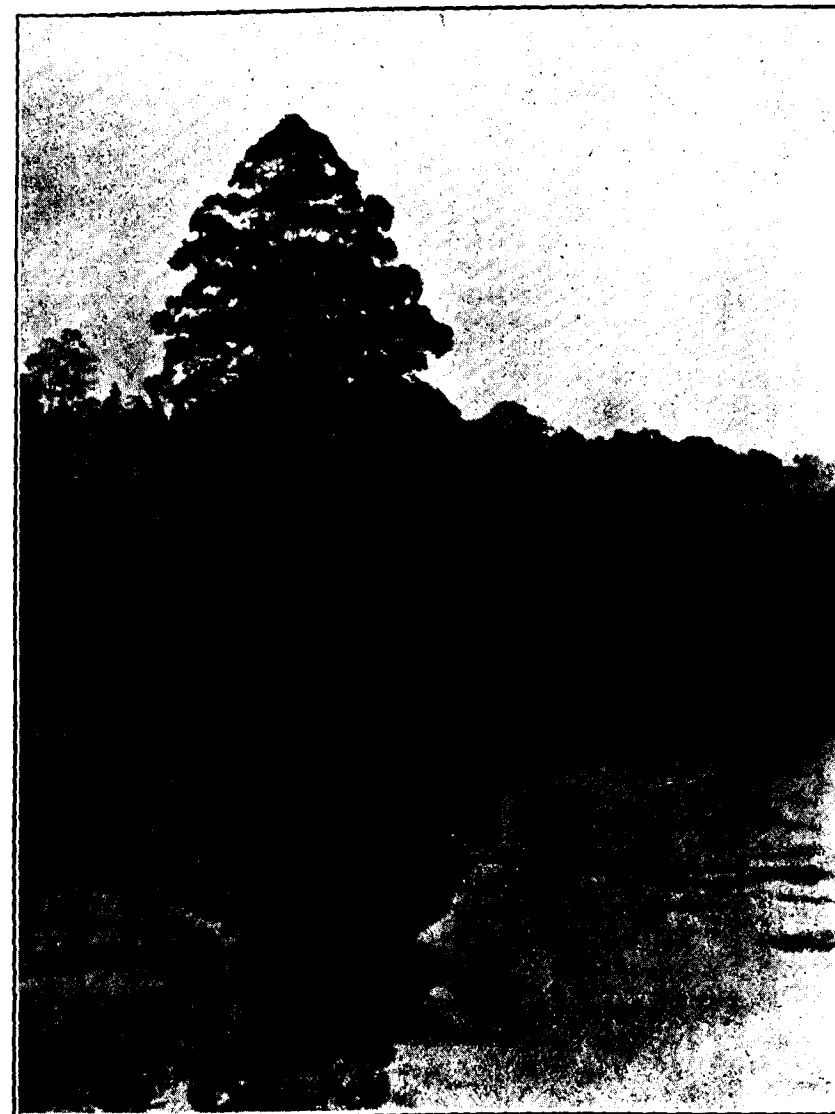
Compare with this the humorous inditing of Mutta, who wrote :

"O free indeed ! O gloriously free
Am I in freedom from three crooked things :—
From quern, from mortar, from my crook-backed lord !
Ay, but I am free from rebirth and from death ;
And all that dragged me back is hurled away."

There is a pathetic story of a nun called Patachara. She became mad with grief at the sudden loss one day of husband, children, parents and brother. In her crazy wanderings, she went to where the Buddha was teaching. The people objected to her presence : "Suffer not that little lunatic to come hither." But the great teacher intervened, and going to her said to her, "Sister, recover thou presence of mind." He comforted her, with the words, "O Patachara, to one passing to another world, no child or other kin is able to be a shelter or a hiding-place or a refuge. Therefore, let whoso is wise purify his own conduct and accomplish the path leading even to Nibhana." Patachara was so won over that she recovered her self-control and eventually herself become a comforter of other bereft women.

The Tamil poetesses are very charming. The poems of Avvai or Avvaiyar are well-known. Her parents were wandering pilgrims, who abandoned her at an inn near Trichinopoly. Brought up by kind neighbours, she too became a wanderer, but a poetic one, who was called playfully "A singer who sings for a cup of porridge." Here are some songs from her :

"If the virtuous are ruined, the virtuous are still virtuous ;
If the wicked are ruined, of what use are they ?



A BEAUTY-SPOT IN THE NILGIRIS

Photo by A. J. Pandian, Tanjore.

If the golden pot is broken, it is still gold ;
 If the earthen pot is broken, of what use is it ?"
 We slave, we beg, we cross the seas ;
 We revere, we rule, we compose, our songs we raise ;
 All to feed this wretched body of ours,
 Which tortures us for a measure of rice !"

"A home wants nothing when it has a good wife.
 If such a woman is not found in the house,
 Or if she is a woman who uses hard words,
 The house is like a den where a tiger dwells."

Andal is another Tamil poetess, the daughter of a Vaishnava priest. Her adoration of the god Krishna was such that she refused to marry anyone and was finally married to the god in the temple of Srivilliputhur. She wrote two books, *Tirupavi* and *Tiruvaimalai* and lived probably about 1000 A. D.

The following are some songs by her :

"O people who live in the world,
 Would ye hear what we are going to do to our God ?
 We shall sing the praises of our heavenly God, who
 Made the ocean of milk his bed.

We shall neither take ghee, nor drink milk,
 We shall not paint our eyes after our morning bath,
 We shall not wear flowers. Further,
 We shall not do what we ought not to do.
 Bad words we shall not utter.
 We shall give arms and live unto Him."

"Is it not true that black birds in innumerable flight wake up the dawn, sing the praises of the God and greet the coming sun ?

They sing the words of the great God whose bed is the banyan leaf, and who lives in the forest-clad hills."

"O Cuckoo who singest merrily, playing with thy beak in the Shenbaka flowers, laden with honey.

The god, who holds a white conch in his left hand, has not shown his form to me, but has entered into my heart and has made me suffer sorely.

Wilt thou sing, but not too loudly, so that he may come to me?"

Among the Kanarese poetesses is Kanti who belongs to the Jaina period (1105) ; Mahadeviakka, who preferred the life of a nun to that of a King's wife ; Srungaramma and Honnamma who lived at the court of Chikka Deva Raya of Mysore (1672-1704). We give a few quotations from their verses :

"If you build your house on a hill, how can you fear wild beasts ? If you build it by the sea, how can you fear the waves ? If you build it in the village, how can you fear noise ? In this

world, we must fear praise and blame equally, without anger and with patient mind."

"Her hands and feet were like the lotus, her eyes and her face like the lotus petal. So she was called Padmani.

She clapped her little hands, she toddled about. People, hearing the sweet words of the chubby child, adored her. She and her friends chattered like parrots and they walked in stately style like swans, or strutted like peacocks, the sweet inquisitive little folk."

A Malayali poetess, wrote a story about a holy Yogi, to whom the Lord manifested Himself in the guise of a mischievous little boy.

"The Yogi seeing the little fellow,
Was over-joyed in his heart,
As a peacock at the sight of a dark cloud,
And drew near in all eagerness
To take him up tenderly and embrace him.
But on the instant, Lakshmi's blessed Lord
Fled swiftly from the place."

A Kashmiri Poetess wrote some poetry, of which the following is a sample:

"Put thou thy thoughts upon the path of immortality.
If thou leave them without guidance, into evil state will they fall.
There be thou not fearful, but be thou very courageous.
For they are like unto a suckling child that tosseth restless on its mother's bosom."

Some of the Marathi poetesses are followers of the Bhakti school. Mukta Bai, who lived in the 13th Century A. D., was the child of a poor Brahmin, and died quite young, yet produced some wonderful verses.

"Where never darkness comes my home I made;
There my delightful lodging ever found.
That perfect shelter cannot fail our need;
Going and coming trouble us no more.
Beyond all vision and above all spheres,
He, our delight, our inmost soul indwells.
He, Mukta says, is our heart's only home."

Jana Bai was the servant of a poet, who rescued her from a life of misery. She came after Mukta Bai, and her style is said to be much simpler.

"Tangled in darkness, I,
In the deep night of worldly ignorance.
From this, oh Govind, dearest bliss of Yasoda,
Set thou me free.

Close to thy side no place is found
For such dark ignorance.
Thy fellowship divine
Brings sanctity to men.
Needs were, Brahma itself
Thereby were purer made."

Bahina Bai was the disciple of Tukaram of the 17th Century. We are given a poem by her about a little calf which she loved. The story runs that, as a child of eleven, she had been married to a man of thirty-three, who had treated her badly. He hated her pet, and beat her on account of it. The calf died and feeling the transitoriness of all earthly things, Bahina turned to religion. Her husband fell ill and repented of his evil. Finally, both were reconciled to each other and became the disciples of Tukaram.

Chokha Mela's wife was an outcast, but a devout worshipper of God. She lived about 1338. She wrote,

"The flesh is defied—so they all declare;
But the spirit is pure, clearly discerning.
Without defilement is no flesh created,
Anywhere in all the world.
The defilement of flesh is in the flesh itself, of a surety.
So says the wife of Chokha the Mahar."

We must not omit mention of the Christian poetess, Lakshmi Bai Tilak, the wife of a great Marathi writer. We are given a poem by her about the incompleteness of either man or woman apart from the other.

The chief of the Hindi poets is Mira Bai, who wrote in Gujarati as well as in Hindi. She was a Rajput princess, who, being persecuted because of her refusal to conform to the religion of her family, became the disciple of a saint in 1470. Here is a verse from her,

"Utter not, utter not, utter not any word but Radha Krishna.
Do not forsake the sweet taste of sugar and sugar-cane, and mix it with the bitter lime.
Do not forsake the light of the moon and the sun
and set your affection on a glow-worm.
Do not give up diamonds, rubies and jewels, nor
weigh real gems against pewter.
Miran says, 'The Lord who holds up the mountains
has given you an equipoised body'."

Rupamati was the wife of the last independent ruler of Malwa. After a life of seven happy years with her husband, during which she wrote her songs, her kingdom was conquered by the Emperor Akbar, and Rupamati met with her death. Here is a verse from her

"Friend, let others boast their treasure;
 Mine's a stock of true love's pleasure,
 Safely cared for every part,
 'Neath that trusty lock, my heart;
 Safe from other women's peeping;
 For the key's in mine own keeping.
 Day by day it grows a little,
 Never loses e'en a little;
 But through life will ever go
 With Baz Bahadur, weal or woe."

A pretty story is told about the Hindi poetess, Shekh Rangrezin, who lived about 1703. She was a Mohammedan, a dyer by trade. A Brahmin poet sent his cloth to her to be dyed, and in its folds by mistake he left a slip of paper, on which was written half a verse of poetry:

"Why has the waist of a woman, like a golden stick, become thin?"

She returned the turban with the verse completed on the paper:—

"Having taken away the gold of the waist, the Creator has put it on the bosom."

The surprised Brahmin went to see the dyer and finally married her.

Besides Mira Bai, there are other Gujarati poetess like Divali Bai and Gavri Bai.

Bengali poetesses are many in number. Here is an example from the poetry of Madhabi, who was a disciple of Chaitanya:

"So struck with fear, his anxious glance
 Perceives on all sides trees and creepers green,
 Shedding their leaves untimely, the glowing sun
 His rays upshrouding, and the milk-white clouds
 Changing to rusty: birds with closed eyes,
 Careless of flower and berry and sparkling stream,
 Sit loud lamenting, shrieking to the skies,
 Calling in sympathy Gauranga's name;
 While by the wayside dumb the cattle stand,
 Herd after herd; and Madhabi's poet fell
 Full length upon the ground."

Nirupama Devi was related to Keshub Chunder Sen and married a prince of Cooch Behar. She wrote a book called *Dhup*.

Mrs. Kamini Roy was a teacher in the Bethune College, Calcutta. She wrote a volume of poems called *Alo o Chaya*, from which we quote the following.

"We are indeed children of light. What an endless mart goes on in the light. In the light is our sleeping and waking, the play



MRS. ANUSUYA BAI KALE, the first lady member of the C. P. Legislative Council who has been selected as one of the Assistant Commissioners to co-opt with the Labour Commission.

Photo :-R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



MRS. TAMBE, wife of His Excellency Mr. S. B. TAMBE,
Acting Governor of the C. P. She presided at the C. P. Women's
Conference, held at Yeotamal recently.

Photo :- R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

of our life and death. Beneath one great canopy, in the ray of one great sun, slowly, very slowly, burn the unnumbered lamps of life. In this boundless ocean of life, if a tiny lamp goes out, let it go; who can say that it will not burn again?"

Among the Persian poetesses, we get familiar names. Sultan Raziyya Begum was the daughter of one of the Slave Kings of Delhi and became Empress herself. Nur Jehan was the wife of the Emperor Jehangir :

"Thy love has melted my body and it has become water,
Any antimony that might have remained became the
antimony of the bubble's eyes.
The bud may open by the morning breeze which blows in
the garden,
But the key to the lock of my heart is the smile of my
beloved."

Zeb-un-Nisa Begum and Zinat-un-Nisa Begum were daughters of Aurangzib. Here is a verse from a famous poem by the former :

"When from my cheek I lift my veil,
The roses turn with envy pale,
And from their pierced hearts rich with pain,
Send forth their fragrance like a wail."
An Urdu poetess wrote,
"To whom shall I go to tell the complaints of my heart?
The heart's judgment is within itself;
But its blister has burst and has flowed out through
the eyes;

Its caravan is passing by the pathway of tears."

As to Indian poetesses, who wrote in English, we are familiar with the names of the hapless young girl, Toru Dutt. Well known also are the hymns of Ellen Goreh. And most familiar are the beautiful poems of Sarojini Naidu, from which we cannot help quoting a lovely piece :

"From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew,
A little, lovely dream.
Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fireflies
Dance through the fairy neem:
From the poppy-hole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream."

Dear eyes, good night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A little lovely dream."

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

THE MODERN INDIAN WOMAN AND HER RESPONSIBILITIES.

ONCE upon a time the world outside her home was a closed book to the woman of India, but the wave of thought and action that is sweeping over the land has affected her as well; and to-day the average educated woman in India cannot possibly hope to remain either in the forced seclusion of her purdah, or in her voluntary martyrdom, in order to preserve the old old tradition of the merely successful householder, even if she wishes to do so.

It is a noteworthy fact that at no time of her history and her emancipation, has the woman in India been the recipient of so much attention, as now, from all quarters of the world as it were. Many causes have been at work undoubtedly: and among them not the least is the awakening to a higher, newer and larger life of the women themselves. To-day it is not difficult for the woman, at least the educated one, to do as she likes and to do whatever interests her. The old horizon is disappearing very rapidly and a new, broader, more vital career awaits her. Life is becoming every day an adventure for her and one feels for the woman who is really alive to the opportunities that are around her.

But, is she alive? That is the question: alive in the biggest sense of the word? I should say yes; considering the response that is everywhere to be met with when a woman begins tackling a job; and then there is the innate desire to come out of her shell, which is no small ambition.

A friend of mine told me of a curious yearning, which seemed to pervade the minds of a class of senior girls in her charge, who were asked to write a short essay on the theme, 'my aim in life.' It was a singular coincidence, my friend observed, that in nine cases out of the ten exercises she corrected, she found 'that they wanted above all things, to be economically free in the first instance, and then to do something useful in life, apart from marrying and settling down in life.'

This I think is undoubtedly the result of the time-spirit, if I may so call it. Of course it cannot be denied, and I am aware of

the possibility, that the pendulum may swing to the other end; and I for one shall not be surprised if there are blunders—if the modern woman in India is very much misunderstood. But what concerns me and what I would ask some of my pioneering friends to think about is, how the present educated woman in India is going to bridge over the gulf that exists between the educated few of her sex, and the hundreds and hundreds of her less fortunate sisters. The thought itself is appalling, and one cannot imagine without a certain amount of concern, the amount of labour, energy and time involved in raising the average standard. I suppose men can do a great deal to help in this fine task, as a critic of mine remarked recently. This is very true. Nothing is so hurtful or repulsive as indifference to a cause. Are the men in India going to help the cause of the Indian woman, or are they going just to smile over her endeavours? Human nature being what it is, men having conservative tendencies are universally the same; and the Indian is no exception; unless he is goaded into action, precious little is done by him.

I am aware I am uttering a statement which might sound very unpleasant. Yet, the history of Woman's movement in India has advanced. The Sarda Bill, the four and half Colleges fund, the Hartog committee's recommendations, girls' education in India, the orientations sought to be brought about in the all-India Women's Conference of Educational and allied reforms, and above all the growing spirit of alertness of the women themselves—all these have happened in less than four years. Is that not what is called remarkable progress?

And that is why I feel women in India have reached a definite stage, when they ought to be able to take stock of their progress and activities, and see how best they can help their cause to spread and to grow. The problem before the woman of India, is not, as I said before, one of providing university education, but to give education to all—the plain simple education which endeavours to raise the standards of life; the education which gives an understanding of real values, and which helps woman to live and to get the best out of life.

To make something of this God-given life; to make it sweet and beautiful; to help her children to become useful and strong citizens, to help her man to bear his share of the burden when she marries him, and amidst all this to preserve about her her fine individuality and alertness to respond to new ideas; to build or to rebuild a better order of society, and thus to have lived her life to the fullest and best advantage; this seems to me woman's task. How best can she do it?

University education is good: but it is worse than useless if it makes the girl or the woman, who has it and goes through it, a

misfit in life. Besides, a university education can never be for the many. Only a few, a small percentage of the women, can have the privilege: whilst it is obvious that the others must make the best of their opportunities. We do not want our educated women to be misfits. We want them to be 'definite units' in society. We want them, in addition to keeping homes for their husbands, and mothering their children, to accelerate and aid the progress of all things, science, education or literature: to make use of their votes, and to fulfil their great destiny. It is foolish and unnecessary for them to repeat over again the mistakes that men have done. Their own genius and the will to get to the top must be in itself a sufficient incentive to them, for their progress onward.

Whatever her occupation be, every woman has and will continue to have domestic interests. The sphere of her home with its absorbing human problems must hold her attention. How best can it be made beautiful? How best can unhappy homes be made things of the past; how best can home be made a nursery for all good things; these the modern Indian woman must think about, and her outlook must help her to solve these problems. And so too, the importance of health: of good clean living with the maximum of comfort, and clean standards, and with the minimum of labour, and unhappy wasteful effort: the ultimate readjustments and the sympathetic understanding of the genuine efforts of the men around her—these must occupy her attention. And, as a finishing touch to all these details, a real culture which broadens and enriches her existence must come with the daily life of the modern Indian woman.

These are some of the responsibilities, as it seems to me, that face her today. I suppose they face most women everywhere; but in the case of our women, the responsibility is greater still, for, whilst on the one hand woman must keep pace with the ever changing thoughts and ideas that sweep the world, she has at the same time, the onerous task of preserving her own individuality, —the supreme sense of being an Indian, and the custodian of a really beautiful culture which has no parallel. This can happen only through keeping before herself, the ideal of a perfected motherhood. India's message again, it seems to me, is through the millions and millions of its mothers. It may not be articulate to-day: it may not reach the world yet; but a day will come in the history of our own times when the world will have much to gain from such a conception. The task of the modern woman in India, and hence too her responsibility, is to understand this spirit, and to endeavour to perfect this conception. It is a task which requires a great deal of patience, a proper understanding of real values, and of discriminating the essential from the unessential things around. Then shall the modern Indian

woman has justified her existence, and the faith which modern men have in her.

One feels with the "Gentlemen with a Duster" when he says, "A woman's real job is improving the race; and if she attended to it properly perhaps we shouldn't be such a sick and sorry lot."

How very true!

R. L. RAU.

A LEONORA.

Adapted from the German.

(A story about Beethoven.)

The story of the opera of Leonora:—Leonora disguises herself as a page and assumes the name 'Fidelio' to free her husband, Florestan, who was unjustly put in prison. She gains admission there by serving the gaoler Rocco, whose daughter Marcellina falls in love with the supposed page. Pizarrow, the Governor of the prison, hears that the king, learning of his cruelty, is sending his minister to depose him; so he determines to kill Florestan forthwith. Rocco, unwillingly obeying his superior's order, goes down with Fidelio to prepare the grave. Pizarrow enters the cell and rushes upon Florestan with a dagger; Leonora throws herself in front of her husband exclaiming "kill first his wife!" Just then the minister arrives and imprisons Pizarrow, leading to a happy ending: Leonora is united to her husband and Marcellina marries her assiduous lover, Jaquino.

IN the unusually beautiful month of June, 1822, a tall, lonely man could be seen walking up and down on the Wasserglaciis every day at exactly the same hour in the afternoon, to whom every pedestrian respectfully yielded the way. He appeared not a minute later or earlier; nor heat nor shower could hasten the pace of that gloomy walker, nor could any flower or human face catch his eye. Slow, firm and proud he walked, eyes sunk, hands crossed at the back. He marked it not if the breezes played with the grey curls on his thought-heavy forehead, or teasingly drew them into his eyes. None could walk carelessly past this apparition: he bore all too evidently the stamp of the extraordinary; the high-soaring greatness of genius trailed like a halo round this sunken head. Every boy, too, knew: "That is LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, who has created such wonderful music," and forgot to crack his whip or throw his ball when that earnest man came by. Young and old, high and low, walked beside him or contented themselves with greeting him reverentially, never hoping for a reply. Coat-bearers loaded with their heavy burdens stood patiently by till the wonderful dreamer had gone past them.

Just at that time, the Viennese had been showing a heightened interest in the sombre appearance of the renowned master. Beethoven had finished a month back his first and only opera "Leonora"

(which he later named "Fidelio"), but was stubbornly refusing to release it for performance. Self-willed, deaf against every entreaty, he kept the precious work locked in his desk.

"I can't find any Leonora, however much I long for her," he used to tell his friends, who were never tired of trying to storm him into acquiescence. "Songstressess of course there are in plenty, but none after my heart. My Leonora will not strike any shake* or break her neck at all sorts of turns;* she need not change her dress ten times a day or be particularly beautiful; but she must have something besides her voice which I won't disclose to you, for you will only laugh at the 'mad' Beethoven. Let the opera lie quietly with me and don't trouble yourselves with it."

But the impatient men would not leave him alone. They vexed him daily and sent him unwanted singers one upon another, which finally enraged him. Beethoven remained patient amazingly long. One evening, however, they pressed him too much and related wonderful things about the *début* of a young songstress who was making all Vienna talk about her. She was no other than the daughter of the famous actress, Sophie Schröder, scarcely seventeen, who had only a short time back left Hamburg with her parents for the imperial city.

As Mozart's Pamina, she had delighted all hearts with the charm of her voice and figure; the people with one voice prophesied for her a great future. All this they dinned into the master's ears and hoped he would allow the beautiful creature to try her hand at the hidden treasure of his latest creation.

Beethoven flew into a rage. "What? Shall I trust my holy gem with a child who has hardly left her school?" he asked vehemently. "I think you are dreaming, or your curiosity has bid adieu to your senses. No, Beethoven has not composed his 'Leonora' for a girl of seventeen!—But I am now quite tired of your pricks and declare once for all that I will *burn* my opera if anyone of you again dare ask for it!" He was so imposing in his anger that everybody silently slipped away one by one and thenceforth no mention was made of Leonora within earshot of its author.

2

Now, it happened some days later that the great musician regularly met a young, blond maiden a short way from the town on his return from his daily walk. She mostly wore a simple, white dress, a small, pretty straw hat and a dark red shawl which fell over her shoulders. She too, like every one else who met the genius, turned respectfully to a side, but slowly and hesitatingly, with a compelling grace. In so doing she fixed her big eyes on the master's face.

Musical terms.

They were eyes which had a power to possess, bind and loose, to awaken a dreaming soul, of a wonderful deep blue, melancholy gaze and unfathomable depth. Only a dreamer like Beethoven could withstand so long those enchanting glances which seemed to pierce him through and through: he walked past the slim girl many a day without noticing her. Her fine lips trembled as he brushed past her; it seemed as if she would have spoken, but remained silent and looked after him with wonder and regret, and then turned back towards the town.

One evening a storm burst in the sky. The thunder rolled and flashes of lightning twitched through the air; birds fluttered about anxiously and even the men who happened to be outside hastened to reach their protecting houses. Puffs of wind arose now and then, but not a drop of rain to cool the oppressive heat. The voice of thunder rose ever louder, the lightning flashed ever wilder. There strode Ludwig van Beethoven, returning from his walk, like a prophet. Head thrown up high, forehead brighter than usual, he seemed to enjoy that grim drama. He alone seemed to understand that mighty speech of the heavens, for he smiled at the rolls of thunder and looked undazzled into the jagged flashes. For him the roaring was but the swelling trumpet sound of a nature-symphony, and, as he threw up his arms in strange, mute inspiration, it was as if he expected an angel to fly down to him out of the flashes of lightning. O, that she would bring him a magic harp with which he could wildly play those melodies of which his inspired soul was over-full. Then Beethoven actually thought he saw an angel: a white form stood before him, and he stared at her expecting a miracle. But the supposed angel trembled, stretched her hands towards him entreatingly, and murmured a few incoherent words. Wondering, the master found himself gazing at the pale, lovely face of a maiden and something occurred to his faint memory. Had he not seen that face, had he not walked past the girl often?—In a dream perhaps! He knew it not.

"Child," said he at last, bowing low to her, "are you out-of-doors in this bad weather? Are you belated, or have you lost your way?"

"I only wanted to meet you," answered a sweet voice, firm, and at the same time soft.

"Me? What can you expect from me?"

"Your—'Leonora'!"

Beethoven stepped back. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Wilhelmine Schröder. Many a day have I stood here with an eager request; I have dared to speak only now."

"And you didn't see the weather coming on? Were you not afraid?"

"I feared only one thing, that you would refuse my request."

The master said nothing; he looked fixedly at the girl's blue eyes. She did not sink to the ground; she coloured hotly, but returned the gaze. Beethoven stretched his arm, grasped her small, lovely hands, and said mildly, breathing quick and deep, "Come to me early tomorrow, my child, and be brave. I think I have found my Leonora.—But away from here now; I will take you home."

She clung to his arm and a smile played on her lips, her cheeks glowed and her heart beat wildly: the fulfilment of her burning wish was near. The storm had ceased, and a refreshing shower came down. At the gate of the town, Beethoven hailed a passing carriage and placed her in it with fatherly care. She kissed his hand impulsively in farewell, and he turned away. Only once did he look back, and saw her leaning over the carriage door towards him, her face pale with emotion. A feeling of wonderful warmth streamed through his heart and he said to himself slowly, with a melancholy, though happy, foreboding, "This girl will throw yet a sunbeam on my path—the last!"

3

The next morning, Wilhelmine Schröder stood near Beethoven at the piano. Before him lay the score of his "Leonora." First he briefly explained to her the theme of the opera, which she eagerly absorbed, flew over the first numbers of Jaquino and Marcellina, and intoned, humming lightly, marking time firmly with one hand, gripping the chord of accompaniment with the other, Leonora's voice in the quartette.

*Mir ist so wunderbar!*¹,

Wilhelmine followed each tone with eager attention. At the trio,

*Mut, Söhnchen, Mut!*²,

her blue eyes shone passionately; but as the grandeur of the great song,

*Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin!*³

unfolded itself before her mind, a trembling of the deepest agitation passed through her tender body. With each number the half-breathless hearer's emotion increased, the master played and intoned with greater inspiration; she knew not how harsh and broken the voice was which poured forth this splendour into her ear and soul. At the duet,

*Nur hurtig fort, nur frisch gegraben!*⁴

of the second act, unconscious of the tears that rolled slow and heavy over her cheeks, she kept looking steadfastly at the wonderful man who sat before her and had won her entire veneration.

¹"Is so wonderful to me."

²"Be brave, little son," said by Rocco.

³"Dreadful man, whither hurriest thou?" by Fidelio, apostrophising the governor of the prison.

⁴"Get on quick, and bury quick", sung by Rocco and Fidelio, while preparing the grave.



MRS. V. KAMALADEVI of Cocanada, who has been elected President of the Andhra Congress Committee. She was the Captain of the lady volunteers Corps for the 39th Indian National Congress held at Cocanada.

Photo:-R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



Andhra Ladies Conference.

A group photo consisting of Srimathi T. Raja Rajeswaramma, Chairman of the Reception Committee, with Srimathis Nanduri Lakshmi Narasamma, and Darsi Annapurnamma, Secretaries of the 20th Andhra Ladies Conference.

Photo :- Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

What an arresting picture these two figures made in that small simple room,—the old master, clad in a homely way, with gleaming eyes and shining forehead, totally sunk in his work or now and then earnestly looking at his hearer's face, and the young fresh, beautiful maiden by his side, richly attired with scrupulous neatness, with the golden sunbeams caressing her tresses,—as if sombre autumn were mingled with smiling spring!

Beethoven's hand rushed over the keys. "Here comes the place of highest exaltation," said he, "whither the light-rays of the whole opera converge. Attention to this cry! By this, my child, thou wilt show whether I am deceived in thee or not!" And then with the most vehement inspiration, he struck up that famous cry:

*Tot erst sein weib!*⁵.

Wilhelmine Schroder now understood for the first time what a giant's task she had stretched her hands after of her own accord. Trembling, she folded her arms on her breast, which was full of joy and fear alike. "*Tot erst sein weib!*" This one cry rang in her ears; she heard nothing further, and the bright finale passed over her like a dream. But, as Beethoven rose up and closed the score, she went to him with tottering steps and said earnestly and with a deep bow, "Only bless me in the task I shall attempt. Then I will succeed."

The master thoughtfully placed his hand on that fair head, and a smile of content glided over his serious face like an autumn sunbeam. That night, before she slept, the girl folded her beautiful hands and closed her prayer for the night with the words, "God, grant that I may be a Leonora, as he has dreamt of, that I may bring his heart one more joy."

A few weeks after this scene, Wilhelmine Schroder came out in Vienna in the opera "*Fidelio*," embodying that highest ideal of Love-heroism that hovered before Beethoven's genius. The composer himself sat in a dark corner near the theatre, but alas! her sweet yet powerful tones fell weak and broken in his then almost wholly deaf ears. He saw her happiness and emotion in her eyes that shone with passion and inspiration; the applause of the crowded audience came to him like the storm on a distant sea. In the second act he saw her in the gloomy prison, reaching the bread to her famished husband; as the wonderful light-spot of that mighty outcry was reached, his breath stuck and his eyes fastened themselves on her lips. For a second she seemed to hesitate, but suddenly she stood there in freely magnificent beauty and the note resounded with the highest passion in the soul of the excited auditor. A nameless joy gripped him: he had not been deceived in *this* Leonora! He could hug this young maiden to his heart, he

⁵"Kill first his wife!"

could bathe her in his tears; long-buried wishes and long-asleep hopes stood smiling on him out of their tomb. But body and soul were too used to sorrow; this sudden and infinite joy overwhelmed the man who had lived in want and pain. Ludwig van Beethoven fainted.

But, what was it that the great composer looked for in the performer of his "Leonora," and what did he find in the blue eyes of a young maiden? Hundred songstresses have we seen taking Leonora's part who were more beautiful, had a more charming grace; mistresses of the dramatic art have sung *Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin!* with a splendid voice, but from no other lips has the cry *Tot eret sein weib!* rung more mightily, irresistibly, than from those of Wilhelmine Schroder. And why? She possessed that rare magic, earth's costliest treasure, heaven's handsomest gift—a warm heart!

K. SHIVARAMA KRISHNAN

Asst. Editor, *The Scholar*.

NURSING FOR INDIAN LADIES.

THE woman's movement is advancing rapidly in India. Not only is it being admitted everywhere by men that, unless women are raised, reform in India cannot really go forward; but also, and better still, the woman herself, at last realising the privileges due to her and awakening to her responsibilities, has understood that to herself belongs much of the initiative of advance, and so has begun to bestir herself in real earnest. But, India is in a state where many of the reforms advocated, especially those for women, are still more or less in the "preaching stage." A good deal of theory has been admitted, but has not been worked out yet into practice. It behoves, therefore, the daughters of India to see that the resolutions, firmly passed by them in Conferences and Councils, should as firmly be carried out into literal effect.

In doing so, an important factor should be recognised. Our Indian woman is not, and should not be, exactly the same in her progress as her sisters in Western countries. There are, as we all know, differences in temperament, tradition and thought, that must carefully be attended to. Therefore, we ought to find out ways for ourselves, in which we can specially work out the bent of our inclinations, and in which the most backward among us, as well as the foremost, can accomplish something useful. There will be no lack of scope for the activities of the educated and the well-placed woman, who has more or less the voice of India with her. But, what

about a chance for the humbler individual, the more retiring sister, the more ignorant woman?

So far, the energies of most of our educated ladies have been directed into the teaching and the medical professions. Some pause must be made here, for there is no doubt that such walks are being overcrowded. We must look elsewhere for our chances, and I think that some of us cannot do better than turn to nursing. One is very pleased to see that notice is being taken now of this admirable vocation and of its special suitability for Indian ladies. We cannot do better than consider the question rather seriously. As Dr. Muthulakshmi said, there is a great need at the present moment for devoted women workers, who are ready to sacrifice themselves to relieve the sufferings of India. Foreign missionary ladies have worked hard for us and denied themselves for us; is it not time that we should lead now in this direction?

"We have no right to remain idle or indifferent, when the mothers and the children of India die in such large numbers, when many more become incapacitated through sickness and disease, when millions of our men and women, even in the prime of their life, are carried away by epidemics every year, when the destitute, old and young, are crying for relief, when at every turn of our beautiful cities we come across crowds of beggars, old, young, and sick, who, clothed in rags, stretch out their deformed and diseased hands for a few pies, when the brothels in our cities contain so many young girl, children ranging from the ages, 8 to 16, undergoing agonies both physical and mental. So I need not point out to you, that India needs thousands and millions of devoted women missionary workers to attend to her woes, but it pains me to note that this Presidency, which can boast of the greatest number of women's Colleges and largest number of Universities and of being the most advanced in education, possesses the fewest women honorary workers. I feel it is the system of women's education that is responsible for such a sorrowful state of affairs."

Especially should we, women of India, do our best for our own sisters, and, if we only look for them, many will be the opportunities we shall find for usefulness. As Mrs. Mirza said in the Mysore Ladies' Conference: "The problem of improving the health generally of women and making them better fitted to bear the strain of modern conditions and the peculiar demands of our sex is one of the greatest importance at present. We should, therefore, leave no stone unturned to raise our living conditions and multiply the facilities and equipment for aiding suffering women. This is a subject which should receive equal attention from you with the development of the education of women."

Nursing, I think, is peculiarly suited to our women. In the first place, it is one of the vocations, for which all women are naturally suited.

"Nursing is perhaps the best means, by which one set of women, either in a philanthropic or in a more tangible manner, can by actually joining the ranks of the profession bring help and solace to the general populace." In the second place, it is specially suitable for our Indian ladies. As everyone knows, there are many of the latter, who prefer to be in the background and not push themselves forward, and who do not crave for opportunities for claiming equality with men. There are again many, who do not wish to attend schools and colleges, and who have nothing to do except domestic work, and of that sometimes very little. To all such, nursing will form a gentle outlet for stored-up energies, a veritable God-send for wasted leisure.

Thirdly, it seems to me that it is very necessary that our ladies should learn nursing. It is a recognised fact that many of them are slaves to silly superstitions and harmful customs, especially during the time of sickness. Charms, spells, potions and quack-cures are often resorted to, leading to waste of precious time, which in severe cases may well spell loss of life. If some of our ladies take to nursing, if for instance there is one trained nurse in each family, it goes without saying that the trend of public opinion in India can be quietly and really changed. Lastly, nursing is a very good way of influencing others. When we are convalescent, no one seems such a benefactor to us as our efficient and kindly nurses. Naturally, gratitude flows from us in waves towards those, who cared for us in our weakness and pain, and we crave opportunities for the expression of that gratitude. Well then, here is an opportunity for our Indian ladies, who are trying to do social reform work. If, as a nurse, an Indian woman can get grateful patients among non-educated or old-fashioned ladies, she can slowly but surely change their stagnant views. No doubt, she will not gain much notoriety or fame thereby for herself; but she will surely procure good results for her cause.

Why should not then more of our ladies take to nursing? We need not all become nurses, but we can all learn nursing. It is not possible for many of us to become full-time nurses, for most of us are married and have our homes and our children to look after. Even among such, however, as I said before, there is much leisure to be profitably employed. Then, there is that unfortunate section of our community, the widows, for whom nursing can be made a special vocation. And those, who feel that nursing is the real work for them, need not get married, but can devote their lives to service. After all, though it is admitted that marriage should be one of the aims of womanhood, it should also be recognised that to many women marriage to the right man only is welcome. Happy marriage or no marriage at all, is their ideal. Hence, there will be many who do not wish to be married. Among these will be found

many educated girls, for it is becoming the common complaint now among old-fashioned people that educated girls are finding it very difficult to secure husbands. All that one can answer to this problem is, not that education among women should be stopped, but that all educated women need not marry. There are other fields of useful work for them than the domestic one.

Somehow or other, the nursing profession has, in India at least, been relegated to the humbler walks of life. The point is that there is not much opportunity for show in it, and it also means very hard and sometime menial work. Therefore, many of our educated ladies think it beneath their dignity to take up the profession. Yet it is time that we recognised that nursing is as much a field for education, as the teaching profession is for instance. Efficiency pays here the most, and where can we get better efficiency than from the educated woman?

"The need for intelligently-educated nurses is great; there is a great future for them in India. In other countries great strides are being made in the nursing profession, which stands at a very high level amongst the professions suitable for women. There is something needed in this presidency for setting free the mental and spiritual energies of our nurses, to admit them into new and wider channels of usefulness for human beings and for the better care of the sick. The best and most highly educated women in India should take up this profession, thereby making sure that in obtaining the best material we shall be maintaining the dignity and honour of the profession. It is by upholding such precepts that the profession will attract the class of women we require and at the same time secure its due recognition by the public at large. This can be greatly assisted, if women who are in authority in the various provinces in India will take an interest in the work of their sisters and see that they are recognised and given the proper status which is their due."

As Col. Hingston said, there are three ways in which nurses can work. There are the Hospitals first to be attached to.

"No modern hospital can exist without a highly organised nursing staff. Nurses are necessary to supervise the nursing of every department of the hospital day and night, in the operating rooms, clinics and laboratories.

It is a well-recognised fact that if good medical and surgical work is to be done nurses are an essential adjunct to the medical staff. Therefore, we hope to see at no great future date in all our hospitals a staff of nurses sufficient in number to meet the necessary requirements of each hospital." And here is a useful suggestion for educating nurses:

"If educated Indian ladies are coming forward, would it not be as well to adopt in this country a system which is now being

developed in England, America, France, and Italy, in which schools of nursing are run on the same basis as other professional schools, and recognised by the universities, which have created a special degree in nursing for graduates; these nurses to receive their training in hospitals. They should be supplementary to the nursing staff of the hospital. This co-operation of the University, nursing school, and the hospital will naturally have a most profound influence on the educational status of nurses. Highly qualified Indian ladies will without doubt enter the schools for nursing. The whole status of the nursing profession will be at once raised to a very high level."

Then there is the Health Welfare work of the city to be seen to, and first among these comes Maternity and Child-welfare work. "If but one-tenth of the fervour hitherto manifested in securing the raising of the age of marriage could now be diverted to ensuring the success of these ante-natal clinics, motherhood would indeed cease to be a period of suffering, a too frequent cause of premature death. It is not enough that we should work to secure that motherhood is postponed to a later age; we must continue our efforts until motherhood at any age is less dangerous, less painful, and more honoured than at present."

There is also Health-visiting to be done. Here is a schedule of work for the Health-visitor:

"At these Ante-Natal Centres, the most important thing is to have Health Visitors attached. We cannot work the Centres without them. I propose to address the Government to let us have at the Government Hospital for Women and Children some Health Visitors attached to the Ante-Natal Centre here. The duties of the Health Visitor should be clearly defined. She should visit the wards in the hospitals and get to know her patients and should take them to the doctors if necessary, and visit the patients in their own homes afterwards. She should encourage the pregnant mothers to come to the Ante-Natal Centre at regular intervals, and she should take students along with her to the houses of patients and instruct them how to examine the cases and what advice to give as regards their pregnancy. She could also attend to children at their houses, or advise them to be sent either to the Infant Welfare Centre or to the hospital, if necessary. So that you will see that, through the Health Visitor, we shall have a connecting-link between the patient in her house, the out-patient department, and the wards of the hospital: and if we have a number of these Health Visitors working on a systematised basis, I feel sure that we should have considerably improved the health of the mothers and children by early diagnosis, prophylactic advice, and care." Lastly, there is plenty of work for the private nurse, in the streets among the

houses of friends, and in one's own family. And, even here, associations of workers can be formed for mutual benefit.

But, for everything, training is very necessary; and schemes must be thought out for the encouragement of educated women to be taught the nursing profession, whether they wish to join Hospitals or not. Col. Hingston says,

"Let us for a moment consider the personnel of the nursing profession in this Presidency. There are hundreds of nurses working, nurses from England, nuns from France, Belgium, Italy, American nurses in Mission Hospitals and elsewhere and we have had nurses from Australia and other parts of the Empire. We have a large number of Anglo-Indian nurses and a still larger body of Indian nurses. We are glad to say that in the last few years we have had a very important and useful body of educated Indian women coming forward to join in the art of nursing. It is with this body of educated Indian ladies that the future of nursing in this Presidency depends.

The Government and members of the Legislative Council realise the importance of an organised body of nurses, but it is still necessary to educate the employers of labour, governors of schools and colleges, directors of large factories and shops, in the necessity for employing health visitors and specially-qualified nurses.

(One of the most important problems for consideration is the system of training nurses in this Presidency. We have in Madras highly educated Matron Superintendents in charge of both Government and Missionary Hospitals, assisted by competent and highly trained Tutors and Sisters and we look to their educated minds to help to forward proposals. We hope that the medical profession will give every possible assistance, and the educated Indian ladies and gentlemen of Madras, and educationalists, will come forward to assist in supporting and developing the nursing profession of this Presidency."

"The evolution of the sick-nurse," says the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "is mainly due to three very diverse influences—religion, war and science—to name them in chronological order." It is interesting to note that so long ago as 380 A. D., we find the earliest nurse. She was Fabiola, a Roman lady of means, who founded a hospital and a home for convalescents. About the same time, the Empress Flacilla took much interest in the sick. We hear that after the 4th. century A. D., there were six hundred women engaged in the hospitals at Alexandria, which were usually managed by religious bodies. After that organised nursing developed rapidly. But, in Protestant countries, a secular nursing system came into use after the Reformation, and nurses were taken in who engaged in inferior domestic occupations, when off duty. Thus, nursing for a

while became a menial office, in which women worked without any special training. However, in the middle of the 19th. century, a new movement was started which introduced the systematic training of nurses. The credit of it belonged to German religious bodies. The beginning was made at Kaiserth and was said to be "the mother of the modern system". In 1838, a nursing organization was founded in Philadelphia by the Society of Friends; and in 1840 the Institution of Nursing sisters was started in London by Mrs. Fry.

The great work undertaken by Florence Nightingale during the Crimean war did much for the profession of nursing. The fact that she was the first to apply correctly the principles of Hygiene to the reform of hospital work, naturally raised the status of the nurse. Several nursing societies were formed, and in 1860 the modern hospital school was definitely started with the money subscribed by the British public in commemoration of Miss Nightingale's grand services. Since then, England has taken the lead in nursing work, and other countries have followed. Finally, the development of systematic nursing has been steadily improved, and sometimes even nearly revolutionised, by the advance of science, by "scientific cleanliness" in fact. "The outcome has been to raise the dignity of the calling, to induce persons of a superior class to adopt it in increasing numbers, to enlarge the demand for their services, and to multiply the means of educating them." There is indeed a great future in store for nurses and nursing.

"A DAUGHTER OF INDIA."

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE.

"AN ACCOUNT OF THE MARITIME ACTIVITY IN THE ANCIENT TAMIL COUNTRY."

If we draw a broad line of demarcation between Northern and Southern India, we may find that the latter has a character all its own and a history generally independent from the rest of India. Long before the beginning of its authentic history, the branches of the great Dravidian race occupied South India. The early history of S. India is shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. The greater portion of it was known in ancient days as purely the land of the Tamil race and was called the 'Tamilakam' or the Tamil country.

The science of military and naval warfare was highly developed in the Tamil country. Coastal and oceanic trade expanded to the farthest limits. The wealth and importance of the country attracted foreign merchandise to its ports, where trade on an international

scale was carried on. Ship-building and maritime activity received unstinted support at the hands of the rulers. Ships of war existed, dockyards, harbours and lighthouses were built at Muchiri on the West Coast and Pukar on the East Coast and several other places. Agriculture, trade and industries flourished as in no other country.

The Tamil country has had active commercial intercourse with the Occident from pre-historic times. Very early in history the Tamils of S. India developed into a great sea-faring people. From ancient days the products of the Tamil land seem to have attracted the merchants of distant lands. The Bible (1 Kings IX & X) mentions that the Jewish King, Solomon, (B.C. 1000) received from his mariners occasional gifts of gold, silver, precious stones, spices, sandalwood, apes and peacocks. When Babylon had great trade with China between the 10th and 6th Centuries B. C., the Tamils also had a chief share in it.

There is abundant numismatic and other proof of active Indian trade with Imperial Rome, the Indian exports being spices, perfumes, pearls and other precious stones, silks, muslins and cottons. We also learn that during King Solomon's reign probably from Tamilakam "once in three years, the ships of Tarshish came, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks." This commerce was carried on largely by sea. Take for example the words for rice—the chief article of export. The Tamil word is *Arisi* (rice without husk). Arabic *Al-razz* and Greek *Oryza*. It is evident therefore that the western world got rice directly from South India by sea. Considering the other articles, the *almug* wood is nothing else than sandal. It appears in Greek as *Santalum* and could have come from Tamil *Sandana* or Samskrit *Chandana*, the exact Tamil word for it is *Aram*.

The names of apes and peacocks correspond, *Kapim* and *Tukim* are found in the Hebrew Bible. They are the same as those still used in Tamil (*i. e.*) *Kavi* and *Thokai*. The Arabs and Greeks appear to have kept up the trade from then. Besides, the Tamil Land had the good fortune to possess three valuable commodities not obtainable anywhere, viz. pepper, pearl and beryls. Pepper procured an exorbitant price in European markets and was so highly valued, that, when *Alaric the Goth* levied his war indemnity from Rome in A. D. 400, he included 3,000 pounds of pepper. to be delivered to him as his terms. The pearl fishery of the southern sea always invariably attracted hosts of foreign merchants. The Tamil States maintained powerful navies and were freely visited by ships both East and West, which brought merchants of various races anxious to buy the pearls, pepper and beryls and other choicest commodities of the South and to exchange them with the gold, silver and art-ware of Europe.

Manimekhalai and the Periplus mention Indian voyages

from the Malabar Coast to the Eastern Archipelago. The development of South Indian navigation seems to have been indigenous and independent.

The Sangam works give us some idea of the sea-faring peoples of S. India at the commencement of history. The trade of the Pandya and Chola countries was in the hands of the Thirayar (*i. e.*) Sea-Kings. The Pandians were known as Sea-divers in olden days. Pandyan Commerce with the western world flowed out through the sea-ports of Korkai, Kayal, Komari (Comorin) and Pamban, and the chief exports were pearls, jewels and aromatics. This trade was largely in the hands of the Thirayar. The Thondaimandalasatakam mentions about these Thirayar having had business throughout the Bay of Bengal from Kadaram in the East to Singala in the South. Many references are available regarding the Thirayar in Sangam works. Tamil literary tradition has preserved to posterity memories of sea-faring peoples of the Tamil Land from very early times.

In *Silap-padikaram* and *Padirup-Pattu*, mention is made of Imayavarmun Nedun Cheraladhan. A Chera King winning a great victory over the Kadambas, the sea-farers of the Kannada country are like the Thirayar of the Tamil country. Chinese annals tell us that in the 5th century A. D. there was communication by sea with China and India. With the beginning of the Xian era, the Westward navigation and communication had become so great that there are constant references to Yavana ships coming to the west coast bringing gold in their well-rigged boats in exchange for the spices that they carried from that coast of the Indian Peninsula. A more important point is that these Yavanas had at one time suffered defeat at sea at the hands of the Chera ruler of the West coast who is said to have punished them by tying their hands behind their back, pouring ghee or oil on their heads and holding them to ransom after this punishment.

The Western merchants, who visited the Tamil Land, were known as Yavanas. This term seems to have been applied exclusively to the Greeks and Romans, as can be seen from the ancient Tamil poems. The poet Nakkirar addresses the Pandyan Prince Nan-Maran in the following words:—"O Mara, whose sword is ever victorious! spend thou thy days in peace and joy, drinking daily out of golden cups, presented by thy handmaids, the cool and fragrant wine brought by the Yavanas in their ships."

The Pandyan King was the first to understand the advantages of an alliance with the Romans. The Pandyas and the other Tamil Kings enlisted Roman soldiers to guard the gates of the forts of their Kingdoms. Nappudanar a poet of the Sangam Age, in his *Mullaipattu* describes the tent of a Tamil King in the battle-field as follows:—

"In a tent with double walls of canvas firmly held by iron

chains, guarded by Yavanas, whose stern looks strike terror into every beholder, and whose long and loose coats are fastened at the waist by means of belts; while dumb Mlechas clad in complete armour, who could express themselves only in gestures, kept close watch throughout the night in the outer chamber, constantly moving round the inner apartment, which was lighted by a handsome lamp."

It is obvious that the Yavanas and other Mlechas or foreigners were entertained by the Tamil Kings as their body-guard. It is also said that there was a colony of those Yavanas at *Karirrippattinam*.

There is sufficient proof to believe that numerous colonies of Roman subjects carrying on trade settled in S. India during the first two centuries of the Christian era. It is said that there existed at Muchiri a temple dedicated to Augustus. The Tamil names *arisi*, *inchiver* and *Karuva* seem to be almost identical with the Greek names for rice (*oryza*), ginger (*Zingiver*) and Cinnamon (*karpion*). This clearly proves that Greek merchants carried these articles and their names to Europe from Tamilakam. Thus we see Alexandria becoming an emporium of lucrative commerce at an early stage and the Egyptian Greeks under the Ptolemies carrying on an extensive trade in Indian commodities.

"The chief towns, sea-ports and foreign merchandise of the Tamil country, as described in the oldest Tamil poems, correspond exactly with those given in the works of Pliny, Ptolemy and in the *Periplus-Maris-Erythrae*. These authors furnish much interesting information regarding the Tamil people and their foreign commerce. Ptolemy especially gives a long list of the names of the maritime and inland towns. Most of the sea-ports mentioned by him can be readily identified from allusions to them in Tamil poems."

We find a beautiful description of the Port of Muchiri in the Sangham works such as *Purananuru* and *Ahananuru*.

Erukattu-Thayamkannan describes the port of Muchiri as follows:—

"The thriving town of Muchiri, where the beautiful large ships of the Yavanas bringing gold came splashing the white foam on the waters of the Periyar, which belongs to the Cherala, and return laden with pepper."

Another poet says:

"Fish is bartered for paddy which is brought in baskets to the houses." Sacks of pepper are brought from the houses to the markets; the gold received from ships, in exchange for articles sold, is brought to shore in barges at Muchiri, where the music of the sighing sea never ceases and where Kuttuvan the Chera King presents to visitors the rare products of the seas and mountains."

A similar description of Pukar or Kavirippattinam we find in Pattinappalai and Silappadikaram. In Pukar near the beach in Maruvurpakkam were the quarters of foreign traders, who had come from beyond the seas, and who spoke various tongues.

Thus the foreign trade of the Tamils increased considerably and the Roman conquerors of Egypt also took advantage of this profitable trade with the Tamil country. From the time of the first Roman Emperor, Roman vessels invariably touched the ports of South India for purposes of commerce and more articles began to be carried to their country. This kind of busy commercial intercourse lasted till very nearly the beginning of the 6th. century A. D. between the two nations. The rich finds of gold and silver coins of the Roman sovereigns from Augustus to Zeno throughout South India furnish us with links with the past.

Tamil Literature and Roman Historians are at one in stating that in ancient days ships were propelled by the wind. Thus we see in *Mathuraik-kanchi*:

"Big ships with flying sails attached to long posts propelled by the wind blowing on the sheets which became bent on that account, brought to the Pandyan territory wealth yielding articles of merchandise for consumption by the people of the inland districts."

The following extract from a Roman Historian confirms the statement made above:

"Every year about the time of summer solstice a fleet of hundred and twenty vessels sailed from Moïs Harmos, a port of Egypt on the Red Sea. By the periodical assistance of the monsoons, they traversed the ocean in about 40 days to reach the ports of India or Ceylon. The ships returned with rich cargo, which, as soon as they were transported on the backs of the camels from the Red Sea to the Nile and descended the river as far as Alexandria, was poured without delay into the capital of the Roman Empire."

In the western world there was considerable demand for pepper, ginger, cinnamon and all kinds of aromatics. The Romans also had a great fancy for diamonds, pearls, jewels and silks and they paid for them any price that was put on them. These articles were mostly supplied by the Pandya and Chera territories. The Indian articles were sold at Rome at hundred times the original price.

PANDIT N. CHENGALVARAYAN.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

DREAMS

The world dissolves into air,
Each pulsing sense is numb
And sure the death in life is there
When slumber's tide has come;
Then oft the past with all her vanished train
Of things that are no more,
By magic ways steals back, and once again,
We live the days of yore.
Who says, nor deflection nor pause
Can change fleet time's relentless laws,
The loved and lost for ever gone?
Earth's tragic unreality is real,
The mind's vain images substantial,
The loved and lost, they do return.

2. Then in that state supreme
Are all our sorrows flown,
The ecstasy of one such dream
Transcends all gladness known:
But ah! how soon the wizard lights go out
Upon our psychic play!
How soon, the phantom beings that flit about,
And pictures, fade away!
The sight, the sound, still linger sweet
Where wakefulness and slumber meet
Upon a field of friendly strife.
Then comes existence with its leaden hue,
The radiant glow of fancy to subdue
With vapours of reviving life.

H. KAVERI BAI.

A TEMPLE GARDEN.

Silent upon the Eastern hills
The stars, their vigil keep,
Gently the earth reposes in
The restful arms of sleep.

Silently now the mellow moon
Sivers the Temple trees,
Afair the perfume of Pansal-mal
Is wafted on the breeze.

The sandal'd feet are heard no more,
And now the pale moon shines
On Lotus flowers that pilgrim-hands
Have decked the holy shrines.

The chime of bells dies on the air,
The murr'ring voices cease,
Softly into the garden-side
Steals in the hush of peace.

E. H. D'ALWIS.

A CHANGE OF BRIDE-GROOMS.

HEMALATA never thought that life would prove to be so tragic. True, she had had an unhappy time at home ever since she was born, for her father was a cruel, selfish man; but she had come to regard him as a necessary evil, and had trained herself stoically to bear the ill-treatment which he meted out to her. Also, she had always had a hope that she would be happier at some later period in life; but two days had passed since this hope had been vanquished. The world was now nothing but a dark dismal dungeon to her, which held her in its iron grip as a life-long prisoner.

Why then had Hemalata's life suddenly become bereft of all hope of happiness? Why! because her father had all at once, without the least consideration for her feelings, told her last Saturday that her marriage would take place on Tuesday fortnight.

She had gasped when she heard him pass this peremptory order, for the one hope which had hitherto cheered her unhappy life was that she could somehow or other marry the man she loved. But now, her father had found some one else, and she knew that it would be of no use to protest against his choice.

"To whom?" she had asked her father, hoping that he would at least tell her the name of her future husband; but even this was denied to her.

"It does not matter to whom," her father had replied. "You girls are becoming too modern, wanting to know whom you are to marry, I have given you enough freedom already, and it is time I put a stop to your playfulness. Your marriage will take place within three weeks. I have settled everything, so do not ask me any more questions."

This news had been imparted to Hemalata on Saturday morning, and today, it was Monday. She had cried the whole week-end, but no one had taken much notice of that, seeing that it was the

usual custom for girls, who were to be married, to cry. She was now on her way to school, and it was her last week there. She wept as she went along the dusty road, for she saw no reason to conceal her grief.

Suddenly, she felt a hand on her shoulder, and looking up she saw Raghavan, her one and only friend in this wide world. He was a lad of about twenty, and a College student. He had seen Hemalata about a year ago, and had fallen in love with her at first sight, for she was a very beautiful girl. Being a lad of determination, he had made friends with her, and had made it a practice to walk with her to and from school every day. Naturally, Hemalata had also fallen in love with Raghavan. He was the one being she loved, for her mother had died when she was but three, and her father she hated. Raghavan had been the one spark of happiness in her life, and now, she would never be allowed to see him again.

"Why are you crying, little one?" asked Raghavan, raising her face, and looking into her sad eyes; but sympathy made her weep more, for she was but thirteen years old, and still a child.

"Hemalata, don't cry. What has happened? Tell me everything."

"Oh, oh," she sobbed, "I am to be married in fifteen days."

"Married?" he cried, "Good lord, to whom?"

"Father has found a man, and I am to marry him."

Silence reigned, and Hemalata looking up timidly, found her friend frowning ominously.

"Oh, oh," she wept, "I am so miserable. Why don't you comfort me, instead of looking so angry."

"I am sorry, Hema, but I can't help it. Now, tell me all about it from the very beginning."

"What do you want to know?" she asked "My marriage is settled. That is all there is to tell you."

"But who is the man? What is his name? Where does he stay? I want to know everything."

"I asked father who the man was, but he said it wasn't my business to ask questions. So I kept quiet; but I was determined to know, and that evening when father was talking to grandmother about my marriage, I hid behind the door and heard everything. It seems the man is a professor in some College, and his pay is very high, so father says it will be a fine match. It seems he was married once before, but his wife died a long time ago, and he wants to marry again. His name, father said was T. P. Aiyaswamy Iyer!

"Good God, what did you say?" asked Raghavan, as if he had been stung by an adder. "Mr. T. P. Aiyaswamy Iyer? Where does he stay? Tell me quickly."

"At Amanur. But what has happened to you? Are you ill?"

"No, no, it's nothing. The name sounded familiar. That's all. Go on."

"There's nothing to go on, except that father said he was going to have a very grand wedding."

"Oh! did he?" mumbled Raghavan, trying hard to control a rage which seemed to over-master him.

"What did you say?" asked Hemalata.

"Nothing, nothing, finish your news, because it is getting late for your school."

"It seems father is giving ten-thousand rupees as a dowry, as otherwise, the man won't marry me."

"The D——d swine," whispered Raghavan to himself, clenching his hands. And then, seeing that Hemalata was staring at his face in utter bewilderment,

"Come on, Hema," he said, "we'd better go."

They walked in silence until they reached the school, and then they parted, promising to meet again at 4 o'clock that evening.

Rage seethed in Raghavan's heart as he continued his way to College. Never had he felt so angry in his life before. "T. P. Aiyaswamy Iyer," he repeated to himself, as if in a dream. "The brute, the wretch, the scoundrel." And then his face suddenly cleared, a glow of determination giving place to anger.

"By God," he muttered. "I swear I shall never allow that scoundrel to marry Hema."

That day in College was nothing but a dream to Raghavan. He could not remember a single thing that happened there, nor recall one word of his lecturers. All he knew was that a plan was taking form in his head, which every minute grew clearer and clearer, until at 4 o'clock he was once more his smiling self, ready to cheer his doleful little companion. Yes, his plan was as clear as crystal, and he knew it would work.

"Hullo, Hema," he shouted, as he saw her tragic figure coming towards him. "Don't look so sad, dear. Cheer up."

"I can't cheer up, Raghu, because my heart feels as if it's made of lead."

"All right then, look gloomy, but answer my questions clearly! First are you really and truly fond of me?"

"Oh Raghu, I adore you with my whole being. How can you ask such a question?"

"Right. Secondly—suppose you could, would you marry me?"

"That has been the one dream in my life. But why do you want to ask such a question at this time?"

"I just wanted to know, dear," he said, drawing her as near to him as the publicity of the street would allow. "But now I've finished my questions, and we can talk of other things."

And they never spoke of the approaching marriage again; but talked of jollier things, until it was time for them to part, when Raghavan, for the first time, stooped and kissed Hemalata, under the sheltering shadow of a tree.

II.

That very evening, Raghavan set about working out his plan. He arranged with a friend of his to send in a leave slip to College, on a pretext of illness. Then, he bought a ticket for Amanur, to interview Mr. T. P. Aiyaswamy Iyer. From the Railway Time-table he found that it would take about twelve hours to reach his destination. But he knew there was no hurry, as there was still a fortnight for Hemalata's wedding.

He reached Amanur at about 10 A. M. the next day, and went straight to the College to see his rival. He was told by the College peon that Mr. Aiyaswamy would not be free to see him until mid-day, as he had lectures the whole morning. Raghavan therefore, spent the morning wandering about the town, and exactly at twelve noon, presented himself at the College again. He was conducted to Mr. Aiyaswamy's room, and after knocking, was asked by a rough voice to come in. He entered, and found the intended bridegroom seated at a large table, preparing his next lecture. He was an extraordinarily ugly man, and his little pig's eyes revealed extreme cruelty.

"Well, what do you want?" he said, without looking up, and thinking that his visitor was but one of his students come to interview him; but receiving no answer, he looked up, and seeing Raghavan before him, he uttered a low moan, and recoiled against the back of his chair.

"You!" he muttered in a hoarse voice. "What do you want?"

"Aha," said Raghavan, "I see you recognise me, even though it is three years since you saw me last."

"Ah, what do you want? You have not come to persecute me again, have you? I have suffered enough at your hands."

"That's exactly what I have come for, Mr. Aiyaswamy Iyer. Let's see, you came out of prison six months ago, didn't you? Your wife, my sister, died through your cruelty three years ago, and I was able to prove a case against you and you were sentenced to two years rigorous imprisonment. You should have been imprisoned

for life, but somehow, your lawyers managed to fool the judge, and you had but two years. You wretch, do you think I can ever forget the way you treated my sister, and the way you managed to get rid of her and tried to bag her dowry, and at the same time to try and marry another wife. Six months ago, your term of imprisonment was over, and you came out and changed your name, and having no relations or friends you thought you would be able to get on well, but you calculated wrong in thinking I had lost sight of you, because I knew you would be up to tricks as soon as you came out again. No, I have kept an eye on you, ready to pounce on you the moment you tried to mis-behave your-self. You wish to marry another wife now, and get her dowry; but you must know that as long as I live, I will let no other girl suffer at your hands, and especially will I not allow Hemelata to become your wife."

"Why, how can you prevent me?" asked the professor, trying to regain his courage, although he knew that his question was but a feeble one.

"Simply by telling your future father-in-law who you really are. It's quite easy. Now, my dear brother-in-law, please write a note to Hemalata's father, saying you are sorry you cannot marry his daughter."

"But how can I? I have given my word, What excuse can I make."

"I don't care a hang what excuse you may make. Write that note at once, and I shall myself take it to the girl's father; if not, I shall go straight to the Principal, and tell him he is harbouring a jail-bird in his College. I can get proofs of your identity, so you need not think I cannot ruin you."

"Oh, all right, all right. But if I do give you this letter, what is to prevent you from further molesting me. How can I know that you are not an ordinary black-mailer?"

"As long as you carry on with your honest work, without trying to cheat any one, or trying to marry again, I shall do nothing to you, but the moment you play foul, I shall see you again. That is my word of honour. Now, hurry up with that letter, as I want to catch the four-thirty train."

"Well, here it is. Would you like me to read it out to you?"

DEAR MR. ANANTHANARAYAN,

You will be surprised to receive this letter from me, and it is indeed with many regrets that I write it; but I have suddenly fallen ill, and the doctor says I am suffering from consumption. I have been weak all my life, but I never suspected this dreadful

disease, until this last illness. Now, I feel, that as in duty bound, I cannot marry your daughter, as it will be both wicked and inhuman to marry anyone. I beg you, therefore, to forgive me for having approached your daughter, which, I assure you, I did in all ignorance of my unfortunate state of health. Hoping you will entirely drop the matter, and not mention my illness to anyone.

I beg to remain,
Yours very sincerely,
T. P. Aiyaswamy Iyer.

"Ah, you have got what you want. I hope you are satisfied. Leave me now".

"I must pay credit to your admirable powers of inventing excuses. Thank you, brother-in-law, and remember what I said about your behaving well,"

Thoroughly satisfied with himself, Raghavan took the letter and left the room, leaving his brother-in-law in a state of stupor, gazing dazedly at the table before him.

III

"Well, what do you want? Who are you? exclaimed Mr. Ananthanarayan looking angrily at his unwelcome visitor.

"I have brought a letter from Mr. Aiyaswamy Iyer", said Raghavan, holding out the note to him.

"Oh, have you, have you? You must be a friend of his. I am sorry, I was so abrupt. I did not know who you were. You have brought a letter, you say, Ah, let me see it. I hope the intended bride-groom is doing well."

And still muttering to himself, he took the letter and opened it. Raghavan watched the old man's face as he read, and smiled grimly as he saw the veins swell with anger on Mr. Ananthanarayan's forehead.

He was just wondering if the father of his Hemalata would have a fit of apoplexy, when the latter spoke.

"Do you mean to say, Sir, that this man refuses to marry my daughter after having given his word?"

"Well, you can't expect him to marry a young girl, when he may die in a year or two."

"But what about me? I have already spent several hundred rupees in making arrangements, everything is ready. The guests are all invited. What am I to do, oh, what am I to do?"

And the old man, paced up and down the narrow, badly-furnished room, like an angry tiger in a cage.

"Alas, alas," he cried, "I would that I had had a son, instead of a stupid daughter. Girls are like a pest in the family, and

bride-grooms are so elusive in these modern days. Ah, that wretch, to make me spend all this money, and then suddenly slip out of his bargain."

"But Sir, are you not glad to have found out in time that the intended bride-groom was suffering from an awful illness? Supposing he had married your daughter, and had died in a year—why she would have been a widow."

"Ah yes, that's true, that's true, and she would have been on my hands again as a widow. Oh, these girls, what a nuisance they are. But Sir, what shall I do for a bridegroom? I must find one, otherwise, all my money will have been wasted."

"I have a plan, Sir. May I tell you what it is?"

"Yes certainly, certainly."

"I am willing to be the bridegroom, instead of my friend, Mr. Aiyaswamy Iyer."

"Indeed; but what is your position, and what exams, have you passed, and are you rich?"

"Ah, you set more store on exams, and wealth, than on character? Well Sir, I am very poor. My father earns Rs. 200 a month. I am in the B. A. Hons. class, and I am trying to work for a scholarship. Also, let me tell you that my nature is very good, and I shall look after your daughter well."

"No, I cannot give you my child. I must have a son-in-law who is in a good position."

"But, I am young and clever and also, it is my principle to fight against the dowry system. So, I shall not need your dowry."

"What, do you mean to say you will take my daughter without the Rs. 10,000?"

"Certainly, that's just what I mean." Mr. Ananthanarayan stopped his restless walk, looked at Raghavan, and beamed.

"Sir," he said, "I cannot understand you; but you shall certainly have my daughter. We need say nothing to the guests about the bridegroom being changed. The wedding shall take place on the 23rd of this month."

And with a jovial laugh, he slapped the exultant Raghavan on the back, and half-an-hour afterwards, Raghavan, having settled all the details, left his future father-in-law's house.

IV.

That evening, Hemelata, returning from school, walked with her head bowed down with misery; for in addition to the tragedy of her approaching marriage, she had not seen her friend since that evening when he had kissed her. What had happened to him, she wondered. Had he also, like the rest of the world, abandoned her at a time when she most needed him? No he would not be so cruel. She still had faith in him. Perhaps he was ill, in which case she may not be able to see him before her wedding. The

thought made her weep afresh, for she knew she would never see him after her marriage. Her life was indeed miserable. Why had she ever been born? Ah God, how she wished she could die. In fact, she was just going to pray that she may be allowed to die, when she suddenly heard the voice which she most loved in the world.

"Hemalata, listen, listen, I have such good news for you," cried Raghavan seizing her hand, and dragging her to a large stone which stood in a secluded part, hidden behind some prickly-pear bushes at the side of the road.

"Oh Raghavan, where have you been all this time?" sobbed Hemalata. "I have been so miserable without you."

"But I have such good news for you; don't cry. Listen."

"I am listening, Raghu; but can there be anything good in this horrible world?"

"What a pessimist you have become, child. But listen, and I'll make you the happiest girl in the world. Darling Hemalata, you are going to marry me, and no one else."

"Oh Raghu, how can I believe such a thing? You are only making fun of me, so that I may be more miserable."

"By all that's sacred to me, Hema, I swear that it is I who am going to marry you, and no one else."

And Hemalata, looking up into his face, saw that he was serious and a sudden great happiness came on her, so that she could do nothing but gaze at him with open mouth.

And then, Raghavan told her the whole story of how he had managed to change places with her intended bridegroom.

That evening, when the sun sank in a golden glory behind the purple hills, Hemalata, while watching the wondrous shades of sun-set play upon the evening sky, suddenly realised that the world was after all a most beautiful place to live in.

PADMINI SATTIANADHAN.

A QUAIN CHARACTER.

THIS is no place for a detailed history of the origin and growth of genius which shoots forth, with prismatic fancy, amidst the ordinary hum-drum life of humanity. Yet not to try to know Ramachar were not right.

There was none in whom there was more milk of human kindness, than in Ramachar, although you cannot put the fault at his door if a particle here and there was fermented. This I am

inclined to believe, was due to the fact that he had married a third time. But this again, was a controversial point. My friend, Kanti, took quite a different view altogether. Whatever might be the inner spring for his exuberance of faith, there it was. I remember, Ramachar working all night, painting his name on the rude bricks, that he had bought by cart-loads to build a compound wall to his thrice-inherited house. Not that he did not believe his neighbours to be honest; but he knew that they were very thrifty and would not countenance those bricks lying idle, instead of supporting each other in the shape of a wall for a room, or even in the kitchen. If such be the case and if, as the result of the human craving for utility, any one would go to the extent of making use of them, he wanted a charm (C. I. D. Inspectors would basely term it an identification mark) to single out his own.

Fortune did not favour him and he had many relatives and they were not rich. Having tried manifold means to get rid of them from troubling him at 10-30,—just the time for taking his breakfast, he at last had recourse to an expedient, which would not have suggested itself to anyone less than a genius. He has often told me that beggary is the worst of evils that has made India what it is, and that his relatives were clever enough to come to see him at the psychological moment, when they knew that he had but to ask them to eat with him. As his genius would have it, he set them at naught and when they, according to their light, thought "that their *rottee* had slipped into *ghee*," his self-sacrificing spirit apparently would dominate him and he would complain of such horrible indigestion, that he would go to his office without *taking* even a cup of water.

Intelligence cannot be suppressed. In whatever clime, in whatever place, it may be, it must find a path for itself. Ramachar was a clerk of the R—office and it was mainly his intelligence that carried him every day to his office, a distance of about five miles. He knew the temperament of a *jatakavala*. He would merely sit and allow the cart to run a mile and a half to the market and then enquire about the fare. Then the struggle would ensue and result in the *jatakavala* going away with an anna and a half, or sometimes, with a voluble curse, to which our friend, Ramachar, would attach no importance, saying "As we converse, they abuse and curse." Market is a busy place and *jatakas* are always ready; and till another *junction* of a two-mile ride, our friend had a hard time of it, to think of some good expedient to get a ride for his second run. Of course, the end of the journey would be reached at an expense of a couple of annas, and that he felt was too much for a poor clerk, whose wages amounted to only a hundred and seventy chips a month—sometimes 31 days.

The return journey from the Office would be a very simple matter. In fact, as he himself has assured me more than once, it

was his health walk. He had married fairly young: even at the third time, he had just completed his forty-nine years and he greatly desired to take to tennis, yet he knew he was too poor to afford such luxuries. So he indulged in walking and walking briskly, which made my friend Kanti give him the glorified name of 'Pumbkin.' So we dubbed him "Pumbkin Achar"; later on it became Mr. Pumbkin and as he became more and more ferocious mere Pumbkin.

One of his worst defects—his own criticism—was to be like Big-Ben in correct time always. If you found him in a certain place, that was enough to tell you the exact time to the very minute, and "Pumbkin would roll equal spaces in equal intervals of time"—in Kanti's words, and Kanti would add, that Mr. Pumbkin was the first person to calculate and compute the Panchang.

On a memorable Tuesday in *Rahukalam*, Pumbkin left his office and was rolling towards his house, fairly anxious to surprise his wife at the very door, for children he had none. Man but proposes however. Fates were adverse, and he found a piece of string, just a two hundred yards distant from his house. His soul was stirred. He decided to take the string and bent down and took it. All was tranquil. But, suddenly, he saw Kanti intently gazing at him. "D—I take the imp", he muttered to himself, "the very last I wished to encounter!" In less than a second, he knew why Kanti was so closely looking at him and decided what to do. He peered this way and that. He moved a few inches, in every moveable direction, so that Kanti would get the impression that Pumbkin had really lost something valuable. Having got the required security from Kanti's looks, he moved forward. Kanti ejaculated "It is his; he has it". Just then a stranger with a police-man approached him. Pumbkin appeared bewildered.

The Stranger—"Sir, give me that back. I am a very poor man, Sir".

Ramachar merely chuckled "What—I—?"

The police-man could not understand what that meant. He was no psychologist, and he took the case into his own hands.

Policeman—"What Sir! Did you not take his purse containing 500 Rs. in notes?"

Ramachar—"Purse! My God, what purse?"

Policeman—"Sir, pretence is of no avail, this boy saw all. Kindly hand it to me".

Stranger—"Sir, don't beat upon a poor man's stomach, sir."

Kanti—"Aye, I saw him take it—He has been dodging me too!"

Ramachar—"My God! I took only this piece of string."

Policeman—"Well I can't help it. Come along with me, Sir, to the Station".

In spite of all his importance, Pumbkin was led through the street, before the eyes of boys. He would not have minded anything else; but *before boys* who before his very face and eyes were wont to call him Pumbkin! Soon was thrown the first stone. An urchin, who was no other than the grandson of his uncle, gently muttered "pum" and a few seconds later when our friend's face was turned in the opposite direction, "kin". In a minute, the whole street was echoing, "Pumbkin" and a procession was formed and it gathered strength as it went along towards the Police Station. Kanti, with his hands interlocked at the back feeling himself like a retired officer with war-medals, slowly walked behind, sending his cooing notes—"Pumbkin will be a jail-bird"; "Pumbkin, remember what you did to Sreepadu?" The last brought such war-cries from the army behind that the policeman was nearly kissed by a brick, for trying to quell the rebellion.

The procession reached the Station. The Station officer was just doing a little day-dreaming in his comfortable chair, when the crowd stopped at the gate and Pumbkin and his two friends entered. The S. O. could not believe his eyes, when he saw Pumbkin before him almost with a convict's look. For the last ten years or more, he had never been given any "Dasara Inam" by the gentleman and not even a smile on Ganesha festival day. What better opportunity than this to show Mr. Pumbkin, that a policeman was a policeman and nothing less than a police-man?

The stranger gave the whole account of the happening, swearing that his purse contained ten fifty-rupee notes. During the whole procedure, the S. O. never left his chair and Pumbkin was kept standing before him. After asking Kanti a question or two, the S. O. turned towards Pumbkin.

S. O.—"Have you taken the purse?"

R—"No. You can't expect that of me."

S. O.—"When money is concerned, one can't be too sure. What were you doing there?"

R—"I saw this piece of string and took it."

Kanti—"He was peering this way and that, even after—"

S. O.—"Keep quiet, you imp—Why did you remain after that?"

R—"No, I did not take it."

S. O.—"Well, I don't know, what to do, except take down the whole case in writing. What can't be cured must necessarily be endured."

Before he could carry out his intentions, Sreepadu rushed into the Station, exclaiming "See this! It is here." All eyes were turned in his direction and the policeman took the purse held before him. Kanti came near Sreepadu and asked him, "Where did

you get it from?" Sreepadu answered "Near that cocoanut tree, I found this." The purse was emptied and there were ten fifty-rupee notes. The stranger took it and thanked God and asked Mr. Pumbkin for pardon. The S. O. got up, and with his face turned towards Kanti, exclaimed "I will teach you to—." Before he could finish, Kanti was on the road crying aloud, "I knew it. When he saw the police-man he must have thrown it away."

Mr. Pumbkin went home, thanking his stars that nothing worse had happened to him. And they say that he invited Sreepadu to dine with him the next day. But I cannot vouch for the authenticity of that rumour. However, that memorable evening is remembered by Kanti, even to this day, because he never slept that night. If he had, who would have broad-casted, throughout the night, that Pumbkin had been to the jail?

M. G. VENKATESAIYA.

IN MAN'S REALM.

1. IS THERE A MAN'S REALM?

This is a woman's journal for which I have been asked to write a few introductory remarks for its new column, "In man's Realm."

A few years ago, man's superiority over woman was unquestioned. He could dictate as he pleased and do as he wished, and his word was law. Then, steeped in a false sense of security, man became careless. He neglected his defences, fearing no foe. He could allow, he thought, a few superficial concessions to that negligible quantity, woman. He offered her a seat, he opened doors for her, he said, "Ladies first", and smiled slyly, smirking in complacent self-satisfaction; for, was not the concession, "Ladies first", a generous gift rather than a claimed prerogative.

But now he is bewildered. He finds his position attacked on all sides by determined women, who refuse to acknowledge any inferiority whatsoever. Let him but dictate, and he receives a slap in the face. Let him but ask a woman to marry him and often as not he receives an uncompromising "no" in answer. Let him but drive his car, and his sister seizes the wheel and calmly dashes into a gate-post. He feels "wobbly." He suffers now from an "inferiority complex." He staggers from blow after blow to his pride. He rushes to his club to get away from women. Behold! he finds a shingled damsel in his favourite lounge chair, smoking a cigarette through a holder a foot long. He has no refuge in distress. His days are done.

So I, a member of that inferior sex, man, would humbly ask the Editor, "Is there a Man's realm," and tremble at the answer. But, be the answer what it may, we men must wake up and take stock of our position. I am delighted that a woman's journal is to contain a column devoted to subjects, which appear to suggest that Man still possesses a realm. Let men come forward and write fearlessly for this column, thrusting their "Inferiority Complex" aside; let them write fearlessly about all they think, but dare not say, about women. Let them try to have the last word! But, alas! the fight seems lost before it is begun. For, man must needs write about woman—That elusive, mysterious, charming and beautiful creature. If not, no one will read what he writes. He has nothing with which to fight against woman, when she uses essential womanliness as her weapon. But, there is still hope, if woman chosers to discard her only charm. Beware, O Woman! We men are waiting to pounce upon you. Keep your charm and delicacy and beauty intact. If not, you are lost.

W. R. S. S.

2. VERSES TO MEN-I

To man / (With apologies to Sir Walter Scott)

O weak man, when your heart's at ease,
How friendly, kind and quick to please!
How warmly pleasant is the shade
By your manly stalwart presence made!
When pain or anguish wring your brow
Reasonless and cross-grained thou!

Lines by a modern Indian Woman to her Man.
(With apologies to Wordsworth)

And now by me is often seen
The very pulse of the machine
Breathing harsh, despotic breath
Who orders all our life and death.
His reason stern, the stubborn will,
Denying us our rights until,
Dauntlessly we force his hand,
And change his views so nobly planned,
To shield our weakness with his might
And to us deny our angel light.
And yet I see on closer view
How friends we'd be and comrades too,

If he will leave us light and free,
And give us rights of liberty.

I see life in which does meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
No child-marriages to spoil our good,
No legal-bonds to be withstood
No need for us to use our wiles,
But pleasures gained, and hearts all smiles.

BY A MODERN CYNIC.

3. THE EXPERIENCES OF AN INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICER TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING EMPEROR, IN 1928

IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES

I

Every year four Indian officers are selected by the Commander-in-Chief in India and sent to London for this duty, as King's Indian Orderly Officers. This started in the year 1903. During the period of the Great War, for five years from 1914 to 1919, it was held up and re-started again afterwards. These officers are selected according to castes—Hindus, Mohamedans or Sikhs etc. For the year 1928 we, the following Indian officers, were selected:—

Subadar-Major and Honorary Captain Ram Rup Singh, Sardar Bahadur, I. O. M., King George's Own Bengal Sappers and Miners,

Subadar-Major and Honorary Lieutenant Atmaram Ghadge, I. O. M., 1st Battalion, 5th Mahratta Light Infantry.

Subadar-Major Manajirao Palande, 2nd Battalion, 5th Mahratta Light Infantry.

Risaldar Jai Lal Singh, M. C., The Royal Deccan Horse.

There were four orderlies and two cooks with us.

Captain R. J. Mackay, M. C., 4th Battalion, 8th Punjab Regiment (P. W. O.) was in charge of us from Bombay to London. Our second class passages were booked on the P. and O. Steamer, S. S. "Ranchi," which was to sail from Bombay on the 7th April.

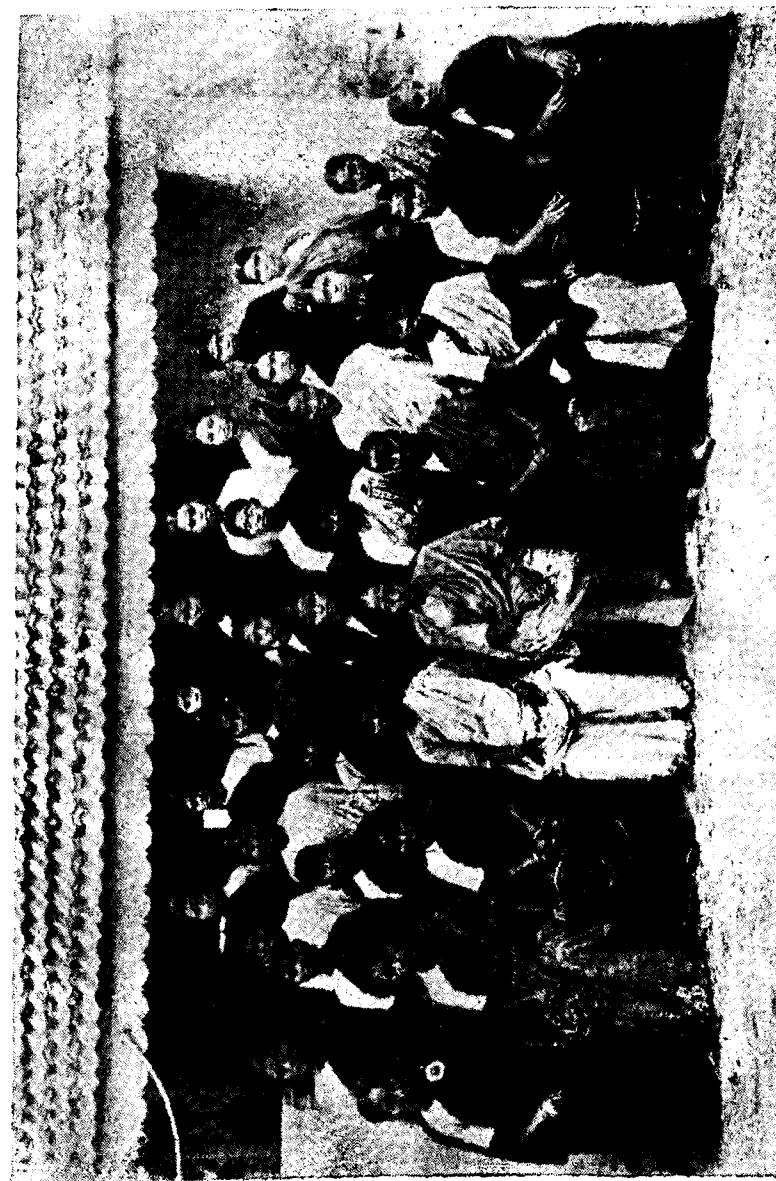
On the morning of the 7th April at 10 A. M., all of us went to the Dock at Ballard Pier. The G. O. C. Bombay District came on board to see us. He gave us instructions regarding our duty in London, bade us farewell and wished us a good voyage.

the books being in Tamil, they were able to study several portions all by themselves with very little help. At this rate they were able to complete the 8th standard course in one year's time. This made them fit to join the Higher Elementary Training class and several of them trained by me thus are now teaching in various schools, and one of them is a Lady Superintendent in the Emigration department, getting Rs. 150 pay per month.

Applications from such adult girls began to increase gradually, and something had to be done for them. I, as the secretary of the Sri Sarada Ladies' Union, consulted the other members and finally with the permission of the Director of Public Instruction, the Sri Sarada Vidyalaya was opened on the 1st July 1927 with 12 girls on the rolls on the very first day. The opening ceremony was performed by Lady Sadasivaiyer, President of the Union, in the presence of some of the members of the Union. A small house on Rs. 25 rent was taken with one paid teacher and some honorary teachers. At the end of the year, the number went up to 35. 20 girls sat for the 8th standard examination, of whom 17 got through and were fit to be admitted into the Higher Elementary Training class. 12 of these girls are in the Senior Training class, and will be ready in March 1930 to become teachers in schools.

In 1928 July, the Vidyalaya was moved into a bigger house on Rs. 100 per month. At the end of one year, 1928—1929, 27 girls appeared for the 8th standard examination, of whom 20 were declared successful. This year, the Vidyalaya is in a still larger place and there are 12 girls, 20 girls and 45 girls in the senior, junior, and preparatory, Training Classes respectively. The training section has been recognised by Government and some of the girls are also getting Government stipends.

There is such a rush of girls to the Vidyalaya that one girl on an average per week wants admission into the place. We have no room and no money to help these girls. They are all eagerly waiting for next July, when they have been promised admission. Poor girls, their stories are very pathetic and very pitiable. The major number of them are widows. In these days of poverty several of them, belonging to very decent families, are left destitute and helpless by their relations. There is absolutely no interest in life for them, nothing to keep them cheerful, and several of them sit at home lamenting their fate and looking forward to death. A number of girls come to me with the story that their husbands are mere rakes and that they are unable to bear their cruel treatment etc. Ever so many more say that their husbands have run away and their whereabouts are not known and that their own kith and kin refuse to support them and so on. Moreover, it is not fair on their part to depend on a poor brother or sister, when they can and ought to do something to earn their living. They are young, intelligent, strong



THE HIGHER ELE. TRAINING STUDENTS, SARADA VIDYALAYA.

Our ship left the shore at 1 p. m. Soon, all land was out of sight and we were surrounded by nothing but water. On the ship there were only 1st and 2nd class passengers, among whom there were some British officers of the Indian Army going home on leave. It was a long voyage of 20 days from Bombay to London, so we made our own programme of recreation for that period. It being warm, we used to spend most of our time on the upper deck, reading books and playing deck games. It is better for passengers to take their own chairs, otherwise they may have nothing to sit on when on deck. Chairs can be obtained from the Company, but sometimes there are not enough to go round.

The Staff of the Company try their best to give every comfort to the passengers. There are many facilities for amusement: a smoke room, bar provided with indoor games, and a library, and the upper deck is specially maintained for sports, such as Deck Quoits, Tub Quoits and Deck Tennis. A sports committee was selected from the passengers and a long programme of tournaments was drawn up. We, not being too good at these games, did not join in, but played among our-selves.

Within this short period of my voyage two things impressed themselves upon my mind. They were the education and the treatment of children. There were some ladies and children among the passengers. Sometimes I used to go on the upper deck, sit there quietly and watch the children playing with their various kinds of toys. These toys are such that a child of one or two years understands fully what an aeroplane or a motor car is. There were some toys marked with letters A, B, C etc., and these toys were set by them, so as to form words such as "Man", "Cat" or "Dog." All the lady passengers spent their time in reading books and knitting clothes for the children; and sometimes they played games. Here comes the question of women's education. It is the duty of women to look after their children and give them home education and teach them what the world is like. One cannot expect them to be good companions in carrying out the difficult business of living in this world, unless they are given an adequate education. The great responsibility of the home and the children lies with the women.

To return to the voyage itself: During the Great War I had gone to Mesopotamia, but this was the first time I had visited Egypt. It was very interesting to me. I had heard from my friends about this part of Egypt, but had never seen it, and there is a great difference between hearing and seeing.

On the 15th of April, our ship arrived at Suez early in the morning and anchored there from 5 to 8 a. m. Suez is an old city and now it is important, being the first station at the mouth of the Canal. A railway runs from here to Port Said. So, some of the

passengers got down here to go to Cairo to see the city, and came on to Port Said to join the ship again, which takes about 12 hours to reach Port Said and does not go more than 7 miles an hour through the Canal. All this depends upon tides. There are postal arrangements on the ship, and the mail is sent on shore wherever it calls. I wrote about nine letters and posted them at Port Said. The breadth of the Canal is about 100 yards, so in some places only one steamer can pass at a time. There are several stations on the Canal to control the passing of ships, and in the narrow parts one ship ties up to the bank when another ship requires to pass. As our ship was carrying mails, it had a clear passage through the Canal. At the mouth of the Canal at Suez, there is a War Memorial of the Great War, and a description of the war is inscribed in English, Hindi, and Urdu, on marble stone. We, being in the Army, paid compliments when passing it. I saw many ships of other nations also passing through the Canal, German, French etc. We arrived at Ismailia at noon and at Kantara at 5 p. m.

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

(Published in the *Fauji Akbhar*.)

(To be continued.)

SRI SARADA VIDYALAYA, MADRAS.

Sri Sarada Vidyalaya, a home situated at present in Triplicane, was opened in July 1927 by the members of the Sri Sarada Ladies' Union, to educate adult girls, especially widows, between the ages of 16 and 30. There is already a House Hostel attached to the Lady Willingdon Training College, where young widows under 15 years are admitted and educated at least up to the S. S. L. C. standard. There is an age limit and the medium of instruction is English. Hence, several girls, who are rather too old, find it difficult to study all the subjects in English. This does not mean that they are unfit to study. In their own homes, they do read a number of books, Ramayanam, Bharatam, etc. in their own language, and some of them are naturally very intelligent. Some of them are born teachers and born nurses. What they need is the proper training for 2 or 3 years in a regular school to enable them to take up posts as teachers and nurses.

Before the Sarada Vidyalaya was opened, a number of adult girls came to me asking for help—I used to get them to come on Saturdays, Sundays, and other holidays—being very earnest on account of their age, and realising their position, they used to apply themselves very keenly to their studies. The Dalton method was followed and lessons were given to them to prepare every week. All

and energetic and as such they ought not to sit at home, idle and lazy.

Women's sphere is home they say, but do they realise the fact that thousands of women have no homes of their own, no family of their own, no interest, in life, nothing to look forward to, and as such some of them are tempted to go astray sometimes. If they are educated and kept occupied with something, then there is no time for them to brood over their fate. It is also said that such women without any other work should lead a religious and pious life. This is of course an ideal thing. But, is it an easy matter for ordinary human beings? Women need to be educated, very specially educated, to be religious in the true sense of the term. Ignorance leads to folly.

Our aim and our ideal in the Sri Sarada Vidyalaya is to give the girls there a moral religious and an intellectual education, to help them to help themselves, and to serve society.

Phitanthropic gentlemen and ladies are specially requested to help the Vidyalaya and aid its great cause, the cause of women and the cause of widows.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

HOME PROPORTION.

IN an American paper, *Better Homes and Gardens*, I recently came across an interesting article on the "Creation of a home proportion." A young daughter, just going to be married, asked her mother to tell her and other young home-makers something about her own experiences of domestic life. The mother said she would, provided the girls adapted all she said to their own special conditions.

The secret of home-making, in fact, is, we are told, "the right adjustment of *conditions* to needs;" and the three needs to be satisfied are, the desire for *comfort*, the desire for *peace*, and the desire for *beauty*. These three must be united in proportion, so that the *house* may claim to be a *home*.

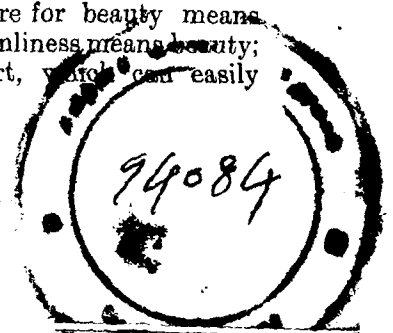
Sometimes indeed, it looks as if the three were contrary to each other, and cannot exist together. For instance, it would seem that the satisfaction of beauty and peace cannot exist together. The desire for beauty might need an expenditure, which is hard to provide; or, if provided, might tantalise one with the remorse of having wasted good money. Then, how can the desire for peace be satisfied? Again the desire for beauty means very often the necessity to work hard. For cleanliness means beauty; and to keep a house clean needs much effort, which can easily



SOME OF THE COMMITTEE MEMBERS OF THE SARADA VIDYALAYA UNION.
(Photo taken on the occasion of H. E. Lady Goschen's visit to the Home.)

"P. P. Bureau"

JL
Y15m 2, N01
N29.3.4 95



banish peace. In the same way, the satisfaction of comfort and peace do not often go together. Keeping things tidy often means the securing of order, which might mean restriction to others. Doing things in an orderly manner may mean the irksomeness of constantly ordering servants about, which necessarily denies peace. Beauty and comfort also may not always agree. In English homes, for instance, we know that furniture is valued for its age; but old furniture is not often comfortable. As an old lady said: "I hope I may never see an old piece of furniture again; give me modern comfort."

What then is to be done? The first step, we are advised, is for the home-maker to look herself straight in the face, to find out her own strength and her weakness, to repress what she may desire, but which may not be right.

"If it is beauty, let her not press it back behind comfort. For if she does, it will strike back at her when she can least afford it. No, let her say to this beauty: 'You must always have your recognition, but you must work in double harness. You must help me to find a beauty that is also comfortable. I'll never insult you nor abandon you, but do you not betray me to the comfortless or peaceless.'

The next step is to decide the proper proportions to be given to each desire.

This can best be done by a look at one's family.

"A home, first last, and all the time, is a plant, a factory, a thing of usefulness and service for those who live in it. And this, it is difficult, sometimes, to remember. We become so interested in the beauty we are creating, so absorbed in methods of obtaining comfort, and ways of wooing peace, that we forget the purpose of it all and begin to regard the home as an object rather than a means. Haven't we seen homes so beautiful that they were worth journeying miles to see, museums of loveliness in which one was afraid to perform the simplest act of living, for fear of breaking up some effect? And homes that were so comfortable that they lured to laziness and inertia and so peaceful that they made hermits of the inmates? And other homes that looked so comfortable that one was afraid to use them for fear of spoiling this appearance of comfort, and so peaceful one was afraid to think for fear of disturbing the peace?"

And first she must consider herself, what she wants. She must remember she is a lodger in the house, as well as the orderer of it. So many of us forget this fact, with the result that we cut down our own usefulness, and raise unhappiness in our hearts, or a feeling of resentment that we cannot be happy, all of which lead to unrest and loss of efficiency.

Then, there are the other members to be considered, the husband first, then the child. The writer of the article, I have referred to, advises a mathematical scheme, to take a number like 100 for instance, and decide what part in it each desire should play. For instance, if she wishes to be a social leader, she will put down beauty at 50, comfort at 30, peace at 20. If she wishes to inspire others, she will put down peace at 50, comfort at 35, and beauty at 15, and so on. In the same way for her husband. If he wishes to be a successful business man, and yet have his pleasure and happiness, she will put down beauty at 40, comfort at 50, peace at 10. If he has made easy and quick money, and then wants pleasure afterwards, say by study, then put peace at 60, comfort at 30, and beauty at 10; and so on.

Having assessed proportions for the three people in this way she must add the three figures and divide by three. Then, she will get the correct proportion.

Finally, she must make herself the guide in her judgment and choice. She may take the advice of her family, or reject it as she wishes; but she must make herself the executive head of the family. Her success must depend on her ability.

But suppose her husband's tastes are not the same as hers? The article says that, in that case, she must "strive to please." But, she can always try to educate her husband to herself and her ideals. A story is told of how a husband hated asparagus, cauliflower and carrots which the wife loved. She did not know what to do. She finally however discovered that he liked white sauce. So, she disguised the disliked vegetables in the sauce, and gave them to him, and he liked them. When, at last, she told him what they were, he had to go on liking them.

In fact, a woman's decision and tastes should be accepted in the house. Therefore it is that husbands in Western countries do not, as a rule, grumble at the homes given them. But, how is it in India? Has the wife much choice? We might say that she did not have much chance before; for she lived with her mother-in-law, or else she did as the husband wished. But conditions are changing in modern days. The educated wife is trying to get her own ideals fulfilled. And this, she must see carried out in details. If little things are first seen to, the big ones will follow. A wife should be allowed to order the house according to her tastes, not because she wishes to be the boss, or the mistress, but because it is safer to trust to her own instinct in such a case. After all, is not a home, a woman's business and a woman's joy?

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

1. Malati and Madhavi see Father Christmas for the first time.

It was Christmas day, and Malati and Madhavi had been invited out to a children's party by some little Christian friends of theirs. Although they were Hindus, they were feeling very excited, because they had heard that Father Christmas was to come to that party that day, and bring them all presents. At four o'clock that evening, they began to dress, and in half-an-hour's time they were ready to go. Malati looked very sweet in a red silk skirt trimmed with a gold border, and a little white silk blouse. Two or three gold chains hung around her slender neck, and her bare feet were adorned with delicate anklets. Her hair was done in a long plait, and on her forehead she wore her red caste-mark. Madhavi also looked very pretty in a blue skirt and white blouse. They went to show themselves to their mother, and Mrs. Sarma kissed them and told them to be good. Then she took them to the car which was waiting outside, and with a buzz the children went away, accompanied by their Ayah.

Their two little Christian friends, who had invited Malati and Madhavi, were called Rohini and Dharini. There was also a little boy called Sankar, but he did not know Mrs. Sarma's children well, because he went to a different school. Rohini and Dharini were very rich girls, and so they were having a very grand party this Christmas. Malati and her sister had never been to a Christmas party before, so they got a great shock, when their car drove into a beautiful garden, all decorated with lanterns and coloured paper chains and beautiful balloons shining in the evening sun. But all these decorations were nothing, compared to a most wonderful tree which stood in the midst of a small green lawn. Malati thought she had suddenly come to fairyland again, for never had she seen such a marvellous tree. How it shone with silver and gold and rubies and diamonds and pearls and emeralds. "Oh, Oh," she cried, clutching Madhavi's hand, "isn't it wonderful?"

Then, as the car stopped under a large porch, Rohini's mother and father came to meet them, and they were conducted to a shady part of the garden, where there were many other children, all playing about and talking happily. Soon, they had the most lovely things to eat, and all the children ate until they could take no more, for it was Christmas day, when every child was allowed to have whatever she wanted.

At last, the sun began to sink behind the trees, and all the world seemed to be wrapped in a golden glory, for the sunset put on extra special clothes, seeing that it was the happiest day in the year. After the last rays of the sun had disappeared, and

darkness began to creep over the garden, then, suddenly, there was a scream of wonder from all the children, for lo, the whole place was a wilderness of lights. Green, blue, orange, yellow, red, pink and mauve, they shone everywhere, and the garden became a palace of dreams. The children were just wondering what unexpected thing would happen next, when they heard the voice of their host say,

"Now, children," you must all go to the Christmas tree, for Father Christmas is about to arrive. He has come from a very long distance, and is very anxious to see you."

With these words, he led the way to that part of the garden where the Christmas tree was, all lit up with thousands of tiny bulbs and Chinese lanterns. All the children whispered to each other, for a strange feeling went through them at the thought of seeing Father Christmas. Then, there was a sudden loud cry from the terrace of the house, and the whole roof was flooded with light, and in the midst of that shining glare, they saw Father Christmas, dressed in a red cloak, with white fur round his shoulders and arms, carrying a huge bag of presents, and covered with snow-flakes. He had a long white beard, which flew gaily in the evening breeze, and his little bright eyes twinkled with pleasure at sight of all the happy children before him.

He stayed for a minute at the edge of the terrace, and then, he slung a rope ladder over the side, and came down, and all the children went to him with open mouths.

"Aha, here we are. I have come at last. I have been flying all today in an aeroplane, to get here in time. See, I come from a very cold place, because the snow-flakes are still clinging to me. Ah, children, I am happy to see you, and I have brought you all presents."

With that, he opened his bag, and called out the names of each child, and they went trooping to him and received their presents, and there was laughter and happiness everywhere. After the gifts had been given, Rohini and Dharini helped their father to cut down bags of sweets and balloons from the Christmas tree, which were also given away. Then, they played lovely games with Father Christmas for a long time, and he told them stories and cracked jokes with them.

At last, it was time to go home. Never had Malati and Madhavi had such a wonderful time. And now, Malati had become so fond of Father Christmas, that she did not want to leave him, so when she went to say goodbye to him, she begged him to take her to that cold country from which he had flown that day, but he told her that her mother would feel very sorry to lose her little girl, and Malati suddenly remembered that of course she would hate to leave her mother, so she kissed Father Christmas goodbye,

and he promised to see her again the next year, and she went home tired and happy.

That night, when their mother came to say good-night to them, Malati caught Mrs. Sarma's hand, and said, "Mother, I have had such a lovely time, and Christmas is such a happy day. Tell me why there should be such happiness on Christmas day."

And Mrs. Sarma, although she was a Hindu, told her children the wonderful story of how Christ was born in a little manger in far-away Bethlehem, and how he had come to the world, and Malati, that night, dreamt that she had gone with the three wise men from the East, to see little Jesus lying in his Mother's arms, and slowly in her dream, the three wise men disappeared, and in their stead she found father Christmas calling to her to get up and come quickly, as it was time for him to take her with him in his aeroplane, and she screamed out.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," when she suddenly got up, and found that it was her Ayah who had been calling to her to wake up, as the sun had long since risen.

PUNKAJAM.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Have you ever noticed what a great significance totems and symbols have, in representing nations, groups of men, sects, or religions?

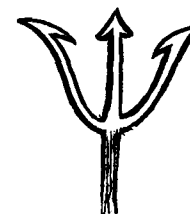
It seems, in olden days, when men could not read or write, they had an emblem or Totem by which they used to distinguish themselves. They used to put the mark of this totem on their property, and later on it became the custom to paint their totems on their armours and shields. This was the origin of heraldry.

In modern days, you see Trade-marks in so many advertisements. These are really totems. Business firms and companies have their trade marks to represent their special goods.

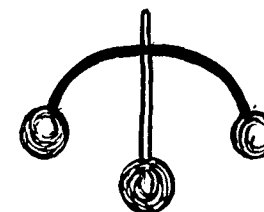
Let me give you some examples of a few Totems. Now, take Christianity. The outward sign of Christianity is the cross, as all of you know. To mention a few other signs which are not so well known, there is the Navy, which is represented by an anchor; Sea-power which is signified by the Trident, and the Pawn-shop, which everyone makes out by its three balls. Here are some diagrams of some well-known totems.



NAVY.



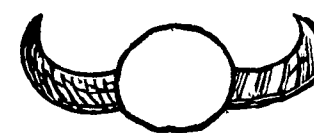
SEA-POWER.



PAWN-SHOP.



LIBERTY.



WOOD CRAFT.

I am sure you could add many more symbols and Totems to the ones I have mentioned.

There are also different signs which have different superstitious meanings, for instance, take a few of the signs for good luck alone. There is the Swastika, the Horse shoe, the Lucky bone, the black cat, and perhaps you can think of many more. In fact, the world is full of symbols and signs, what with the flags representing different nations, badges peculiar to clubs and leagues, School and College crests, Trade marks, coats of arms, and innumerable other marks of distinction.

India is a country which abounds in symbols and emblems, and I am sure you will find it an interesting occupation to trace them to their origin, and find out what they represent.

Yours sincerely

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XVIII.

Swallowing Foreign substances: Marbles, seeds and such like rounded substances are frequently swallowed by children, but such an accident need not cause alarm. They will get impacted in the contents of the bowels and will be passed out. It is not a good plan to administer purgatives after these accidents. It is more rational

to adopt a diet of constipating nature. Particularly are purgatives dangerous, if pins or any sharp substances have been swallowed.

Some substances may be too big and stick in the throat. Such a thing will at once produce symptoms of distress and alarm. The mouth should be opened wide and attempts should be made to remove the foreign body either with fingers or forceps. If it is not possible, or if the substance is not visible, the child should be encouraged to vomit by tickling the throat. A surgeon's advice, should, of course, be taken.

A foreign body in the air passages: The foreign substance whatever it may be instead of going down the gullet or food-passage, may sometimes enter the wind-pipe. Fortunately it is rare, but if it does happen, the child is seized with a sense of impending suffocation, the difficulty of breathing may be most intense and a sort of cough occurs. Sudden death may possibly happen. When the substance has settled itself, a calm ensues, but the symptoms before are sure to be very distressing and fraught with danger.

There is nothing by way of treatment within the means of lay people. But the following is suggested, not as a means of treatment, but as a kind of trial when no surgeon is available. The best and wisest thing to do, of course, is to put the patient under a competent surgeon immediately.

Turn the child upside down at right angles to the ground. Let some one excite vomiting by tickling the throat and at the same time let the patient be slapped firmly upon the back. The foreign body may drop out.

A foreign body in the ears: The ear tube is widest at its outer part, it narrows at its centre and widens out again as it approaches the drum. A child seldom manages to introduce a substance beyond the narrower portion. Therefore, great care should be taken not to push it further back, for, then the difficulty to remove it becomes greater and at the same time, it will press upon the drum and cause inflammation.

There is not the hurry or alarm as to immediate consequences, that we have in foreign bodies in the throat. The best thing is to send the child to a surgeon. In the case of a small round substance the effect of position may be tried, by placing the child upon its side and gently shaking the head. If this fails, no instruments, should be tried by inexperienced people.

A foreign body in the nose. This is very common in children and mothers are unnecessarily anxious about this small accident. It is a thing which can be easily removed by any surgeon. In the case of seeds and other vegetable substances, which are likely to swell inside, it is advisable to present the case to a surgeon immediately. In the case of hard substances there is not the same hurry. Care should be taken that no inexperienced person pushes it further inside. The nose should not be sponged.

If the foreign body is left unremoved, it causes irritation, inflammation and ulceration inside the nose, followed by a fetid discharge. When a case has reached this stage, the nose bleeds readily at the slightest attempt at extraction, about which there need not be any fuss.

A foreign body in the eye. The commonest foreign body in the eye is dust or a small particle of sand or an insect such as the ant. Dust can be easily removed by means of the moistened corner of a silk handkerchief. If it has run beneath the upper lid, the lid should be everted and the dust removed. If the dust is not visible, a wash with boric solution (warm) will wash it out. If the offending body is an ant, it is likely to give trouble, for, it will bite on the conjunctiva and any attempt at pulling it out will only detach its body from the head, which will stick on to the eye. If the foreign body is a splinter or a piece of iron embedded into the corner, its removal should not be attempted by non-professionals. In all cases of difficulty, a surgeon's service should be obtained.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

THERE is as much art, I should say, in wearing a sari properly, as there is in cutting-out and sewing a frock. Many ladies think that no trouble need be taken over the way in which they put on their sari, for they think it is merely a long piece of cloth which can easily be draped, without necessitating much care. But they do not realise that, if an Indian lady wishes to appear well-dressed, she has to pay scrupulous care to many minor details. Only then will the final result be pleasing. No one can deny that the sari is one of the most graceful dresses in the world. We Indian ladies should therefore realise its grace and beauty, and try to wear it in as artistic a way as possible.

In olden days, ladies spoilt the beauty of the sari, by the cumbersome blouses they used to wear with it. Many years ago, fashion advocated high necks and long sleeves, which many of our fashionable Indian women adhered to. True, they may have looked regal and imposing at certain times, but one can imagine that the blouses did not suit the sari very well, and also, that they could not have been very comfortable. Now, the fashion is all for short sleeves and low necks, which, I must say, look very pretty with the sari, so long as our women do not go too far, and have no sleeves at all.

One of the chief things, therefore, that an Indian woman ought to pay attention to is that her blouse is well-made. Another fact to notice is the wearing of pins. The older fashions advocated

the use of pins, and women who were fashionable wore as many brooches and pins as possible, with the result that the general effect was one of stiffness. Now, freedom being the cry everywhere many Indian ladies wear no pins at all. They just drape the sari over their skirt, and throw it over their shoulder. In a way, this habit is good, for the material of the sari does not get spoilt with the constant little holes which pins invariably make. But, on the other hand, the wearing of the one pin on the shoulder is necessary, I think, to keep the sari in place. Otherwise, it constantly keeps slipping down, and nothing is more annoying than to see our women constantly fiddling with their clothes.

Lastly, when an Indian woman puts on her sari, she must see that it does not look slovenly. Care must be taken as to the folds falling properly. Many women just huddle the sari over their shoulder, which looks positively ugly. The folds must be placed carefully on the shoulder, before the long brooch is fastened. Also, the sari must fall evenly around the feet of the wearer, and not be tucked higher up at the back than in front, or sag at the back. Some years ago, ladies used to wear many gathers at the back, with the result that a small train used very often to sweep the floor behind. Let us be thankful that most of our women have given up this habit now.

Yes, the sari ought to be treated kindly, and great care ought to be taken in the wearing of it. Only then can we prove to the world that we Indian ladies can boast of one of the prettiest of dresses for ladies.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SANDALS.



SISTER SUSIE.

OUR COOKERY SUGGESTIONS.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

4 ozs. suet	1 oz. almonds
4 „ currants	Grated nutmeg a little
4 „ raisins	Rind of half a lime
4 „ sultanas	A pinch of salt
4 „ brown sugar	2 eggs
2 „ mixed peel	$\frac{1}{4}$ teacupful of milk
2 „ bread crumbs.	$\frac{1}{2}$ wineglassful of brandy.
2 „ flour	

Chop suet very finely, mix with flour and breadcrumbs. Chop raisins and almonds. Put raisins, currants, almonds, and peel in a large basin with sugar, lime rind, nutmeg and salt and mix. Beat eggs well and add to them the milk and brandy. Pour this into the flour etc., and stir thoroughly. Pour mixture into a well-greased pudding boiler and steam.

G. L.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

(SELECTED).



From *The Parents' Magazine*.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

From this month forwards we have decided to open a page for the readers of our journal to air their requirements. The Correspondence Editor is willing to reply to all queries, except those relating to politics; and, where stamps are enclosed, replies will be sent separately on all domestic, personal, and social problems that confront the readers from time to time.

MOTHER-CONFESSOR.

QUERIES.

(They will be answered next month)

"Ambitious"

I am a very plain girl and a nonentity in my family. What can I do to make my presence more felt?

"Puzzled"

I like to learn dancing; but my people, like most Indians, are objecting. Will it be wrong to persist?

"Perplexed mother."

What am I to do with a deceitful child?

"Dull wife"

How can I shew my old-fashioned husband that I like to go out and get some pleasant enjoyment in the evenings, and yet that I love my home-duties and home-regime?

N. B.

Mr. N. Ramabhadran, Sub-Inspector of Police, Pattukottai, very kindly offers a prize of Rs. 5/- to the best essay in English on the condition of school teachers in rural elementary girls' schools, and some proposals to remedy any existing disabilities. The essay is to reach the Editor, Indian Ladies' Magazine, before the end of January 1930.

EDITOR, THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED)

BUTTERMILK FOR BEAUTY.

If you are in a position to obtain buttermilk easily, you will find it useful for beautifying your complexion. It can be used internally and externally. Drink as much as you can. So great is the nutritive value of buttermilk that one tumblerful will yield as much nourishment as two ounces of wholemeal bread. It has no rival as a cooling and refreshing thirst-quencher.

For external use, apply to face, neck, and arms, using the hands and not a sponge flannel. Massage the milk gently but firmly into the skin for two minutes or so. Then leave it to dry.

It is invaluable after over-exposure to sun and wind, and will make the skin as smooth as satin, fresh and soft, and free from freckles and sunburn.

—Health.

COD LIVER OIL.

Cod Liver oil is a time-honoured remedy the value of which has been over-rated. Sweet cream, sterilized butter, olive oil, oil of almonds and other vegetable oils are in every way superior to cod liver oil, in the treatment of consumption.

—Health.

CHILDREN'S EYESIGHT.

Myopia, astigmatism, overstrain and other-defects of eyesight are very often started in childhood, and in many cases these can be prevented by care on the part of parents. Children with defective eyesight should have proper treatment or glasses prescribed. But children do not always wear their glasses. Parents should be very firm over this, and explain to the children that if they wear glasses now, they may be able to get rid of them when they are older. Some children ruin their good sight by bad habits, such as bending too closely over their work. See that a child keeps his head up and his back straight when doing his homework, and be sure that he always works in a good light.

—The Madras Mail.

BATHING COMMANDMENTS.

The following bathing commandments are not difficult to remember or to obey, and the bather is wise who observes them.

Certainly he is going the right way to experience the fullest delights, which bathing and swimming offer :

Thou shalt not stay in the water too long, for if you do you'll get head-ache. Come out when you are warm ; never stay in till you are chilly.

Thou shalt not bathe until two hours after meals—that way comes cramp.

Thou shalt not expose the spine too much to the sun—for sun-stroke can come quite easily while you are standing waist-deep in water.

Thou shalt not stay too long in the water—this is the greatest commandment, for neglect of it brings shivering and exhaustion as well as head-ache.

Thou shalt not start swimming without learning how and when to breathe—for swallowing much salt water is not good for the stomach.

Thou shalt not stand about after a bathe, without drying—prompt use of a towel prevents a cold, which sometimes leads to pneumonia.

—Health.

GOLDEN RULES OF HEALTH.

The way you eat and drink is of great importance to your health. Here are rules that everyone should follow.

Eat in moderation and only when hungry. Never take "snacks" between meals.

Don't eat and drink at the same time but sip water freely apart from meals and especially on rising and retiring. Tea should be freshly made and weak ; strong or stewed tea shatters the nerves and ruins the digestions.

Starchy food should be eaten in crisp and compact form, and the taste kept in the mouth as long as possible by thorough mastication.

Body-building and tissue-repairing material is essential. It is contained in meat, fish, poultry, game, cheese, milk, eggs, pulse (dried peas, beans, lentils or peanuts), and nuts (except chest-nuts). There is less body building material in cereals such as wheatflour, rice, oat-meal barley, rye, maize, and macaroni.

Use little water in cooking vegetables and save what is over for soup. Salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, and spices should be used as sparingly in cooking as at the table.

Never let a day pass without eating some uncooked vegetable or ripe fruit. If you can, give salad preference over fruit. Honey, dried and raw, ripe fruit should be valued more than sugar, sweets, chocolates, jam, and Marmalade.

End each meal with something that tends to keep the mouth clean, such as a crust, thin dry toast, rusk, raw vegetable or ripe, juicy fruit.

These "Golden Rules of Food and Drink" are issued by the Food Education Society, 29, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

—Health.

THE PAPAYA.

Of the six hundred edible fruits made use of as foods in different parts of the world, the papaya is entitled to a place among the choicest ten or twelve. It is, indeed, a marvellous product. Shaped like a melon, it may vary in size from two or three pounds to fifteen pounds or more; and a single plant may produce from one to five hundred pounds of fruit in its lifetime of four or five years. The papaya is not only delicious in flavour, but it possesses extraordinary nutritive values. It is richer in vitamins than almost any other fruit known. It is particularly notable for its richness in vitamin A, one of the most important of all the vitamins, the chief sources of which are dairy products and greens. Experiments conducted in the Nutrition Laboratory of the Battle Creek Sanatorium by Dr. Helen S. Mitchell, an expert in researches of this sort, showed that the papaya contains half as much vitamin A as does butter, and that it is also furnished with vitamins B, C and D. These are the vitamins most essential for good nutrition. There are very few fruits which contain so fine an assortment of vitamins as does the papaya, and its general introduction and liberal use throughout the country will undoubtedly have a marked effect in lowering the death rate.

While useful for all classes, the papaya may render especial service to many thousands of young children who are suffering from an insufficiency of vitamins. A diet consisting of meat and cereals is decidedly lacking in elements necessary for promoting growth and development. The free use of the papaya by children would undoubtedly result in an increase in stature in the next generation, and a notable increase in the number of centenarians.

—Health.

NEWS FROM TRAVANCORE.

A meeting of the Travancore Constituency of the All-India Women's Educational Conference was held in the Women's College, Trivandrum. Miss D. H. Watts, the former Principal of the College and an enthusiastic worker in the uplift of the Social condition of women in Travancore, passed a resolution that thereafter a

definite improvement in the line of social reform should be attempted throughout Travancore by interested and qualified women. The members of the committee were elected. It is hoped that great good will accrue, as it is all undertaken by the most influential and the most educated women of Travancore. The 3rd annual conference was held on 23rd November and the delegates were elected.

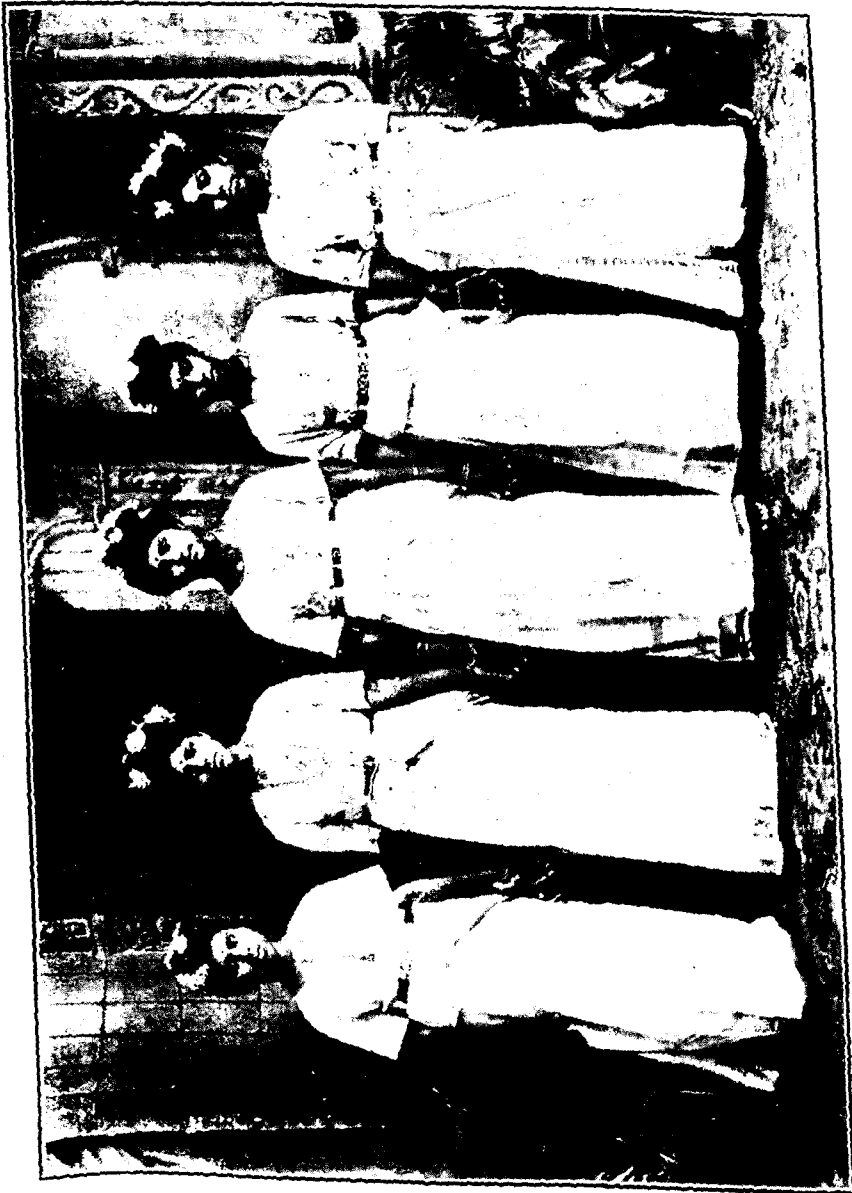
The Hindu Vanitha Sangam held an industrial exhibition in Trivandrum. Several kinds of articles, made by women were exhibited. The attempt was a great success. H. H. The Maharani Regent of Travancore, the patroness of the Sangam was graciously pleased to award rich presents to the Sangam.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION IN TRAVANCORE.

"The education of its women has been the glory of Travancore." The number of women entering and leaving colleges is increasing year by year. In the Elementary and Secondary Schools there is a tremendous increase in the number of girls going in for education. Every girl at home wants to be as well-equipped as her brother. There is no doubt that circumstances have been unusually favourable to the women of Travancore. Shut in by the mountains on one side and by the sea on the other, the women have enjoyed a kind of freedom which is their own. The state has extended a warm patronage to the cause of female education and the absence of any tradition secluding the women within their homes has helped them to come easily to the forefront.

As early as 1817, H.H. The Rani Gowri Parvathi Bai of blessed memory declared 'that the state should defray the entire cost of education of its people, in order that there might be no backwardness in the spread of enlightenment among them, that by the diffusion of education they might become better subjects and public servants and that the reputation of the state might be advanced thereby.' This has brought about phenomenal changes in the education of both the men and women of Travancore. The present expenditure on education is 42 lakhs of rupees a year. This sum is so insufficient that there are according to reports many schools with apparatus and no accomodation and many others with neither apparatus nor accomodation.

This increase in the strength of school, going children is clearly marked in the case of girls. Not 40 years ago there were just a few Girls in the High Schools, brought together through the untiring work of Miss Williams and some other missionary ladies. In the capital, there was a small building with a few girls in each class and fresh admissions were always eagerly looked for. Now on the other hand there is the cry every year at the commencement of the term for more accomodation.



A GROUP OF TRAVANCORE GIRLS.

There are present more than 500 schools for girls within the state, yet it is found that the number of girls studying in boys' schools is far larger than the number of girls studying in girls' schools. The department has not been able to satisfy the growing demands for separate schools throughout the state. So co-education is permitted in almost all boys' schools. This has to be permitted as a necessity in all English Schools and it may continue till sufficient schools are opened for girls. In some boys' schools there are complete divisions of classes in which there are only girls.

It will be futile to attempt an account of all the schools, and so a few interesting facts may be noted about one—H. H. The Maharaja's High School for girls. It stands in the capital and is the biggest girls' high school of the state. It had as its principals three eminent lady educationists, Miss Williams, Miss D. H. Watts, and Miss Resemeyer in succession, under the guidance of whom it has grown to be perhaps the premier school in all South India.

Due to the increase in the number of the pupils, the primary department had to be separated as early as 1918, so that at present there are only classes from preparatory to Form VI, with a total strength of 700 pupils. In the High School, there are 2 and 3 divisions in each class with 45 girls in each. All classes of girls irrespective of caste and creed, attend so that there are Brahmins, Nairs, Christians, Mohamedans and many other classes, studying together.

The school is equipped with an efficient staff. There are about 25 trained graduate teachers, besides music mistresses, Physical Instructors, Sewing Mistresses and Drawing teachers.

For those who do not like to take up the ordinary course of education, which of course trains pupils for the S. S. L. C. Examination, there are high school classes teaching special subjects. The girls in these special classes have a different curricula of studies altogether. They learn house-management, first aid, Domestic Science, Drawing and Painting, fancy Needlework, Cooking, Music both English and Indian, and other subjects which are of immediate use to them in their homes. They get a good grounding in vernacular as well as in English, so that they can read and appreciate good books, newspapers, magazines etc. They also learn a little of arithmetic.

Games play an important part in the life of the girls. Each class has its team to play off for the inter-class match. Besides, there are teams trained up every year to compete for the Sri Mulam cup which is given by H. H. The Maharani of Travancore, to the School or College which wins in the finals. Generally the competition is between the High School and the Women's College so that it is always a keen contest.

Literary activities and dramatic entertainments enliven school studies. Once a fortnight there is a meeting of either of the Music Club, or the Literary Club (Junior or Senior), or the mixed club, or the Malayalam or Tamil Club, so that there is no end to the activities of the pupils. The school is a real home where the pupils derive real pleasure and where there is opportunity for plenty of self-expression.

It is therefore no wonder that girls rush for education. Education is a pleasure and a pleasant duty so that there is "a conviction now almost universal among girls as among boys, that illiteracy is a slur."

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

MRS. CHATOPADHYAYA'S IMPRESSIONS.

Mrs. Chattopadhyaya recounted the attitude of the countries of the West towards India in international gatherings and explained how, thanks to the work of Miss Mayo and other similar propaganda, there was a good deal of misunderstanding about India and Indians. When she arrived at Berlin, she said, where the women's International Conference was held, she was impressed by the vast organisation and the beautiful manner in which that gathering was managed. The first impression was one of gorgeousness, beauty and service. But soon they realised that India hardly had any place in an international gathering and there was always a consciousness in the atmosphere that the Indians simply did not matter,—so little was India known, so little had she asserted herself. Indian delegates were invited but their requests to be allowed to speak were not complied with. Next morning at the peace demonstration, each country was allowed to have her flag but India was to go under the Union Jack. The speaker would not have it so and after approaching the President in the matter, the Indian delegates sat up overnight and made out of their sarees the national flag of India for the demonstration—a poor shrivelled thing no doubt, beside the ironed and beautiful flags of other countries, but representative of their land. There were all kinds funny ideas and impressions about India, that Indian men had each of them several wives, that women threw their children to the crocodiles and so on. It came as a surprise to many of the people there that Indian delegates were able to follow and partake in the proceedings and that they were accustomed to such huge gatherings in their country. It must have been to

them a great thing to see how Indian delegates fought the opposition of Great Britain in the matter of the age of marriage for girls and carried their amendment. She realised the absolute necessity there was of doing as much propaganda as they possibly could on behalf of their country and nation. Hindu-Muslim quarrels, untouchability, caste system, child marriages, illiteracy—all these were being everywhere brought up against them.

—Hindu.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE IN BENARES.

The Women's College in the Benares Hindu University is a very useful institution. The University area being two square miles, there is adequate room for extension for all institutions there. The whole university is situated at a distance from the city. The Women's College and hostel occupy a distinct section of the University, though there is not the least difficulty for the girl students to take part in all the activities of the University. No purdah is observed. Unmarried Hindu girls of 17 and upwards from all provinces of India receive education here. Girl students of the B. A., B. S. C. and M. S. C. Classes attend the same lectures as the young men preparing for these degrees, the arrangements being coeducational. There are separate teaching arrangements for the girls only, for the Intermedical classes.

Though there are arrangements for the separate messing of girls of different castes, most of them have their food cooked in the same dining hall. They do not generally even care to inquire about one another's caste.

Facilities are given to the girls to play different games. We think arrangements would be made to teach them *lathi* play and similar arts of defence. We understand that Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, the Vice-Chancellor of the Hindu University, has in contemplation the laying down of a long riding track for the use of the girl students of his University, so that they may become expert horsewomen. There is ample room for such a course. We hope the Pandit's idea will soon materialize.

The students of the Women's College do not have to pay any tuition fees, the teaching being entirely free. Besides this, an endowment by Mr. Ghansyam Das Birla enables twenty-two students to have free board also. No girl residing in the hostel attached to the College has to pay any room rent. Lodging and tuition are thus free for all.

—The Welfare.

THE GIRL GUIDE MOVEMENT.

Reference was made at the Conference of women in Madras

to the remarkable progress made by the Girl Guide movement in the country.

Miss Barrie moved that "This meeting urges the need for women to organise Women's Institutes in the districts and villages of this Presidency on the model of the Saroj Nalini Dutt Association in Bengal, and calls upon the existing Women's Association in the mofussil to open under their auspices, industrial and educational classes for the benefit of the local women, and to appoint a committee of women, social workers in Madras to give advice and guidance to mofussil women in organising such institutions" and that "this Conference of women calls upon every woman to realise her responsibility to the Society by undertaking some form of social service, such as helping the Maternity and Child Welfare schemes, visiting hospitals, orphanages and prisons, doing honorary educational work, Girl Guiding, rescue work and suppression of brothels."

The two resolutions moved by Miss Barrie were adopted unanimously, as also a resolution commending the activities of the Girl Guide movement.

—*The Madras Mail*

N. B.

We beg to bring to the notice of our readers that we have opened out four new features in the I. L. M. viz.,

1. *In Man's Realm*. We hope, not only that our men friends will now more freely ventilate their views about women-kind; but that also our women will give us their opinions about mankind.

2. *Our Historical article*. We hope to give an article of rare interest in each issue.

3. A *Prize* for an essay is kindly offered by Mr. Ramabhadran. We hope that other kind friends will come forward with offers of prizes.

4. Our *correspondence* column—edited by *Mother Confessor*. We hope that our readers will send us all sorts of queries. They can disguise their identity under pseudonyms.

—EDITOR—I. L. M.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. M. A. Arulanandam, Ceylon
 A. S. P. Ayyar Esq., Berhampore
 J. Abdul Khadar Sahib Esq. Trichinopoly
 Mrs. Ananda Rao, Madras
 Mrs. Chakko, Madras.
 Mrs. V. P. Cheriyan, Madras
 Manager Capron Hall School, Madras
 Mrs. David, Madras
 20 Government Schools and Colleges for women in the Madras
 Presidency, Rs. 100
 S. Govindurajulu Esq., Madras
 Rao Bahadur M. R. Ry. K. Govindachari Avergal, Madras
 Sandana Gounder Esq., Dindigul
 H. Muhd. Hussain Esq. Aligarh
 D. Kirubaimani Esq., Cuddapah
 Miss. Lily Krishnan, Cannanore
 T. K. Krishnan Esq., Tellicherry
 The Literary Association Coconada
 Mrs. Lowe, Madras
 The Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras
 Mrs. Poonen Lukose, Trevandrum
 The Hon'ble. F. X. Pereira, Tuticorin
 S. Padmanabha Rao Esq., Cannanore
 Capt. Ramanathan, Nellore
 Mrs. Rajam, Coimbatore.
 The Rajah of Sivaganga
 The Rajah of Singampatti
 T. Ramaswamy Iyer Esq., Dindigul
 P. R. Ramunni Menon Esq., Dindigul
 Mrs. A. Rasiah, Ceylon
 Miss Roper, Bangalore
 Mrs. Savarimuthu, Ceylon
 Mrs. Schimdt, Palamcottah
 Mrs. Roche Victoria, Tuticorin
 Mrs. Venkatasubbiha, Madras
 Mrs. K. Vedamuthu, Bangalore
 Maharajah Van Dorkoen Esq., Ceylon
 Mrs. R. R. Williams, Madras
 Miss Wilson, Calcutta

PRESS NOTICE

We draw notice to the advertisement about a Residential School for Girls. The Goodwill Girl's High School of Bangalore well answers the purpose, and deserves the notice of parents, who may be considering the matter of a suitable school-home for their daughters.

This school has been working for many years. It belongs to the Wesleyan Mission and has always had a large boarding department of the usual type, where fees have had to be kept low for the sake of the large number of poor girls, who seek admission. But for many years there have been applications from parents in a higher social position, both Christians and Hindus, for another grade of boarding accomodation with conditions more similar to those the girls would enjoy in their own homes. With the purchase of an attractive bungalow and a considerable area of land, this, we are told, has now become possible.

The healthy climate and conveniently central position of Bangalore make it a very suitable place for a residential school. Tamil and Telugu are the vernaculars taught in the school at present, but the question of adding Kanarese and Malayalam has already been considered. The School indeed deserves to be well patronised.

If your business is dull and unpromising, the best way to revive it is to advertise in the

"ORIENT"

(with which is incorporated the
C. W. Magazine)

An all-India Illustrated Monthly devoted to subjects of varied interest with bright and breezy articles from eminent persons ; and the only scientific advertising medium in South India.

If you like to have a few hours of peace, happiness and comfort, subscribe for it.

Annual Subscription

Rs. 3 only.

For revised rates of advertisement and other features of the Journal, drop a card to—

Manager,
The "ORIENT" Chingleput.

Printed by MR. C. Krishnan B. A., B. L., at the Empire Press, Bank Road, Calicut
and Published by MRS. K. Sathianadhan, M. A., Cannanore.

JOIN THE JOIN
East & West Correspondence & Exchange Club

Members Everywhere, in the East and the West.

It is the most up-to-date Club in the East

Membership fees:—

Ordinary:—

Rs. 3, Sh. 4-6.

Special:—

Rs. 4, Sh. 6.

Permanent:—

Rs. 30, Sh. 45.

The Membership includes Card, Badge, Name and Address in the Members-list, and an advertisement free in every issue of

The East & West Journal

The widely circulated official organ of the club.

VERY LOW ADVERTISING RATES:—(Size of journal 9in. by 11 in.)

Full page Rs. 25, Half page Rs. 15, $\frac{1}{4}$ page Rs. 8-0
 one inch Re. 1

Representatives wanted Everywhere Particulars free from the
 Director:—H. L. SAXENA, 6, PARADE,
CAWNPORE, (India)

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

A new boarding department has recently been opened in connection with the Goodwill Girl's High School, Bangalore—a recognised high school working under the Madras Educational Code. The new home, which at present has accommodation for about 20 girls in a comfortably furnished bungalow in the school compound, is under the direct management of the English Principals of the school. Suitable food arrangements can be made for both Christian and Hindu Girls.

The school is situated in a very open healthy part of Bangalore and has ample space for tennis, badminton and other games and for gardening

Prospectuses will be sent to anyone interested.

**SADHANA
 AUSADHALAYA
 DACCA (Bengal)**

—ADHYAKHA—

Joges Chandra Ghose, M. A., F. C. S., (London)

Formerly Professor of Chemistry, Bhagalpur College.

**Guaranteed absolutely Pure and Genuine Medicine
 prepared strictly according to Ayurvedic Sastras.**

All Ayurvedic medicines are prepared here—
 not patent or secret drugs.

CATALOGUES ARE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION

On describing the nature of diseases, prescriptions are given gratis with great care.

SARBAJAR PATI.

(The best medicine ever found for all sorts of fever. Fever is removed in 48 hours and enlarged spleen and congested liver are cured in one week). 16 pills Re. 1.

It cures all sorts of fever, chronic fever, enlarged spleen, congested liver, malarial fever, ague remittent fever, influenza, dengue, kala-azar, fever attended with slight rise of temperature, dropsy, ascites, anemia and jaundice. It destroys completely malaria and kala-azar germs and creates new blood.

DASAN SANSKAR CHURNA.

The best and cheapest dentrifice. Its regular use removes all kind dental troubles and diseases. It cleanses teeth, makes them pearl-white and strong and fills the mouth with fragrance. 3 annas per box.

CHARMA ROGANTAK.

It cures rashes, buns, scalds, pimples, ulcers of all sorts in 48 hours. 5 as. per box.

DADRUHAR.

It cures all kinds of ring-worm and allied troubles in 24 hours. Its application is not at all painful. 5 as. per box.

BASANTA KUSUMAKAR RAS.

It cures diabetes of any form and at any stage. It has never disappointed anybody who has ever used it. 7 pills Rs. 3.

MAHASANTHA BATI.

It is the best remedy for dyspepsia and its allied troubles like acute or chronic diarrhoea, flatulence, constipation, loss of appetite, acidity, heart-burn, etc. 7 pills, as. 5.

NETRA BINDU EYE-DROP.

A sure, speedy and highly effective remedy for all eye troubles. On dropping this medicine (two drops only) into the eye all sorts of eye troubles, acute or chronic disappear within a few hours only. Not the least pain in its application. It is cool and soothing. 10 as. per phial.

KARNA BINDU EAR-DROP.

A sure, speedy and highly effective medicine for all ear troubles. On dropping this medicine (5 drops only) into the ear, all varieties of ear diseases, pus in the ear, inflammation, etc. are cured within a day. No pain or trouble in its application. It is very soothing and refreshing to the ear. 10 as. per phial.

THE SCHOLAR

During the short period of three years The SCHOLAR has created a sensation in Literary Circles in India, England and America. It stands for Culture and Robust Nationalism.

The SCHOLAR is dedicated to the cause of Youth, and aims at the inculcation of Higher Ideals of life and duty in our young men and women.

Annual Subscription, Rs. 3 only

Single Copy As 4

Now is the time to send in your Subscription

Advertisement rates and other particulars from

The Manager,

The "Scholar" Palghat

THE CHILDREN'S NEWS

An Illustrated English Monthly for Boys and Girls, claims to provide for your sons and daughters everything that they should read!

It keeps boys and girls busy and happy, doing things they naturally love. It is intensely interesting to young folks between the ages of 12 to 16. They love it, they cry for it, and from the moment it reaches their hands they are busy and happy, reading the fascinating, worth-while stories, games health hints, tit-bits, sisters' page, worlds' heroes, hobbies, news and notes, articles on brother-hood, patriotism, unselfishness, solving of puzzles and problems, questions and answers and score of other delightful and purposeful things that each number contains.

Annual Subscription Rs. 2 Only

Get specimen copies free if you have not got them and enlist yourselves as subscribers.

Apply to

The Manager

'THE CHILDREN'S NEWS'

Egerton Road, DELHI.

In the Matter of Indian Catering
Refreshments and Dinners

Neo Komala Vilas

Is the Pride of the day

So Nice!

So Excellent!!

15/16, Francis Joseph Street

George Town, Madras.

Phone 2605.

PEACE

(A Monthly Journal of Life and Light)

SARI SANTI ASRAM

Totapalli Hills, Santi Asram Post,
Peddapuram Tq., Godavari Dt., India.

Yearly Rs. 3 or \$2.00 or Sh. 8

Regun in 1890. Thirty-Eighth year of Publication

THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER

Edited by - K. Natarajan

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

STANDS FOR ALL ROUND PROGRESS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Inland Rs. 7-8 (Post Free.)

Foreign Rs 10 (Post Free)

Single copies of the current month, if available, can be had at Two Annas each, exclusive of postage. Back numbers of the year, 4 annas; issues of previous years, 6 annas.

For Advertisement rates please apply to:—

The Manager.

"The Indian Social Reformer",

Naysari Chambers, Outram Road,
Fort. Bombay.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVERTISER

(English and Bengali)

(The only monthly Journal of its kind in
East Bengal and Assam)

BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

Annual Subscription Rs. 1-8 only

Managing Editor:—

PROF. M. N. CHAKRAVARTY, M. A.,

33, Dinanath Sen Road,

Faridabad, Dacca East Bengal, India

Special Features:—Articles on Soaps and allied
Industries, Insurance, Medical Sciences, Current Topics

N. B.—Free Advertisement—Name, Address and
Business of Subscribers in 3 or 4 lines printed Free
for one year.

THE GARLAND

An Educational English monthly. Recommended by many
of the District Boards, District Educational departments for
use in all the Schools.

Annual Subscription Rs. 4 only

Remarriage of Hindu Women on Sastric Basis

A BROCHURE of 110 pp with a foreword by Dr. Sir
Hari Singh Gour, Kt.

Price annas 14 post free (1sh. 6d)

An Indian in Western Europe (Vol. 1)

Humorous, Interesting, and Instructive, By A. S. P.
Ayyar, M. A. 1. C. S., 208 pp. Antique paper. Full Cloth

Price Rs. 2 nett (4sh.)

Praised by the 'London Times,' 'the Pioneer,' 'the Leader,'
etc., etc.

Copies from the

"GARLAND" OFFICE,

P. O. Malleswaram,

Bangalore, (S. India).

A HAPPY FAMILY

WHO is a happy man? Really it is he who has a
healthy wife and happy children around him. What
is life worth living for, if your wife is always sickly
and there are no children to cheer you with their
childish pranks? Lodhra frees your wife from all
disorders and blesses her with healthy chubby children.

ASK YOUR CHEMISTS

KESARI KUTEERAM

EGMORE

MADRAS

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

FOR

'The Indian Ladies' Magazine'

(TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.)

1 Page for 1 Year	...	...	Rs. 45 0
1 " " 1/2 "	...	...	" 23 0
1 " " 1/4 "	...	...	" 12 0
1 " " 1 Month	...	...	" 6 8
1/2 Page for 1 Year	...	...	" 23 0
1/2 " " 1/2 "	...	...	" 12 0
1/2 " " 1/4 "	...	...	" 6 8
1/2 " " 1 Month	...	...	" 3 8
1/4 Page for 1 Year	...	...	" 12 0
1/4 " " 1/2 "	...	...	" 7 0
1/4 " " 1/4 "	...	...	" 3 8
1/4 " " 1 Month	...	...	" 2 0

All Subscribers' Orders, Advertisements, Enquiries and
Remittances should be addressed to The Manager, INDIAN
LADIES' MAGAZINE, Cannanore.



ACCIDENTS.

Are on the increase everywhere. Prompt medical attendance cannot be had always. It therefore behoves every one young and old, men and women to know how to render to injured persons immediate temporary assistance in a scientific way. Rendering of emergency treatment by persons especially trained and the making use of materials at hand in cases, such as bleeding, broken bones, drowning, snake-bite, scorpion-bite, burns, poisoning, epilepsy, sun-stroke, fainting, suffocation convulsion, foreign bodies in the eye, ear and throat &c., till the arrival of the Doctor or medical aid is sought, is called "First Aid". The Hon'ble Dr. U. Rama Rao's book "First Aid in Accidents" teaches you how to render "First Aid". Many precious lives are lost every year which might have been saved by prompt aid had anyone been nearby able to render "First Aid". So get a copy today and know how to save people from terrible agony or injury or even life itself. Written in simple non-technical language and profusely illustrated, the book has undergone several editions and several thousands of copies have been sold. Doctors speak highly of the book. Governments, Railways, Mines, Industrial concerns, Schools are buying largely. Published in English, Kanarese, Tamil, Telugu and Malayalam.

Price As. 12. Available of all book-sellers.
or from Sri Krishnan Bros., 323 Thambu Chetty Lt., Madras.

EMPIRE PRESS,

BANK ROAD CALICUT
ARTISTIC PRINTERS & BOOK BINDERS.
COLOUR PRINTING A SPECIALITY.

Best White Canvas Tennis Shoes.

SENT PACKING & POSTAGE FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Strong white or brown canvas with white rubber sole, vulcanised firmly over the welt in a perfect joint, a shape that affords perfect foot freedom and looks always neat non-slipping soles. Sizes 2 to 9, per pair Rs. 2-12-0

The same with Best Crepe Sole " " 4-8-0

Black Rubber Pump Shoes Best Quality " 3-12-0
Please write for our catalogue.

M. C. KARIM & Co.,
PARK TOWN, MADRAS.

TO LET

15-2-83

4 HOUSEHOLD HELPS *for* EVERY INDIAN HOME



First and foremost for relief in all cases of aches and pains such as Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Chest Cold, Sore Throat, Sprains and Strains

LITTLE'S ORIENTAL BALM

A little does a lot to gently rub the pain out.

HENRY'S SPECIFICS

For Ague and Fevers
JVARA-HARI

For Colic, Indigestion, Flatulence, and Cholera
OMUM-CARPOOR
Useful in cases of ladies' Functional Troubles

For Colds, Coughs and Bronchial Troubles
KILA-KOLD

Available at all Chemists and Stores

Keep them all handy in the home

Sole Manufacturers:

Little's Oriental Balm & Pharmaceutical Ltd.

15, Armenian Street

Madras