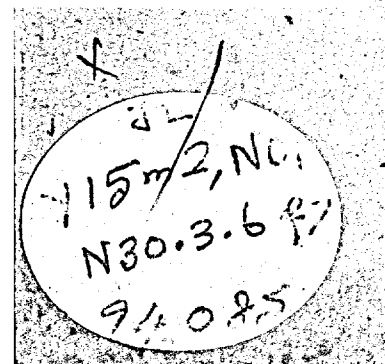


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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Oil bath day at Kodai.

Miss K. Parvathy Amma, B. A.,

Srimati Puran Devi Sharma.

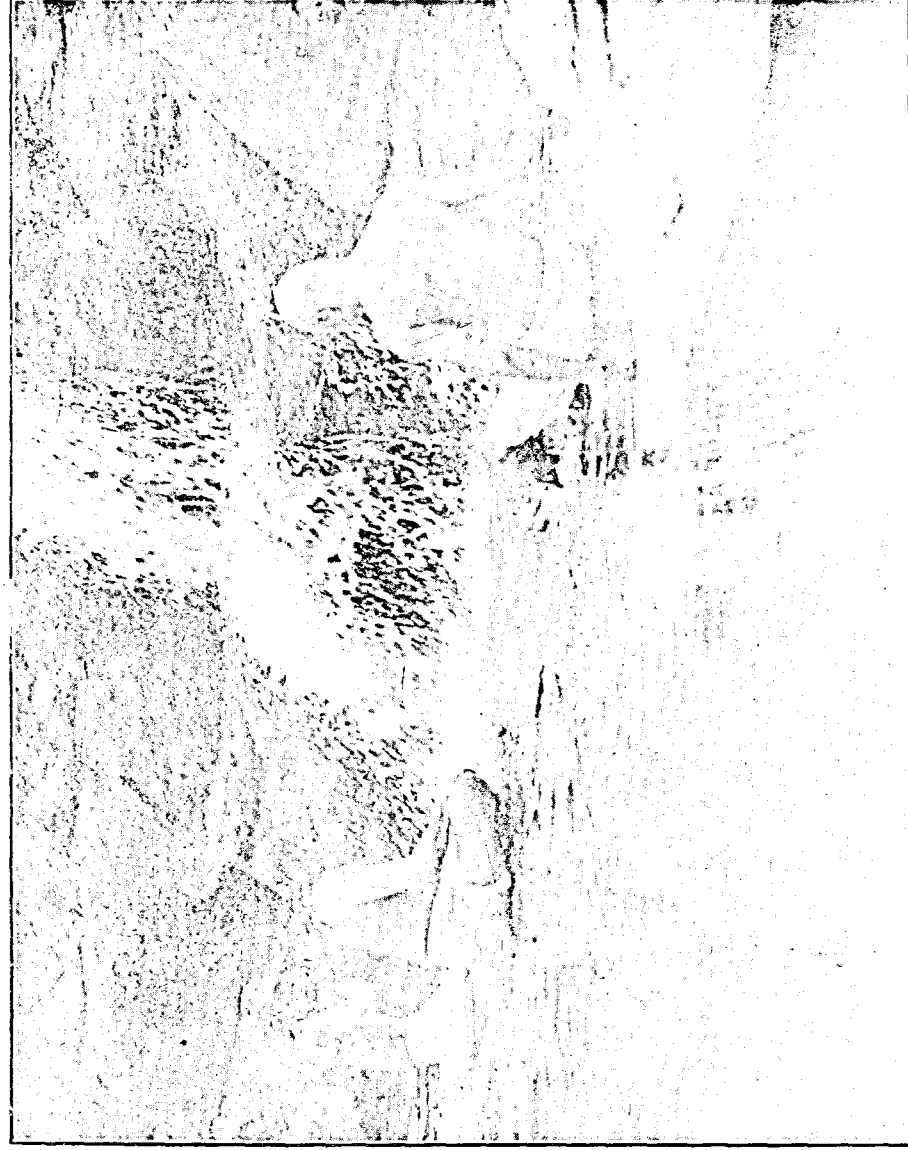
Srimati D. Kamla Ratnam.

Sreemati R. Lakshmipathi B. A.,

Mrs. J. P. Srivastaya.

Her Highness The Princess Kartika Tirunal.

verified



OIL BATH DAY AT KODAI.
Bathing at Fairy falls at Kodai 7500' above sea level.

Photo : A. J. Fandian, Tanjore

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. III.

JANUARY 1930

No. 6.

SOUL AND BODY.

HUMAN nature, as its Creator made it, and maintains it wherever His laws are observed, is entirely harmonious. No physical error can be more profound, no moral error more dangerous, than that involved in the monkish doctrine of the opposition of body to soul. No soul can be perfect in an imperfect body; no body perfect without a perfect soul. Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion; and the various aspects of humanity might be read as plainly as a printed history, were it not that the impressions are so complex that it must always in some cases (and in the present state of our knowledge in all cases) be impossible to decipher them completely. Nevertheless, the face of a consistently just, and of a consistently unjust, person may always be rightly distinguished at a glance; and, if the qualities are continued by descent through a generation or two, there arises a complete distinction of race. Both moral and physical qualities are communicated by descent far more than they can be developed by education (though both may be destroyed by want of education); and there is as yet no ascertained limit to the nobleness of person and mind, which the human creature may attain, by persevering observance of the laws of God respecting its birth and training.

Selected from *Ruskin*.

FRAGMENTS FROM WORDSWORTH.

“THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN”

IT had been raining the whole day, for the monsoon had set in, and the hot breezes of summer had long since lost their enervating influence. The world looked damp and depressed, and I was just wondering if it would ever clear up, when, towards the evening, the blanket of clouds overhead became less heavy, and a watery sun tried to shed a few rays of golden light upon the world, before it sank into rest for the night. I hurriedly went out, and in about ten minutes I had left the crowded dirty streets of the town behind me, and had emerged into a tiny country lane, which ran between

huge green-leaved trees, with glimpses of a beautiful river coming into view every now and then. Ah, yes, it was all very beautiful; the twittering of the birds as they flew from bough to bough; the fresh bloom of silken flowers embowered amidst green leaves, with dancing rain-drops upon their shining petals; the hovering of the radiant butterflies as they flew hither and thither in frenzied ecstasy; the rippling of the river as its waters flowed over smooth pebbles; and, far away, the glory of the setting sun, showing fiery red amidst the interstices of flaming clouds; all these seemed to intoxicate my soul, until I was lost to the world, and wrapped in a wondrous trance. I must have walked on in a dream for miles, when suddenly I was awakened to life by a small voice pleading: "Oh, let me be here a while longer. I love it all so much. This wood, these trees, this river, the flowers, the birds, the leaves are all so beautiful, and I feel they want to tell me something. Let me be here just until the last few shades of twilight vanish, and then I shall come with you."

But evidently the child was not listened to, for I heard its voice going away into the distance intermixed with sobs:

"Oh,—I just wanted to stay a few minutes more. It's all—so—beautiful, and—I can't go to sleep now;—but you grown-ups will never understand what I feel. Oh—oh" and the words faded away and were lost.

Poor child, I could understand its feelings, Nature had some message for it, which was incomprehensible to us and I thought of these words of Wordsworth:—

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

Yes, that great poet had felt some relationship with Nature which he had lost when a man. What had it been? Perhaps this

little child, who had been led away crying by its nurse, had felt the same "visionary gleam," and had been torn away from its sight by an unsympathetic hand. How it must be yearning, even now, to speak of that vision, and yet, who would understand it? "The child is father to the man," says the poet. It knows so much more than we do. It feels the poetry of life infinitely more keenly than we do. I felt a sudden longing to go to that child and ask it to interpret its own little world to me. What a wonderful difference it would make to my outlook on the beauties of Nature, and how happy the child would be to have a sympathetic listener. But who was the child and where did it live? I knew nothing, and it was dark now and I had many more miles before me, so I had to turn and wend my way towards home, and as I went, I seemed to see the figure of the great poet roaming about his favourite haunts, drinking deep of the music of Nature, and yearning for that "celestial light", which had once been given to him when a child.

"I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:"

... ..
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on the way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Yes, the vision faded for Wordsworth, and he saw it die away as he grew older,—and

"That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I; nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth."

Would the little child, I wondered, find the same joy in nature, which the Poet had felt when he passed the "hour of thoughtless youth"; or would the glimpse of the eternal, which it seemed to have found today, die with the unsympathetic atmosphere that surrounded it, and never blossom forth into a deeper relationship with nature?

NALINI.

A DREAM OF INDIAN WOMEN.

All around me were children, but I did not feel happy with them. On the contrary, I felt most depressed, for the little ones were not smiling and happy, as they should be, but sad and weeping. Great black eyes brimmed over with tears which rolled down brown chubby cheeks; soft black curls were bedraggled; tender buds of lips drooped downwards. Alas, alas! and I wept too at the most pathetic sight.

"We are the spirits of the unwanted children of India", they wailed. "Every woman wants to work and has no time left for us. And men fight shy of educated women, and all women are getting educated in India".

Then, there rose up a thin wailing sound from the opposite side; and I saw another group of weeping children, but quite different in appearance from the others, so thin and unkempt were they.

"Look at us," they cried. "See in what an evil state we are. We are the spirits of those who were born and neglected, on account of too many children in one family, on account of poverty, and through the inefficiency and ignorance of our mothers and the carelessness of our fathers. What was the use of birth for us? Better not to have been born, than born at all!"



MISS K. PARVATHI AMMA, B. A.,

who has just graduated from the Madras University, securing a first class in Chemistry and two gold Medals for distinction in English. She is now on the teaching staff of the first Grade College for Women at Trivandrum.

PHOTO BY: S VENKOBABAI, SRIRANGAM



ALL-INDIA ARYA MAHILLA CONFERENCE.

Srimati PURAN DEVI SHARMA, (Amrikdhara) who has been elected as the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the

All-India Arya Mahilla Conference to be held at Lahore during the Congress week.

Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

They faded away and left me more heart-sick than ever, for their lamentations had but quickened my fears. I felt myself quivering with anticipation, not of what I was going to see, but of what the result of the event would be. For, the end of the world had seemed to come for most of us. Men and women had become very inimical to each other and what was to happen to our old Earth we did not know.

It was the darkest hour of the morning, and I was on a wide barren plain, over which the wind billowed in gusts. I looked around me, and in the dim starlight I saw other lonely figures, evidently waiting in expectation like me. I left them alone, for I was in no mood for company. Then, my eyes were irresistibly drawn to a vast presence, which was brooding over the horizon. It was that of a beneficent and friendly personality; and I knew Mother India was also watching. I knew she would be kind to me, for her habit was to be good to the least of her workers. Yet, I did not go to her, for I could not bear the trouble weighing in her mighty heart.

Then, a soft, but vast, and gradually-increasing sound reached my ears, swelling out into what might have been a grand symphony, if only properly equalised. But, at present it was harsh and grating; the trebles did not go with the bases, but were in widely different keys.

I clapped my hands over my ears, as the discordance increased. My heart sank low, for I felt that my worst expectations were being realised. There was going to be a mighty war between men and women. Ah!—

Two vast armies drew near each other; shrilling and gesticulating women were on one side, spoiling what might have been a pretty picture of colour and grace,—bright saris flying, jewels glittering, bangles tinkling, anklets jingling, black locks waving through flower-wreaths, radiant eyes a-twinkle in ivory-tinted faces. On the other side were sturdy, dogged men, some shouting and vociferating, some uncannily silent. But, no weapons were visible; no sound of fire-arms was heard. There was audible only a strange flapping noise, which on closer inspection, I found, came from rolls of paper, which were being brandished, and vast banners which were being waved; but the mottoes on them I could not decipher in the uncertain light.

Was it going to be a peaceable war after all?

I was not long left in doubt. The armies halted. From each came forward single figures and began haranguing each other, upborne by an undercurrent of humming comments. What grand words were spoken; what majestic phrases were used; what voluminous arguments were rolled forth; what grandiloquent gestures were made! Many great subjects were discussed,—child-marriage,

the re-marriage of widows, an equal moral law, divorce privileges for men as well as women, the discontinuance of the Deva-dāsi system. I was glad for such subjects did need ventilation; but I was sorry that they should be the cause of sex-war. And yet, it had to be, for otherwise no concessions would be made on either side. The world had come to such a state that antagonism must follow difference of opinion.

And, my heart swelled at the thought that such things should be. I wildly blamed Mother India for laxity of management. I looked at her with criticism and sarcasm; and, as I looked, I saw the brooding eyes droop, and big tears steal down the shadowy face till they fell like large pearls on the dim earth below. And, where they fell, the bare earth flourished into a pleasant forest of feathery foliage, through whose shadowy interstices I could glimpse flashes of colour from rare flowers; and over the plain stole the fragrance of sweet blossoms.

But, the human beings before me were too busy quarrelling with each other to notice!

A woman's voice began to speak:

"Give us scope so that we may realise all that is due to us. We have too long been chattels and instruments to you when you wanted service, and play-things and toys when you needed amusement. You have never taken us into your deeper counsels; from the very beginning we have been on the surface."

"What about Sita, Savitri, Damayanti?" a man shouted. "Were they not revered by us? If you are not treated like them, it is your own fault."

"But, even they were refused Heaven, unless in their next birth they could be born as men. As men indeed! No, we need equal laws for you and for us. If you divorce, we must divorce; if you marry again, we must do so too."

"Alas, Alas!" whispered Mother India over the great plain, but they did not hear her.

"We do not know to what extremes you will go. We are afraid to trust you too far," the men cried.

"Have the women of other lands mis-used their liberty?"

"They have, in a sense. We are afraid of you, educated women. Education has unfitted you for domestic work. Our homes are no longer what they were. We are frightened to take you for wives."

"Do not marry us then. In any case, this will free our children from being married to old men."

"Ah, it is those girl-brides we want, for they are the unspoilt ones, who can be trained into true wives."

"To sink into early graves? Ha-Ha! You are very selfish and callous. What you want is your own comfort and well-being."

"And are you not selfish too?"

"We are paying you back in your own coin. We gave our whole lives into your keeping. What did you give us in return? The shelter of your names, the roof of your houses; the protection of your presence, but nothing else much. All that you wished of us was that we should be good wives and mothers. But, do you think of all the trouble that those ideals entail? You boast about your courage in battle. I think every one of you would mutiny, if you were called upon to face the average woman's ordeals."

"Yet some women welcome them."

"So would we too, if you allowed us to keep and develop our own individualities at the same time."

The men looked at each other.

"It is all our own fault," the women continued. "We have idealised and given in to you too long; and actually very few of you are worth the trouble we have taken over you. Therefore, you have become intolerable, and we deserve all we have got. No, there is no use in discussion and consultation. Let us each go our own way. And, it is time we went too."

I had been noticing before this a sort of ripple of unrest over the women's lines, backward glances, attempts to turn; and now it became a real movement. The men enquired why they were in such a hurry to go back.

"We must go on to join the van-guard", the women replied. We are far behind, as it is, on account of your request for consultation together. Western women have gone on; but there is still time for us, if we hurry, for the women of other Eastern nations have also lagged behind. But, we are about the last."

"But, the children, the children, that you have borne us?" the men cried. "What shall we do with them?"

"You can try to look after them yourselves. A little experience of them will help you to get our angle of vision".

The women turned away. But, I noticed that there were many among them who went with reluctance. And, from the host, as it rumbled noisily away, were left little waiting groups. Their dissenting voices had tried to make themselves heard in the warfare of words, but not with much effect. Now, they sheepishly eyed the men, who smiled perfunctorily in return. The two parties began to mingle and at last went away together; but I saw that they were not very happy, for they knew that they had compromised unworthily.

And Mother India still wept, and I heard her whisper:

"That is not the way. Compromise is needed, but not complete giving-in. It must be from both sides."

I awoke and slept and dreamed again; and again it seemed to me I was on the same plain, and once more the two armies met. But, this time there was a subtle under-current of change for the better, or what I thought was for the better.

"What do you want of us?" each side asked the other; and each replied;

"We cannot do without you. To know everything is to forgive everything. There is nothing like experience to give knowledge."

The men said:

"We have tried to look after the children, to make homes for ourselves. But we cannot. We find we cannot do without you. To recover you, we are ready to pardon everything, to give in in everything. But tell us why you have deserted your van-guard."

"We went more than half-way. But, we were tired, and we were pestered with difficulties we could not meet, and worried with enemies whom we could not guard against. We find that we need your co-operation, help and protection. Our physical energies are not strong enough to stand the strain by themselves. We are not quite like the Western women who have gained the victory. But, even among them we found many who were returning, because they found their victory unhappy. We hear all is not quite well at the front. We long, moreover, for our children and our homes. We will not give in altogether, but we shall be willing to work with you, if you work with us."

And so they mingled among themselves again, and Mother India smiled, and smiled, and her presence grew vaster and hovered over them so closely, that they at last felt it. They looked up and she said to them:

"My children, my mind is at peace, for you have found the true solution, for a time at least; you have both been right and you have both won. You cannot do without each other. There is no use of active antagonism between you both. Friendly antagonism there must always be between the sexes, but it must not become enmity. After all, you are both working for India, for my kingdom; and therefore you must join forces for my sake. I blame the men more than the women, for theirs has been the greater fault; but I blame the present system more than all. If the women are going on as they have been, they will find themselves stranded. There is no use for them to go on claiming everything indiscriminately. There is no use in advancing theories without practice. There is no use in bringing disgrace on themselves by claiming a responsibility which they are not able to fulfil. In that way, they will, not only, alienate the public from sympathy with them; not

only will they shame and discredit themselves in the eyes of men; but they will also put distrust of themselves as capable people in the eyes of their sisters and the world at large. I would advise them not to arrogate themselves, but to bethink their capabilities well, to go on slowly but firmly, making themselves fit as they go on for advancing liberty, watching progress carefully and basing further steps on those already made. They must not altogether be like their Western sisters. They must recognise their physical limitations, and they must not strain themselves beyond their strength. But mental and moral equality they must always claim, recognising however that at present they are not up to the standard of the men. With equality, must go trust and respect.

"Indeed, as our Indian tradition orders, the work of each sex is to be in its own method. Each must have the fullest liberty but the liberty must be allowed to work itself out in its own way. Let me quote the old, old statement from Ruskin: 'A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work or duty, which is also the expansion of that.'

"Behold, my children, the happy oasis I have created for you with my tears. Live there and be at peace. Be independent of each other in one way, and dependent in another. A time of conflict must in the nature of things come again; but once more we shall find a way of settling it."

And, over the happy crowd, was heard, not the weeping of unborn and uncared-for children, but the songs of happy infancy, glad because it was to be born to educated, self-respecting, and mutually-respected parents, who would give each child the attention due to every spirit that is born into our little world from God's great universe.

And the day dawned, and the sun rose in all its glory, and I rejoiced at the beautiful prospect before humanity.

Then, I woke up and found it was a dream.

A DAUGHTER OF INDIA.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL

Wrapt in mystic silences and glooms,
The slumb'ring secrets of creation lie.

ASTRONOMY is the science, that broadens the human mind most. From a study of this subject, we find that our all-important Earth is but a minute speck whirling in this great Uni-

verse, which consists of countless millions of stars each separated from its neighbours by thousands of years. The astronomer in the observatory plunges into the depths of space through his telescope and observes the heavenly bodies surrounded by an ocean of Eternity. To the astronomer, every electron and atom that makes up all these billions of worlds are but manifestations of that Supreme Intelligence that controls the whole universe. We are indeed proud to know that India, the most civilised and highly cultured country in the past, is the birth-place of the science of Astronomy.

Women perhaps, had no opportunity at any time to study this sublimest of sciences. Hence, with the exception of Caroline Herschel and Mme. Flammarion we do not come across any astronomer among the fair sex. Caroline Herschel, the first woman astronomer of the world was born in Hanover in the year 1750. Her brother, Sir William Herschel, was the greatest observing astronomer that the world has ever produced. Caroline's mother limited her education to cooking and household management, but her father taught her some music. William came to England in 1756 and began his astronomical studies. He was very much beloved by his sister Caroline. Unfortunately, Caroline's domestic occupations repressed and blighted her life. William wanted to rescue her from the drudgery.

After the death of their father, William brought Caroline to England and they settled at Bath. Here, Caroline had a very busy life. She learnt English, did the marketing and managed the household affairs. William was deeply immersed in the study of astronomy and thought of nothing else. Caroline was his cook and observatory assistant. She read to him novels of famous authors whilst he was engaged in the workshop, and served him food without interrupting his work. At times, she helped him in the construction of telescopes. She also took lessons in music and dancing from a famous dancing mistress of the time. Thus, in the morning they spent their time in constructing telescopes, in the evening they gave concerts, and at night they observed the heavens. The heaven-observing was based on a well thought-out plan. They surveyed the sky steadily and in order through the telescope, noting and describing every heavenly body visible. It was not an easy task, as it required a great amount of patience and power of observation.

Tuesday, the 13th of March 1781, is a day memorable in the annals of astronomy. On this night Herschel discovered the planet Uranus. From the most ancient times, only five planets were known and hence this discovery was unique. The same year Herschel was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the Oxford University conferred upon him a Doctorate. The King sent for him and appointed him astronomer to himself. Caroline and the

whole household were now established in a house at Datchet. Thus, Herschel became a practical astronomer. The King gave him two thousand pounds for the construction of a twenty-foot telescope. This was Herschel's greatest ambition in life. He constructed a small observatory and mounted his Newtonian telescope. This was how Herschel and Caroline spent their time in the observatory; as he went on observing, Caroline with the help of Flamsteed's Atlas noted down the declination, right ascension and other circumstances of the observation. In this way, they examined the whole sky.

In 1783, Herschel married the daughter of a city magnate. This was, in a way, a blow to his devoted sister Caroline. Henceforth she lived in lodgings and went to her brother's observatory often to help him. Herschel presented her with a telescope with which she began observing independently. She discovered many nebulae and four comets, one of which is the famous Encke's Comet. Her brother William was soon knighted by the King.

Sir William Herschel was the first astronomer to detect the proper motion of the stars. He was the pioneer in the field of stellar astronomy. He discovered the life and activity of the whole visible Universe, and his sister Caroline was always a source of great inspiration to him in his astronomical pursuits. Sir William died in 1822. Caroline remained unmarried throughout her life and bequeathed all her property to her beloved nephew, the famous Sir John Herschel, a greater astronomer than his father. Sir John prepared a complete catalogue of the stars in the firmament and sent the first copy to his aunt Caroline. As soon as she received it, she shed tears of joy. Caroline Herschel died at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. She is indeed a model for all women.

C. K. MONEY.

GLIMPSES OF A HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND'S GARDEN.

DEVONSHIRE has been aptly called England's Garden, and a very beautiful garden it is. It is difficult to find words to describe the charm of glorious Devon, for no words can really convey the atmosphere of peace and simplicity, which is its chief attraction. Surely no grass is ever quite so green, no sea and sky so blue, no sunshine so warm yet gentle, as on the Southern coast of Devonshire on a summer day.

The people of this lovely shire are very simple and lovable. Compared with city men, they are slow-moving. They live serene and peaceful lives; time does not trouble them, and they take both their work and leisure in the same unhurried fashion.

It is doubtless these qualities, in such contrast to the roar of the cities, that attract London people to Devon when they are able to take a holiday. At any rate, when I boarded the midday train from the London terminus one July day, there were very few vacant seats, in fact it was a very well-loaded express that set off for the South.

In the same compartment as myself was a dear "wee girlie" from Glasgow, with her parents, with whom I struck up a swift acquaintanceship. Interest in this intriguing little companion and in the fresh countryside through which our train was speeding, helped the five hours' journey to pass quite easily. England's towns are great, I thought, but her countryside is beautiful.

Arrived at my destination, I stayed at a little cottage where my bedroom (curtained with spotless white muslin and smelling of lavender) overlooked a tiny garden, where grew roses and stocks and lavender in a glorious riot of scent and colour. On the first day, the guests at the Cottage rose early, with high hopes and intentions to enjoy every minute of their stay, but alas for holiday plans, the weather was not at all kind. For the first three days rain fell heavily and a cold wind lashed a green-grey sea into a mass of foaming breakers. The hills were half-hidden in a ghostly mist, and walking abroad was a very damp and chilly affair, which made us appreciate on our return the glowing fire in our cosy sitting-room.

However, we experienced many changes of weather in a very short time—on the fourth day came the sun, the rain-drops ceased, and there was a much calmer sea. Now began in earnest our excursions, visits to old-world villages and long walks through Devon lanes, proverbial for their charm, where sunlight filtered through the overhanging trees and sheep and cattle peeped at us through the hedges. We took a steamer trip along the River Dart, which winds its leisurely way through some of the most beautiful scenery of South Devon; and all the time our eyes and minds and bodies were resting, absorbing nature's peace and revelling in her beauty, so that we might return at the end of our holiday fit and refreshed, with pleasant memories stored up against coming winter days.

Some few days later, it became really hot, and then there followed long days when sea and hills, lanes and beach, all basked in the sunshine, and the holiday-makers rejoiced. How we enjoyed the wonderful freedom of those days. Not a care in the world; no responsibility but to make the most of our holiday. We would swim until we were tired, then rest on the sands in the sunshine, until we were so hot that we gladly ran back into the cool water. Rowing and tennis claimed other happy hours, and if we were disinclined for strenuous amusements we could always laze on the beach with a book to read. Our skins soon became tanned and rather sore, and we smiled very scornfully at new arrivals from town, noticeable by their pallor.



LADY MAGISTRATE FOR RAJAMUNDRY.

Srimati D. KAMALA RATNAM, wife of Mr. D. Venkata Rao, M. A.,
Lecturer, Arts College. The first lady to appointed as a
Special Magistrate for Rajamundry. She is a member of the
Second Class Bench Court and will be attending court
from this week and onwards. She has passed the
S. S. L. C. examination.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



ALL-INDIA ARYA MAHILLA CONFERENCE.
Sreemati R. LAKSHMI PATHI, B. A., who has been elected as
President of the All-India Arya Mahilla Conference
to be held at Lahore during the Congress week.
Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Every morning, sunshine, songs of birds and the music of the sea called us to rise and come out, and at the end of the day, we would retire, very weary, very happy, with just a little regret that one more day had gone.

One has so many places to see, so many pleasures and diversions to occupy the hours when on holiday, and yet without them all, the sea could surely fascinate and keep one's interest all the time. In every mood it is beautiful; in anger, when the white horses of foam chase each other to the shore and break in fury, ere they are drawn back by a yet fiercer onslaught; at night when it is but a black carpet on either side the silver path that leads to the moon; on a windy day when small flecks of white appear as far as the eye can see; or on a still summer day when it is clear and blue, sparkling in the sunshine like a million diamonds.

Holiday-makers will come and go, the coast itself will change, but only the sea will be just the same. Next year, we said, we will steal away from the city and come again to watch the sea.

Thus, we cheered ourselves on the last day of our vacation, when we had perforce to say "Au revoir" to Devon, and return to town, refreshed and invigorated, thanks to the sweet air and sunshine of England's Garden.

MABEL BYE.

THE FUTURE OF WOMAN IN INDIA

(FROM AN AMERICAN BACKGROUND.)

THE task of recreating the womanhood of India is one in which both your men and women have a share a task which Man has not, in any civilization, occupied himself with to the same capacity as in others. He has not been made to see that it is profitable for him to do so.

But beware! there are pitfalls. Pitfalls, if you assume that the Western, the American, feminist movement has achieved anything. Has it? We had a feminist movement in Greece, in Rome, in every civilization. They gave women prestige, put them into the public limelight. That is just what the clubs, organizations, political efforts are doing for women in America to-day. But here is the paradox! What have the movements done for Woman?

The fundamental problem of Woman is primarily her relation to Man. Once make that clear, wholesome, creative; the opposition to women in public life will be less difficult.

The women of the West, who have enlightened us, made us see the position, nature, and problems of Woman more sanely—have they been politicians, club women, social parasites? They have been solitary fighters and thinkers, for example, Ellen

Key, Marry Woollstonecraft, and Margaret Sanker. The concern of men such as Edward Carpenter, and Havelock Ellis, has not been with the transitory position of Woman, but with her eternal problems.

If you are wise in India, you will not permit your efforts to lead to, and degenerate into, a collective feminine neurosis, a stereotyped anaemic intelligensia, seeking the limelight, rather than achievement. You will not dedicate yourselves to organized proclamations, demands upon government, and the creation of a multiplicity of organized ends. You will not personify abstract feminism at the price of Woman.

Your task is to understand those elements of nature that motivate the sexes, and constitute their mental difference; because Woman and Man are prompted by entirely different motives, by different demands of nature, and fundamental biological needs.

The mistake of women leaders is, and probably always has been, that they wish to refuse to face these facts. The American Woman does, either because she wishes to deceive herself, or men of public affairs. And when she does this she severs the head from the body, trades upon the powers of her sex, but develops a mental cleverness of a kind—and this she calls brain capacity and power. She boasts of the concrete, ignores or confounds the abstract sub-structure of things, and defies analysis. This is either Woman's eternal failure or defiance. She has been, and still is, a poor scholar. In the words of Madam Lombroso, Woman is *altro-centric*; Man *ego-centric*.

Upon this elemental basis the American Woman will meet her Waterloo, without understanding it. Men will take advantage of her confusion and stubbornness, as certain influential men of the West are already attempting; to thrust her back. The result will be that she will come down from her bluster and sophistication, to a terrible collapse. Thus America presents a great field of study through which Indian women leaders may profit, if they will.

I think Woman should have equal share and legislative power with Man. Why not? How else will she protect herself in social life, in business, in court, and morally? I think our social order should be dedicated to human ends, to the elevation of Woman and Man above all else. If our institutions and theories are not so—and they have not been—then upon what basis do they justify their existence? Far be it from me to discredit women; on the contrary; but I insist that we must have a cross-current analysis of a problem, in order to understand it. That, I judge, is what you are eager for in India.

A greater manhood, a greater womanhood; they assist each other. And thus comes a greater India, and a finer humanity. The task and the glory is yours.

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE.

THE INDUS CIVILISATION OR ASURA INDIA.

A decade ago, it was an axiom with many that Indian History began with the coming of the Aryans, and the story of India was but an "Aryanisation of India." Prof. P. T. Srinivasengar's was the solitary protest registered against such an assumption. He declared in no uncertain voice that the Dravidians of India, the enemies of the Aryans, were quite their compeers at least in all that constitutes certain signs of a high degree of culture, in their "material" civilisation. His prophetic anticipations are now realised beyond cavil and doubt. V. A. Smith and other Anglo-Indian Historians held quite strongly that no architecture of stone and brick, prior to the days of Asoka, was known or prevalent, and also the art of writing was introduced into India,—of course, from the West,—only in the seventh century B. C., in spite of emphatic references to the art of writing in the Vedic and post-Vedic Literature. Such persistent theories have been challenged by the recent archeological explorations in the Indus Valley, when the veil of the debris of ages was removed and a new and full-fledged culture, coeval with Babylon and Egypt of the 3rd millenium, burst into view, pulling down many a comfortable and old-world notion and compelling a fresh readjustment of our ideas. The culture thus disclosed to view has been christened by Sir John Marshall as "The Indus Civilisation", by Col. Waedell as "The Indo-Sumerian", and by Prof. Rakhaladas Bannerjee as "The Asura India."

Prior to 1920 A. D., very little was known of the existence of the Indian Pompei. The credit of discovery is shared by two Indian savants of the Archeological Dept. Rao Bahadur P. D. Sahni carried out the excavations at Harappa in the Panjab and Prof. R. D. Bannerjee at Mohen-ja-daro in Sind. They were the earliest to appraise the value of the huge mounds of ruins found scattered over a vast area. Spade work of a few months disclosed to them remains of a former civilisation, partly intact and partly in decay. Later on, Sir J. Marshall, K. N. Dikshit and Mr. Hargreaves joined the pioneers. Yet they are said to have only scratched the surface. Now the names of these two ruins, Harappa, and Mohen-ja-daro, are quite familiar to all the students of history, thanks to the informing and timely writings of Sir J. Marshall and Prof. R. D. Bannerjee, to whom the writer is indebted for his information.

Of these two places, the ruins of Mohen-ja-daro are better preserved and so afford a better and fuller view of the past, protected as it was by the merciful, dry sands of the Indus desert; whereas

the ruins of Harappa have suffered irretrievably from the vandalism of the contractors who did not scruple to utilise the debris for the construction of the Lahore-Karachi Railway.

Scholars are agreed that the ruined cities belong to the 3rd Millennium, B. C., corresponding to the Copper Age of Europe, when iron was rarer than gold, and all weapons, household articles and ornaments were made of copper. The age is also known as the Minoan or Cretan civilisation. Thus it is surmised that some cataclysm overtook the once prosperous cities, about the dawn of the Christian Era, after a continuous existence of more than three thousand years, along the sacred banks of the Indus River.

The undulating ruins of Mohen-ja-daro extend over an area of more than a square mile and the whole scenery is dominated by a massive Buddhist stupa, surrounded by smaller shrines. But the majority of the buildings constitute dwelling houses and shops, built on the sides of a long main street. The houses appear quite roomy, with massive brick walls. Each house is invariably provided with a well and bathroom. The floors are paved with bricks of a durable and polished kind. Every house has its own covered drain leading to the main street drain. "The drainage system in particular is extraordinarily well-developed. Every street and alley-way and passage seems to have had its own covered conduits of finely-chiselled brick laid with a precision which could be hardly improved upon", says Sir J. Marshall, "thus betokening a social condition much in advance of what was then prevailing in Mesopotamia or Egypt." Prof. Bannerjee notes with wonder the existence of a water-trough or reservoir, whose sides were coated with a variety of tar, perhaps to prevent percolation as well as contamination of water!

The tombs and burial places serve better as sources of information regarding the people of those days, such as the Pyramids of Egypt and "Pandukulis" of South India. The tombs are monuments of faith in the immortality of the soul. People believed that the departed would return back to the earthly vestment of clay and renew their interrupted life. So the article of use belonging to the dead, their favourite things and animals as well as offerings of food, were buried in the tomb, for the day of resurrection. Thus, in a way, those offerings to the dead have immortalised them and disclosed them to us, in all their material and spiritual settings. Several such tombs have been unearthed in the Indus Valley, which bear remarkable affinity to those of Crete and Mesopotamia.

The most important article found amongst the ruins of the Indus are :—

1. Copper vessels and copper implements.
2. Beautifully painted pottery, recalling the Mycean Vases,

3. New types of coins,
4. Dice and chessmen,
5. Bangles of blue glass,
6. Bangles of gold and silver, and splendid necklaces.
7. Gold, netting-needles,
8. Marble effigies,
9. A remarkable series of stone rings and
10. A number of engraved and inscribed seals with beautiful, life-like images on them.

The manufacture of cotton and wool was well-known to those people, says Prof. Bannerjee, though no trace of any cloth has been found; what is remarkable is the high sense of art displayed by them. Painted pottery was quite common and their ceramics are hard to excel. Their gold ornaments such as pendants and necklaces are so well done, "that they might have come from a Bond Street jeweller of today rather than from a pre-historic house of 5000 years ago." (Sir J. Marshall).

The engraved seals are particularly noteworthy for the "high degree of artistic ability and technical skill" displayed in them, no less than for their historic importance as evidences of their manner of writing and their religious belief. The writing or script on the seals belong to the class known as "pictographs", where the picture of the thing stands for the name-word of the thing. This system of picture-writing has been found to bear several points of resemblance with Cretan and Sumerian symbols of thought; life-like effigies of the sacred Bull and Pipal tree, "the Indian tree of Life", have been also embossed on them as unmistakable evidence of the reverence in which they were looked upon even in the antique past. Figures of tigers, elephants and rhinoceros have been also found on the engraved seals of those days. It is a fact worthy to be borne in mind that no trace of iron has been come across in the lower strata of those ruins. In addition to these, figures of double-headed snakes were also discovered, similar to those found in the hall of Cnossus.

These sensational and remarkable series of discoveries have demonstrated indubitably that pre-Aryan India had developed quite a high degree of culture and she had very little to receive from the Aryans, at least in the department of material comforts. Since the ancient inhabitants of the Indus show strong traces of kinship with the Assyrians, they might be the mythical (?) "Asuras" of Hindu Literature, the terrible enemies of the Aryan Devas, says Prof. Bannerjee. These findings have also established the intimate contact and exchange of arts and thought between India, Mesopotamia and Egypt of the Third Millennium B. C. and have proved the "splendid isolation" of the East to be a myth; also it was not the raids of Alexander the Great that broke down the wall of separation

between East and West. Now, it can also be easily maintained that the art of writing could have been developed in India itself and there was no necessity for any "borrowing."

V. RAGHAVENDRA RAO.

ANAKSHARA—THE IGNORANT ONE.

CHAPTER I.

Radha was a rigid-natured Brahmin woman, strictly orthodox and morbidly religious. She objected to reform of all kinds, especially concerning women. The Shastras, which undoubtedly were revelations from the Creator, had ordained certain customs; the Priests, who were the deputies of the gods, still advocated them; and why on earth, should man, the created one, and the submissive instrument, rebel? She seldom thought of the advance of the ages; she did not pause to meditate on the suitability of laws to their time; she never allowed that the duty of every human being was to act up to the light of his or her knowledge. No; Radha never saw why the mind should change with the advance of civilisation. Toleration and broad-mindedness had never been among her weaknesses. One must obey the law, which after all expressed itself in custom, or one must be numbered with the brute beasts.

Radha especially disliked the discussion round the question of child-marriage, and she felt that the reformers deserved the retribution of Heaven on their perjured heads. Was it any wonder she thought, that famine and drought and epidemics were the order of the day? But why on earth should the innocent suffer with the guilty? Her legal mind rather revolted against the idea; but, since even that was the decree of the great gods, there was nothing for human beings to cavil against; one had but to bow to the inevitable, as something beyond the reach of man's ken, but on a line with universal law.

Radha had but one child—a daughter. She would have liked a son; but, not being blessed with one, she consoled herself with the thought that a daughter is the *Mahalakshmi*, or the goddess of luck, to the house. And, as the years passed by, and no more children were given her by the ordination of Fate, she began to concentrate all the love of her narrow-minded, but still deeply-centred, heart, on her beloved child. She had called her Vasanti, which meant *Spring*, and she hoped that the girl would be blessed even as Spring was blessed, with sweet gifts of happy love and fresh joy. And indeed, it appeared as if it would be so. Radha's dotting heart found nothing to object to in her little daughter. Young and sweet

as the goddess of Spring herself, ever bubbling with youthful spirits and light-hearted gaiety, Vasanti grew and flourished and laughed through life, till—

Now, we can gather from all this, that Radha's husband was but a nonentity. He loved his wife and found nothing to criticise in her. Therefore, it can be understood that his also was, or had become, a legal mind, which in this case meant a custom-ridden one. If he had any doubts, he never dared, or cared, to express them. He also doted on his daughter, and he also wished her all the blessings of life, and he felt as if his wife was just going the correct way about it, till.....

Now, we come to that "*till*," without which this story would not have been written. Everything went well *till* Vasanti was about ten years old. Then, things were changed; indeed, they had to be changed. Radha felt that it was time to draw in her daughter's reins a bit; her liberty must gradually be curtailed; her bubbling spirits must slowly be restrained; she must be taught to reconcile herself to be a woman, and that too, a dignified, modest, shy, retiring woman, as the orthodox Indian woman ought to be.

Then it was that slight discussions arose between husband and wife; but, what did that matter? Radha's was the master-spirit.

But the worst of it was that then, vague doubts began to enter into Radha's mind also. And they were caused by none else than her beloved daughter. The latter actually rebelled several times, often grumbled and was sulky, many times had to be severely reprimanded. But every time she was overpowered by her mother, and made to submit; and every time that was done, the mother's heart bled and agonised; but that the daughter did not know. To her, Radha appeared a martinet, a good one it was true, and one who tried to soothe in other ways the wounded heart, but a martinet for all that.

So, a year passed. Vasanti became eleven. It was time that she was married. Radha indeed would have been happy to have married her off earlier; but somehow time had passed, though the mother continually felt that she was being very remiss in her duty. But, who can gainsay the heart? Even Radha could not, though she resented the fact that she liked to keep her girl unfettered a while longer. She put all the blame, however, on the reformers, and hoped that Nemesis would soon follow on their footsteps.

The first proposal came from a collateral branch of the family. The proposed bridegroom was a cousin, the son of Radha's husband's sister, a promising young man, then only studying for his F. A., but with good prospects before him. He was a good lad too, and there was the advantage that Radha knew him well and

liked him; for he had always been in and out of the house, playing with Vasanti and studying with her. Indeed, the girl had a great attachment to him; and, though she knew little about wedlock, was yet pleased and thrilled when the marriage offer was made. Even the father felt happy.

But, they were doomed to be disappointed, for Radha could not entertain the proposal. The boy was all right, but he was not for *her* daughter. What prospects had he? He might succeed, or he might not, in his studies and his prospects. And he was in fairly poor circumstances; Radha had often resented the help her husband had sometimes, according to the joint-family system, given to his sister's family with its many little "hopefuls." And now, why should they benefit by the rather big dowry, which her daughter would get? Little by little Radha had lovingly added to the sum, which had been possible to be put aside from her husband's income. Little by little, the hoard had grown, till now it was a coveted prize.

No, no, Radha felt that she would not be doing her duty, if she accepted young Madhavan as Vasanti's husband. She must look higher. And her eyes were indeed fixed on a better *parti*, a rich householder with plenty of lands and possessions. He was rather old, it was true, about fifty years of age, but what did that matter? He was a widower with three children, the eldest of whom was older than Vasanti, but, what did *that* matter either? He was also not a good man, had a very bad reputation in fact; but even that should not matter.

So, with much pomp and *eclat*, costing plenty of money, for which provident Radha had provided years before, Vasanti was married to her old, widowed and immoral, yet rich, bridegroom.

A few months later she went to her husband's house. And soon there was the prospect of a child. Radha's joy knew no bounds, when her daughter, according to regulation, was sent to her home for attention. And, when the mother was but twelve years old, her little son was born, the first grandson of Radha, and the joy of her old, nay rather young, heart, for she herself was under thirty years of age.

CHAPTER II.

"Mother, mother, what shall I do for my little boy? How can I save his life?" So rang Vasanti's bitter cry, as she sat by the bed-side of her dying child a puling infant of three months, whom they had fondly called Chandran—the *Moon*, sickly and ailing since birth, and with never any prospect, if the mother had but known, of a healthy life before him,

"My child, it is the decree of Fate. We must submit,"

consoled Radha, hiding the agony of her own heart to appease the sorrow of her beloved.

"Fate is unkind, mother, fate is always cruel. Why were we ever born at all to suffer such things?"

"My Vasanti, do not question God's ordeals. They are sent to us by his divine will."

There was a pause, while both the women hung on the child's gasping breaths, and watched the face of the nurse, who, to her own grief, could do nothing for the little passing life.

Then, Radha's heart missed a beat, for, like an arrow into her heart came the question, which she had been expecting and dreading to hear from her daughter, and which indeed, she had been vainly trying to stifle in her own mind.

"Mother, why did you get me married so early? The lady doctor says that the child was born weak, because I was so immature, and his—father so old. Could you not wait, mother? You have heard what all the reformers are saying."

"May God's curses descend on them for unsettling our minds", was Radha's bitter retort.

A still more bitter reply was on Vasanti's lips; but just then came the dying rattle from the infant's throat, and in a little while he passed away; and there was wailing and mourning in Radha's household. Vasanti wept and pined and the only consolation the harrowed mother could offer her, was the prospect of more children; but at that the girl unaccountably shuddered.

Another year passed, and another child was born to Vasanti—this time a daughter, whom they called Tara—the *Star*. But the same Fate befell her as had happened to her little brother. Within three months she died, and Radha and her daughter were again desolate. So was Vasanti's father; but no one took much notice of him. As for Vasanti's husband, he did not seem to care much, except that he began to look rather askance at his child-wife; and people whispered that he was looking for another bride, who would give him more robust children.

And another year passed and another child was born and died, a son, whom they had named Suryan, the *Sun*.

"Next time a child is born to you, Vasanti, I shall call him, or her, *Anarthaka* the *worthless one*. It may be, in that way, that we shall avert the *evil eye*, which seems to cling to our footsteps."

But Vasanti refused to return to her husband's house.

"He is shortly marrying again, and he hates me, and I hate him, the old ugly fat one. Besides, I cannot bear the suspicious and accusing eyes of his people, his mother and his sisters. Ugh!"

"But what is to happen to you, my child? Who is to support you?"

"You and father, mother. Did you not give me birth, and is it not your duty to look after me? And it was you who gave me in marriage, and brought all this sorrow on me." Vasanti was young and thoughtless and never recked the wounds she was deepening by her unkind remarks. That was to come later.

"And the disgrace?" asked her mother after a while, in a husky whisper.

"That is not my affair, mother, but yours."

"It is the duty of every Indian wife to submit to her husband, whatever he does to her."

"It shall not be my duty; any way, I shall not go back, and he does not want me either. If you cannot keep me here, send me away, and I shall go."

"Oh, my daughter, my daughter, how unkind you are to me!"

"It is all your fault, mother."

And strange to say, her father agreed with her, and actually said so. And Radha's head was in the dust.

After three months came a bomb-shell. Vasanti's husband sent word that he must have her back. He would take no refusal, neither would he promise not to marry another wife. But, people were saying things about his treatment of her, and he would not stand that. If she did not come, he would institute legal proceedings.

So, Vasanti went back with many tears; but, just before going she said sullenly to Radha: "Do not think mother, that I am intending to stand all the ill-treatment I shall probably get. Of course, I shall not be physically punished, but there can be induced a state of mind, which is far worse, and I shall not stand that. I have one resource left, and—"

"Do you mean to say you will kill yourself? Oh Vasanti!"

"I do mean that, and I have the means—oh, I must not say that. I mean to say, I can get some poison—"

But her mother was on her like a hound after scent. What was the medicine she had, and where was it? She must show it to her, and so on—till at last Vasanti, wearied out, gave in, and she showed her mother the poison, which she had stolen from her husband's cupboard, where it had been kept as poison for rats.

"Give it to me," said Radha, "and I shall keep it carefully for you, and I swear that, if ever you have a true need for it, I shall give it to you."

And so, on that, they parted.

CHAPTER III.

"Mother, come to me at once. My husband is dangerously ill and his people are all cursing me, because they think I am the cause of his illness. Heaven knows whether they suspect me of

poisoning him; in any case, they think that my sins are the cause of all the trouble. I cannot stand this, and yet I cannot leave him. Please come and help me, and bring that medicine with you."

So ran the frantic letter, which Radha one day got from her daughter. In response, she packed up her little bundle, left her husband to his own resources, got into the train, and went off to Peytur, the place where her daughter was.

Vasanti's husband was very ill, indeed hopelessly so. Radha shook her head over him, and over herself too; for, instead of feeling sad, she felt an inexpressible sense of happiness stealing over her. What mattered if her beloved became a widow, that much detested creature among Indians? She would be free at last, to live her own life, despised though it might be, and she would be with her mother, who knew how to comfort her.

But, he did not die. Instead, he became better, and there was a chance that he might recover.

The second night after this turn, Radha sat in the sick room with his sister, watching the patient. The sister fell asleep, worn out by anxiety; but Radha was wide awake. And a terrible temptation suddenly assailed her. She got it by staring at the medicine bottle on the table by his side. There was a large sediment of white powder in it, and suddenly she thought of the powder her daughter had told her was poison. Why should she not mix it with the medicine? Who would suspect her?

For a little, she fought against the temptation. But, really she was too distraught to think properly. Her daughter's troubles had slightly unhinged her mind, and she was not quite herself. So, it was not long before she gave in. The poison was brought and mixed in the sick man's medicine, and later, trembling with emotion, she saw with her own eyes that the medicine was given to him.

The next day he died, and nobody suspected Radha. The doctor gave it as his verdict that the rally had been a false one, that there had never been any real hope for the old man.

Radha's feelings can well be imagined after this. Wildly despondent one moment, for she was a murderess; she was madly excited the next, for had she not been the means of freeing her daughter? She was in a queer state altogether. Her daughter and her husband did not know what to do with her. But a strange thing happened. The hitherto hen-pecked husband began to find resources of unknown strength in himself, and to show it, and his wife learnt to lean on him for help.

A strange obsession took possession of Radha. She wished to go on sacrificing herself for Vasanti. She had at present given her only negative happiness; how was she to give her positive joy?

It will be understood that all her rigid notions had fled from her by this time. All that she cared for now was her daughter.

Then, a wonderful idea came to her. Sometime before, her young nephew-in-law had returned from England after some successful studies there, in which he had fulfilled the promise he had shown in his early youth. He was an Engineer now, with good prospects before him. He was still unmarried, for he had really loved Vasanti, and had not been able to replace her lost image in his heart. He paid his visit of ceremony to his Uncle and his Aunt, and he saw Vasanti as a widow, and his heart ached for her.

Radha waited for six months. Still there was no talk of Madhavan's marriage. Then, she sent a message to him to go to her at once. Of course he responded. Then, by many devious paths, she at last reached the point she aimed for.

What did he think of Vasanti? She was very sad and troubled and thin, but did he not think her more beautiful than before? The pathos about her but added lustre to her. "She was still Spring," said the doting mother.

Young Madhavan eagerly agreed. Then, Radha asked him why he had not yet been married. Would he not feel lonely when he started his work? He ought to have a loving companion with him.

Then-then-did he not think Vasanti also was looking very lonely? She herself, Radha, and her husband were getting old. What would happen to the child when they were dead?

She confessed that she had been a rigid follower of old custom, but-but-somehow, she had changed. She disliked widow-re-marriage, but somehow she thought women, even widows, were not meant to lead lonely lives. And chiefly did this apply to Vasanti, who was a sprightly creature and rejoiced in company.

And-and-did he not think she ought to marry again? And where could she find a husband for her? It was good to choose a man from among people one knew well. Already, one serious mistake had been made, and she wished to avoid another.

Then at last the great idea dawned on Madhavan. Radha was asking him to marry Vasanti. Ah! would he not? The idea had entered his mind sometime ago, but he had never dreamt of allowing it place, and had stifled it, so afraid was he of his aunt's stiff opinions. But now-now.

So, at last, it was settled. Slowly, the idea was mooted to Vasanti, who after some hesitation, consented. Then, gradually, the young heart of the girl awakened from its forced stagnation, and she felt the old thrill of happiness again. Yes, indeed, why should she not be happy, in spite of the past?

The Reformers praised Radha for her change of front. They had known her of old, and were now rather surprised at her. But she would not admit their praise. Her views were merely selfish,

she said. She cared nothing for the principle; she only went by the result; and it was only Vasanti's unhappiness that had made her advocate widow re-marriage. What did she care about other widows? But the reformers told her that this was the way great reforms were begun. Principles were based on facts, and facts proved themselves in results and so on they said, but Radha would have none of their twaddle.

The priests and the orthodox people tried to persuade Radha otherwise; but she would not listen to them.

CHAPTER IV.

Six months later, Vasanti was quietly married and went away happily with her husband.

Thereafter, Radha began to fail. And one day Vasanti got a letter to come quickly, because her mother was dying.

Of course, she came, she and Madhavan, and found Radha in a queer state. She was babbling so wildly, that they thought she was delirious, and yet she seemed sane in other ways. Vasanti sank on her knees beside her.

"Mother, mother, what are you saying?" she pleaded.

"It was all for you, child, that I did it. I have killed a man, oh, I have killed a man, I have, I swear it."

"Whom, mother, whom did you kill?"

"Whom else but your first husband. Oh, child, do not hate me, for it was for you. Listen, you remember that powder you asked me to keep for you. I mixed it in his medicine, and he took it and he died. There, it is out, and I am free of the secret at last. But remember I did it for you. And I have paid for it, in secret grief and in agony, and now—now—"

"Now—, oh, mother?"

"I have taken the poison myself, and I shall die very soon. Don't you believe me? There is still the paper in which it was kept, and there is some of the poison left. Oh, I have repaid. But tell me that you forgive me my sin."

"Oh, dear mother, you did it for my sake. You sacrificed yourself for me, and who am I to ask for pardon? It is for me to go on my bended knees to you and thank you for your love, and ask you for forgiveness of all my past unkindnesses."

"Then indeed, I can die happy."

And she turned her face to the wall and would speak no more.

Vasanti and her father and her husband consulted together and told the attendant doctor everything. That astonished man took the revelation rather frigidly.

"I find no signs of poison in her," he said. "She is only dying of inanition as it were and want of will to live. And she is very

hysterical. She took poison intended for rats, you say? Well, let me take it home and get it analysed, and we shall see what we shall see."

He was as good as his word; and it was found that the poison was no poison at all, but just a harmless medicine.

They told it to Radha and a great expression of relief came into her face.

"So, I killed no one, after all? Oh! the relief! Thank God for his mercy. Then I shall die happy."

"But you need not die, mother; you yourself have taken no poison."

It took Radha long to realise the truth. When she did do so, her old calmness and strength of purpose came back to her. She made up her mind to recover, and she did recover.

Was there not her daughter's new happiness to share in and enjoy?

And some months later, she held in her arms another grandson—a strong and chubby one this time, whom the parents christened *Gnanin*—the *Wise one*, but whom the grandmother insisted on nicknaming *Anakshara*—the *Ignorant one*, a name which she felt she might well have given to herself at one time.

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

WIRELESS V. PRINTING PRESS.

A DREAM

"THE Bombay Station of the Indian Broadcasting company closing down for the night: closing until five P. M. tomorrow. Goodnight, everybody—goodnight. Sleep soundly."

The voice ceased. I stretched myself in the long chair, and fully intended to follow the good advice and "sleep soundly". I switched off the Punkah and removed the head-phones. I dozed and dreamed a queer dream.

I was in a strange world: a modern world, but minus the printing press. In this world Caxton had not dropped his little blocks of inky wood on to the carpet to stand staring at the letters imprinted. He had not set up his printing-press, and as nobody else had, there were no books, no newspapers, no magazines, no pamphlets.

Yet the works of the authors, ancient and modern, were in every home: the news of the world was all around us.

The talkies and the gramophones had taken the place of books and magazines, and the wireless apparatus distributed the daily news. Books were heard and not read. The talkies and the gramophone had been developed far beyond the wildest dreams of the present age, and the gramophone was no longer a luxury, but a necessity in every home, in every pocket. Operated by electricity, it was no bigger than a small pocket-book; records were produced cheaply in millions on this waxed paper. Everyone listened to literature, and the difficulties of two or three people in the same room "reading" records at the same time was overcome by records both "sweet and low". The author's voice, his intonation and rhetoric, as well as his "style" were not spared by his reviewers and critics. The dramas of Shakespeare, enriched by the spoken word, were as popular as is the modern novel.

Wireless receiving sets were as popular as fountain pens. Broadcasting stations were in every town—as common as the printing press of to-day. Listening-in apparatus was often fitted to headaddresses, so that the wearer could listen at all hours of the day, and at all places.

The eyesight of the world was perfect: eye-glasses and spectacles were unknown—but ear specialists practised in every town and city, and small ear-drums for slight defects of hearing were as common as spectacles. Some of this, cut in a stylish manner, were worn in one ear only, reminding one of the monocle.

A wonderful world it was, and, as an odd result of the perpetual listening-in to wireless and gramophone, the spoken word seemed to have developed a richness that added to everyday conversation between man and man the beauty of intonation and of gesture.

I awoke from out of my dream, and saw that the fire had burnt out. There was the little wireless set which had said "Sleep soundly" and above a bookcase full of books.

I laughed and wondered: tried to visualize what might have been in the past, if Caxton had not dropped those inky letters on to his mother's carpet, if the linotype and printing presses had not been born of it: and I wondered too, at the future.....

"NOSPEJ".

OUR POETRY PAGE.

1. LADY PURITY

La beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum.—

French proverb.

I know a lady fair to see,
Whose beauty's most refining:

Her eyes are liquid as the sea—
 Her voice, a stream of melody :
 As airy clouds her vestments are,
 And O ! her life is like a star
 Above the dark world shining.

'Tis sweet, this lady's company,
 (Whose wisdom has no measure,)
 Yet simple, shy and true is she—
 Her name is Lady Purity :
 High as the firmament her mind,
 None living can her equal find,
 This lady of such treasure.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. THE NIGHT

As slowly the twilight darkness creeps,
 All the world in stillness sleeps,
 Under the sea the sun has gone,
 There to sleep till break of morn.

The twilight to everyone seems dear,
 And in every heart instils a fear,
 As in prayer they bend their pious knee,
 Singing the praise of the Almighty.

The sea waves with their thundering roar,
 Break their wrath on the sandy shore,
 They break the quietude of night,
 As they try their never-ending night.

The birds have all sought their nest,
 All beasts have laid their limbs to rest,
 They know it's time to be in bed,
 To rest in sleep their weary head.

The trees have closed their leaves in sleep,
 And the world is plunged in darkness deep,
 Few creatures dare to wander out,
 For fear of dangers, there's no doubt.

Morn and Noon, Eve, and Night,
 Each sheds forth a different light,
 Then, who will not to God the Maker,
 With heart and soul their praises offer ?

T. P. JAYANTI.

IN MAN'S REALM.

1. FRIENDLY RUBBISH

What a mass of rubbish we all collect !

For most of us, our "bottom drawers" are the Holy of Holies of our innermost selves. Little things of trivial worth have halted us before some shop window ; some small novelty has become the new toy of the moment, and a few days later it has found a burial place amongst the rest of our "treasures."

The odds and ends of our school-days—that stamp album, the false beard of the Amateur Theatricals, a pretty sea-shell that caught our fancy on the beach—they are all there. How strangely familiar they seem when we renew their acquaintance on going Home on leave after long years of absence. How foolish, and yet how friendly !

Then our *almirahs* in India. Those old shoes, the discarded and worn-out hats, the ties we never wear ; why don't we scrap them ? What use are they ? Are we slaves to the lust of possession, or is it too much bother ?

Many a woman's locked dressing table drawer contains *nothing but rubbish*. She leaves her jewels in an open jewel box, her wrist watch under the pillow, her gold slave bangle on the mantle-piece : but the rubbish, the sentimental rubbish to the material value of Rs. 0/0—, this *must* be locked securely away.

The male does not lock his rubbish away : he leaves it lying all over his dressing room—and he generally owns more than does his wife. "Let me throw those old slippers away, dear", she says, "you never wear them." "Oh—leave them there, dear. They might come in useful." He knows they never will, but is not ready to part with them.

Every other Sunday we make strong resolutions. We will go through our *almirahs* and turn out all those useless encumbrances. We handle them fondly—and put them back in another place. We have "tidied up."

Young married couples set their faces against rubbish : but it comes to them. "We will not have a horrid lumber cupboard, darling" says the bride. And the happy man congratulates himself on his wife's commonsense and emphatically agrees. But, before the honeymoon grows cold, the rubbish arrives, and they say "Ah well, it *might* come in useful !"

It never does, and they never scrap it all ; no, not even when they move. It lives and dies with them. It is part of them, relics of the past—friendly rubbish.

"NOSPEJ."

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

II

Princess Mary joined us at Kantara. She had come to tour in Palestine. Kantara was the largest Base Depot on the Suez Canal during the Great War, and we could see signs of the camping ground still in existence. We left Kantara at 8 p. m. and at 11 arrived at Port Said, where some of the passengers disembarked to proceed to Alexandria, Egypt and Turkey. It was night, so we did not go ashore. Port Said is an important port, being at the northern end of the Suez Canal.

We had now reached the Mediterranean sea. The 15th of April had been a very interesting day for us, for we had seen much. No doubt, the country is barren on either side of the Canal, but there was a great deal to think about from the military point of view.

On the evening of the 16th, there was a "Gymkhana Day"; some comic events were set up such as :—

Blind-fold fighting with pillows, and a tin for making a noise,
Whistling Tunes,
Guessing from a picture drawn by ladies.

It was great fun. On the 18th April, our ship arrived between Italy and Sicily, and we also saw Stromboli, the volcano. On the 19th, we sighted Corsica, the birthplace of the great French General, Napoleon Bonaparte. Princess Mary distributed the prizes to the winners in the tournaments.

On the 20th of April, early in the morning, our ship arrived at the Dock of the P. & O. Company at Marseilles. This morning we took our food at 10 a. m. and went out into the town with Captain R. J. Mackay, M. C. He exchanged £2 (Rs. 26) into francs; the rate was 120 francs to the pound. As we left the ship, the first thing I saw was that the traffic in Marseilles passes by the right, instead of by the left as we do in India. Big French horses were pulling loaded carts just like camel carts, but all three horses were put in abreast. The tramways were just like those of Bombay, but were very small. The roads are very narrow. On the hill, there is a Roman Catholic church with a golden statue. There is a fine view of the town from the hill, on which this church stands. From there we descended in a lift which moves up and down by means of water-tanks, the filled one comes down and the empty one goes up. There is a brakeman in each lift.



WHITLEY COMMISSION.

Lady Assessor for U. P.

Mrs. J. P. SRIVASTAYA of Cawnpore,
who has been appointed by the President of the Royal Commission
on Lahore in India to serve as a Lady Assessor
for the United Provinces.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



CHIEF GIRL GUIDE OF TRAVANCORE.
Her Highness The Princess KARTIKA TIRUNAL,
(younger sister of H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore) who was recently
enrolled as the Chief Girl Guide of Travancore.
Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

You see people of all nations in Marseilles, but the French are distinguishable by their long moustaches. The town is very crowded.

Princess Mary disembarked here and proceeded to London by train, as also did many passengers; a special train goes to Calais and then from Dover to London. I saw the train marked "Bombay to London."

On 22nd of April, our ship arrived at Gibraltar. At 1 p. m., we went ashore. It is a nice small town but, as it was Sunday, the shops were all closed. We went to the neutral ground, on the boundary between the British Territory and Spain. Both sides are guarded by sentries, one side British and the other side Spanish. No Spanish person is allowed to pass through the British boundary without obtaining a pass; the gate is closed at 9 p. m. As our ship was to leave Gibraltar at four, we came back at 3-30 p. m.

From here we entered the Atlantic Ocean, and on our leaving Gibraltar the sea was so rough that I did not go up on deck for 2 days. The ship rolled very much, especially in the Bay of Biscay.

On the 15th of April, our ship arrived at Plymouth at dawn, and many passengers disembarked, who lived in the South of England. Trains go from here to London in five hours. Plymouth was once a famous naval Port. There is a big wireless station on a hill and a fort in the centre of the Bay. I saw a sub-marine and a destroyer patrolling in the Bay. Our ship left Plymouth at 8 a. m. All of us were busy packing our kit.

On the 26th April, early in the morning, our ship arrived at Tilbury Dock. Major A. K. Macpherson and Pensioner Conductor Mr. Booth, I.A.S.C., came on board to take us to London. Captain R. J. Mackay, M.C., here handed over charge of the Indian Orderly Officers to Major A. K. Macpherson.

Our photograph was taken on board, as well as at the time of landing. After collecting our baggage, permission was obtained from the Customs to pass through the doors. Heavy duty is charged on tobacco and silk articles, but none of us had anything of that sort. We got into a 14-seater car, with our baggage loaded on top, and started for London, which was 23½ miles away.

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

(To be continued)

FRIENDLY CHATS

WOMEN'S EDUCATION

THE question "should women be educated at all"? has been sufficiently answered, and at the present day all are agreed that women ought to be given education. But the question of what kind of education should be given to our women remains unsettled. Well-known educationists express different opinions on this question. Whether our girls should have the same system of education as our boys is a matter of controversy. According to Prof. Karve, the founder of the Indian Women's University, if women's education is to be developed with reasonable rapidity, there should be some differentiation of curricula. The curricula should be suited to the needs and requirements of the majority of Indian women.

The Rt. Hon. V. S. S. Sastri is of opinion that the object of education, namely, preparation for the tasks of life, is common to both sexes, and the destiny of men and women being the same, woman ought not to be isolated from man in matters of education. Now the question arises, "what is woman's place in life and what are her life's fulfilments"?

Women have been in the past the unquestioned mistresses in their domestic spheres, taking an interest in their homes, loving chastity, maternity, and service to humanity. "Wherever there is something which is concretely personal and human, there is woman's world. The domestic world is the world where every individual finds his worth, therefore his value is not the market value but the value of love, the value that God in his infinite mercy has set upon all his creatures. This domestic world has been the gift of God to woman's personality", says Dr. Tagore.

It must be conceded that women have somewhat different functions in the scheme of nature, and they are pre-eminently adopted and intended by nature to perform certain duties in life. It follows therefore that the education given to them must be such as will better equip them for the more able performance of their duties. Women in India have a history of their own. Their ideals of life have been clearly set up long ago by the notable examples of glorious women in the past. Sister Nivedita said "there can never be any sound education of Indian women, which does not begin and end in the exaltation of the national ideal of womanhood, as embodied in her own history and Literature." The ideal of giving the same kind of education to boys and girls has not commended itself in England and other Western countries. The advocates of this ideal seem to have the idea of equality of sexes as the basis for their ideal. Women were in no way considered as inferior to men and they enjoyed equality of status with men, though equality need not mean identity of rights in all spheres

of life. It is necessary that in order to view the women's educational problem from a fair standpoint, we should forget the false notion of inferiority and superiority in relation to men and women. Sir Frederic Treves, an eminent English Surgeon said "In mental qualities the two sexes are undoubtedly dissimilar, but dissimilarity are not necessarily unequals. Equality does not demand identity, but is compatible with and even depends upon a system of differentiation, under which either sex seeks to multiply at a rich interest its own peculiar talents. To use the terms superior and inferior in this comparison is mere blundering. There is no common standard by which they can be judged fairly. Estimated by the unit of the female intellect, the man is deficient; while viewed from the standard of man the female is lacking".

The existing system of education for girls being based on the same lines as that of boys, there must be reform in many directions. The proper type of education is that which will make girls more practical and will ensure improved health to the students, an education with a more cultural infusion in it. Women have always shown a particular predilection for the beautiful and have contributed very largely to the aesthetic side of human culture. They need a special education to implant their emotional and sub-conscious element into the man-made mechanical civilisation of the present day.

One of the essential functions of woman is to keep the home cheerful, and beautiful, and women should be trained in social ethics, social sciences, Hygiene and child-welfare. Physiology must be taught and suitable physical exercises must be imposed in order to ensure good health. Women are by nature averse to hard and dry subjects like grammar and Mathematics. Algebra and Geometry should be made optional, while Domestic Science, Hygiene, Music and painting should be made compulsory subjects.

Putting forward a scheme of different curricula for women does not mean that they should be barred from educating themselves for professions, which have been considered the monopoly of the other sex. It is a pleasing feature that in recent times, surmounting the difficulties that lay ahead of them,—Purdah system and the custom of early marriage—Indian women have gained great distinction at the Universities and have admirably qualified themselves as doctors, teachers and lawyers. But it is not so much on isolated examples of eminent intellectual activity that the progress of this country depends, but upon the interests of the large majority of girls.

Elementary education is one of the minimum necessities of human existence. 98 per cent of Indian women are illiterate and in order to remove this illiteracy the immediate adoption of a

programme of compulsory education for girls is absolutely necessary. The Hartog Committee have reported that the waste in primary education is appalling. "The primary system", they say "should be designed to produce literacy and the capacity to exercise an intelligent vote."

In the secondary course, the vernacular must be the medium of instruction and literature should form an important subject of study. The secondary school course must be complete in itself and not a preparatory ground for the University course. A number of authorities have testified to the crushing intellectual burden of pupils who have to acquire knowledge through the medium of a foreign language, particularly in the high school course, leading to a great waste of time and energy and to attaching more importance to words than to thoughts. In the last decade, U. P. and the Punjab have adopted the vernacular medium of instruction for the middle classes. Almost all Universities in India are agreed that in the High School course the vernacular may be profitably used, and that English may be advantageously reduced in use up to the present matriculation stage, with provision for a more rational teaching of the mother-tongue as a method of mind-training.

Mr. Otts Rothfeld, in his book on "Women of India", said that "Europe has not yet devised any suitable system of higher education for girls, has rather busied itself with what is unsuitable and injurious. Girls have been encouraged to emulate boys in every sort of education within the same curriculum, without heed of their earlier precocity, different methods of nervous activity—and they (Indian Parents) should not let their girls run the risk of such an education which distorts rather than develops their sex."

Mr. Rothfeld has rightly studied the minds of Indian parents. One of the chief causes for the lack of women's education in India is the apathy of the parents, who refuse to send their girls to the schools. They say, "You have spoiled our boys enough; why do you want to spoil our girls?" They are not unjustified in putting such questions. The existing system of education is unnatural and demoralising.

Now the evil custom of early marriage, which has been a serious impediment in the way of women's education, has been removed by the Sarda Act. The next step should be to remove the apathy of the parents, by providing an attractive and ideal curricula for girls' education, consisting of a nine or ten years' useful and practical course of study. Women's universities should be founded all over India and worked out on the lines followed by the women's university at Poona.

K. ANANTACHARI.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

1. THE LUCKY HARE.

SARMA, the little hare, was longing for the light of dawn to break the gloomy darkness of the night. He was always so full of life and had such a tremendous interest in all the things around him, that he hated going to bed, and no sooner did he hear the first cock-crow in the early morning, than he would sit up and wait for the first tiny speck of grey light to appear in the East. On this particular morning, he waited with extra impatience, for it had rained a little the night before, and the earth had that peculiar smell after a light shower, which is so pleasing, not only to human beings, but to little hares also.

At last, after what seemed hours of waiting, the light broke on the Eastern horizon, and Sarma gave one dart, and was off like a streak of lightning across the forest, even before his surprised mother could say 'good-morning' to him. Away he went, galloping madly, for his legs were stiff after the long night's rest, and he was cold. After running for a mile or two, he felt better, and halted to have a snack at his morning meal. He sat nibbling for a little while, and then he ran again. But he had not gone more than a few paces, when bang—he went tumbling head over heels, and landed in a strange-looking heap of strings tied up together. Oh, what had happened? Poor Sarma could not think. All he knew was that he was caught, and try as he might, he simply could not extricate himself. He struggled and struggled, until mere exhaustion made him lie gasping within the tangled heap which had caught him. Alas, alas, he had fallen into one of those nets, against which his mother had warned him so often. These traps are set by human beings, to catch poor little innocent hares.

The sun rose higher and higher, and still Sarma lay entrapped. Terror gripped his soul. He could not get free, and soon he became so tired with struggling, that he thought he was going to die. Thus it was that he had not even the strength to fight, when a cruel-looking man came along, with a sack upon his shoulders, and undid the net. Oh, the agony of that moment for poor little Sarma. How he stared at that horrid man, like a frog magnetised by the eyes of a greedy snake.

The man cut the knot which tied the net, and in his carelessness, his knife touched Sarma, and in a second, a nasty gash had been made in his skin. The blood pored out of the wound, and poor little Sarma whimpered with pain, but, what did it matter to the man? He did not care. As long as he felt no pain, what did it matter if other beings suffered?

He put the wounded hare into the sack, and swung it over his shoulder. Then he marched away towards the town in the heat, with a grim expression of satisfaction.

After about half-an-hour, he stopped at a house, and shouted out:—

"A hare for sale."

And the cook of the house came out and said:—

"No, go away. We do not want it."

The man was just turning away, when he suddenly heard the voice of a girl call to him from the house.

"Did you say a hare?" asked the voice. "Bring it here."

The man took the sack to the house, opened it, and took out bleeding Sarma, trembling with fear.

The girl shuddered when she saw him.

"Ah, poor, poor thing," she cried. "How much do you want for it?"

"Two Rupees," said the man.

"Here it is; take the money and go, you cruel man; only tell me from where you caught it, before you go."

"Over there," said the man, pointing to a distant hill.

The girl thanked him, and clutching Sarma in her arms, she waited until he was well out of sight.

After he could be seen no more, she took a cooling ointment, and smeared it on the wound which Sarma had. Then, she called the servant to bring a clean new sack, and placed Sarma carefully inside, and had the opening of the sack tied up.

After that, she put on her sandals, and took her umbrella, and telling the servant to carry the sack, she set out to that distant hill which the cruel man had pointed out to her. It was very far, and the sun was intense; but the girl marched on valiantly, her sari flapping in the hot breeze. At last she reached the hill, and when she came to a thick part of the forest, she told the servant to undo the sack and set little Sarma free. The hare stood still for a second, not knowing what had happened. Then, he suddenly realised his freedom, and with one bound, was lost in the thick of the jungle; and the girl walked back home, while her servant followed behind, open-mouthed with wonder at the love which his little mistress showed to poor dumb animals.

Thus did Sarma achieve his freedom again. What a lucky hare he was to have fallen into the hands of that kind-hearted girl!

P. SATTIANADHAN.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear children,

The old year has passed and a new one has come. Is it not strange to realise that never again will this year, which has gone, come back to us? I wonder how many of you look back to the days which have passed, with regret, and how many of you can conscientiously say, "I have no regrets. I did my very best to carry out all my good resolutions which I made at the beginning of the year, and I am quite satisfied." I think, however, that most of us belong to the former category, and few to the latter. Strange, is it not, and yet quite natural. Life consists in making resolutions and not keeping them, and the joy of planning out all our New Year resolutions makes up for the regret, at the end of the year, for not having kept them. Also, there is always another New Year waiting for us. Why should we worry about the past when there is the glorious future before us? Yes, let us make our little resolutions once again for the coming year. What shall they be?

We must work hard at our lessons, even though we may not like studying, for we must think of the pleasure we give our parents when we do well at school.

We must not be naughty. We must be obedient, and not grumble at the things we are asked to do. We must not sulk and lose our temper, and so on.

I can imagine the resolutions you are all making, and I can recall the time, when on a New Year's eve, when I was of your age, I crept away to my room, and secretly wrote down my future good deeds in a grimy old note book. What strange resolutions they were; but I expect your's are stranger than mine were.

There are some people who always bemoan the past, and never take delight in the future. Queer creatures they are, made up of sighs and lamentations, and always wishing they had done something they had not done. I hope none of you are like that, for what does it matter if you have failed in the past? Make up your mind to do your best hereafter. It does not matter if this resolution does not always succeed. The very fact of your having tried, speaks well for your character.

There are other people, who never make New Year resolutions, and who laugh cynically at those who do. "What's the good of your resolutions?" they say, "you never keep them!" Poor people! I cannot help pitying them. But they are not so bad as those who go to the extreme of not having any dreams of the future at all. "Castles in the air," they cry. "They never come true!" Ah, yes, perfectly correct. Few of our dreams ever materialise; and still, I would not give up my dreams and ideals for the whole

world. What would life be without them? We all have ambitions, hopes and desires. There would be no joy in our existence without them. Just as a child delights in blowing soap bubbles into the air, merely to see them burst into invisible fragments, even so, let us for ever build upon hope. What if it should come to naught?

And so, I hope this New Year will make you thrill at the idea of making wonderful resolutions, and trying your best to carry them out. And I hope none of you are looking back with sad faces at the past; but are building all your hopes on the future. That's the best way to enjoy life.

Now, I shall close with the heartiest greetings to you all for the coming year.

Yours Sincerely,
PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIX. ABSCESSSES AND BOILS.

ABSCESS' is a term applied to a painful and inflamed swelling which after a certain course terminates in the discharge of pus or matter. Abscesses may be present in any part of the body. They differ from a boil in not containing dead flesh or a central core inside. Abscesses often arise from a local injury, but they may originate from cold, or without any assignable cause, or be connected with debilitating conditions. The summer frequently gives rise to a crop of boils and abscesses in some children.

Symptoms are of an acute nature. The swelling increases rapidly, is hot and hard to the touch, painful and red. The pain is of a throbbing nature. As days go on the pain increases and the abscess becomes soft and turns into matter. If left to itself, the pus travels towards the surface and bursts sooner or later, say in a week, discharging the matter through one or more apertures. If the abscess forms very deep below the surface of the skin or if it forms on the heel, hand or fingers, the suffering is more intense and the matter longer in coming to the surface. In these circumstances, the swelling will be marked and will extend far beyond the actual site of the abscess.

If the inflammation is at all severe, one should expect some fever and its attendant phenomena, such as constipation, thirst, dry tongue, loss of appetite, etc. The sleeplessness owing to pain will add to the discomfort.

Treatment.— When an abscess has actually formed, the formation of pus cannot be prevented, nor can the pus be absorbed if it has formed already. In the earliest stages however, application

of cold—lint or linen wet with cold water or with cold vinegar and water,—and keeping the part at perfect rest may prevent the formation of pus. But if the abscess has become fairly advanced, measures calculated to further the ripening should be adopted. The best is hot fermentation, hot boric poultice, or hot linseed poultice, repeated every 4 or 5 hours. Or antiphlogistine can be applied, once in 12 hours with the same result. These applications, particularly the last named, relieve the pain also remarkably well. When the abscess has burst, or has been opened surgically, all further infection from outside should be prevented. Hot boric poultices or any antiseptic dressing continued daily will cure the wound in a short time.

If the abscess is large or deep-seated, or if the pain and constitutional symptoms are severe, a surgeon should be consulted. The same thing should be done if an abscess, having burst of itself, does not heal rapidly or if it develops a persistent discharge.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

A NEW YEAR COSTUME

The sari is such a pretty affair as it is generally worn in South India, that one hesitates to suggest additions or innovations. Yet, there is no doubt that some new touches can be added and that with benefit, if carefully thought out. Here is one, which has struck my fancy.

Lately, I saw one of my young friends wearing a little waistcoat, or small sleeveless coatee, under her sari, over her jacket. She wore it just down to the waist-line, where she pinned it down on both sides to her sari. It looked very pretty thus, especially as she had a slim figure; but, I think a good idea also would be to wear the coatee three-quarters down the bust, with curved ends embroidered to match the sari.

Here is the scheme in colours, which my friend wore. The sari was of bright orange crepe-de-chine, bordered with a gold border, which was inter-woven with black silk, the blouse of silk of the same colour, (it can be of the same material, or, if you like, carried out in a heavier silk). The sleeves, worn half-way to the elbow, were bordered and also the little round neck, with trimming of the same kind as that on the sari. The little waistcoat of black satin, which was embroidered on the lower edge, and at the corners, with orange silk embroidery of the same shade as the sari.

A pretty variation would be an orange chiffon or Georgette sari, with trimming as suggested before, but worn over a black silk skirt; or the sari can be of orange Bebares silk, of the heavier

kind, or better still of the thinner, finer kind, now patronised so largely by Indian ladies, woven with a black and gold border.

All these would suit dainty figures well. For a fuller, more majestic type, I would suggest the colours reversed,—a black silk sari, either crepe-de-chine, or Indian-woven, worn with a gold and orange border, over a black silk blouse trimmed in the same manner: with the waistcoat in orange silk, embroidered in black silk. If the sari is of thin material, it can be worn over an orange silk skirt.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.

1. ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S QUERIES.

"AMBITIOUS".

Your face may be a plain one; but that is no reason why it should not be an attractive one. As we have been told so often before, the real attraction of a face lies in the record on it of a sweet character. Learn, therefore, to cultivate the latter. If you have to meet troubles, and cannot live in a peaceful atmosphere, learn to be brave and cheerful through everything. If you are surrounded by peace and comfort and happiness, learn not to grow tired of what you have, as so many do. Try not to be restless or *blase* or disillusioned. The greatest happiness is to give pleasure and service to others. If you make this your motto in life, you will succeed in making yourself a charming girl, whose presence must be felt sometime. But woe be to you if you try to serve others, just from the motive of cultivating a good expression. Your face, then will become so fatuous and self-complacent, that few will look twice at you. Rather, you will become that much dreaded character—a bore. It is not indeed by self-assertion that we can assert ourselves, but by self-suppression.

"PUZZLED"—What do you want to learn dancing for? First, question your motive and see if it is a worthy one. If it is an unworthy one, and merely to gratify your sense of enjoyment and your desire for the company of men, give it up. If you wish to learn dancing, because of the love of rhythmic movements, of a wish to be graceful, of a desire to give expression to ideas of beauty within you, of a wish to interpret them, learn it.

Personally, I am not much in favour of Indian girls learning dancing. But, I suppose I am old-fashioned. There is no harm, however, in it, if indulged in innocently. You should try to persuade your parents to let you learn dancing, promising them, if necessary, that, without their permission, you will not dance with strange men.

If you find that your people still object and will be hurt badly by your persistence, give up the idea for the present, but continue to try to induce them to change their minds. I would not let the wish of anyone but my parents weigh in such a case; but there is no use in paining their minds unnecessarily. After all, learning dancing is not a vital matter, in which you need to assert your independence.

PERPLEXED MOTHER.—Lately, I came across some advice in the *Parent's Magazine*, which will partly meet your need. If your child is deceitful, the journal states that it must have been partly through you. Here is a quotation from it:

"He perceives you doing something which you have told him is not right to do. His world would topple about his ears if he were to admit to himself the logical conclusion that a parent does wrong. He therefore protects his need to respect you by denying the evidence of his own senses. Now, having lied in his own heart to protect you, he has the habit ready at hand and he may lie later very readily to protect himself. If you resolve to understand the child instead of allowing yourself to feel guilty, because you are the parent of a little story-teller, he will outgrow the habit. He will outgrow it, when he is old enough to be able to admit that your acts and your admonitions do not always jibe. If you can observe your child objectively and admit all the evidence of the whole twenty-four hours, you will realize that the child has been taught to lie by his so great need to love and respect you.

"If we want our children to be entirely truthful—and it seems to me that they are extra-ordinarily truthful as it is—we adults will have to take to more truth-telling ourselves."

I would therefore advise you first to make up your mind never to tell an untruth to your children in anything.

Secondly, I would try to understand them in all their little needs and foibles.

Thirdly, I would make myself such a companion and friend to them, that they will see that there will be no need to lie to me.

And thus, I shall invite their full confidence and teach them to trust in me. All this means time and patience and energy and self-control. "They want so pathetically to please us. Their very bravados, their rebellions, are attempts to impress us with their independence, their worth. They will be truthful with us, and with the world, just as far as we, and later the world, will allow them to be"

DULL WIFE.—I would show my husband that I can do all my house-duties well, in spite of time set apart for leisure, by doing them well. Try and finish all your work at home; or try to set it going, so that it will finish itself easily and well.

If you can afford a servant, teach the servant to be very efficient.

If you cannot, do everything yourself, with the idea of a little leisure before you.

Persuade your husband to take you out for a little pleasure. Do not let him overcome you by his arguments, or frighten you. Keep on at him gently till he consents. After all, it is up to a wife to influence her husband.

But, if he gives in to you and tries to please you, you must not take things with too high a hand, and insist on always going out into society. You can shew him that you can control your restlessness, and that you are happy to be at home sometimes. Find pleasure therefore as well as satisfaction in your home and your home-duties; and never try to submerge the latter in society pleasure.

"MOTHER CONFESSOR."

2. QUERIES.

Anxious Mother.

How can I make a bashful child come forward?

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

(SELECTED).

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.

2½ cups White Sugar.

6 heaping teaspoons Cocoa.

¾ cup Milk.

A pinch of Cream of Tartar.

A pinch of Salt.

1 heaping teaspoon Butter.

½ teaspoon Vanilla.

(1 cup chopped Walnuts, if wished)

Mix the dry sugar, cocoa, salt and cream of tartar in a large *dekhie*, or saucepan. The cream of tartar helps to keep the sweets smooth, and prevents them being grainy. Add the milk. Now take a little butter, and grease the inside of the pan. This will keep the sugar from sticking to the sides while it is cooking, thus preventing any grains of sugar from remaining undissolved. Cook over a moderate fire. The secret of cooking it well is this: Stir the mixture until all the sugar is dissolved, then, and not until then, let it begin to boil. After it is boiling, do not stir it, or your candy is likely to turn grainy. Chocolate boils very high, so be sure to use a big enough pan.

Try a few drops of the boiling syrup in a cup of cold water. When it forms a firm ball, remove at once from the fire and drop in the butter, but do not stir. Set the pan into a bowl of cold water, and let it stand until nearly cool. Then add the vanilla, and beat it thoroughly. It will require a lot of beating, and will turn gradually from a sticky to a creamy state. When it is very creamy, pour it out in a shallow buttered pan, and just before it sets cut it in squares. A cupful of chopped walnuts may be added just before pouring out, or, instead of the nuts, a few drops of oil of peppermint makes a pleasing variety. In this case omit the vanilla.

The principle of letting the syrup cool before beating is one followed by all good cooks for obtaining a smooth, creamy consistency in the sweets. If made correctly, these should melt in your mouth.

The Treasure Chest

MANGO PUDDING.

Take eight green mangoes (or apples), peel and slice them and put them in a stewpan with 4 ozs. sugar and 2 ozs. of butter and stew until tender; rub the fruit through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon, and beat in the yolks of three eggs. Butter a pie dish, pour in the mixture, bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with a tablespoonful of fine sugar. Spread on the top of the pudding and return it to the oven to set the meringue. In setting a meringue, care must be taken to place the pudding in a cool part of the oven, otherwise the meringue will sit down and "go-flop."

India

MANGO FLUMMERY.

Put 8 large mangoes (slightly unripe) into the oven and bake till soft, then peel and scrape all the fruit from the seeds; sweeten to taste. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add the fruit, and whip all well together. Place in a mould on the ice and cover it over to keep the air from it. Let it remain for several hours, turn into a glass dish and decorate with ratafia biscuits and crystallized fruit, and serve with whipped cream. Apples can be used in the same way.

India

IVORY CREAM.

¾ cup sugar

1 cup whipped cream

2 cups hot milk

1½ tablespoons of gelatin

¼ cup cold water

1 teaspoon vanilla

Add sugar to hot milk and pour over gelatin after it has first been soaked in cold water. Add vanilla when nearly cool. When

begining to thicken add whipped cream. Pour into mould and cool. May be served plain or with chocolate sauce or fruit.

The Parents' Magazine.

GOOD COTTAGE PUDDING.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking
1 tablespoon butter	powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	1 egg
Pinch salt	1 cup flour

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, alternately with flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve with preserved fruits or with sliced bananas and oranges or other fruit combinations.

CINNAMON CRISPS.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder	1 teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk.	

Cream butter and sugar; add dry ingredients thoroughly mixed, then milk. Roll thin, cut in fancy shapes and decorate with nuts.

The Parents' Magazine.

Our Needlework Notes



From *The Parents' Magazine* (America).

HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED).

TEA DRINKING.

The Chinese believe that tea is good inasmuch as it clears away the impurities of the body, drives off drowsiness and prevents and cures headache. Of course it possesses a stimulating effect and produces a momentary power of working when tired. This does not follow that tea is good. But it must be remembered that Chinese drink tea only after finishing a meal and as such it may not produce such a bad effect. We, in our anxiety to imitate others copy out the faulty system of the English people, who drink tea with and between meals. It is authoritatively stated that the pernicious system of drinking tea during a meal is one peculiar to British folks and the habit is the cause of many dyspeptic troubles.

There are some people who take tea with eggs—and they will do well if they listen to another authority who says "Tea taken with animal food, be it egg, fish, flesh or fowl is a certain means of producing Dyspepsia. For, when the tea is drawn for a long time and when the tea used is of an inferior quality, the tannic-acid of the decoction uniting with the albumen of the animal tissues, produces a leathery compound (tannate of gelatine) which no gastric Juice, however potent, can digest.

A person who takes 5 or 6 large cups of strong tea, must, in course of time, be affected by acidity, wind, colic and costiveness. Sleeplessness and loss of appetite must also naturally follow. In an advanced state the person becomes handicapped by dilatation of the stomach and palpitation of heart.

If you discover any of these symptoms, it is high time for you to stop tea drinking altogether. But if you have not that will-power to resist the temptation, make the tea as weak as possible by degrees. Never put tea in boiling water; pour the boiling water on the tea, keep it only for two minutes and then drink it with as little milk and sugar as possible.

HEARTBURN:—This is a symptom of indigestion, and you should adopt a very simple diet. Chew your food well and eat slowly. Knock off your tea for a time, and avoid potatoes, new bread, heavy puddings, cakes and pastries. Take ten grains of bicarbonate of soda and 15 drops of compound tincture of cardamoms to a tablespoonful of peppermint-water three times a day after food for a few days. If the bowels are not regular, take a dose of Cascara every night at bedtime. You will soon get rid of this little trouble by careful dieting.

The Family Review.

SOME MEDICINAL USES OF LEMON JUICE

ANTISEPTIC (general): As a powerful bactericide and germicide its use as an external remedy is as efficacious as in internal use. It is often far better and safer to use than iodine, as it does not tend to destroy tissue as is the case of iodine. It solely attacks the bacteria and allows the tissue to heal normally.

ASTHMA: The juice of one lemon taken before each meal and at bedtime will greatly alleviate.

BILIOUSNESS: Avoid foods, giving rest to the stomach and take the juice of one lemon equally diluted five times daily.

BOILS: Lemon regime, if attacks are bad, numerous and persistent. Local application until head shows, then heat a lemon, cut in two, apply one half as hot as can be born, bind. When boil breaks, thoroughly cleanse with warm water containing juice of one lemon to a pint of boiled water. See that all pus is removed and dress.

COLDS: Bake in moderately heated oven one lemon until rind cracks and juice begins to exude. Of this juice take a tablespoonful every three hours. A little honey may be added for children. Avoid solid food till recovered.

DANDRUFF: The cut end of a lemon to be rubbed into the scalp.

DIPHTHERIA: Gargle throat with equal quantities of juice and water, once every hour, later every two hours. Patient should swallow about a tablespoonful of undiluted juice to cut the false membrane and repeat this if necessary.

ERYSIPELAS: Equal quantities of juice and brandy applied to inflamed part and kept moist till inflammation has subsided.

FEVERS: Lemon juice as a refrigerant is excellent and will reduce temperature.

HEADACHE (Billious): To a cup of black coffee add a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

INFLUENZA: Avoid solid food and drink plenty of juice, fever will subside and recovery soon follow.

LIVER TROUBLES: The juice is of great value if taken plentifully as it cleanses the liver as no other agent can.

PYORRHOEA: Use the neat juice as a mouth wash and massage gums gently with a quartered lemon each night and morning.

SKIN TROUBLES: In all cases the regime is recommended, and local application, diluted slightly, and as ointment according to the case and condition.

SORE THROAT: Paint throat with slightly diluted juice.

WOUNDS: Cleanse with warm water containing juice, then apply undiluted juice and dress.

Pure lemon juice or diluted with rosewater is a splendid beautifier.

Fresh juice rubbed every night into the skin that has become coarse and subject to open pores and blackheads, allowed to dry and washed off every morning, will show surprising results.

For premature wrinkles, fresh juice rubbed gently across them will prove the finest astringent obtainable for this purpose.

Equal quantities of juice and water removes stains from the nails and will also loosen the cuticle.

The pure juice will whiten the teeth, preserve them and remove the filmy deposit, and also keep the mouth fresh and clean.

After a shampoo, the juice of one lemon in a pint of warm, soft water invigorates the hair and renders it bright and glossy.

For reddened and sore hands rub juice well into the skin, allow to dry for a minute, then apply vaseline. To be done once or twice during the day and at night, for the latter gloves may be used to protect the clothes.

Lemons may be kept fresh by smearing each fruit with vaseline and then wrap in tissue paper.

Once a lemon is cut, put the cut side on a plate and cover with a tumbler.

The maximum amount of juice can be obtained by heating the lemon thoroughly before squeezing, but do not use this procedure if the juice is intended for medicinal purposes unless indicated.—*Health*.

EAT MORE SWEETS.

CHOCOLATE CURE FOR WEAK HEARTS.

Eat more chocolate and grow thin! That is the latest advice of the doctors.

"Investigations conducted by a German heart specialist for twenty-five years, show that, contrary to the popular belief, chocolate is the best for obesity. Experiments by the German specialist, Dr. Fredrich Bosser, also reveal that chocolate effects a permanent cure of weak hearts, neurasthenia, neuralgia and nerves.

Chocolate has a rich lime content, and sufferers should eat plenty of foods that are rich in lime. Cocoa contains 5.7 per cent of lime, almonds 8.81 per cent, walnuts 8.59 per cent, cocoanut 4.82 per cent and vanilla the remarkable figure of 27.4 per cent.

BEETROOT AND MILK.

Other lime-containing foods that should be taken by stout

people and sufferers from nervous disorders include brown sugar candy (14.6 per cent of lime, beetroot 6 per cent,) cream and milk.

Sound, steady nerves are directly dependent on an adequate lime content in the brain. Irritability, restlessness, and twitching nerves are due to too low a lime content in the brain.

People who have a strong bias for savouries and who seldom touch sweets or milk (as a beverage) will often be found to have weak nerves and short tempers. Bad hearts and bad tempers often go together.

Vegetarians are quiet, well-controlled people, mainly because they eat a large quantity of nuts and drink a good deal of milk.

—*The Family Review*.

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

The habit of seeking pure air by sleeping out of doors at night and living out by day does not bring about maximum results sought for, though it helps considerably to cure and prevent Consumption.

The only infallible remedy for the cure and prevention of pulmonary Tuberculosis or T. B. lies in the correct method of Deep Breathing or Pranayama, as we call it. It consists in full inhalation, holding of breath and complete exhalation—all through the nose only, with the mouth shut.

The expression—Deep Breathing—is generally taken to mean filling one's lungs with air with a view to increase their capacity. But the secret of Deep Breathing is not so much in the method of inhalation as is in that of exhalation. The manner of exhalation, as expounded by all of our authorities, such as Patanjali, Yajñavalkya, Vasistha, Hata-Yoga-Pradipika, Amrit-Bindu-Upanishad, etc., is to slowly exhale through the nose only and to press in or squeeze the abdomen as far as one can do in order to expel all the toxin-laden air from the lungs.

Most of the modern American and European authorities on Deep Breathing agree with this principle and method of exhalation.

"The positive cure of Consumption," remarks Edmund Shaftesbury, author of 'Complete Life Building Method,' 1924, "and the guaranteed prevention of pneumonia depend not on how much air you inhale, but on how much you exhale."

Now, you will see how this Scientific method of exhalation is adopted in our Namaskar Exercise. In performing one Namaskar, one has to squeeze or pull in the abdomen three times to secure complete exhalation, i. e., in Position 2, 5 and 9. In other words, one has to do three Deep Breaths in one Namaskar. You thus do automatically as many as 75 Deep Breaths in performing one round i. e., in 25 Namaskaras. In four rounds of Namaskar Exercise, which an

average man or woman can easily do within 30 minutes, you actually do 300 Pranayams or Deep Breaths, i. e., 300 full inhalations, 300 holdings of breath, and 300 complete exhalations!

No germs, therefore, if any, can approach you, nay, you can defy Consumption, if you will but to do the Namaskar Exercise daily and methodically.

The value of the Namaskar Exercise, when practised in open air with correct breathing and with the bare body exposed to the vitalizing ultra-violet morning rays of the Sun, can hardly be too strongly emphasized.

Thus, when regularly, systematically, daily, and carefully done, the Namaskar Exercise will prove both a cure and a preventive for pulmonary Tuberculosis.—*The Hindu*.

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE FIRST GIRL MATRICULATE FROM GWALLIOR.

We wish to congratulate Srimati Indumati Raje Rajwade, daughter of H. H. The Chief of Sangli and the daughter-in-law of Raja General G. R. Rajwade of Gwalior. We are told that this beautiful and charming young princess is the first girl to matriculate from Gwalior. We feel sure that she will do much useful work in her own sphere of life, which, we hope, as years pass, will extend to a larger and wider field of activity.

Stri-Dharma.

We congratulate and welcome Miss Anusuya Paranjpe and Mrs. Malati Kelkar on their gaining the Montessori diploma in London this year. They have just returned after an inspiring contact with Madame Montessori during her lectures and demonstrations in the real understanding of the method. They have visited many schools in England and the Continent and we feel sure that with this experience they will evolve a suitable scheme for training young children here, in the spirit of Madame Montessori's methods. Mrs. Malati Kelkar has returned to her work in the Theosophical Girls' School, Benares and Miss Anasuya Paranjpe is appointed by the Gwalior Government to start a Montessori School in the present Sirdar School there. We wish these two young sisters a life of usefulness in their vocation.

Stri-Dharma.

The Bombay Legislature recently passed a Bill to make it compulsory for all nurses to register. This is a much-needed measure, for without such registration any one may call herself a

nurse and start a practice without any qualifications whatsoever and the unsuspecting public suffer, while nurses who are fully trained have to suffer from unfair competition.

There is however, a class of untrained nurses most common in India, who cannot be suddenly eliminated, namely, the Indian midwife, or dhai. Only a small minority of the people as yet use the hospitals or have trained help, all the rest depend on the hereditary dhai who is ignorant of the most elementary ideas of hygiene or medical science. This, more than any other cause, is responsible for much of the needless suffering in childbirth. People are not going to give up calling in these women at once, moreover, there is not yet enough trained help available especially in the villages. Too harsh treatment will kill any hope of getting the dhais trained.

A meeting of the Women's Council was held on June 25th under the presidency of Lady Ramanbai Nilkanth of Ahmedabad to press for a bill on these lines, and also to ask that provision be made for adequate supervision of all on the register. This would insure that they received help in difficult cases if desired, also pressure could be brought to bear upon them to undergo training. The speakers were Dr. Dadabhoy, a prominent lady doctor, who explained the purpose of the bill, Mrs. Tudor Owen (a member of the Bombay Board Y. W. C. A.) and others. The Y. W. C. A. was well-represented and there was a good audience of women who passed the resolution unanimously and authorised it to be sent to Government.

The Woman's outlook.

"A WOMAN OF INDIA." By G. S. Dutt published by Hogarth Press. Rs. 3-6.

This is a simple and brief biography of Saroj Nalini, wife of Mr. G. S. Dutt, founder of many Women's Institutes (Mahila Samitis) in India. The book is throughout very interesting and well-written and inspired by deep feeling. It is a personal tribute to a noble woman whose love and sweetness enriched the lives of many, who came in contact with her, and especially that of her husband to which this book bears such a glowing testimony. As we read it, we cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that she was indeed a very remarkable woman and that India and especially Bengal have sustained a great loss at her untimely death at the age of thirty-six. The natural simplicity and grace of a Bengali woman was combined in her with a wonderful sense of method, a great capacity for work and an extra-ordinary ability for organizing. She was a keen and life-long worker for the uplift of Indian womanhood, for she felt convinced that nothing could remove the evils that mar the social life of India

until the women were educated and out of purdah. The burden of her song, as she passed from district to district and village to village, was "I implore you to set up a school for girls in your village." Mr. Dutt gives some amusing instances in the book, of how many an obdurate and old-world mother or mother-in-law was brought round by her gentleness and tact and consented to send her daughters and daughters-in-law to school. Her whole life was a striking testimony to the fact that an Indian woman can take a leading part in the outside world and yet be a devoted wife and a perfect housewife. She assimilated the best that the West could give her, without forgetting the Bengali traditions and customs which enabled her to work with such success even among the most conservative of her sisters. In all her untiring efforts to found women's institutes, set up girls' schools or start clubs, we find not only efficiency but a quickness to understand different needs and a ready sympathy for all. The title of M. B. E. was conferred on her in 1918, the only Bengali woman with the exception of the Maharani of Cooch-Bihar, to be thus honoured. The British Red Cross Society gave her a certificate and badge for war-work. She never liked to wear the badge or the title. She worked for love and considered the love and respect, that greeted her on all sides, as her greatest reward.

The Woman's Outlook

WHY NOT ROLLS OF HONOUR FOR INDIAN FILMS?

That competition is the keynote of all progress and development is veritably true of every endeavour. The basic fundamental of all life is conflict, competition. The history of all life itself is one great conflict after another—one state, ever struggling with the other, evolving a third state—and so life goes on in an endless chain of competition. In his struggle towards progress and enlightenment, Man is ever competing. The great strides in the Arts, Sciences and Industries of the world are a direct result of competition—competition fostering enthusiasm and enthusiasm breeding the incentive of progress. The spirit of competition and enthusiasm must therefore be the dominating factor in the development of any Industry struggling against conventional mediocracy. Competition is the dominant note in the life of America. Originality and progress are the direct result.

Perhaps no more striking phase of a competitive and enthusiastic spirit of endeavour exists than in the American Film Industry. The present-day evolution of American films is the result of constant competition and endeavour within itself. Basically, as I have said before, this is the spirit of progress. It is to be found to-day more prevalently than ever in every phase

of the motion-picture business. Distinguished awards and medals of honour are offered every year by responsible bodies, such as the Academy of Motion Picture, Arts and Sciences, the Photoplay Magazine, etc., for the best produced pictures of the year. Then, there are other awards for the best story, the best acting and best direction. A Roll of Honour according to merit is published annually by leading film journals, naming the ten best pictures and ten best directors voted by a nation-wide ballot. The Fox production of "Seventh Heaven" won the Photoplay Medal of Honour, as the best production of 1927.

Other countries, realising the importance of concentrated enthusiasm in their picture industries, are also taking the necessary steps towards this end. The Australian Government is now offering a reward of \$25,000 for a scenario that would be a credit to Australian interests. Germany and Russia are also endeavouring to encourage and enthuse their Film Industries in every manner possible.

In the interests of the Indian Film Industry, I feel it is imperative that efforts to foster greater enthusiasm should be made. Awards of Honour conducted along the lines of the American Film Industry should be offered among Indian producers by responsible interests for the best efforts of creation in Indian films. Indian films must foster a 100% spirit of competition among themselves in the urge towards self-progress. Before talking of competing with the foreign film world, India, I feel, must first of all concentrate on competing within herself—eliminating—adding—improving—thereby coming to a sensible and reasonable ground of competition with the film interests of other nations. I believe it would be of interest to India and her film industry to follow the example of Australia in the offering of a substantial prize among Indians in the Indian Film Industry, for the best local production that would be a tribute to India and her ideals.

Just as the heart is to the human body, so is the scenario to the motion-picture industry. It is the most vital element in the making of successful pictures. A nationwide contest could be proclaimed and sponsored by representative Indian bodies for the best scenario that would in turn make a production worthy of the country. A number of judges of literary and screen note could be selected to pass opinion upon the subscribed efforts. The prize-winning story could be made into one of India's special screen productions. Such a project would, I believe, create widespread enthusiasm and interest that would be of much benefit to India and her film interests.

Annual Rolls of Honour, after a voting ballot of critics, could also be published in leading Indian journals naming the pick

of India's best film-directors, writers, and artistes, with their respective and distinguished efforts.

Stir up the spirit of competition and enthusiasm in India's infant industry! Let the creative urge in every screen-trained Indian seek the highest expression, and then watch results!

The Illustrated Weekly of India.

CAN WOMEN WORK FOR PINMONEY?

The statement of Mr. J. H. Thomas, in a speech, that it was against the nation's interest for women to work for pinmoney and deprive others of their legitimate employment, has provoked spirited protests from leading feminists.

Miss Florence Underwood, Secretary of Women's Freedom League described the statement as "simply scandalous."

Miss Dorothy Evans, Secretary to the Association of Women Clerks, said "Most of our girls who marry would prefer to live at home if their husbands could afford to keep them."

Viscountess Rhondda, who is the Director of thirty companies, said that Mr. Thomas showed his ignorance of economics and declared that very few women were engaged on pinmoney basis and most of them worked because they needed money.

—The Madras Mail

SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

Newly married couples, as well as prospective brides and bridegrooms, have been invited to visit a new home-making centre in New York, where an effort is being made by the State Federation of Women's Clubs to teach the art of economical money-spending and the furnishing of a home.

Mrs. Charles J. Reeder, president of the federation, says that she believes most marriages, that fail, could be blamed upon the unpleasant moments that have followed the overspending of a poorly-conceived budget.

Special instructors have been engaged to teach these all-important subjects, and the education is given free. Housewives will be taught to discriminate between necessities and luxuries and the art of buying for value, while prospective housewives will be taught how to make their homes centres of national comfort, culture, and efficiency.

—The Leader.

WOMEN'S CAPACITY FOR WORK.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S VIEW.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, speaking in London, explained

why in his view women so often succeeded, when they invaded realms hitherto regarded as sacred to men.

Men, he said, were not really hard-working. The reason why they loved to get into politics, on to managements and to run boards was because they were extraordinarily fond of gossip, the kind of gossip that went on and on and on. In order to keep this up, it was necessary to keep women out of newspaper offices, out of Parliament and away from public bodies. They knew women would want to get things done and men were saved this trouble by talking and talking and talking.

He had served on a public body and knew the natural view of man was that the world was the place for him to exercise his imagination and his faculties, and women should remain at home, bear children and bring fresh men into the world.

Men became blinded by that tradition; the fact of the matter was that while they were sitting gossiping they thought they were really doing work.

—The Englishman.

NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

While the Jubilee Congress of the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, which was held in Berlin last June, is still in our minds, it is interesting to recall the fact that New Zealand was the first country in the world to give women the franchise, and that this was done in 1893, eleven years before the International Alliance was formed. The movement had its origin in the very early days of the Colony, for in 1843 Mr. Alfred Saunders and Sir William Fox advocated Woman Suffrage. The first serious worker for the movement, however was Mrs. Mary Muller, who landed in the Colony in 1850. Her husband being a magistrate, she had many an opportunity to impart her views to the leading politicians of the day, who were generally shocked at the impropriety of such ideas. Her husband also disapproving, she was unable to work publicly for her sex's rights, but fortunately a cousin of hers owned a newspaper and placed its columns at her service. In this way she made her ideas familiar to the public. Then, feeling that the time was not yet ripe for the franchise, she turned her energies to the support of the Married Women's Property Protection Act, which was passed in 1880. Advancing years soon afterwards compelled Mrs. Muller's retirement from public, but her work was too well planted to die out. During the next seven years Women's Franchise was discussed in Parliament whenever electoral measures were before the House. Then the women's Christian Temperance Union of New Zealand took up the work. Many rebuffs were met

with, and this is no place to set forth at length the details of a struggle that lasted six years. Victory came in 1893.

As New Zealand had the honour of being the first country in the world to give women the franchise, it was naturally assumed women would forthwith play a prominent part in politics, that they would be the first to have women in Parliament and so on, whereas none have yet been elected to the House. Instead, they have preferred to go to work in their own quiet way. Their interest lies in making life more wholesome; in helping the poor and in preventing poverty; in caring for the sick and in raising the national standard of health, in trying to give working girls a chance to develop mentally, morally, and physically; in short, in extending to the state those services which we had previously been compelled to confine to the home. The national loaf needs the quiet working of the yeast as well as the showy kneading of the baker. Where legislation is needed, we approach Parliament through the National Council of Women, and meet with unfailing courtesy and help. Men for the most part are interested in the Nation's Wealth and therefore in its working hours: women are chiefly concerned with the character and health of the people, and therefore with their leisure hours. During the last century man has established a proud record in the fields of commerce, industry and science; may we women make as brave a showing during the coming century in our sphere.

Stri-Dharma.

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Vol. III FEBRUARY 1930 No. 7

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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. III.

FEBRUARY 1930

No. 7.

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavour
To leap to heights that were made to climb :
By a burst of strength, of a thought most clever,
We plan to forestall and outwit time.
We scorn to wait for the thing worth having ;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn ;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the old times gone.
We force our roses before their season,
To bloom and blossom for us to wear ;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.
We crave the gain, but despise the getting ;
We want wealth—not as reward, but dower ;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest, or build a tower.
To covet the prize, yet to shrink from the winning ;
To thirst for glory, yet fear to fight ;
Why, what can it lead to at last, but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight ?
Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our force and our strength in contriving,
And to grasp for pleasure we have not won.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A MESSAGE.

Her Excellency, Lady Beatrix Stanley, is pleased to send the following message to the Editor, Indian Ladies' Magazine :—

"I have read the August copy of the Indian Ladies' Magazine with great pleasure and interest. Both the production and the subject matter of the many articles and short stories are of a very high standard. I wish the Magazine and your readers every success and prosperity in the future."

BEATRIX STANLEY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE IN SHAKESPEARE AND OTHERS.

IT has always been a rage with philosophers, ancient, and modern, to try to get a peep into the unknown. In Hindustan, most of the sages spent their time and labour in this direction to the exclusion of exploring the present and knowable sciences. Life after death is one of the matters that has troubled many minds. The solution has been attempted in all ages. Each religion has its own view of the question. But, after all is said and written, it is a mere speculation in the unknown. Shakespeare, like a wise man, does not try to solve it. He merely raises the question in simple and arresting words, which are as true to-day as they were hundreds of years ago :

"To die : to sleep ;
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep ;
To sleep ; perchance to dream ; ay there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause :

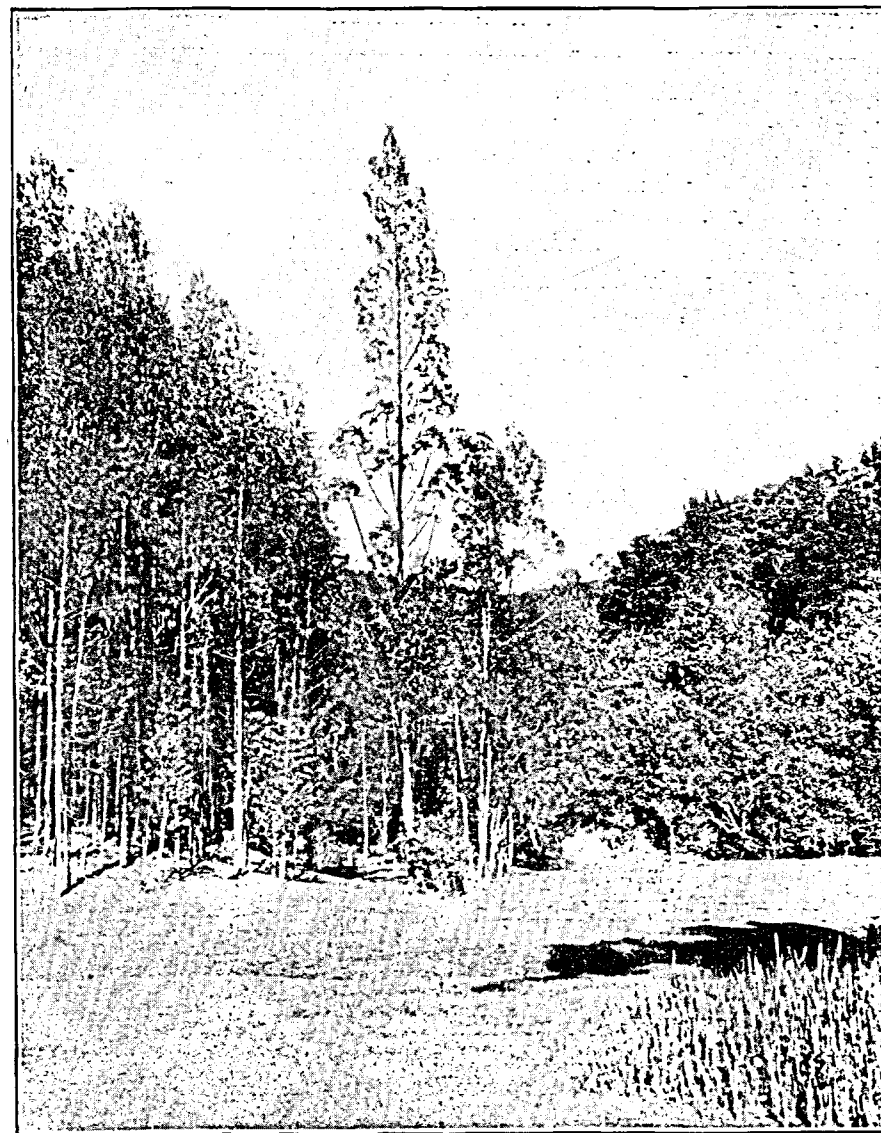
* * *

But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of. "

The doctrine of a previous birth and of the soul only temporarily inhabiting this mortal frame in succession, is well-known to Indians. It may not be accepted by other religions. Wordsworth outlines the same, but whether he accepted it or not does not matter.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar ;
Nor in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison house begin to close
upon the growing boy.



In the Valley of the river BHAVANI at Ooty.

Photo by : A. J. Pandian, Tanjore.

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in the joy ;
 The youth, who daily farther from the east,
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day."

That riches and position and rank make for happiness is the commonly-accepted position. There are philosophers and thinkers and wise men, who have spurned this doctrine. Shakespeare in King Henry IV, Part II, has portrayed in a realistic manner the unhappy state of the King, who exclaims as follows, in language which is simple and not clouded by mysticism :

"How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep !
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing nightflies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?

* * *

Then, happily low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The ignominious end of those, whose career had been marked by unholy and unrighteous ambition and avarice, has been the theme of many a writer of fiction and morals. Notwithstanding all this, its lure has drawn many a learned and holy man. Wolsey's parting words to Cromwell, his disciple, have a double significance. They depict Wolsey's sincere repentance, and at the same time they bring us the knowledge that Cromwell had not benefitted by the last words of his master.

" And thus far hear me, Cromwell :

* * *

Say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of the Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Be just and fear not :

Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's".

Soothsayers, fortune tellers, magicians and astrologers have flourished in all ages, and in their country they run a brisk trade and are given a religious compassion. Any thing said against them will be considered as offending religion. The following lines in Macbeth illustrate the tragic consequences of relying on such professors of the art :

Macbeth.

" Thou locest labor :

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crest ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff.

Despair thy charm ;

And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth.

Accurs'd be the tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed.
That patter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

C. S. S.

THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRIALISM AND WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

IT has been truly said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and I am afraid the division is not equal as to comfort and advantage. Personally, I feel that a lot of nonsense is written and talked about brotherhood, which we had better give up unless we are prepared to live up to all its implications. It is easy to shed tears over a play which depicts some sorrow of humanity, or to hand out a few annas to some victim of bad industrial

conditions. As the novelist, Rhoda Broughton, says, "We do this in order to enjoy our own dinner and increase our own leisures not from sympathy or a desire really to ameliorate the condition of the masses." It is not charity we are accusing, but we give hastily, to purchase exemption from the responsibility of having our consciences awakened and to avoid the uncomfortable feeling that our neighbours are living under inexcusably bad conditions.

I am not entering on a discussion of the evils of indiscriminate giving and the poverty that exists both in agricultural and industrial districts, but I want to discuss with you the responsibility you cannot escape of being born in the twentieth century and living in dependence on the labour, not of your immediate surroundings only, but of countless workers, of whose condition you can know but little, owing to the modern interdependence of one nation on another and the rapid transit of goods across continents and oceans, which bring commodities from other continents to our door for our daily use. The sense of responsibility can only be stimulated when we know and study and think, and have aroused in ourselves the necessity for knowing the condition of production as well as enjoying the results.

The Women's Society, to which I belong, woke up some years ago to the sense of the irreligiousness of ignorance and the laziness and selfishness which enables us to live on in comfort, without seeking to ameliorate the condition of the producers of these comforts, and try to go to the source of their evils. The Y. W. C. A., through its Industrial Law Bureau, its Hostels for young workers, its camps which have to be run cheaply owing to lowness of wages, felt it to be as much its religious responsibility to influence Governments to alter bad laws, as to run a Hospital or Holiday Home for the recovery and safe-guarding of those who labour in bad conditions.

It took on itself to rouse those who do not know, or worse, do not care to know, or worse still, do not care. There was an illustration to this from one of the witnesses to the Commissions on Labour, now sitting in different cities of India, when the wife of an employer showed extraordinary ignorance and gave for an answer that things were much as usual and therefore all right. Yet she could live on in luxury and callousness.

I thought I could limit my article on Industrialism to the consideration of those forms of Industry, by which we are enabled to enjoy the comforts and amenities of life, its cleanliness and health-giving arrangements ; but I find that there is scarcely a day, or a meal or a journey but makes us indebted to the labour of our fellow countrymen in everyday life, and, if looked into at all sympathetically, should arouse in us sympathy and gratitude to the providers.

Does it occur to us to consider our responsibility in regard to these producers of those things we daily use?

Let us begin with the home, where a woman provides the meals which keep her husband and children in a good humour. Where does the breakfast and dinner come from? Even rice today is not home-ground and cleaned, it comes from the mill. I have travelled for miles and seen rice-mill after rice-mill, and one day, I asked the Director of one, with whom I was travelling, what were the wages given and what the conditions; and the answer was: "I am not concerned with that. I have only to do with the share-holder's money." Where was the logic of this? Where the sense of dependence and responsibility? How had he got the money to direct the expenditure? Some of us are share-holders in such enterprises, or our people are, and we are debtors to the labourers. Do we take the trouble to study the conditions, under which our dividends are made?

The women of India are proverbial for their cookery; in Europe we cannot make such curries, because we have not all the fresh herbs, but even "a good currie" does not satisfy the family; and, although fruit grows in abundance, the craving for variety is here as everywhere, and I have often seen tinned fruits from S. Africa and Australia served also!

We all frequent the bazaars; several times I have been round a country-bazaar, looking for products of Indian skill, and I have picked up article after article and seen the mark of Belgium, Czecho Slovakia, and Japan, which through the Industrial legation of today have reached the smallest villages of the land. And why are they displayed? Because they bring cheap comforts to the homes of India. Because of the industriousness and ingeniousness of the people of those countries, which produce things that the world wants.

India in its turn is obtaining work by industrialism, and the fashions of the West bring employment to this land. There has been a craze for lizard shoes and the manufacturers of the West send to India for skins. A leather factory, that I know was working at pressure speed to clean the skins, and sent far and wide through the country for animals to be caught, thus giving labour to hundreds in India's rural areas. Come to Cocanada with its beautiful little harbour and watch the boats coming down from far inland, laden with ground-nuts on their way to be made into French Olive Oil!

The reverse picture may be seen a few miles out at sea. Great oil tanks, conveying the oil which is enabling buses to afford transit to all the villages of India, which saves the labourers long weary tramps.

A further picture of import may be found at Calicut, at which port you may see, carried by hundreds of coolies, full-sized motor cars to enable the population of India to move about more quickly.

What then is our duty, as thinking women, towards this reign of Industrialism, which is sweeping over the world and changing the face of the country? We may encourage with Mahatma Gandhi, home industries; the wearing of *Khaddar* and the use of the *chakra*, and in this way help to maintain village-life industries, without the necessity for the men and often their families, migrating to cities; we may encourage land-owners and zemindars to train their families to care for their neighbours, start nursery schools and day schools; we may start settlement and welfare work and train girls or widows to teach the young and start boys' Clubs.

But—and this is the "but" throughout the whole world—the trend to go to cities through the cheaper method of mass-production; the educational facilities, the love of movement and change, the glamour and brightness of city-life makes its call on the people of the villages.

Our responsibility is (1) to watch this trend and keep municipalities up to their duty of providing decent lodgings.

(2) To encourage private enterprise in putting up buildings with a special system of beneficent rent-collecting, when mills commence in a neighbourhood.

(3) To give regularly, evening by evening, some of our leisure to run a night-school or a club.

(4) To influence employers to investigate from time to time conditions among their overseers through whose neglect grave difficulties occur.

(5) To see that our investments as far as we can judge are not sweating concerns.

(6) To cultivate a distaste for cheap articles which often means sweated labour.

(7) To follow with intelligent interest the reports of the Royal Commission on Labour. Mr. Whitley, the Chairman, is a man of great sympathy and as Speaker of the British House of Commons has a unique experience of dealing with men and women. Coming from an Industrial town, he understands the need of Industrial workers.

There is a woman of labour-experience, Miss Power, on the Commission, and there are women assessors. It is the Chairman's desire to get in touch on the women's side with all who suffer from the disastrous results of underpayment and ill-housing.

(8) To read some of the literature and government reports on Industrial subjects.

(9) To fit ourselves for taking a place on Municipal and Government councils and Committees.

(10) To follow with intelligent interest the reports of the Industrial Committee of the League of Nations.

I would make a special appeal to married women to form groups for weekly study of such subjects. Everyone has some time to give, and discussion on some of these great topics of interest would be better for the home than the gossip and useless conversation we often indulge in. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself", is an all-embracing Christian command and it means going into the details of the life of others and constantly helping to make improvements in the conditions of the labourers in the country, or the workers in the city, as well as seeing to our own household. Under modern conditions the world has become our neighbour and we are the employers of mill-workers in Japan, of people in Cape Colony, of children in China; smoking Tobacco grown in Egypt, wearing foreign cloth, eating foreign fruits, decorating our rooms with foreign silk. So strongly did the Y. W. C. A. feel this responsibility that it has set aside one of its eight World's secretaries entirely for this subject, and Miss Dungman is visiting country after country to help each National Association to lay stress on this side of a Christian Association's responsibility. Through the Chinese Y. W. C. A., much has been done by Miss Agatha Harison, now a personal Assistant on the Royal Commission on Labour, to improve conditions of child and woman labour; and the Church of China has made this responsibility a part of its membership test, remembering the old text of our sacred Books, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you", if you were in the same situation.

EMILY KINNAIRD.

LOVE IN SEPARATION.

IN Abbot's life of Napoleon, those really poetic chapters wherein Josephine appears, are worth reading.

Josephine and Napoleon loved each other passionately. She had shared his humbler fortunes, and had materially assisted him in the attainment of sovereignty. She adorned his court, gratified his pride and won the love of her people by her sincere good nature and active benevolence. Her power over him was great and uniformly exerted on the side of mercy. She was considered the good angel, who, more than any one else checked the fierce passions and violent temper of her lord. Her devotion to him was perfect. She partook of his labours, as far as he would permit, submitted to all his caprices and centred her whole existence in the contemplation of

his glory. For political reasons, such a wife was divorced in 1810 after a married life of 14 years. The correspondence between them is delightful reading.

Horatio Nelson, Napoleon's enemy, wrote to his intended bride in 1787, "Have you not heard that salt water and absence always wash away love? Now I am such a heretic as not to believe that article—for behold, every morning I have had six pails of water poured on my head, and instead of finding what sea-men say to be true, it goes on so contrary to the prescription that you must see me before the fixed time." "To write letters to you is the next greatest pleasure I feel to receiving them from you. What I experience when I read such as I am sure are the pure sentiments of your heart, my poor pen cannot express—nor, indeed would I give much for any pen or head which could express feelings of that kind. Absent from you I feel no pleasure. It is you who are everything to me. Without you I care not for this world, for I have found lately nothing in it but vexation and trouble. These are my pleasant sentiments. God Almighty grant they may never change! Nor do I think they will. Indeed there is, as far as human knowledge, can judge a moral certainty that they cannot. For it must be real affection that brings us together, not interest or compulsion." And yet, what a change there was later!

When Manmatha was reduced to ashes, his wife Rati gave vent to her grief as follows:—"Though your bright form is burnt down I am still alive. Are not women hard-hearted? Where have you gone, leaving me alone just as a reservoir of water bursting its dam leaves the lotus behind? We have done no wrong to each other. Why do you not show yourself to me who am weeping bitterly? You often said that I lived in your heart, which I think was either a falsehood or mere courtsey. Otherwise when you are dead, how do I remain quite unhurt? I shall soon follow you through fire to the other world. The moon, the cuckoo couple, the mango flower and the bees are all mourning for your loss; while the flowers with which you adorned me are yet fresh, your pretty form has disappeared. Since you are reduced to ashes how shall I offer you the final decoration. Your words, smiles, and acts constantly recur to my mind. Oh! Vasanta, my lord's comrade, where are you, were you also burnt down by Siva?"

To Vasanta, who then appeared, she said, weeping bitterly, "Behold the ashes of your friend which are being scattered by the winds. Oh! Manmatha, show yourself to your beloved friend, at least, Oh! Vasanta, your friend has gone and will not return, like the flame of a lamp blown by the wind, while I am left here like its smoking wick. Only half a murder is done by fate who has left me behind. Formerly you often made beds of flowers for us, but today prepare the funeral pyre, blow it with southern winds and

send me to my husband. When the moon and the clouds pass away, their wives, the moonlight and the lightning, disappear instantaneously. Even the inanimate world accepts that a wife should go with her husband. After I am burnt down, give a single, undivided handful of water for both of us, which your friend will drink in great delight. Offer him an oblation of mango leaves and sprouts, which were very dear to him." The above is a mirror of the thoughts of a bereaved wife even today.—[Kumarasambhava, canto IV].

Next my curiosity longed to know how a loving husband would mourn for his wife. King Aja of Ayodhya won his bride Indumati in a *swayamvara* and loved her dearly. One day when they were sitting in a garden, a garland fell on Indumati from above, which caused her instantaneous death. Then Aja mourned her loss as follows:—If flowers can kill, what else may not serve as an instrument to fate when ready to kill a person? Perhaps a soft person is killed by a soft instrument, just as a lotus is killed by snow. Why does the same garland not kill me? Perhaps God's will can change nectar into poison and *vice versa*. Oh! Indumati, why do you, who were always kind not speak to me now? Why did you not bid me farewell when you departed for ever. Fie upon the frailty of human beings! Why dost thou abandon me who am innocent in thought, deed and word? When the breeze moves your curls of hair, I falsely fancy you have come back to life. Revive and dispel my sorrow. Your lotus-like face with eyes closed torments me. Couples separated unite again later. How can I bear eternal separation? Your tender body suffered pain even on a bed of flowers. How can I place it on a funeral pyre? Your motionless belt of bells seems to have died after thee. No doubt you bequeathed sweet speech to cuckoos, slow gait to swans, pretty glances to deer and sportiveness to creepers, but none of these can console me in my sorrow of separation from you. Why have you departed without celebrating the wedding of the mango tree and the priyangu creeper? How can I use the flowers of the Asoka plant nurtured by you for your funeral decoration? The very plant mourns for you. Why did you depart so suddenly without completing the garland which we were making? You have been cruel to your companions who shared in your joys and sorrows, to your son who is young and hopeful and to me who am wholly devoted to you. My courage has vanished; pleasures are no more; music has ceased; the seasons are joyless and ornaments are useless; thou wert my only wife, thou my counsellor, thou my companion in solitude, my beloved pupil in the fine arts; in short, by taking thee away what has not cruel death robbed me of? How will you drink oblations of water mixed with my tears?" [Raghuvansa, Canto VIII].

When Lakshmana abandoned Sita in the forest according to



Lady VIDYABAI RAMANBHAI, B. A., who has just been appointed Hony. Secretary of the Ahmedabad National Indian Association for the year 1930.

Photo by : R. V. Rao, Srirangam



MRS. SARASWATI NAGABHUSHANAM,
who has just been elected Vice-president of
the District Educational Council, Kistna.
She is the first lady in Kistna to attain this position.
Photo by : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

his brother's behest, her message to Rama is enchantingly interesting, though heart-rending ; she says, "Ask Rama whether it is consistent with his enlightenment or noble birth to abandon me thus, on account of a rumour, though I was declared pure by the God of Fire in his presence. I cannot think it to be a wanton act of Rama, who is always doing good to the world. After all, my own wicked karma must be to blame. Long ago when Rama left for Dandaka, I was preferred to the Goddess of Royalty. Now out of malice the Goddess of Royalty has sent me into the woods. Formerly I was able through his help to render protection to the ascetics. Now while he is yet alive it is painful to seek their protection for myself. I would have committed suicide, since this life is joyless and useless without him, had it not been for the child, which needs protection. Even in these circumstances I shall practise after the birth of the child such penance as will secure him for my husband in my next birth without separation. Since a king should protect all classes of people, I still deserve to be protected by Rama along with other ascetics."—[Raghuvamsha, Canto. XIV].

In the Ramayana when Sita was carried off by Ravana, Rama seems to forget his divinity for the moment and weeps bitterly like an ordinary mortal. He seems to be mad and questions animals and plants for information about his lost wife and recollects all the joys he had in her company which makes the separation keenly painful.

In Sakuntala, learned critics think that the fourth scene in the fourth act, where Kanwa expresses his sorrow at the departure of Sakuntala to her husband's house is the best in the book. But Act VI, where is depicted the penitence of Dushyanta for having abandoned Sakuntala, is also superb.

In Vikramorvasiya, Urvashi suddenly disappears and Vikrama's wailing and weeping for her is full of grandeur in its painful bitterness.

What is it that makes the painful suffering of others interesting to thinking readers ? A hero or heroine is interesting so long as he or she suffers pain and turmoil and overcomes them by the strength of the will. When once the turmoil is at an end the story closes. God sends troubles and sorrows to chasten us, to make us better men and women. Another view is that all our joys and sufferings are the result of our past actions, though we can modify them to some extent by the exercise of our free will. However, it is certain that we become better men and women by actual suffering. But, when that is not actually given to us, we can prepare ourselves to be heroes and heroines by the study of literature.

.. B. SHARADA BAI.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE.

"SOME NEW LIGHTS ON NADIVARMAN PALLAVAMALLAN.

WHO IS HE?"*

NANDIVARMAN Pallavamallan, who was also known as Ekadhira, was one of the very powerful Emperors of Tamilakam in the age immediately preceding the ascendancy of the Cholas, i. e., about the beginning of the 9th century A. D. The period during which this Emperor reigned in South India is memorable in the History of the Tamil Land for various reasons. In the first place, it marked the culmination of the Pallava rule in South India. Secondly, it was at this period that the Saiva and Vaishnava revivalist movements were at their zenith. The votaries of the former had for their preceptors Sundaramurtigal and Thirugnanasambandar, and of the latter Thirumangai Alvar. Thirdly, this epoch marked a new departure in the development of Art and Architecture. Fourthly, it saw the birth of local self-Government institutions to administer rural and urban affairs. The records of this age throw a flood of light on this subject.

The reign of this sovereign was the longest so far known among the Pallava or other dynasties, that held their sway over South India. His period of rule might be easily compared to those of Elizabeth, George III, or of Queen Victoria of British History. That Nandivarman was a powerful ruler is shown from the copper and stone inscriptions that have been found in this Presidency. It is said that his territory extended to Nellore in the North and Pudukottah in the South. The Varaha Temple inscription at the Seven Pagodas and the inscriptions of the Vaikunta Perumal Temple at Kanchipuram amply show that he ruled over his kingdom for a long time, because the former inscription was said to have been written in the 65th year of his rule.

According to *South Indian Inscriptions*, we find that after the death of Parameswaravarman, there being no direct heir to the Pallava throne, Nandivarman was installed on the gadi by the conjoint wish of the people of Kanchi, even though he was only twelve years of age. He seemed to have ruled for a long period of 62 years. To know the career and character of his reign, one should refer to his inscriptions and also to the Udayendiram, Kasikudi and Thandamthottam Copper-plates (grants) issued in his 21st, 22nd and 58th years respectively.

Several scholars have done some research in this direction

*1 Dr. Fleet 715—765 A. D.

2. Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar 717—779 A. D.

to find out, with the aid of the inscriptions, the true identity of this ruler and the way he got to the throne, and their conclusions do not agree. Those, who carry on research on the basis of these inscriptions, should bear in mind that all these inscriptions were caused at the instance of Nandivarman himself.

To point out a few discrepancies: In the Udayendiram plate, this King is mentioned as the son of Parameswaran II. In the Kasikudi inscriptions is recorded the method employed by Nandivarman to get possession of the kingdom and from the genealogy that is obtainable from the same inscriptions one can boldly say that he could not have been the heir of Parameswaran. *Iranyavarman*, according to Kasikudi inscriptions, appears to have been the father of Nandivarman and *Rogini* his mother. But it is impossible to arrive at any definite truth even with the help of the available records as to the ancestry of this *Rogini*.

In the Vaikunta Perumal Temple at Kanchipuram there are certain inscriptions and carvings on the walls caused by this King, which give some details about his reign and the manner in which he enthroned himself on the gadi of the Pallavas. Though the inscriptions are not clear, we find *inter alia* the following:

It is clear from the above that Parameswaran's life came to an end, while in communion with Vaikunta Perumal. It is shown by means of a beautiful carving in the temple side by side with the one depicting the coronation ceremony of Nandivarman, at which were present many ruling Princes, Chiefs, Ministers and the people. There are only two possibilities for Nandivarman gaining possession of the throne. Either he must have succeeded to it by killing Parameswaran in a battle, or he must have been elected King at the wish of the people. Mr. K. V. Subramania Aiyar suggests the latter theory. But there is not sufficient data to support Mr. Aiyar's arguments, because we find in the Kasikudi inscriptions Nandivarman's anxiety to get at the throne after the death of Parameswaran.

Nandivarman had a rival in the person of Chitramayan, who too was biding his time to take possession of the kingdom. The name Chitramayan seems to be a fictitious one. There is nothing to show in the inscriptions regarding the birth, relationship or claims to the Pallava throne of Chitramayan. Some Historians surmise that he must have been the illegitimate son of Parameswaran, because Nandivarman often told his people that his mother was the legitimate wife of his father. Let us consider for a moment his motive for saying so. Could it have been to eradicate the false notions engendered in the people's mind regarding his birth? Or was it merely to play with his rival Chitramayan? One of the noble traits of the Tamil Kings was that they never referred to their ancestry in bombast. Naturally, one is led

to suspect that Nandivarman's enemies had spread a wrong impression abroad as to the legitimacy of his claim. There is also a possibility that Chitramayan was the legitimate son of Parameswaran and that Nandivarman had no title to the throne, but was simply devising ways and means to get at the throne. The inscriptions tell us that Chitramayan was on friendly terms with the Chera and Pandya monarchs of that period. The Pandyan King *Maravarman* had many a time warred with Nandivarman Pallavamallan. If Chitramayan had not belonged to the Pallava Royal family, Maravarman would not have cared to render assistance to him. It might be suggested that the Pandya King espoused the cause of Chitramayan with a view to annex the Pallava territory. It must be said to the credit of Nandivarman that in all his inscriptions he has spoken in appreciative terms of Parameswaran; and he had not said one unkind word of Chitramayan, though he was his rival. The inscriptions published in *Indian Antiquary* (Vol. VIII p. 167) describe how he came to the throne. Chitramayan, who had an eye on the Pallava Kingdom, always quarrelled with Nandivarman and while he was besieging *Nathankiol* otherwise known as *Nandipurak-kottai* with the help of his old relative *Manther Maran Arikesari Pandyan*, a Pallava commander by name Udayachandran, killed him and routed his followers and thus helped Nandivarman to get possession of the Pallava kingdom. On hearing this news Manther Maran Arikesari got enraged and warred on Pallavamallan and defeated him successively at *Neduvayil*, *Kurumadi*, *Mannaik-kurichi*, *Thirumangai*, *Puvalur*, *Kodumpalur*, and *Sankaramangai*.

Among others the following three events stand out prominent in connection with the reign of Nandivarman Pallavamallan :

(1) The coalition of the Southern Kings to crush the supremacy of the Pallavas by championing the claims of Chitramayan as opposed to the lawful claims of Nandivarman.

(2) The age-long dispute between Pallavas and Chalukyas was carried on in this reign also.

(3) The invasion by Rashtrakuta Dantidurga of Kanchi. The details connected with this event are not available but there is a reference to this in the hymns of one of co-eval Alvars, viz., Thirumangai Mannar, in his description of the Ashtabrijakara Temple at Kanchi.

Nandivarman's victories over Gangas, Pandyas, Konkanas and Cholas who became his vassals, are recorded in several copper plates issued by this King. He seemed to have celebrated his Aswamedha sacrifice only after these victories.

The reforms carried out by him in social and intellectual spheres were no less than his martial exploits. He was a great patron of learning in that he planted many Brahmanical colonies

and founded Agrahars. A large number of temples were built, not only in and around the Capital, but all over the Pallava Empire. Great facilities were afforded to irrigation.

No one has yet discovered any portrait or image of this Nandivarman, but we get certain very interesting glimpses of personal accomplishments from the copper-plates wherein his attainments are described. The Sanskrit poet Trivikrama, in his *Prashasti* portion of the Kasakudi grant, compares Nandivarman to "Vijaya in battle, Karnisuta in the attainment of arts, Rama in archery, King Vatsa in knowledge of elephants and music, Valmiki in poetical attainments, Brahspathi in statesmanship and Yudhishthira in his interest in the welfare of the subjects."

One can also find from the copper-plate inscriptions that great impetus was given during this period to cultural development, particularly in Sanskrit Literature.

Pallavamallan was devoutly attached to Vaishnavism, but like other Hindu Kings was tolerant to other views. His copper plates describe him as "an ardent worshipper at the feet of Mukunda and of Hari and invariably contain invocatory verses to Vishnu."

PANDIT N. CHENGALWARAYAN.

OUR POETRY PAGE

DAMAYANTI AND THE SWAN

The sun is setting in the west,
White clouds are tinged with pink and gold;
The sky shines crystal there, behold!
And all seek rest, bird, man and beast.

The breeze perfumed with softest scent,
How cool it wafts its gentle breath!
The blossoming shrubs are still as death,
But oh, my heart is torn and rent.

How smooth and calm this placid lake,
Beneath the gilded towering trees;
But Damayanti knows no peace,
Such waves of grief, her bosom shake.

For outward glitter what care I?
A princess is but human born;
What pomp or glory daily worn,
Can give me that for which I sigh?

The same sky spreads o'er thee and me,
Rises and sets, the self-same sun,
The very planets, stars and moon,
How blest they are thy form to see!

What mighty forces separate,
Two beings whose pulses beat in one?
Amidst great throngs, I feel alone,
Without Nala, my prince, my fate.

Ha! yonder stately snowwhite swan,
That steers among the lotus blown;
Could it but human speech had known,
Convey my love to that dear man!

Ha! is it true, thou wonder-bird?
I hear thee utter human speech.
Then take with thee, I do beseech,
My secret sorrow, to my lord.

H. KAVERI BAI.

THE PRINCESS OF UDAIPUR.

CHARACTERS:—

Rana Bhim Singh of Udaipur	Courtiers
Prince Kumar Singh of Jodhpur	Princess Mira Bai
The Emperor Akbar	Prince Kumar's mother
The Rana's Minister and Army	Deya, the Nurse
General	Ahalya
Chamberlain	Maids

THE PRINCESS OF UDAIPUR

(This play was written for School Girls.
There has been no attempt at historical accuracy).

Sc. I. Court of Bhim Singh—King of Udaipur

(Morning—Princess Mira Bai is seated alone in her room,
attempting to read, but her attention seems divided)

Princess:—I wonder what has happened. None of the maids seem to be here. Even my dear old nurse has left me alone.

(A maid peeps in)

Ahalya, Ahalya—come in. I have been waiting for one of you. Call my Nurse hither.

(The Nurse enters and she runs to her)

Prin.:—Deya, What is the matter in the palace? Is my father very ill?

Deya:—He is better, my child.

Prin.:—I have spent an anxious night. My father, ill as he is, has not been in his apartments since yesterday. For long he never left his bed, but today he is nowhere to be seen. The state of his health makes me anxious.....What was all the hurry and confusion below, Deya?

Deya:—My heart breaks when I see the sorrows of my lord, the Rana.

(The Chamberlain enters)

Prin.:—Sir, what has happened at the Court? Speak the truth and answer me quickly.

Cham.:—The Mughal invaders have set foot in our land. They have a mighty army.

Prin.:—Have they crossed the barrier?

Cham.:—They are encamped by the river Chambel. His Majesty, weak and infirm, languishes with grief.

Prin.:—Is there no means to stay them?

Cham.:—None, good lady; they will make our realm a desert.

Prin.:—Go, and tell me the hour when my father is free. I would like to have an interview with him.

Ahalya! take that fan, and fan me. (To Deya), Did you see my father?

Deya:—He has been talking to me. His heart yearns over you. His majesty has no thought of himself. He is troubled about you.

Prin.:—He shall have no cause to fear for my sake. Have courage, good lady. Nothing shall grieve his heart. I shall go to my father presently. King Bhim Singh shall never have cause to grieve for me.

Sc. II The King is in his apartments walking about—

Mira Bai enters and falls at his feet.

Rana:—(Raising her) Mira, my child, my only child, what brings you here in so troubled a condition?

Prin.:—Father! You look brave, but I know you are grieved at heart. I have grown up within these lonely walls. You have been both father and mother to me from my childhood. You have felt a pleasure in everything that I did. Is my life now

to become a source of unhappiness to you, father? In what have I erred, that you should take thought for me and lose courage and hope? The brightness of your face has vanished. Father! I have never seen you so distressed.

Rana :—My child! The Mughals stand without our walls. Had your brother lived, I could have boldly rushed to battle. I have neither men to command, nor soldiers to follow. I am come to my last days.

Prin.—Say not so, father!

Rana :—My Mira! (*drawing her close*) To whom shall I entrust you?—My—only—child. Am I to leave you helpless—a prey to these plundering Mughals? Your poor mother died on the pyre to save herself. It was ten years ago—You were just a child. These same men killed and slaughtered our people and I fled with you across the hills, my child, just to save you. I have lived for you. You have been my only hope. Now I go the way of my ancestors. I leave you in the hands of God, (*Bows down in grief*).

Prin :—Father! Is it proper for the Rana to set by the cares of his Kingdom and sit thinking of his daughter? Prepare for fight my father, and think of the people you can save from death. I am only one of the many millions under your care. Be courageous, and fight for them.

Adieu! (*Retires*)

Sc. III. Jodhpur. Prince Kumara Singh with his Mother.

K. Singh :—Mother; I shall not stay here longer. The Mughal invaders have crossed the border. Every minute that I delay is fraught with danger. Bhim Singh is in despair.

Mother :—Son! do you go to help Bhim Singh? He has taunted you, he has attacked you, he has made you suffer indignities, he has put you to servitude! Dare you forget all these and run to his help?

K. Singh :—It is not for his sake, mother, that I go to help the Princess.

Mother :—Leave all thoughts of her, my son; She was promised you when your good father lived, but we have since fallen on evil days. Now Bhim Singh thinks of wedding her to a richer prince. Why do you still take thought of her?

K. Singh :—Not to save her alone, but to save also the people of Udaipur.

Mother :—Is a mother's love so little that you should forget her grief and think of others more than of her?

K. Singh :—Mother! Has misfortune so changed your feelings? Was it not from you that I first heard tales of Rajput valour? Many an evening have you spent telling me stories of men sacrificing themselves for their country and their King. I caught their valour from your eyes. Your spirit gave me life. At ten, you armed me and sent me out to battle. Now, has your courage failed you? Your eyes shot forth fire when you heard of the Prince of Jaipur feasting in his place, while his neighbouring kingdom was being despoiled. Have those days passed for ever? You must not be afraid; I shall return victorious. Be as you were before, and feed me with your courage.

Mother :—... .. It is sad to part
I am still the mother that you knew of old the
mother that has borne so brave a son
You are prepared your heart is set upon it.....
I leave you to go

(*Blesses him*) God be with you!

(*He falls at her feet and retires*).

Sc. 4. The Prince is ready for departure.

K. Singh :—Is everything ready?

Minister :—Yes, my lord.

K. Singh :—Let us start without delay.

I hope to return victorious within a fortnight; but, should I fall in battle, do not turn traitor to your King. Look to my mother.

(*Minister bows and retires*).

Is the Army General there?

A Courtier :—He waits, my lord.

K. Singh :—Come in.

How strong is our army?

A. General :—10 thousand strong. Two thousand are on the march, commanded by Dughal Singh and Amir. They go by Chitor and will reach the Mughal camp by tomorrow. The Cavalry numbers 5000 of the best. The commanders are good, the arrangements are perfect, we have every hope of success.

K. Singh :—Let there be no delay.

(*Curtain*.)

Sc. 5 The Udaipur Princess in her room.

Prin.—Ahalya, what was the noise?

Ahalya :—It was the noise of drum and trumpet announcing the approach of the Mughals. The Emperor Akbar has sent the leaders to open negotiations with His Majesty the Rana.

Prin.—I wish the Mughals will withdraw in peace.

Ahalya :—(*Goes and comes back*). The minister waits to approach your presence.

(*Sets everything in order*)

Prin :—Let him in.

(*Enters and salutes*) Happy news, Sir?

Minister :—Yes, lady.

Prin :—Are the Mughals for peace? Say that we shall give them a quarter of the kingdom, and all the money in the treasury; then let them go!

Minister :—The great Emperor Akbar has enough of wealth and possessions. He cares not for these barren wastes.....He would have us accept him as our overlord.

Prin :—But, what says my father?

Minister :—He consents, but.....

Prin :—What!

Minister :—.....Akbar would have you...as his wife.

Prin :—Me!as—his—wife!?

Minister :—The Ranas of Chitor, and Jaipur have given their daughters to fill the harem of the Emperor.

Prin :—(*Stands up*). Are you a Rajput? Is it Rajput blood that runs in your veins. Do you know what it is to be a slave to the Mughal, and would you ask me to marry a Mohamedan? In what does the noble line of Udaipur boast of, if not in its pure blood? Why did my father leave the castle and run with me as an infant across the hills? Was it not to save me from the clutches of these monsters? Sir, did my father consent to this? My mother committed *Johur*Take no thought of me, of how I may live or prosper. When my good father falls in battle, I am ready to follow him.

Minister :—Say not this, lady; you are young.

Prin :—What is life, that I should cling to it and suffer dishonour?

Minis :—Save the whole realm from destruction.

Prin :—No!..... Harken, Oh! ye Gods, and listen, all immortals. I swear by my aged father, by my mother who is dead and by every Rajput under the sun, that I shall embrace death and sweet rest, rather than marriage with this ruthless Mughal.

(*Sits down thinking*)

I fear the Mughal is waiting for an answer. Sir, you may go and prepare for fight. If we fall in the battle, we shall die as Rajputs. (*Exit Minister*) *Ahalya* !—the hour has come. Make ready the funeral pyre in the middle of the court. I shall teach you how sweet it is to die...My mother...I follow.

(*Enter Deya*)

Peace, peace, peace my child. Banish all fear, Prince Kumara Singh, the prince who loved you and suffered for you, has come to help us.

Prin :—Oh! he has never come! My father was too hard upon him.

Deya :—Yea, he is come. His Majesty has received him with all honour. I never saw a face more handsome than his.

Prin :—The Gods are kind. We shall live.

Sc. 6. *Akbar is in his camp, on his way to Malwa.*

(*Enter Jai Singh*)

Jai Singh :—Your Majesty, I have brought the youth, Kumara Singh, who has challenged us to fight with him.

Akbar :—Treat him with all honour—Bring him in.

(*K. Singh enters with a drawn sword*)

The Mughal is not reacherous coward; put by your sword and rest without fear.

(*Sits*)

Are you the youth that will stand against my unnumbered millions? Have you ever heard of the Great Mughal? You may as well fight the waves, as fight the armies of Akbar.

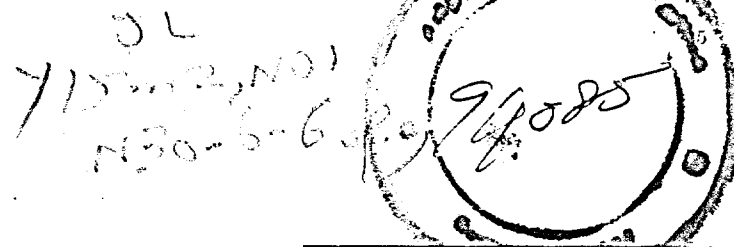
K. Singh :—I am a Rajput and a Rajput knows no fear. Single-handed, I shall face your millions.....

Akbar :—(*Laughs outright*) I approve of your valour. You have a brave heart. But, fond youth, consider; a glow-worm carries light, but that's no fire.

K. Singh :—Great Mughal, Rajasthan has yet many a brave soul ready to fight and die for her. Were I the only one, I should be ashamed of my country.....We shall not be terrorised by your words. March into our realm and the children in their cradles will take up arms.

Akbar :—(*Sits quiet for some time*)

We had not intended a bloody fight; nor do we wish a devastating incursion into your territory. We resolved to quit your frontier having won your alliance and made certain arrangements.



Now, I see there are Rajputs brave enough to fight. Brave youth, lead your armies to battle and fair be the fight.

(Exit Prince)

Akbar :—Jai Singh !, we leave for Malwa tonight. The proceedings of tomorrow shall be left entirely to you. The campaign in Malwa is likely to tire us out. Join us soon after the fight. The prince, who was here now, is a brave youth. Take him in custody when he falls in battle. We need him in the South.

(Exeunt)

(Sc. 7 Udaipur ; a well-furnished room

The maids at work

Prin :—What makes you so thoughtful, Ahalya? I have been talking to you all this time and you have not listened to a word of mine.

Ahalya :—It seemed to me that I heard an uproar and I was just trying to make out what it was. Don't you feel anxious about the issue of the battle? I am really surprised to see you so light-hearted.

Prin :—Why ! I know the prince will win. Leave the funeral pyre still burning; and, if we are defeated, we shall burn to death.

Ahalya :—And we shall all follow you. Ah ! what means that shouting?

Prin :—Ahalya ! Is that not the shout of our men? Will you go and inquire what it is? Ye Gods ... Gods ... be merciful..... The hour for death is come.....*(sits)*

(Enter Deya)

Prin :—What, my nurse? ... *(embracing her)*

Deya :—The Mughal army has been defeated; Prince Kumara Singh has come hither in triumph.

My child, your sorrows have come to an end!

(The princess sits down. A long silence)

Enter Ahalya

Ahalya :—I cannot believe my eyes. His Majesty is sending the prince hither.

(They prepare for the reception of the prince)

Enter K. Singh

Prin :—Victorious prince—the preserver of my life and my honour, I thank you for having come to help us, forgetting the past.

K. S. :—Oh ! strangle all thoughts of the past. I did just my duty. Can I sit feasting on a throne, while another Rajput is being ousted from it? Mira ! could anything stay me back, when your life was in danger?

“For I am thine, my fair,
For I cannot be mine own,
Nor anything to any, if thou be not there”

(Curtain)

Sc. 8 The Durbar Hall of Rana Bhim Singh

Rana :We have most unexpectedly won a victory against the Great Mughal Army. In honour of it, we wish that there shall be public rejoicing for a week throughout our kingdom. As for prince Kumara Singh, the valiant prince of Jodhpur, who has thus most magnanimously helped us and saved our land, it is our pleasure that we give our daughter in marriage to him. We shall celebrate the marriage with due pomp and honour within a week. In token of our love and gratitude to our prince, we resign the kingdom of Udaipur into his hands from today.

“ V ”.

THE HOUSE-FLY.

It has been said that the house-fly is a winged sponge, flying hither and thither to fulfil the foul behests of contagion. However, it is only when house-flies occur in large numbers and cause direct annoyance that people take notice of this filthy carrier of disease and death, although entomologists have written much about its peculiar scientific and anatomical features, and sanitarians have said a great deal about its being a menace to the health of man. The house-fly is the disseminator of cholera, enteric fever, bacillary dysentery and many other diseases.

The house-fly lays its eggs in decaying matter, especially dung or manure heaps. From the tiny white eggs, small maggots hatch. The maggots feed on the rotting matter about them, and when full-grown they creep into the drier surroundings and turn into small brown longish bodies, known as pupae. After a few days in this stage, the fly, which has been forming inside the pupae case, comes out. Usually it takes ten days, from the time the egg is laid, for the fly to emerge.

The house-fly cannot take solid food as it has no proper mouth. It only possesses a protrusile proboscis, which it can apply to the

food of its choice. Being unable to break off bits from its food, the house-fly has a method of discharging some saliva on the solid food. When the saliva has dissolved some of the material on which it was placed, the fly sucks it back. This process is repeated when the fly feeds on solid substances like bread and sugar. The house-fly sucks up what liquid food it can get from foul manure heaps, dust bins, decaying household rubbish and discarded remnants of food. Then for variety in diet it visits the house for sugar, milk, bread and other wholesome foods. The taste of the housefly makes it look for the foulest decaying filth around houses and for the most savoury victual inside houses, and thus it carries disease-germs from the most unclean places to the most carefully-prepared food, thereby infecting people living in huts, hamlets or palaces.

Much can be done to lessen the number of house-flies and to prevent house-flies infecting food. Proper disposal of rubbish, manure and discarded food will check the breeding of house-flies. Fly-paper and poisoned baits may be used to kill flies. Contamination of food can be prevented by keeping all food covered with netting as far as possible and by not leaving about bits of food, crumbs and vessels, in which meals have been served.

"ENTOMOLOGIST."

KALI PUJA.

ONE day, I was sitting out under the stars, reading. It was a quiet evening, very peaceful, except for the noise of Indian music and *tom-toms*, which, I knew, celebrated a festival. I laid my book down, and fell into a reverie.

Suddenly, I felt excitement in the air. There were whispers and murmurs behind me, and now that I came to think of it, the noise of the music had come nearer and nearer. I looked around, and found a knot of the servants behind me, headed by the bearer.

"What is it?" I asked.

"They are coming here", the man ejaculated.

"Who?"

"The *Kali Puja* people. It is their custom every year to come here."

I sighed, for I knew the visit meant my being poorer by a few rupees. But what could one do in this land of precedent and custom?

So, I told *them* to come in.

Very soon, there was a terrible pandemonium. Heralded by flaming torches and the inevitable gas-lamp, group after group of people

sauntered in, and mobbed the place in front of me. Then, began the *Tamasha*.

The maddening beat of the drum began; and, so hypnotising was it, that the spirit of dancing began to twitch even my feet. And then and there, I concluded to myself that, if I were an official in India, I would make up my mind to one thing. Whenever a riot in festival time threatened, the first step to quell it would be to stop the mad music of the drums and fifes.

There was no doubt that the Indians are a simple people. How simple they were, one could see by their childish antics, and the childish delight they took in everything. And, what about their faculty for organization? Here were these poor uneducated creatures, managing with surprising orderliness a wonderfully varied show. What price then their educated brethren? or does the present system of education undermine the valuable instincts of nature?

In front of the procession marched a man with the vessel of *puja* on his head—a brass pot garlanded with flowers, and painted on three sides with pictures of the goddess.

He moved aside, and then began the fire-dance. Two or three men, each holding in one hand an earthenware pot full of fire, which, when it sank was replenished with black oil, danced about most marvellously and dangerously, till my bewildered senses reeled.

Then, came the tiger dance. An extraordinary figure, naked except for a loin-cloth, and painted all over with black and yellow stripes, with his head swathed in a tight cap with pointed ears, leapt before me, held by three chains; and behind it manoeuvred two men, posturing with a huge bunch of tassels and pom-poms, at the end of a swaying bent bamboo..., this represented the tail. Up and down leapt the tiger, straining at his chains; then other figures leapt in, smaller ones this time. They began to crouch on the ground,—this animal family of tigress and cubs,—and play about with an imaginary prey, represented by a lime, patting it, pretending to tear off bits from it, shaking it in their teeth. Oh, it was all well-considered and carried out!

After that, came Krishna and his *Gopis*, or shepherd women. The story is well-known;—how the God Vishnu came to earth in his incarnation of Krishna, and lived among shepherds. He loved playing the flute, and, when he grew up to young manhood, was always surrounded by a bevy of pretty women, who eagerly competed for his favour. Here was Krishna, dressed and painted in dark blue, for Krishna is a blue God, playing the flute in a very nonchalant manner. Round him danced and sang and bowed a circle of women. Under the fitful torch-light, the sight appeared quite legendary, except for one glaring incongruity. Did Krishna and his girls ever wear clouded spectacles? Every one of these actors had a pair!

There was another dance after this—the *Rajah* or King dance—executed by figures dressed in gold tinsel and gilt crowns. The dance of the *drummers* followed, and most wonderfully they did it, posturing and doing trick antics in the intervals of their quick beats.

Then jumped a weird and dreadful figure into the arena, an impersonation of the goddess Kali, in whose honour the festival was held. Her face was painted all a blood colour, with bloody tongue hanging out, her long black hair drooping to her waist, a necklace of bones round her neck. Up and down she capered, sometimes roaring in blood-lust; but, with all her hideousness, there was reproduced a sort of dignity in her, which did not fail to impress the beholder.

And, all the while, on the outskirts of each dance, circled the quaint reeling figure of a man with closed eyes, who was either drunk, or pretended to be possessed. More and more excited did he become, and I kept a wary eye on him; suddenly, to my disappointment, he faded away.

And everywhere about us, even massed boldly on the verandah, stood the village audience, the children much wound-up, and breathing sibilantly with excitement. Yet withal, it was quite an orderly crowd.

How full of devotion were these simple folk, and how religion entered into every act of their lives. Here and there in the crowd, I noticed people carrying deep earthenware pans on their heads, in which grew to quite a luxuriant height, a collection of green plants. I was told that seeds of various grains had been planted eight days ago by devout and fasting people. If they kept a pure heart, and led a pure life during that time, the seeds would sprout up into luxuriance. If not, they would die.

I was told that this Kali Puja took place once a year, and was celebrated severally by different castes among the *Sudras*. Before the Puja, the village crier went about for one or two nights calling on all devout people to help; and eventually each household contributed quite a munificent gift, considering India's poverty. And the beauty of it was that the money left over after the expenses, and the extra charity donations were to be given to the temple. Why then do Indians grudge help to much-needed schemes of philanthropy? The question has often exercised my mind. Is it because religion does not enter into the schemes; or perhaps the people are not got at in the proper way; or are the schemes too Westernised for the average Indian mind?

Kali, or the black goddess, we know, is another name for *Durga* the war goddess, the wife of god Siva, the Destroyer. I have read of goddesses in other nations being compared to her, such as the *Scottish Cailleach*, or the *Egyptian Hathor* and *Sekhet*. The latter was the goddess of Revenge, who destroyed

the enemies of her lord. Kali in India is the special enemy of the demons, and rejoices in drinking their blood. The story goes that once she went forth to kill the evil ones, and became so absorbed in blood-lust, that she could not stop the slaughter. Then, her lord, Siva, went to her, and laid himself down among her victims. Kali jumped on him, and danced on him, not knowing who he was. Great was her shame when she became conscious of her mistake, her tongue hung so far out in her sense of disgrace, that she could not take it back again.

And yet, Kali was but another form of *Sati*, the good and gentle first wife of Siva. She was reputed to have immolated herself in the fire, because her husband was insulted by her father. Hence came the name of *Sati* for a widow, who in olden days burnt herself with the dead body of her husband. *Sati* was re-born as *Uma*, the goddess of divine Wisdom. There is a pretty story told about the love-romance between and her august husband. Kali is also *Jagad-gauri*, the harvest goddess, and the Earth-mother, who blesses her worshippers. Among *Toru Dutt's* poems is a very delightful story about *Jogadhya Uma*, who appeared to one of her humble worshippers, a mere bangle-seller, and rewarded him for his simple faith. Kali is also the golden *Parvati*, who is so attached to Siva, her husband, that she forms half his body. Finally, Kali, the Black goddess, forms one of the Trinity of goddesses, the other two being *Sarasvati* the white one, and *Lakshmi*, the Red one; the three being at the beginning but one goddess, created by *Brahma*, and representing the Past, the Present, and the Future.

Whenever the festival to Kali was not celebrated during the year, an epidemic of cholera or small-pox would result, I was told; and very often the omission of the festival would be dictated by the goddess herself in a dream or vision, thus intimating her desire to punish or reward her devotees. Once, the records in an important office caught fire, and were all destroyed; and the belief was that it was the goddess Kali, who had caused the fire as a punishment.

"AN ONLOOKER."

IN MAN'S REALM

1 WHAT IS A FATHER TO DO?

ONE often hears of a mother's role and a mother's privileges and responsibilities. It is seldom that one hears of the duties of fathers, and yet that they do exist there is no doubt. A father is as much a factor in his child's life as his mother.

think this applies more to a son than to a daughter, though I know that people do say that a daughter prefers her father, while a son sticks to his mother. In the Parents' Magazine, this is what I read as a father's opinion:—"As the father of four children, I am seriously intent upon being a good father, but I am not sure that I know how to go about it. The literature on the subject, of which I have read a good deal, seems to stress one point above all others—Dad must be a pal. He must play with the children, be interested in what interests them, share their joys and griefs and thus maintain such an atmosphere of comradeship that he will be their natural confidant. This, of course, applies particularly to the case of boys; and, as three-fourths of my children are boys, it would seem to apply to me. But the blunt truth is that I do not measure up to this standard and I never shall. Does it follow that I am a failure as a father? Maybe it does. I do not know any way to find out except to wait a few years and see how things develop."

This father lays it down that too much interference with the children by their adult relatives, and too much legislation in the house is unfair, and may result in making the child too artificial. "My notion of the parents' role is that they should be interested observers, always observant and always ready, but never needlessly obtrusive. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that one of the crimes of parents in bringing up children is too much interference."

What appear as "faults" in children may be sometimes merely a question of clash between the points of view of the youngsters and the adults; such for example as noise-making. Restraint is necessary, if peace is to be secured for the latter; but is it not perfectly normal on the part of the former to be noisy? Then, there is the question of making the children tidy themselves. This obtains especially in the West, where parents insist on their children coming to meals in a clean and neat condition, where school discipline in such matters is very firm, and where certain good manners are insisted on. "What value these efforts may have will depend largely on whether their real purpose is to help the child, or to save oneself annoyance."

Training and discipline are of course very necessary, not only as a needed restraint, but also as a method of teaching thoughtfulness for others. "Children are adults-to-be. This, as I have already suggested, involves a certain responsibility on the part of parents. I think that disciplinary measures are sometimes justified on this ground when they could not be on any other: for example, the exacting of prompt obedience to orders, when orders have to be given. Both the obedience and the promptness have great value as a training for adult life. On the other hand, the same consideration demands that a maximum of freedom of choice and action be allowed. Only thus can initiative, resourcefulness, a sense of responsibility, be developed."

It must be remembered, when concessions are being considered, that children are always *children*. What annoys and hurts adults in them is often not badly-meant at all, but merely due to childish spirits. Therefore, a determined effort must be made to understand the little minds and discover what they really mean and want. The parent, especially the father, has to learn to be a real *pal* to them, a true companion, not a mere outsider who takes a polite interest in their doings, not even a mere father, who wishes their welfare.

Then again, children are *people*, and therefore they must be respected. We find that in Indian families children are indulged and petted, but seldom respected as individuals. Their separate personalities are not often considered, though as children in general they are placed on a pedestal. The father in the article I have been talking about, brings forward the example of asking children to run on errands and do all sorts of little help for adults, without considering whether the occupations and interests of the little ones are interfered with or disturbed thereby,—which certainly is obviously wrong. Children must be treated somewhat, therefore, as independent beings. It very often pays, when a boy is at fault, to have a straight talk with him, explain things to him, show him that he is a responsible member of the family, and appeal to his sense of honour and fair play, than summarily to correct or punish him.

Helping children on their way to growth is a great business. Since it is a venture, it requires study in each case, and it should give pleasure to the parents, not merely the satisfaction of an irksome sense of duty.

After all, he is an unnatural father who does not long to play an important part in his child's life, from the beginning onwards. The trouble is that his position has never been clearly defined.

Here is an experience from the same magazine, of a father, who tried all sorts of ways to be something in his baby daughter's life, in a well-regulated Western household, where children were brought up by rigid rules of hygiene and convention. He tells us that he was first considered to be a mere hanger-on whose foolish questions were to be summarily answered. The father naturally hoped to be more than that. He thought: "Here is a child, undoubtedly to grow up beautiful and attractive, and I ought to be permitted to be something to her, to ingratiate myself into her good graces, to help formulate her character and so on. Imagine that girl, thirty years from now, being interviewed for a magazine or paper! What should she say other than, 'To whom do I owe my success in my career? Why, to my dear, dear old Dad. He has made me what I am today!'"

He tried singing to the baby, at which he was rather good, but he was told that he should not soothe the baby too much, or

it would not get enough exercise by crying. He tried to tell it stories, but the baby was too young to understand. At last, however, he got a job, and that was, "to show up once a week, assemble the scales, weigh her and get out." He took advantage of that. He combined music and talk with the weighing singing and talking to the baby in a low bass voice. He observed that the baby made sounds to go with certain grimaces. He imitated the sounds. "If she said 'yeeeeep' and stretched her mouth until she looked like Wallace Beery in a grin, I did the same. It went big. 'Yeep' with a wide grin, means, Well, Old Top, here we are again. How's things, anyway?"

It took me three days to find the answer to this. It is like the plaintive call in the distance of a certain motor horn—Peep-Peep—not a loud, threatening PEEP-PEEP—but a tiny, intimate, cooing peep-peep. It means 'Great! Dad's tickled pink to see you again. How are they treating you?' Nobody understands this but us—unless *They* read this and they won't. They're too busy gobbling up serious literature on diet, habits, clothing and so on."

He and the baby began to understand each other, and then the father was allowed to have a whole hour with the infant. "I hope to tell you that this father's hour is the most colourful in the twenty-four. I've got an old mission chair that approximates a backyard see-saw. With Baby on one knee we look like a couple of Icelanders at their native manhandling sport of Gilma. Does she like it? "Yeeeeep! And many of them!"

We have raw oranges; no strained stuff adulterated with boiled water.

As a cordial, we use one corner of a fat rejected manuscript; if the editors didn't like it, there somebody who does.

I'm going to get sentimental about that hour. I wonder how long—some day, do you suppose—. Looking down at that little face, wider than it is long, eyes studying the funny face above it—Hum, I wonder if we could always keep—. No I *won't* be sentimental about it. Some things you mustn't think about.

In this queer business of establishing a new, fresh baby in a household, I would make a plea that the father be included in the arrangements. He ought to insist that he have a place in the scheme of things; even if he has to be thoroughly boiled three minutes and sprayed with a mild solution of boric acid."

But, fathers require training, as much as mothers. In America, courses of such training have been started. At Colgate University, for instance, there is a course in the home-training of

children, as a part of the department of education. The following is the curriculum:

"The effect of home conditions and atmosphere (including marital harmony and discord) on the personality development of children; the size of the family and its relation to child development; parental care; education for parenthood; the instinctive equipment of children; the psychological laws of child development; the importance of promoting adequate development of the child's mental life; proper methods of handling children; the development of the child's tastes, interests and ideals; sex instruction; special problems, such as wastefulness, disobedience, lying, temper tantrums, 'spoiled' children, thumb-sucking, shyness, children's fears, and how to develop initiative and self-reliance in children." And many of the young man liked and seriously discussed the questions!

"AN ADVISER"

2. THE EXPERIENCES OF AN INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICER TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR—1923

III

Arrival in London—As we started from Tilbury for London, our car came to a corner of the road, where I saw a tall policeman standing on a wooden post with red and green flags in both hands. No sooner had the policeman raised the red flag than the driver of our car pulled the brake and stopped the car dead. This system of controlling the traffic, and saving the public from accidents, was quite strange to my sight. Tilbury is called the back door of London. Though it is a back door, on our way to London, I saw very nice country on either side of the road. In the fields were grazing cattle which were much larger than those met with in India. The reason is that they are well looked after; moreover, the climate of this country is very healthy, and it is a gift of nature that the country is green the whole year through.

When we arrived in London, at our home near Victoria Station, we found some reporters waiting to take our photographs. They took several snaps of us outside the building. One photo was published in the *Times* and in several papers in India.

The house in which we lived is specially hired for the residence of Indian Orderly Officers. It is very nice. There is a separate room for each officer and each room is well-equipped with furniture and bedding. There is a dining room, which is very comfortable, and also a library in which the photographs of all Indian Orderly

Officers since 1903 are kept; some historical books, and picture books of the South African War and the Great War are available.

There are also indoor games. We used to get the "Fauji Akhbar" and the English daily picture papers. The Orderlies and cooks were also provided with separate rooms and bedding etc.; they were quite comfortable during their stay in London.

There is a Pensioner Conductor, who has a good knowledge of Urdu. He looks after the quarters and generally acts as an Assistant to the Officer-in-Charge of the Indian Orderly Officers. He has done this duty for twelve years, so he knows all about our requirements. He keeps the messing account of the officers and men, and gives every kind of assistance to them.

His wife also showed us every kindness during our stay.

Traffic in London.—The area of London is about 625 square miles. It is much crowded with buildings, shops, hotels, offices, and workshops. To facilitate the movements of the public and the traffic, it is laid out in three layers:—

1. Underground Railway (Tube Train.)
2. Overground Railway.
3. Overground traffic of buses, taxis, motor cars, motor cycles, lorries etc.

The Underground railway runs by electric power. It is rather puzzling for the new-comer to travel by, but once any one knows about it, he prefers it. It is much quicker to go by it from one place to another, than by any other method. There are many underground railway stations. Big boards in blue colour, marked in block letters "Underground", are put on the public roads to show the way to the stations. In some stations, to get to the underground, the public have to go on an escalator (moving ladder). Such is the rush on these underground railways that sometimes you cannot get room, though there is a train service each minute. You see the people not walking, but running; this is why the English are so active in India.

The roads of London are very broad and are made up of tar and other materials at great expense. The middle of the streets of London is for the traffic, the flanks being left for walking. Not a drop of water is to be found on the roads after the heaviest rain. They are as clean as glass. It is advisable to send representatives from the Municipalities of Indian towns to London to see the municipal arrangements there. Local Fund Boards, too, should see the streets in London and in the adjoining countries. Any one, who wants to realise what a man can do for the improvement of sanitation in his country, must see London. The traffic on the road runs at such a pace, that if any one wants to cross the road,

he must go to the place where the policeman stands. He helps the public, by stopping the traffic.

The most remarkable thing about the London Police is the way they control the traffic in the streets. The taxi-drivers' skill as drivers and their implicit obedience to the police is an equally striking feature. I was also impressed by the readiness of the London Police to help the public, when they stand in need of information or direction to a particular place. Above all, they seemed to be conscious that they were the servants of the public and their ideas of duty were not limited by any laws.

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

(To be continued)

THE Y. W. C. A.

WHAT IS IT ?

THE Young Women's Christian Association is the organization of a world-wide fellowship between nearly a million women and girls in 46 countries. It exists to promote the spiritual, intellectual and physical welfare of young women and to present fellowship and mutual service to them as the ideal of life. The world's Y. W. C. A. Committee is moving its Headquarters from London to Geneva in 1930. The purpose of this Committee is to co-ordinate the work and policy of the Association throughout the world and to do pioneer work in countries which have no association. The Committee meets every two years and its work is carried on by an international staff who travel in many countries. The international character of the Association makes it a common meeting ground for women of varying race and culture and provides a means through which they can keep in touch with other world-wide movements. It was founded on a Christian basis, its leaders and those who accept full membership belong to the Christian faith. Proselytising is alien to its spirit, but it welcomes into associate membership and equal privileges women of any faith and nationality who are in sympathy with its aim and purpose.

Its activities vary according to the needs of each country and community in which it has taken root. In China the work, started by a student group nearly forty years ago, now includes clubs and hostels for factory girls and Physical Training classes. Emphasis is put on training in home-making. The Association is under the control and leadership of Chinese women with the help of some foreigners from U. S. A. and Great Britain. The

Association in Japan is as progressive as the country itself and has Industrial, business and student members. The leadership is largely Japanese. There is a different type of Association in Germany—there the work has developed in close co-operation with the State Church—its special interests being Bible Study and music.

In the United States of America, the Y. W. C. A. plays an important part in the life of the community. Many thousands of women and girls use its institutes and hostels. The Association in U. S. A. started in 1866. It sends secretaries and money to help associations in thirteen other countries.

In Great Britain, the Association has steadily widened its influence since its beginning.

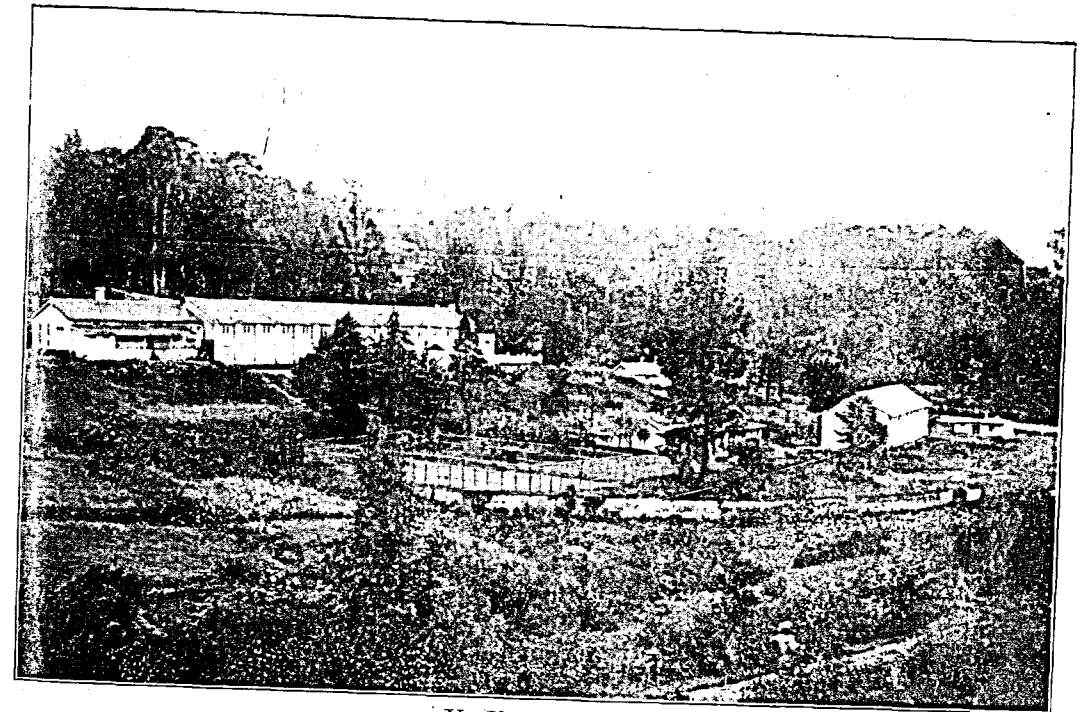
ITS BEGINNING AND HISTORY.

At a time when pioneers of women's education in England were starting their crusade, and Florence Nightingale was opening a wider sphere of service for women by organising bands of nurses to serve in the Crimea, Emma Roberts and Mary Jane Kinnaird started an organisation for girls in 1855. Miss Roberts conceived the idea of a Prayer Fellowship. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Kinnaird, afterwards Lady Kinnaird, responded to the call for Social Service and opened a hostel for Crimean nurses in London. It was only natural that these two movements, which were started simultaneously, independent of each other, should coalesce; for, just as Miss Roberts felt that prayer was an inspiration to practical service, so Mrs. Kinnaird was convinced that social service without the Christian ideal would be of no avail. The Y. W. C. A. sprang from these two sources, and it has always kept through many outward changes the characteristics of its foundation.

WORK IN INDIA.

Past History.

Miss Butt, one of Miss Roberts' band who came to India as a missionary, started the first branch of the Y. W. C. A. in Bombay in 1875. The first group, composed of an Indian, an Anglo-Indian, a Scotch and an English Leader, was truly a heterogeneous one. The work was carried on in English and Marathi. There were weekly Bible classes, Dorcas meetings and Flower and Pillow Missions, through which gifts of flowers with a friendly message attached was sent to patients in hospitals. By 1896, the need for centralizing the 47 English-speaking and 40 Vernacular-speaking branches scattered throughout the country was so keenly felt, that Miss Agnes Hill from U. S. A. was made the first National Secretary.



Y. W. C. A.
ANANDAGIRI, OOTACAMUND.

The work among Anglo-Indians revealed the urgent and increasing need for hostels and institutes for business girls, and with the local support of European firms in the large cities this need has been met to a certain extent. Hostels, Clubs, Holiday Homes, Summer Schools, Camps, Educational Classes, Physical Education and Study Groups were organized throughout the country to increase the usefulness of the Association to the women of India.

Great Britain, Canada, Australia and the United States of America have taken great interest in the work done in India and are helping by supplying secretaries and financing the work substantially.

A progressive step in the international spirit of the Association was taken at the Quadrennial Conference held in Calcutta in 1925, when the division of the association into "city" "and" "vernacular" departments was abolished and all except student work included under the general work of the Association.

Owing to the lack of suitable staff in the Hindi area the work of a number of small branches was handed over to missionary bodies until such time as Indian leadership should be forthcoming to strike out into new trails of service. In other parts of India, Burma and Ceylon, particularly in Madras and Rangoon where there was work for nurses, and in Trivandrum where the whole membership is Indian the work continued as part of the general association.

To-day.

There are 7875 members belonging to 41 general branches and 40 student and school-girl branches and Girl Guide Companies affiliated to the National Committee of the Y. W. C. A. of India, Burma and Ceylon which has its headquarters in Calcutta.

A number of Associations including those in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Colombo, Karachi, Poona, Lahore, Delhi and Bangalore have institutions for the general membership and hostels and clubs for business girls. There are holiday homes in all the principal hill stations open to all women.

Summer Schools are held in the South and North. Annual Summer Conferences are held at Anandagiri, the Y. W. C. A. Conference Estate at Ootacamund, South India. These Conferences attract yearly, teachers, Girl Guides and other members from as far away as North India, Central Provinces, Rajputana and Ceylon.

Discussions, lectures and recreation find their due place in the programme and a spirit of international goodwill and fellowship is created.

The Conferences to be held this year are as follows, April 11th. 29th Association Conference, with lectures and discussions on the



Y. W. C. A.
NAIGON PLAY CENTRE, BOMBAY.

Y. W. C. A., its international fellowship, methods of work, religious education etc. There are two Guiders Conferences, May 2nd to 19th, and June 10th to 25th, when full training in all Girl Guide subjects will be given by Diplomaed Guiders.

The Social Service Conference, May 21st to June 6th, is a new feature this year. Its leader will be Miss Iris Wingate, National Industrial Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and there will be lectures and discussions on methods of social service work, welfare work amongst industrial women, health centres, welfare work etc.,

There will be time and opportunity for recreation throughout the conferences, and walks, picnics, games, and sing songs.

The conferences are open to all women. Further details and registration forms may be had from Y. W. C. A. Headquarters, I-c, Ashutosh Mukerji Road, Calcutta.

The Social Service Centre in Naigaon, Bombay, is attempting to study the problems and meet the need of industrial women in their own homes. Of the hostels, the 'Student House' in Lahore and Mitra Bhavanam in Madras, both for professional women, and the Burmese and Karen Hostel in Rangoon, need special mention. The 'Travellers' Aid work in Colombo helps hundreds of emigrants and other travellers. Similar work in other parts is a boon to many a woman in need.

The Student Department of the Y. W. C. A. has awakened to its responsibilities and is alive to the burning questions of the day. Its membership is about 2600, made up of 16 students branches, 13 school girl branches and 29 Y. W. C. A. Girl Guide Companies.

What of the Future?

At the Quadrennial Conference, which met in April 1929 at Ootacamund there was a strong conviction.

"that the Y. W. C. A., as the only Women's Christian Movement for all India, has a distinct contribution to make to the life of India to day, in view of its international character and its equipment for service for all communities."

It was therefore resolved,

"that this is the time when the development of Indian work should be emphasised and should be under the guidance and control of Indian Committees and Indian leadership."

This was a deliberate step forward, an assumption of the responsibility for an Indian Movement, a step towards which had been made in the recognition of equal membership made in 1925.

To carry out the spirit embodied in the resolution is the Association's task—during this quadrennium. The Indian Membership, apart from the Student Department at present, is small in proportion to the other membership. Members are pledged to

make the Association a vital factor to the women of India, that through it they may find fellowship with women of the same ideals and aspirations, and an outlet for service to their fellow women, irrespective of caste, community or creed, and as a band of Christian women who owe their allegiance to Christ and are pledged to serve the Church universal in every possible way.

C. BRADLEY.

FRIENDLY CHATS

CHILDREN AND RELIGION.

WHEN should we teach our children religion? In an English paper called "Good Housekeeping", I came across an article, in which the opinions of three men-writers were given on this important point. Two of them give it as their opinion that it is good to have a routine of religion in a child's life. The other writer thinks that the Christian practice has been to give too much religious teaching to the young. He says: "Church, the Bible, collects, were crammed down his throat at an early age, with the result that he was soon either bored or else frankly alienated by the whole subject, until somewhere between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two, he evolved quite simply and naturally his own religion. And then, of all that carefully inculcated early teaching, but little remained except a memory of trying not to fidget on hard seats during unintelligible sermons, a flotsam of strange phrases comprehended too late—such as 'preventing us in all our ways' and 'what did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?' and a conception of God as a vindictive power, whom, since He possessed the unfair advantages of invisibility and ubiquity, it was obvious policy to have on your side. The result was that church, instead of being a place in which to worship and be grateful for the gift of life, became the very antithesis, a cold hostile house of restraint, and Sunday, instead of being a day of recreation, became a day of 'don'ts'. And all because parents honestly tried to teach their children religion as they knew it."

"It is certain", says a mother in The Parents' Magazine, "that a child is capable of receiving religious impressions long before he is capable of receiving religious instruction." There are some parents, however, who do not hold many religious convictions themselves. They wish to bring up their children in the same way, so that they may be free to form their own opinions later. This somehow seems very erroneous. Even if parents have outgrown elementary ethical principles, there is nothing wrong in teaching them to their children.

"All children are bound to get all sorts of religious and philosophical impressions from their friends, their teachers, the household servants, and from their reading. It is impossible to keep an intelligent child from forming definite pictures of God, of Christ, of the state of being after death, and so on. His curiosity goes out to find satisfactory explanations of his own being. It seems a tragic mistake for parents not to take at least as much pains with the formation of worthy religious concepts in their children as they do in providing them with the right schooling, the right diet and the right sort of amusements."

A child's religion "should be spontaneous, robust, ardent, without sentimentality, or pretence". The means to achieve such a result will differ in different cases and can only succeed through a quiet study of the child's temperament. But the journals I have mentioned here have laid down certain principles, which are worth considering by parents of all religions.

In the first place, children should be taught the spirit of tolerance in religion, and that they should never dare to laugh or mock at the beliefs of others.

Secondly, it should be remembered that children do not often understand the meaning of mere words. Terms of exact significance are often either misunderstood by them, or twisted into fantastic ideas. This tendency should therefore be taken into account, when teaching religion to children.

Thirdly, every child should be taught a beautiful idea of God, not as a chill, impersonal, unresponsive Being, but as someone who is as loveable as a kind parent, as merciful and understanding and humorous. Therefore, would it not be well to associate religious impressions with the feelings of love and dependence on the parents? Through the latter will come a friendly perception of the presence of God.

Then there is beauty in Nature, to which every child, as Wordsworth tells us, is awake. Their childish curiosity about the *Why* and the *Wherefore* in Nature can therefore be made the basis of philosophical enquiry; and be sure that they can understand abstract truths as well as, if not better than, grown-ups sometimes. A mother tells us that, when her child was only twenty months old, "her French nurse used to call her attention on bright mornings to the fact that 'le bon Dieu' had sent her sunshine to play in, and, for a long time after the baby herself had achieved some command of speech, she never failed to point out the spot of sunshine when it appeared on the wall, announcing to me that God had given her a piece of His sunshine".

Thus, the idea of beauty in Nature can go with the idea of the beauty and the power of the Creator. And, the same thing can

happen with beauty in art, such as music, pictures, poetry. "If they can be helped to regard the works of art which they enjoy as fragmentary reflections of Ultimate Beauty, their religious experiences will be widened and enriched, and, in adult life, their powers of aesthetic discrimination will have been sharpened."

Again, a child's religion should be healthy and enjoyable, vital and strong. Therefore, there is no reason, says a mother "why parents and gymnasium teachers and school nurses should fail to stress the counterpart to the ambition of physical training as a means to success, namely that the human body, as the temple of the Holy Spirit, must not be allowed to be a cause of weakness or failure in offering a noble and well-rounded life to God. Modern psychology is particularly valuable in its education of the emotions, as the means of preventing frustrations and warping of human personality, but one could wish that the emphasis were less in the direction of the realization of self-hood and more toward a union of a finite with an Infinite Self. The question of the methods whereby this co-ordination of physical, intellectual and emotional experience can be achieved through a child's religion demands at once more attention than can be given in a brief survey."

Again, religion and play ought to have a dependence on each other, though I am aware that such a theory will not find much favour in the eyes of old-fashioned parents. Children also need a religion of action. A mother thinks it is a good plan that children should be allowed to do something for their church, not only on Sundays, but also on week-days, and that their plans should be as much as possible made by themselves.

Here is a practical scheme laid down by a Christian mother and I do not see why it should not be adopted by mothers of other religions as well. She thinks that, even when babies have not learnt to speak yet, the habit of prayer should be inculcated in them, by grown-ups saying short prayers for them at rising-time and bedtime. By the time they are three, they can say little prayers for themselves. When they are five and six, they can be taught that prayers are just talk with God; that they can be said at all times, even as mere ejaculatory prayers, and that they must include petitions for others as well as for themselves.

"I shall tell my son," says this mother, "that the God of little children is close to him, His light burning bright and keeping him warm, when he tends the lamp with the oil of loving-kindness, true thoughts and friendly deeds. God makes him live with other children and would love him to be kind to others and try to make the world a happy place.

"I shall tell my son that God wants every child to lead a clean and holy life.

"If you are well and strong, your bright eyes will see many wonderful things, your mouth will say words that will help other people, your hands will do much willing work in a world where no one can be lazy, your legs will run long races for high prizes.

"I shall tell my son not to be frightened when he hears of a fiery Hell. Heaven and Hell are in his own hands. He has work to do. If he does it badly, punishment will follow, but not torture.

"I shall teach my son to read his scriptures, exactly as if they were a letter from his best friend.

And withal, I shall try to teach him to be sturdy and robust in his religion, not sloppy or sentimental, and to learn to hold his own, when he thinks he is right. When he grows older and able to think for himself, I shall tell him not to accept anybody's religious opinions but his own. He must stand out boldly for what he believes.

"So, live and love, think and pray, my little son. Make better friends each new day with that Other Father, who is your high companion. Care less for the things that money buys than for friendship with all mankind. And finally, recognize in those crystal-clear creative thoughts of yours a lasting proof of your relationship to the Creator of All Things."

"AMICUS"

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. DORA

There is a poem called Dora, by Tennyson, which is a very interesting story. Perhaps you would like to hear it.

Once upon a time there lived a farmer called Allan. He had a son, William, and a niece, Dora. All three of them lived together in their farm. Dora was Allan's brother's daughter, and he loved her well and looked after her carefully, because, many years ago, he had quarrelled with her father, who had died in foreign lands, and to make up for his past hardship towards her father, he cherished the daughter with great kindness.

Old Allan's greatest wish was to arrange a marriage between his son William, and his niece Dora, and so, he called his son to him, one day, and said;—

"My son:

I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die :
And I have set my heart upon a match.

Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.

Take her for your wife ;
For I have wished this marriage night and day,
For many years."

But William did not love Dora, and he was angry with his father for suggesting the match, and he refused to obey the former.

Now, Allan had a very bad temper, and he could not bear anyone disobeying him, so he said !—

"You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish ;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again".

His threats, however, did not frighten William, and even before the month was over William left his father's house, became a field labourer and married a girl called Mary Morrison.

This made Allan very angry indeed, and he gave strict orders to Dora that, if ever she spoke either to William or Mary he would have her in his house no more, and Dora promised to obey him, but she thought that such hardship could not last long, and she hoped her Uncle's mind would change.

"And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; and distress came on him :
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not."

But Dora saw how poor and miserable William was, and secretly she sent him the little savings she could collect together, without his knowing who sent it. The hard life and poverty, however, were too much for William, and one day he got fever and died.

At last, Dora felt she could obey her Uncle's hard command no longer, and she went to Mary and persuaded her to allow the little son to be set before Allan, who, being in a good mood at the full harvest which was being reaped that year, might bless the child for the sake of William who was now dead.

"And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not : for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;

And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark."

But the next day Dora took the child again, and this time Allan saw her, and grew very angry when he learnt that she had brought William's son to him, and as a punishment, he took the boy, but refused to have anything more to do with Dora.

So Dora went to Mary's house without the child, and, when the latter saw that her son was not there, she was at first glad that the grand-father had consented to look after him, but on hearing that Dora had been driven from the farmer's house, she said:— " 'This shall never be,

That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy.
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.' "

The two women, therefore, went to the farmer's house, and there they found the child playing upon his grandfather's knees; but as soon as he saw his mother he cried to go to her. Mary then begged Allan to take back Dora, and return her son.

" 'And let all this be as it was before' "

Then, there was silence in the room, and suddenly the old man cried out;—

" 'I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children' "

Then they clung about

" 'The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child
Thinking of William.' "

So those four abode

" 'Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

PUNKAJAM.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DEAR CHILDREN,

I expect all of you have some hobby and other, which keeps you interested in dull moments. If any of you have not got a hobby, you ought to try and get one as soon as possible. There are so many you can have, and it is so easy to start one. Of course, as soon as you begin, you will become so absorbed in it that it will afford you endless pleasure and excitement.

Collecting certain special things is often the best kind of hobby for children. For instance, take stamps. If you start collecting stamps of different countries, you will learn a vast amount of geography, and also develop your sense of patience and carefulness; for, when you collect stamps, you have to clean them and stick them carefully on mounts in your album in the pages allotted to the countries to which they belong. You have to be very gentle with each stamp as you clean it; for the least roughness on your part often ruins the entire value of your stamp. You also ought to have the latest stamp catalogue and try to value the price of each stamp, and make out the slight differences in water-marks, etc. which so often distinguish stamps which outwardly look alike. A little magnifying lense will help you a great deal. One word of advice before I close on stamp collecting. Do not, in your enthusiasm, spend too much money on buying stamps. The best way to collect is to get to know other people, who are interested in the same hobby, and exchange your spares with theirs.

There are other things you can collect, besides stamps, such as post cards, coins, cigarette labels, match labels and various other things; but I think stamps are the most interesting.

A very exciting hobby for children is to have a museum. If there is a tiny room, which is not being used in your house, ask your mother to let you use it. Then, after having cleaned it out thoroughly, arrange little tables and shelves in it, and start collecting any unique objects that you may come across. Make a point of labelling and cleaning each article as soon as you find it. On the label, say what it is, where you found it, and when. You must see that your museum is kept clean and dusted every day, and a good idea will be to have a visitor's book, and ask all those who come to see you to step into your museum, and, after having looked round, to sign their names and add a remark.

Another really interesting hobby is taking photos. Perhaps your parents may give you a present of a camera on a birthday or Christmas. Then, you can start taking snaps and keep a memorandum of all the places and sights you have seen. If possible, you must try and develop and print the photos yourself. You can-

not imagine what fun it is to stand in a dark room and watch the pictures slowly taking shape on your film.

If you are inclined for writing; keep a diary, and everyday jot down your impressions of what you have seen and the things which struck you most. Perhaps this may help you one day to become a great poet or novelist.

There are innumerable other hobbies I can mention; but it will be unnecessary for me to do so, as I am sure you can think about them yourselves. One very important thing I must tell you before I close, and that is—you must *not* get so interested in your hobby that you neglect your other daily duties. You must not let your hobby interfere with your work. A hobby creates a new interest for you in life, and helps to lessen the boredom of leisure hours. Do not, therefore, waste the time, allotted for your lessons and other important tasks, on your hobby.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

3. FLOWERS.

1. There are many lovely flowers,
That open in the sunny hours,
But some shy little lilies white,
Are the ones that bloom by night.
2. The lily, tho' only white in colour,
And differing from the rose in odour,
Is the flower that teaches purity,
To every one who owns vanity.
3. The rose is by far the best,
In the beauty of its crest.
And calls itself a queen,
Tho' prettier flowers are seen.
4. They are made for the bride to wear,
In her long and flowing hair,
When, in time, she leaves her mother,
To spend her life, beside another.
5. They are carried along with the dead,
On whom many a tear is shed,
So you see they really borrow,
Our joy, as well as our sorrow.

BY AN INDIAN GIRL OF 13.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XX. FAILURE TO GAIN WEIGHT.

ONE of the many complaints with which a mother is confronted is that her baby does not gain in weight. She might have tried many of the infant foods that have filled the market, or she might have fed the baby on mixed diet. But, in spite of every care, the child grows thin, becomes pot-bellied and wasted. He suffers from marked constipation. There is slight fever at times, the skin is hot, he is restless at nights, the appetite is poor and the weight is at a stand-still for some time. He is looked upon as a delicate child, he gets boils, suffers from sore mouth or a discharge from the ears, which resists all reasonable treatment.

Failure to gain weight is fairly common, but is not ordinarily recognised, some mothers being satisfied with a mere live child; and, where it is recognised, its cause is rarely diagnosed in time to prevent mischief, with the result that symptoms alone are treated and much time and money are wasted. In 75 per cent of cases, the fault lies in the feeding of the infant; and in only 25 per cent, the fault is in the infant. The common faults in feeding are:—

1. Insufficient feeding and thus withholding the necessary supply of nutrition,
2. Deficiency of Vitamins in the food,
3. Too much feeding,
4. Too much sugar,
5. Excess of starch containing food,
6. Irregularity of feeding,
7. The bulk of the feeds being greater than the age of the infant should permit,

Whatever may be the error, the result is the same, failure to grow, this being due to an ill-balanced diet with lack of assimilation.

The faults in the infant may be:—

1. Some recent illness accompanied by loss of appetite,
2. Constipation,
3. Some disorders of the bowels such as Diarrhoea or Dysentery,
4. Syphilis—Congenital,
5. Tuberculosis.
6. Enlargement of the liver,
7. Malarial influences,

8 Intestinal worms.

It may be broadly stated that in infants up to 12 months old or thereabouts, the cause lies mostly in unsuitable feeding or enlargement of the liver. Between one and three years of age it is associated with rickets—a disease again due to deficiency in the food elements—or with worms. After the age of 3, especially in children having a hereditary tuberculous taint, it may be associated with Tuberculosis either of the lungs or bowels or any other organ of the body. Syphilis may manifest itself at any age. The secret of success in treating such a child depends upon the mother remembering the fact that, roughly speaking, human milk contains 2 per cent protein, 3 per cent fat and 7 per cent carbohydrate or P2, F3, C7, whereas cow's milk is P4, F4, C4. Without such figures constantly in the mind of the mother bringing up her child on artificial feeding, it is impossible to work out where the fault has been in feeding and how to correct it. A few useful hints will be found to be valuable and may here be enumerated:—

1. One measured teaspoon to top milk added to 3 oz. of milk mixture (i. e. 1 of milk and 2 of diluent) will make 3 per cent of fat, the same as mother's milk.
2. A lump of butter, the size of a green pea added to 3 oz. of milk mixture will make 3 per cent fat.
3. One lump of sugar, or one level teaspoon of Mellin's Food, added to 3 oz. of milk mixture will make 5 per cent carbohydrate.
4. The milk of a cow is better than any patent food.
5. If you should use a dried milk food, always use one teaspoonful less than the directions given on the tin.
6. If a child is not satisfied with the quantity of the food in its bottle, increase the quality, for the stomach of a child under 6 months will not hold a greater quantity than one oz. over its age in months.
7. Give plenty of boiled water between feeds.

Treatment of this condition is entirely dietetic in most cases. The digestive system of the child should be first given rest for 24 hours by giving nothing but barley water or rice water. No sugar should be added at least for 3 days, but $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ grain of saccharine can be substituted in order to make the food palatable. After 24 hours of plain barley water or rice water, put the child on *skimmed milk* and this should be the sole diet for at least one week. On the first day give a dilution of 1 in 3, the second day 1 in $2\frac{1}{2}$, on the third day 1 in 2, on the fourth day 1 in $1\frac{1}{2}$ and so on until the baby gets pure skimmed milk if it is over the age of 6 months. For children under 6 months the proportionate dilution should be maintained. By similar progression, the infant should be gradually got back to ordinary cow's milk within 2

weeks. The amount of skimmed milk given per day should be $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. per pound of weight, per day. For a baby weighing 10 pounds, 15 oz. of skimmed milk should be given.

On the third or fourth day of this treatment, one teaspoon of Mellin's food may be added to the diluted skimmed milk and this can also be increased progressively up to 2 teaspoons per feed, depending upon the requirements.

On this line of treatment the child begins to gain weight and the tongue becomes clean and healthy. Then, and not until then, which usually take place within 2 weeks, the diet can be increased to the normal and healthy optimum. Medicines are not called for: but fruit juice should be given at least one ounce per day.

Some may be inclined to order cod-liver oil or other tonics, hoping thereby to strengthen the baby. But, if these things are ordered before correcting the digestion on the lines indicated above, they will only make matters worse.

This treatment applies only to those cases of failure to grow, which are due to digestive and mentioned disturbances. Other causes should be appropriately treated.

FOOT NOTE:—1. Skimmed milk is a fat-free easily-digested food and is made by simmering milk in an open basin for half an hour; remove, and put in a cool place for 2 hours, after which you will find that the fat has risen as top milk. This is removed by means of a flat spoon to a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The milk below is called the skimmed milk. If natural skimmed milk is hard to get, Horlick's malted milk or any of the patent skimmed milk-foods can be used temporarily. They are approximately fat-free and should not be used longer than one to two weeks, by which time some arrangement can be made to procure natural skimmed milk, if the treatment requires to be prolonged.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Colour harmony

The other day, while walking along the streets, I came across a woman dressed in a mauve blouse and a green and red Sari. It gave me a distinct shock to see her, for such a scheme of colours is jarring to the eyes. It upsets the nerves and takes away the feeling of good-fellowship towards others. And still there are innumerable women in India today, who are seen dressed in such gruesome colour schemes. Should we unhesitatingly accuse them of having no taste, or should we be more merciful and say they do it out of thoughtlessness to the feelings of others? Perhaps, if they

could see themselves as others see them, they would amend their ways, or perhaps they have their own arguments in defence of their colour schemes. "India is well known for her gorgeous display of colours", they may say. "Why should we not deck ourselves in as many colours as we can?"

Yes, quite true, India's beauty consists in the bright spots of colour, which every now and then break into view on the landscape, and it will indeed be a sorrowful day when we can no longer see colours on the street; but, at the same time, can we not preserve this Oriental display of colours without its being jarring to the eye? Need a woman dress in mauve and green and red, that she may keep up the Eastern tradition of splendid colours?

The other day, I came across a description of the dresses that Indian ladies wore at an important party, in which the costume of each individual woman was a perfect colour scheme, with nothing jarring to the eyes. Each woman, taken by herself, was a pretty sight of harmony and taste, and still, the whole scene, taken *ensemble*, must have indeed afforded a very bright patch of Oriental colouring. Yes, this is what we want in these modern days. Each individual should see that the colours, which she herself wears, harmonise with each other.

I can imagine a looker-on remark on the general effect of the scene of the aforementioned party;—"Oh, what wonderful colours! It is almost like a scene in fairyland, and still there is not a single lady dressed in colours which do not match."

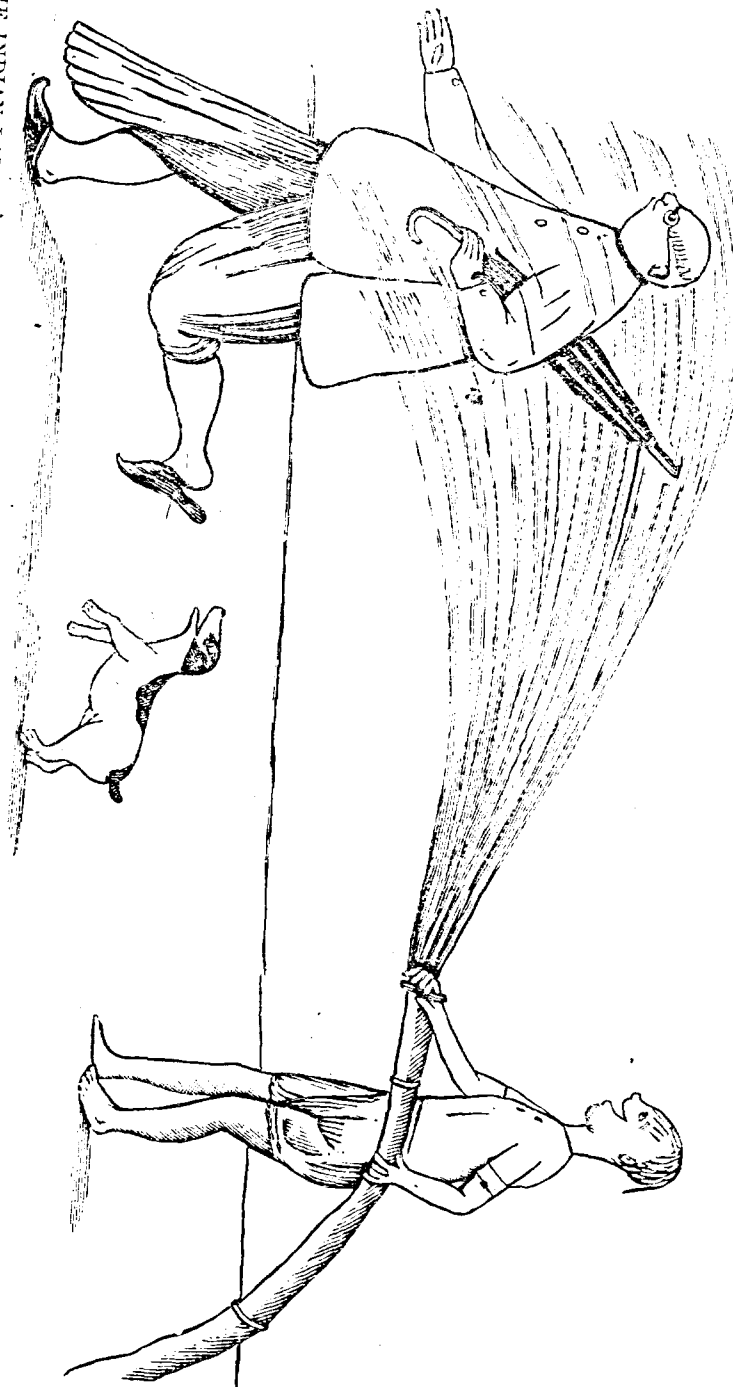
SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CHEAP ORNAMENTS.

THE character of the lady of the house is often revealed in the way her home is furnished, and especially in the way she arranges her sitting-room. A trivial mind is revealed in the display of cheap ornaments. A woman, who wishes to make a show out of little money, crowds her sitting-room with cheap ornaments, and a visitor, entering the room for the first time, is astonished at the outward gorgeousness all around him; but, if he happens to be a sensible man, with a little artistic taste, his astonishment very soon changes to something like disgust, and his opinion of his hostess goes down a great deal;—for what does he see before him—cheap prints on the walls, hung there to attract the eye; artificial flowers in gaudy vases, posing in all their stiff majesty, but in vain trying to imitate the natural glory of real flowers; ornamental shells and cheap china crowding every

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE, FEB. 1930



HOW TO KEEP COOL

available space on tables and shelves, flimsy curtains flapping in the breeze, glittering glass shining in every corner, and furniture which gives one a hope of comfort; but which, on trial, proves to be made of some hard cheap substance, covered over by gay cretonne.

Yes, it is far better to have a few really good ornaments than to indulge in cheap articles. One good print on the wall is better far than ten bad ones. One real rose, standing in a chaste vase in all its natural glory and perfume is more becoming than a dozen bunches of artificial flowers. Arrange your home so that it may afford true comfort and display real art.

PADDY.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE PAGE.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES OF LAST MONTH.

Anxious Mother: How can I make a bashful child come forward.

Bashfulness, we are told, comes from emotional inhibition. Being uncertain how to act in certain situations, the child is disturbed in his mind, and his activity is checked. The best cure is to make him part of a play group, and gradually accustom him to larger groups and new people.

Again, a child may be shy, because he feels he is inferior in some respects to others. The best thing is to try to provide him, with things which are at least average. The mother should always encourage the child, by creating situations for him, or by seeing that he is included in everything, even though he may not wish to come forward. The bashful child is always timid, he sometimes wishes to take the lead; but is too shy to ask for it. Well then, give him the lead sometimes; if he fails, encourage him and explain the reason of his failure, but do not laugh at him. A constant notice is sometimes necessary to make a bashful child come forward, and constant encouragement. Correction, of course, will sometimes be necessary, but it is better to be more lenient than otherwise, for sometime at least. Later on, it may be necessary to draw in a little, and not push the child forward too much lest he should turn out a prig.

MOTHER CONFESSOR.

"Keep bashful children under observation for some time. Approach them in a variety of ways to find out the easiest way of capturing their attention, which is only another name for the pleasure which they feel. It is necessary that we should know something of the child-mind. Play and pleasure are the chief

factors guiding children. So whatever we do must be such as to create pleasure in them. Mix freely with them in their games and draw them to your company by free and pleasant conversation on matters which they like.

The seniors must take them on excursions and offer them prizes for their increased attention. We must impress the children with a sense of their self-importance by giving them the highest place in the family circle. Interesting stories told in a "homely-way" will go a great way to help us in this effort. Always try to create in them an interest in their surroundings, which must go on expanding as they grow older and older.

M. C. AMMU THAMPURATTI.

NEW QUERIES.

1. *Eager Mother.*

How can I help my child with his home work?

2. *Philanthropic one.*

How can I start a Baby-Welfare centre in my little town?

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

(SELECTED)

CHOCOLATE STARS.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg 1 teaspoon baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted lard $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa
 1 cup flour $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Blend the sugar, egg yolk and lard. Add gradually the other ingredients, which have been mixed together and sifted twice. Beat the egg-white stiff and stir it in. Work in just enough additional flour to enable you to handle the dough. Cut in star shape and bake.

CHOCOLATE NUT COOKIES.

1 cup brown sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk 1 teaspoon vanilla
 2 squares chocolate 1 cup chopped walnut meats
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Cream sugar, egg and butter, add sour milk, melted chocolate, flour sifted with salt and soda, then vanilla and nuts. When thoroughly mixed, drop from teaspoon on to greased pans. Bake in moderate oven until crisp. These are very nice, covered with any preferred icing and sprinkled with chopped nut meats.

WHITE FRUIT CAKE.

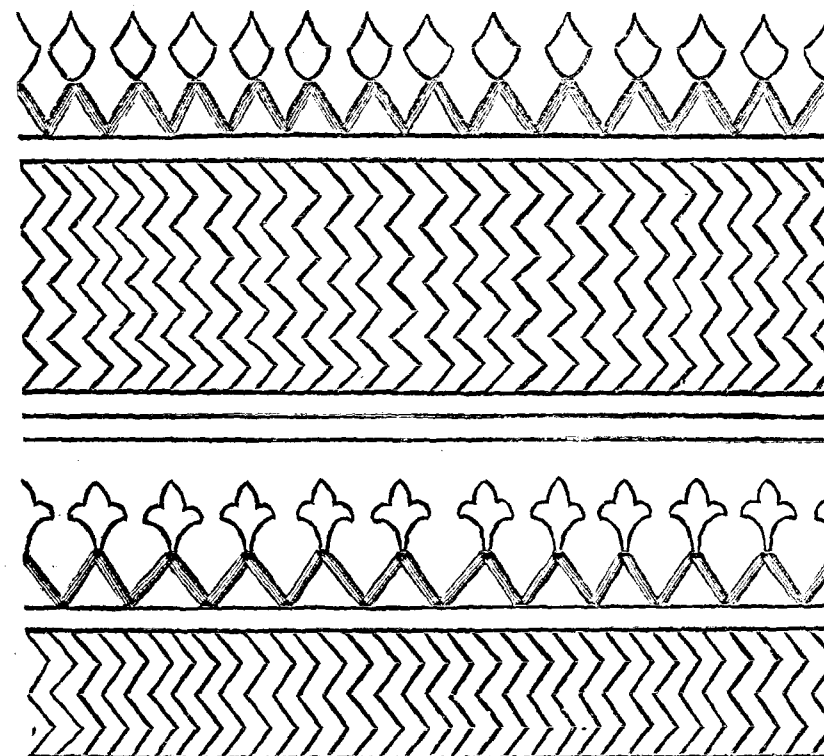
1 cup butter	1 cup currants
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar	2 teaspoons baking powder
$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	3 egg-whites
1 cup seeded raisins	Pinch of salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely shaved cit- ron	1 whole egg
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter with sugar gradually, add whole egg, then milk alternately with flour which has been sifted three times with baking powder and salt. Keep some of the flour out and cover raisins and currants with it. Put layer of dough in buttered cake pans, then sprinkle with citron and so on until pans are three-quarters full. This will make two loaves (small bread pan size). Bake in moderate oven.

—From *The Parents' Magazine*.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

SOME DESIGNS FOR SAREE BORDERS



OUR HEALTH NOTES

PERSONAL HEALTH EXPERIENCES

YOUNG AT SEVENTY-FOUR

"How do you account for the fact that you are equal to more work and in better shape physically than many of your contemporaries, and many who are younger than you?" I asked my neighbour, who was selling me tomato plants from his greenhouse, and who, though I knew him to be in the seventies, had been stooping over the cold frames here and there, with no effort and none of the evidence of rheumatism which one sees in much younger men. He paused a moment. "It's work that keeps people spry!" he said thoughtfully.

"Yes, you have always worked, but there must be other habits of life which have tended to keep you so well. You are unusual." I knew that he did not use tobacco or alcoholics.

"I suppose I am, for I am seventy-four years old. I can get more work done in a day than any man I can hire. I'm up at four o'clock and work steady till dark. Doctor M— says I'm the best preserved person in Rockingham Country."

I could well believe this, for he runs a farm, raises many fruits, keeps bees and runs a greenhouse. He is always alert, always busy, stands perfectly erect, and his eyes are noticeably clear and bright.

"Do you take a nap or rest during the day?"

"No, I'm never tired enough, I very rarely sleep in the day—some can, I can't."

"Do you consciously straighten yourself during the day?"

"O, yes! It's just great when you are walking up hill, to stop and straighten up and fill your lungs with fresh air. My lungs are the strongest part of me: I never have colds. But it is bicycle riding that got me in the habit of standing straight. I've ridden thousands and thousands of miles. Bicycle riding is good for you, if you do it right. Some lean over and lose the good of it, and injure themselves. A bicycle should be adjusted, so that you sit straight and breathe freely and get the benefit of it. I rode from Epping to Boston (seventy miles the way I went). It was ten o'clock as I left Epping and I reached Boston just before dark."

"You stopped to eat on the way, of course?"

"Yes, but I'm careful what I eat. Most people eat too much, more than they can carry around. I eat very little meat—haven't eaten a pound of meat in a year. A meal with bread and milk or cheese is all anyone needs; vegetables are good, too. I eat a great deal of bran, it's a good regulator. All greens are good. Anything with a green leaf that is eatable is good for you! Lettuce has great food value. For the labouring man, beans are as good as any article of diet."

Being a fruit farmer, Mr. Davis eats freely the fruits. He is a great walker. I recall a time when he worked at a distance of twenty miles from his home. He used at that time to walk on Monday morning to his work and get there by seven-thirty. On Saturday, after work, he walked home. This was since he was sixty years old. To see him now walking about his farm, I think a stranger would not take him to be over fifty. (G. H.)

FROM WEALTH AND WELFARE

NEWS AND NOTES

(SELECTED)

THE GIRL GUIDE MOVEMENT IN S. INDIA.

Few people realise how the Girl Guide movement has grown during the past year or two. There are altogether 3,732 Guides in the Presidency and Travancore. Companies are found everywhere, in Government, private and Mission schools. Sixteen flocks of Bluebirds (i. e., children under 11 years of age) have been registered in the girls' schools of the Madras Corporation, and another sixteen are shortly to be added, while a company has been formed with 30 keen Guides in the Hobart Government School. This is the first Mahomedan company in the Presidency. In Travancore, the work is making great strides, and companies and flocks are being organised, not only in large centres, such as Trivandrum and Kottayam, but also in the villages of the districts. The sister of H. H. the Maharajah has been enrolled and is recognised as the First Guide of the State.

All this requires organisation, training and money. As to organisation, South India is at present divided up into three divisions, viz., Madras, Nilgris and Travancore, each with a Divisional Commissioner and Divisional Secretary. A large division like Madras, is again divided up into districts under District Commissioners. The following is a list of the present officers: Provincial Commissioner, Mrs. A. Y. G. Campbell; Provincial Secretary, Mrs. F. E. James; Provincial Trainer, Miss O. Hillbrook.

The official trainer for the Province is Miss Hillbrook, who visits divisions and districts, holds Guiders' conferences and training camps, and organises new companies and flocks. Last year, 75 guiders from the Presidency and Travancore attended the training courses at the Y. W. C. A. Summer School at Ootacamund, and of these 90 per cent were Indian.

Preparations are now being made for a Guide 'Week' in Madras. Commissioners, Guiders, Guides and Blue-birds are expected from every division in the Presidency and the programme will

include a Grand Rally on Saturday the 22nd, a public entertainment at the Museum Theatre on Thursday, the 20th, and Purdah entertainment on Monday, the 17th. It is hoped that all who are interested will keep these dates free. The Girl Guide Movement is a great crusade for the teaching of citizen-ship to the girls of this country, a crusade in which Indians and Europeans co-operate in constructive work. Like all such enterprises, besides organisation and trained leadership, it needs money, a considerable amount of which has to be raised from the public. The entertainment at the Museum Theatre on February 20 is being held for the purpose of collecting funds to enable the Association to continue its work, and it is certain that anyone who knows anything of the movement in the Presidency will gladly buy tickets for this show.

TO HELP WOMEN.

MADRAS SEVA SADAN'S WORK.

The Madras Seva Sadan is an organisation which gives educational facilities to adult women belonging mainly to the poorer classes, in order to enable them to earn an independent living. The pupils are said to be mostly either widows or women deserted by their husbands, and who have no other protection. The course of instruction imparted in the institution is divided into two sections—the industrial and the general education section. The industrial section is aided by the Industries Department. The Director of Public Instruction has granted temporary recognition to the general education classes as a special school under the Madras Educational Rules.

The recurring expenditure of the general education section is estimated at Rs. 10,816, and the non-recurring expenditure at Rs. 2,200. The management of the Seva Sadan has applied for a recurring grant of Rs. 10,000 a year, and a non-recurring grant of Rs. 2,000. The Director, however, suggests that a sum of Rs. 3,956 for general expenditure, and Rs 1300 for equipment may be admitted for fixing the grant. The Director has recommended the payment of a non-recurring grant of Rs. 650 for equipment and a recurring grant of one-half of the expenditure, subject to a maximum of Rs. 2,000 a year.

The Director's recommendation has been approved and the grants will be paid from the current official year. The expenditure in the current year will be met by re-appropriation.

CHILD WELFARE WORK

Dr. Christine J. Thomson, Lady Irwin Special Research Worker, delivered an interesting and instructive address. Dr. Thomson

defined the object of maternity and child welfare work as the prevention of disease and ill-health among expectant and nursing mothers, and children under 5 years of age, and for lowering of maternal and child mortality. The means of carrying out the work were the ante-natal and child welfare centres, with their doctors, health visitors, and mid-wives, linked up with hospitals, private practitioners and other agencies. She said the need for the work was enormous. In England there was much concern, because the maternal death rate for 1928 was 4.42 per 1,000 births. But in India the figures, for 1926 (which are the latest obtainable) are: Madras Presidency, 15 deaths per 1000 births; Bombay Presidency, 13 deaths per 1,000 births; and Calcutta, 38 deaths per 1,000 births.

The figures for Indian hospitals were even higher, because many of the cases brought to hospitals were hopeless when they entered, although earlier treatment might have saved them. The difficulties in India were great because of the size of the country; the number of people living in small villages, away from hospitals and doctors; and the fact that many women lived in purdah.

The diseases affecting expectant mothers varied greatly with the locality in India, and all factors had to be considered in launching an All-India "Save the Babies" campaign. Some of the other factors which make the task doubly difficult were dietetic deficiencies, inadequate and uninspected milk supply, infected water, hosts of insect "carriers," bad housing, and insanitary habits, tropical diseases, including various intestinal parasites, and enervating climate. Added to this there was a most inadequate system of registration of deaths, making figures regarding maternal and infants' and children's deaths unreliable.

Dr. Thomson praised very highly the Government Hospital for Women and Children, which she said was the best in the East, and well-equipped for research work. Madras did not possess even one children's hospital. The provision of an adequate maternity service for ante-natal clinics, and the training of indigenous dais or barber midwives were two of the urgent needs of India.

In conclusion, Dr. Thomson, urged the importance of more research work in India, following up the work already done by Dr. Florence Barnes, Dr. Curiel Wilson and Dr. Balfour.

AN ALL-ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

(BY MRS. MARGARET E. COUSINS.)

Each Continent of the World has its own distinctive characteristics. Europe,—Asia,—America,— what different feelings they call up in our minds! Asia, which contains more than half the population of the world, is utterly different from Latin and Teutonic

Europe, or futurist young, America. Each has its gifts for the world. Each must retain its individuality for the enrichment of human unity.

The word "Oriental" best expresses the quality of Asia. It calls up the quietness, simplicity, agriculture rather, than industrialism; arts and crafts rather than mass factory production; a realisation of Time stretching behind and before in aeons, an ever-present sense of a world of the spirit interpenetrating this world of the senses, poverty, pain, poise, patience, peace.

In the extremes of honour and of serfdom accorded to its Womanhood, Asia is one. In its worship of the Family, in the hopes of the here and the hereafter that it places in the Child, in its marriage codes, in its illiteracy, in its present renaissance, Asia is one. It has messages concerning the sanctity of life; the vocation of woman as race nourisher; ideals of art, philosophy and spirituality of a complementary nature to the views on these subjects entertained by other continents. None hold this Oriental culture more tenaciously, more authentically than its women. But the Chinese woman sees more of her American sister than of her Burmese neighbour; the Hindu woman knows more of her British sister than of her Arabian or Afghan relative.

The tides of Western influence are pouring in on the oriental woman from all sides. They are already putting a modernist veneer over Japan. They have swept away cultural landmarks of Turkestan women. They seek to cast a glamour over India. The power to sift what is essential, what is appropriate for Asia from this surging life can only be wisely gained, if ASIA AS ASIA gets together to review her own uniqueness, if she takes stock of her own assets of civilisation.

How can Asia's gifts be preserved? By bringing together the closest custodians of her inherent life, the women of Asia, that they may discuss their own cultural problems, and, through a better knowledge of their fundamental differences from women of other lands, may the more valuably be able to solve their difficulties, appreciate at its legitimate value the interchange of gifts from other lands, and through keener appreciation of human relationships be the better fitted to preserve the peace of the world. It is essential that they meet face to face to know their common heritage, so that they may become self-conscious of the spiritual gifts with which they can serve the world.

The women of India have already experienced the inspiration of gathering together from all parts of India, and have realised the power of united service of the needs of this country. The women, who met at the Women's Pan-Pacific Conference in Honolulu, joined the hands of East and West. Women of Europe have many

times rejoiced in their solidarity. The women of the America made vital contacts in their Pan-American Conference—but Asia lags behind in unified self-consciousness.

Cannot Bharatmata, Mother India, the foster mother of Asia's cultures, the caravanserai of Islam from the West of the Aryan from the North, of the Buddhist returning from the East, cannot she call her daughters to her shores, so that in a joint family they may review their Oriental qualities and defects; organise the first of their own and world service; strengthen one another by understanding, knowledge of data, interchange of experience; remedy the evils of their illiteracy, their high death-rate, their infant mortality, their unequal national status. Such a union of Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Burmese, Javanese, Indian, Afghan, Tibetan, Arabian, Persian, Turkish, Jewish and other Asian women, can be brought together, if a loving, wise, call to unity is sent forth bravely, strongly, unselfishly. Through such a Conference of Asian women, more easily than in any other way can oriental gifts of spiritual consciousness, the fundamental value of the family, the holiness of Motherhood, the restfulness of simplicity, the happiness of unselfish service, be organised and made available for the helping of humanity.

Shall not we, awakened and unified women in India, invite the representatives of all the Asian family to meet in this focal, magnetic point of Asia as soon as possible? Honolulu will see another Pan-Pacific Women's Conference in August 1930, and China in 1932. Let us plan for an All-Asian Women's Conference for 1931.

Offers of co-operation with this proposal, and opinions and suggestions concerning it are requested to be sent to Mrs. Cousins, International Representative of the Women's Indian Association, Pantheon Gardens, Egmore, Madras, who is willing to undertake the preliminary organisation of the Conference if sufficient approval of it is expressed.

—The Indian Social Reformer.

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