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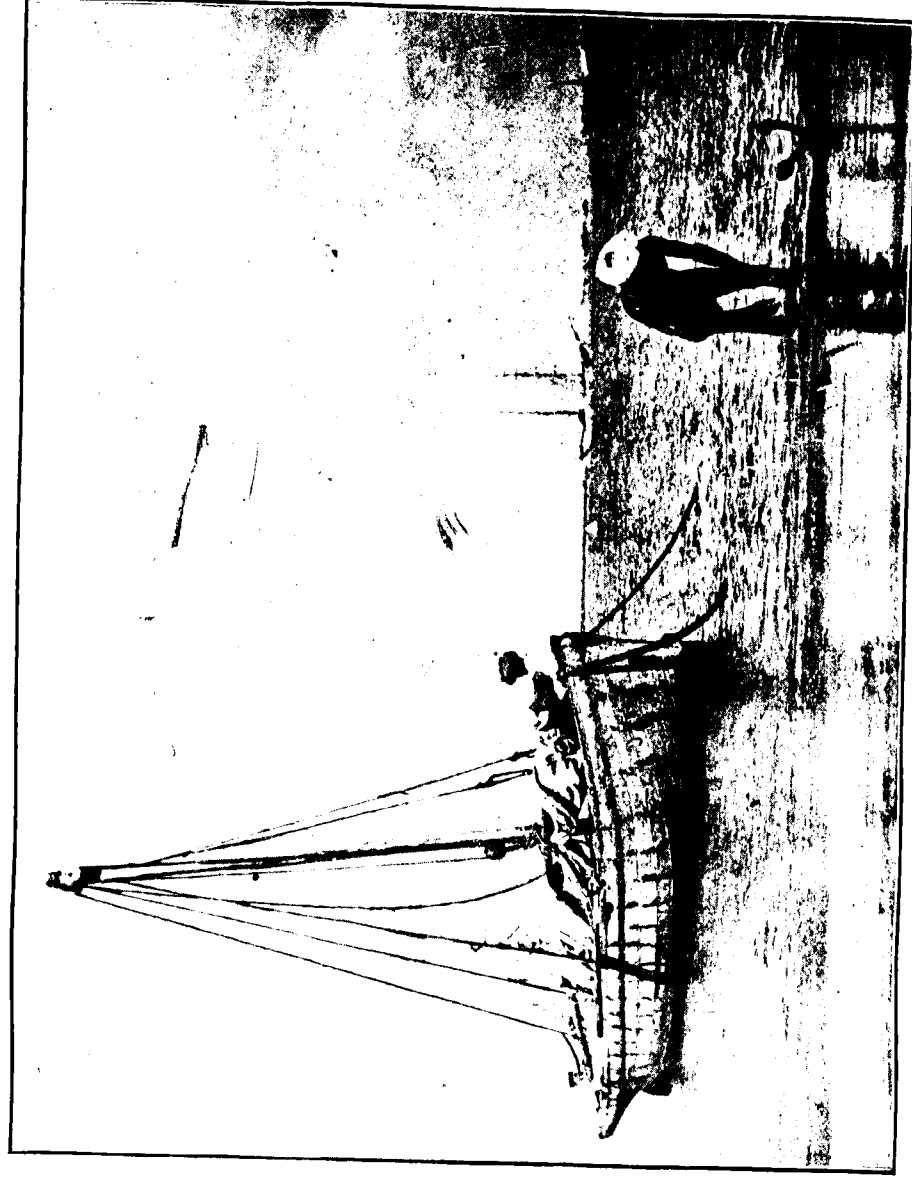
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"AN INDIAN COAST".

Pamban is a place for pictures, yet we see many old-fashioned things of interest in it.

Photo by :—A. J. Pandian, Tanjore.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. III.

MARCH 1930

No. 8.

DEATHLESS.

There lies in the centre of each man's heart,
A longing and love for the good and the pure ;
And if but an atom, or larger, part,
I tell you this shall endure—endure—
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live, and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls towards the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me :
That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love ;
A love so limitless, deep and broad,
That men have renamed it, and called it—God.

And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the Great Love Source ;
A shining drop that shall live for aye—
Though kingdoms may perish and stars decay.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE INDIAN WOMAN AND PUBLIC LIFE.

"Why do you not stand for the next Municipal Election?" asked a retired High Court Judge of an Indian woman one day.

"Not while the present system of canvassing and electioneering goes on", she replied, and I could not help agreeing with the wisdom of her remark.

For centuries now and in every country, men have had to fight each other in elections, and they have become adepts in the art of diplomacy; party politics have governed the actions of statesmen of all time, whether in the "Packed Parliament" era, or with the ballot system and more representative Councils of today. But it is a different matter for a woman to enter the lists, unless

she be a nominated member, in which case none of the remarks I am about to make need apply.

The elections in India in 1930 depend largely on the personal efforts of the candidates, whether they bring themselves before their electorates by personal or written recommendations; for that period the successful candidate has to forget all individual prejudice and social barriers, be proof against calumny, and seek the company of prospective voters, rather than of congenial friends.

Men can move with each other freely, even when they have not much mutual respect, and they can be none the worse for a close contact with those who have lower ideals and standards of conduct than themselves; they can also, without suffering permanently thereby, have their characters belied, their election programmes scorned, and low motives imputed to them during the time of election. Moreover, no one thinks any the less of a man who fritters away thousands on a fruitless election, because he spends his own money and can do what he will with it.

In each of these matters, man scores over woman. For one thing, electioneering expenses must come out of the husband's pocket if the wife hopes to stand a chance in the campaign, and few men can afford to spend their earnings in this way. The rather futile suggestion of some thoughtless people, that prospective woman candidates should finance themselves by selling their jewellery, has been greeted with the indifference it deserves, for a woman's jewels, even if sufficiently valuable, are trust for herself and her children, when all other provision fails, and it should not be in the power of anyone to give up what has thus been entrusted to her keeping.

Besides, given the money, a woman has still many difficulties to face. The electorate at this time is almost wholly masculine, and to go to the house of any and every voter and beg for his favour, by word or by letter, is scarcely conducive to a woman's self-respect. She will have sometimes to sacrifice her finer feelings and enter places where she would not otherwise set foot: many of the men she approaches will be indifferent, others will be openly hostile, and with others still she will run the risk of being misunderstood in her zeal for constitutional reform. In short, the best kind of woman will not come forward for public posts, so long as personal favour prevails.

Woman is, in my opinion, not made, like man, for party strife. She finds it difficult to veil her likes and dislikes, and if sincere, she must expose the evils of the electioneering machinery and raise up implacable enemies by so doing. She should not give herself up to affections and followings, but devote her energies, if and when she goes get into public life, by drawing up a programme irrespective of personal considerations. She should be most active, patient

and tireless in all resolutions and movements that aim at the welfare of the race; for the rest, a comprehensive quiescence, and an intelligent understanding of facts will suffice.

Women should be represented on all the Councils and Legislatures of our land, for many a problem of education and social and moral advancement needs feminine as well as masculine genius to solve it. But, if the Indian woman, in order to help her country politically, must lower her ideals, or, in any way lose her modesty and feminine charm, it were better surely to keep her out of the vortex of elections in this and the next decade.

Let women, however, not be idle, or sit with folded hands, till Utopia comes, but let them work, like the leaven, in the hearts of their children, so that the next generation might succeed in bringing about a better understanding and a purer atmosphere in politics, when it will be possible for men and women to be elected solely on their own merits and work together wholeheartedly for the welfare of their Motherland.

M. HENSMAN.

PROPER PRIDE.

It is really amazing what puppets we are in this civilised world. Our society fixes certain standards of conduct for us. We must conform in all things, or be outcast. We must please in every detail.....our clothing must be so; our remarks must be such and such; we may be villains but we must smile and smile! A great man walks into our midst; he speaks to us. We know he is great and he knows it also. Yet, he must be modest. He must veil his God-given powers in a shroud of false modesty; for, let him but say with assurance that he can accomplish a certain thing and we turn upon him, behind his back, and snarl and bite and brand him for a prig and outsider. Why should we be ashamed to acknowledge our own capabilities, why should we be forced to protest that we are weak when we are strong? Generations of such cheap veneer must atrophy the good stuff beneath; must shake the morals of the most potent.

"The Sun, whose rays are all ablaze with ever-
living glory,
Does not deny his majesty—he scorns to tell a story,
He don't exclaim 'I blush for shame, so kindly be
indulgent,'
But, firm and bold, in fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent."

The more we are herded together, the more is our individuality suppressed and we are forced to hide our real selves behind a mask of reserve and false modesty. It seems to me that we lack in Proper Pride. We see an acknowledged champion at tennis playing with a set of "duds", and running about cackling that he is sure to lose. It is surely a different thing to be a 'prig.' The man, who exaggerates his own capabilities and brags without end in vain-glory, is a 'bounder'; he who sneers at the weakness of others is a 'prig'. But, that does not mean that we should belittle our own powers and create a false impression, merely out of a desire to court the crowd and disarm comment. We fear being misunderstood.

"Is it so bad then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

It would appear that, the more civilised we become, the more we tend to adopt a standard of false values. The trivialities of life are made much of, and all that really matters is thrust into the background.

"Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion, we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlour soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born."

I wish we could only heed the whisper of our real inner selves and act like men, fearing no one, conforming to no custom or usage, unless we sincerely feel that it is honest to do so, and realising that each one of us, however humble he may be, is an embodiment of Divine grace and a fulfilment of an all-pervading, all-knowing purpose.

"Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things."

W. R. S. S.

THE CULTURE OF TELUGU AND KANNADA WOMEN.

DR. F. W. Thomas of the Hartog committee writes, "Education is no exotic in India. There is no country, where the love of learning had so early an origin, or has exercised so lasting and



Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya,
General Secretary of the All-India Women's
Educational Conference.

Photo by :—A. J. Pandian, Tanjore.

powerful an influence. From the simple poets of the Vedic age to the Bengali philosopher of the present day, there has been an uninterrupted succession of teachers and scholars." How far is this true of Telugu and Kannada women? Materials for a review of them are few, owing to Indian women's natural modesty, the early marriage custom, the Zenana system, enforced widowhood, the loss of historical materials during the Buddhist period, and foreign invasions. It is difficult to form an idea of the havoc wrought by time on the materials for such a subject. Besides, while every woman is not learned, it is doubtful whether even one in a hundred learned women can write books, which will survive several centuries. Consequently, if we can find a few brilliant authoresses, who have written works which are read with interest even to-day, it is certainly a matter for pride and emulation.

In the eight century A. D., Kuntala Devi ruled over Anumukonda as the regent for her nephew, Eraka deva Raja, for 19 years and then handed over the government to him. She led victorious expeditions into the Gujarat, Maharastra Yavana countries and built pillars of victory in those countries. Her contemporary, Nachi, was the daughter of Eleswara Upadhyaya, who lived near Srisaila. The learned father taught all his learning to his widowed daughter who travelled extensively to Benares, Agra and Delhi and defeated learned people in public disputations. She wrote Nachi-Nataka, an auto-biography in the form of a drama, in Sanskrit, which is extant to this day.

In the beginning of the 12th century, Kanti Devi, the earliest known Kannada poetess, lived in the court of Ballalaraya of Dwara-samudram. Her works are not available. She completed the half-stanzas composed by Abhinava Pampa as a literary feat. Nagachandra, a poet in the court, made a wager that he would be praised by Kanti. Finding it impossible, he pretended to be dead. When Kanti sang songs in his praise, he claimed to have won the wager. She won the title of Abhinava Vagdevi. A little later, in the same century, there flourished a great mathematician Lilavati. Her father, Bhaskaracharya, an eminent astronomer, gave his widowed daughter the highest mathematical training then available. Her work, known as Lilavati Ganita, has been translated into Persian, English and many Indian vernaculars, and is greatly admired. Akka Maha Devi 1160 A. D. was a native of Udathadi, and a lingayat by religion. She was very learned and good and pious. She refused to wed the King of the land and went to the court of Basaveswara, the founder of the lingayat religion, and helped him much in the spread of it. During the time of Basaveswara, there was a wave of enlightenment and devotion all over the land, and a galaxy of women philosophers, among whom

were Akkanagamma Bhuntala Devi, Bujjala Devi, Gangambike, Honnamma, Kalavve, Lakshamma, Maha Devi, Mahadeviakka, Nilamma, Premamma, Rachavve, Sathyakka, Somavve, Suvarna Devi, Thimnavve, and Viramma, whose devotional Vachanas are still read with great interest. In the 13th century, Rudhramma ruled over Warangal from 1257 to 1295, for a period of 38 years. She was the wife of Ganapathi Deva, who died childless. Marko Polo, and recently Sewell, have praised her in high terms. She defeated two invading forces, fortified Warrangal, built tanks, wells, and choultries, and loved justice passionately. Ganapamba, probably daughter of Rani Rudhramma, and wife of Bitaraja, ruled over Warrangal for many years. She built many temples, endowed them liberally and was a great friend of the poor.

Molla, authoress of the Telugu Ramayana, which is sweet, simple, and delightful, lived in Nellore in the beginning of the 16th century. Madhura Vani, "sweet-tongued" by common consent, was the foremost of a large number of poets and poetesses in the court of Raghunatha Bhupala Tanjore. She translated the Telugu Ramayana into delicious Sanskrit and earned her title. Her work was composed between 1614 and 1662. Honnamma was an attendant of the queen of Chekkadevaraja Wodier. She was called Sanchiya Honni or Honni of the Betel-Bag. Her book is called 'Hadibadeya Dharma', or 'The duties of a faithful wife', and is in the Sangatiya Metre. Honnamma's contemporary, Sringaramma, native of Chintamani, was another poetess patronized by Chikkadeva Raja Wodier. Her work is Padmini Kalyana, about the marriage of Sri Venkatesa of Thirupathi and Padmini. From 1686 to 1698, Dodda Channammanni ruled over Ekkeri near Sagar, as successfully as any king.

I shall just mention five famous poetesses whose dates are not fixed. Madhavi Devi, a great devotee of Krishna Chaitanya, and native of Puri Jagannath, wrote Padakalpatharu, consisting of songs of devotion, incidents of mythology and history and the teachings of Chaitanya. Her style is melodious. Later, at the bidding of the ruler of the country, she wrote another work, called Jagannatha Dinacharya. Madhina Subadramma, an aunt of Sri Sir Maharaja Godenarayana Ganapathi Rao, has written five groups of 100 stanzas each in praise of different Hindu gods. Minavati, reputed to be the sister of Barthruhari and Vikramaditya, was the wife of Thrylockeya Chandra, King of Kanchi. She was a great teacher of philosophy, whereby her son Gopichandra became an ascetic. Mohanangi, daughter of Krishna deva Raja, wrote the drama called Maricha Parimaya. Padmavathi, wife of poet Jayadeva of Orissa, delivered hundreds of lectures on social and moral subjects.

In the middle of the 18th century, Muddri Palini, who was

well-versed in Telugu literature and the twin arts of singing and dancing, adorned the court of Pratapa Simha of Tanjore. The conciliation of Radha, the beauty of moonlight and dawn, the quarrels of Krishna and Radha are described with a charm peculiarly her own. Lakshmanamanni married Sri Krishnaraja Wodier II of Mysore in 1757, who died ten years later. Her two sons died prematurely. When Hyder became the Nawab of Mysore, he imprisoned and ill-treated her. Consequently, she intrigued with the British perseveringly from 1782 to 1799, when Tippu was killed and Seringapatam taken. After her adopted son, Sri Krishnaraja Wodier III, was placed on the throne, she retired into private life. Her sufferings, resourcefulness and tenacity of purpose read like a romance. Sri Kempa Nanjammani Yavaru C. I., (Vani Vilas Sannidhana), ruled as regent over Mysore from 1894 to 1902. When the present Maharajah's beloved father died unexpectedly in 1894, the whole of the country was stricken with a great sorrow. His Highness's mother governed the country ably for 8 years. During that period the revenue of the state increased from 175 to 184½ lakhs, the population also, and the state made an all-round progress.

May God grant that the torch of culture and enlightenment, kept burning through centuries, however, be maintained in greater splendour by Telugu and Kannada women during the years to come.

M. G. SHABARI.

KALIDASA'S RITUSAMHARA, OR THE PASSAGE OF THE SEASONS.

IN *Summer*, "the earth is stricken by the fierce heat of the sun, the dust is raised by the terrible wind." Dry leaves are whirled about by the strong breezes. To look to any side of the forest inspires one with fear; for there is the danger of fire. "Increased by the wind, fire, red like red lead, or new-blown Kusuma flowers, is consuming the earth, as if anxious to embrace the tops of trees and creepers". The green grass is scorched. The fire gains violence in the mountain caves. It sweeps with a great sound through the forest of dry bamboos, and, "collected in a mass in the dense Salmali trees, and spreading its golden rays, is blowing in the cavities of trees". All the forest animals, forgetting their enmity towards each other, are rushing down to the banks of the rivers to take shelter in the cool water.

And there, it is pleasant; for, though the tanks are drying up, in the lakes themselves there is some water. And the lotuses have

bloomed and unfolded in them. They are beautiful to look at; while the fragrance of the Patala flowers on the banks perfumes all the quarters. At night, the cool and clear rays of the moon are very welcome.

It is quite different in the *rainy season*. "With infuriated elephants in the shape of clouds filled with water, with flags in the form of lightning, and with musical instruments in the shape of thunder, the beautiful rainy season appears like a King".

The heat has been removed by the showers.

"Pouring rain in torrents at the request of the thirst-stricken Chataka birds and emitting slow mutterings pleasing to the ears, the clouds, bent down by the weight of their contents, are slowly moving on."

"With the thunder making sounds of martial music, with the lightning as a string to the arch of the rainbow, discharging clouds of sharp-pointed arrows in the form of stinging torrents of rain, the clouds are like an enemy to the people." The mountains, enshrouded in the clouds, loom large in the distance. "The earth is covered with green grass, which has grown like Vaidurya gems reviving the land, with leaves of Kandali creepers and with Indragupta insects". The trees are clothed with new leaves and branches.

The rain-cooled breezes are shaking the flower trees and spreading the perfume of the flowers, which have newly bloomed. "It appears as if the entire forest is dancing with delight. The blossoming of Ketaki flowers make the whole region seem to smile."

The fountains are filled with water. The rivers, running high with the muddy water of the rains, are throwing down the trees on both banks, and are hastening towards the sea, as if late for an important appointment.

In *autumn*, the scene is again different.

"Clothed in a raiment of Kusa grass, and making a sound of anklets in the shape of the cries of maddened geese, the lotus-faced and very beautiful autumn has appeared like a newly-wedded bride. Ripe paddy fields on all sides are shining. In this season, the earth has been whitened by flowers, the night by the moon, the river by the swans, and the lakes by the Malati flowers".

The rainbow has disappeared in the clouds; the lightning does not appear.

"Clad in a raiment of clear rays, and adorned with ornaments of stars, the moon-faced night, setting aside the veil of clouds, is increasing day by day."

The dew-producing moon, adorned with beautiful rays, delights the mind. The rivers are flowing slowly. The earth is sunny with Banduka flowers; the gardens are full of Shephetica blossoms;

the leaves of Shyama creepers are bent down by the weight of their clusters of flowers.

Covered with ripe paddy, beautiful with cattle grazing happily, and echoing with the notes of birds, the fields on the village outskirts are gladdening the hearts of people. The waters are covered with beautiful lotuses, which, unfolding under the rays of the sun, are like happy young girls. But, when the rays of the moon disappear, the lilies fade away, like the smiles of bereft women.

The morning breezes are delightful, as they blow about, shaking slowly the charming branches of flower-laden and tender-leaved trees, agitating the paddy creepers bent down by the weight of their fruit, making the Karuvaka trees dance, waving the full-blown lotuses, rustling through the forests and becoming cooler by their contact with the soft dews, on the foliage. The waves of the rivers are being broken into soft ripples; their banks are covered with happy birds busily eating lotus petals.

"The autumn is beautiful, with its moon freed from clouds, the sky clear and bespangled with stars, and the lake covered with water-flowers, which reflect their beauty in the emerald clear water. The sky is free from clouds and is delightful. The earth is swept clear of mud. May this season, with a countenance like a full-blown lotus, with eyes like red blossoms, clothed in white flower raiment, and smiling like the lilies, give joy to our minds".

"In the *dewy* or *Hemanta* season, the shrubs have become radiant with the growth of new leaves, the Lodhra trees have blossomed, the lotus is being blown open, the paddy has ripened, and the heavy dews are falling." The Priyangu creepers, cooled by dews, are being shaken in the wind.

The boundary lines, covered with profusely-growing paddy, and crowded with grazing deer and melodious-voiced birds,—are beautiful. The cool clear lakes are lovely, with their full-blown red lotuses, among which happy birds swim.

"The *winter*, when the earth is covered with paddy and sugarcandy, when the Krouncha birds are sending forth sweet notes at their pleasure, is a favourite with all." No more does the sandal, cool like the moon-rays and clear like the autumn nights, no more do dew-laden nights filled with stars, no more do snow-cooled breezes, attract people.

The *spring* is delightful. "With mango blossoms for his sharp arrows, and black bees for the string of his bow, the hero, Vasanta, (Spring) has come to rend the hearts of pleasure-seeking persons."

The trees are covered with flowers, the lakes are full of lotuses, the wind is laden with perfume, the days are beautiful and everything is pleasant.

The Asoka flowers are covered up to the roots with red blossoms, which are like burning fire. The Madhavi creepers green with leaves are laden with blooms. The new flowers of the Kuruvaka trees, the full-blown Mallika blooms, the Kinsurka flowers, crooked like the eyes of Shuka birds, the fiery blossoms of the Karnikara shrubs, the Kurna flowers white like the smiles of innocent girls,—all are making the earth look like a forest damsel clad in multi-coloured raiment.

The mountains are a-bloom with flowering trees.

The animals of the forest behave in different ways in the different seasons.

In Summer, the deer, drooping under the heat of the sun, with tongues dry with thirst, are looking up to the sky, thinking it a pond of water. In the rainy season, they graze greedily on the young grass; yet their eyes, with the lids trembling like Kuvala flowers, are gazing with terror at the stormy beauty of the forest.

In the summer, the serpents, scorched with the heat, choked with the dust, with their hoods bowed, and “drinking the air with their tongues,” sigh heavily, and are actually taking shelter under the shelter of the feathers of their hereditary enemies, the peacocks. The gems on their hoods are being lighted up by the sun's rays. The lions, weak and spiritless, breathing hard, with mouths wide open, with tongues hanging out, and with manes trembling, are forgetting their usual hunting. The bears are digging in the dried mud of the tanks with their long snouts, as if they are seeking in the nether regions for water.

In the summer, the peacocks, wilting under the fierce rays of the sun, have not even the strength to look at the snakes sheltering under their tails. But, in the rainy season, they are mad with joy, cry with strident notes to the clouds and dance with unfolded tails. In the autumn, they are happy, but desist from dancing.

In the hot weather, the frogs leaping up from the warm and muddy water actually seem to wait under the fangs of un-noticing snakes. In the rainy season, frightened at the rush of new water, which is marred by countless insects, they go down obliquely into the ponds, like snakes themselves.

In the summer, the elephants uproot lotuses from the lakes, kill the distressed fish, drive away the terrified birds and dig up the mud of the ponds. In the rainy season, they are infuriated by the water and trumpet at the muttering clouds.

In the hot season, the birds seem just able to breathe in the bare branches. In the autumn, they sit on the flower-laden boughs and sing in great glee. Rows of swans are seen in this season, sitting on the banks of rivers, like necklets. Sometimes they swim

madly in the waves and cry sweetly to each other. They swarm in the paddy fields, imitating the charming gait of women.

The beautiful Krouncha birds, in the dewy season, make the air resound with their cries, as they move about in the fields. The maddened geese swim in the cool lake, amid the full red lotuses. The joyous Koels, maddened by the honey of mango blossoms, sing sweetly in the spring, but are dumb in winter.

In the rainy season, the black bees, humming musically, leave the opened lotuses, and looking for new flowers sit on the feathers of the peacocks, mistaking them for lotus-buds. They swarm on the temples of elephants. In the autumn, they madly sip the nectar from flowers. In the spring, drowsy with the lotus-honey, they buzz sweetly.

NALINI.

CONTRIBUTIONS

BY OUR YOUNG WRITERS.

1. HAPPINESS

HAPPINESS is the reflection of our blissful or Divine nature on the mind undisturbed by desires, passions or anxieties. Happiness comes in freedom, never in slavery.

True freedom means the emancipation of the soul from the bondage of ignorance, delusion, selfishness and other imperfections.

Each individual loves something, strives after something, but knows not what it is or how to get it. Do they know what they are striving after? They are striving after happiness, but they do not know the conditions through which that happiness comes. It will never come under the conditions in which they are now living. Happiness does not come to a slave. He may delude himself for the time being and may think that he is happy, but when he comes to his senses and asks himself, “Am I happy now?” he finds that after all it is not happiness, it is delusion. If we want unbounded and eternal happiness, we shall have to become free by breaking down the chain of slavery. We should remember that if we were really free we would have been happy, and we should not need to seek happiness, because freedom is the condition of happiness. Again, before seeking happiness and freedom, we must realize the unblessed state of our earthly life, we must become conscious of the fact that the present life is a slave life. The moment we come to know that we are living like slaves, that

very moment we begin to feel the effects of slavery in our life and we seek the company of those that are free, happy and blessed. Who is responsible for our present slavery? We are slaves, because we have bound ourselves hand and foot by our own desires. If we want to conquer them, we can do so. We must not blame another person or God, for our misery. We should blame only ourselves. If we seek freedom and happiness, we must struggle hard enough for them and we shall surely attain them. This freedom and happiness are the highest ideals of all philosophy and religion. Vedanta philosophy describes the conditions of our present life and shows the way to freedom and happiness.

Mind alone makes one act as a slave and makes one unhappy, and it is also mind which leads one to perfect freedom and happiness. When the mind is imperfect and attached to worldly things, it keeps the soul in bondage; but, when that same mind has been purified, when it has been freed from all delusions, it learns to go below the surface of things and begins to discriminate the eternal from the non-eternal, the real from the unreal, blessedness from un-blessedness, and thus becomes the means of attaining freedom and happiness.

Many people think that blessedness, the life of perfection, will come after death in the grave; but they are mistaken, because after death the life of blessedness or perfection comes only to those who have attained it in this life. Therefore, Vedanta asks, if perfection be the goal of life, why should we wait so long? It says, "let us attain more speedily to that goal, let us live the life of blessedness and be happy from this day; from this moment, let us live as masters and not as slaves." It is said in the Upanishads that, when we attain the realization of the Athman, all the knots of desire for transitory things are torn asunder, all doubts cease for ever, all questions are solved and the soul becomes free, perfect and happy.

A GIRL STUDENT.

2. AT MONTE CARLO.

ONE day, we went to Monte Carlo. There were six of us. We got into a tram and went straight to the Casino. I can never describe the beautiful scenery that we passed, because one of my greatest difficulties is to express what I see or feel in words. This seems awfully strange and unpoetical; but all the same there it is. One day I did try to draw a simile to a very beautiful scene. We had just gone out for a long walk, and on our return, we sat down on a seat that was facing the sea. The seat was placed on a sort of terrace immediately above the sea, with no railings to it, and consequently, when we sat down, we



Miss. Kusuma Bai Shiva Deorao Vinchurkar.
(See the picture on the other side of the page)
Photo :- R. V. Rao, Srirangam.



FLOWER SHOW IN POONA.

During the Flower show recently held in Poona, there was exhibited a collection of flowers made of paper by Miss Kusuma Bai Shiva Deorao Vinchurkar. The paper flowers formed the chief attraction of the show.

Photo:- R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

could look right on to the sea, and a narrow strip of shingle which separated the waves from touching the terrace. The moon was shining brightly, and there were thousands of moon-beams dancing merrily on the disturbed waters, and near our feet the angry waves were dashing against the beach furiously, and then retreating, foaming with rage. But, with all their force and vigour, the narrow strip of shingle did not seem to be in the least little bit perturbed, and this was my simile. The beach seemed to me to be a strong tall calm man, with a long sword in his hand, and the sea was a seething mass of people, who were trying in vain to get past this one man, and swallow up the whole earth. But this man guarded the gate, and each time that the crowd tried to advance, he lashed out his sword, and thus drove back the ruffians white with rage.

But to return to what I had intended to write, we all got into a tram, and after a little while, we found ourselves in the middle of a wood. On one side of us, the wood stooped down, and through the trees we could see the blue sea, and further away the hazy outline of the Italian coast, with ragged mountains jutting out into the sky. On the other side, the wood stooped upwards, and we could see nothing but trees—trees that kept swaying in the wind, and individual leaves that kept sparkling when they caught the sun.

We found ourselves alighted in front of the Casino in about half-an-hour. I had never thought that it was such a grand place. There was a long garden stretched out in front of the huge building, and stately cars were passing in and out. There were various people walking in the garden, and many of them having tea under huge sun-shades that were fixed to the ground. We also sat down to have some tea, and after many attempts to attract the waiter, who pretended not to hear us, we managed to get some tea and ices. While we were having tea, a jazz band struck up, and we could see people dancing inside. There was a strong wind blowing, which kept upsetting the sun shades, and there were doves flying about the place, now alighting on the ground, now flying up to the roof of the building, and now being fed by a gaudily dressed painted lady.

After tea, we went into the Casino to try our luck. I was not allowed to go into the gambling room, because I was below 21. Therefore, I had to sit outside. It was indeed a very interesting occupation to sit outside and watch the people going in and out of that room, which might well be called hell, for has it not sent thousands of people to that horrible and mysterious place? I can't imagine how people can make up their minds to try and win thousands of pounds without working for them. It is all very well just to stake a little money for once in your life, as we were doing at present; but to enter that room day after day, and go on

staking money, until you become a millionaire, or a pauper! I think there must be something mentally wrong with these people, who have not got a will or a conscience.

As I sat there, I saw different kinds of people, some who looked sad and some who looked glad. There was one woman who looked very happy, and who had her bag absolutely bulging. She came running out of the room. Most of the women were gaily dressed, and had their faces filled with cosmetics. •

AN INDIAN GIRL.

3. A FRAGMENT

I groped in the darkness, for the little flickering oil lamp, which I held in my hand, could not penetrate the thick black shroud which enveloped me on all sides. I stumbled along a lonely path. My eyes were blind in the darkness. I had ventured forth on my weary way, hoping that my little lamp would lighten the night; but, alas, on what a feeble object had my hopes been placed. And so, I groped in the darkness, and, as I struck against the hard stones on my path, and as I felt the thorns pricking my sore feet, I cried aloud, "Give me light, Oh God, to enlighten this darkness. Give me eyes to pierce this black void around me, for long is my journey, and my soul thirsts to reach the end." But no light was given to me, for I had placed too much faith on my little worldly lamp.

Alas, how little did I know that the figure of the "True Light," was even then standing before me, trying to show me the way.

Thus does the Light shine, "but it shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

SANTI.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE.

TWO PROPHETS IN THE BIBLE.

THERE is not a book more interesting to the average reader or the scholar than the Old Testament of the Bible. Seventeen of the thirty-nine books that compose the Old Testament bear the names of persons belonging to a class peculiar to the Israelitish nation. The like of that class, which went under the name of "Prophets", has not existed among any other people.

A young Israelite, who had been stung to the quick by the words of a Roman comrade of his, in contempt of the Jews, and

their customs returned home broken down in spirit. His dejection stirred up the patriotism of his mother. She set before her dispirited son the great men that had existed in Israel, patriarchs, legislators, warriors, singers and prophets, and said "Turn we to the best of Rome; against Moses place Caesar; and Tarquin against David; Sylla against either of the Maccabees, the best Consuls against the Judges, Augustus against Solomon and you are done; comparison ends there; but think then of the prophets, greatest of the great."

According to Hendryk Van Loon, it is hard to define the word "Prophet". The prophets were men, who had the courage of their convictions and sacrificed everything, including their own lives, when it came to a question of principles. Whenever a king committed a wrong, there was a prophet to tell him so. Whenever people left the narrow path of divine righteousness, a prophet stepped forth to remind them of the error of their ways. Whenever the nation was guilty of a crime, a prophet foretold the coming wrath of almighty Jehovah, until the voice of the prophets became the concrete expression of the national conscience. This national conscience is a triumphant heritage bestowed on all mankind by the ancient Israelites.

On the death of Solomon, a king not so wise as he is recorded to have been, the kingdom of the Israelites became divided into two. Thenceforward, the two kingdoms named Israel and Judah were governed by separate kings. In the middle of the eighth century B. C., the existence of the Northern Kingdom of Israel was threatened by the Assyrian Empire, which was then in the ascendant in Western Asia. It was at this critical juncture that two great prophets, Amos and Hosea, arose to warn and to exhort.

Amos was a native of Judah. He was a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit in Tekoa, a little village twelve miles south of Jerusalem. He heard of the condition of the kingdom of Israel and felt it his duty to go and talk to the people there. That condition was highly deplorable. A period of external prosperity had followed a period of great depression. There was rest in the land, but all was rotten in it. The equality that had existed among the people had gone and a new class of rich men arose and oppressed the poor and the needy. Of corruption and bribery there was plenty.

With a voice like a trumpet Amos spoke his warnings. He said that Jehovah would punish the nations around Israel. It might give the people of Israel pleasure to hear this. But they themselves would not escape punishment for their iniquities. There would be an adversary round about their land and he would surely bring down their strength and spoil their palaces. The poor were oppressed and the needy were crushed and the days

would come when the rich would be taken away with hooks and their posterity with fish hooks. They that lay upon beds of ivory and stretched themselves upon their couches and ate the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stall, they that chanted to the sound of the viol and invented to themselves instruments of music, and they that drank wine in bowls and anointed themselves with ointments, without grief for the affliction of others, they would surely go into captivity. These words were hard for the people to bear. Amaziah, the priest, reported against Amos to the King of Israel and warned Amos to flee away into his native land and to eat bread, and prophesy, there. But Amos feared not Amaziah's warning. He turned round on the priest and pronounced judgment on him. His words, however, fell on deaf ears, for the people of Israel persisted in their pride and folly.

Hosea was contemporaneous with Amos and exercised his ministry for sixty years. Like Amos, he foretold the fall of the kingdom of Israel; but he spoke to the people of Israel differently. The king of Israel, Jeroboam, had prevented his people from going up to Jerusalem by, setting up golden calves at Bethel to be looked up to and worshipped as Jehovah. Amos not denounced this viewing religion as the true administration of public justice. But it met with stern denunciation from Hosea, to whom religion was a personal loyalty to Jehovah who was not a tribal god, or a patron for Israel alone. Further, Amos stood for law, while Hosea, holding that law was great, affirmed that love was greater still. Hosea following Amos was in the natural order of things; for, if Amos was the prophet of Conscience, Hosea was the prophet of Repentance. Hosea married Gomer, the daughter of Diblain and loved her faithfully. But Gomer did not requite her husband's faithful love. She turned unfaithful and tortured Hosea's loving heart. Through this unfortunate experience, he saw the suffering of Jehovah over the unfaithfulness of Israel. Israel had played the harlot with Jehovah and divorced Him from her heart, but He would take her back and love her and draw her to Him.

There were two political parties in Israel, one favouring alliance with Assyria, and the other favouring alliance with Egypt and resistance to Assyria. Sometimes, one of these was in the ascendant and sometimes the other. But Hosea looked upon the policies of both the parties as unfaithfulness to Jehovah.

In religion, Israel was extremely corrupt. She was joined to idols. Of her silver and gold, she made them idols. The calf worshipped by her was not God, but was made by workmen. Her morality was but a reflection of her religion. There was no truth nor mercy in her land. By swearing and lying and killing and stealing and committing adultery, her people broke out and blood touched blood.

Hosea fared no better than Amos in his attempt to turn Israel to Jehovah. "Oh! Israel," he cried, "return unto the Lord thy God". He told the people of Israel that they could find no Saviour in Assyria and they would not find mercy in their substitutes for Jehovah. If they returned, God would heal their backsliding and love them freely, would turn his anger away from them, would be a dew unto them, revive them as the corn, grow them as the lily and the vine, the scent whereof would be as the wine of Lebanon. But Hosea's audience was not wise enough to understand, nor prudent enough to obey his words. They walked not in the ways of the Lord which were right, but transgressed and fell.

The day of reckoning was not long in coming. In a few years, the kingdom of Israel capitulated to the Assyrian. Large numbers of Israelites were carried off to different parts of the Assyrian empire and the kingdom of Israel came to an end.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

ACCIDENTAL TACTICS.

Subba Iyer had stepped out of the house in which he resided and was walking with a look of firm determination. Heralding the authority reposed in the frail frame of the old man, a vain peon was walking ahead, effecting the clever process of severe sneezing followed by an intent gaze on his magnificent badge, gaining thereby forced esteem in the eyes of foolish hangers-on and senseless imbeciles. As if induced by a zeal to serve his requirements, another peon was coming fast behind old Iyer, while the mighty magnate himself covered space with a snail-like pace, bearing on his face an unchanging expression of severe discontent. Subba Iyer was unable now in his grave dejection to reconcile himself to the pleasing sense of an elated atmosphere; prompted by which sense, on previous occasions like this, he had usually felt a respect for himself. Fortified by his peons, with many eyes set on him on the road, his position could in no way be inferior to that of any other in his place. Graced by a bent frame of fragile build; a swaggering gait slipping often into lapses from the ordinary track; a weakness to sustain the pressure of exercise so unsuited to his decrepitude; a head of no despicable measurement, at present further swelled-out by a bulging turban; a pair of eyes that seemed to bulge out of the sockets, a long nose with distended nostrils, the receptacle of much pulverised tobacco; the mouth fixed as if to expose his teeth, the lower lip thickened to an unbending rigidity; the wide forehead bearing the stamp of his distinguished caste and wrinkled into helplessness by the abhorrent distortions of age; drawing

a fat salary of Rs. 2,500/ per month, and blessed with a fair young wife of sixteen whom he had married when on the wrong side of 55, soon after the death of his first wife, he wished for himself reverence and submission from the rude public. The fawning simper of thriving adulation had enamoured him and he was a patron of all the flatterers in the place.

Janaki was the name of his wife; and his feeling of abject slavishness to her was on the increase, in spite of the rapid advance of his age. Ever on the look-out to please his wife, lest she should at any time feel the disparity between them, he was busy acquiring all the things at his command that could satisfy her girlish thirst for giddy pleasure. He was patient under even her cruel taunts: "You are an ignorant buffalo, sometimes even worse. Why was I born to wed such a fool?" These words were often repeated by Janaki to his very face and Subba Iyer's reply was a frank admission of the indecent charge. This rudeness which Janaki exhibited was an encouragement to the insolent impudence of all his servants, and, cleverly enough, they availed themselves of every opportunity to exert their privileges.

Subba Iyer had set out to visit the local dairy farm, as he had been specially invited to do so by the proprietor of the concern. The place where the farm was, seemed extremely inviting to every one and specially so to expectant Iyer, who had prepared himself with his visiting card in his right hand, so as to ensure a rapid reception on his arrival at the place. As usual, attendance was prompt and Iyer was much pleased. The inside of the house, wherein the different processes of a successful trade could be noticed, gave great pleasure to its new visitor, who had by this time been launched into an exchange of two pounds of fresh butter for some jingling silver pieces. Even while not sure of an agreeable assent on the part of his wife Subba Iyer had yet taken courage to show seeming gladness over the bargain. In a few minutes, his mission was over and he was ready to depart. Orthodoxy had not yet been thrown out of his mind, consequent on which factor he could not brook to let the clean package in his hands go into the hold of his peons. It was rather too heavy for him. How heavier his task would be, he thought, to provoke himself into rage when Janaki would rebuke him!

He could not be far wrong with all his troublesome experience of Janaki for the last three years. The moment he got inside the house, his mind in a perplexing state of unrest and tremor, the actual outburst of Janaki rushed out in frightful thunder.

"How could you forget my sorrowful state here, one of extreme loneliness in a huge bungalow, and stay out for selfish pleasure these two hours? How false have your promises proved? Pledges of safety and plentiful ease you shower on me, merely to draw me

to your desires. It is ever a wonder to me that you should behave like this."

The loud tones in which the above words were uttered were enough to bring forth a legion of apologies and pitiful looks from Subba Iyer. But he was mightily pleased, since the matter ended only in complaint, which he tried to placate by a suggestion. "In future I shall see to all your convenience. If you wish it, I shall bring my younger sister, Arundathi, over here for your help. In case you do not relish this proposal, please tell me what I am to do", whispered Mr. Iyer.

"That vicious girl, who carried on a slanderous campaign against me in your place, shall not get an entrance into this house as long as I remain here. You may bring her to your house when I die, and if you wish that she should be here, it is clear proof that you pray for my end."

"Don't be so furious, my dear. Why should we not request your sister, Komalam, to be good enough to be with you for some days here? Won't you like that?" said the smiling Iyer.

"There you are right for the first time. Please do so at once", replied Janaki in a very anxious tone.

With a look of perfect agreement, Subba Iyer dropped the parcel of butter on the table, expecting nothing untoward. It was only then that Janaki saw the new packet, and she at once guessed what it contained. The grease visible outside the paper cover, the faint odour, and the place to which her husband had gone, induced her to fly to the right conclusion without any hesitation.

"It is even as I expected", she said regaining her commanding poise of the head. "How worthy of you to squander money like this in luxurious extravagance! Perhaps, it is your vanity that made you buy this. Enough of this, my husband; you are exceeding the bounds only to leave me a wreck in the end. The money for which I accepted your hand you have cleverly transposed to your idle boys, who now treat you with scorn. Th feolish wretches dared the other day to sneer at me. So, prudence alone can teach me the means to root out their vain pride. You are in league with them and stand in my way of saving something at least. I cannot allow this, my lord." Janaki was very earnest, as she had no one to rely on except the extravagant Iyer. Her words were appealing, and Iyer realised the gravity of her complaint.

All the sincere exhortations of Subba Iyer were futile and the whole day Janaki spent in vague whispers of an angry nature. The butter was soon handed over to the cook to be melted. Poor Iyer, tired of much discussion, set himself to prepare for his bath. While this was the case inside, a different course of events was taking place outside.

Ramani, a raw product of the College, one of the innumerable rotting graduates of the day, had come over to the bungalow

of Mr. Subba Iyer with a strong commendatory letter from Appudusu, a typist in the dairy farm, earnestly requesting the magnate to remove the misery of this suffering youth. Appudusu's acquaintance with Mr. Subba Iyer extended only to a mutual sight, when Mr. Iyer had been at the dairy farm an hour ago. Mr. Subba Iyer was a high official under the Government.

The first man, whom Ramani met after his arrival there, was Mr. Subba Iyer's peon, Rama, who proved himself in no way sparing in his extortions even in the case of poor Ramani. As soon as the expectant graduate had done with this imposing peon, he thought himself free from any more pests. But Ramani was ignorant of the existence of the Daffadar in a Government office. He knew of such a personage only when Mahammed approached him, polishing his badge. His hunger had also to be satisfied, and poor Ramani had little money. Meeting the resentment of Mohammed with sincere apologies, Ramani sent his card through Rama whom he had satisfied. Mr. Iyer, who had started for the bathing room, returned at once and, seeing the card, sent for the man to appear before him. With no definite words, the glad youth approached before the magnate and presented a letter, neatly enclosed in a beautiful cover purchased for the occasion.

"Where do you come from?" queried Mr. Iyer. "From Mr. Appudusu of the Imperial dairy farm", replied the happy youth in a stammering tone. "May I know who he is?" asked Mr. Iyer impatiently.

"Your friend, so he told me. He is the typist in the dairy farm here" faltered Ramani appealingly. The distant strangeness of Mr. Iyer was appalling to him.

Without questioning the discouraged youth further, Mr. Iyer proceeded to peruse the letter enclosed in the cover. Before he had finished the first line, the scrap was wrenched from his hands with deliberate force. Turning to see the bold individual, who had dared to do such a thing, Mr. Iyer saw his own wife who with an elongated face, to the bitter disappointment of the innocent youth, was mercilessly tearing the epistle to pieces. Without any remonstrance, turning to Ramani, Mr. Iyer said:

"Excuse me, I am unable to help you."

Pestered by no other visitors during the few hours after the fateful departure of Ramani, Subba Iyer had enough time to take a pleasant oil bath, after which he sat down to dinner. He had assured himself that the costly butter which he had got and which had caused a great stir in his house would have by this time been converted into liquid ghee of tasteful odour. Janaki was equally expectant of the same. Little did they expect that the careless Srinivas, their indifferent cook, who had realised sufficient means for himself, within the short service of five years under Subba Iyer,

would deliberately spoil the coveted dish. Long boiling had rendered the ghee smell with a characteristic unpleasant odour.

When their ripe expectation was entirely frustrated, the anxious couple could not refrain from seeking the cause for such an occurrence. "It is the nature of the butter you brought, Sir," said Srinivas, impudently when he was questioned, "In such a case I could only with all my experience prepare the ghee in this manner."

"In all my life I have never seen such an idiot", remarked Subba Iyer.

"At best, we can only send you away, since this sort of freedom we cannot afford you", shouted Janaki from behind, in the very face of the staring Srinivas.

"Why hesitate, do it at once and let me lead an independent life?" replied the stern Srinivas.

"Did I till now bind you here? I know why you say all this. You bandicoot, get away from here without saying anything more," retorted Mr. Iyer.

II

Some years passed. One cold morning Lakshmi was out of her bed, as usual, with the advent of the faint streaks of the rising sun. She started on her daily routine of work. Bending low, with a wretched broom in her hand, the old lady was seen in the expiring and indistinct light of a taper in her apartment, moving at a patient pace, sweeping the floor carefully, with a wifely devotion attended by a motherly tenderness not to strike against the few snoring folk who lay there in fantastic shapes. Her movement spoke of her age. The cleanly habits of the lady were much respected and talked off in the vicinity and the perfect arrangement in her house was a model for imitation by others. Considered to be the happiest of women, being never separated from her loving husband even at such an advanced period of her life, the 5 year old Lakshmi was at no time unhappy. It was her husband who was now sleeping in the room with his children, Dorai and Komalam, by his side.

Lakshmi could only attain the respectable status she occupied now, in spite of her praiseworthy accomplishment of tidy management ever since her very early days, by contracting the high connection with Mr. Subba Iyer for her young Janaki. Exploitation is the inherent trait in every Indian man and woman, and the clever Lakshmi exercised through Janaki all her winning ways to amass large sums from Mr. Iyer. Being relieved of the existence of a stumbling block in her way, in the person of the mother of Subba Iyer who had died some years ago and heedless of the persistent complaints of Arundhati his sister, listened to with a deaf

ear by her brother, Lakshmi and Janaki schemed all possible means to enrich themselves, lest perhaps the untimely demise of Subba Iyer should baffle them totally.

Muthu was the intimate confidant of clever Lakshmi, and was reputed to be a frank outspoken lady with high notions of the dignity of manual labour. Perplexed by crude notions entailing untold misery on them, the plain suggestions of Muthu that Komalam should quickly be given away in marriage gained ground with Lakshmi, who had consequently acceded to the proposal. Her rich daughter, with all her arrogance towards others, had a genuine love for her mother and sister. Suddenly raised by a freak of fortune to a place of material luxury, though marked by a complete void of real human happiness, the poor young Janaki was soon converted into an imposing lady of frightening disposition. The object once of ridicule and wild vulgarity from the idling gluttons of the country, Janaki was now an ideal of harmless supplication to all those scorning scoundrels. What magic money works!

Five hours after we saw her pacing the floor steadily with a broom, Lakshmi could be seen talking seriously to her confidante in the open corridor of the house.

"I thought well over what you remarked the other day and have finally decided to arrange my Komalam's wedding, as soon as Janaki with her husband is here. At the most, that will be two days hence", confided Lakshmi to her friend with numerous nods and pauses.

"Have you found out a fitting boy to wed our girl? Anyhow, let her also go to a rich house."

Feeling herself highly esteemed, Lakshmi, ignoring the presence of Komalam who had come near, proceeded:

"It seems that there resides at Muthur a young gentleman of considerable means, desirous of having an amiable partner to share his life. Srinivas—so it is said—has at least riches to manage ten such families as ours in perfect comfort. We shall conclude that he has at least enough to afford everything to Komalam and give the surplus to us. Why, he wears diamond katukans worth hundreds of rupees, not to speak of the gold chain of 25 sovereigns which he wears round his waist. I am determined to give my Komalam to him. He is sure to be pleased with her. Janaki is certain to bear all our expenses. May God cause the speedy arrival of events which are good".

"From your report I gather that he does no sort of work at all. Can't he at least dig with the spade, or break logs for firewood with the axe?", asked Muthu, then abruptly stopped her comments and went out.

III

The passage of years saw old Iyer more attached than ever to Janaki, who had forced herself to be kind to him. Srinivas, the dismissed cook, had established himself well in a country, where outward show could easily deceive the inmates. He seemed to be the lord of the place and termed himself proudly, "The Independent Gentleman." His features had undergone a thorough change and he was confident of non-recognition by his previous intimate friends, even by Mr. Subba Iyer and Janaki under whom he had served for some years. Ever tidy in appearance and gaudy in dress, now deliberately assuming pleasant airs of friendship he soon passed into the good books of the villagers, who were pleased to accept his lavish gifts.

Persuaded by some friends in the village, he had of late entertained an idea to enter into an agreeable match with a fair girl. When he had once resolved to get himself married, offers began to come in superfluous abundance. But the much rumoured beauty of Komalam, arousing in him a desire to have her as his wife, induced him to accept the offer of the good Lakshmi who had personally come over to see him.

Rumour has a poisonous breath and more often than not serves to misrepresent things. The event being so vital to him, Srinivas thought it best in the fitness of things to visit Lakshmi's house and satisfy himself about the choice of his girl. Sure to his assent, Lakshmi promised to arrange for his visit and after some friendly conversation, not entirely centering round her immediate mission, departed, after requesting him to come over to her house the next day.

Subba Iyer had come to Lakshmi's house by then, directed by the persuasive orders of his wife Janaki who had accompanied him. Mr. Iyer was slightly ill and so was confined to an invalid chair he had brought with him. He had been duly informed of the proposal to give Komalam in marriage to a man of considerable wealth. And he was not averse to it. Janaki was mightily pleased with the discretion of her mother, who seemed supremely anxious about her children; and, abiding by her promise, never shirked to spend money on their behalf. The next day the prospective son-in-law of their house, the rich lord of Puthur, would visit them and would condescend to be their guest. It was their duty then to decorate Komalam in the best way that could serve well to win any man.

The young girl Komalam spent the day in hazy dreaming of a brilliant future for her, and the night in frivolous thoughts about her marriage.

The welcome accorded was grand, and Srinivas laughed within himself. Before he could finish his task of satisfying himself, the

bold Muthu fearlessly stood before him and, ignoring the faint displeasure of Lakshmi, said: "My dear young man, could you not at least add to your wealth by either digging with a spade your own grounds, or breaking firewood for your own use, and at the same time keeping up the dignity of labour. Please excuse me if I am too bold, for it does no good to be idle even for the rich."

"Never shall I take you ill. You are mistaken in having taken me to be an idler. I have broken firewood, used them for cooking, have served myself and have earned my gains. For six years, I have been a conscientious servant of many high officials, including even the eccentric Subba Iyer of Kumta. I rely on myself and realise the value of self-help," replied the eager Srinivas.

He had forgotten the fact that he had exposed himself in his vindication, and, before he had gained his equipoise, he saw Mr. Subba Iyer in spite of his illness rushing towards him with a stick. Janaki had fled to bring him, when she heard his accidental confession.

"How dare you bring such a humiliation on us? You, who grew fat on our means, have you a desire to shame us?" asked Janaki.

"I remember the day and the events which made me send you out of my peaceful abode. As in duty bound, I shall rehearse the same now", said Subba Iyer in the very face of the stupefied Srinivas.

Lakshmi's displeasure towards Muthu had very soon vanished at such a development.

"At best, we can only neck you out" repeated Subba Iyer, followed by a chorus from the rest, and thrust the impudent cook out of the house. Komalam rejoiced.

M. A. SUBBARAM.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHIC DOG.

I am not a young dog, you know. I am pretty old, not too old, but still old. I do not feel very sorry though. I have enjoyed life, and I still enjoy it. I can look back to a great many pleasant things, and it is nice to be quiet and lie in a corner and think things over. After all, life is not all bustle and activity, is it? That idea is, I think, the mistake of many of us dogs. We take life too hardly. We are always on the move, always wanting to be busy. When I look at that wretched puppy, for instance, the restless hopeless creature,—but more of that puppy later. But

there is one thing, I must confess that I regret. I am getting a bit stiff. When I stand up, I have to stretch myself; but, I have the gumption to do it prettily, I think; for I have heard my mistresses admiring me when I did it. "Look at Chicot," they cry. "he is doing gymnastics". And then, it is sad sometimes, I think, to be too old to take interest in very little things, in a scudding leaf, in a jumping squirrel, in a mocking chameleon, in a flying crow, in a leaping frog, in a creeping ant, as that little puppy does. But after all, why worry ourselves over little details? It is the big things in life that count, and after all there are not many big things in life, are there? So, it is better to be a philosopher, or at least pretend to be one, as I do sometimes.

Still, you must not think all this is an apology for my inefficiency. Not at all. I have been a hunting dog in my time. I ran a mountain goat down once, over rough ground, and I killed it, and oh, how my master praised me for it! Then I have killed a dog bigger than myself. That was a rough fight, but I won it, though I won many wounds also. But what are wounds, when compared to the satisfaction of laying one's enemy low, and such an enemy too! Many a time had I borne in silence his mocking smile and his smirking patronage; but at last I could not stand it, and—; but there, I had better stop or I shall go on and on. And then, I have killed rabbits and cats galore, and bandicoots, those terrible big rats, which bark and grunt. Now, I do not kill things much, not even rats often. I must tell you one thing, however, which has rather hurt my feelings. When I have been hunting rats and not catching them, I have heard my mistresses laugh at me, not unkindly though, but still laugh. "When the rat is in this corner, he goes to that corner", I heard one say; and the other chimed in, "He cannot catch it, even when it runs across his nose. He has lost his sense of scent." But how can I smell out the rat when I have a cold; and how can I see it running across, when the mistresses shriek so much and hop about and jump on chairs, flourishing lantern light wildly all over the place? Besides, I feel rather sorry for the rats, they are game little beggars after all, and they must find food for themselves, mustn't they?

When I was with my young master though, I was never allowed to miss a rat. He was a grand man, though he did punish me often and hard. And, he did not molly-coddle me. Now, I have two mistresses, and they pet me very much and hug me hard, though they are not as bad as I expected women to be. For instance, they do not give me chairs to sleep on, or cushions. But, that reminds me. I certainly do not need cushions or rugs when I am on the plains; but, when I go to Ooty, I do love something soft and warm to sleep on. I used to be given, however, a measly, smelly, gunny-bag, and of course I hated it.

I preferred their bed and many a time have I jumped on it and slept soundly too, when they were away. But, when they come back! I still feel sore with the beatings they used to give me. Once, a boy chimed in with a thin stick, but my little mistress tore it out of his hand and threatened to beat him instead. I did laugh at him then! Once, I acted rather naughtily. My mistress had hardly touched me, before I rolled off the bed and rolled howling on the floor. She was so upset, and she felt me all over and called me all sorts of pretty names, and gave me milk to drink, and after that several times pretended not to notice me when I jumped on the bed. But, you must not think it was all pretence. I am not such a bad dog after all. I did happen to fall on my shoulder, and thought I had hurt it badly, though I knew pretty soon that it was quite all right. That was where the pretence lay, a second thought as it were, which means that I did not intend to pretend at first. And, second thoughts are often better than the first, the proverb says.

I have two mistresses, one pretty old, dignified, quiet and gentle, but very strict. The other is a young one, full of life. She teases me a good deal and she is a little nuisance, but she is quite good fun, and I like her. And, though she pretends to be very strict, she lets me off very often, and she winks at my mistakes several times.

But, I like my old mistress too. I must say she has made a special study of my nature, and interprets most of my thoughts for me. She knows, for instance, when I am very happy, when I feel in need of petting, when I am laughing, especially at that young puppy, when I feel myself very grand and good and deserving praise, when I like being given dainties to eat, which is very often, when I am ill or not quite up to the mark. But I wish she and her daughter did not talk silly language to me, as if indeed I were a baby. They make me feel very foolish, and I do not know what to say to them. Then, I yawn and they exclaim with delight, "Oh, the dear dog is so bored, then?"

It is funny how silly one makes oneself sometimes. Why is it that when one feels in a pleasant mood, one wants to do foolish things to please people? I suppose it is because one feels so grateful to them. Well well, you cannot say that dogs are not good-natured or affectionate. For instance, I actually love chasing goats and cows when that girl "shoos" me. Once, in my excitement, I thought a common goat was a mountain goat, and I caught him by the hind leg. Didn't I get a beating then! I do tricks, which usually make us dogs feel very silly and blush, as it were. I jump over sticks for my mistresses, but then I get such a lovely piece of cake or biscuit for it. I tried once walking under the stick and grabbing at the cake, but, with a great laugh they pushed me back.

I pose for them on tables, and cycles, holding a stick in my mouth and with a handkerchief on my head. But I know then I am looking very handsome, and they admire me too. I am a fine handsome fellow, white with big black markings; I have got wide hanging ears and a broad forehead and a great big body, too round perhaps. In fact, I heard a man pass disparaging remarks on the latter once. I think, he said I was too fat, like a barrel, or something of that sort. I was quite angry with him, but what could I do? The result was that my food was reduced. But I think that was quite good for me. Though I was hungry sometimes, I became quite a fine shape.

They try to teach me a lot of manners. For instance, I must come when I am called and I am called for such silly things often. It is such a nuisance to heave myself up and go; but if I don't! Ah well, anything to have peace, you know. And then, I must not be a kitchen dog, or stay too much with the servants. Well, I really do not like being at the back; but that wretched puppy is always nosing for food in the kitchen quarters, and the beatings he gets! I would not be he for the worlds. And, after all I do not need much teaching, for I am quite a well-bred dog. I eat quite neatly, for instance, not like the puppy, who throws his food all round his plate. And, I do not snatch at tit-bits, as he does.

But, there are some misunderstandings between my mistresses and me. For instance, I must not run out to play with other dogs. Now, this is a thing I really resent. I love being top-dog and I cannot bear other dogs to come into my garden. And, when I go to any house, even if it is not ours, I like being thought the dog of that house. Once I had such fun. When we went to Ooty, there was a big dog there who hated me. But, he used to be tied up during the day;—it is a silly custom that, and I am glad my people do not follow it, except,—but I shall come to that latter. Well, I used to sun myself on the door step and bark at all the strangers who came in. But at night, he was let loose, and I used to be shut up. And how that dog used to try to find me out and fight with me. Once, he did get at me, and when I was tied up too; but I flatter myself I got the best of it even then. That dog was a very mean one; don't you think so? When I was loose and he was tied up, I never attacked him but then of course I was usurping his rights. Perhaps he was right after all, poor devil!

As I said, I love being top-dog, and I flatter myself I usually am. Other dogs generally keep at a good distance from me. As for friends, I can get as many as I want; but here again my mistresses are hard on me. They will not let me bring my friends into the house or even into the compound. Once, I tried to hide a dog under the table in the bath-room; but there was nothing doing. In a few minutes, out she had to come with a howl, and she

ran away, the coward! I gave her up after that. But sometimes, I get rather tired of it all, and wish to have a peaceful time. However, I cannot do it without sacrificing my dignity and my kingship to the other wretched dogs. And this is where my mistresses understand me so well. They hunt for me, and get me tied up, and I actually like it. I feel my responsibility at an end and I can go to sleep in a cool room with plenty to eat and much petting, as if I were a long-lost son. But, when I am tied up, I love to scratch myself. They keep me pretty clean with a bathe and a brushing every day, but the fleas have a habit of getting into my thick fur. But, my mistresses are stupid. I must not scratch, if you please; and, if I insist on doing it, they tie up my feet with pieces of rag. Did you ever hear of such an insult? And, as for medicines, I give as much trouble as possible in swallowing them. But, even then, I have to be careful in showing my strength. I get immediately tied up and held down. They did it in hospital once.

And then that puppy; but I think I have told you a good deal about him already. They say he is my son; but, I wonder how such a silly, scraggy, spotted creature like him could be my son, though I see he has some of my colouring and my markings. Well, he is very foolish, but he admires me a great deal. He thinks I am a hero. The other day, I was beaten for punishing a stray dog, and I was feeling so hurt and disappointed. But, the puppy saved the situation. He stood before me and stared at me, and told me he loved me and adored me and hoped to be like me one day. I declare I felt quite comforted after that. I try to teach him a lot of things a dog should do, but here again I am restricted. The other day I tried to take him for a walk outside the garden. We had just got outside the gates, when a silly old servant woman saw us and raised an outcry. After that, of course, I was in disgrace. Sometimes, I allow him to tease me. He pulls my tail and ears, snaps at me and puts his head in my mouth. When I have had enough of it, I growl. When he was only a month old, he always let out a yelp when I growled, and my silly mistresses thought I had bitten him. As if I would hurt a little morsel like him! But now, the puppy and I understand each other much better.

And, there is a dirty cat in the house, which I hate, but which that puppy loves. And, I must be kind to him, if you please, and not chase him about or kill him, I who have killed hundreds of cats. This is really very hard for me, you know. This cat belongs to a big boy who is rather a terror. He teases me quite a lot, and does not molly-coddle me like the others do. I rather like his rough ways, though I must say I cannot get round him as I do the mistresses. He always sees through my little pretences, but I think he likes me. And, it is worth being loved by a man and get one of his rare caresses. I also like the servant-boy who attends to me.

He is kind to me and understands me, and I do not mind obeying him. He is proud of me too and likes to show me off to his friends. Sometimes, he scamps his work, and does not brush me or bathe me properly; but, of course I like that and would not for the world give him away.

After all, life is quite enjoyable. I like my people, and they are very good to me. They give me good food with plenty of bones. Sometimes, they take me for walks—I wish they did that oftener. And they never let me down. And they are my people, to whom I owe my utmost duty, and of whom I am quite proud. I do what I can for them. I guard them and keep off those who I think are evil-doers. But, here again, I get into trouble. My habit is to bark at strangers and at people, who are dressed untidily or in rags. The other day I bit a woman, whom I did not approve of; but I got a good beating for it, for she was a friend. Once I barked at a man, who I thought was a stranger. But, it seems, I had seen him before. So, I received a scolding for that. I must have just woke up from sleep perhaps, for my eyes could not quite make him out. So now, I leave it to the puppy to give the alarm during the day. He gives me needless trouble though, for he barks at anybody and everybody. And, the curious thing, is, they laugh at him but do not beat him! He is very young of course to get checked too often, but it is time they started training him in this matter.

It is just as well, I think, to be a little careful in showing our feelings to our people. I do not fall on them too much. I watch for them when they go away, and feel happy when they come back. But, it will not do to be too impulsive, as that puppy is for instance. As soon as he hears the noise of the stinking, snorting, hooting machine in which they go out, he starts up and runs forward, with his little body all twisted up in fantastic curves. Once, he was in such a hurry that he nearly got run over. I notice, when they come back now, they almost unconsciously look for the puppy first. Such things hurt me, you know, for even a dog is sensitive. And, I know they think when I do not run to them, that I do not care for them. How little they know the heart of a poor dog. They think we have no diplomatic reasoning at all; they think we are just straight-forward creatures of impulse, as some of them are. But most of them get very worldly-wise and experienced when they grow old. Why not we dogs too? After all, what I, for my part, aim at, is more of their affection and respect, which I think will grow less with too much familiarity. But, what is to be done? Human beings are human beings. They think they know everything. For instance, when a dog is very ill, or hurt badly, why do they wish to kill it? Don't they know that we also cling to life as they do?

We prefer a maimed life or a sick life to no life at all. Why not then allow us to live? They kill us really to save themselves the trouble of looking after us. For, you know, when we are ill, some of them do look after us very well. That means a lot of trouble. I am sure, however, that my people are not like that. They will not kill me, I know, even if they think I am growing too old and crippled, unless of course, I get that dreadful dog-madness, in which case they would be quite right to make an end of me. Otherwise, I am sure they will give me a *cosy corner* to drag out my last days in. When people think, as they do, that dogs have no soul, all the more reason that they should allow us to live longer. But I sure we have something answering to souls in our little heads. There is a dog-heaven somewhere, where there will be no punishments, no restrictions, plenty of dogs to fight, lots of friends, eternal youth, and kind understanding masters and mistresses. Why not? What more does a poor dog want?

KAMALA.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

1. THE OCEAN.

From shore to shore it stretches—
 Mighty ocean :
 Imperious, majestic,
 Wreckful ocean :
 Storm and tempest whirl and lash it—
 Death and fury hurl and dash it
 At man's torrent-battered barque :
 And each billow, black and roaring,
 Like a cataract downpouring,
 Falls with thunder thro' the dark.

From shore to shore it stretches,
 Magic ocean :
 Blue, beautiful, transcendent,
 Tranquil ocean :
 Light and pleasure linger on it,
 Calm her finger lays upon it,
 When the storm hath passed away :
 And the sunset and the morning,
 Lend it glory past adorning,
 On proud summer's breathless day.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. GOOD LIVING.

When the day is ending
 Shadows start to creep,
 Peaceful hours descending
 A little prayer—then sleep.

Act kindly to my fellow men,
 Always do my best,
 I'll find the way to Heaven then,
 A little toil--then rest !

LELAND J. BERRY.

3. THE BLIND.

They traced the pathway hand in hand,
 I watch'd them cross the field,
 They only *felt* the day was born,
 But O, their lips were seal'd,
 For tho' they lifted up their blinded eyes,
 Dear God, they could not see the glory of thy skies !

Ah, who can probe those sightless depths,
 And read each voiceless thought !
 —Those countless longings unexpress'd,
 Since speech availeth naught.
 O time, speed forth upon thy destin'd flight,
 And bring them to the realms of everlasting light !

E. H. D'ALWIS.

IN MAN'S REALM.

1. SHOULD COURTSHIP PRECEDE MARRIAGE

I must, at the very commencement of this article, apologise to my readers (always assuming that the Editor will pass this for publication) for any dogmatism I might show in expressing my views. In fact, I am prepared to pull this article to pieces for a sufficiently good consideration. I do not claim any power of logical thought.

The simplest and easiest method a young man in India can adopt, if he wants to get married, is to ask his parents to arrange the match. His mother is likely to have far better opportunities of forming correct judgments, *re* the character etc. of his future bride, than he himself can ever hope to have. His father un-

doubtedly should be wiser than the young man. Therefore, on the assumption that the parents act purely in his interests, they are more competent than he is to find a suitable bride. There is nothing to prevent him from conveying any particular preferences he has to his parents. Both statistics and my observations show that in the same strata of society there are as many or a greater number of happy marriages in India, where marriages are generally arranged by others, as there are in England or America, where the parties are supposed to select each other.

The principal argument against the proposition advanced by me would be that marriage is a romantic and not a prosaic matter. But what is this romance? A man takes a fancy to the nose, mouth or eyes of some girl, or perhaps her saree or frock, and starts making love to her. Her response draws him more to her and in the end they marry, and probably the cause of the original attraction is forgotten—what is the guarantee that such a marriage would be happier? Are not the chances of happiness equally good when the original attraction is merely the fact that they are married and that competent persons related them to each other?

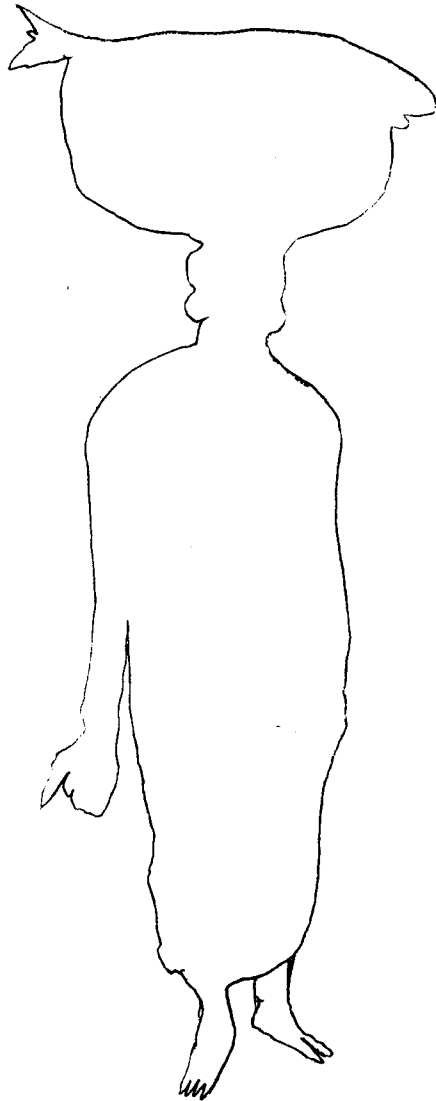
There is probably such a thing as sex-complement; that is, though in the eyes of the general public a girl X may be more attractive than a girl Y, yet a man A might be more attracted by Y. The opinion of the general public is merely an average. It might be said that a man stands a better chance of finding his real mate if allowed to choose for himself; but this statement is based on a very faulty assumption. The character of no human being at whatever age is fixed. It is subject constantly to variations. The conception of right and wrong might not vary, but this is a matter of training and the chances of persons having similar opinions *re* rules of conduct, which we call character, are more likely if marriages are arranged—but many other points in our characters, using the word in a very broad sense, are subject to variations. What probably happens in these so-called love matches is that the woman is sufficiently a complement of the man to attract him and then, if he courts her, probably both vary (as regards their mutual attractiveness), till they feel that they want only each other and simultaneously develop a mutual affection.

It must be remembered that all these points are studied carefully in a properly arranged marriage and that the parties can more readily and easily adjust themselves to each other when married. It is an untenable proposition that every man has an exact complement somewhere, for as I said he is human and varies and there would be very few marriages anywhere if one waited for what may be called complete love at first sight. I refer to the real love, and not the momentary attraction of an unstable mind, that imagines itself in love at first sight.

OUR SKETCH.



A FISHERWOMAN OF MALABAR.



There is a great danger in allowing men and women to select each other. The glamour of a superficial attraction and the mere desire to love someone or be loved may result in the meeting of people who are temperamentally unsuited to each other. Girls often run this risk in their first season, but of course are more capable of adjusting themselves at that period. There is also the danger that on the one side a person is seeking love, but the partner is really after his or her wealth.

Another reason why the theory that there is only one woman suitable for any man must fail is, that a large number of men of upright character quite easily court a number of women in succession, when they are unsuccessful in their earlier attempts; and similarly women of unimpeachable character are ready to respond to the advances of one among a number of men. Indeed, there would be hardly any necessity for any courting if this theory were correct. In this connection, I must refer to the argument advanced against courtship before marriage, that it is undesirable where it does not achieve its object. I attach no serious importance to this point, and my principal reason is that in actual practice matters adjust themselves. A man repulsed by a woman soon thinks that he was a fool to have been attracted by her, because someone else more ready to respond is taking her place. There are exceptional cases where the man's affections cannot shift in this manner. I am writing only *re*-what generally happens.

Besides, that something in woman which attracts man is generally ready to respond, provided he seeks her sufficiently ardently. Woman's love must necessarily be reciprocative. It is the order of nature; and, except perhaps in the case of a few manly women and effeminate men, it is generally acknowledged, and it is practically a law of nature, that woman's love for man, if it is genuine womanly love on which marriage should be based, is created by the man himself. Woman may be more fit to rule the world, to master the sciences and perhaps in games even, but there is no question that her role on these eternal questions is passive and responsive.

Therefore, the number of women remaining unmarried, because of unrequited love, must be much fewer than in the case of men, and in every such case some unscrupulous man or one of unstable character has made love to her and made her love—women can and should be guarded against such men without any restriction in their liberty to choose their partners. I admit that woman's love, once raised, is inclined to be constant. But even in countries like England, more often than not, it is never fully alive till marriage or at least till the engagement. I am aware that women sometimes court men and in some cases even imagine themselves to be in love when doing so. The love, if they do create any in

man, cannot be manly love and, even where they imagine themselves to be in love, it is due to a diseased or immature condition of the brain. It is not impossible to invert the order of nature, but inversions don't lead to happiness. Therefore, in countries where the parties choose each other, if a girl remains unmarried, it is because something about her is so unattractive or repulsive that the average man she met was not drawn to her, even though he might have been sufficiently a sexual complement; or she might for reasons of her own, or temperamentally, consciously or unconsciously not have desired marriage. Of course in any strata of society, if there are surplus women, some must remain celibate.

I make references later to the case of men, and even in their cases the instance where they meet with unrequited love and are unable to transfer their affection are very rare, as the love must originate in man. There are exceptional cases where in man's case it might grow independent of the woman; but there must be peculiarity of temperament and other causative factors and even so absence of reciprocity may be only apparent and not real. There must have been something in the woman that attracted the man, especially if the attraction could reach the stage of courting. A number of factors might make it impossible to discover or bring out that something to develop it, or of course another man similarly attracted might have forestalled him. In all these and other such cases, the absence of reciprocity, though for all worldly purposes absolute, is only apparent and not real. In fact, in a majority of cases there can be no grave disappointment till the courtship has gone beyond the stage of marriage or at least the engagement. In a marriage, where the parties seek each other, the first attraction may be admiration, sympathy, gratitude, or something physical, however slight. But, if they are not naturally sufficient sexual complements of each other, it will soon cease and never grow. In an arranged marriage, the first attraction is the marriage itself. I think I have made it clear that there are less chances of grave disappointment in marriage after courtship, than in arranged marriages. But the first attraction in the latter case is so strong, that the effort made and the ability to adjust each other's personalities is much stronger. I would quote from a master on this subject. He says "Sexual attraction (the author refers to the attraction of man for woman and *vice versa*) is *nearly always*, as in the case of gravitation, reciprocal. Where there *appear* to be exceptions to this rule, there is *nearly always* evidence of special influences, which have been capable of preventing the direct action of the special taste, which is *almost always* reciprocal, or which have left an unsatisfied craving, if the direct taste were not allowed its play".

Again the same author writes—

"For, does it not frequently happen that one man is completely

captivated by a particular woman and raves about her beauty, whilst another, who is not the sexual complement of the woman in question, cannot imagine what his friend sees in her to admire."

It would be out of place in this article to attempt to trace what the special influences are and what the writer means by that slight modification "*nearly*." The daughter of a Zemindar might be a sexual complement of a street beggar; and if he did make love to her might respond; but he would for obvious reasons refrain, and someone else of her own social status, who is also a complement, might win her love instead. In this case there is conscious love on one side and unconscious response on the other, and even so there must be special causes and an uncommon temperament. Or it may be that a girl unconsciously creates a love in a man which owing to some peculiarity of temperament, such as unusual constancy, grows independent of her, till it assumes such dimensions that it is incapable of destruction or displacement, and having grown independently has created no reciprocal love. I think that I have established conclusively that there is no danger at all in allowing men and women to seek their partners in life themselves, *i. e.* there is no danger that there might be a larger number of cases of intense courtship that fail to achieve the object. Deep love in a man is generally created by some reciprocal condition in a woman, which sooner or later responds. The exceptions merely prove the rule. I would therefore not condemn the system prevailing in some countries. But it is also clear that the parents of young persons should be equally, or more, capable of choosing the partners. The courtship and mutual adjustments can succeed marriage and marriage itself be the first attraction that draws them together. This is merely a matter of training. Even as it is, part of the love develops after engagement or marriage in many case. The parents are less likely to be misled. Young persons are apt to forget that "all that glitters is not gold." They are more likely to be carried away by feelings of jealousy and similar irrelevant considerations. They are more likely to be misled by superficial glamour and, in the case of girls, less able to judge whether the ardent declarations of the lover arise from a fleeting passion and, in the case of men, whether the girl is merely pretending to reciprocate the love because she wants him for other reasons. I presume of course, that the man and woman are both capable of genuine love. If they are not, they will not miss its absence.

I would conclude this article at this point, but I am afraid that I would be taxing the generosity of those, who hold diametrically opposite views on this subject.

I would therefore add a strong point against my contention. Too easily digested food is not healthy. A man who does not earn his means of subsistence degenerates; the same applies to

racess. In ordinary matters the struggle for existence generally improves us and makes us better men. The struggle to achieve something sharpens the brain. The same rule might apply to that part of our minds that is concerned with marriages and the love of others. When parents arrange marriages for children, they are infringing a law of nature. There would not be the same objection to their helping the children (a father who maintains a grown-up son is infringing a law of nature, but he might help the son). They are depriving the man of the joys of courtship and personal achievement and the woman of the pleasure of being courted and the happiness of the final surrender.

The act of courting a woman, if done in the proper spirit, must rouse the highest sentiments in man and create manly courage and improve him generally. The sensation of being courted will make, and is known to make, a woman more beautiful, sympathetic and womanly; besides, all married life must in the best unions be a period of courtship; many things that are taken for granted should not be considered in that light. They are evils of so-called civilization that should be eliminated. The chances of this are much less where the marriage itself requires no effort on the part of the man to win the woman's favour, as it is arranged by others. Perhaps, the degeneracy of our race can be traced partly to the system of arranged marriages among certain primitive races, when one reads of women agreeing to marry the victor after a duel. That is a primitive feeling; but it is not healthy to suppress altogether the natural desire of a man personally to solicit the supreme favour a woman can give, and the innate wish of a woman herself to grant that favour.

It should however be obvious that we cannot alter our present social habits in a day. We should not scoff at, or disapprove of, others having their marriages arranged for them. Most of our girls and even young men are not able to select their partners, even though they may have a host of disinterested advisers. Besides, as I have pointed out, from the point of view of happiness itself there is no objection.

I would try to indicate exactly what is meant by sexual complement. In fact it involves a certain amount of dissimilarity. It has practically nothing to do with character in its narrow sense; character is a matter of training. Indeed it is essential that educated persons marrying each other should have similar characters, and if their characters differ materially the married life may be unhappy, even if they are sexual complements of each other. This is because in their case their sense of right and wrong is so often triumphing over their more unconscious self—a woman incapable of stealing or lying cannot be happy with a man who sees nothing wrong in adopting unfair means to make

money, though he might be attractive otherwise. In minor characteristics, a certain amount of dissimilarity often adds the pleasure they find in each other's company. This is not what is meant by sexual complement. Nor is of course the sex aspect in its narrow sense meant. The reference is to some indefinable personality in man and in woman, which I maintain is subject to variation and adjustment, and on which courtship before or after marriage has a profound influence.

"SOUR GRAPES."

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

IV

The taxi cars are fitted with cash registers, and any one who wants to go to any place which he does not know, gives the address to the driver who will certainly take him there by the shortest route possible.

Before licenses are issued to these taxi-drivers, they are examined in the knowledge of all the streets in London. It might be easier to find one's way about London if the streets had numbers instead of names. Who can remember all those names?

There is a General Omnibus Company in London who run 4,500 cars in London town alone. One day all the Indian Orderly Officers were taken to see the workshop of this Company at Chiswick.

The engineer took us round. The feature which struck us most was the system by which the work in hand moves forward all the time that the men are engaged upon it. There can be no laziness there; if a man does not do the job at once, it runs away from him.

A special demonstration was given of a bus on a very greasy ground, where drivers are taught to stop their buses slipping. The driver was very skilled—the bus looked as if it were dancing, and the back wheels were going round, while the front ones were still.

We saw a wonderful arrangement whereby all the workmen's hats and coats were drawn up under the roof to hang out of every body's way.

We noticed how contented the workers appeared to be—no one seemed unhappy.

They all work quietly and make no noise—they do big things without any fuss, they do not trouble to shout about it, as we do in India at our work.

It is advisable for a visitor to London to get a map of the Bus Company; then, having chosen the part he wishes to go to, go by bus, which takes him to any street in London. If any one gets lost, he can get a taxi-car which will take him home.

Gardens and Parks.—I had occasion to go to several gardens in London often. I saw the following gardens:— Battersea Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, Holland Park, Regent's Park, Green Park, St. James' Park, Hampstead Heath and Kew Gardens.

Considering that the population of London is seven millions and the buildings so many, the sanitation of the town is far advanced, and very good. In each district there are gardens and big parks. The public, after finishing work, go to these gardens and enjoy themselves. In some gardens, like Hyde Park, the Band plays. Whenever the day is fine, thousands of people go to the garden nearest to their residence. On holidays, or when a man has leisure, he never shuts himself up in his quarters. Even a child of a month is brought to the gardens. Thousands of chairs are kept there for hire at a penny each for the day.

These gardens and parks are so big that when a man gets in, he at once forgets the town, and thinks himself in the country.

It is the blessing of God on this country, that it is kept green throughout the whole year. It gets plenty of rain always. London does not get as much rain as some parts of India, as it receives only 30 to 40 inches. The rain, however, does not fall in torrents, but sprinkles over the country, as the gardener gives water to the plants with his water-can.

Secondly, the climate is cold, so there is not so much need of water. Thirdly, the gardeners love their work. They possess a thorough knowledge of planting trees, flower plants and their upkeep. They have an artistic sense and arrange their flowers in patterns, after the fashion of a carpet. The effect is always most striking, especially to Eastern eyes. The same detailed arrangement of things is apparent in the window dressing of the big shops and in the furnishing of hotel rooms. Even the people themselves have a sense of orderliness, and this greatly assists the solution of the traffic problem.

(To be continued)

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

DIETETICS.

IT is an incontrovertible truth that most of the diseases, which human flesh is heir to, are due to the accumulation of foreign

matter in the physical system which, in its turn, is mainly the outcome of our wrong 'food habits'. Medical theories are constantly changing, and what but yesterday was taken for gospel truth is to-day pooh-poohed as rank nonsense. For instance, the Medical Research Council of England has now thought fit to condemn the "ultra-violet light treatment", as practically worthless, though hitherto the ultra-violet rays of the sun were supposed to be of invaluable help in restoring us to health. Regarding the food that we must eat, medical opinions are so varied and mutually-conflicting that we, laymen, are hopelessly perplexed and know not which opinion to follow. While one doctor wants us to make use of common salt, another asks us to eschew it altogether. Milk, in the opinion of some doctors, is a perfect food and ought to form the chief item in our dietary but there are others who say that it is very harmful. No wonder that we are at our wit's end. It is passing strange that human beings, endowed as they are with reason and intelligence by an all-wise Creator, should be groping about in the dark as to what food will suit them best, whereas the lower animals guided by their instinct, know exactly what their proper food is. I am not an expert dietitian and do not lay claim to any scientific knowledge on the subject of food; but I shall set forth what, *from my own experience*, I consider the three most important rules to be observed in the matter of our diet, in order to keep ourselves healthy and immune to disease. In the first place, we must be *very moderate* in our eating, as in everything else. It is a grave mistake to suppose that a large quantity of food is necessary to make us hale and strong. The system only requires that nourishment which will repair the waste constantly going on therein. Food taken in excess of requirement is only partially digested and the undigested stuff acts as foreign matter, poisoning the whole body. "Temperance" is one of Nature's cardinal laws, for the violation of which, sooner or later, she exacts the penalty. An over-loaded stomach will ere long rise up in revolt, making the offender realise that they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind. According to the Hindu science of medicine, the quantity of solid food taken at a time should fill only half the stomach, while of the remaining half, a quarter must be filled with water and the rest must be left empty. This is a very safe rule for our guidance. It only means that we must not indulge, but simply satisfy, the appetite.

Secondly, the food that we eat must be *simple and unstimulating*. Stimulants like alcohol, tea, coffee, chillies, and condiments must be scrupulously avoided. The simpler the food, the better. The controversy regarding vegetable diet and meat diet still continues, but I am inclined to think that medical opinion seems to be growing strong against meat diet. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the daily dietary should be a balance one,

that is to say, it should consist of such food as will supply the body with proteins (e. g., milk, dhal, peas, beans or wheat), with starch or sugar (e. g., rice, cereals or potatoes), with fat (e. g., butter or ghee or oil), and with mineral salts and fats (e. g., fruits, vegetables and greens). Of course, one has to find out for one-self what exactly one needs and no general rule can be laid down with regard to the choice of food, except that it must be simple and unstimulating.

Thirdly and lastly, we must observe all possible *regularity* in eating and drinking. Irregular habits are not conducive to the promotion of health. Speaking from my own experience, I would strongly advise the "three meals a day system." They may be taken as follows, viz., the first, not less than an hour after the morning bath, the second, not less than four hours afterwards, and the third, not less than five hours later. This gives the stomach time to digest one meal before the next is introduced. It is unwise to eat between meals. In the matter of regularity and punctuality, we, Indians, have to take a lesson from Englishmen. We find nature executing all her processes in an orderly fashion and quite regularly, and it is up to us to co-operate with her by observing the strictest regularity overselves in the performance of our duties, one of which is certainly "eating to live."

These then are the three important rules which I have found useful in warding off diseases, especially ailments like cold, head-ache, stomach-ache and the like. I have no doubt that the young readers of this Magazine who carefully follow these three rules will find them highly beneficial and grow up to be healthy and strong. "Build up your physique", says the great Swami Vivekananda, "and then only you can get control over the mind."

A. V. K. M.

THE SOCIAL SERVICE TRAINING CENTRE FOR WOMEN IN BOMBAY

Last year the name of the All-India Women's Conference on Educational reform was changed to The All-India Women's Conference on Educational and Social reform, because women realised that they could not have educational reform without social reform. After receiving a High School or University education, they are forming themselves into social and political societies, holding conferences and formulating schemes for serving their country by working for the uplift of her poor and uneducated women. They have the will to help, but they are often discouraged by the magnitude of the task that lies before them and they have no idea of the ways and methods of setting about it.

The social Training Centre for Women was started three years ago, primarily with a view to helping women who, having had opportunities for self-development and education themselves, wished to give what they had received to their less fortunate sisters. It provides facilities whereby those who are attracted towards social service may definitely prepare themselves for it; and the theoretical course includes the study of social conditions, social history, modern labour problems, elementary economics, health, psychology, modern social institutions, public administration, problems of primary education in India, public meeting work, social ethics, etc.

New Nagpada, in the very heart of the city, has a population of Muhammedans, Hindus, Jews, Indian Christians, Parsees, and Anglo-Indians, living 713 to the square acre. The narrow dirty streets are filled with grubby boys, fighting and playing cricket with old tins for stumps, grubby little girls minding grubby babies, Mohammedan women in *bourkas* gossiping on the pavement, and Jewish women with their clattering wooden shoes, buying ready-cooked food from men who squat in the gutter and cook amid the rubbish and flies;—all the noise and dust and teeming humanity that are common to the poor quarters of any great city in the world.

The Social Training Centre is here in a flat in 2nd Peerkhan Street, and the resident students go out every day to their practical work in Neighbourhood House, a settlement for men and boys. Here they hold clubs for Jewish girls and sewing classes mainly for Mohammedan and Hindu women. They also have a Play Centre for the Marathi-speaking children from a Poor House, with simple Handicrafts, drill and organised games and most important of all, cleanliness inspection and washing lessons. The first time we tried to wash a very soiled little girl, we led her by the hand to the common tap in the yard and were just about to give her a thorough scrub, when we were surrounded by a gesticulating crowd of inmates who protested against our washing a low-caste child at their caste tap. What unforeseen difficulties the would-be social worker is up against! However, we got over the difficulty the next week by bringing with us a basin, in which all the babies wash from head to foot regardless of caste.

The first student of the Social Training Centre has just returned from the West, where she has taken a further course of social study, to continue her work at the Seva Mandir, where a group of young Hindu women are doing splendid work among the mill operatives of Tardeo. Three old students are working at a nursery school and three are doing voluntary educational and club work at Parsee Social Service Centres. Others are doing voluntary or professional work in connection with the Parsee Charity Organisation Society, the Bombay Vigilance Association, and the Childrens' Aid Society. We feel that a large part of the work of

the Social Training Centre lies in keeping in touch with its old students in and outside Bombay and in giving them advice and encouragement in their work. The Social Training Centre tries to direct those, who are anxious to do practical work to those institutions which need voluntary helpers, and we have organised a group of Parsee ladies, who visit weekly the largest women's hospital in Bombay, and another group are hoping to start a Play Centre and Blue Bird's in an orphanage for Mohammedan girls. We have lately arranged for two Hindu married women to visit the prisoners in the Bombay women's gaol.

The Social Training Centre is not only a place of training for voluntary and professional workers, it aims at creating and educating a public opinion among women regarding social conditions and in helping them to see and carry out their duties as citizens and patriots. This is our ideal :—

"To live to the highest in all things that pertain to us, and to lend a hand to all others for this same end.

To recognise the good lying at the heart of all people.... to aid in righting the wrongs that cross our path".

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

1. Now that fashion has ordained that handkerchiefs and scarves draped over the bust are rather graceful in European costume, I do not see why we should not adopt a little of this method in our Indian dress also. Tall slim figures will look very nice with scarves draped over their shoulders, especially for evening wear. But care should be taken that the sari should be of a soft, fairly light material, closely draped round the figure. I would advise a gauzy, chiffony kind of scarf, like the pineapple silk ones sold in Indian shops now, with narrow gold or silver borders.

Endless effects can be produced with these scarves. A soft rose-pink scarf, or a cloudy powdery-blue one over a white or cream sari will have a delightful effect. Or, a transparent black scarf over a sari of any colour, or a white scarf for that matter, will have good possibilities.

The scarf can either be pinned under the neck with a fine Indian brooch, or it can be left to drape itself.

2. The latest European fashion for afternoon wear seems to be voiles and muslins with large flowers and tendrilly designs on them. I cannot help thinking that this will be very effective when carried out in sarees; especially if hand-painted designs can be got at. But, one must be careful about the borders. When there is a deep design of a border in the voile itself, I think no other is needed. Somehow, I do not hold much with the idea that every sari should

have a border. A plain material folded round the figure is often very graceful, especially for the young.

The other day, I saw a figured sari with a silver trimming sewn on. No doubt, it had rather a delicate effect in one sense, and many people admired it; but somehow it did not quite appeal to me. If a border is put on at all, I would suggest one of a colour to go with the chief colour in the design of the sari itself, and that too carried out in the same pattern more or less. For instance, a large design of flowers in the sari can be reproduced in a smaller pattern in the border, either in stencilling, hand-painting or embroidery in silks. Or perhaps the last row of design in the sari can be accentuated with an outlining of silk embroidery, and thus emphasised.

To match the sari, a blouse of the same material, or of silk or voile of one colour to match the chief one of the sari, would be very pleasant, especially, if, as I have already advised, the border is also of the same tint.

Foot-wear to match, jewels also to suit and perhaps flowers in the hair to carry out the colour idea, would make the costume ravishing.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

1. THE CLEVER CROWS

Mr. and Mrs. Crow were very happy. They had met a long time ago, and had fallen in love with each other, and had had a happy married life ever since then. They somehow never seemed to grow tired of each other, for they were always together in the mornings; as soon as the first grey light of dawn appeared on the Eastern horizon, they would wake up and say good-morning to each other. Then, they would fly to a little stream that trickled through a shady wood near by, and have their morning dip. After that, they would go in search of their break-fast, and until sun-set they would have a glorious time together, flying here and there, trying to see new sights, and get new things to eat. They were really very clever birds, because they always managed to get what they wanted, and it was their boast, in the crow-world, that there was no one cleverer than themselves.

There was one favourite haunt, which Mr. and Mrs. Crow used to frequent quite regularly, and that was the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sarma. They had a very large house, with a great big beautiful garden, in which Malati and Madhavi used to love to play. About a week ago, Malati and Madhavi had got a new pet. It was

Madhavi's birthday, and Govind her little cousin had given her a monkey as a present. Madhavi had been delighted to get it, and she had had a tiny little house built for it on a tree, in which the monkey dwelt quite happily. She had christened the monkey "Pranks", as it was always up to all sorts of mischief, and prided itself on being very clever, and able to deceive every one.

One day, Mr. and Mrs. Crow came to Mrs. Sarma's house to try and find their break-fast, and they saw "Pranks" sitting on his tree, with a lovely long green plantain in his hand.

"Caw, caw," said Mr. Crow. "Will you please share half your plantain with us, Master Pranks, as we are so hungry and cannot find any break-fast."

"Indeed" answered Pranks, "I am too hungry to share my plantain with you. Go and find your own food, and don't worry me."

"But we cannot find any food to-day," said Mrs. Crow, "and we are starving. Don't be so greedy, Master Pranks. You can easily spare us half your plantain."

But Pranks was too angry to answer. So, he made a face at Mr. and Mrs. Crow, and started peeling his lovely big plantain. Then he smacked his lips, and was just going to bite a bit of the delicious fruit, when—Ping—he felt a horrible sharp pain at the end of his tail.

"Ah," he cried, "Ooh, my tail," and he let go his plantain for a second, to look round, and Mrs. Crow swooped down and took the fruit in her beak and flew to a distant branch.

"Oh, oh," cried Pranks, "my plantain, my plantain, and oh—my tail is paining so badly."

Then he looked up, and he saw Mr. and Mrs. Crow eating his fruit, and, being but a baby monkey, tears came into his eyes, and he began to cry. But Mr. and Mrs. Crow had no compassion for him.

"Ha, ha," they cried, "You are a greedy monkey, so we played you a trick. One of us pecked your tail, and the other took your break-fast. Next time, learn not to be so greedy; but share your good things with others," and they cawed and laughed and ate their fruit, while poor little Pranks wept and wept.

But, it was a good lesson for him, and he made up his mind not to be too greedy hereafter.

PUNKAJAM.

2 OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear Children,

I have just come across a very charming little book called

Flower Legends for Children, and I thought you would like to hear some of the pretty stories in it.

Here is a very delightful story which tells us why some roses are red, and some white. Once upon a time, there lived a very beautiful Goddess called Venus, who loved a good-looking young God called Adonis. One day, Adonis was attacked by a wild boar that he was hunting, and died of the wounds. When Venus heard of the death of her lover, she was so miserable with grief and sorrow, that she ran through the woods trying to find him. And, as she ran, a thorn pricked her foot, and the blood which fell on the ground suddenly bloomed forth into a beautiful red rose. Later on, Venus sat down to weep for her lover, and a lovely white rose sprang up at the place where her tears fell. That is why we sometimes have blood-red roses, and sometimes pure white ones.

Shall I tell you how the little blue forget-me-not got its name? One day, a knight and a lady were walking along the bank of a stream, when they saw a bunch of blue flowers floating on the running water. The Knight rushed to get the flowers for his lady, for he loved her a great deal, and wished to please her. He, therefore, jumped into the water; but the current was too strong, and he could not save himself. The lady stood on the shore in despair, not knowing how to save her Knight, and as he passed by her, he threw the flowers at her, and shouted out "forget-me-not." Then, the current bore him on, and he was drowned; but from that time those pretty blue-flowers were called forget-me-nots.

Sometimes, you see beautiful red lilies springing up in the garden, and I am sure you often wonder why they are red. Well, here is a pretty little story which tells us how they got their colour. It was at the time when Jesus Christ was to be persecuted, and He was walking in the garden of Gethsemane all alone, in sorrow and anguish. He looked so sad, and was loved so much even by the flowers, that they bowed down their heads to sympathise with Him in His grief. But the tall white lily thought it would be better to stand erect when Jesus passed by, so that He may see her beauty, and feel comforted. She, therefore, did not bow down when Christ came near, and He stopped and looked at her, which made her so ashamed of her pride, that she blushed red, and drooped her head, even as she does to this day.

There are many other pretty stories in the book which I mentioned above; but I cannot repeat them here, as they will take up too much room.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XXI.

DENTITION.

DENTITION is a continuous physiological process commencing in early foetal life and terminating at the appearance of the wisdom teeth at the age of from 18 to 25 years. We are now concerned only with the eruption of the milk-teeth or the temporary teeth. This begins at about the 8th or 10th month and ends about the 3rd year. The eruption of the permanent teeth begins at the 6th year.

Milk teeth are twenty in number, ten in each jaw. Normal children usually teethe in pairs and their order of appearance is given below :—

19	11	13	5	3	4	6	14	9	17
20	12	15	7	1	2	8	16	10	18

The figures in the upper row denote the teeth of the upper jaw, and these in the lower, the teeth of the lower jaw. One and two appear first, then follow three and four and so on in pairs, until all the twenty appear. The following is the teething time:—

				1	2				

8 to 10 months

			5	3	4	6			
				1	2				

10 to 12 months

	11		5	3	4	6		9	
	12		7	1	2	8		10	

12 to 15 months

11	13	5	3	4	6	14	9	16 to 22 months	
12	15	7	1	2	8	16	10		
19	11	13	5	3	4	6	14	9	17
20	12	15	7	1	2	8	16	10	18

The order and period of teething, above shown, are not invariably followed; on the contrary deviations are many. Children have been known to be born with teeth, and again children have been known to have reached the age of $1\frac{1}{2}$ years, without one tooth showing. But the above order is the general rule, and it may be presumed that a healthy child usually teeths with a close approach to regularity. Delay in their appearance indicates want of development.

In most children, the eruption of teeth is attended by no local or general signs of disturbed health. In some, it causes some indisposition of a trifling nature; in others, there will be warm mouth, red and swollen gums, excessive secretion of saliva and some crossness and restlessness. A finger will be usually found between the gums and the child will try to bite everything that comes within its grasp. Sometimes, there may be pain in the ear. In some others, it is attended by diarrhoea (commonest) loss of appetite, fever, various skin eruptions and convulsions (rare). The seriousness of the disorder is likely to be exaggerated by some, but the opposite error of negligence must also be guarded against. The practice of putting down every disorder to teething must also be given up.

Management: There is a popular idea that diarrhoea during dentition is a natural process and that it should not be checked. It is wrong. Diarrhoea is never a good thing in infants and there is always a considerable element of danger in it. The purging will drain away all the fluid, the infant will become weak and then convulsions might end the scene.

The temperature should always be taken and, if at all it is high, pains should be taken to diagnose it properly and appropriate treatment must be adopted.

During the teething period, we should be particularly careful as to simplicity of food, avoidance of exposure to chill or sun and over-heated verandahs. We should keep the bowels regular, seek the open air, not permit diarrhoea or constipation, be careful to

have the clothing adapted to the season and be very particular that sleep, which the warm bath will facilitate, is had in abundance. The mother should be careful to avoid such periods for carrying out any change or addition to the diet.

Drug treatment is rarely called for, except when special symptoms demand it. They call for appropriate treatment. If there is too much restlessness, irritability etc., sweet spirits of nitre, in about 10 to 15 drop doses, can be administered three times or more with considerable benefit. It soothes the nerves, prevents excitability, and reduces fever. Woodward's Gripe water can be used as a routine remedy during dentition time as a preventive and corrective.

If the gum is very tense and swollen, the child should be shown to a surgeon, who will perhaps make an incision into it; but indiscriminate lancing of gums must be guarded against. The child should be encouraged to bite crust of stale bread, or some common salt mixed with honey can be rubbed to the gum, to give relief.

Children are very often seen with *caries* (decay) of teeth. This may cause general ill-health, owing to absorption of septic material. This is a deficiency disease and is aggravated by neglect of the teeth. Even young children should be taught to clean their teeth daily. If *caries* has occurred, a dentist must be consulted. If it is very painful, the question of extracting the teeth must be considered, but it is well to remember that it is a serious thing to pull out a tooth from a jaw that is rapidly developing, because, the jaw is then apt to contract, not allowing room for the coming teeth. In the meanwhile, the decayed tooth should be carefully cleansed, removing all the decomposing matter from the cavity, which should be plugged with cotton soaked in some anodyne medicine. Camphor and menthol in equal parts, if mixed together, give an anodyne fluid.

If the jaw bone gets swollen in the proximity of a carious tooth, the surgeon should be immediately consulted.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

1. *Answers to last month's queries,*

(1) *Eager mother.*—How am I to help my child in his home-work?

We are told that there are four things needed for a child's home-study, if it is to be good:

(1) A settled time; (2) a place to study in; (3) quiet privacy; (4) proper equipment. If all these are given, the child will get into the habit of willing study.

There are many parents, who do not know how to make their children prepare their lessons at home. The best thing is to tackle them and speak to them reasonably. One father said to his son in America:

"You are to have your own desk in your own room. It will be entirely yours, and no one will ever disturb anything in it. You are to keep there all books and supplies for your work and you are to have a regular time for your home study, just as I have for my office work. You can keep a record of your grades and what you have accomplished, in the files I shall give you. Then your records will show the progress of your business, just as Mother's household accounts show her where she stands and as my books reveal the profits and losses of my business."

The plan succeeded well indeed.

Our Indian parents are in the habit of getting teachers at home to help their children to understand and keep up with their work at school. I think this is a wrong principle. On the one hand, it proves that the school tuition must be either too high for the child or not correctly given. On the other, it leads the child to become inefficient and not able to deal himself with the work set for him. For my part, I would see that my child did his work by himself, helping him where necessary. Of course, a mother can help her child, if she is a little educated herself, or takes the trouble to study some of his lessons. However, I would not help the child too much. Let him work out his own exercises and his own sums. It is enough if the mother explains the principle to him and sees that he understands it. In any case, the mother must always take a keen interest in the work; and without nagging, question the child about his progress in such a way that he likes to talk about it.

It is not good either to set the child to lessons soon after his school-work. The hour, before dinner, after exercise, is a good one. But, once set, it should be adhered to. The rule of a definite time should be followed, if even for ten minutes a day, from the beginning. But, it is better not to nag or continually admonish.

With regard to the place, the child should have his own chair and table, of the proper height, with his own books on it, in a quiet place. On it should be placed the necessary equipment, such as pen, ink, paper, erasers, blotter, ruler, etc. The light should be arranged to come over the left shoulder. It would be better to leave the arrangement of the table to the child, insisting on neat tidiness, but not changing any of his arrangements. The excuse of lost books and papers should not be allowed.

(2) *Philanthropic one* : How am I to start a Baby-welfare centre in my little town?

The first thing, I think, is to write to the Parent Association in the Presidency town, and ask for advice and literature and financial help. The second step is to approach the Municipal Board in the town, very tactfully, and ask it for a monthly or yearly subscription. It would be well to form a Committee, in which all the professions in the town and the different branches of work done there should be represented, especially among the hospital workers. The District Medical officers, private medical practitioners, Government officials, merchants, tradesmen, Councillors, teachers, all should be induced to take an interest. Then, a subscription list should be opened and sent round.

After finding out whether there will be enough funds to work with, an Executive Committee can be formed from the General one and set to work. The needs of the town should be considered, the claims of the Paracheries, etc. and a central place should be selected to work from. Here, a suitable house should be cheaply rented, with one or two general rooms, a nurse's room, a good bathing-place, a store-room. The furniture should be purchased, according to the list given by the Parent Association. Also a few necessary medicines and ambulance appliances. Then a good nurse, an Ayah, a peon, and if necessary a clerk, should be secured. The services and visits of a doctor, at least once a week, should be arranged for. Then a Ladies Auxiliary of visitors should be formed, and an arrangement should be come at, by which some one can visit the centre every day, and see if the work is well-carried out. A register should be opened, in which all the names of the children coming to the centre, their ages and castes, their special needs, etc. are entered. Every day this register should be checked.

Then, a programme of work should be laid down. In the mornings, there should be bathing with warm water and soap for poor children, attention to their hair, the applying of simple medicines for ordinary skin diseases, the giving of easy medicines by the visiting doctor's advice, and the providing of milk for the very needy ones. Difficult or complicated cases should at once be sent to the Hospital.

In the afternoons, the nurse should pay visits round about find out the expectant mothers, recommend them to the centre for help and advise them to go to the hospital when their time comes. It should be remembered that all this work should be done kindly and unselfishly and with pleasure, so that more children and mothers will be induced to seek for help.

Propaganda work of different kinds should be undertaken, such as health lectures, magic lantern shows, exhibitions, etc. Also, if possible, occasional excursions and treats for the regular children should be arranged for.

There will be of course several other things to do; but that is for every worker to think out for herself.

MOTHER CONFESSOR.

2. New query. *Careful Mother* :

What literature should I give my child to read outside his school-work?

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

GARDEN NOTES.

THE best of houses looks incomplete without a garden, and a good simple garden can be made to flourish easily in India with a little trouble on the part of the lady of the house.

Cannas in an Indian garden always add to the beauty, and help to complete mass effects. *Cannas*, in order to grow well, ought to be planted in very large pots, and given heaps of manure. Or, instead of large pots, they can be planted in the ground; but care must be taken that they should be planted in deep holes, filled up with manure and loose soil. Also, the stems should be cut away at the very bottom, after the canna has flowered.

Maidenchair always looks so charming under the porch or in the verandah. It can be made to flourish easily by giving it plenty of water, and now and then adding a little charcoal powder to the soil.

The best manure for roses is tea leaves. It is a good hint to empty used tea-leaves on to rose beds every day, instead of throwing them away.

Phlox and *Dahlias* are such beautiful flowers to have in an Indian garden—especially as they can be grown so easily from seeds.

A good creeper to have in a garden, along hedges, or low trellis work, is the vine. Cuttings can be taken from other vines, and planted on the ground, with a small trench all round, so that it is kept apart from other vegetation. It needs just the usual manure which is given to other plants, and when the bunches of grapes appear, they should be enclosed in thin muslin bags.

PADDY.

Our Cookery Notes

WATERLESS COOKING

THE ideal waterless cooking is a process half-way between ordinary baking and ordinary steam cooking. In baking, the foods are surrounded by very hot and drying air that is usually from one to two hundred degrees above the boiling point. In steaming, the foods are surrounded by an atmosphere of steam. If it is an unsealed steamer, the temperature is that of the boiling point while in a pressure steam-cooker the temperature is ten to twenty-five degrees above the boiling point. The ideal condition in waterless cookery is that of a low temperature oven, with a damper or steamier atmosphere than an ordinary oven, but not with the saturated steamy effect of the ordinary steamer.

This is getting down to fine points of distinction, but to understand the reason we must consider the effects wanted in proper waterless cooking. We do not want to dry the foods out as in baking, nor do we want to leach them out as in boiling or to a lesser extent as in steaming. The aim in waterless cooking is to retain all the soluble mineral elements in the food and not to make soup or cooking waters with a lot of the nutritive ingredients dissolved in the water. This is a health point and it is also a flavor point.

There are a few foods that are so strong-flavored that they taste better if some of this taste is dissolved out of them and poured down the sink drain. But in most of our foods we want all the flavour retained as well as all the ingredients. Waterless cooking skilfully done achieves some very excellent flavor effects compared with ordinary boiling or steaming.

To get this the vessel itself must be hotter than the boiling point, which it cannot be if it is an open vessel with water in the bottom of it. But the vessel must not be too hot, or we will have an oven. In an ordinary steam cooker, water is put in the bottom of the vessel and the foods placed above the water. The foods are heated by the steam condensing on them and the water of condensation drips off.

So they are cooked in a sort of drip bath instead of a tub bath. The result is half-way between boiled foods and the ideal waterless cooking.

With the conditions of ideal waterless cooking, the foods heat through from the hot moist atmosphere and the reflected heat from the sides of the vessels. If things are just right, little or no water leaves the food and it is not dried out, but on the other hand little or no water condenses on the food to drip off and wash out the minerals and flavors.

The vessels called waterless cookers are built to make it easier to get this effect in cooking. One who is very skilled in the art can, however, get similar cooking effects from other types of utensils. The paper bag cookery that was exploited a few years ago and the better known encasserole cookery have this effect of making an oven atmosphere less drying and thus they approach the effects of waterless cooking.

The steam pressure cooker has an entirely different attribute of high speed cooking due to the fact that any moist substance under pressure heats above the boiling point and therefore cooks much quicker. It is hard for people to understand that bread or potatoes or any other moist product in an oven at the temperature of 400 degrees never gets above 212 degrees, as long as water is present in them. The brown crust of bread and browned skin of potatoes get hotter because they are dried out, but the interior never gets hotter than boiling water, as long as water is present at atmospheric pressure. Pressure raises the temperature of moist foods in cooking which is why it is high speed cookery, and is an entirely different problem from the "waterless" idea above discussed.

Wealth and Welfare.

Our Needle Work Notes.

Baby's Jacket Threaded with Ribbon (Size 6 to 12 months)

(SELECTED)

ABBREVIATIONS: ch., chain; d. c., double crochet; tr. treble. **Materials:** 2 Ozs. of 2-ply fingering; a No. 8 bone crochet hook; a ball of Arden's Star sylko No. 5, in colour to match wool; a steel crochet hook size 3; 6 yards of bebe ribbon; 2 yards of half-inch wide ribbon.

Commence with sixty-six chain.

1st Row: 1 d. c. into the third chain from hook, 3 d. c. into the next stitch, 1 d. c. into next, miss 2 chain, 1 d. c. into next; and repeat twelve times, making thirteen little points; miss two chain, 1 d. c. at end, 2 ch. turn.

2nd Row: 1 d. c. into the first double crochet of the group of three double crochet of previous row, taking up the back thread throughout the pattern, 3 d. c. into next double crochet, 1 d. c. into next, miss two stitches; and repeat from all along; miss 2 stitches, 1 d. c. at end, 2 ch. turn.

Repeat the 2nd row 32 times, when the piece should measure about 9 inches in length. This is the back of the jacket.

Now commence a shoulder. Make 2 chain to turn, as usual, then work as for 2nd row, until 5 little points of 3 double croche, have been made (over 5 points this will be), miss two stitches 1 d. c. into next, 2 ch. turn.

Work 10 more short rows in pattern, 26 ch., turn.

1st Row of Front: Miss two chain, 1 d. c. into next, 3 d. c. into next chain, 1 d. c. into next; repeat from all along chain, making five points, then work on across the five points of shoulder, 2 ch., 1 d. c. at end, 2 ch., turn, and work as for 2nd row.

Work 33 more rows in pattern, and fasten off.

Commence again at opposite side of back for second shoulder, work in pattern along five points, and continue thus until 11 rows altogether have been made, 26 ch., and continue as for first front. Fasten off.

Join up the sides, commencing at the hem, until 12 points remain unjoined for arm-hole. On these 12 points work 25 rows in pattern, and sew up the sleeve-seam.

For the neck, work trebles all round half an inch apart, 2 ch. between.

For the scalloped edge, which is worked round the neck, down fronts, and all round the hem of the jacket, and also round wrists, work as follows:

Wool over hook, insert into second stitch, draw wool through, and draw the stitch out until it is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length, wool over, and draw through the two loops, thus making a very loose double crochet, 3 ch., 1 d. c. into the first stitch (this will be across the base of the loose double crochet), miss one stitch; and repeat.

With the Sylko and the steel crochet hook, work round all the scallops thus: 1 d. c. into the top of the loose double crochet; 3 ch. 1 d. c. into the double crochet that crosses the loose stitch; continue thus to end.

Thread the bebe ribbon through the holes under and over the groups of three double crochet of pattern on fronts of jacket at a distance of an inch apart, carry the last piece over the shoulder and down back, turn up a small loop at hem, and sew neatly. Thread also round wrists, and up three centre rows of sleeves.

Pass the wide ribbon through the holes made by the row of treble at neck.

Our Health Notes.

REST

NO better rule for the very young and the aged can be adopted than that which demands that they rest before they feel

tired, although such a regulation is neither wise nor desirable for the grown-ups and the robust. Yet to avoid an excess of fatigue and to secure full rest will insure better health to anyone.

"Temperance in all things," said the ancients, and nowhere is the axiom more to be valued than in casting a balance between exercise and rest; and a well-considered balance must be cast in this matter by each individual for himself according to the circumstances of his own life. Much "indigestion" and flatulence would be avoided by the simple expedient of never eating when weary; by resting or lying down for a quarter or half hour as the case may be before the main meal, or perhaps before each of the two meals. The technique of adequate rest must vary with the time of life.

—*Wealth and Welfare.*

WHY NOISE IS HARMFUL.

Much has of late been said and written on the annoyance and harmful effects caused by noise in the hope that some efficient measures of control might be devised. Inquiries have been started to ascertain the effects of noise and in what way it is harmful to the bodily organism. Professor Laird, Director of the Psychological Laboratory of Colgate University, having made a scientific investigation, published the results in the *Scientific American*.

The harm that noise does, according to Professor Laird, does not seem to lie in injury to the mechanism of the ear or the auditory nerve, but rather in the arousing of the "fear-reaction." The muscular tension, the pulse rate, the blood pressure and the respiration are effected by the fear reaction. At the university of Michigan, a sleeper was studied and it was found that when a taxi passed his window a rise in blood pressure ensued, although the sleeper did not awaken.

Dr. J. B. Morgan discovered that when stenographers were working under the influence of noise they exerted more pressure on the keys of their instruments. Bodily energy was dissipated by a general tenseness of the muscles.

Professor Laird also found that, in experiments on typists, when the noise in the test room was reduced by only fifteen per cent there was a five per cent increase in the output and about twenty-five per cent less energy was employed in the typing.—*Good Health*

THE MEDICINAL VALUE OF PERFUMES.

The girl who comes home tired in the evening may find that the smell of rose perfume makes no appreciable difference to her jaded nerves. But if she tries a whiff of violet scent, it will be quite a different story. Open the window and take half a dozen

deep breaths; then close the window and take three or four inhalations of violet perfume. This little "treatment" has a curative effect on the nerves and makes a weary person feel quite fresh and fit again.

Women who are subject to fainting attacks should pay particular attention to the choice of perfume. Curiously enough, many so effected make a habit of using lavender water, or "Lily of the Valley", whereas rose or violet would suit them much better.

In a case of faintness, the sensitive woman can be revived with a whiff of strong pure violet scent, especially if this is followed up quickly with an inhalation of rose.

Headaches are often treated with eau-de-Cologne, but how often is the beneficial result of a lasting nature? Violet scent is actually more effective, especially if a single drop of ammonia is added.

Depression will often be relieved by a whiff of rose, sweet pea, or violet, no matter how much personal inclination goes out to exotic scents like amber and musk. The latter are far too heavy for everyday use, while their medicinal value is almost nil.

To plunge the face into a pillow perfumed with white lilac is to send troubles scuttling away for the time being. Even extreme cases of sleeplessness have been known to yield to a pillow scented with lavender and violet.

—*The Madras Mail.*

News and Notes.

JAPAN'S SPORTING WOMEN.

A writer in a Japan Magazine draws attention to the great interest that Japanese women take in games. Their aptitude for outdoor recreations is no less keen than that of the women of the West.

In athletics, too, the women of Japan are becoming no less prominent. At the Olympic games in Amsterdam last year Miss K. Hitomi won international fame; and there are other runners among the young women at home no less fleet of foot, like the Terao twins, who have done marvels in field and tack events, while Miss Hayashi of Tokyo won the highest award in the Basket Ball contest in the United States. In swimming, too, women are becoming conspicuous, though none have aspired to swim the straits to Korea, nor has any newspaper deigned to induce such foolhardy attempts. In tennis, Miss Moriwaki took the championship in Honolulu three years in succession.

Golf, being regarded as a pastime only for the idle rich, has made but slow progress among Japanese women so far; but there are already some good players, led by such distinguished persons as H. I. H. Princess Chichibu, who acquired the art at Washington;

and she is ably supported by Princess Asaka and Princess Kanin as well as the Marchioness Kacao. In Kobe and Osaka more women may be seen on the golf links with their husbands than in Tokyo and the north generally; and some of these, like Mrs. Sasabe, have become quite distinguished wielders of the historic club,

—*The Indian Review.*

THE FIRST KERALA LADY ADVOCATE.

A public meeting was held to congratulate Mrs. Anna Chandy, M. A., (Hons.) B. L., the first lady graduate in law and the first practising lady lawyer, in Kerala. There was a large gathering present. In the course of his introductory remarks, the president referred to the higher education of the ladies in Kerala and said that the percentage of ladies receiving higher education was greater in Travancore than anywhere else in India and that they were receiving adequate encouragement at the hands of Government. Mrs. Anna Chandy had taken a bold step and he hoped many others of her sex would follow her example. After the president's speech, an address was presented to her along with a gold medal on behalf of the public of Alleppy.

—*Hindu.*

ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

In the course of her presidential address at the fourth session of the All-India Women's Educational and Social Conference, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu emphatically declared that she was not a feminist and would never be one, as the demand for granting preferential treatment to women was an admission of their inferiority. There was no need for such a thing in India, for the women of this country had always stood by the side of men in political counsels and fields of battle.

Adverting to the purpose of the Conference, Mrs. Naidu continued that the Conference existed not merely to pass resolutions for educational and social reforms, but for something more profound, more intimate and more enduring in human value. The charge had been made against womanhood that their genius had been one of isolation, exclusion and passive resignation in the hands of destiny, and that they were bound by mere traditions and were unable to get beyond the fetters of dead convention and ideas. She thought the Conference was a triumph and a vindication of her assertion that the genius of Indian womanhood included everything and was all-comprehensive.

Indian culture was creative and was able to transmute even the hostility of enemies into friendship. The Conference was a proof of the indivisible quality of the fellowship of all women. All the circumstances of their national struggle must temporarily make them seem to be aggressively and almost exclusively nationalist in their attitude towards life, but she was first and last

a human being and did not recognise divisions of humanity, merely because of race and geographical barriers. Men made wars and created political and economic divisions for their selfish interests, and created combinations and groups of friendship and hostility. But all these were temporary shifts and the purpose of womanhood in the nation's and world's life was to do away with these temporary barriers. They were evangelists of peace working for the attainment of common rights of humanity, as against exploitation of nation by the nation.

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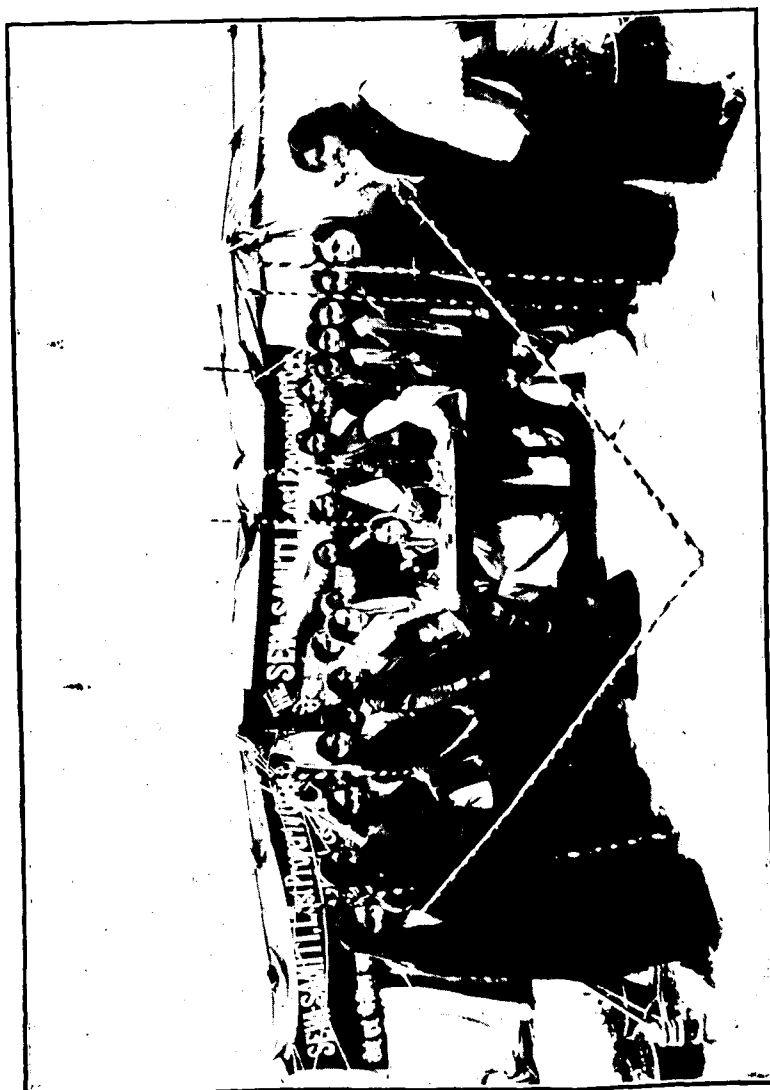
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A group photo of the Girl Guides of the All-India Seva Samiti, Allahabad, who worked at the recent Kumbha Mela held at Allahabad.
Photo by: T. N. AGNEW, Siraugam.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. III

APRIL

No. 9.

USELESSNESS.

Let mine not be the saddest fate of all
To live beyond my greater self ; to see
My faculties decaying, as the tree
Stands stark and helpless while its green leaves fall.
Let me hear rather the imperious call,
Which all men dread, in my glad morning time,
And follow death ere I have reached my prime,
Or drunk the strengthening cordial of life's gall.
The lightning's stroke or the fierce tempest blast,
Which fells the green tree to the earth today,
Is kinder than the calm that lets it last,
Unhappy witness of its own decay.
May no man ever look on me and say,
"She lives, but all her usefulness is past."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

DRAUPADI'S MAGNANIMITY.

BY PANCHANAN GANGOPADHYAY.

Translated from the Bengali by

KAVASSERI SHIVARAMA KRISHNAN.

ALTHOUGH many characters are described in stories and romances, it is the hero's character that is most elaborately developed, so that the others become less vivid. On hearing the word 'Ramayana,' it is the character and achievements of Ramachandra that are spontaneously recalled, and much attention is not drawn to the other characters described in that epic. In the Mahabharata too, there are many such ideal characters, but only the doings of Yudhishtira and others are more often brought to the mind. The name, 'Bhagavata', awakens the memory of Krishna's *lila*. Hence, if general attention is to be drawn to some one of the characters depicted in

the Puranas and classical epics, a separate development of that one becomes necessary, making but casual mention of the hero's doing. It is with this purpose that many minor plays and romances come to be written, as for instance *Bharat-vilap* (Bharata's Lament) exemplifying Bharata's fraternal love, or *Bhishmer Sharshayya* (Bhishma's Bed of Arrows) showing forth Bhishma's character. We shall be astounded if we read of the magnanimous nature of Draupadi, indicated in a few words, among the numerous characters depicted in the Bhagavata.

Ashwathama entered the Pandavas' tent secretly at night and killed the five sleeping sons of Draupadi. Plunged in heavy grief, Draupadi began to weep on hearing the news of her children's death. A mother's heart is crushed if one child dies; the state of Draupadi when all her five sons perished at one stroke cannot even be imagined. It is natural in man to console the afflicted. Many spoke to her words of comfort in many ways. The consolation that Arjuna, the prince of Kshatriyas, offered was befitting a Kshatriya. He said :

'Then shall I wipe away thy tears, fair one, when thou, after thy sons' cremation, will bathe with the head of the vile Brahmin foeman for a seat, brought by me with the shafts released from my Gândîva.'

The Kshatriya princess felt some comfort at the e consolatory words worthy of a warrior and waited expectantly for Arjuna's return. After a time, Arjuna returned to the tent with Ashwathama, bound with cords, and placed him in front of Draupadi.

Arjuna's words had kindled the fire of revenge in Draupadi's heart, crushed as it was with grief for her children, and she had derived some comfort only from his promise that he would kill the slayer of her sons. But, as soon as she saw Drona's son bound like a brute, motherly grief and desire for revenge vanished from her heart.

'Seeing the preceptor's son thus brought, bound with ropes even as kine are, and with head bent at his own execrable deed, Draupadi, woman that she was, was filled with compassion and bowed her head, grievously though he had injured her.'

The assembled people had felt sure that Draupadi, immediately on seeing Ashwathama, would ask Arjuna to cut off his head, and were astounded to see her bow before the captive like embodied fortitude and great-mindedness. Then Draupadi, unable any longer to bear such a slight offered to the Guru's son, thus spoke to Arjuna :

'A Brahmin is he and meet to be greatly worshipped ; let him, oh ! let him be released!'

Fearing that Arjuna would disregard her words, Draupadi, from respect to the Guru, proceeded to argue Arjuna out of committing the sin of slaying a Brahmin :

'By whose grace thou learnedst the lore of the bow and its secret lore, as well as the sending and calling back of miraculous weapons, that sire Drona, here stands before thee in the guise of his son',—

So that by killing him Arjuna would incur the sins of killing a Brahmin and his own Guru as well. She told him further how Drona's wife, Kripi, did not follow her lord on his death, only because she had given birth to a hero like Ashwathamâ. Now, if such a son were to be slain, Kripi would give up her life and Arjuna would be answerable for the death of a woman too.

By such reasoning Draupadi aimed at kindling a regard for *Dharma* in Arjuna's mind.

'And so, O great one and knower of *Dharma*, it is not meet that the preceptor's kin, worthy, of all worship should come to grief at your hands.'

And then in the hope of awakening pity in the warrior's heart she said :

'Let not his mother, who knew no God but her husband, weep as I am doing, aye lamenting with tear-stained face the death of my sons.'

Words like these that were spoken by Draupadi, overwhelmed with grief for her sons, are not to be found anywhere. That grief she was experiencing in every fibre of her heart; and she was anxious that the Guru's wife should not have to feel such sorrow for Ashwattama, even though he had killed her own children, and endeavoured to avert his death. With this object, she did not omit even to instil fear in Arjuna's mind, lest he should make light of her various arguments. She said :

'The Brahmin family, moved to fury by wild Kshatriyas, burns up the whole clan of the latter in the fire of sorrow'.

Draupadi appears as an embodiment of courage and forbearance in thus insisting on Ashwathama's release. Sri Krishna, Yudhishtira and all other men and women there respectfully appreciated her words for their *Dharma*, reason, compassion, guilelessness and pathetic magnanimity. So, Arjuna following Krishna's direction severed the jewel on Ashwathama's head and, loosening his bonds, let him go alive. .

On contemplating this action of that ideal woman, it appears impossible to measure, or even imagine, the bounds of her magnanimity. Her exalted standard of devotion to *Dharma*, her regard for the Guru, her courage, forbearance and compassion are evident in her endeavours to save the life of a deadly enemy, who had killed her sons even on being set before her as a prisoner.

No man can have such qualities, if *Dharma* is not considered the aim of life. Draupadi was able to set aside her own grief and save the Guru's son because she was so devoted to *Dharma*. Whatever regard for righteousness exists among men even in this iron age is derived from the character of our women; but even this is gradually decaying for want of cultivation, and as a result our children are becoming frivolous and unrighteous, weak and futile. The village saying, 'If mother is not, the son is not,' conceals a rare and profound truth. If Indian women to-day remain self-restrained and devoted to *Dharma*, even as of old, their sons can again be expected to be endowed with bravery, greatness, power and righteousness, and the India of the Mahabharata will return ere long and become again a holy land.

A GIANT IN LITERATURE.

AT the close of one of his literary essays, Lord Macaulay draws in his inimitable style a picture of those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the foreground of the picture, there is a gigantic body with a huge massive face seamed with the scars of disease, hands dirty and nails bitten and pared to the quick. The body moves its eyes and mouth with convulsive twitches, rolls heavily and puffs audibly. It cries out frequently, "Why Sir?" "What then Sir?", "No, Sir," and "You don't see your way through the question, Sir?" This strange yet attractive figure is the figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson, than whom no name more familiar is recorded in the history of English Literature.

Born of a bookseller and stationer, Johnson fought his way through poverty so dire that many a time, he ate behind a screen, ashamed to show his ragged clothes and doubting whether he would be able to find a meal when he felt hungry again. He was born when Queen Anne was on the throne of England. When he took to literature, the throne was occupied by a choleric little Sovereign, who cared nothing for letters. Fortune smiled on him when he was fifty-four years old, for George II had been succeeded by his son, who loved science and the arts as much as his father disliked them. The education of George III had been such that when, he came to the throne, his taste and beneficence prompted him to be the patron of men of letters. It having been represented to him that "Johnson was a very learned and good man without any certain provision", he was pleased to grant the impecunious scholar a pension of three hundred pounds a year. Johnson had not defined a pensioner in complimentary terms in his dictionery. He therefore hesitated to accept the pension without consulting his

friends. But the Earl of Bute, who was then the Prime Minister and who had the honour to announce the royal favour, assured Johnson that the pension was given, not for anything that Johnson was to do, but for what he had done. There was no stipulation whatever, nor even a tacit understanding, that he should write on the side of administration, as long as he was in the enjoyment of the pension. True, Johnson wrote afterwards political tracts against the opponents of the government, but they would have been written even if no pension had been granted to him.

Johnson was once described as a robust genius born to grapple with Libraries. He was a voracious reader of books, although it is said of him that he never read a book through. Sometimes, he read from a variety of books, throwing down one and taking up another. He had a strange habit of intently poring over the backs of books; and, when taunted for this strangeness of habit, he answered, "Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves or we know where we can find information upon it. When we enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues and the backs of books in libraries." In his early years, he read hard, and at eighteen he knew as much as he did when he was old. When a student at Oxford, an old gentleman said to him, "Young man, ply your books diligently now and acquire a stock of knowledge; for, when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." Before proceeding to Oxford, he passed two years at home reading a great deal in a desultory manner, without any scheme of study, as chance threw books in his way and inclination directed him through them. Once he imagined that behind a large folio on an upper shelf in his father's shop, an apple had been hidden by his brother. He climbed up the shelf but instead of finding an apple, he discovered that the folio was Petrarch whom he had read somewhere as a restorer of learning. He became curious and sitting down, read a great portion of the book with avidity. During the two years referred to, he read no work of amusement, no voyages nor travels. His reading was all literature, ancient writers all mainly; so that when he went to Oxford, he had looked into a great many books not commonly known at the Universities. He was ever general and unconfined in his studies, and consequently mastered no science in particular. But he managed to accumulate a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which made him a veritable giant among his contemporaries. By the way, desultory reading may not earn the approval of fastidious scholars; but it has contributed to the making of many a literary person of repute.

Johnson's manners were far from polished. At the very first interview, which Boswell obtained after many attempts, he received

a stunning stroke at Johnson's hands. Johnson asked Tom Davies who had just introduced Boswell, what he thought of Garrick. In his eagerness to get into conversation with the great man, Boswell ventured to say a good word of Garrick. With a stern look, Johnson returned "Sir, I have known David Garrick longer than you have done and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." This answer, not merely mortified Boswell, but made him think that his long-indulged hope of obtaining Johnson's friendship had been blasted. Fortunately, his ardour was too uncommonly strong and his resolution too uncommonly persevering, to be deterred by such a rough reception from making further attempts. Had he withdrawn from the field, those table talks which enliven English literature and which will die only with the English language, would not have been recorded. In these talks, to use Boswell's own words, Johnson tossed and gored several persons. A nobleman regretted, in a company of men of literary distinction, that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement and lived more in polished society. "No, no my Lord," said one of the company, "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear". "True", answered the nobleman, "but he would have been a dancing bear". The epithet of a bear was going round to Johnson's prejudice, when Goldsmith, who knew him well, said justly and happily that he had nothing of the bear but his skin, for, though he had a roughness in his manner, no man alive had a more tender heart.

Goldsmith himself experienced the tenderness of Johnson's heart, when his foolish extravagance led to his arrest by his landlady for failure to pay rent. This incident will be of much interest in Johnson's own narration—"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." [The novel sold by Johnson is 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' The book-seller who bought it, had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, for Goldsmith's fame had not been elevated then. He ven-

tured to publish it only after Goldsmith had established his reputation by the appearance of his 'Traveller'!]

No man was more remarkable for personal courage than Johnson. His corporal prowess was as much as his intellect. He once declared that James Macpherson's 'Ossian' had no merit and that many men, many women and many children could have written it. This led to Macpherson writing to Johnson in a language different from that of a literary contest. Johnson rejoined that he would do his best to repel any violence offered to him and he would not be deterred by the menaces of a ruffian from detecting what he thought a cheat.

There are many other instances of his personal prowess and one of them is worth while recording here. In the playhouse at Litchfield, Johnson for a moment left the chair placed specially for him. A gentleman took possession of it, and Johnson on his return, civilly asked him to give it up. The gentleman, having rudely refused to quit the chair, Johnson laid hold of it and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote, the actor and mimic, contemplated imitating this action of Johnson on the stage, expecting that he could make great profits by ridiculing so celebrated a man. When Johnson was informed of Foote's contemplation at a dinner in a friend's house, he asked the friend what the common price of an oak stick was; and having been answered that it was six pence, he said, "Why then, Sir, give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for, I am told, Foote means to 'take me off' as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." The friend took care to acquaint Foote of this, and the mimic, to his fortune, checked his wantonness. Boswell himself once remarked to Johnson that Foote had a great deal of humour and a singular talent for exhibiting character. Johnson admitted that Foote had humour, but held that his exhibition of character was not a talent, but a vice. "Did not he think of exhibiting you, Sir?" asked Boswell. "Sir," answered Johnson, "fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg. I would not have left him a leg to cut off."

T. D. TANGASWAMI.

EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is an unfolding, growing process, and proceeds from within outward, which is also the natural order of development of all organic life and Nature. Accordingly, it is the only basis upon which to form and build up any democratic order

or Government. As asserted by Plato, "Like man, like state—" governments vary as the characters of men.

More recently, Samuel Smiles offered the wise counsel, that, "It is of comparatively little consequence how a man is governed from without, while everything depends upon how he governs and unfolds from within, the greatest slave being, not he who is ruled by a despot, but he who is in the thrall of his own moral ignorance, selfishness, and vice. So long as the fatal delusion prevails that liberty solely depends upon and consists in government, little benefit can be derived by change of masters or even institutions. The solid foundation of liberty must rest upon individual character. Where national character ceases to be upheld, a nation may be regarded as next to lost. Where it ceases to esteem and to practice the virtues of truthfulness, it does not deserve to live. And when the time arrives in any country, when wealth has so corrupted, or pleasure so depraved, or faction so infatuated a people, that honor, order, virtue, and loyalty have become things of the past, then amid the darkness, when honest men—if there be such left—are groping for each other, their only remaining hope will be in the restoration and elevation of individual character, for by that alone can a nation be saved."

So much for the subjective aspect, but education in the light of the inner objective urge of men and women projects the inquiry, what is the aim of life? Given the observation of all natural organic life, it is evident that it is growth—reproductive—creative. And I assume from this as a basis, without going into long theoretical argument, that we shall right many of our social problems, when we have better united our social orders on a just basis of growth, and on the unfolding of each to the best extent of their powers and bent of their talent. In the face of this, it is inevitable that character building should be the primary basis of education.

Among one of the leaders, who have established a progressive school to advance the individuality and special fitness of the child, is Dr. Felix Adler of N. Y., who has stated as follows :—

"To improve human conditions it is necessary to improve human beings. The converse is also true. Better people to achieve better conditions; to have better people—the effort of change must be undertaken at both ends. But as soon as we agree that education is a mighty tool from which the greatest things are to be expected, we are challenged to examine the tool we have in hand, with the view to determine whether it is competent to perform its task. If education is to improve mankind, the first imperative necessity is that education itself be improved."

And education must be practical, as in the words of Angelo Patri in his book, *School and Home*. "We are tired of the word, education. We want something real. We are tired of education where the teacher does the whole job, the thinking, talking, answering, and the rating. We are tired of education that makes us dependent. We have paid sufficient attention to dead things. We want to work with living forces. It is not enough to tell us to walk uprightly. Let us walk uprightly, then we shall know how it feels to be and to play the part of men and women. We shall feel it with our whole bodies and sense it with our whole souls."

Moreover, in as much as life is growth, and education and unfolding process from within outward, it must be recognized according to Prof. Charles H. Cooley, that, "The fundamental need of men is self-expression, for making their will felt in whatever they feel close to their hearts." Just as the muscles gain their temper by use, so the mind, soul, and character of child, woman, and man, expand and gain self-mastery and experience in expression. Under repression we begin to learn how important this is.

One of the most important mediums for co-ordinating mind and body in children, and becoming more and more recognized in America, is Interpretive Dancing. Leaders of this type of dancing have founded and conduct large schools, and have taken their place among the foremost thinkers in child education. Ted Shawn in his book—*The American Ballet*, gives every evidence of it, as well as a better spirit of civilizing, than found in others written by those devoted to that task of study alone.

States Mr. Shawn, "We would give the children their complete academic education, maintaining a staff of carefully-chosen teachers, and using the best methods in education. The training of children to-day inclines towards the development of the creative instinct, reverting to the root meaning of the word, educate, which is to draw out of the child those latent qualities which are all there in embryo. The so-called academic studies would be correlated to the dance training, so that the child would study the history and geography along with the arts and decorations. Thus children, starting with the kindergarten and going through the usual grammar and high school grades would emerge with academic education and a synthetic art education, complete for that stage of attainment."

Man's idea of education and civilization, has been largely based on the idea of repressive discipline. His failures, and whatever breaks out in erratic proportion, are due to his failure to interpret nature correctly, and to provide proper channels and means for healthy growth. But Nature will assert itself and its laws, in spite of man's criminal practice in religion, governments, and industry. Woman and motherhood have been prostituted by these

for ages, in spite of protest and misery, until today woman has gained freedom and position to challenge man on his own ground of control.

Civilization cannot progress greatly, or pure democracy obtain, until due respect and national honor pay tribute to scientific, educated, and capable mothers, and until such a society matures, in which it will be a pleasure for them to be such. Moralists and preachers rave about capable motherhood, while they foster those very conditions in which man has wrung, his sexual gratification from her at her cost. And, in regarding her as a slave, he has expected her to be the ideal mother also.

If women in their organized efforts would realize that the mature woman is she who has been a mother, that they cannot legislate morality and ethics into a people, that they can do most for posterity and progress through the child, whose habits beginning immediately at birth contribute the solid foundation to character; and when progressive leaders and movements support this fact, then, we will obtain men and women upright and determined enough to stop wars, corrupt government, and social evils. Nor is this a task involving only the mother but both parents. The home is equally a place for the father, as society and the world, for that of the mother; it is our task to bring about a just balance in this matter; to find a just means, in which economic control does not become a disadvantageous power in the hands of one, or a pursuit so necessary, that we are caused to lose sight of the human end of life.

We have dedicated our social orders, except for a brief pause in a period of Greek history, to all other ends than the glorification and good of Man. Education has been a technical training, not so much for Man's own development, as for that of material building. In the words of Rousseau, who did much to inspire the democratic ideals upon which the American nation was founded,—“Man is born free, yet everywhere we find him in chains”

Just men have been endeavouring for ages to bring about a democratic social life, a social order run by, and for, the people. It has not been realized, because social leaders—due to lack of general knowledge and vision—have not had adequate faith in Man.

My experience as an executive in business with both men and women, has been that the person with less academic education, with a degree of natural rapid intellect, combined with a good character foundation and personal integrity, has been more dependable and a greater investment in the long run. Regardless of occupation or interest, Accuracy, Concentration, Courtesousness, Initiative, Judgment, Observation; Perseverence, Preparedness, and Reliability, are qualities to develop in a child, that it needs later in life in any and all pursuits; whether in business, government,

science, or art. Look among your friends and others, and you will find that the lack of one of these fundamentals greatly mars their efficiency and progress.

It was William James, one of our pioneers in education, who declared, “The most colossal improvement which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the instruction of the manual training schools, not because they will give us people handy and practical for domestic life and better skill in trades, but because they will give citizens with an entirely different intellectual fibre. Laboratory work and shop work engender a habit of observation, a knowledge of the difference between accuracy and vagueness, and an insight into nature's complexity. They confer precision; because, if you are doing a thing, you must do it definitely right or wrong. Honesty develops, for, when you express yourself by making things, and not using words, it becomes impossible to dissimulate vagueness or ignorance by ambiguity. These schools beget a habit of self-reliance; they keep the interest and attention always cheerfully engaged, and reduce the teacher's disciplinary functions to a minimum.”

It is not enough however that natural and normal methods of development take place only in childhood, and stop there. If a child finds equilibrium and balance in character and mental capacity, through opportunity of expression and practice, it is equally true that the same is necessary to continuous development and accomplishment in any stage of man's or woman's life. It is necessary to the health of any human society, where Woman and Man have pre-eminence over artificially created deities. For the great danger in every race has been, that, in the flower of material welfare, the public mind drifts away from the human ends and aspects of life, forgetting that Woman and Man are not only the seed of creation, the source of social action, but also the cause for its existence. The social problem is, not only to give every woman and man their due, the fullest opportunity for normal growth; but also to create a free medium, in which thoughts and ideas from specialized fields may find focus and mental co-ordination.

Much more distinctly than transportation, water power, or communication by post, telegraph, telephone, and radio—all of which are under strict government supervision and regulation—the press is burdened with responsibility for general well-being, public morality, and harmonious operation of democratic government. The freedom of the Press was intended, and should in fact be, freedom to defend something other than majority opinion: it ought be a freedom to defend the minority opinion. But, more than this it should be looked upon as an agency of creative faculty, bringing forth thought from all angles.

"Education however, instead of being free to do its work has been sidetracked, and made to serve ends which are irrelevant—the state, the church, popular notions of morality, efficiency, ambition, and social security. Education has not these ends, but is something that will broaden the interests and sympathies of people regardless of their daily occupation—or along with it—to lift men's thought out of the monotony and drudgery which are the common lot, to free the mind from servitude and herd opinion, to train habits of judgment and appreciation of value, to carry on the struggle for human excellence in our day and generation, to temper passion with wisdom, to dispel prejudice by better knowledge of self, to enlist all men in the measure that they have capacity for it, in the achievement of civilization.

"The time must come when educators will have something to say on their own account. Instead of giving all their attention to social service, pedagogical methods, and administration detail, they will again approach their task in a philosophical spirit. Many people now see the need of a well-considered philosophy of education. The ancient Greeks felt the need, and perhaps we of the West are just beginning to realize the need to be better civilized."

NAPOLÉON BERNARD.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE

HEROINES OF MEWAR.

A GLORIOUS DEFEAT.

OWING to the weakness of Rana Vikrama Singh, the country became a prey to the forces of disorder and disruption. The result was never in doubt. Unhappy Mewar had to meet the combined forces of Gazarat and Malwa. Vikramjit was defeated and driven out of the country. The capital city of Chitor was surrounded and there was little hope of any further resistance on the part of its citizens. Never had she fallen so low!

All of a sudden, Jawaharbai the Maharani of Chitor, called for an emergent meeting of Rajput ladies, and spoke to them thus:—"My sisters, we are ready today to save our womanly *dharma* by celebrating the *Johur*. Indeed we shall thus save our honour; but how could our country benefit by this useless act of self-sacrifice? We are all eager to meet death; but how shall we do it? If we die, would it not be better if we take with us the lives of our foes as well? Who would dare to assert that our arms lack strength? We, who hold in our palms the hands of Rajput warriors, can also wield the Rajput swords. A Rajputni

is the goddess of her husband's home; in love his comrade; a queen in his kingdom; and his companion in the field of battle. It runs in our veins. And we have ever followed our lords to their fields of honour; And why hesitate today? Instead of a futile death, let us go to the battlefield and take the lives of our enemies. But beware, none should be allowed to be taken alive. If we fail to hunt the heads of our foes, instantly, should we offer our own heads on our swords and die."

Hundreds of Rajput ladies rushed to the field. The enemies were simply stunned and confused at this unexpected attack. Inspired by the example of goddess Durga, the heroic Maenads took a terrible toll of their enemy's lives. But the small army of feminine heroism could not long contend against countless numbers. At last, they were all surrounded and cut to pieces. The Rajputni is truly a die-hard!

Ultimately Mewar fell and her warrior-Queens were all dead, with clenched swords. If none could survive, better such a glorious death as these daughters of the warrior clan had faced. Even in their defeat, their fame is still undimmed by the lapse of time

(2)

The princess of Rupnagar was being escorted to the court of Delhi to be married to Alamgir Aurangzeb. Being entreated, the Rana Raja Simha of Mewar resolved to rescue the unfortunate princess from infidel hands. His army was ordered to march at once. The chieftain of Chudavat was one of the feudal lords of Mewar, who were mobilised for the occasion. He must obey the Royal summons.

The chieftain was only recently married. How could he leave behind, him, perhaps helpless, his newly-brought bride? "My dear, I have no hope of returning alive," said he to his Queen. She replied quite characteristically, "That must be the ambition of every Rajput. What! do you fear Death?"

"No! it is not for my death that I fear", replied the chieftain, "it is on your account, my dear; just now you have entered wedlock. You have known nothing of this world. What will become of you after my death? It is this anxiety that is gnawing into my heart."

The Princess replied:—"God's will be done. If misfortune befell you, do you think, a Rajput's daughter does not know her duties? Please go to war without anxiety on my account. I assure you, I shall not fail, nor even delay by a minute, to protect my honour after your departure; please go to war."

But suspicious hearts are not easily satisfied. The chieftain was not reassured. Just before departing, he spoke to his trusted servant maid about his doubts regarding his young wife, whether she would become *sati* or not. The young princess heard of her

lord's unfounded suspicions. She knew, that the chieftain would fail as a warrior in the battlefield if he were weighed down with anxiety concerning his home. She called for her servant and said:—You carry my head to my lord. Then at least, he will fight with a free heart."

In the flash of a moment, the Rajput maiden sundered her head with her own hand. The servant was stricken dumb. She took the head to the chieftain as commanded by the dying queen. The suspicious husband was rendered speechless. He felt as if he had received heavenly inspiration. He tenderly wore the gory head round his neck, even like Kalarudra, and fell on his enemies, mad with fury. He cut and slashed on every side. His enemies' army was driven like leaves in a storm. The Princess of Rupnagar was rescued at last—from the Moghul forces—thanks to the *heroism of a sister Rajput princess*.

With acknowledgements to Tyagabhami

V. R.

"THE KADUVAVETTI."

The Coming of the Stranger.

NOON and the sweltering heat of an Indian jungle! Even the squirrels seemed too lazy to move. In the distance was heard the monotonous "ding-dong-toch!" of the coppersmith bird. All else slept under the noon-day glare.

A discordant note was struck by the gaudy tents of a Rajah's hunting entourage pitched in a small open space, by pawing horses, the gentle sway of state-elephants, and the sunlight glinting on silver-covered howdahs. There were several tents, but one was larger, more variegated in colour, more out of place. Within sat the Rajah of Bhang and his courtiers.

The Maharajah reclined on soft cushions, a little apart from his followers. Of middle height, he was dark, and his moustache and short beard gave one an impression almost of ferocity. This was borne out by the gleaming spear and stout shield, which were standing against a chest a little way behind. A short sword lay near the Rajah's right hand. But the air of fierceness was belied by the ready smile and twinkling eyes. Fifty summers had passed over him, but this son of India remained sturdy, strong and straight.

The Vizier had told some tale and the company was laughing, when suddenly the laughter ceased, as the tent's opening darkened and a figure entered, dusty, tattered, holding poised, for hurling, a spear aimed at the Raja. The courtiers hurriedly searched for weapons, when the voice of the stranger cut in upon their quest:

"Hold!" it cried "The man, that moves, hastens the death of his lord. Give me food and drink, and let me go in peace." The Rajah smiled.

"Friend," quoth he, "Thou art hot in body and hot in temper. Throw down that bodkin! Lo, here be food and drink; sit and eat." This was said in a casual tone, but the undercurrent air of authority brought the stranger's hand to his side, and the spear dropped from his fingers.

The Rajah clapped his hands, and to the attendants who came, he gave directions to provide the stranger with water to lave himself and apparel to wear, and then to lead him back to the main tent.

The stranger went with them,

"Yon stranger hath an open look", the Rajah said casually.

"My heart feared that he might lay open thy body Sire!", growled a hoary vassal

"Yea!" said another, "The stranger hath an eye of fire, and verily, methinks he could throw his spear at a pea and split it." He shook his head meaningly.

The Rajah smiled inscrutably

Once more the tent door darkened, and a tall figure swept in, robed in flowing silks. It made obeisance before the Rajah and stepping back, stood in full view of all within, tall, well-knit, with a roving eye to take hold of the heart of a maid, limbs whereon the muscles rippled like waves on a lake, and an honest face of pleasing ugliness. And the whole of him was about twenty-five years old.

"Friend," said the Rajah, "sit and eat. For it is ill that a full man should ask questions of an empty one."

Before the Rajah's words had ceased, the attendants had guided the stranger to a pile of cushions and set fruit and meats and drink before him; and he, by the largeness of his appetite, gave evidence of the length of his fast.

At last, replete, he stood up and turned to his host.

"Forgive me, Sire," he said; "but hunger compelled me. I was driven from my home for an offence I did not commit. My lands were taken from me, and my doors shut in my face. Homeless, friendless, have I wandered."

The Rajah looked the stranger squarely in the eye.

"What may be thy name, thy station and what canst thou do?" he queried.

The stranger pondered awhile, and in a quiet voice answered:

"Sire, name have I none, my birth is as good as thine own. I can hold my saddle on the wildest horse thou canst procure, prove my sword on thy best swordsmen and throw my spear with the strongest in thy land."

The Raja eyed the stranger quizzically.

"Friend nameless," he retorted, thou hast an honest look, and I believe thy story. Abide thou with us. We will not seek after thy past nor harry thee with questions. Stay! Keep thyself close to me, for thou shall be my personal attendant."

The nameless one bowed low and stepped aside.....

How the stranger got his name.

The hunt was on. Swishing grass and wary eye, glinting spear and gleaming swords, bows bent and swords drawn and nerves strung high. The din and the cry of the bears.

Suddenly a lithe mass of yellow and black leaped before the Rajah's elephant and looked angrily about. He seemed suddenly to decide on the Rajah as his chief assailant and author of his troubles. As the Rajah flung his spear, the elephant swayed, and the spear swished past the angry tiger.

Snarling and swishing his tail he glared at the Rajah. Then suddenly, the tail stopped its swishing and the tiger crouched and sprang. Square on the elephant's head he landed, knocking the mahout senseless to the ground. The elephant, maddened with fright and squealing in agony lurched to and fro, then ran madly through the forest. The Rajah keeping his feet with difficulty stood unarmed and helpless before the tiger. His courtiers, following as closely as they could, paused uncertainly with spears ready poised. The Rajah's elephant was moving swiftly trying to shake off the unaccustomed burden, and a spear aimed at the tiger might as easily miss altogether as lodge in the body of their master.

The Rajah, feeling that his end was near, decided to face it boldly like his fathers. The infuriated beast's hot breath was nauseating him, the hate-reddened eyes glared into his own, the cruel teeth were bared in a snarl. Setting his face-resolutely, the Rajah reached for the beast's throat. "Better to die fighting", he thought. Suddenly something hissed past his face. He saw a spurt of red blood, a dripping sword blade, heard a strange gurgle, then the head of the tiger fell within the howdah, and the twitching body thudded to the ground. The elephant rushed on a while and then stopped, trumpeting shrilly.

The Rajah wheeled round and stared at the other occupant of his howdah. The hunting party gazed open-mouthed.

The new personal-attendant of the Rajah, whom they had all forgotten for the moment, was calmly wiping his scimitar.

"One stroke! one stroke to sever a tiger's head from his body! Impossible!" the Rajah murmured unbelievably. And yet the two bleeding pieces of flesh, which a few minutes before had been a living animal within an ace of putting an end to the life of the ruler of Bhang, bore mute testimony to the fact.



"LILAMANI WAS SIXTEEN"

(See page 413)

Silently, the party returned to camp.

Later, the Rajah spoke to his attendant.

"Friend nameless, nameless be thou no longer. I name thee "Kaduvavetti—slayer of Tigers! Thou shalt have charge over a portion of my armies and thou shalt earn thyself fame and honour."

The Kaduvavetti bowed low.

How the Kaduvavetti won him a bride.

Two years had passed and the Kaduvavetti had gained much honour, and men spoke of his prowess on the battle-field with bated breath. He was the Rajah's most trusted counsellor, and his statesmanship was as efficient as his right arm was sure.

The Chief of the Rajah's armies was afraid of the maids. The daughters of the nobles of the Rajah's court vainly strove to attract him. Perhaps, they failed largely, because his visits to the capital were few and brief in duration. But maidens are crafty creatures and one, who had lovely hair, ceased wearing flowers that the beauty of her locks might stand alone. Another, who had beautiful arms, made herself a golden that the gold bracelet might be shamed by the ivory of her skin.

But the Kaduvavetti walked on unheeding,—heart-free.

One day, Lilamani, the only daughter of the Rajah, returned from a long sojourn at the distant court of an uncle.

Lilamani was sixteen, and possessed all the beauty that Indian women can have, a lissome figure, an ivory complexion, big eyes. A mass of curly locks framed an exquisite face, almost elfin in its delicacy; the eyes now grave, now gay, indicated a love of mischief.

To her, the maidens carried the saga of the Kaduvavetti's achievements and the news of his imperviousness to feminine charms.

"What!" cried the princess, "doth the slayer of tigers defy Kama! We shall see! He shall bow low to him yea, grovel at his feet. Come, I will unfold a plan, whereby this same haughty warrior may be made to kneel at a maiden's feet." And the maidens merrily gathered around her.

... ..

The Kaduvavetti was walking in the palace-garden, awaiting audience with the Rajah, when suddenly he heard the sound of sobbing nearby. He searched around for the source. Crouched at the foot of a tree, he found a maiden weeping bitterly. The Kaduvavetti stepped swiftly to her side and raised her to her feet.

"Maiden, why weepest thou?" he asked gently.

"Lord" she answered, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I am the daughter of the Rajah's gardener. To-day, my father gave me a golden bracelet to keep awhile, and while I was

drawing water, the bracelet, which in my vanity I had put around my arm, slipped and fell into the water. The well is very deep, and my father will verily punish me." And she sobbed yet more bitterly.

The Kaduvavetti paused. He wondered if this lovely maiden was also one of those who sought to share his life. No! This was a poor damsel, who asked for nought save comfort. She was too beautiful to stoop to deceit and, and—and—that bracelet must have looked glorious on her arm. He made a sudden decision.

"Here!" he cried. "Take this bracelet of mine and make thy peace with thy father."

Hastily he unclasped the gem-studded bracelet from his own arm and thrust it into her hands, and, turning abruptly, sauntered away.

The maiden's tears ceased as if by magic, and a smile transfigured her face.

The Kaduvavetti walked on abstractedly, forgetting his audience with the Rajah. That night he dreamed of slender arms and golden bracelets, of a weeping maid, of an oval face and soft brown eyes brimming over with tears; of a rosebud mouth. He woke from his couch with a feeling of unease.....

The following day, the Rajah rallied him on his non-appearance at the Council chamber.

"Thou hast been with a maid," he said shrewdly. "Thou art all lover-like—sighing and wandering in thought."

The Kaduvavetti made no answer.

In the afternoon, the Kaduvavetti suddenly found himself at the same spot in the palace-garden. And the maiden was there too, making a garland of flowers and smiling bashfully at him as he approached.

"Is it peace between thy father and thee?" he asked.

The maiden nodded mutely, and shyly she raised her head and looked into his eyes. The man knew a sense of panic. Then, suddenly rising, she flung the garland around his neck, and turning, fled down the path, her *saree* billowing behind her, slender ankles twinkling.

The Kaduvavetti stood petrified for a moment, then gave chase. It was a long race, for the maiden was fleet of foot. Finally, he caught her and held her by her hands. She faced him bravely.

"Thou art no gardener's daughter, maiden!" he affirmed. "Thou art too beautiful!"

The maiden blushed and shook her head.

"What is thy name?" he asked.

"Lilamani", came the response from the downcast head, "and also, thou art hurting my hands."

"Maiden", said the man, "I thank thee for the garland, and-and-but-and, Oh! Thou art so lovely!"

Here, a sense of panic overcame the slayer of tigers, for dropping her hands, he fled precipitately.

Lilamani, her face tinted to glorious pink, buried her face in her hands, and peal after peal of silvery laughter rang through the garden....

That night, the Kaduvavetti startled his old servant by asking him; "Ho, Manu! What gifts please a maiden?"

The old retainer shook his head.

"Maidens are dangerous, Lord!" he said, "They take men's hearts into their hands and play with them and break them, and laugh." The veteran warrior cursed under his breath.

"Pehaw!" retorted the Kaduvavetti, "Thou crusty old soldier! Thou knowest nought of women's ways!"

Manu's eyes lit up as he asked softly:

"Dost thou, Lord?"

The question left the Kaduvavetti silent.

That night again he dreamed of Lilamani.

On the next day, once more he hied to the garden. Lilamani in all her loveliness sat on the grass making a flower-garland. She saw him approaching and smiled to herself.

"The plan works!" she murmured to no one in particular.

The man approached and stood by her, drinking in her beauty. Neither said a word.

She rose, quickly flung the garland around his neck and once more ran. Again, he gave chase and caught the tantalising maiden by her left hand. The shock of being suddenly stopped flung her against his breast. Swiftly his arms went around her. The sweet scent of her hair was in his nostrils, and the mocking face was near his own.

He bent and kissed her lips.

"Moon of my delight" he breathed, dry-tongued, "I have sought thee all my days. O! Jewel of my heart's desire, I love thee, love thee, love thee! Tell me, my dawn-maiden, dost thou love me one little measure, the length of thy tiny finger?"

The maiden did not answer, but suffered him to kiss his fill. Curiously enough, she experienced a feeling of content, feeling his arms around her.

"Maiden," he asked finally, "wilt thou marry me, unworthy as I am?"

"What!" she cried in mock astonishment, "the daughter of the Rajah's gardener to marry the Lord of the Rajah's armies!"

"I care not!" he cried desperately. "Lilamani, thou knowest I love thee. I care not if thou be the gardener's daughter. Say thou wilt learn to love me; say thou wilt wed me!"

"Perhaps", she murmured, playing with the chain round his neck.

The Kaduvavetti pleaded, but received no other answer, and reluctantly he set her free.

That evening, the Princess told the other maidens of her meetings with the Kaduvavetti.

"Look! He has given me his bracelet. He has knelt to me, pleaded for my love, sought to marry me. His pride is humbled!" The tone was somehow lacking in triumph but the words were sufficiently convincing.

The maidens laughed gleefully in chorus; but curiously enough, the Princess felt annoyed at their glee.

There was to be a durbar the following day, and the king had said to his daughter:

"Thou shalt behold my most trusted friend and my bravest soldier at the Durbar, my child". And he had said it with the voice of one doing her a special favour.

The Princess smiled, but was loth to go, although this was part of the plan. She shrugged her shoulders, but the other maids clapped their hands in unholy joy.

That afternoon, the Kaduvavetti again met her and tried his utmost to gain an avowal of affection from her. But Lilamani warily turned the conversation into safer channels. Nevertheless, the Kaduvavetti returned home, head held high.

On the way, he met Manu his servant.

"Lord," began Manu eagerly, "I bring strange tidings! The Princess in connivance with the maids of her court has made a courtier fall in love with her, while she masqueraded as a servant. Tomorrow, at the Durbar, the man will see that the Princess and his beloved are one, and will be the laughing-stock of the other maidens that he has scorned!"

"Who told thee this, Manu?" the Kaduvavetti asked with growing fear at his heart.

"Why Lord," babbled the retainer, "all the slaves of the Palace speak of it. They say the courtier is a man high in office."

"Cease thy prating, fool!" the Kaduvavetti growled angrily.

The servant shook his head in perplexity and left his master.

The Kaduvavetti was tortured with doubt. True the Rajah's daughter's name was also Lilamani. But his little maid was too lovely to stoop to deceit. Why should she? What cared the Princess if, the Kaduvavetti failed to be interested in the maidens at the Palace? Yet! Lilamani was too beautiful to be a mere gardener's daughter.

Tormented with doubts and fears, the Kaduvavetti slept little that night.

Then came the Durbar, a blaze of colour, with nobles in silks and cloth of silver and gold. In the distance were the Rajah and his daughter, seated on thrones of gold. Behind the Princess, stood the daughters of the nobles. The courtiers, allies and nobles of the Rajah passed in file before the Royal throne, each making obeisance, touching his forehead with his sword in allegiance to his lord.

The Kaduvavetti could not see the Princess clearly, but saw that the maidens around were looking curiously at him. He felt as if he was being suffocated, and mechanically walked forward in the wake of the last of the Rajah's allies.

The Princess was whispering to one of her maids of honour, as the Chief of the King's armies stepped forward.

"Hail! O my Kaduvavetti!" the Rajah cried, "Daughter, lo, here is our friend. Greet him!"

The Kaduvavetti bowed low to the monarch and then raised his head. There was a mist before his eyes, and he looked haggard. He could not see the Princess clearly at first, only the smiling, mocking faces of the maidens behind her. Then the mist cleared, and he beheld the smiling oval of his lady's face; saw too his bracelet on her arm.

"The Rajah's daughter greets thee, Lord Kaduvavetti!" the soft voice was saying.

He scarcely heard. His heart was turned to lead. He was more oppressed with the fact that his lady had failed him, than that the maidens of the court were laughing at his discomfiture. Suddenly, he straightened himself. His face grew stern and his lips set in a firm line. He looked the Princess full in the face, bowed low to her, and turning, left the Palace.

The Princess's hand went to her throat. The maidens were laughing, but the Princess was wondering why she had so great a pain at her heart.

The voice of her father broke in on her thoughts.

"Is he ill?" he asked, his voice pregnant with concern.

None answered him.

The Princess grew more angry with the giggling girls. And why had he looked so angry? Had she hurt him very much? And why did she want to cry so much?

She also received no answer.

The Kaduvavetti staggered into his house and was ministered to by the understanding Manu.

A letter was handed to the Rajah the next day. The Kaduvavetti wrote, asking for the command of a punitive expedition, which was leaving shortly for the frontier. The Rajah, understanding in part, gave him what he asked.

While the expedition was being brought up to full strength, the Kaduvavetti kept away from the Palace. On the day of de-

parture, he bade farewell to the Rajah at a private audience which he had asked for. The Rajah, wisely, did not question him.

The Princess, sitting at her window, watched him go.

News reached the town periodically, news of the Kaduvavetti's bravery. Messengers said that he seemed to go out of his way to seek danger, but that he bore a charmed life. The Princess, with a great fear at her heart, prayed for his return.

One day, the Rajah sent for Lilamani, and putting his arms around her, said :

"Light of mine Eyes, the Kaduvavetti came to me, a stranger, a wanderer. He said that his birth was as good as ours. Whether it be so or not, I care little. He is a man. It is my desire, if it be also, thine that he should be my son-in-law when he returneth. How sayest thou, daughter?"

The Princess made no answer—but in her own chamber wept, thinking of the way she had tricked the trusting soldier, of the danger she had driven him to, of the barrier she had raised with her own hands between them. He would never forgive her. Would he come back? Would he die? The gods forbid! She loved him! Death must not have him! He was hers!

Eighteen months passed, and the Princess grew sad-eyed.

A messenger came on a steaming horse. The Kaduvavetti had brought the expedition to a successful conclusion, but in the final encounter the leader had received serious wounds, and the leeches despaired of his life.

The Rajah himself bore the news to his daughter and caught her in his arms, as she fell in a dead faint.

When she had come round, the father questioned her and gradually drew out the whole tale. Instantly, he became the man of action. There was little he could do, but the first thing was to try to save his friend's life.

He gave crisp orders. The Kaduvavetti was to be carefully and swiftly brought to the palace.

They brought him in on a palanquin, his wounds, sore, and his body emaciated by a raging fever. Lilamani took on herself the duty of nursing him.

In his fever, the Kaduvavetti called for Lilamani and cursed the Princess, as if the two were separate personalities, while she who was both, caught her breath and soothed the burning forehead. The way to convalescence was punctuated with onsets of delirium; but the Princess attended the sufferer devotedly.

Full consciousness came suddenly one day; when thinking of his nurse as the gardener's daughter, he was caressing her hand. Suddenly, he flung it away and in spite of weakness rose from his bed and towered above her.

"Thou! Thou! Base deceiver!" he cried and struck her across the face.

He searched for his sword, staggering unsteadily, his lady at his wake fearing lest he fall. He found it and faced her, the blade drawn.

"Thou diest!" he raged. "Thou hast brought my pride to the dust! Thou shalt not live to see my shame."

The Princess bared her breast and faced him bravely.

"Strike beloved!" she said looking into his eyes, "Strike true! This heart tricked thee, this heart shamed thee! Strike! But remember, this heart loves thee!"

The Kaduvavetti raised the sword, his senses were swaying; he could only see his lady's face. Concern, anxiety showed in her eyes, but no fear. He bit his lip and drew back his hand, but the face followed till it was near his own. His senses were going and the sword dropped from fever-weakened fingers.

"I cannot! The gods help me! I cannot!" he cried.

He turned and sought his couch blindly, fell face downward on it and wept like a child.

Lilamani, lips quivering, and weeping unashamedly, knelt by his side and spoke softly to him.

"Lord of my heart, why wilt thou not believe? It is true I deceived thee and played with thee. But I knew of my love on the day of the Durbar. I have feared for thee, longed for thee and waited for thee. Wilt thou not forgive?"

So she pleaded, and what man can withstand a lovely maiden's pleading?

She raised him and seated him on the couch, her arm supporting him. He turned, looked at her and said:

"'Tis I, not thou! Mine the crime. I, a rough soldier, to presume to the love of the Princess. And these rude hands—these hands struck thee! May the gods forgive me!" He buried his face in his hands in utter abasement.

The Princess took away his hands from his face and gently drew the tired head to her breast, as a mother does her child. She crooned over her man and comforted him.

"Lord of me", she whispered, "knowest thou not that I would rather that thou shouldst bruise, hurt and break this body of mine, which thou callest beautiful, than that the proudest king in all the world should kiss my feet?" And so the Kaduvavetti won his bride.

VICTOR PARANJOTI.

OUR POETRY PAGE

1. THE WRECK.

The lightnings are flashing,
The thunders are crashing,

The torrents are pouring,
The breakers are roaring,
The sea-birds are screeching,
The black rack is teaching
Affright.

The Port lamps are gleaming
The hurricane screaming,
One cold star is paling,
The Death-ghost is wailing,
The light-house is rocking,
Midst storm-panic shocking,
To-night,

Away in the distance,
With feeble resistance,
The doomed wreck is reeling
With awful appealing;
Stern timbers are creaking,
Swift rockets are streaking
The sky.

See! the life-boat puts out
Women weep and men shout,
But they part the deep gloom,
For a watery tomb:
Even the bravest turns pale,
As he ploughs that mad gale,
To die.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. THE FLOWER-SELLER'S SONG.

Flowers!

Pretty flowers.
Who'll buy my flowers?
Gathered for you
This morning at Kew,
Sparkling with dew,
Who'll buy my flowers?

Roses!

Sweet roses.
Who'll buy a rose?
Red or bright yellow bloom,
Placed in your cottage room,
Will banish care and gloom,
Who'll buy a rose?

LELAND J. BERRY.

3. PALESTINE.

(TO M. D.)

When the day breaks upon thine old-world streets,
Tranquil, serene, the morning sunlight falls
On temple courts, and oriental stalls
Rich-laid with spices, fragrant flowers and sweets.
But when night broods upon thy buried dreams
That once were thine, O sleeping Palestine,
Dost thou recall those memories divine
Of bygone years, when by thy hills and streams

The Christ-child's holy footsteps sometimes stray'd?
Dost thou dwell on the morning of thy days
Ere He ascended to His Paradise?
Lo, still the lilies blow where once He play'd,
And in the Temple, swells the Hymn of praise
That rises, with the incense, to the skies!

E. H. d'ALWIS.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

WHERE the waters of a pool lay deep and dark, and overhung with sweeping branches, smooth, round lotus leaves formed a carpet of green from which rose straight and slender the pure, pale flowers. They stood in friendly clusters, bending and bowing to each other as if in gay talk and one could almost hear the laughter that rocked them. On that exquisite April morning of blue and gold, their beauty was adorned by the sunshine, and their scent impregnated the soft air with its subtle sweetness. There was one that stood alone, apart from the rest. It was a little taller and a little more beautiful than the most lovely of its fellows. It swayed and bent in the tiny breeze that played with it, bowing and smiling at its own fair reflection in the cool, black shining waters below. There was not one human eye to look on all this white and golden wonder of the water lilies. Only the blue kingfisher who sat seemingly asleep, on a low branch of a mango tree, which overhung the waters, and the dragon flies that darted swiftly, here and there, like gay puppets dancing to the manipulation of invisible strings, with an occasional chattering squirrel, and a bird halting for a brief rest on its way—these were the only spectators of all this pageant of beauty.

Suddenly the rush of feet, the sound of clear childish voices raised in animated talk shattered the brooding silence of the quiet

spot. The kingfisher, startled, flew across, a flash of blue and green to its hiding place, and the dragon flies darted off, as the forms of two children burst into view. "Lotuses", they shouted "Oh, how lovely! We must get some." Sitting down by the bank they started to pull off their shoes. A strange hush had fallen on everything, the kingfisher peered out through its hole, the birds had ceased to sing, while they gazed wide-eyed at the work of thoughtless destruction about to be perpetuated. The lotuses were still and quiet, save that they seemed to shiver in fear and huddled together, all save one only, who held her head a little higher and danced more gaily, heedless of all, and occupied only in gazing, Narcissus-like, at her own beauty.

Carefully, the children waded in and with eager hands grasped and pulled out the long stalks. "Oh, look", said one; "look at that beautiful one standing alone. You may have all these, I shall take only that", and boldly striding into the water he firmly grasped the stalk and wrenched it out. Wading out of the water, the children danced away, one holding an armful of long, dripping stalks, the other with a single one clenched in his hand. As they went away there arose a cry of protest from the wild life around. The birds twittered excitedly to each other, the squirrels chattered long and shrilly, and the kingfisher returning to its perch gazed wonderingly at the denuded pool. Sacrilege had been committed, the temple robbed of its sacred vessels and the forest was expressing its indignation. The solemn mystery and ineffable peace of the quiet pool had been profaned by loud voices, unheeding feet and rude hands.

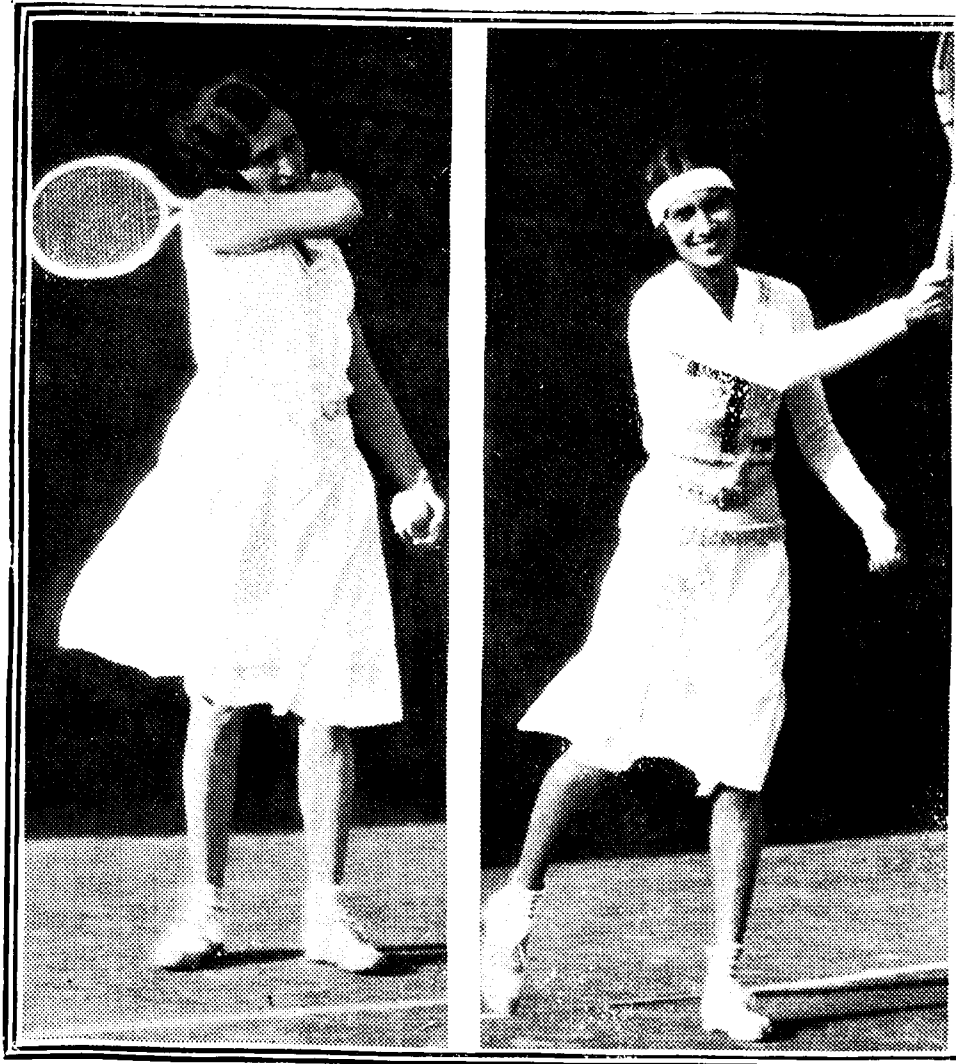
Meanwhile the children went on to their home. The one with the single flower held it between hot palms, gazed on its pure whiteness and pressed its fresh, sweet coolness to his flushed face. Very soon the spotless whiteness was smirched with disfiguring brown stains, it lost its faint perfume, the coolness gave away to a clammy warmth. It drooped wearily on its stalk, no longer the gay, young beauty of an hour ago. "Oh, how ugly it is!" exclaimed the child and crushing it in his hand, he flung it in the dust of the road, where it lay wilting away in the hot sun. A stray dog, in greedy search of food, sniffed at it and passed away, disappointed. A beggar, shuffling wearily along, pressed it with his toil, stained foot deeper into the mire, where it now lay, at one with its squalid surroundings, dust of the dust, slime of the slime, even as at the beginning.

M. DAVIDSON.

SOME PROMINENT INDIAN LADY TENNIS PLAYERS.



A PRINCESS ON THE COURT. Maharaj Kumari Jati Devi is the first princess to take part in the Ballygunj Tennis Tournament. She entered the Mixed Doubles with S. K. Chowdhuri.



Mrs. and Miss ROW, two well-known Tennis players of Bombay.



Miss M. R. KOWASJI, winner of the H. M. Khajurina Challenge cup in the Mixed Handicap Doubles in the recent Karachi Parsi Institute Tennis Tournament.

Photo.—R. VENKOB RAO, Srirangam



Mrs. BUTLER, Winner of the Ladies' open
Singles championship, in the M. C. C.
Tournament recently played
at Madras.



Miss KAMALA GOPALA MENON, runner-up
in the open Mixed Doubles, in the
M. U. C tournament at Madras.



Miss PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN, who was
one of the winners of the Ladies' open
Doubles championship in the M.U.C.
tournament recently played
at Madras.



Mrs. PATWARDHAN, a well-known
Tennis player of Madras.
Photo by: R. VENKOBABAO, Srirangam.

IN MAN'S REALM

1. HOME TRUTHS FROM THE EPICS.

1. The tree of knowledge has the Vedas as its branches, and Shastras as its flowers.

2. Truth, Knowledge, Dharma, Compassion, Calmness, and Forbearance are the six cardinal doctrines in life. They are like the mother, father, brother, friend, wife and so on.

3. It is worth while giving life and everything to protect virtue. Life is real and virtue earnest. Loss of life is only temporary, while loss of virtue is eternal shame.

4. Arjuna said that the Brahmans took delight in taking meals in other's houses; sheep in green grass, chaste woman in seeing the return of their husbands; but, he took delight in war.

5. He is the true man who looks at another's woman as his mother, other's wealth as dust, and other's life as his own.

6. Our body is not lasting. Our wealth is not constant, Death awaits at our doors and will take us unawares. So we must try to do good to others while we live.

7. We may most probably look for a flower in a fig tree, we may see a white crow high up in the air, we may see the legs of fish under water, but we cannot see the heart of women for all the worlds.

8. The man who feeds others on famine days, the man who gives wealth in prosperous days, the man who is brave in war, and the man who has no debts, are the fittest persons to be worshipped.

9. My wealth shall be for the virtuous, my youth for work, and the life I have shall be for the service to God in me.

10. Of all the portions of the body, the head is the most important one. Of all the senses the sense of seeing is the chief. Of all the tastes, salt is the chief taste, and for all the rivers, water is the most essential.

11. Whatever might be the shape of the pot, the clay is the same. Whatever may be the nature of the ornament, gold is the same, and milk is the same irrespective of the nature of the cow, and God is one irrespective of the nature of His Personality.

12. The man who has a taste for reading respects his teacher. The man who has no relations has neither fear nor shame.

The learned have neither pleasures nor sorrows. The hungry blames neither the taste nor the nature of the preparation.

13. The liberal-minded and the generous have no wealth. The miser hoards wealth. Sinners are long-lived and the virtuous are short-lived. The man who has no heirs becomes a king, and the son of a nobleman becomes a servant.

14. The wisest man never acquaints others with his age, pro-

perty, family troubles, incantations, medicine, conjugal felicity, helping others, credit and discredit.

15. Cows, sons, houses, are men's worries in life. They are the outcome of karma and are subjected to decay. Why then do we feel sorry if any one of the above is lost?

16. The real untouchable is better than a man who speaks ill of others. The man, who left his daily duties, the man, who has excessive desires, and the man, who has uncontrollable anger, are the real untouchables.

17. A son is a king to his father until he is five, is a servant at fifteen, and a friend from the sixteenth year.

18. To see the sun at sunset, to breathe the fumes of the sacrificial fire—e. g. the Agnihotra, and the Aupasana—to mix with a woman of lesser age, and to take milk and food at night, prolong life.

19. Self-earned wealth is the best. Paternal wealth is secondary. A brother's wealth is bad, and there is no language for wealth earned by stealth.

20. Anger lives with a gentleman for a second, with an ordinary man for an hour, with a fool for a day, and with a sinner for life.

21. The man, who eats and drinks with a starving man outside, will surely go to hell. His food and drink will be poison.

22. The moon shines best in the night. The sun shines best in the day. Dharma shines always, and a good son shines in a family.

23. A man possessing nobility of manners is a friend, and relative. A man who protects is a father. A man who is faithful and trustworthy is a friend. A woman who gives pleasures is a wife.

24. A man's books, wife, and wealth are lost if they are touched by others. If the books are returned to him, they are in a mutilated condition. If his wife returns, to him, she is divorced. If wealth returns, it is only in slow degrees.

25. To see the sun at day break, to breathe the fumes of a burning corpse, to join with a lady of advanced years, to drink dirty water and to eat curd and rice at night shorten life.

26. One's own intellect will give pleasure. A teacher's intellect will give more pleasure. Other's intellect will bring evil, and woman's intellect will bring disaster.

27. A harlot is a visible demon. The sight of a dancing girl brings insunity. Her piercing orbs drain the pocket. To speak with her is sure ruination.

N. RAMABHADRAN,

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

V

Museums and Prominent Places in London.—During our stay in London we were taken to the following museums and prominent places.

1. *Royal United Service Museum.*—This museum occupies the Banqueting Hall of the Palace of Whitehall, and was built in 1622. From one of its windows, King Charles I stepped out on to the scaffold in front, and was beheaded. The Museum contains a fascinating collection of arms and armour, and important relics of famous soldiers and sailors; also interesting models, and relics of the Great War.

2. *Natural History Museum.*—This museum contains the finest collection of all kinds of animals, birds and other natural things in the world. The equipment of the galleries and the arrangement of the exhibits are perfect. Each specimen is plainly labelled and described. Many students go there to get material for their studies. This museum is so big and there are so many galleries that no one can see the whole by paying only one visit. In some galleries, the skeletons of prehistoric animals are kept. It is said that the skeleton of a prehistoric animal was found in a trench in France during the Great War. When the war was over, steps were taken to remove it to the museum for preservation. It is the biggest skeleton in the museum. In another gallery I saw an animal whose length was about 90 feet. In one of the halls, minerals of all kinds are kept, from which gold, silver, copper, brass and other materials are produced. This museum is very interesting.

3. *Science Museum and Victoria and Albert Museum, Indian Section.*—In the Science Museum there is a highly interesting collection of scientific apparatus and models of every description. Here are Stephenson's "Rocket," Alcock and Brown's Atlantic Aeroplane, etc., etc.—Many of the models work by the pressure of a button, and generally the museum is of as much value to laymen as it is to the scientific expert.

The Victoria and Albert Museum, Indian section, is in a big building of sixteen halls. All of them are devoted to the illustration of the industrial arts of India, Burma, Afghanistan, Ceylon, Tibet and Siam.

There are idols of Buddha and models of the Taj Mahal and Kuttab Minar.

The presents of fine engraving works, done in gold and silver, which were presented to H. M. the King in 1911 by Bombay, Madras, United Provinces and Bengal Municipalities, are also kept in this Museum.

4. *British Museum*.—This great institution has no rival in the world. The exhibition galleries are full of old relics of the time about 500 B. C. The engraving work on stones of that time done by the Greeks, Buddhists, Chinese, Burnese can be seen here. Most of the engraving work of the Greeks resembles that of the Buddhists. It is said that when Alexander the Great went to India this art was transferred to Buddha. The noses of the relics of the Greeks and the Buddhas are alike.

As there were no papers in old times the men used to keep the accounts and records of their lands written on mud plates.

5. *Tate Gallery—National Gallery*. These Galleries contain the pictures of famous painters of different nations, such as Belgium, Holland, England and America. I saw there many gentlemen and ladies copying the pictures of the famous painters. I liked very much the pictures of Turner; he has painted a good many landscapes actually showing the shading of the sun rising and the sun setting.

6. *Parkes Museum*.—In this Museum sanitary and hygienic appliances are exhibited. People visits this museum and obtains knowledge about whatever they wish to do to keep their homes in a good sanitary condition. There are many appliances and models exhibited, showing the mode of drainage, filtering water and many other things.

7. *Houses of Lords and Commons*.—By kind permission of Lord Winterton, P. C., M. P., we were invited to tea and to see the work of the Houses of Lords and Commons. Seats were given to us in the upper gallery of the House of Commons. When the President arrived and took his place the other members of the House also took their seats.

There were the Government members on one side and the Opposition on the other side. Discussion on many questions was carried on orally by the members. About ten reporters were very busy making notes on the day's proceedings. There were two ladies among the members of Parliament.

8. *Tower of London*.—This has served at one time or another as a prison, a palace, and a fortress, and probably no other building in London has so many interesting links with the historic past. The White Tower was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, and the fortress was added to by succeeding monarchs. The White Tower contains the armouries (a museum of weapons of much interest), the headsman's axe and block etc., which were used in old days for the execution of important state prisoners. In the Wakefield tower are the Crown jewels. Among these jewels, I saw the Crown which was put on the head of H. M. The King at the Delhi Durbar, "The Kohinoor Hira." Mr. Younghusband, who attempted to climb Mount Everest about four years ago, is at present in charge of this Tower.

9. *Westminster Abbey*.—This is the most venerated spot in the British Empire. It was founded in 1042 by King Edward the Confessor. It has been the place of coronation and of the burial of nearly every English sovereign. The most beautiful portion is Henry VII's Chapel. Edward the Confessor's Chapel contains his shrine and the famous Coronation Chair. In the Abbey are also buried many famous men. The tomb of the Unknown Warrior is in the Nave opposite the west entrance.

MANAJIRAO PALANDE.

FRIENDLY CHATS

HINDU MARRIAGE REFORM.

THE recent constituent conference of the All India Women's Conference for reform, which met at Madras in November last, was quite a memorable session: and a great deal of controversy seems to have centred round one of the resolutions viz, the introduction of facilities for divorce in Hindu Law. As was expected, there were at once two parties, the one upholding the rights of Hindu women to divorce under all circumstances, and the other party firmly believing that resolutions of such a nature were premature, illogical, and fruitless.

Whatever the effect of the resolution might be, the passing of a resolution like this by a certain section of women, who I take it, meant every bit of what they said, throws a flood of light on one aspect of the Womens' Movement in India, towards Social reform: and the passing of such a resolution directly after the Sarda Act, in a Presidency which has been notoriously opposing the principles of the Act, must be an eye-opener to all thoughtful men on this very important question. According to the women of Madras, the main arguments advanced for the introduction of divorce law, are the intolerable system of Hindu marriage, as it exists today, and the conditions of living, forced upon women in general: and, if we suppose, that, with the passing of the Sarda Act, young men and young women will have a better freedom hereafter to choose their partners in life, it follows, too, that in cases where there might arise a need of separation later on, when the parties themselves feel so, they ought not to continue their existing relationships.

So, on the face of it, the demand seems to be a perfectly genuine one: and reasonable and just as well. One feels, like congratulating the women of Madras, on the somewhat bold step they have taken too. Some one had to set the ball rolling, and Madras has done it. So far so good.

But one feels like asking, is it practicable? Do these one hundred women and more, who gathered one warm pleasant, after-

noon on the terrace of the Senate House at Madras, after tea and sandwiches, represent the thousands of other women around them, who know nothing about marriage, much less about divorce? It is one thing for a small group of individuals to revolt against the oppressive traditions, and it is another to say they represent the many. One could sympathise with these ardent pioneers if they could say they had the masses behind them. But few of them have taken the trouble to come down from the platforms they stood on, and spoke only to a crowd of smug listeners. Every one spoke and the resolutions were passed in perfect English. But outside in the broiling heat of a November afternoon, a score of women employed by the corporation, marched endlessly in a monotonous way carrying baskets of sand to and fro from the sea front. They saw the cars driving past them full of young ladies so charming and pleasing to behold! And the poor women wondered too what the beautiful ladies had gathered for, and what they were doing. Were they told of the resolutions? One does not know.

The case of Bombay and Madras, where problems of Social Reform are discussed and conclusions are arrived at, is vastly different from that of other sister Provinces. It is particularly so in Madras, where if one might so call it, a peculiar hybrid atmosphere of Eastern superstition and Western progress has come to prevail. The typical modern Madrasi woman represents practically nothing except perhaps the University degree she holds. She is a class by herself and unlike her sisters in the North, she does not represent the result of a definite tradition, culture and vision. Probably the readiness with which she has assimilated all that is Western, makes her so. As Miss Choksey observes in "Women of Modern India", it is all very natural to her, the taking up of any scheme of work and to be at the forefront where matters of Social Reform are concerned.

If we take these facts into consideration, it is really doubtful whether the cry of the Madrasi Women, represents a real need, or a real grievance. Of course, it is more fashionable and good to be in the limelight with the most modern ideas. The Madrasi woman deserves all credit. But then again, what is her contribution to the betterment of her less educated sisters? Where are the mass movements in that Presidency? How many women are even aware that there is such an institution like the Women's Indian Association for instance? or for the matter of that the Educational Conference? And to what extent do these movements touch even the fringe of the woman's life and existence?

So, there again, arises the question, 'Is there a need?' It is a rather pathetic spectacle, when responsible women begin crying from housetops that the first and foremost wrong, and the most offensive too, is the Institution of Marriage. Probably it is too: for it must be said that the Hindu marriage of today is a horrible

failure: It is indeed no marriage at all. But there is no point either, in becoming hysterical over a wrong. What is wanted is a real genuine expression of organised public opinion. Education is the primary need.

The Hindu Woman, as she is today, is nowhere. She must be made a unit in Society first: and a responsible unit as well. She must be made capable of thinking for herself, and acting for herself. The Sarada Act has come as a great relief, since it will give every Hindu girl a chance to live. If only some of our more enlightened women turned their eyes to this aspect of the question, if they endeavoured to raise the general standard and tried to emphasise the necessity of leading real dignified lives in every sense of the word, they would achieve a great deal, for let us remember that, 'whilst our heads are in the clouds, our feet are on the earth.' It is wise to understand where we stand, to look about and then try to be of some use.

Men have been very fair to the women's cause in India: more fair than the men of other countries have been. Women have, and will always have, the support of all genuine lovers of freedom and fair play, where their schemes of Reform are concerned.

But, let us have decent marriages first. Then let us talk of Divorce. Otherwise, we shall be putting the cart before the horse.

Will every educated mother or woman make it possible for her daughter to choose the line of work or activity she wishes to take, or allow her the freedom to choose her partner in life?

The need of divorce will arise, when it is possible first for a young man to meet another young woman in a perfectly natural way: what is wanted is an 'atmosphere!' Let us create this atmosphere first. Let us make it possible too, to bring young people more and more together. The divorce, or the necessity of separation, will come later on. It is on these lines, it seems to me, that reform must take place.

R. L. RAU.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

(a) THE MONKEY AND THE TRAPEZE.

At the Zoo, many animals appeared behind cage bars. Lions roared, leopards walked from side to side of their prison. Tigers glared from behind the iron of their captivity, or lay on the floor of their cage, bored beyond rage, whilst their powerful muscles fell to atrophy. A great crowd filled the place, and especially was the

monkey-house a magnet of attraction, for one little monkey, inspired to vanity by the eager crowd of boys and girls who had gathered round, began some most marvellous acrobatic feats upon the trapeze at the top of the den. He leapt up a rope, swung himself upon the trapeze, rolled over, hung on by his tail, swung the trapeze, and then leapt to another trapeze at a great distance away. There he sat himself upon the top bar, looking down at the folk for admiration. Suddenly a much older male of the same species espied the youngster disporting himself upon the top bar, near the roof. He screamed at the young one, and, seizing the rope, leapt up it, and followed the antics of the young monkey, until he, too, reached the top. He handed the youngster one mighty blow and sent him screaming down the trapeze to the floor.

Moral: The aged hate vanity in the adolescent.

(b.) THE HOUSES AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

High upon a cliff stood some very stout houses. They had withstood centuries of gales and one day, they fell to boasting about their immortality. They patted each other on the back about being built upon a rock, and that they were not like the silly houses below, at some distance away, which were built upon sand. "Of course the waters will wash away our stupid neighbours, before long," said one of the houses. "Aye, and we, from this fine elevation and view point, will be able to see and laugh at their ruin," said another of the houses. Suddenly a seismic disturbance took place, and an earthquake split the rock from top to bottom. The boastful houses crashed immediately into the midst of the Earth. Moral: They that have climbed to the highest and safest places in life are foolish to boast impregnability. In this world there is nothing that is safe from calamity.

HERBERT PORTER.

1. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

I am sure most of you have heard of our young Indian Poetess, Toru Dutt, who died when she was but twenty-one years old.

In case you have not, let me just give you a very brief sketch of her life, for all of us should know something of one of our greatest modern Indian poetesses, who doubtless would have risen to the highest ranks of literary merit, if she had but lived longer.

Torulatta Dutt was the youngest child of Govind Chunder Dutt, a Bengali Christian. She was born in 1856, and she had a brother called Abjie, who died at an early age, and a sister Aru.

In 1869, Mr. Dutt made up his mind to go to Europe for, his son had died by then, and he was determined to give his two daughters the best education.

They went to France for a short time, and then to England, where they stayed until 1873. It was France, however, which really inspired Toru, although they made a longer stay in England.

After their return to Calcutta, where they lived a quiet retired life, Toru continued her study of French, and started learning Sanskrit. She also began her literary work, and her first contribution appeared in the Bengal Magazine.

In 1874 Aru, her elder sister, died of consumption, and in 1876 Toru's first book, *A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*, was published.

It is needless to speak of the merit of this book, although those published later were far better. There is a poem in this little volume, which I shall quote here, for it shows some of Toru's thoughts in connection with the death of her sister, Aru;—

Though childhood's ways were past and gone,
More innocent no child could be;
Though grace in every feature shone,
Her maiden heart was fancy-free.

A few more months or happy days,
And love would blossom, so we thought,
As lifts in April's genial rays
The rose its clusters richly wrought.

But God had destined otherwise,
And so she gently fell asleep,
A creature of the starry skies,
Too lovely for the earth to keep.

She died in earliest womanhood;
Thus dies, and leaves behind no trace,
A bird's song in a leafy wood,
Thus melts a sweet smile from the face."

Soon after the appearance of this book, Toru's health began to fail, and her father, thinking rest would do her good, made her give up Sanskrit. But she became worse and worse, and in 1878 she died.

A short sad life, but a life far greater than those who may live to be a hundred years old.

Her heart-broken father speaks of her in the following words:—

"Never was there a sweeter child, and she was my last. I and my wife in our old age are left alone in a house wide and desolate, where of old the voices of my three loved ones echoed!"

Toru left many writings behind, which her father got printed, and which made her one of the best modern poetesses that India ever possessed.

Perhaps you are too young now really to understand her poems, but there will come a time when you will really love to read them.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXI. INFLAMMATION OF THE EAR.

This condition is very common in children and is one of the commonest causes that make children cry. The middle ear (i. e., the cavity situated internal to the drum) being lined by a mucous membrane, which is in direct communication with the mucous membrane of the nose and throat through the Eustachian Tube, its inflammation is generally secondary to affections of nose and throat, such as cold, adenoids etc. It may also start after measles, or after an exposure to cold.

Symptoms: The inflammation is ushered in by severe pain in the ear, evidenced by the child crying and putting his hands to the organ. It is worse at night and is increased by pressure and by movements of the jaw. The interior of the ear will appear red and swollen. Fever and restlessness are present, depending upon the severity of the inflammation. A discharge will soon follow, which will be first mucous in character and later on assume the character of *pus*, owing to secondary infection from outside or through the nose and throat.

Generally, the inflammation subsides soon after the discharge makes its appearance, and if mere cleanliness is observed the discharge stops and no ill results follow. In many cases, however, if the child is suffering from any debilitating illness, or if its vitality is low, infection follows, leading to a chronic discharge, running for years, sometimes into adolescence and adult life, giving rise to deafness of varying degrees, and various other complications. This is a common sight in every hospital and speaks volumes about the care bestowed upon the patient in his childhood.

Treatment. It is, therefore, obvious that the greatest care should be taken in dealing with affections of the ear in childhood.

As soon as pain is noticed in the ear, the discharge and the possibility of its becoming chronic should be anticipated and in order to prevent infection from outside, the ear should be purified either by syringing with warm boric lotion, or by instilling into the ear a few drops of hydrogen peroxide followed by wiping and plugging with cotton. The child should be protected from cold and his general health attended to by suitable diet and a smart purge. For the relief of pain, the ear and its neighbourhood are fomented by the application of heat in the form of a hot-water bottle, or hot bran or antiphlogistine. When the discharge has commenced, it should be washed away by gentle syringing or by instilling hydrogen peroxide and the ear plugged with absorbent cotton, until healing has occurred which usually takes place in a week. If on the other hand, the discharge becomes thick and chronic or offensive, it calls for more serious attention and active treatment, and the little patient, therefore, should be placed under proper medical care.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

Beauty.

MANY of us are under the false impression that beauty consists in outward features alone with the result that so many of us, who have a plain face, often feel miserable, and unnecessarily envy those of our sisters who are deemed more beautiful by the world. But I came across an article in the *Modern Review* called "The Philosophy of Human Beauty," in which the author says, "There is another kind of beauty which rises as much higher than mere externality, as the mind rises above matter. It is the beauty that is in us. Stopford Brooke hints at it when he says: 'The outward form takes its glory or its baseness from the inward spirit!'"

Yes, there is the beauty of our inner natures which we have to cultivate in order to become truly beautiful; for when a woman's soul is hard and discontented with the world, no amount of regularity in the modelling of her outer features can make her really beautiful. On the contrary, the reverse is often true, for the plainest woman can be termed beautiful, if her expression shows the inner depths of a beautiful soul. Age cannot mar such beauty, for it "will stand the test of time, of our neighbours, of our own eyes, and of the scrutiny of Him who cannot be deceived."

Let us, therefore, try to cultivate this inner beauty of the mind, and not waste too much time and energy on external trappings alone.

"Human beauty has a threefold basis"—says the same article which I mentioned before. "Physical, intellectual, and moral growth in beauty must be based upon threefold culture."

Physical beauty consists "in good health and a perfect development of the body." Artificial means of improving physical beauty never really helps. "It is coming to be seen that the best cosmetics are fresh air, sunshine, exercise, nutritious food, regular sleep, taken between ten o'clock at night and seven in the morning, regular work every day, worthy objects to live for, and a quiet, regular, active, natural and useful life."

Then comes the second point, where the intellect has to be developed.

"It is well known that people in low states of civilisation are seldom fine-looking,—are seldom possessed of anything that we would call beauty. Why? The principal reason seems to be the stolidity, the dullness of mind of these people, which makes them unattractive, whatever may be their physical features. There is no mind-beauty to shine through the physical, to light it up. So, too, in civilised lands, persons, who live low down in the senses, are never beautiful with any kind of beauty, except the lowest, the coarsest, the most transitory."

On the other hand, the plainest people look beautiful, if they have an intelligent expression.

"Closely connected with the intellect as a source of beauty, stands the moral nature. It is not simply the intellect that speaks through the face; the whole character does so."

Yes, it is the inner mind which has to be cultivated, and the inner nature made more spiritual, in order to make the external more beautiful. Expression is the chief point of beauty, and as long as our minds are clogged with worldly worry and a feeling of discontentedness towards the world we shall be ugly, no matter how perfect our features may be. Let us therefore live better lives, and think better thoughts. "We must create for ourselves Beautiful Souls."

SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE LIBRARY.

TO have a Library in one's house—a sanctuary where one can spend a quiet hour away from the stress and turmoil of this world—is indeed a great comfort. And yet—how many houses in India can boast of a really comfortable Library? Indeed, it is hard to find a single house wherein the owner has a really good Library. Each house has its Dining room, its Sitting room, its Bedroom, etc. but a Library! No! Does this mean that we

Indians are lacking in culture, or that we are too materialistic to care to have a quiet room with our favourite authors all around us? No, we cannot be accused of such faults, for we are naturally more inclined to study and meditation than our brothers and sisters of the West. I think it is mere carelessness and lack of initiative which has hitherto made us ignore the comforts of a Library. In many an Indian house have I seen books scattered in odd cupboards and almyras in any part of the house—books most carelessly treated and covered with dust and cobwebs, which shows nothing but laziness on the part of the housewife to collect and arrange them together.

Why cannot all of us, who are fond of reading, set aside a special little cosy room in our house, to be our Library, and also a little of our allowance each month to buy good books? The room should be well ventilated and cool, and neat glass almyras should be placed along the walls, containing well bound volumes. Vernacular books should be kept on one side, and English books on the other. A few select pictures should grace the clean white walls, and the floor ought to be covered with soft Persian carpets. A few comfortable chairs and *Divans* should be placed unconventionally in the room, and the only other furniture should be a spacious writing table with large drawers, in which papers and letters can be kept away tidily.

Spon's Household Manual gives "Twelve essential rules for the management of the Library," which I shall quote here:—

1. "Arrange your books into classes, according to the subjects they treat of.
2. Put everything in its proper place.
3. Always keep Directories, Atlases etc. in convenient and easily got-at places. It will often save much time and trouble to keep them in book slides on the table, or in a separate bookcase.
4. Write your name and address in a large bold handwriting on the fly-leaf of every volume.
5. If you have your books specially bound, let the same style and colour of binding be used for one class of books.
6. Never allow animals in a library. They are apt to do serious mischief to MSS. and books, while chasing some imaginary rat. Newton had the results of many years of hard brain work completely destroyed through the pranks of his favourite little dog.
7. Keep servants out of the library, except at stated intervals, and, when admitted, let them be under your special supervision. Everyone will remember that the first part of Carlyle's 'History of the French Revolution,' while yet in MS., was used by a servant to light a fire.

8. Avoid *dampness* or *excessive* heat; books require *warm dry air*, in order to preserve their bindings. Thus it will be seen that the more the books are read, the better it will be for the books.

9. On no account let the library be turned into a refreshment room for a juvenile party.

10. Never allow MS. notes, letters, etc., to litter the tables and the room. MS. notes should be kept in folding pads, or in drawers, and letters carefully filed and put away.

11. No books should be left open and placed face downwards in order to mark the place where the reader has left off; no other practice so speedily spoils books as this.

12. *Always have a good index or catalogue of the contents of the library.*"

The same book says there are 3 enemies to guard against, "Viz;—Insects, damp, and rats and mice."

May I add that the books and the whole room should be kept absolutely tidy and entirely without dust and cobwebs. Only then will the library give that atmosphere of rest and peace, which is so essential for every human being, in the busy, hectic world of today.

PADDY.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE PAGE

(1) *Answer to last month's query.*

Careful Mother: "What literature am I to give my child to read, outside his school-work?"

In the first place, the point must be admitted that it is very necessary that the minds of our young people require as much nourishment as their bodies; and that they should be taught to absorb good ideas and sentiments, as much as they take in nourishing food.

In the second place, I think it should be recognised that a wise censorship should be exercised over a child's reading, especially by the mother. At the same time, it must be kept in mind that it should not be too strict; for, the moment that is done an unhealthy curiosity will be roused and the forbidden books will be surreptitiously read. But, at the same time, if a boy or a girl has been brought up in a healthy manner, he or she will not usually be at pains to search for vicious books.

I found the following interesting requirements about children's literature, in a journal:

In the first place, a book or a paper must be interesting in its appearance, its reputation, in its contents.

Secondly, they must be able to build character. Everybody knows how great is a child's curiosity. He is always asking questions to satisfy his wonder and his mental hunger. As someone has said, "His hunger drives him on to find the eternal Idea behind its temporal representation." This hunger has two phases, viz., fact and fancy. Therefore, "a child's literature must give both information and interpretation, and both must be guided according to the age and stage of his development."

A child's interests, to follow a sort of scale, as he grows up, is first centred in himself, then in the people and things around him, then in a series of special interests, and lastly in social relationships. Therefore, first he needs songs and verses with a marked rhythm, which shows itself in the love of noise and in the desire to find a sort of harmony in noise. Then, the infant also wants pictures, from which he gradually learns the names of people and animals. To very young children, fact and fancy are not much apart. Their life is full of imagination. Therefore, they love fancy tales of all kinds. A writer says: "Our effort to feed the child's hunger for an imaginative explanation or personalization of natural forces may take inspiration at this stage from a study of primitive man's efforts to find a satisfying interpretation of his world. To explain their universe and to satisfy their emotion of wonder, our ancestors invented myths and legends—they made gods, persons, demons and dragons of the invisible forces they found operating in their environment. So, legends, myths and hero-tales offer the child an aesthetic assuagement of his sense of wonder. The child who has none is undernourished; the one who cannot enjoy them (and such exist) may be likened to a diabetic."

Then come stories of "adventure, of primitive life, of contests and tournaments", which appeal to the child of twelve. Also books like *Robinson Crusoe*, which teach children about "making, building, collecting,". Then should be given books of poetry and romance and tales of self-sacrifice, mixed with biographies and stories of real life which suit the period of approaching adolescence.

It is at this period, says our friend, that the adult can best offer help. It is a period of hero-worship, and therefore all sorts of cheap romances are indulged in. And yet; "There is we feel, socially, too much at stake for us to sit by idly and see our children take an intellectual poison, or even waste their time chewing harmless weeds and straw, when there are store-houses of good food available to them." The best way to catch the interest is to make ideas live! We must remember that to a child, everything depends on action—in games and in life. It

dramatises what it reads, and tries to model its own character on it. We must also offer the child a great deal of variety. "Not only strength and boldness should win his respect, but also tenderness, reliability and quiet endurance. The social virtues particularly should be found in the heroes he yearns to imitate.

Every book, every page, a child reads should serve to build some quality or deepen some perception in him. Constructive literature is the world's great need. Not an hour of precious growing time ought to be wasted on books that stimulate pride, greed, cruelty, selfishness, hatred, or disrespect of our fellow-men. It is even a waste of time to stimulate hatred of baseness, smallness, injustice, since these are the logical reverse of nobility, largeness of spirit, and justice. The negative qualities appear on the scene from time to time for artistic effect, to show the noble qualities the more clearly, but there is no need to call into play the negative attitude of mind by emphasizing their horrors. The task of a person writing books for children to read should be a constructive one from first to last."

Again, we must not neglect the likes and dislikes of children to certain books, but think there is some reason for them.

MOTHER CONFESSOR.

New Query

Is a mother-in-law justified in living in her son-in-law's house after her daughter's marriage?

COOKERY NOTES

PUMPKIN PIE

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger |
| 1 cup scalded milk | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 2 eggs slightly beaten | 2 tablespoons molasses |
| 1 cup cooked pumpkin | 2 tablespoons melted butter |
| | 1 teaspoon cinnamon. |

Mix sugar, salt, and spice, add pumpkin, molasses, eggs slightly beaten, melted butter and milk gradually. Bake in one crust in a quick oven for seven minutes to set the rim, decrease heat and cook in a moderate oven about one hour.

SPANISH RICE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice | 1 large can tomatoes |
| 2 green peppers chopped | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 1 small onion chopped | salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated American cheese |

Put butter in saucepan and cook onion, and rice gently until onions are yellow. Add tomatoes, peppers and seasoning. Cook slowly for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, add cheese just before taking up. If too thick add a little boiling water.

PEACH WHIP

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 qt. can of sliced peaches | 3 tablespoons sugar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tapioca | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla |
| Cold water | 2 egg whites |

Drain the juice from the peaches and add enough water to make 2 cups. In this syrup, cook the tapioca and sugar until clear. Add the sliced peaches. When cool add vanilla and fold in beaten whites of eggs. Serve very cold with soft custard or plain cream.

From "the Parents Magazine"

NEEDLEWORK NOTES



From the Parents Magazine.

HEALTH NOTES

(SELECTED)

HELPING THE CONVALESCENT

When a woman is really ill she forgets to bother about her looks, but when pain is over and strength is returning it often helps a convalescent towards recovery, if she can be encouraged to take interest, in her appearance. Those, who are looking after a convalescent patient should do their utmost to make the bedroom pretty and dainty. Flowers must be kept fresh, the water in the vases changed daily, and all plants and cut flowers should be removed from the room at night. Then, a different bedspread should be used, if possible, to the one in use during the patient's illness, and daintily embroidered pillow-slips can be put on for the daytime. Arrange a small table near the bed on which the patient can place her books and magazines, etc., and if visitors are permitted draw up an easy chair near the bed, so that the visitor, when seated, can be seen by the patient. A pretty bed-jacket should be worn by the patient when sitting up in bed. There are very charming and quite inexpensive ones to be bought nowadays. Special attention should be paid to the patient's hair, as after an illness it generally becomes dull, lifeless and thin. It should be cut in order to strengthen it, brushed well night and morning, and occasionally the scalp should be thoroughly massaged with the tips of the fingers dipped in olive oil or a rosemary lotion. If, after an illness, the skin of the face and hands has become dry and harsh, a little cold cream should be applied, after the face and hands have been washed and dried. After it has been allowed to soak in for about fifteen minutes, the surplus should be wiped off with a swab of clean cotton-wool. Cream should not be applied to the skin at night while the patient is not in good health, as it might clog the pores. A very few minutes spent in daily manicure will keep the hands in good condition.

INVALID DIET.

All food for invalids, whether in the convalescent stage or not, must be the very best of its kind. In order to tempt a patient to eat, the food must be really well-cooked and served in an attractive manner. Use small plates, cups and dishes, and never serve too much at a time. The tray-cloth must be spotless, the china and silver bright and shining. If a special diet is not ordered by the doctor in attendance, then the ordinary "light diet" dishes may safely be served. These include beef tea, chicken broth, veal broth, beef tea allowed to become cold and set into a jelly, egg and milk jellies, milk foods, junket, custard, steamed filleted fish, chicken, etc. Always provide plenty to drink. Home-made lemonade and barley-water are excellent thirst-quenchers. To counter act the effect of

too many milk foods upon the mouth, provide the patient with fresh fruit. Even in severe illness the juice of sweet grapes is generally allowed, and as the patient reaches the convalescent stage give more grapes and the strained juice of oranges. Later, whole oranges and ripe apples may be enjoyed, and baked apples with cream and ripe bananas mashed with cream are nourishing. Lemons may be used in various ways in invalid cookery.

The Madras Mail

HONEY AS A DISINFECTANT

As a result of the National Bee-keepers' Association offering a prize of 1000 dollars for a method of approximately making honey, and with the idea of imitating the work of the bee generally, the bee-keepers "knew their bees", as the prize money is still waiting. Scientists are fascinated by the systematic life of the bee, and are beginning to discover some new facts about their product. One reason for the value of honey as a food for man has been apparently found out. Old-time bee-keepers have always known that, if honey is placed in a barrel not thoroughly dry, the seams will open and the honey will run out. This peculiar thing has puzzled scientists for some long time, but now it is discovered that honey absorbs the moisture from anything damp with which it comes in contact. It draws moisture from the staves of the barrel. Further investigation of this characteristic reveals that the lack of any forms of bacteria in honey is caused in much the same way. An unlucky microbe falling into a honey-pot dries up and dies. Honey, so this latter research indicates, is its own disinfectant. It is one of the safest foods in the world. Sealed in the waxen cells of the comb, it is kept clean and pure, and when it is extracted and exposed to the air it kills any dangerous organisms falling into it by absorbing their liquid content.

Health.

TEA-MAKING TIPS

There are four important points to remember when making tea: (1) Never use water that has not reached boiling point. (2) Do not allow the water to boil too long. (3) Do not allow the tea to brew longer than five minutes. (4) Never make tea in a metal pot. The pot should be of earthenware or porcelain.

Warm and scald out the pot, then add the dry leaves in the proportion of one level teaspoonful to each half-pint, or an ounce for every seven persons. Pour boiling water over the leaves and put on the lid without delay. Allow to stand three or four minutes.

Care should be taken to use a teapot in proportion to the size of the party, for if the pot is only partly filled the tea will cool too quickly.

If the leaves have not been tied in a piece of muslin before brewing, the tea will require to be passed through a sieve to ensure that none of the leaves find their way into the cups.

Health.

PREVENTION OF BUG INFESTATION OF HOUSES

Bed bugs may live without food for a considerable time. Experimental data reported in this article indicates that the adult may live for ten weeks. During the time the female lays eggs, these hatch, and the young live for three months, all without any food. A knowledge of the life, history and habits of the insect is necessary before attempting to control it. Floor cracks, furniture, picture rails and wall paper may all be involved as breeding places. Sprays do not seem to be satisfactory, for, although they kill the bugs by direct contact they do not reach behind the skirting boards, picture rails, etc. The conclusion arrived at is that vigorous cleansing with soap and water and fumigation with SO₂ gas is most effective. As a further preventive, a cement facing instead of wooden skirting board is advised.

Health.

HABITS MAY MAKE OR MAR A CHILD

We are all creatures of habit, though many people go through life without realising the fact. If it were more generally grasped, the world would be a distinctly pleasanter place to live in, because much more attention would be paid to the formation of "good" habits.

For the first few weeks of life, Nature provides the instinct which causes the infant automatically to seek food, sleep, etc. But almost immediately the normal healthy child conforms to the routine laid down by nurse or mother; therefore this routine should be wisely planned with an eye to the future. Good habits are just as easily learned as bad ones, and the mother who remembers this saves herself a great deal of work, besides giving her child a much better chance of health and consequent happiness.

As children grow older, sometimes objectionable habits are formed, and these habits may be directly attributable to physical defects. Take two of the most common; nail-biting and eye-blinking. These are sure signs that something is out of gear in the nervous system; therefore the cause should be sought and dealt with, before much is attempted in the way of checking the habits themselves.

Again, a child may be constantly "sniffing", yet show no actual sign of "cold". In nine cases out of ten, if he is examined by a doctor, it will be found that there is some chronic catarrhal condi-

tion which sets up a certain amount of irritation. "Sniffing" momentarily relieves this discomfort, and so the child performs the action perpetually, until it becomes an unconscious habit.

On the other hand, the foundations of many good habits can be laid in early childhood, to become later on an automatic and unconscious part of daily life.

The care of the teeth, the general hygiene of the body, attention to the little details which make or mar the personal appearance, the care of clothes and general possessions—all these are everyday examples of "good" habits which help to oil the wheels of existence for the "herd" as well as for the individual.

Remember also that there are mental as well as physical habits which are learned in childhood. Truthfulness and lying are much more often matters of habit than of ethics.

The Madras Mail.

NEWS AND NOTES

(SELECTED).

THE ALL-ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

The Associated Press is informed that the response given by the Press, by Women's Associations, and by prominent individuals, to the proposal that an All-Asian Women's Conference should be held, has been so satisfactory and enthusiastic that the promoters feel quite justified in going forward enthusiastically with the scheme.

The leading Women's Associations have signified their willingness to cooperate; such as the All-India Women's Conference, the Delhi Women's League, the Women's Indian Association, the Lady Hardinge Medical College, the All-India League for Maternity and Child Welfare, the Vigilance Society. Offers of hospitality for the Conference have been made by the women of Lahore, Delhi and Madras. Provisionally, the suitability of Lahore has been accepted in view of the Asiatic Teachers' Conference being held in Benares about the same time.

An informal meeting of a number of women from different parts of India took place at the Taj Mahal Hotel on January 25, at which the next steps to be taken were discussed. Since then, the draft-invitation has been under formulation and circulation to a number of the most representative women of India chosen, not with regard to Province or Associations, but by reason of their prominence in various aspects of Indian life. These include: Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal, Lady D. Tata, Lady Hydari, Rani Lakshmi Bai Rajwade, Dr. Poonen Lukhose, Srimathi Annasuyabai Ben, Srimathi Pratima Devi, Mrs. Rameshwari Nehru.

SEX "WARFARE"

The appointment by the London County Council of a woman to the headship of one of the largest mixed schools under its control, promises to raise the sex-equality controversy in an acute form in the teaching profession. Women's teaching organisations always contended that the best qualified person, irrespective of sex, should be appointed to such a post, whereas the men maintained that no woman could preserve discipline over boys of a certain age.

This view has hitherto been largely upheld in practice, since Miss L. B. Morris who has just been selected as Head Teacher of the Central School, Peckham Rye, is one of the few women to receive such an appointment.

The members of the Council's Education Committee received letters of protest from male teachers, and the Secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters expressed their point of view, opining that if boys are to grow up to be manly men, they must be in charge of men. There was the further objection that some men might refuse to serve under women. This point, however, is ridiculed by the Secretary of the National Union of Women Teachers, who characterised it as mediæval and said that such men were unfit to be in charge of girls or to supervise women teachers. Miss Morris herself regretted that the sex question was ever raised. She said that no harm could be done as long as the staff was mixed. She thought the job should be given to the individual best fitted for it, whether a man or a woman.

CANADIAN SENATE.

VACANCY OFFERED TO WOMAN.

The appointment to the Senate has been announced of Mrs. Norman Wilson of Ottawa, wife of a former member of the Federal House of Commons and daughter of an ex-Senator. If she accepts it, she will be the first woman Senator in Canada.

The eligibility of women to the Senate was decided by the Privy Council a few months ago, which, on appeal by representatives of the women of Canada from the Supreme Court's judgment, passed a verdict that the word "person" in the Canadian constitution included females.

There are at present five vacancies in the Senate which, when filled, will give the Liberals a clear majority in the Upper Chamber for the first time in 15 years.—*Madras Mail*.

MUSIC DEMONSTRATION BY SCHOOLGIRLS.

Music is an expression of a man's or woman's feeling; it has a soothing influence on them; it has been frequently alluded to as

a woman's accomplishment in the Indian classical literature; most of the classical songs are devotional; it has been handed down from the master to pupil in Ancient India; Indian Music has a system which is the most ancient in the world; its composition was dated several centuries before the Christian era. These are the remarks made by the Zemindarini of Kumaramangalam, who presided over the demonstration of Indian music by the Girls' Schools in Madras given at the Museum Theatre. The demonstration was under the kind patronage and in the immediate presence of Lady Beatrix Stanley. There was a large and distinguished gathering of Indian ladies; every seat was occupied. Team singing is of recent origin. The demonstration was the first of the kind to be organised in Madras, and for the matter of that in the whole of India. Six Girls' schools participated in it. It was a success: there was no confusion or delay in the performance. It went off with a swing from start to finish. A dozen of the items were from the compositions in Telugu of Tyagaraja, who was the greatest composer in South India. The demonstration was organised by the School Sangeetha Demonstration Committee, assisted by Mr. P. Sambamurthi, Professor of music, Queen Mary's College, Madras.

Music is now an optional subject in the Secondary School-Leaving Certificate and University Examinations. The Hon. Rajah Sir Annamalai Chetti has founded very recently a College of Music at Chidambaram.

THE HINDU.

BEAUTY CONTEST.

The beauty championship of Europe, carrying the proud title of "Miss Europe," was won by a lady who originally did not intend to enter. Mlle. Alice Diplarakou, an 18-year-old Grecian brunette, found herself, almost by mistake, among 19 International contestants, who submitted their charms to the arbitrament of an International Jury in Paris. When the lady to represent her country was being selected at Athens, she and her parents attended only as spectators in the British Ambassador's box. Her striking beauty, however, attracted immediate attention and she was prevailed upon to become one of the competitors. Her success in the Greek competition, followed, though it was not altogether popular at the time. The verdict of the Paris Jury, however, silenced every discordant note in her native country and her success was received with enthusiasm.

The distinguished guests at a banquet given by the Greek Foreign Minister, cheered loudly when the result was received and the Premier, M. Venizelos, telegraphed his congratulations.

It is noticeable that apparently the most beautiful girls in Europe belong to the upper middle classes. The winner is the daughter of a Barrister. The other competitors included the daughters of a Hungarian Naval officer, a Rumanian General, a Russian Provincial Governor, a Czechoslovakian Bank Manager, a Turkish Government official and a Jugoslavian Colonel.

The Championship of Europe is not the ultimate pinnacle to which Mlle. Diplarakou can aspire, for she with other European beauties, is now eligible to contend for the title of "Miss Universe," at a competition which is to be held late in the summer, at which selected representatives of all the world are expected to participate.

The Madras Mail

WOMEN WANT DEATH PENALTY

Giving evidence before the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, which has been engaged for some time in gathering the effect on criminals of the death penalty for murder and the probable result of its abolition, Dr. Methven, Governor of Maidstone Prison, who has over forty reprieved murders in his charge, opposed total abolition of death penalty. He said the result would be that thieves would carry arms and use them in order to reduce the chance of arrests.

The expression of opinion by Dr. Methven that, as woman rarely committed murder of the first degree, no harm could be done by abolishing the death penalty as far as women were concerned, has aroused the fierce opposition of feminists, who describe the proposal as the last stand of superior sex against absolute equality of sexes. The Secretary of Women's Freedom League while opposed to capital punishment, argued that women's demand for equality before law called for its retention for women, as long as it would be inflicted on men.

ARTS AT THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

It takes a great artist to make a perfect gesture of appreciation. The spontaneous offer of the internationally famous pianist, Mr. Alfred Mirovitch, to play for the delegates of the women's Conference "as a tribute to Indian Womanhood" was such a gesture. The "At Home" to delegates and hostesses, which had been arranged by Lady Dorab Tata at her mansion, on the final day of the Bombay Conference, formed a fitting occasion for the pianist's recital. The crowded salons delighted in the beauty and variety of his playing, and the climax was reached when he chose to play Chopin's Study in E major and explained quite simply that, when Chopin thought of his country in subjection to a foreign power, as he played its lovely folk-song melody, the tears were always in his eyes. As Mrs. Naidu said in thanking Mr.

Mirovitch, "his exquisite playing had given the coronation of Beauty to the Women's Conference" He is a Russian by birth, naturalised in America, and his appreciation was in the nature of an international gesture which will long be remembered by Indian womanhood with deep gratitude.

Drama gave the delegates its inspiration in a play of Harendranath Chattopadhyaya's, performed delightfully by the girls of the New High School under Miss Chattopadhyaya's direction, and by a parody on Early Marriage and the evasion of the Sarda Act, played to the very life by the delegates from Andhradesha. Then again there were the Folk-dances of Gujerat given at the Concert with artistic coloured lighting, a performance full of freshness and cultural charm. Indian and Western music were complementary factors in the entirely successful Concert, which was a new experiment in the Conference Programme, and which added Rs. 1,640 to the Conference coffers, and brought to light much talent in the delegates. The orchestral Indian music presented by the Deodhar School of Music was significant of the new life which is pulsing through all phases of the national expression. It holds great promise for the future and the Conference is indebted to Mr. Deodhar for the concert it provided for the delegates. The lecture given on Indian architecture by Mr. Vakel with lantern illustrations was so interesting that it proved that the Conference has done well in asking that Architecture should be made one of the optional subjects for women in the Universities. Finally, there was the impressiveness of the titanic sculpture in the Cave of Elephanta. The picnic party to the Cave was one of the high-lights of the Conference; and then the sight of that immortal, colossal Trimuthi, the Three in One, and the other great sculptured subjects, which Captain Solomons, Principal of the Bombay School of Arts, so kindly explained, particularly the great figure of Ardhanarishwara (half-Lady, half-Lord), and the Eight Mothers of the Universe, with the God of War at one side of the panel and the God of Peace and good luck at the other, all of which carried our humanity right into the stream of divine evolution. The Bombay Conference has been unique in the gifts of art, which it showered on the delegates, and the result will be far-reaching.

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