



677

Registered No. M-2435

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

*Verified
m*

19 AUG 1930

D. IV.

AUGUST 1930

No. 1



A VILLAGE SCENE.

A. J. Pandian Tanjore.

CONTENTS PAGE.

Illustrations :

A village scene; Mrs. Chotalal G. Gandhi Maneckgaveri;
Srimati Shantabai Venga Sarkare; Mrs. Kamala Devi Sharma; the
sweetmeat wallah; the Andromeda nebula.

	PAGE
1 Protectors of the world—Verses—selected	1
2 The Vernacular as the medium of instruction— Pandit N. Chengalvarayan	2
3 Make your photography pay—Stanley Jepsen	7
4 George Sand—I. D. Pangaswamy	11
5 Our instructive article—Popular Astronomy, series 3—C. K. Money	15
6 Life—Napoleon Bernard	16
7 The Maid of Malabar—Patrick Branwell Fitzroy Bronte... ..	17
8 Our Poetry pages :	
(1) The fawn—E. E. S.	27
(2) A summer day—Leland J. Berry	27
(3) Youth and age	
(4) Triolet. Herbert Porter	28
(5) Let me but find myself as one with thee— “Bharathi”	28
9 In Man's realm :	
(1) “The old, old story”—“Hard-bitten”	29
(2) Put back his things—selected	30
10 Our children's pages :	
(1) A lullaby—L. J. B.	30
(2) The breaking of the Wizard's spell— Nita Fonseca	31
(3) Carmelli and Orlando—Susie Chandy	32
(4) Joan of Arc—Nita Fonseca	33
(5) Our letter to our young people—Padmini	33
11 Friendly chats—Maximerisms—R. Subrahmanyam	35
12 Our Fashion suggestions—Sister Susie	36
13 Common ailments of children—Ch. xxvii— Dysentery—D. Kirubaimani	37
14 Our Correspondence Column—W. A.	38
15 Household hints—Paddy	40
16 Our Cookery notes—translated	40
17 Our Needlework notes	41
18 Our Health notes—selected	42
19 News and Notes—selected	44
20 Acknowledgments	44

Annual Subscription

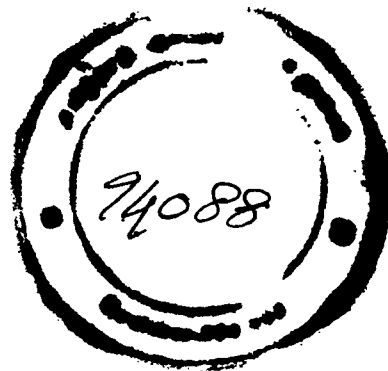
Inland Rs. 5, Foreign Rs. 5-8

Editor and Manager

MRS. K. SATTIANADHAN, M.A.
Cannanore.

Assistant Editor

MISS P. SATTIANADHAN B. A.



The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. IV.

AUGUST 1930

No. 1

"PROTECTORS OF THE WORLD."

"In paths of peace and virtue
Always the good remain ;
And sorrow will not stay with them,
Nor long access of pain :
At meeting or at parting
Joys to their bosom strike,
For good to good is friendly,
And virtue loves her like.

The great sun goes his journey,
By their strong truth impelled ;
By their pure lives and penances
Is earth itself upheld :
Of all which live or shall live
Upon its hills and fields,
Pure hearts are the 'protectors,'
For virtue saves and shields.

Never are noble spirits
Poor while their like survives.
True love has wealth to render,
And Virtue gifts to give.

Never is lost or wasted
The goodness of the good ;
Never against a mercy,
Against a right it stood.

And--seeing this--that Virtue
Is always friend to all,
The virtuous and true-hearted
Men their 'protectors' call."

Some of Savitri's words to Yama in the poem by Sir Edwin Arnold.

"THE VERNACULAR AS THE MEDIUM OF INSTRUCTION."

BY PANDIT N. CHENGALVARAYAN

(DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN MYSORE).

THE present is an age of educational reform. The methods of teaching most of the subjects in the school curriculum have undergone considerable changes, during the last decade; but until recently we have overlooked the paramount claims of our own language, with regard to which a spirit of indifference has almost universally prevailed. We are not surprised to hear that culture has declined, owing to this indifferent teaching of the mother tongue.

The most obvious value of a knowledge of vernaculars is to be found in their practical employment, whether in speaking or writing, as a means of communication with natives of the countries where they are spoken. The importance of this aspect is beyond doubt and requires no argument; of itself it renders a certain study of vernaculars necessary and indeed unavoidable.

The claim for a national position must be based, not only or even mainly on merely utilitarian grounds, but upon a broader humanistic conception.

The first medium of humanistic education must be the mother tongue, and for many it will remain the only medium.

Instruction in the vernacular should aim primarily at:—

1. The cultivation of correctness and fluency in the spoken and written language:

2. The cultivation of the capacity to read and appreciate the best literature in the language;

3. The imparting of accurate information about their people and their land—

a. Daily life and ways, character and ideas,

b. Geography, political, historical and economic,

c. History, including the history of the institutions, law and commerce.

The study of vernaculars is an important subject, which is worth the consideration of every eminent educationist, not only of this province but the whole of India. It is obviously for the welfare of a nation that all the communities which form it should realise clearly their mutual relations. It is equally obvious that the attainment of this national consciousness must be, to a very great

degree, dependent upon the thorough and general understanding of a common tongue. The common tongue, inasmuch as it is the basis of a common literature, is indispensable to the establishment of national ideals and of national systems of thought.

To the individual, the cultivation of the vernacular is also of great importance. It is in the first place, his instrument in all his communications with others; it is in the second place, the instrument by which his aesthetic needs are chiefly served; it is, in the third place, the means by which he arrives at intellectual consciousness.

The system of education that is imparted in schools and colleges in modern days is not a commendable one. Year after year we see many of our young men taking the respective degrees at the Convocation all to no purpose. They all try to become merely quill-driving machines, without knowing any solid and substantial work, that will be of practical value to them in their lives. The problem of unemployment becomes keener and keener and we see the unhappy fate of several of our young graduates, who are thrown out of employment and who do not know anything more than reading and writing and passing their examinations. Moreover, the instruction that they receive at schools and colleges is neither steady nor sound. They get only a superficial and smattering knowledge of the various subjects, that they study for their examinations.

The present system of holding examinations is very taxing to young boys. This, instead of making them more efficient, makes them on the other hand very dull and they tremble at the approach of an examination. They look upon examinations as though they are night-mares. Naturally we find some sort of deterioration among the school-going population year after year. This deterioration is due to three causes:—

(1) The incapacity of the students in studying their subjects properly to get through their examinations,

(2) The incompetency of teachers to teach efficiently and thoroughly, so as to make the students have a clear grasp of the subject,

(3) The idiosyncrasies of the examiners in awarding marks to the candidates while correcting their answer papers and so forth.

Instances are not wanting of many young men, who commit suicide simply because they are not able to succeed in their examinations and get the degrees. People attach too much importance to degrees like B. A., and M. A., and rest themselves contented, considering them as the sole criterion of success in their lives. Nowhere in the world except in India does such a foolish notion

prevail among the people. The thirst for taking degrees is rampant and consequently the health of the students is considerably impaired.

The necessity for teaching the vernacular in Elementary schools is universally accepted. In those schools, which best exemplify the recent development of elementary education, no feature is more interesting or more significant than the increase in the number of subjects in the curriculum. A typical modern school contains many things unthought-of in the instruction given a few decades ago.

Most of the teachers of vernaculars in our High Schools follow a particular stereotyped way of teaching poetry and prose. They take up a stanza and proceed at once to explain the meaning of the stanza, the grammatical peculiarities, etc., without making any attempt to arouse the emotional feelings of the pupils. They generally do not give a critical survey of the life of the author, his skill at versification or his imagination. They merely train the boys to answer the questions set for the examination. In this connection, we may quote Mr. Jadhav, who says, "That a University must prescribe books and hold examinations is in the nature of things only natural. But the prescribing of books, and holding of examinations, is not the be-all and end-all of a University, and the fact that all the work is carried on in English, which is a foreign language, sets up barriers between the natural and national life of the people and that of the students who go to the University. The fact that a foreign language is the medium of instruction means necessarily that the students are forced to cram, cram, cram, until their brain becomes entirely useless for original thinking. There are here and there a few brilliant exceptions, but they only help to prove the general rule that most of the students have a hard time of it during their college years. That the health of the students has suffered considerably under the present system of university education can be seen by all who have eyes to see."

It may appear rather strange that the question of adopting the vernacular as the medium of instruction in high schools should need such discussion in these days, when all leading educationists are unanimous in their views regarding the salutary influences of such a reform. Language is only a means and the end in acquisition of knowledge; as such, what matters really is *ideas* and not *words*. Most of the men and boys of the present generation have no clear and definite ideas about many of the most ordinary things of everyday life, and this vagueness is due to the fact that they read them through a foreign medium. It is foolish to give undue prominence to any one language (for example)—English—and there is no reason why the percentage of marks for a pass should be 85 in English and 30 in other subjects. The difficulty pointed out by

some of the critics regarding the paucity of good text books is not so insuperable, and at the most the plea is valid only for the temporary and short period of transition, and we may be sure that in course of time suitable books will be forthcoming, as in the neighbouring Osmania University.

Some may say that teaching art subjects through the medium of the vernacular is not so difficult, and it is really hard to teach science subjects, first because science has progressed by leaps and bounds, and secondly because of the difficulty in finding exact words for many of the technical terms. The difficulty about the vocabulary can be easily solved, if a committee of experts be appointed with instructions to draw up a lexicon of scientific terminology to adopt in future text books.

We may also add that, since making the vernacular the medium does not do away with English altogether, the English terms themselves can be printed within brackets, so that the boys may grasp them with greater ease. For this, some sort of training for a short period must be given to the science masters (teachers), so that they may equip themselves better in teaching their subjects.

There may be some possible objection, that the proposed reform cannot be carried out easily, because of India's political connection with England, and that since, when all the subjects are taught through the medium of English, the efficiency of the boys is at a low ebb, it will be lower still, if all subjects except English are taught through the medium of the vernacular.

The answer to this question is simple. The reason for the low standard of the boys is due to the medium being a foreign tongue; and, if the boys are taught subjects like History, Geography, Science, etc., in their own vernacular and allowed to answer the questions in it, their standard of performance in the examination will rise considerably high. India's political connection with England has nothing to do with the question on hand, for it has to be seen purely from an educational point of view; and as the national point cannot be totally divorced from the educational it has to be examined from that point of view too.

Thus, the advantages that a person gains by receiving instruction through his mother tongue are; (a) from a personal point of view, the saving of energy, and money, which can be more profitably utilized in other important directions. A boy takes greater time for the study of books in English than in his vernacular. Side by side with the saving of time, energy and money are also saved.

Moreover, the easiness and quickness of learning things in the vernacular is greater and keener, than in English. The teachers

are able to express their thoughts thoroughly and clearly and to appeal to the emotions of the boys, which tends to the development of feeling in them. Further, the intellectual effort in understanding an idea in a foreign tongue leaves no room for aesthetic appreciation.

(b) From the country's point of view:—

Educating the masses through their mother tongue is easier and quicker and renders the spread of culture very simple and possible. Hence, there is ample scope for increasing the percentage of literates among the masses. There must be unity among the language areas. There should be no difference or quarrel about the greatness or popularity of any one language, say Tamil, Telugu, Canarese or Malayalam. Segregation among them is detrimental to Indian nationality. All are sister languages and so all must be improved. We must study them and devote more attention and time to study modern vernacular literature. We must modernise vernaculars, all of us working unitedly without distinction of caste or creed.

For whatever purpose we learn a language, some knowledge of the history of the people who speak the language is necessary. None can grasp its intellectual or æsthetic qualities,—without a knowledge of the conditions under which it is used and has been developed as an instrument in the expression of thought and beauty.

It is our business, as Indian men and Indian women, to teach Indian boys and girls intelligent patriotism. Part of that lesson lies in our Indian stories. It is our business as teachers of languages to teach Indian boys and girls the patriotism of India. It is also our bounden duty to teach them that this knowledge of India is an essential of our national life. Let us teach them, that we need statesmen and soldiers and men of business who know India, and to know India they must know the language and history of India. Let us teach them that every boy and every girl who learns that language and that history will add to the health and strength of this country. Finally, we must have a common language that will link us with the other parts of India, as well as with the world. That is undoubtedly English and no other language. So we must have English as a compulsory second language for intercourse with other provinces of India and with the world at large.

If India wishes to make any progress culturally and intellectually, if her citizens want to add to the stock of human knowledge of her children, if they have to grow up as patriotic and self-respecting citizens of the country, and if they care for the substance and not the shadow, vernaculars must be made the medium of instruction in High Schools, and later on in Colleges too, and the sooner the reform is carried out the better will it be for all concerned.

WHEN I AM OLD.

(To M. D.)

When I am old and Life has flung me by
And I sit musing o'er what Time has brought
Of joy, and every unavailing sigh,
—And Death itself becomes an idle thought,

When all the idols I have set apart
Are crumbled and are long-forgotten things,
And I fold hands across my empty heart
Hushing its vain and fretful murmurings,

Then, O most faithful, in my backward glance,
I know I shall recall your quietude,
Dim shadows of past dreams and old romance,
Friendship, and song where bygone memories brood;

—These shall my thoughts be, when at length I keep
My last long vigil ere I fall asleep.

E. H. d'A.

MAKE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY PAY

(BY STANLEY JEPSON OF "THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA.")

"Yes, Photography is a great hobby, but—"

There is a *but* to most hobbies, and in this case the amateur photographer will add that "it is expensive." That it can be an expensive hobby is shown by the excellent dividends paid by Eastman Kodak Company and the many other firms who cater for all the needs of the button-presser. Nowadays, one can secure photographic films and other necessities in almost every Indian bazaar, and if any clever statician could work out the total length of films exposed for snapshot albums each year all over the world, and see how many times this would girdle the earth, the result would be staggering.

Yet many clever amateur photographers reimburse themselves for the cost of plates, films or papers etc. The others, who do not, have merely not discovered just how to do it. Illustrated journalism has increased during recent years to an enormous extent, and modern tendencies are for it to go on increasing. The demand for the right sort of pictures is world-wide, and India in particular has vast opportunities in this respect, many of them totally unexplored.

It is extraordinary how many budding literary contributors ask editors that very vexing question "What sort of articles do you require?" The obvious reply is, of course, "Study the paper and you will soon find out." The same thing applies to photographs. Each illustrated paper has its own atmosphere, and by studying this one can soon discover exactly what it needs. Whether the amateur photographer can meet this need depends on his *flair* for *seeing* and for *making* pictures. But he or she may take heart from the assurance that in India much of the best work published comes from amateur's cameras. But the pictures which appear have to be selected from a mass of material, ninety-nine per cent of which could not be published through technical defects, and even if it could be the subject matter is not of sufficient general interest to warrant publication.

Mention of a few of these technical defects may help. For reproduction purposes, pictures—unless they are single heads or other bold objects lacking detail—cannot very well be smaller than quarter-plate size ($4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches), and half-plate or postcard size is really better. If intended for reproduction on a larger scale, pictures should be enlarged to 10×8 or 12×10 . An amateur photographer, who has never messed about with an enlarger, has lost half the joy of his hobby: portions most suitable for reproduction can be picked out and brought up, and generally much better prints can be obtained than by contact. But, if you do your own enlarging for press purposes, be careful to get the right exposure and a developer which gives that rich velvet black, which art editors love. The picture need not be harsh, but it must be contrasty. Those delicate tonal values which all good artist-photographers strive after are essential for the exhibition walls, but they have a habit of getting lost in the block-making department. So many otherwise good enlargements have that washed-out appearance (often due to over-exposure or old developer), which is the sole cause of the little rejection slip being attached. If you have no enlarger and do not wish to spend money on having an enlargement made, send a contact print and the film. Don't send plate-negatives through the post unless asked to do so: they are a nuisance and have a habit of getting broken. For press work use all films, not plates.

The best type of print for blockmaking is one that is not too dark, with crisp boldness and detail in sharp focus. Soft-focus effects, which look so attractive on photographic paper, rarely print well on fast-printing machines, unless they are worked on art paper and given some size. It is useless submitting a print out of focus, or with dark clogged shadows through over-exposure. An artist can touch up prints here and there to prevent details being lost, or to accentuate weak shadows, but he cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

But one can assume that the amateur who is out to submit prints regularly to newspapers and magazines can avoid any technical defects. Far more important is the selection of the subject. You may be deeply interested in some picture, because of its associations; it brings back to memory many pleasant little incidents. But this is no reason why it should interest the average reader. Those pictures which arrest the attention of your friends as they turn over the pages of your album, pictures which make many people smile, or even gasp, through the story they tell in unmistakable language, pictures which imprint themselves on memory, these are the kind which will be left for final selection after the obvious rejects are cleared off an art-editor's desk.

If you do not quite understand what is meant by the above, then study the pages of illustrated papers published in America (the standard of press photograph there is miles above that of any other country), England, India etc. You will find the photographs are divided into those of (a) news events of purely topical interest; (b), sets of pictures of travel, scientific, archeological, or other special interest; (c), those of outstanding pictorial merit. These divisions are not clearly defined, and often overlap.

The amateur, who has the habit of carrying his camera on morning strolls or motor tours, will often come across pictures of news interest, especially in these stirring times. His pictures must show life and movement, but the unfortunate fact is that life and movement tend to dry up when a lens is pointed at them. Do your work quickly before your presence has had this effect: good press photography has all the elements of speed and angle of vision of big game shooting, though few of its thrills. Remember that most people like seeing their pictures in print, and are often ready to oblige with a pose, or to walk towards one etc., but, if you have to do this, pretend to take your photograph, say "Thank you," and then press the shutter a second afterwards. The result will be more natural in expression and in every way. Some of the best pictures of people I have seen have been taken with a mirror fixed at right angles inside a brass tube in front of the tube, so that people never knew they were being taken.

Because an event is important, it is not necessarily interesting from a pictorial point of view. Each year on January first proclamation parades are held all over India, and each year shortly afterwards hundreds of photographs are sent round to illustrated papers; and each year the same day they go back again, with the usual regrets. Aeroplanes dipping in salute in a picturesque setting, an unexpected event in the parade, a smiling child stroking the regimental mascot—yes, these things are possible. For the rest, all the parades look alike and are worthless for press purposes.

Wherever a provincial Governor goes, dozens of press photographers feel impelled to expose dozens of films all looking alike. Waste!

Each year thousands of cameras are taken to beautiful Cashmir, and thousands of prints of the same beauty spots are sent to illustrated papers who already have much better prints of the same places, all carefully filed. Wasted effort and disappointment. The same applies all the year round to all the usual "show places" and fine old ruins in India. Some of these prints might be used as illustrations to brightly-written articles, but apart from this it is waste of time submitting them to the papers.

Cultivate an eye for press pictures in everyday walks of life. India is brimming over with them, and London Art editors are constantly scanning the pages of illustrated papers published overseas and cabling for this or that. Study the original camera angles, which are such a clever feature of modern cinema films, and get something out of the ordinary. Choose a view point which avoids a dismal blank foreground, and if there is nothing in the foreground put something there. If you are working with a very small viewfinder the size of a postage stamp, cut out an oblong from a piece of card and isolate your view through this.

Don't write a letter when submitting a press photograph, unless absolutely necessary. Type or attach on the back of the print a brief caption stating the usual what, when, where and how etc., and add your name and address, otherwise how can you be paid for it? If you expect to get it back in the case of rejection, attach a stamped envelop, and the whole will go at printed matter rates, with the envelope unstuck.

If you have something out of the ordinary which you think suitable for papers in England or America, you will find it too expensive and too troublesome to submit prints to individual papers and magazines. The best method is to send the films to an agency, who will do all the printing and submitting, deducting about forty per cent from sales for this purpose. There are plenty of reliable agencies who will do this, returning your films afterwards—unless you ask them to keep them for stock purposes, if they are portraits or places likely to come into the news from time to time. Number the films in the corners and have all the captions typed under corresponding numbers on a separate sheet of paper. The same method may be used when sets of pictures are submitted to newspapers for use as whole pages etc. There are also many press photographic agencies who will print and send round inside India, and if you are busy with your camera, this will be found much the best and most economical method. These agencies know the tastes of different publications and will not waste time sending out pictures which have no chance of acceptance.

But don't be deceived. Don't expose films right and left and think you are going to make money. With markets as great and widespread as they are, the supply of first-class pictures is enormous. But there is always room for the best, for out of the way photographs from out of the way pictures etc. If you have eyes to see and brains to make such pictures, you will not make an income: but you may easily cover the cost of all materials, and find a renewed joy and interest in what has hitherto been only a snapshot-album hobby.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE

GEORGE SAND.

ARMANDINE Lucile Aurore known as George Sand was a celebrated French authoress of the 19th century. She was born in 1804 and died in 1876. The long years of her life synchronized with thrilling events in the history of her country. She was born under a republic and died 72 years later under a republic, after living under Empires, Monarchies and Revolutions. The year of her birth witnessed the fall of the Republic set up in August 1792 and the proclamation of Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor. She lived to see the fall of the Empire and the restoration of the Bourbon Monarchy in 1814; the Revolution of 1830 and the appointment of Louis Philippe as the 'King of the French'; the convulsions of 1848 and the abdication of Louis Philippe; the rise to power of Louis Napoleon, a nephew of the great Napoleon, as President of the French Republic and his proclamation of 1852 as Emperor; the great tragedy of 1870 and the flight of Napoleon to England: and the outbreak and suppression of revolutionary Socialism known as "the Commune" which threatened the total subversion of society and the final establishment of a republican regime in 1875.

Aurore came into the world in somewhat romantic circumstances. Her father in whose veins ran the blood of heroes and kings, was a man of buoyant temperament with a strong natural leaning for art, music and drama. But the political conditions of France in his days gave him no choice but to enter the army. He had won his commission on the field of Marengo where he met with a daughter of a poor bird-seller at Paris and fell violently in love with her. The woman was four years his senior and was thoroughly uneducated and undisciplined but gifted with considerable beauty. Such was the infatuation of the young lieutenant for her that he married her secretly at Paris four years later, to the great sorrow of his mother, a thorough aristocrat in her disposition, and to the grave concern of his elders. Nevertheless, the

union which lasted only for a few years was happy. Aurore herself wrote afterwards that, "never was there a better-assorted couple and that they could never be happy except in their own little *menage*".

When she was hardly five years old, Aurore lost her father. Her plebian mother and her patrician grandmother could not agree with each other and the guardianship of Aurore was a cause of strife between them. Although Aurore's heart declared unreservedly for her mother, the material advantages offered by her grandmother's guardianship decided that she should be the latter's ward. Her attachment to her grandmother had a slow growth. All the standards of culture and propriety and the temptations of rank and wealth held up by that high-born lady, could not turn her granddaughter from the unrestrained and simple affections of the mother. They only resulted in creating in the child a premature dislike and distrust for conventional ideals. Aurore was but ten years old when she pronounced that the lot of a scullery maid was enviable, compared with that of a marchioness! There was little or no method in Aurore's early education. Some studies she took with avidity and some she detested. She had no liking for arithmetic and versification, but enjoyed history and literature. When she was thirteen, she had done a good deal of desultory reading but acquired very little of those accomplishments which society considered desirable for young ladies. Her grandmother therefore decided that she should have schooling in the English convent at Paris, where girls of high social rank were taught. Three years in the convent converted Aurore from a harmlessly mischievous and playful insubordinate girl into a serious maid with a strong inclination for a monastic life. Alarmed at this, her grandmother removed her from the convent.

When Aurore left the convent, she felt that she had learnt nothing there. She therefore determined to educate herself as best she could by miscellaneous reading. In her grandmother's house at Nohant, about three miles from the little town of Lachatre, she sat up all night with books and developed a taste for secular knowledge which shook her determination to take the veil. She plunged fearlessly and headlong into the works of famous philosophers, metaphysicians, mystics and poets. Above all these, she took to Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that poet-moralist helped her in solving the question of her true vocation in life. She shocked the people of Nohant by leading a gay and unconventional life. She rode on horseback, went game shooting and walked in boy's clothes. Her grandmother dying a year or so later, she returned to her mother only to find that she had become something of a termagant. Life became miserable to her and she found a way of escape in marrying Casimir Dudevant, a young man who had served in the army and studied for the law.



Mrs. Kamala Devi Sharma,

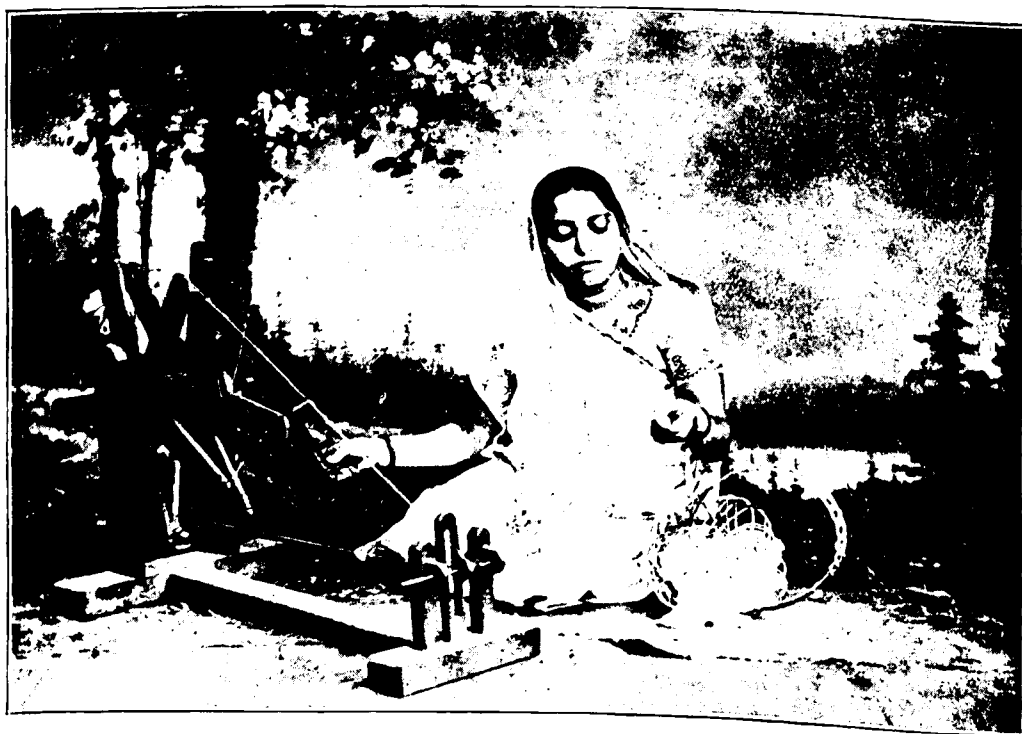
one of the most devoted Congress volunteers of Allahabad, who has presented a fancy metal national flag, electrically illuminated (with the figure of a charka) which was recently hoisted by Mrs. Uma Nehru on the Clock Tower in the Chowk at Allahabad.

Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Aurore was eighteen when she married. She settled down with her husband at Nohant, expecting a quiet country life. She voluntarily handed over to her husband the property she had inherited from her grand-mother and depended upon him even for pocket-money. But it soon became apparent that the husband and wife were incompatible with each other. Dudevant knew not the nature of his wife's mind and to the last had nothing but contempt for her intelligence. The disparity between the husband and wife grew day by day, despite their having two children, a boy and a girl to care for. Madame Dudevant, disgusted with the habits and company of her husband, determined to part from him. The Revolution of 1830 opened a new prospect to her for she, in common with the other young intellectuals of France, saw new hopes and ambitions for the world in general and her own country in particular. Securing liberty from her husband on condition that she should have the care of her two children and not more than £120 a year out of her fortune, she went up to Paris to pursue a literary career. It was a bold adventure as, with all her extraordinary spirit and energy she had received no artistic training and enjoyed none of the advantages of intellectual society.

Madame Dudevant "crossed the Rubicon" in the first days of January 1831. On arrival at Paris, a popular novelist to whom she was recommended told her that a woman ought not to write at all! She was informed that her sex had no place whatever in literature. But she was not unnerved. About six weeks after her arrival, she wrote to a friend, "the more I encounter, the more I am resolved to proceed". True to her resolve, she plunged into writing and gave it up only when the time came for her to die. Age did not abate her literary force. At seventy, she could write with as much vigour as she did at thirty. For forty-five years she engaged her pen in turning out novels, articles, pastorals and drama. Her first novel 'Rose et Blanche' was written in collaboration with her friend Jules Sandeau and published under his *non de plume* of Jules Sand. The literary partnership did not last long. Her next novel 'Indiana', which made her immediately famous, was entirely by her own hand. In publishing it, she had to change the signature. As the publisher was anxious to connect it with the first novel, she decided to change the prefix from 'Jules' to George. Hence the name of George Sand by which she came to be known to the literary world.

George Sand came up to Paris at an exceptionally brilliant epoch in French imaginative literature. Such a burst of talent as that which marked the beginning of Louis Philippe's reign stands without an example in the literary history of France. Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset and Honore de Balzac were the most brilliant of the stars which were shining at the time on



MRS. CHHOTALAL GHELABHA GANDHI MANECKGAVERI,
who has been appointed a Member of Broach District School Board.
She is seen in the picture plying the Charka.

Photo by:— Indian News Agency, Srirangam

the literary firmament. Within two years, George Sand found herself raised to eminence among them. Her output was tremendous. More than half a hundred romances stand to her credit and most of them dealt with love entanglements of a kind that the convention of English fiction did not sanction.

In August 1833, George Sand met Alfred de Musset at a dinner. Both became enamoured of each other and de Musset felt that it was worth exchanging the whole world for having George Sand as his wife! But this infatuation lived only for a short time. They journeyed through Italy for six months and separated at Venice. Eighteen months after this discreditable episode, George Sand applied for a judicial separation from her husband under legal advice, with the support and approval of friends of both parties. Though judgment was awarded in her favour and as a result of it she came back to the possession of her property and to the companionship of her children, she was subjected to annoyance; and three years passed before she came to a final settlement and was completely free of her husband.

After a year spent abroad for recruitment of health, George Sand ran a period of successful literary activity until the explosion of 1848. For four years preceeding the explosion, she associated herself with the spread of liberal ideas and the enlightenment of the masses on all subjects. When in February 1848, the Royal family fled and a Provincial government was set up, she urged upon all true patriots and philanthropists to consecrate their energies to the cause of the new Republic. But the terrible bloodshed which followed four months later, horrified her womanly and poetical nature. She retired from active politics for some time. Even after the cry came for order at any price and France declared for the rule of Louis Bonaparte, she withdrew more and more from the strife of political parties. But the Coup D'Etat of Louis Napoleon in December 1851 dragged her from the privacy of her life. She appeared as a mediator between the Emperor and his victims some of whom were comrades of her childhood and many were friends and acquaintances. Her office as a mediator was not appreciated and once again, she turned away from politics and devoted her best energies to literature. Soon she was fated to learn that she had outlived the period of which she was so brilliant a representative. As with Byron, Dickens and other popular celebrities, a phase of infinite enthusiasm for her writings was succeeded by a phase of determined depreciation. Nevertheless, her old age was fuller, brighter and more active than the youth of most men and women. The last five years of her life saw her pen in full activity. She was pained at the abasement of her country in 1870, but she had the fortune to witness the dawn of a new era of prosperity. When she died on the 8th of June 1876, the vital



The Andromeda Nebula.

forces of France had in the end prevailed over its successive ills. Although her life's work had been mainly accomplished long before, the extinction of her intelligence was felt in high literary circles as a 'Diminution of humanity'.

George Sand's funeral was conducted with extreme simplicity according to her own taste and spirit. The scene was however a memorable one. "The rain fell in torrents, but no one seemed to regard it; the country-people flocking in from miles around, old men standing bare-headed for hours, heedless of the deluge. The peasant and the prince, Parisians, leaders of the world of thought and letters and the humblest and most unlearned of her poor neighbours, stood together over her grave".

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

OUR INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLE.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

SERIES III.

IN the previous two articles, we made a brief survey of the Solar system. Now we shall take up the stellar system. The countless twinkling points of light, which adorn the night sky are huge suns like our own. Light rays travel at the tremendous rate of 186 thousand miles per second. The distance covered by light in one year is known as one 'light year.' The nearest star to our Solar system, is five light years away. The ancients divided the stars into various groups known as constellations. The stars are assigned different magnitudes, the brightest being placed under the first magnitude and so on. The star Sirius, now visible, is the brightest in the sky. It is 9 light years away from our system. The star Polaris marks the northpole of the heavens. The stars appear to be fixed, an effect due to their enormous distances from us. All the stars in space including our sun are moving at tremendous rates.

Only a few thousands of stars are visible to the naked eye, but the telescope reveals many millions. There are very many double stars, that is stars revolving round one another. The star Sirius is a binary. There may be more than two stars in a system. Variable stars show a regular variation in brightness. Spectroscopic research has proved that most of the variable stars are binaries and that the variation is due to the eclipsing of the components. The star Algol, in Perseus is a typical variable. There is a special class of stars known as the 'Cepheid' variables. In the case of these bodies, the variation is due to alternate expansion and contraction, and hence they are known as pulsating stars. Astronomers have not

yet well understood the laws governing these bodies. 'New' or temporary stars are very remarkable objects. At times, we find a very bright new star in some part of the sky, which completely vanishes in the course of a few months. This celestial catastrophe is the outcome of the explosion of some star. Such explosions may be due to the sudden release of the vast amount of sub-atomic energy in certain stars. Most of the stars are made up of familiar terrestrial elements, as evidenced by the spectroscope. They are divided into several groups according to the spectrum that they give. Our sun is a G type star. The white belt across the sky known as the Milky Way or the Galaxy is a vast aggregation of stars and star clusters. Its immense dimensions go to show, that it is a separate Universe in itself to which the sun belongs.

When the sky is examined through a telescope, we find patches of light, which resemble very thin high clouds. Some of them are diffuse and some are spiral shaped. The great diffuse nebula in Orion is thousands of light years away. The spectroscope reveals the presence of hydrogen, helium and other gases in this nebula. These gaseous nebulae reflect the light from the stars in the vicinity. The great nebula in the Andromeda is a spiral nebula. It is one million light years away and its dimensions are inconceivable. The Andromeda nebula is an island universe containing billions and billions of star systems.

We have now made a very rapid survey of the Universe. Everywhere, matter is transformed into radiant energy and radiant energy in its turn is converted into matter. This cycle will go on for ever. The same Divine law operates throughout the Universe, from the cosmic dance of the electron to the majestic movement of the spiral nebula. Space is infinite and time is eternal.

C. K. MONEY.

LIFE.

CAN one cease to fear the ignorance that has been forced upon the subconscious mind of Man and Woman all these years, and the many delusions and tricks that play upon the conscious mind?

What a wonderful thing life is to those who have come into a flexibility of spirit and mind open to newer and better truths, combined with a passion of soul to grasp and fathom them by comparative sources of knowledge! But pity those who are not yet awake, stunted by the shackles that bind them. One must

spend years in darkness and suffering, before they come into that inner light of guidance.

Let us see Life at times as energy. How deceiving can the conceptions of Life be, and how little do the established standards of ethical principles apply to the development of your, and my life! Analyze standards, and one finds that they all produce attempts to end things, make them secure and lasting. Man hits upon a near truth or revelation, and he becomes so overjoyed that he makes a law of it, and says—this is fact!—let us secure it before it gets away from us. Others say—I have found love—this is what I seek. I shall not let it get away from me. I shall wall it up, restrict it, keep it for myself. But like Life itself, it is not a tangible thing, we cannot possess it; we can at best possess only those truths and knowledge which create it. What we have today is but a step to a greater thing, a better condition; more ideal, and more perfect. Life is not this or that, but energy, will, determination, and the seeking of perfection. Some say it is love. But has our ideal of love ever had the best of vision? Love prompted by the law of Nature and sex, is but the urge to harmonize and unite with that which we feel is to uplift and unify us with universal energy, of which we need not know the goal; because, as long as we have the conscious feeling of right, then, we are true to the laws of our being, and Nature. To know Life is to feel it, and live it.

Some there are, and many, many of them, who need ends, terms, and support of certain customs and standards by which to live; but others who have awakened, who live by the inner laws of their being—live. Nature teaches them error, conscience right, provided they ever reinforce it by all the knowledge they can get from all sources.

Those who set out to govern us have every reason to make a mystery of Life. But do we not see all about us creation in Nature? It is evolving, expanding, maturing into great individuality, beauty, grace, and vitality, each having a mission in perfecting its own powers. Let it suffice that we are allowed to be the instruments of an inner power that expands and matures through us, and our only social duty is to honor the same law in others of our species, to honor, and love those who harmonize, and to inspire us to create ourselves greater and better.

NAPOLÉON BERNARD.

THE MAID OF MALABAR

THE sun was setting behind the distant hills as Patrick O'Neill rode furiously through the jungle. He had been away at

a neighbouring village, when his syce arrived and informed him that a gentleman had arrived at his bungalow, and was there awaiting his arrival. O'Neill's natural courtesy was the cause of his haste, as he didn't like to keep his guest waiting. Besides this, it was so very seldom that a visitor came to those parts that O'Neill was anxious to meet his guest, whoever he might be.

One had not to be extraordinarily observant to realise that O'Neill was an unusually good horseman, and to the man standing on his front verandah he looked an extremely picturesque and graceful figure as he galloped down the pathway leading to the bungalow.

On arrival, he dismounted and greeted his guest cordially. Both men took an instinctive liking to each other as they shook hands.

"My name is Mulcahy," said the visitor; "and mine is O'Neill," replied his host.

"Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting, old man," said O'Neill, "but my syce only just informed me of your arrival, and I immediately hurried round."

"It's quite all right," replied his guest. "I only hope I haven't inconvenienced you in any way. I have recently joined a Timber Company at Jarsugada and am now on my way to the new forest, which the Company have taken over from Government."

"It's a rare treat to have a visitor in these parts," said O'Neill, "and I'm sure you're more than welcome. Please make yourself at home."

With that they called for drinks, and within a few minutes, these two men were on quite friendly terms. They were both fine types of Irish manhood, but totally unlike. If anything, O'Neill was the handsomer of the two. Though only 24 years of age, there was a peculiar sadness about his grey eyes which arrested one's attention. In fact, it didn't take Mulcahy long to realise that here was a man who had some secret sorrow. He couldn't help but think his gay manner was assumed.

However, he played his cards well, and but for that far-away look in his eyes, a less observant man than Mulcahy would have noticed nothing unusual about O'Neill's handsome face. In build, he was tall and slim, and his graceful movements gave one the impression of hidden strength. The mouth was firm, in spite of his charming manners. Mulcahy concluded that O'Neill was the sort of man who never knew when he was beaten, a man who would make a good friend, but a bad enemy. He would certainly have looked more than his years but for the soft dark curls which fell over his forehead and gave him an extremely boyish look.

On the other hand Mulcahy was somewhat older, and more reserved. He had a cultured face, and honest brown eyes which called for confidence. Both were good sportsmen and had much in common, and so they talked away; and before they had realised it, the night had set in and darkness had fallen over the great Indian jungle.

At one moment there was a lull in the conversation, and both men looked out into the impenetrable night; the stillness of which was only broken by the occasional yell of a hungry jackal and the croaking of frogs. A thousand thoughts flashed through the minds of these two men, who were far from their homes and loved ones; and the mysterious fascination of the East seemed to over-power them. The silence was becoming oppressive, when suddenly out of the night there came the long-drawn-out cry of a jackal. O'Neill seemed to become nervous, and moved his chair. Mulcahy tried to scan his friend's face, but the darkness was intense.

"Great God! Did you hear that? sounds like the cry of a lost soul doesn't it?" said O'Neill. "It certainly does sound eerie," replied Mulcahy, "that reminds me of a story," said he, "It was....."

However at that moment dinner was announced and nothing more was said. O'Neill seemed unusually silent during dinner, and it was not until they had finished that he seemed to realise that he had not been too sociable.

He suddenly apologised for his unintentional silence, and abruptly suggested that they should have some music.

"Do you play the piano or sing, old man?" said O'Neill to his guest.

"Well just a bit," replied Mulcahy.

"Oh, do sing something!" said O'Neill. With that, Mulcahy sat at the piano and sang a song which carried O'Neill back into the bitter past, a past which he had tried so hard to forget! but alas! he realised now how futile all his efforts had been. Though the weary years had stretched their length between him and the only one he had ever loved, yet it seemed only like yesterday that they had been together. Once again in fancy he looked into a pair of soft dreamy brown eyes, and kissed the warm red yielding lips of the beautiful little Indian Maid, who, on one occasion, had swum out into the dark, turbulent, treacherous waters of the Mahanadi River and saved him from drowning. It all came back to him so vividly. He thought of their secret meetings at night beneath the palm trees on the river shore. And he remembered her telling him with sweet shy pride that she was from the Malabar Coast, which was famous for its lovely women. And from that day he had called her his little maid of Malabar. He remembered how he had told her that he had made arrangements with the missionary to marry them. And then

—great God! The thought nearly killed him. She had disappeared quite suddenly, without leaving any trace behind. He remembered going night after night to their meeting-place on the shore of the beautiful Mahanadi River, in the hope of seeing his little love.

And, once, when in his terrible grief he cried out to her, the yell of a hungry jackal came back to him on the still night air. It was the same cry which he had heard tonight. All unconscious of the pain which he was causing his friend, Mulcahy sang on in his sweet tenor voice which rang out into the silent night with a mellowed clearness, and still clearer rang the words:

“And I see the crowded city, and the
Palm trees on the shore,
But the little maid who loved me is
There no more, no more.”

The infinite tenderness of his voice filled O'Neill's soul with unspeakable grief. He felt that he couldn't stand the strain any longer, and in a voice grown hoarse with anguish he requested Mulcahy to stop singing.

The latter immediately turned to his companion and was shocked to see the change which had come over his countenance. “Feeling ill, old man?” said he sympathetically. “Is there anything I can do for you?” With that O'Neill pulled himself together. “Oh! I am all right, thank you,” he replied. But he left as if his heart was breaking, and that he'd go mad if he didn't confide in somebody. And, as he scanned Mulcahy's face, he knew that here was a man he could trust implicitly. The latter read O'Neill's thoughts.

“Look here old man,” said he. “You and I don't know anything about each other, but if there is anything you'd like to tell me”—

Before he could finish, O'Neill grasped his hand, and in the great silence of the Indian forest these two men sealed the sacred bond of friendship, with a single handshake which meant more than words.

O'Neill then opened his heart to his friend. “I tried to bury my grief by hard work,” said he. “But your song brought it all back. “And” he added simply, “I felt I couldn't bear my sorrow alone any longer, so I told you everything. Please forgive me for having troubled you, Mulcahy.”

With that Mulcahy laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder. “And”, said he, “I'm glad you told me everything—but please call me Nick.” “Thank you”, replied O'Neill, “and I would deem it a great favour if you'd call me Pat.” And from that moment these two men were as brothers to each other.



SRIMATI SHANTABAI VENG SARKARE,
the Captain of Dadar Deshsevikha Sanga
(Bombay Presidency) who is taking active part
in Congress activities.

Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

OUR SKETCH



R. I.

Nick felt that a change would do Pat good, so he asked him to accompany him on a shooting expedition to the Jarsugada forest. Pat accepted the invitation and the following morning they both set off in his motor car.

The Jarsugada forest was about 30 miles away from Pat's plantation, and it took them about three hours to get there.

On the way they passed a beautiful palace. "Grand place that!" said Nick. "To whom does it belong?" "Oh! that's the property of a settler blighter. He owns vast estates around here. Bought the whole show, I believe, from an Indian Zemindar, who went bankrupt. Everybody in the district, particularly the planters, was very cut up about the matter as the Zemindar was an absolute sport and a general favourite. As a matter of fact, he was everything that an Indian chief of ancient and noble ancestry should be; and, as already stated, he was held in high esteem by everybody. Can't say the same though of the new comer, or rather the fellow who bought in the property, for he's been here some years now. Muller, he calls himself."

"Muller?" queried Nick. "I've heard some queer tales about him. Do you know him?" "Well, I've met him several times at the Gymkhana Club at Sambalpur, and public functions and things of that sort; but I've never cottoned on to him, somehow," replied Pat. "As a matter of fact, I have reason to believe that the noble baron rather dislikes me, owing to a little incident which occurred sometime back on the Sambalpur race-course. He is polite enough when he meets me, but"—Pat didn't finish what he was saying, for just then some deer ran across the road, and both men followed them with their eyes. "I say, this place is alive with game!" exclaimed Nick. "What do you say to getting down here. We can leave the car behind a clump of bushes."

"Right you are!" exclaimed Pat; and with that they stopped the car, and alighted.

They entered the forest together, and had not gone far, when they heard the snarl of some wild animal. They stopped short and looked in the direction whence the noise came. "Sounds like a panther!" whispered Pat tensely. "This is just the sort of country for them. Rocks and caves and all that sort of thing." But before he could finish there was a crackling of the undergrowth, and a huge panther sprang across their path. As it did so, Nick raised his rifle and fired. He wounded the animal slightly, and with a furious snarling sound it disappeared into the jungle. Both friends were experienced Shikaris, and knowing that a wounded panther is the most deadly of foes, proceeded cautiously to track down the animal. They were in hilly country and the undergrowth was extremely thick, so they made very slow

progress. In their excitement, the hours slipped by, and before they realised it, they found that they were benighted. Darkness had suddenly enveloped them, and with it there came the mysterious noises of the night. They were just about to decide as to what they would do, when they seemed to hear a hissing sound.

"Found him at last!" whispered Nick. They listened again. "I don't think that can be the panther," said Pat. "Sounds more like a snake." They were proceeding cautiously through the inky darkness, when suddenly the ground on which they were standing fell through. The next moment they felt as if they were being hurled through space and then they knew no more.

When Nick awoke it seemed to him as if he had been asleep for years. But in reality he had only been unconscious for a few minutes owing to his fall. He tried hard to collect his senses, but without effect. He had no count of time or anything else, and was trying hard to recollect matters, when suddenly he heard a sound. He listened again and this time it was more distinct. Though half-dazed, the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself immediately, and he drew his revolver. He was just about to fire, when a hand seemed to reach out through the impenetrable darkness and hold his. His nerves became taut.

"Great God!" He murmured hoarsely. "What was that? Am I losing my reason?" In his distress he spoke aloud. A groan from Pat, however, reassured him, and suddenly his memory came back. "Is that you Pat?" said he, in a loud voice. Pat heard him and tried to sit up, but fell back with a groan.

"Steady, old boy!" said Nick as he groped about in the darkness for Pat. On finding him, he put his whisky flask to his lips. This seemed to revive him somewhat, for he spoke, "Have I been sleeping long?" said he. "What an awful dream I had! 'Don't quite remember it,' he continued, "But I distinctly heard a sweet voice singing that song of yours. Then my little girl seemed to come to me from the far-away. She seemed to be in great distress and somehow the Baron Muller and a huge snake were mixed up in the dream".

Nick didn't take much notice of what his friend was saying, but handed him his whisky flask again, as he thought he was still silly from the effects of his fall. Pat took the proffered drink, which revived him completely and almost immediately his usually keen senses became alert.

"Have you any idea as to where we are?" said he. "Not the remotest" replied Nick. "All I remember is that we were walking in the direction of the hissing sound, when the earth seemed to open up and swallow us up. I'm feeling rather sore, old man," he added. "So am I," replied Pat, "but the hole into which we

seen to have fallen cannot be very deep or we would have fared much worse. Anyhow, we'd better get out of this quickly, or that Panther will probably have one of us before long."

With that he struck a match to investigate their surroundings. As the light flickered, he discovered some steps just ahead of him. "I'm afraid that fall has knocked me silly, Nick," said he. "Why? what makes you think so?" queried his friend sympathetically.

"Looks uncommonly like a flight of steps ahead of us," he replied. "But surely I must be dreaming." With that he lit another match. And, there, right enough, was the flight of stone steps. They both seemed mystified. "Beastly mysterious!" whispered Nick. "I wonder where the devil we've landed!" "Looks like a sort of cave to me," said Pat. "Anyhow there must be a way out." And with that he lighted another match and cautiously descended the steps, his friend following him.

They lit matches by turns and eventually reached the bottom of the steps. Here the cave seemed to branch off. Pat was just about to take the turning to the left, when he felt a hand pull him back.

He stopped and struck another match. As it flared, he realised that his pal's action had saved his life, for he found himself standing on the brink of a deep well. "My God!" he exclaimed, as he drew back, almost overcome with horror, as he thought of the fate which would have been his if he had taken another step. As it was, the dark waters seemed to hypnotise him, for he couldn't move but stood silently gazing into their awful depths. Then he drew back quickly, saying: "That was a near thing for me. You have saved my life, old pal, and I won't forget it." If you hadn't held my hand a minute back, I would have been drowned." Pat was just about to reply that he had not even touched his friend, when out of the impenetrable darkness there came a soft hissing sound. Both friends stood still, their nerves tense. Nick was the first to speak.

"If we don't find a way out quick," said he, "it will be a toss up between the panther and the well. Of course, we've got our revolvers, but we won't stand much of a chance, under the present circumstances, against a wounded panther.

This is probably the cave where the family resides. So all said and done, Pat, we'd better say our prayers, because one way or the other we'll soon be in eternity."

"Anyhow," replied Pat, "I'll take this opportunity of saying good-bye to you, old pal." Both friends knew that they were trying to find humour in a situation which had completely overawed them. But it was in keeping with the traditions of the brave Irish race to which they belonged, to face death with a smile.

They shook hands in the darkness and moved forward to face the unknown. Death was awaiting them in a myriad different forms. The cold damp walls were covered with huge hairy spiders whose sting meant instantaneous death. But death from these, and the snakes and scorpions which moved about silently in the darkness was preferable to the prospect of dying from suffocation, as they would, if they didn't soon find a way out.

Just then something rustled past them, and their muscles became taut. "Good God!" cried Pat, "Did you see that?" "See what?" asked his friend. "The white figure with the long flowing hair," replied Pat. "I saw nothing, old man," said Nick, sympathetically. "I only heard a rustling sound. It must have been a bat or some other hideous noisome thing which hides in this damp slimy place." "Not at all!" said Pat. "It seemed to disappear towards my right." They immediately moved forward in the direction indicated. They hadn't gone far, when they noticed a faint streak of light ahead of them. They moved forward slowly into the mysterious unknown. As they reached the spot where the light came from, they heard a low hissing sound. Both men stood stock-still, and drew their revolvers. They were just about to fire, when the sound of a strangely weird music was borne to them on the stillness. They listened intently. The music stopped as suddenly as it had commenced.

Pat was about to speak when they heard the savage hissing sound again. And this time it seemed to be directly in front of them. Both men jumped back, and as they did so, Pat's shoulder struck the wall of the cave. This caused a small stone to fall away from the wall, and form a tiny aperture. Through the opening thus made, there came a distinct gleam of light. Pat leaned forward but could make out nothing. After a few minutes, however, his eyes grew accustomed to the peculiar light, and he began to discern objects moving about. But it was not until he had, after much difficulty, succeeded in removing another small stone that the whole ghastly scene met his gaze. What he saw turned him sick with mingled horror and fear. He was too stupefied to move. There on a bier lay his long-lost love dressed in white robes, with her long dark tresses covering her shoulders. Near her sat a snake-charmer holding a huge cobra in his hands. As Pat looked, a tall man, whom he immediately recognised as Muller, crossed over to the bier and addressed the prostrate figure lying there. The expression on his face was diabolical. "I speak to you about the man, whom you love so well that you have scorned my advances for four long years. I might have had my heart's desire, but that wouldn't have gratified my great love for you. I wanted to win your heart, but you have spurned my humble advances. You have spurned the wealth and happiness which I was willing to lay at

your feet. And all for the sake of a miserable dog of a planter. You thought it was out of revenge for a quarrel, which this miserable wretch had with me on one occasion, that I had you kidnapped. No! I loved you from the moment I set eyes on you and was determined to make you mine. I had one of my numerous spies watching your movements, and, when he told me that O'Neill had made arrangements to marry you, I immediately had you kidnapped.

Since then, I have treated you as a queen with the hope of winning your heart, but you have scorned me. As I have already told you, you have been brought here as a last resort to break your proud Indian spirit. Oh, woman! for the last time do I lay my heart at your feet. Accept it or die!

"Never!" she cried, and then fainted.

Muller then made a sign to the snake-charmer, who immediately released the snake and began his weird music. The snake fascinated by the music moved its lithe body to and fro, striking viciously at the air, as it advanced towards the prostrate form on the bier.

All this time Pat seemed paralysed, but suddenly he realised the terrible death the Baron intended meting out to his beloved. With that, he placed his revolver at the mouth of the small opening in the rock, and fired at the snake. As he did so, the wall against which he and Nick had been leaning seemed to crumble and fall away, and they both fell headlong into a cave. They arose dazed and badly-bruised, to find that the Baron, the snake-charmer, and the snake had disappeared. Pat immediately placed his whisky flask to his beloved's lips and after a short while she regained consciousness. They were too overcome for words. They just embraced each other and their lips met, and that one long passionate kiss blotted out their past unhappiness for ever. Nick, who had in the meantime pursued the Baron and his evil companion, just then returned and on hearing his footsteps Pat turned round and cried. "Which way did they go? We must find them!" "No need to trouble old man", said Nick. "What do you mean?" said Pat. "Vengeance is mine, said the Lord!" replied his friend. And with that, he reconducted Pat to the well and showed him the dead bodies of Muller and the snake-charmer. "When you fired," said, he "they made for that old door which fell through, and ran down this way. As regards the snake, I don't know where it is. You must have missed your aim owing to the bad light and probably the reptile has hidden amongst some rocks near by."

Without another word they walked back to the girl they had left in the cave

Then Pat spoke. "My God!" said he. "And to think that if you hadn't held my hand I might have been in that well, myself!"

"Hold your hand?" queried Nick.

"Didn't you hold my hand and pull me back when I took that turning?" said Pat. "Not at all!" replied the other. "If you hadn't stopped and struck a match, we both would have been where those two devils are. "Beats me!" said Pat. "Can you make anything of it, little girl?" said he addressing his sweetheart.

"Well," said she, with a wan smile. "I swooned several times through fear, and the Baron always brought me around again with a powerful Indian stimulant, as he was determined that I should be fully conscious to the horror of the death he had planned for me. On one occasion when I swooned, I distinctly saw somebody trying to shoot you; and in my dream I pulled you back. I also seemed to leave this place in an unconscious state, and bring you here."

The friends looked at each other, but neither spoke. "They do say," added the girl, "that when people love each other deeply, their souls are united even if they are apart in person."

Nick found the trap-door which led to the secret caves he had heard so much about, but never believed in till now. And silently the three of them stepped out into God's great star-dusted world.

The moon shone softly down upon them, and with her kindly light guided them back to the place where they had left the motor car.

The following day Pat drove his little girl to Sambalpur and there the missionary married them. Immediately the ceremony was finished, they returned to the plantation at Bagedhi; and as they drove up to their future home, the soft shadows of night were falling. The stars shone down upon them, and through the magic Indian night the strains of a man's beautiful tenor voice floated out to them. The song he sang was, "The Maid of Malabar." And, as the last words,

"In my heart you'll live for ever,

"Little Maid of Malabar,"

rang out clear and sweet on the mystical stillness of the tropical night, Pat tenderly kissed his beautiful little Indian wife, and said, "Amen".

Then these two entered their new home, a new and wonderful home where East and West had met. They entered it with love in their hearts, and God, being love, was there too.

PATRICK BRANWELL FITZROY BRONTE.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

(1) THE DAWN

When the great wonder of the morning breaks
Upon my restless dreams, I am a child,
Trustful again; my heart is mountain-wild
With scent of wood-smoke, mistiness that wakes
Into a crystal dance of fountain spray
Shot with dark forest shadows, and I run
Out to the revels, greet them every one,
Floweret and leaf, with bursts of song and play.
I am the soaring falcon, and the rose
Bending in rapture; I am the thirsty bee
Ripling the fragrance of the garden close;
I chase the chaffinch all exultingly
Among the guarded and lichened apple-boughs,
And crouch in mischief under the bladed flags
That cluster by the pool; quickly I rouse.
The lazy water rat that lurks and lags
In gloomy corners, and I break the sleep
Of cosy fledglings, laughing as I leap
Through bushy tangles hung with woven snares
And beads of night-dew. Then, all unawares,
I stumble on a new-born miracle
Of silk and softness, raising liquid eyes
To mirror, like the poet's mind, the soul
Of life itself, that round us, myriadwise,
Blossoms in lovelines.

E. E. S.

(2) A SUMMER DAY.

I saw the laughing day arise
From out the sea,
Strewing the cliffs, all staid and wise,
With ecstasy,
The waves played with a myriad lights
Of gold and green,
Whilst gulls, in skimming greys and whites,
Flashed in between.
The passing hours let fall their richest joys around
Upon life's way,
Whilst all things praised in fervent sound
The radiant day!

LELAND J. BERRY.

(3) YOUTH AND AGE.

Quick tempered youth,
By passion led,
Knows not Life's truth,
In heart or head.
But snowy age,
With eye serene,
Shuts wisdom's page,
And quits earth's scene.

(4) TRIOLET

O, the mill will never grind
With the water that is past!
Here is wisdom for the mind;
O, the mill will never grind
Truly, till we love Mankind:
Opportunities flow fast—
O, the mill will never grind
With the water that is past!

HERBERT PORTER.

(5) LET ME BUT FIND MYSELF AT ONE WITH THEE

The flower has faded, the honey has dried up, and the petals have dropped, but the fragrance alone doth linger in the air. Oh Sweet Fragrance! thou alone art real, thou alone art eternal, let me but find myself at one with thee!

The song is sung, the lyre is put aside, and the songster too is gone, but the melody still resounds in the air. Oh sweet melody! thou alone art eternal, thou alone art divine, let me but find myself at one with thee!

The sun has set, the light is gone, and the dim light of the stars alone doth twinkle. Oh sweet twinkling stars! thou alone art constant, thou alone art eternal, let me but find myself at one with thee!

Summer has advanced, rivers have dried up, lakes and tanks as well; but the silent stream alone doth flow singing a soft eternal tune. Oh gently-flowing stream! thou alone art ever-flowing, ever singing, let me but find myself at one with thee!

The sudden gush of wind has passed, the noise the bustle and the rustle with it; but the gentle breeze doth linger and fan and fan for ever more. Oh gentle breeze! thou alone art sweet, thou alone art eternal, let me but find myself at one with thee!

"BHARATHI."

IN MAN'S REALM.

(1) THE OLD OLD STORY."

"DEW-DROP" (an Indian girl with an English name—which is not uncommon) was engaged to be married to old "Owl-face." Owl-face had the face of an owl, cared more for meditation than exercise, and looked like nothing on earth. Withal, he had a heart of gold, hard and shiny, upon which no vice had laid a tarnishing touch. In short, he was a "Goody-goody", a wash-out, but perfectly "Good." Owl-face worshipped Dew-drop; she liked him till...young "Greek-god" wandered along. "Greek-god" looked like a Greek-god. Dew-drop fell for him at once. She thrilled with ecstasy when she beheld his handsome face. She squirmed with passion at the smartness of his attire, the monocle in his eye and the brilliantine in his hair. She raved about him when he began his inevitable tales of valour. In short, she was a "goner." Owl-face's face became rounder and rounder. He contemplated murder and sudden death. He squirmed with impotent jealousy. He plunged into dark thought and tried to seek refuge in deep philosophies. Greek god was a lady-killer by profession. Dew-drop's "google" eyes at him made him pull out his knife to make yet another notch in his huge record of heads. One day, she and he were walking arm-in-arm. Dew-drop was looking up to him with eyes burning with adoration. He was smiling with complacent, self-satisfied satisfaction. He told her yet another tale of how he had strangled an elephant with his bare fingers. Up came a mad dog, straight at them. Up went Greek-god into a tree. Dew-drop, left behind, went into hysterics. The mad dog, fearing to be bitten by a violently-quivering female biped, went his way—a wise mad dog. Dew-drop flew to Owl-face and fell weeping into his arms. What sure havens of refuge are the Owl-faces of this world!

This is an old, old theme for an old, old story, so old because of its reality. The slow, ugly, good man fails to hold the affections of the young, beautiful, romantic damsel. She falls for the Greek-god every time. Being a bit of an Owl-face myself, I am interested. I like to know how I can be admired by women. I like to be a hero. How? I wish these mad young creatures can see how really worthy I am, and I wish they can realise how foolish it is to be attracted merely by outward show. I wish a few mad dogs will come my way at the right moment. I am sure I should do something really brave. But mad dogs never come my way. Why, oh why, are mad dogs such favouritists! Please...young ladies, study your men friends a little more closely. Don't be struck all of a dither by the handsome scoundrel. Keep calm, remember the heart of gold!

"HARD-BITTEN"

(2) PUT BACK HIS THINGS

(SELECTED)

"Please don't touch my things!"

How often does one hear this pitiful plea uttered by an indignant husband, son, or brother?

Men are very sensitive regarding what they regard as their own not to-be-touched-by-the-family property. If their wives, children, or sisters would only remember to return that hammer to the tool-box; that book to the centre of the third shelf; that useless bit of wood to the tool-shed; or that pencil hurriedly snatched from the bureau, how less frequent would be those little family disturbances.

Nothing rouses a man to such a high pitch of cold fury as the discovery that his so-and-so is missing from its accustomed shelf, hook, or drawer.

Women complain endlessly that men are untidy. They are; but, usually, there is some method in their untidiness.

Watch a man dress. His hand goes automatically to his collar box. If it has been moved six inches either way, it upsets him much more than any woman can possibly understand.

There should be one golden rule in all homes where there are children. "Put back your father's things where you found them. Break them if you must, but for the love of Mike, put 'em back!" By the way, apropos breakages, it is always wise to tell a man of an accident to a favourite pipe or hacksaw, immediately he comes home.

Most men will forgive a genuine accident. Few will forgive a concealment of an unfortunate breakage.

Never let him find out for himself. Dare him to kick up a row, if he is that way inclined; wrongfully accuse the cat or the dog of the crime, blame anybody, or, better still, everybody, but for the sake of peace in the home, don't let him find out himself.

(The Madras Mail)

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES**1 A LULLABY**

Hush! for the snow-white clouds are riding
Over the sparkling sapphire sea,
Out to a land where your dreams are hiding;
Sleep, and go with them, my sweet baby!

How the stars rock in their cradles of gold
As gaily they laugh and call unto thee,
Such things for your tiny pink fingers to hold!
Sleep, and laugh with them, my sweet baby.
Lie gently asleep till break o' the morn
When you shall tell mother with eyes full of glee
Of all the sweet dream-flakes downward borne
That kissed you to sleep, my sweet baby!

L. J. B

(2) THE BREAKING OF THE WIZARD'S SPELL,

Once upon a time there lived a tiny little princess in the middle of a forest.

One day, when she was having her lunch, someone knocked at the door. She went to open it and outside she found her father and a boy, who was busy munching something.

"I have come to see if you will help this poor little boy," said her father. "He is a prince, who, because his father is dead, has been driven out of his kingdom by the Regent, who like other regents wishes to get the throne. This regent is really a wizard, who has doomed this boy to be a cat, and he can only resume human form when eating." The princess inquired what she could do, that she might help the prince, and her father replied,

"The spell can only be broken, if you will act as his slave and help him to climb an ivory mountain."

The princess agreed and set out with the prince (who became a cat) for the ivory mountain and acted as his servant all the way. Many dangers beset them. A tiger roared at them, when a quarter-way up and they both slipped down with fright. But the prince had brought with him a number of big nails and with the aid of these they were soon a good way up and ahead of the tiger. They came to an ivory dip in which flowed a pool, round the top of the mountain, like a moat. There were crocodiles in the water which they had to cross.

They knelt down and prayed that they might get through safely. They got up and found a beautiful angel before them who said, "Look neither to the right nor the left of you, but hold to my two wings". They did so and were carried across the moat. They found it rather difficult, for the prince was a cat; but at last everything went well. The prince changed from a cat to a prince, when he was put on the top: and, being old enough to govern, he went back to his kingdom and later married the princess and they lived happily ever after.

NITA FONSECA.

(AGED 11 YEARS)

(3) CARMELLI AND ORLANDO.

Carmelli, a simple, gentle and beautiful girl, loved Orlando Forester, a noble-minded lad. They had been engaged for quite two months and were to be married the next month; however, business called Orlando away and till he should come back he sent Carmelli to live with some very fashionable friends of his. As there were three ladies in that family, he was satisfied with the thought that Carmelli would not be lonely but would have the best of company.

But Carmelli was soon spoilt, for these fashionable friends induced her to use powder and paint.

When Orlando came back, he was surprised to find in the place of kind-hearted gentle Carmelli, a proud, selfish painted lady, who declared she wanted *rouge* and *lip stick* from him. He was disappointed at her selfish ways, and he was so hurt that one day he went away and left a letter for Carmelli saying that he still loved her best on earth; but could not afford to give her all that she wanted. He also left a feather with the note and said to her in the note,

"Keep this; remember,

Carmelli, I loved thee."

When Carmelli saw this note, she was ashamed and determined to follow Orlando. Turning the feather round, she saw on it a photo of Orlando and kissed it.

She then washed her face clear of all paint etc. and set out with a little food and clothing. On the way, she met a robber chief, who asked her her troubles and offered her her heart's desire, if she would marry him. She refused, saying, "I love Orlando, none else," and went on. She came across a highwayman who fell in love with her at first sight and said that if she married him he would be her slave. She still replied that she loved none else but Orlando and went on.

This time she met none other than Orlando, and, throwing herself at his feet, begged his forgiveness which he readily gave, and they were married. Orlando told Carmelli that he himself had been the robber chief and highwayman, and that the proofs he had had of her love were enough and that he would love her till his death.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SUSIE CHANDY.

(Aged 12 years)

4. JOAN OF ARC.

They called her a witch; she said not a word,
So long as she well her country had served,
Her prince she had saved, her country had freed,
Her people were happy that she took the lead;

They tied her with ropes, they thought she would fight;
But her happiest thought was to die for her right;
They lit up the stake to mock her and jeer,
But she onward gazed; her eyes held no fear.

Then one of God's men, a good priest by fame,
Held up a cross in front of the flame;
She kissed the good cross again and again,
The flames then rose high, her body was slain.

The soldiers cried out, and people did faint
As again and again came the cry, "She's a saint,"
And thus did she die, a pure maid we see;
She gave France her life, to make the land free.

NITA FONSECA.

5 OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DEAR CHILDREN,

Here are a few trick-games, which I am sure you will enjoy playing at your next party. These simple *catches* always puzzle people very much, and cause a great deal of amusement. You will have great fun when you watch those who do not know the trick, trying to make all sorts of wild guesses. I shall mention five trick-games in this letter.

1. *Black Magic*.—Two of you have to know the secret of this magic, and one of you has to go out while the other stays inside the room with the audience. As soon as your partner has gone out, the audience chooses an object in the room, such as a certain person's brooch, or any thing else. Then you call your partner back, and you keep on asking her, "Is it this?" pointing to several objects that you have not chosen. Then, just before you come to the correct object, you refer to a black object, and ask her if it is that. She says "no", as she has done for all the other things you have mentioned, but now she knows that the next object is the right one, and when you point to it and ask her, she says "yes." This game is called *black magic*, because a black object is mentioned before the right one, but those who do not

know the clue, wonder how your partner has been able to guess correctly.

2. *Echo*:—your partner goes out of the room, as in *black magic*, having noticed who spoke last in the room before she went out. Then you choose that same person who spoke last, and without your partner coming in, you say "Echo" and she answers "Echo," and you go on "Echoing" to each other, varying the number and the tone as you like. Then, you ask her who it is, and she mentions the person. The audience, of course are led astray, because they think the clue is in the way you "echo" to each other.

3. *The Wand Touches*.—You take a stick in your hand, and point it in a careless fashion towards the person you are going to choose, and your partner notices this before she goes out. Then, you choose the person whom you have already pointed out. Next, you place the point of your stick on the head of several wrong people, and each time you say, "The wand touches", and your partner replies, "Let it touch," from outside. Then, you place the stick on the person you have chosen, and say, "The wand rests" and your partner from outside says who it is.

4. *Tom, Tom, little Tom*:—This is a little catch game which usually affords a great deal of amusement. You take a stick and you say, "Look here, Tom, Tom, little Tom," Then, you pass it to your neighbour and ask her to do the same, and she turns it round and says "Tom, Tom little Tom," and you say that is wrong. It goes on like this each of those who do not know the trick trying to guess the right way, and saying "Tom, Tom little Tom" in various kinds of ways. You, of course, must mislead them by making them think that the correct solution is in the way you say "Tom, Tom little Tom"; but the real thing is to say "Look here" before you say the phrase. The others do not notice this "Look here," and they take a long time to find out the correct solution.

5. *He can do little who cannot do this*:— This is something like the above game. You take a stick in your left hand, then pass it to your right hand, knock it three times on the floor and say, "He can do little who cannot do this." The others try to do the same, but they do not take the stick in their left hands first, and therefore, they are wrong.

I am sure you will have great fun trying these little games.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

MANNERISMS.

MANNERISM means excessive addiction to a distinctive manner; at least my lexicon says so. We often see persons afflicted by certain queer habits, which is after all a not very serious charge against them. No man is perfect. Each man has his own flaws. But mannerism is never a flaw. Except in a few cases, it leaves no particular evil traits on the persons concerned. Besides, almost every one has some kind of mannerism. I shall now venture, without any attempt to annoy, to bring home to the minds of my readers, certain kinds of mannerisms in a few of my friends.

I know a certain professor, Mr. B. I shall call him, who used to dance whenever he delivered a lecture. He used also to keep a piece of chalk in his right hand, and for each sentence that came from his eloquent tongue, he would strike the chalk on the table. His left leg and arm would always swing in the air, and when the class dispersed, if one cared to examine the table, one could observe many innumerable chalk dots, big and small, left on the poor surface. This is a kind of mannerism. I know another professor, who used to pull his coat sleeves, or polish or attempt to polish his collar button always, by rubbing it with the tips of his fingers.

I used to go to Mr. K's house. Mr. K. was a very good, energetic and hospitable person. Whenever I went to his house, I observed certain mannerisms in him. There was placed on his table a small conch shell used as a paper weight. There was also a glass cup full of water, perhaps for moistening gum. I have seen my venerable friend always dipping the conch shell in the cup of water, and when it was full he would pour the water back in the cup and re-dip his shell, the process never ending. He also used to keep a blue pencil and a quarter sheet of paper with him. Once, I was talking to him on some important matter for about half-an-hour. My friend replied to me in monosyllables. I saw him writing something on the paper with his blue pencil. I thought that he was taking important notes. At this juncture, I was glad his glass cup was empty, as I was sure he was giving his attention completely to me. At last, to my great astonishment I found the bit of paper full of examples of his own signature. Poor Mr. K—he thought he would forget his own signature perhaps, or probably he wished to improve his hand-writing, which was bad enough!

A few unpleasant mannerisms there are, like nail-biting, striking the teeth with a pencil, or scratching the head. I have seen a certain lady friend of mine always screwing or attempting to screw her nose-ring. It was not out of over-carefulness that she did it. It was a mannerism she had.

We sometimes see that some have got certain pet words ready at the tip of their tongues. Words like "because," "you see",

"and so," are very common. I have had occasions to observe words like "and so" repeated in every sentence spoken. Some use, consciously or otherwise, the same words in all places, especially the phrase, "isn't it?", little knowing that such words are not apt always in meaning or grammar. Some laugh without any meaning when they talk, even if the conversation needs an air of serenity. Some perhaps try to imitate Charlie Chaplin by making faces, when they listen to others, or talk themselves; but miserably fail to produce the correct face for their special feelings.

If I venture any more, I am afraid I shall offend too many. It is better for one to try to get rid as far as possible of some of these mannerisms. One cannot of course easily understand his or her own mannerisms, or judge his or her own behaviour from the view-point of other people, except perhaps in certain cases. And as such, each should ask his or her best friend to correct the mannerisms he or she possesses. After that, one can try one's best to get rid of them "What one fool can do, another can." This, by the way is a pet quotation of a friend of mine.

Now tell me, gentle readers, what pet words of mine I have often used in my article.

R. SUBRAMANYAM.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

THE OBJECTS OF DRESS.

THESE may be said to be three-fold, viz.; decency, ornament, and protection against heat and cold. We have been treating hitherto of the first two more or less, and I like to talk a little of the last object.

In cold climates and cold weather, clothes must keep in the heat which is produced in the body. In hot countries and the hot weather, they are meant as a protection against the sun.

Clothes should be, we are told,

(1) as light as possible, (2) not tight, and (3) unhampering to the movements of the body. It is a surprising fact that tight clothes are not only less warm than loose ones in the cold, but also less cool in the heat; because they become more quickly damp and cling to the wearer, and do not admit of the proper ventilation. Thus, rather loose clothing is advisable in the heat, and not too loose in the cold, but at the same time not tight. Tight clothing also, as we have been told several times, hampers the breathing as well as retards proper growth. It is a fact often noticed also that light-coloured clothes are cooler than dark ones.

The under-clothing must be just enough, whether for heat or cold. What is worn in the day should not be worn at night and should never be dirty or soiled with perspiration.

Boots and shoes, of course, should be easy and elastic, without high heels. It is better to be without stockings in the heat, or at least wear very thin ones.

SISTER SUSIE.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XXVI. DYSENTERY.

DYSENTERY is an inflammation of the lower portion of the bowels. It is caused either by infection through contaminated milk or water or by the presence of strong irritation in the bowels. Weak and underfed infants, and neglected children are particularly prone to it. Children brought up under hygienic surroundings do not get dysentery.

Symptoms: Dysentery is generally ushered in with diarrhoea. There may be also some fever, the motions later become less copious, but more or less slimy and tinged with blood. The child appears prostrated, looks pale, is thirsty, and the tongue becomes dry. The bowels act with increasing frequency, but with diminishing results, till after a time nothing but blood and slime are voided, and that with great pain and straining. Ordinary faecal matter is almost or entirely absent, the abdomen is distended and is painful on pressure. Convulsions appear in severe forms. The rectum may protrude in neglected cases.

Improvement is first intimated by the re-appearance of faecal matter in the stools and by the marked mitigation of the straining and pain.

Diagnosis is perfectly easy, the character of the evacuations and the straining are distinctive.

Prognosis: The duration of an attack is about 5 to 7 days. If the disease is epidemic in the locality, if the fever is high, if the general condition of the child is low, and if the child sleeps with the eyes half-open we should institute more energetic measures. Cold extremities and cold perspiration are bad signs.

Treatment. When properly treated in the earlier stages, this is one of the most manageable of all ailments, but if allowed to become chronic it is always serious and sometimes formidable. Therefore, it is of great importance to treat these cases judiciously. The too early employment of drugs that will bind the bowels (e.g. opium and allied preparations) is the serious mistake most commonly made.

This class of drugs confine the highly poisonous secretions within the intestines and cause decomposition, distention, inflammation and fever. Preparations containing opium and injections of emetine should be used with the greatest caution and it will be better if they are left in the hands of experts. In fact, most patients do not require these drugs at all.

Emulsion of castor oil is such a splendid remedy for this affection that it is difficult to find a suitable substitute. To be of use, it must be begun early and should be administered *persistently every 2 hours in teaspoon doses*, except when the child is asleep. Larger doses increase the diarrhoea. Its taste is a draw-back in only a small number of infants, and sometimes it is difficult to obtain. In such circumstances, the seeds of *Plantago Ispagula*¹, made into a mucilage by steeping the seeds in boiling water, for about half an hour (1 in 40 approximately) can be administered in the same doses, as first aid. The water of tender coconuts can be substituted for plain water.

On this line of treatment, combined with the diet given below, the pain and straining cease and the stools become gradually free from blood and slime, leading to complete recovery. There may, however, be some cases which continue to have looseness of bowels, even after the blood and slime have ceased. Such children require an astringent. Bismuth subnitrate, or Bismuth salicylate, in 3 to 10 gram doses will answer well.

Diet. The dietetic management will consist in leaving out milk and substituting milk-whey, barley-water or rice water. Large quantities should not be given at once, but only small quantities should be allowed frequently. In older children all starch and vegetables should be totally avoided and thin sago congee, and milk can be tried, and if this disagrees, malted milk or milk whey should be given. A small quantity of mutton broth can be allowed in older children, if there is no fever.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

Foot Note: 1. *Plantago Ispagula*. Telugu=Isapagala Vettul. Tamil=Ishapukol Virai. Canarese=Issabagole.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

SHOULD COURTSHIP PRECEDE MARRIAGE?

I have read in the Magazine that "the simplest and easiest method that a young man in India may adopt, if he desires to get married, is to ask his parents to arrange the match." But I

have my own doubts whether such a seemingly simple and easy method is particularly desirable, and practically convenient as far as the individual is concerned. "His parents are likely to have far better opportunities of forming correct judgments *re* the future bride"; But one at the same time wonders why the young man should not himself choose something, which most vitally concerns his future. This is one of the most serious defects of Indian Social Life, and reformers would do well to remedy it. It is, indeed, based on a crude idea regarding the relation between the sexes, and, as such, gives rise to a seriously disheartening outlook on life, depriving the buoyant and gay youth of romance, making him figure as a sullen and morose character.

Whatever may be the nature of arguments advanced against this position, none of them can, to any satisfactory extent, meet the point that marriage is romantic and not a prosaic affair. It should be always remembered that every handful of life that we taste should be seasoned with a pinch of philosophy. If life were to interest us at all, we should intelligently interpret and amplify all that we daily experience. Such being the case, we need to look upon romance, which is an experience varying with, and peculiar to, every individual, as something which needs to be reckoned with, and not disregarded as a childish fancy for a pretty face, or a kind of spring madness with pink spectacles.

One may, however, ask, "What guarantee have you that the young man will choose aright?" Obviously none. But, on the other hand, we have no right to suppose that the parents are infallible. We have no assurance whatsoever that the girl of their choice will agree with the tastes and aspirations of their son. If, however, the young man chooses his own bride, his is a case of happiness or misery according to the prudence or otherwise of his choice.

What, in my opinion, is vitally necessary for a happy married life is *Sympathetic Rapport*, in terms of common-sense psychology; and the cultivation of this spirit in the young will be the greatest service that elders can render to the rising generation.

It is a fact admitted on all hands that love at first sight is a false notion; and that the friendship formed between a man and a woman on their engagement day, further ratified by the marriage bond, turns into true love only after a sufficiently long time has elapsed. But, before a man enters into such a lifelong agreement with a woman, in order that he may play fair to her, it is imperative that he should make sure whether his friendship is likely to thicken into love. In order, therefore, that a man may know a woman sufficiently before he marries her, in order that she may not be just a name to him when she marries him, courtship is absolutely necessary before marriages.

W. A.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

USE OF OLD SARIS

Old faded *saris* that are not torn, can be renovated by dyeing, instead of being thrown away. *Twink* is an excellent dye for such purposes. Faded *saris* woven in India look almost new when dyed, because, if their gold lace is really good, it takes the dye beautifully, and shines with a new lustre, and the silk of the *sari* itself, if dyed carefully and evenly, looks very pretty indeed. The life of these clothes, therefore, can be lengthened considerably if they are dyed when they fade. *Crepe de Chine saris* also can be renovated by removing the border that is sewn on to them, and by dyeing them and sewing on a new border.

I know of a girl, however, who is such a maniac about dyeing, that she keeps on changing the colour of a new *sari*, because she wishes other people to think that it is not the same *sari*, or perhaps because she tires of the colour herself. There is no doubt, that here, she carries the practice of dyeing too far. It is all very well to dye *saris* that will otherwise have to be discarded, but to spoil new *saris* by dyeing them seems to be rather a pity; for, however well dyed a *sari* may look, it never can have that fresh appearance which a new one has.

Old *saris* can also be made use of, by dyeing them and taking away the border, and using them as curtains, or cushion covers.

PADDY.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN. (TRANSLATED)

CASHEWNUT VADES (CAKES)

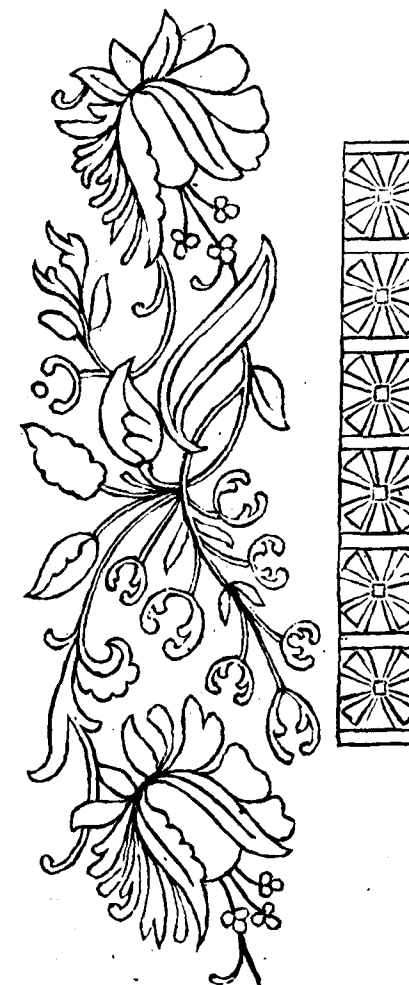
12 palams of cashewnuts should be put into a vessel containing $\frac{1}{2}$ measure of milk, after being cleaned. Then, after an hour, the cashewnuts should be taken out and ground well. The paste should be made into balls of the size of a lemon. The balls should be placed on a plantain leaf and made flat. 18 palams of ghee should be put in an iron vessel and boiled. When the ghee is ready, the flat cakes should be thrown in. When almost brown, they should be taken out of the ghee. Soft sugar 6 palams, and powdered cardamon $\frac{1}{2}$ palam, should be well-mixed together and sprinkled on the *Vades*.

DHAL PONGAL.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ measures of water should be boiled in a big vessel. Then add dhal $\frac{1}{4}$ measure, Ghee $\frac{1}{2}$ palam, Turmeric powder $\frac{3}{16}$ Rupee

weight, and cover the vessel with another. When the *dhal* is almost boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ measure of raw rice should be well-cleaned in water and should be put into the vessel. When the rice has boiled well, $\frac{1}{2}$ palams of pepper, *Jeeragam* (Cummin) $\frac{1}{8}$ palam, powdered salt $\frac{1}{2}$ palam, Ginger $\frac{1}{2}$ palam, should also be added, with 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ palams, of ghee, and the vessel taken off a quick fire and placed on embers. A Rupee weight of *Asafetida* should be diluted in a little water and mixed in, as well as 2 palams of cocoanut.

OUR NEEDLEWORK SUGGESTIONS.



SARI BORDERS

HEALTH NOTES.

FOOD VALUE OF TOMATOES.

By
A HARLEY-STREET SPECIALIST.
(SELECTED).

NO one can have failed to notice the increase in the number and excellence of the fruit shops in London and other towns during the past few years. This seems to be the result of recent public education on matters of diet. The increase in the consumption of citrus fruits and tomatoes is specially fortunate, owing to their health properties, but, even so, the value of tomatoes is still underrated.

This excellent fruit ranks with oranges and lemons as one of the three richest available sources of vitamin C. As a raw fruit eaten alone or in salads, it is at its best but it can be incorporated in a variety of soups, sauces and other dishes with advantage, because of the richness of its vitamin content. Vitamin C is gradually lost during ordinary cooking, but the tomato may be cooked and yet retain a large quantity.

For children as well as adults it may be highly recommended. On account of the vegetable salts as well as the vitamin C that it contains, the tomato is probably the best choice among vegetables at the disposal of those who have to cater economically for a family. It contains a useful quantity of vitamin B.

Health.

RIGHT BREATHING.

The nose is not only the organ of smelling, but it is also an organ of breathing. If it be partly closed on account of any phlegm or tumour in it, or if it does not function properly on account of any disease, then sufficient oxygen cannot be inhaled, and the rejectable quantity of carbonic acid gas cannot be exhaled. Therefore, on such occasions, we should be more careful to protect our nostrils than when they are healthy and see that we breathe properly. In the 24 hours of the day, we seldom utilize our noses for the enjoyment of the pleasures of delicious smell; but we should do so as much as we can for the protection of our lungs from foul odours, injurious gases and polluted atmosphere. As a blind man walks slowly and cautiously, so the man whose sense of smell is temporarily or permanently injured or lost, should take more precautions, so that foul gases or impure air might not enter his respiratory organs and injure them.

Wealth and Welfare.

FLIES DO NOT LIKE YELLOW.

An interesting suggestion comes from a jam factory in the north of England. It was repeatedly noticed that flies avoided store rooms with windows of yellow glass, which were used to keep the colour of the jam from fading. Why do flies dislike yellow? The answer is not quite clear, but a certain guess has been made. Some insects prefer white light which has the stimulating ultra-violet rays of the sun, and feel uneasy when put under coloured glass plates which cut off these rays. There are still others that shrink from light. The ants, for example, do not mind if the ultra-violet rays are cut off by screens of red or yellow glass. Flies, on the other hand, prefer the ultra-violet. If this tendency can be confirmed, then mankind will have discovered a valuable method of keeping these dangerous insects from milk and other food.

The Treasure Chest.

WHY SOAP SHOULD BE USED

There are still some people who say they never soap their bodies, because they think that it must be unhealthy to remove the natural oil of the skin.

The skins of animals in their natural state are not covered by clothing and are exposed to the winds and sunlight. Both these agencies—especially the latter—check the putrefactive action of bacteria and keep the skin healthy.

In the case of civilised man, however, the skin is covered by several layers of clothing. Direct sunlight scarcely ever reaches it, and the free circulation of air over its surface is prevented. The only substitute for these two agencies is the periodical application of soap and water—the only practical way to remove from the skin the results of decomposition, which are harmful if allowed to accumulate.

There is another factor, however, which renders the daily bath so desirable for the town dweller. The skin is provided with a network of sensory nerves which are stimulated by winds and little rapid changes of temperature. Clothing cuts down these healthful stimuli to a large extent, and the best way to minimise this evil is to keep the skin quite clear and free from oil.

Health.

WATCH YOUR DIET

Remember that your diaphragm is a sheet of muscle lying between the chest and stomach; at every breath the diaphragm

moves up and down. If the stomach is blown out with wind and indigestion, every breath is a labour. Therefore study your diet; eat slowly, avoid windy foods. You may get more relief by reducing your weight and keeping your digestion right than by swallowing cough-stuff. Try singing lessons; they strengthen the lungs; never mind what the neighbours say. Reduce your smoking; the lungs are built to receive fresh air; they are puzzled and disgruntled when they are filled with pungent fumes from a foul pipe. These are a few rules to be observed: do not place an exaggerated faith in bottles of stuff.

The Madras Mail

VALUE OF MASTICATION

We are accustomed to eat slops, bread and milk, custards, soups, blanchmange, mashed potatoes, and other soft foods. But Nature has provided us with teeth like iron, jaws like iron, and muscles like iron, and it looks as though Nature intended us to exist on a diet of iron. But, although we cannot digest old horse-shoes and rusty nails, we really ought to pull ourselves together about this question of diet. We are on the wrong track altogether. Our teeth are rotting away before our eyes, and we regard the disaster too calmly. We ought to eat coarser food that requires champing and grinding. We shall never be healthy until we do. If we go on eating slops, that a jelly-fish could absorb, we shall slip further down the slippery slope: we shall end up with our mouths like jelly-fish, and we shall fall victims to new diseases. We already have quite as many intestinal diseases as we care for.

The Madras Mail.

NEWS AND NOTES.

DANCING GIRLS IN TEMPLES

"It is highly degrading, uncivilised and injurious to the morality of the community". This was the opinion expressed by Mr. R. Chinniah Pillai, member of the Kumbakonam Circle Temple Committee, when he moved a resolution to put a stop to the custom of dedicating "Devadasis," or dancing girls in Hindu temples, in the name of 'Service' to the god. He pointed out that, if such service was a thing to be sincerely desired, not only the 'Devadasi', but the women-folk of the Brahmin priests also should take up this work and dance before the deities.

This invidious distinction between man and man and woman and woman, should be immediately abolished, if they, the Hindus, had any vestige of self-respect. To throw a young and innocent girl of 6 or 7 into the degradations of vice, in the name of religion, was a diabolical sin. Above all, there was no authority, even in the much abused Agama Shastras for this pernicious system to continue. The President, Mr. K.R. of Singaram Chettiar, endorsed the sentiments expressed by the mover, but did not consider it feasible to put the resolution into practice, since H. E. the Viceroy had not given his assent to Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi's Devadasis' Bill as yet. So far as the Committee was concerned he was not giving permission for fresh dedications at the present time. The practice itself was slowly dying out and there were very few temples, which had Devadasis at present. The Committee might wait till Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi's Bill should find a place on the Statute Book.

Many other members also expressed the same view.

Asked about the views of the 'Devadasis' themselves, the President quoted many letters from Devadasis and trustees of temples protesting against any such legislation, as it interfered with "time-honoured traditions and customs". They were of opinion that if there were any defects in the performance of service by Devadasis, the proper course was not to do away with the system, but to use it, in accordance with the ancient ideals.

After further discussion a resolution was passed to stop the practice of dedication hereafter.

MADRAS SEVA SADAN

The following appeal is sent for publication:—

The Madras Seva Sadan has just completed a transaction which has confirmed the confidence of those who believed in its ideals and purpose. Two years ago, in a rented house and with seven inmates, it opened its doors to the needy and neglected women of the presidency. Today, it has seventy inmates and is rightly acclaimed the premier institution of its kind in the province.

(The purchase by us of the property of Lady Krishnan, the home of the late Justice Sir C. Krishnan, marks an important epoch in the history of the Madras Seva Sadan. Formerly, for lack of space, we were obliged to refuse applicants eligible for admission, and this being entirely opposed to our principles, we set out to find a Home worthy of our aims. The new Home is spacious and dignified, set in grounds covering about 8½ acres and is well suited to our purpose, namely, that of training women to take a positive part

in India's social and industrial uplift. We train them to become nurses, midwives and teachers. Music is taught and instruction imparted in handicrafts, such as needlework, sewing, cutting and garment-making, weaving, embroidery of every kind including jigna, rattan work and mat-making.

The finances of the Madras Seva Sadan have kept pace with its general advancement; but to purchase its present Home, all our available funds have been utilised. The property (including expenses) cost Rs. 62,000. We succeeded in accumulating Rs. 50,000, of which Rs. 25,000 was raised by subscription and Rs. 25,000 given by Government as a grant. The remaining Rs. 12,000 we urgently need for immediate disbursement.

While it is important that the Madras Seva Sadan should begin its new life unburdened and free from debt, it is equally important that we should have money with which to carry out the structural alterations, additions and improvements, so necessary for its progress. We aim also at forming a nucleus of a permanent fund.

It is our intention to have a small but up-to-date hospital, where those of our girls who are being trained as nurses, can work under ideal conditions. Then, we intend to erect a series of cottages, each to house from twelve to fifteen girls—everyone of whom, will in turn, act as house-keeper and caterer for her household. This will give girls, who have never experienced the joy of controlling this essentially feminine field of activity, a sense of being trusted to make good—something to which every human being will respond. The approximate cost of each building will be Rs. 5,000. A donation of that sum will entitle the donor to have the cottage called after his or her name.

Were it possible to broadcast the history of some of the women who come to us, we would have little need to appeal for money to carry on our work. It is both heartening and heart-breaking to witness the change which ordinary human kindness will work in starved human souls. The majority of these girls—some still children, many of them widows or deserted wives, and nearly all of them destitute—have realised their first taste of the practical help beneath our friendly roof.

"To continue this work of human salvage," we need at least a "lac of rupees." In the name of India's women, we earnestly ask you to help us in "making the Madras Seva Sadan in truth, a Home of Service."

Donations may be sent to the Honorary General Secretary and Treasurer.

The Hindu.

WIDOWS' RIGHT TO INHERIT

The following resolution was unanimously passed at a meeting of the Ladies of Calcutta held at the Mary Carpenter Hall under the auspices of all the Indian Women's Organizations of Calcutta, namely, the Mahila Samiti, Nari Sikhsa Samiti, Mahila Rastriya Sangha, Gujarati Stree Mandal, Bharat Mahila Samiti, Bhagini Samiti, Arya Nari Samiti, Silpa Samiti, Saroj Nalini Nari Mangal Samiti, with Mrs. Kamini Ray, the greatest of Bengali poetesses, in the chair.

"This meeting of the women of Calcutta held under the auspices of all the Indian women's organizations in Calcutta, supports the principle of the Hindu Widows' right of Inheritance Bill of Sreejut Harbilas Sarda as a step towards restoration of the original and just rights of Hindu women over inherited properties under the Hindu Law."

Widows undoubtedly have a right to inherit property.

—*The Modern Review.*

COCHIN STATE AND THE GIRL GUIDES.

The question of organising a Girl Guide movement in Cochin State has been engaging the attention of Rao Sahib C. Mathai, the Director of Public Instruction, for some time; and, at the invitation of the Durbar, Miss Hillbrook, the Provincial Trainer of Girl Guides of the Madras Presidency, visited the Girls' Schools of the State to introduce the necessary propaganda.

Miss Hillbrook addressed a largely attended public meeting at the Girls' High School, Ernakulam, the subject of her discourse being "Girl Guiding."

Miss Hillbrook explained at length the aims and ideals of the Girl Guide movement, and gave a brief history of its origin and growth. She referred to the opposition to the movement in its early stages in England, and pointed out how the girls of England proved too strong for the opposers. She said that the Girl Guide movement was a counterpart of the Boy Scout movement, and that it was bound to grow, if the children took an interest in it. There were Guides and Blue-Birds in every part of the British Empire, though the number of Scouts was more than twice as large as that of the guides.

Speaking of the possibilities of the movement, there was a good deal in Guiding to interest the girls, and they had no "officers" but only "guiders", who moved with them on terms of equality. There was a great lack of understanding of the principles of the movement among the early pioneers in India, and this accounted largely for the slow progress of the movement.

The speaker urged that Indian teachers should come forward in larger number to train Indian girls in Guiding, the essential factor being that there should be perfect understanding between the Guides and their trainers. She appealed to her sister-women to lead the movement by becoming Commissioners and organisers, and said that women should take an important part in the movement.

She had visited thousands of Indian villages, and found that each village school could well have its own Guide Organisation. She urged that there should be arrangements made for training companies in every school and college, and said that Rural Boards could do much in giving an impetus to the movement. The movement was full of great possibilities for the rising generation.

Miss Hillbrook explained how the movement was first confined in India to European and Anglo-Indian girls and how gradually it became popular among Indian girls. The first really Indian Company was the 7th Poona Guide Company, which was still very strong and flourishing. In these days of nationalism, they should not find it difficult to join the movement and lead it themselves. The Guides could also be given some training in useful handicrafts.

WOMEN IN INSURANCE.

With the growing emancipation of women in this country, the question of the means by which those of them who desire to live independently or add to the earnings of their husbands might secure a livelihood, is coming more and more to the fore. A neglected field of their activities is pointed out by Mr. S. C. Ray in *The Insurance and Finance Review*.

In Western countries, women have established successful positions for themselves in the insurance world. In England, except one office, all Insurance companies have a large number of women on their office staff and some of these workers are holding responsible positions. Three women are now occupying outstanding places in the realm of Insurance, viz., Miss Edith Beesley, West-End Manager, Southern Life Association, Miss Marion French, Head of the Women's Section, Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co., and Mrs. Bovill, Agency Manager for United Kingdom, African Life Assurance Society.

Women insurance workers have become more successful in America, where quite a large number of women are employed on the agency staff of many insurance companies. One Insurance Company is running an agency department composed entirely of women who are sixty in number. During the year 1929, they secured aggregate new business amounting to one million pounds. Eight of these ladies secured personal business to the extent of £20,000 (Rs. 2.70 lakhs) or more each.

The time has come for women of our country to consider this question. There are women who have to earn their own living; others may also enhance the happiness of the family by tapping some sources of additional income. Perhaps the most suitable line of work, which they may take up, is insurance. They can approach men through the womenfolk of the family. They can also approach women, as insurance is as great a necessity for them as for men. And I have already stated that there are insurance companies, who accept proposals on female lives without much restriction.

The Modern Review.

MISS SHERLOCK HOLMES.

The report that eight women detectives, with full pay and special dress allowances to enable them to "play the part" in the best company, have been added to Scotland Yard's famous C. I. D., with the appropriate title of the "Mystery Eight" proves premature. But Miss Dorothy Peto, who is an enthusiast with very advanced views where women-police are concerned, has the ear of the Home Office, and will probably get her way. Women detectives are advocated as specially suitable for tracking down white slave and drug traffickers, the former of whom, at any rate, some experts regard as a sensational myth. But their advocacy is purely a feminist agitation, though with powerful influence behind it, and most police experts regard the whole thing as a waste of public money.

BLIND GIRL WORKERS.

So many people buy the work of London's blind girls and men, they may be interested to hear how the girls particularly are looked after in one of the big factories where they knit every type of woollen garment. Each girl has a knitting machine of her own, and seemed to be manipulating it in the most cleverly uncanny way. A girl, who is herself totally blind, was their teacher, and one of the supervisors told me there were fewer tears over the learning process since she had superseded a teacher who had sight. The cry, "I can't do it—I shall never be able to do it," is met by the quiet assurance of the teacher, "But I am blind, too, and you can learn, just as I did." The girls work out very beautiful patterns, and all of them can earn from 30s. to 45s. a week.

MODERN GIRLS IN CHINA.

"My first impression", says a visitor, "was quite exciting and encouraging. As our boat reached the docks, I was standing on the

deck in the company of an American lady, who is a Principal of a leading Chinese Girls' College at Singapore and who was returning from Europe after a period of long leave, and the very first sight that caught my eye on the dock was a group of gay Chinese girls, over thirty in number, mostly under-graduates, all in the most up-to-date fashion with short skirts and bobbed hair, rouged and powdered, who came to welcome their Principal. They talked English fluently and were as lively and noisy as any group of English girls would be.

I was introduced to some of them and I soon found that they were quite modern in their thoughts and ideals, and international in their outlook on life and things.

I had, a few days later, occasion to address a big gathering of college girls, Chinese and Malays, on Indian Art, and I noticed again their alertness and eagerness to know about things and to understand them.

The Chinese women have freed themselves, at any rate the educated section of them. One of the sights I enjoyed every evening at Singapore was the hundreds of Chinese women motorists, dressed in their best, driving their cars up and down the beach road taking the fresh air. The Chinese love luxury and comfort, but, with this redeeming feature, that they love to work hard and honestly also".

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1. Khan Bahadur E. V. Amoo Sahib, Vigianagaram
2. Mrs. K. M. Abraham, Bangalore
3. M. R. Ry. S. Krishna Bhagath Avl., Tellicherry
4. Mrs. J. J. Banninga, Pasuinalai
5. Mrs. A. Banerji, Puttur
6. Mrs. V. Chinnamal, Vellore
7. Mrs. Desikachary, Madras
8. G. Damodara Rao Esq., Tellicherry
9. Mrs. Fonseca, Bangalore
10. Mrs. Gopalaswamy Naidu Bellary
11. Miss Lavinia Guneseckhara, Bombay
12. Mrs. Gopalan, Cannanore
13. Head Mistress, English High School for Girls, Trivandrum
14. Stanley Jepson Esq., Ceylon
15. A. W. P. Jayatilaka Esq., Ceylon
16. Mrs. Kuryan, Madras
17. Mrs. Kunhi Kannan, Cannanore
18. L. Krishna Rao Esq., Mysore

19. Rev. Francis Kingsbury, Ceylon
20. Mrs. H. Krishnamurthi, Vizagapatam
21. Dr. Joanna Lyons, Rawalpindi
22. Mrs. J. S. Lewis, Calcutta
23. Miss P. Mangatrai, Rawalpindi
24. Mrs. C. N. E. J. De Mel, Ceylon
25. Mrs. Mirza, Bangalore
26. Rao Sahib K. A. Mukundan Avl., Cannanore
27. N. T. Master Esq., Bombay
28. Srimati Meenakshi Kutti Ammal, Kottayam
29. Mrs. Ogilvie, Aurangabad
30. Mrs. Petrie, Vellore
31. Mrs. J. S. A. Raju, Madras
32. N. Ramabhadran Esq., Tanjore
33. Mrs. A. K. Raghavan, Palghat
34. Mrs. B. V. N. Rao, Vizagapatam
35. M. N. Ramaswamy Iyer Esq., Bangalore
36. J. Savarirayan, Pillai Esq., Coimbatore.
37. Mrs. Shridarrao Tellicherry.
38. Miss Sondberg, Tirukoilur
39. Mrs. J. Roy Strock, Guntur
40. Mrs. Sreshta, Mangalore
41. G. Sreenivasa Iyer Esq., Dindigul
42. Sreemati Satyavati, Valapad
43. T. K. Sreenivasa Iyer Esq., Madura
44. Secretary, Women's Reading Room, Bangalore
45. Secretary, Reading Room, Zamorin's College, Calicut
46. Secretary, Reading Room, Calcutta
47. Miss Daisy Thomas, Ceylon
48. J. V. Thomas Esq., Sathur
49. Miss Eva Terry, Ceylon
50. Mr. Thambiyah, Ceylon
51. G. P. Therian Esq., Malapuram
52. Mrs. Verghese, Ernakulam
53. S. Venkat Iyer Esq., Tellicherry
54. Miss S. Tewinkel, Madanapalle
55. H. K. P. De Zylva Esq., Ceylon.

THE SCHOLAR

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

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

Annual Subscription, Rs. 3 only

Single Copy As. 4

Now is the time to send in your Subscription

Advertisement rates and other particulars from

The Manager,

The "Scholar" Palghat

THE CHILDREN'S NEWS

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

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

Annual Subscription Rs. 2 Only

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

Apply to

The Manager

THE CHILDREN'S NEWS.

Egerton Road, DELHI.

SADHANA AUSADHALAYA DACCA (Bengal)

—ADHYAKHA—

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

Formerly Professor of Chemistry, Bhagalpur College.

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

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

CATALOGUES ARE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION

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

SARBAJAR BATI

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

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

DASAN SANSKAR CHURNA

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

CHARMA ROGANTAK

It cures itches, sores, burns, scalds, pimples, ulcers of all sorts in 48 hours. As. 5 per box.

DADRUHAR

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

BASANTA KUSUMAKAR RAS

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

MAHASANKHA BATI

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

NETRA BINDU EYE-DROP

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

KARNA BINDU EAR-DROP

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

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

"ORIENT"

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

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

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

Annual Subscription

Rs. 3 only.

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

Manager,
The "ORIENT" Chingleput.

YOU NEED NOT GRIEVE

for your absent but dear ones if you have their photographs enlarged through us.

We undertake to get your photos enlarged by the best photographic experts in Germany at a moderate cost.

Write your requirements or pay a visit to
**The Anglo-German Trading Co.,
CALICUT.**

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

FOR

'The Indian Ladies' Magazine'

(TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.)

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

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

LODHRA
FOR
LADIES' HEALTH
and **Happiness**
KESARI KUTEERAM,
EGMORE MADRAS.
AT ALL CHEMISTS

Begun in 1890 Thirty-Eighth year of Publication

THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER

Edited by **K. Natarajan**

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

STANDS FOR ALL ROUND PROGRESS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Inland **Rs. 7-8 (Post Free.)**

Foreign **Rs 10 (Post Free)**

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

For Advertisement rates please apply to:—

The Manager.

"The Indian Social Reformer",
Naysari Chambers, Outram Road,
Fort. Bombay.

Managing Editor:
Mr. C. Ganaprasadam, B. A. & B. L.

Business Manager:
Mr. K. P. P. Tampi.

THE "HERALD"

**The only Catholic English Monthly from Travancore,
Park Road. TRIVANDRUM POST.**

TRAVANCORE STATE, SOUTH INDIA,

IS an Illustrated Monthly Magazine published at
TRIVANDRUM, dealing with many matters
of general interest and importance.

It enables you to get into touch with TRAVANCORE
the Naples of India.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	{	Rs. 4 (INDIA)
		Sh. 8 (EUROPE)
		\$ 2 (AMERICA)

Advertise in the "HERALD" and watch your
business increase by leaps and bounds.

All literary communications and remittances
to be addressed to the Managing Director.

All communications regarding Exchange and
Advertisements, to be addressed to
the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

4 HOUSEHOLD HELPS *for* EVERY INDIAN HOME



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

LITTLE'S ORIENTAL BALM

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

HENRY'S SPECIFICS

For Ague and Fevers
JVARA-HARI

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

For Colds, Coughs and
Bronchial Troubles
KILA-KOLD

**Available at all Chemists
and Stores**

Keep them all handy in the home

Sole Manufacturers:
Little's Oriental Balm & Pharmaceutical Ltd.

15, Armenian Street

Madras

You will be simply delighted to see

Camisolene

The wonderful material which
is perfect in wash and wear.
Extra superior finish in
pure Egyptian cotton

At

G. Cunniah Chetty & Son,
No 2, Raftan Bazaar Road,
Madras

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

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

CHARGES MODERATE.

For Particulars apply to:—

F. X. Pereria & Sons,
Beach Road,
TUTICORIN.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVERTISER

(English and Bengali)

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

BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

Annual Subscription Rs. 1-8 only

Managing Editor:—

PROF. M. N. CHAKRAVARTY, M. A.,
33, Dinanath Sen Road,

Faridabad, Dacca East Bengal, India

Special Features:—Articles on Soaps and allied
Industries, Insurance, Medical Sciences, Current Topics
N. B.—Free Advertisement—Name, Address and
Business of Subscribers in 3 or 4 lines printed Free
for one year.

THE GARLAND

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

Annual Subscription Rs. 4 only

Remarriage of Hindu Women on Sastraic Basis

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

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

An Indian in Western Europe (Vo. 1)

Humorous, Interesting, and Instructive, By A. S. P.
Ayyar, M. A. 1. C. S., 208 pp. Antique paper. Full Cloth
Price Rs. 2 nett (4sh.)

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

Copies from the

"GARLAND" OFFICE,

P. O. Mallewaram,

BANGALORE, (S. INDIA)



ACCIDENTS.

Are on the increase everywhere. Prompt medical attendance cannot be had always. It therefore behoves every one young and old, men and women to know how to render to injured persons immediate temporary assistance in a scientific way. Rendering of emergency treatment by persons especially trained and the making use of materials at hand in cases, such as bleeding, broken bones,

drowning, snake-bite, scorpion-bite, burns, poisoning, epilepsy, sun-stroke, fainting, suffocation convulsion, foreign bodies in the eye, ear and throat &c., till the arrival of the Doctor or medical aid is sought, is called "First Aid". The Hon'ble Dr. U. Rama Rao's book "First Aid in Accidents" teaches you how to render "First Aid". Many precious lives are lost every year which might have been saved by prompt aid had anyone been nearby able to render "First Aid". So get a copy today and know how to save people from terrible agony or injury or even life itself. Written in simple non-technical language and profusely illustrated, the book has undergone several editions and several thousands of copies have been sold. Doctors speak highly of the book. Governments, Railways, Mines, Industrial concerns, Schools are buying largely. Published in English, Kanarese, Tamil, Telugu and Malayalam.

Price As. 12. Available of all book-sellers.

or from Sri Krishnan Bros., 323 Thambu Chetty St., Madras.

EMPIRE PRESS,

BANK ROAD CALICUT.

ARTISTIC PRINTERS & BOOK BINDERS.

COLOUR PRINTING A SPECIALITY.

15-2-83

JOIN THE JOIN

East & West Correspondence & Exchange Club

Members Everywhere, in the East and the West.

It is the most up to date Club in the East

Membership fees:—

Ordinary:—

Special:—

Permanent:—

Rs. 3, Sh. 4-6.

Rs. 4, Sh. 6.

Rs. 30, Sh. 45.

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

The East & West Journal

The widely circulated official organ of the club.

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

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

Representatives wanted Everywhere Particulars free from the

Director:—H. L. SAXENA, 6, PARADE,

CAWNPORE, (India)

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

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

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

Prospectuses will be sent to anyone interested.

1130

M-2435

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER 1930

No. 2

THE INDIAN LADIES' PAIN BALM

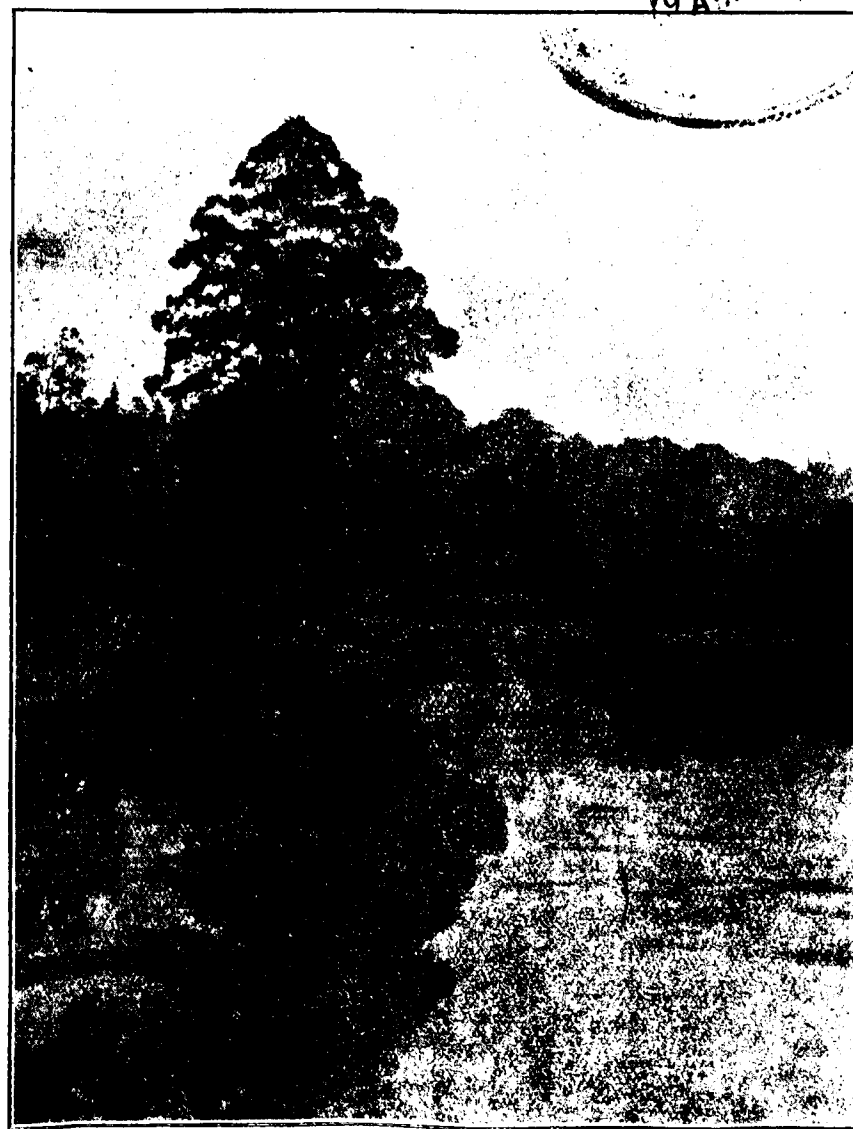


AMRUTANJAN

THE BEST
INDIAN PAIN BALM

AMRUTANJAN DEPOT
BOMBAY & MADRAS

EMPIRE PRESS, CALCUTTA.



You will be simply delighted to see

Camisolene

The wonderful material which
is perfect in wash and wear.
Extra superior finish in
pure Egyptian cotton

At

G. Cunniah Chetty & Son,
No 2, Raftan Bazaar Road,
Madras

19 AUG 1933

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

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

CHARGES MODERATE.

For Particulars apply to:—

F. X. Pereria & Sons,
Beach Road,
TUTICORIN.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE OR IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

By A. F. J. Chinoy, LL. B.,

Author of "Pootli," etc.

CRITICS' WELCOME TO THIS BOOK :—

It is a well-written little book, and Mr. Chinoy, while not minimising racial ill-will, the growing insubordination of children, etc. preserves a temperate optimism. "Perfect love and unselfishness," he concludes, "truth and justice will usher in that golden age which has been the old theme of poets and the cherished dream of philosophers."

—*Times of India.*

"The entire booklet breathes optimism, and is a tonic in these depressing times. "Life can be made worth living", he declares, "but all must help to make it worth living."

—*Advocate of India.*

Everyone wants to be happy, but to secure happiness one must make some effort—some sacrifice. Read this book and the problem of life is solved.

PRICE RE. ONE

(Drop a post card to the Author, Wode House, Colaba, Bombay.

CONTENTS.

Illustrations;—Women of Malabar cleaning coffee; the new lady graduates of the Madras Presidency; Srimati K. Ramasubamma; Mrs. Appaiah; Sreemati Gunabai Gadaekar.

	PAGE
1. Old and New—Verses (Selected)	53
2. Shakespere is the only real biographer of Shakespere—W. R. S. S.	53
3. Letters—Napoleon Bernard.	55
4. Indian aspirations and the social factor—An Englishman.	58
5. The dancing notes—E. E. Speight.	62
6. A scholar of the Middle Ages—I. D. Tangaswamy.	63
7. Women as friends—"A mere man".	67
8. Santana Gopalam—a story.	70
9. Our poetry pages ; (1) Who is the true conqueror?—H. Kaveri Bai.	80
(2) Poetic Aphorisms—H. Porter.	81
(3) Why, oh why?—"Bharati"	82
(4) Memories—E. J. Mitter	83
10. The Late Dr. Anna S. Kugler.	83
11. Friendly chats—Are we clean?—K. Appaswamy.	85
12. Portraits of Indian women—1—The happy mother —Punkajam.	88
13. In Man's realm ;— (1) Speaking to the invisible—"Baa"	89
(2) Lady Rhondra discusses men-writers about women—(Selected)	90
(3) Are we average men? (Selected)	91
14. Our children's pages : (1) The adventures of a pin—E. J. Mitter.	93
(2) The two princes—Herbet Porter.	95
(3) The violet and the stone	96
(4) Our letter to our young people—Padmini	96
15. Common ailments of children Ch. xxvii— D. Kirubaimani	98
16. Our Fashion suggestions—Sister Susie	101
17. Snaps at Society—"Sour-sweat"	101
18. House hold hints—Paddy	103
19. Our Cookery notes	104
20. Our Needlework notes	104
21. Health notes (selected)	105
22. News and Notes (selected)	109
23. Acknowledgment	112

Annual Subscription

Inland Rs. 5, Foreign Rs. 5-8

Editor and Manager

Assistant Editor

MRS. K. SATTIANADHAN, M.A.
Cannanore.

MISS P. SATTIANADHAN B. A.



Photo by Klein and Peyerl, Madras.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. IV

SEPTEMBER 1930.

No. 2

OLD AND NEW.

Long have the poets vaunted, in their lays,
Old times, old loves, old friendship, and old wine.
Why should the old monopolize all praise?
Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends, when the old prove weak,
Or fail me in my darkest hour of need;
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,
Or lean upon a reed?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,
When all the grace and beauty leaves the old;
When like a rose it withers at my feet,
Or like a hearth grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with a prosperous cheer,
In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days;
I hold a sunlit present far more dear,
And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are thread-bare and worn through,
And all too narrow for the broadening soul,
Give me the fine, firm texture of the new,
Fair, beautiful and whole.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

SHAKSPERE IS THE ONLY REAL BIOGRAPHER OF SHAKSPERE

THIS sounds like an examination question and popular opinion is against 'Shakspeare' as a subject for popular articles. The modern thirst for cheap amusement and light reading has become so overwhelming as almost to kill the desire for studying the great

dramatists, poets, painters and sculptors. Still, I can only hope that such an article may be of some little interest to at least a few.

Biography, to my mind, must embody two factors: a life-story and a character-sketch. The former is only of secondary importance.

All over the world, men and women, aspiring to fame as critics in literature, have chosen Shakspeare as their subject. They have pounced upon him like so many birds of prey and have succeeded in dissecting his life with remarkable patience and skill. They have chosen to quarrel over small details and have gone so far as to deny to the man called Shakspeare the authorship of his own works. But it would appear that such critical works, beyond being excellent compendiums of facts and figures, possess little literary merit. We ask ourselves if such attempts at biography, where the biographer forgets that he is dealing with a poet or a dramatist in his eagerness to solve historical or geographical enigmas, are really worthy of being read by the discerning. After all, biography should primarily be directed towards a proper understanding of the inner man, of the range of vision of the poet or dramatist, of his power to give us a true picture of contemporary life, of his claims in short to rank among the 'Immortals' in literature. It is here that many of the so-called biographers of Shakspeare have failed to tell us anything of real value about him. Let us now seek for knowledge about Shakspeare from his own works.

Shakspeare is too great to be taken lightly. We have to read him with patience and care and sympathy really to understand him and appreciate the intricacy and subtlety of his technique, the humanness of his characters, the range of his vision and the way in which he arranges all his material to achieve a perfect whole.

The first thing that strikes us on reading Shakspeare's works is his remarkable insight into human nature. His characters may be kings or courtiers, slaves or sailors, courtesans or grave-diggers, fairies or ghosts. They are all painted with the sure touch of the master, in perfect outline and exquisite colouring and always with startling realism.

"He drew the man and described the day, and what is done in it; he read the hearts of men and women, their probity, and their second thought, and wiles; the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtue and vice slide into their contraries: he could divide the mother's part from the father's part in the face of the child, or draw the fine demarcations of freedom and of fate: he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature: and all the sweets and all the terrors of human lot lay in his mind as truly but as softly as the landscape lies on the eye." Shakspeare towers like a Colossus over his contemporaries, and the might of his dramatic and poetic power renders him peerless in his own sphere.

He could tell us of nature; for he knew that all things were created for a Divine purpose:

"The heavens and the earth and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?"

He could talk of love:

Juliet. "By whose direction found'st thou out this place?"

Romeo. "By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise."

He could smile: and, so, has given us that wonderful character, Falstaff. Falstaff, that "mountain of mirth," the bosom friend of Prince Henry and the leader of the wild frolics of the town, waits in high expectation for his Hal, now King, and greets him thus: "God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!" and the King, turning upon his one-time friend of the old, wild, irresponsible days, rebukes him thus: "I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers; how ill white hairs become a fool and a jester!" We feel very sorry for the stricken old man as he creeps away—eventually to seek for solace from his faithful Dame Quickly and his sack. In this way, Shakspeare combines tragedy with comedy and seldom does he fail to come to our relief even when we are sunk in the depths of the deepest pathos. Besides this, friendship, love of child for parent and every kindly human feeling is there to soften for us the great tragedies of Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth and King Lear. Shakspeare can be gross, for nothing in human nature escapes him. So, he gives us Caliban. But he has also given us Ariel:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

...

Merrily, merrily shall I live now

Under the blossoms that hang on the bough."

If we read his plays with sympathy and understanding, we grow to love this Shakspeare, this mighty poet, dramatist and genial philosopher. Yes, "Shakspeare is the only real biographer of Shakspeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakspeare in us".

W. R. S. S.

LETTERS.

NOTE.—When human justice is at stake in any nation or civilization, individual loyalties and co-operation in a creative sense

must be stimulated. A form of literature must be inspired to this end, in order that social action toward the human being as centre and end of all gravity will occur. That is the object of this essay—primarily toward the necessity of a new way of thinking, forming contact, and mentally co-operating.—N. B.

THERE is a kind of communication that belongs to you and me, to every woman and man. And it is a kind of literature that might be better understood as a medium, through which individuals can immortalize and identify their spirit with the evolutionary struggle of every other woman and man, as well as in direct co-operative effort with each other. That of which I speak is Letter-writing.

It has ever been a human weakness to permit arts of craftsmanship and inter-human relationships to fall into the control of the delegated or self-appointed few. We permit others to educate us, to think for us, speak for and govern us; as in accord with motives that do not spring from within our needs; and then we deplore the fact that we are not masters of our fate.

History presumably has had that function of giving us a better understanding of the eternal struggle of humanity, as visioned by some interpreter, and very often not written in defence of Woman and Man, but of those collective social powers that exploit them. It is defined as a record of facts which have become known to the writer from his personal experience and observation, and facts communicated by witnesses. At present it has come to include political events, movements which belong to religion, law, literature, and economics.

Where, and in how many books do you find Woman and Man speaking for themselves out of the pages of the past and present? What we do find there is always some secondary voice speaking for some glorified master or imaginary character.

What is badly needed is a growth of spiritual determination in each Woman and Man cooperatively to determine their own fate, and a growth of epistolary expression in which each extend their powers dedicated to immortalizing individuality and perfecting it.

Mature and actively-creative minds have found biography most human, instructive, and exemplifying, because it is real in a human sense and identifies one with another whose inclinations and trials have often been the same as our own. Yet the biographer is greatly dependent upon private letters to authenticate the inner spirit of his subject, and of the times in which he or she has lived. But, there is little practical value in secondary literature usually inspired for lucre, unless it springs out of the very personal and creative hopes and aspirations of the courageous soul of

the individual Woman and Man, unless it is directly in line with the normal growth of you and me and every one else, in those very necessary demands and needs of the individual's daily life.

How does it happen that we may be so near to each other, yet so distant? Of what benefit is the giving of our energies to a civilization governed by the few, if in so doing we become more distant and distrustful of each other? How can you know that your newspaper or magazine gives you a just and uncolored representation of people in other communities and countries, unless you take the trouble to verify their interpretations by personal communication and contact?

Bear in mind however that Letters have a very human practical and immediate need to fulfil, concerning the recipient as well as yourself; and, should they be so fortunate to find their way also into the hearts of those of the future, their readers will be concerned, not with the fact that you have thrust your egotism, troubles, or selfish interests upon another, or manufactured effects, or amassed pretty or tragic sentiments upon paper; but with evidence that your own soul has synthesized with that of another and created between two human beings some worthy human objective, and long-desired human aspiration. The chief concern of Letters is that they serve this end.

A poet and playwright writes, "If you receive a letter from a stranger whose very existence was unknown to you, are you quite sure that a stranger has written you? As you read, can you not understand that this soul that may have been dreaming of yours had certitudes akin to your own?" Exactly. And how do you know that those, whom you meet daily in ordinary practical affairs, or in passing, are not thinking of you in the abstract and of the same aspirations as yourself?

Somewhere, there is another who aspires to the same creative effort as yourself, whose effort may greatly reinforce and encourage your own. We may reach the inner core of that person often very soundly in Letters. For immediately there comes before us in studied concentration a panorama of all that is the soul of the writer, if the Letters are true, frank, and sincere. Eccentricities creep in, and depths that might never be exposed or noticed in our superficial and casual social life of idle pretence. Of course, Letters are at best but secondary inter-human connections to personal contact, and may be a preliminary basis to sound close personal affinity, and they may lack that personal art of self-expression assisted by the eyes, hands, and general posture that can emphasize or tone down certain worded expressions; yet they can be a very direct and private way of linking our innermost selves with others as worthy.

In this light, Letters are of utmost value to those in remote communities, internationally, and to all mental creators of potential humanizing influence, as mediums in which to project and immortally engrave the spirit and struggling thought of every Woman and Man.

NAPOLÉON BERNARD

INDIAN ASPIRATIONS AND THE SOCIAL FACTOR

A PLEA FOR GREATER CONTACT BETWEEN
EUROPEANS AND INDIANS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

ONE of the happier factors in a period when British institutions and British products are being boycotted for political ends is the realisation that Indian people are not ready to boycott their British friends. Exceptions there may be, but the fact must be realised and acknowledged that there is no widespread attitude on the part of educated Indian people to cut those social links which are to-day more than ever vitally necessary to prevent the danger of suspicion and mistrust settling over the growth of India's political future and her relationship with Great Britain.

It is just this element of suspicion which has led to so much misery and economic loss. At times, during the present campaign, one is reminded very forcibly of that magnificent piece of anti-war propaganda, a film called "The Enemy." In this story one goes into the trenches of several of the combatants in the Great War, with the result that Germans, French, British, Russians, Austrians, all seem to be spreading the same lying propaganda about the "brutalities" of the enemy, all are shouting "For God and Country," all sampling the hollowness of the glories of war. And political struggles, no less than war, are built upon the same spirit of suspicion and mistrust.

It may be worth while to examine this social factor in relation to the present political unrest. What has been often called the "splendid isolation" of the British official in India is at once a weakness and a strength. It is a strength when it leaves him free and unfettered to consider naught but efficiency and justice; but it is more of a weakness because it overlooks the human factor in favour of the machine. Yet we are not concerned here mainly with British officials, but with the unofficial masters in their daily comings and goings.

First, I would point out that the natural conservatism of the British in India is often mistaken for snobbery. An Indian friend



Srimathi GUNABAI GADEKAR of Poona who presided over the All-India Women's Conference of Depressed Classes held at Nagpur in August.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

of mine was talking about a certain crossword puzzle which he was solving, to beguile the tedium of a railway journey from Bombay. "I noticed that the Colonel opposite me was also doing the same puzzle," he added. "Eventually I got mine out, but the Colonel was stuck for two letters and though he knew I was working out the same puzzle he was too proud to ask me for them!" Now why should a fellow-passenger call this pride? Why should he hasten to assume that racial questions enter into it, and that the position would have been any different had he been an Englishman, Scot, or what not? Possibly, the Colonel desired the satisfaction of working out his own puzzle or leaving it unsolved. Only those, who have travelled through the European Continent and England, can realise the unfortunate truth that only two British fellow-passengers could journey in the same railway carriage from Scotland to England with only as much conversation as may be necessary for a "Good Morning", or "Do you mind the window being down," etc. Other minds besides the Oriental have failed to realise that such silence is not rudeness, but a national trait.

But one must admit the unfortunate fact that this conservatism is not entirely responsible for the lack of contact out here between Indians and Europeans of the same status. There are Europeans who can never adjust themselves to changing times, who might still be living in the days of "John Company" and cannot shed the atmosphere of those times, who talk foolishly about their "prestige" and give not a thought to Indian prestige. These are the parochially-minded people, who unfortunately seldom, if ever, come into social contact with cultured Indian people, who live in the country most of their lives and learn nothing of its languages beyond a smattering of kitchen vernacular; indeed, probably their whole outlook on the Indian mind is formed by their contact with their own servants or with the shopkeepers they meet on their bazaar excursions. These are the people who encourage those petty caste divisions between Europeans themselves, and if Indian people could gain their company they certainly would not care much for it. But, to reason that because we are gregarious we should not create castes is to ignore human nature. If a station be large enough, life is bound to run in circles. Civil servants find it difficult either to mix with one another than with army folk, who again refuse to business people somewhat contemptuously as "barrabazars." Even in the service itself, the infantry is known to complain of the superior airs of those who cultivate "cavalry swagger," while both these divisions complain that the Air Force keeps to itself. Such little divisions will always exist, and they exist probably more clearly among Indian people themselves. But this is not the heart of the problem.

This question needs to be faced squarely and discussed frankly. In the past, India has been much to blame for fostering these

"superior airs" by white races, about which one hears murmurs. When the writer arrived in India as a young man, eager to study and understand its peoples, he noticed all sorts of customs which struck his Western democratised mind as passing strange. In a small and very pleasant station of the U. P., a mounted villager would dismount, lead his horse by him, and then remount! People even used to put down their umbrellas, when passing! He was addressed, not politely, but cravenly, as "Your Honour," "Maharaj", and equally unwelcome flattering titles quite unknown in the West, but too well-known out here. If he went to buy a railway ticket, the babu showed a curious inclination to attend to him first, out of his turn, and could not understand why he should wish to be attended to in the proper order of arrival! Young Britishers now-a-days are essentially democratic: they never ask for such flattering attentions and they do not want them. But when these servile attentions are thrust upon them year after year, wherever they move, is it any wonder they come to accept them?

Sometime ago a newspaper correspondent in a very interesting "letter to the Editor" described a source of irritation among Indian customers at the G. P. O. He said that, when a European arrived to buy a stamp, the babu showed a desire to attend to him first, and this annoyed the Indian customers. Exactly, and it probably annoys many a European also. And the blame must be put on the Indian babu - or on the habit people have out here of failing to queue up properly, all scrambling to be first. Incidentally, the writer may add that, since he discovered it takes as long to buy a stamp at a big General Post Office as it would to buy a house at a businesslike solicitor's office, he has always avoided buying stamps in such places. Those who know Great Britain realise that its inhabitants are thoroughly used to queuing up, to taking things in proper turn. And, if the reverse is the custom in India, the blame should not always be laid at the door of the democratic Briton.

[A discussion on this delicate but important subject would be incomplete without a reference to the vexed club question. But here one is not anxious to rush into print where angels would fear to tread! There are so many little cross currents that one may be confused in considering the main drift. With Indianisation of the services proceeding at a rightly increasing pace, everything possible should be done to encourage mixed clubs, sporting and social. The mutual love of sport of both Indian and European provides an admirable opportunity for a common meeting ground, and it is a thousand pities some misguided patriots have seen fit to drag a boycott of sport into the political arena. The position of the purely European club in a small upcountry station is nowadays an untenable one, and most of these small clubs now provide a meeting ground where each race may learn to understand the other. In

large centres like Bombay and Calcutta, the position is not quite the same. Here, there are clubs which are cosmopolitan and otherwise, though whether the former fulfil their purpose as foreseen in the hopes of the founders is open to question. Even in Bombay's best mixed club, people complain that life runs in circles. But, life always has and always will "run in circles," and it is up to Indian and European members to find common interests and get together more. Europeans will find a very real desire for friendship, the approach sometimes held back by an unnatural fear of rebuff and timidity; while on the other side Indian members must not mistake for hostility a national characteristic of conservatism and insularity bred in an insular country.

"In London and Paris I can go to all the best clubs, but here I cannot join and you cannot take me as your guest," complained a young England-trained barrister to me at a dinner party. I could only reply that I should much like to take him, and that I did not make this club rule by which I, as a member, had to abide. But the fact remains that many young Indian people feel sorely on the point. I could sympathise with my friend's point of view, but a frank discussion resulted in his admitting he had not realised all the difficulties. Bombay is not Paris or London, and it is useless making such comparisons. The club to which he referred had already a huge membership, any large extension of which would be impossible. This does not explain, of course, why a member cannot take an Indian guest, and one can only say that, though there are a number of members, who would like to relax this rule, the vote of the majority decides these club questions. In a large cosmopolitan centre, it is probable there will always be racial clubs such as European, Japanese, Hindu, Parsi, and Islam Gymkhanas, etc., and there is no reason why they should not flourish side by side with mixed clubs.

But social contact is not restricted, thank Heaven, to club-life. Where the will is there, the daily round and the common task provide plenty of opportunities for common meeting grounds between Europeans and Indians, and if these be pursued it will be to the great advantage of each at the present time. Such contact must lead to the realisation that there is a vast but unspoken volume of European opinion having the fullest sympathy with Indian national aspirations towards self-government. That these things are not discussed when the two races meet may be put down very often to a mutual fear of treading on each other's corns. Until they are discussed, candidly and sympathetically, distrust and suspicion with all the vile things that feed on these growths, must continue.

THE DANCING NOTES

I have never been able to take in with equanimity the assertions of astronomers that the light of the heavenly bodies is largely the reflected light of the sun. But this morning I have seen an amazing sight, which illuminates all I have read of those vastest objects of our vision as well as of the tiniest constituents of the atom.

I was lying in bed in a mountain cottage, when the rising sun shot three opal beams through a high window across the room. I raised my right hand to keep the brilliant glare from my eyes, and suddenly behold my fingers translucently glowing, suffused with a tint so heart-easing that no colour-name in our language will serve even to suggest it, for it was a blending of the rosy hue of dawn and the mystery of life.

But my eyes were soon drawn from this vision to another of the deepest wonder, to a world of whose existence I had all my life been unconscious, though familiar enough with such phrases as *notes in a beam*, *particles suspended in the air*,—phrases that dismiss a subject while telling so little about it.

In that opal stream, which was flowing into my chamber, a stream of light whose fountain-head was unattainably distant in time and space, swam an innumerable company of minute bodies illuminated fitfully with spectral flashes of light. In and out of the darkness of the rest of the room they came and went; and as they swam they were diving and soaring, pirouetting, dropping like meteors, dancing like happy children, gyrating, undulating, volplaning and performing evolutions, isolated and combined, with all the suggestion of conscious action on a most complicated plan.

Nearer to my eyes were larger bodies flashing like Sirius, and among them red ones with the onimous glow of Mars or Betelgeuse. But among and beyond them was a nebular host of yet smaller corporeals, in a state of apparently choric ecstasy, a sun-dance such as is forever in progress, wherever through the universe the rays of a central luminary fall upon stellar atmosphere. There was no other movement in the room, no breath of air or stir of living being that could have caused that bewildering kaleidoscopic spectacle of iridescent motion without end.

It was the visible play of a moment's revelation of the Solar radiance, yet in that infinitesimal fraction of that infinitesimal share of the sun's energy which is all that reaches our earth, there lay, as it were, the ultimate secrets of life.

For a brief while, that was as an age in time measured by knowledge, I lay and listened to some part of myself propounding ceaseless questions, even as one does when under an anaesthetic.

TWO WOMEN PIONEERS OF SOUTH INDIA.



Mrs. APPIAH, first class Honorary Magistrate of Korakudi, is the first lady in Chettinad to attain the position.

Photos by the Indian News Agency, Srirangam.
P. T. O.

Quickly I passed in and out of a state of luminous trance, during which deep understanding was granted to me; and I saw in the minutest portions of the Creator's universe a meaning also,—one meaning out of countless ones,—of the vastest, remotest world of worlds the last ingenuity of the human brain has revealed.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

A SCHOLAR OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

One of the great names that ought to be inscribed on the first page of the Golden book of free thinkers is that of Peter Abelard, who was born in 1079 A. D. of a noble family in France. Although a knight, his father was a lover of knowledge and literature and was anxious that his son should share in his tastes. It gave him intense delight to find a ready response in the boy, for scarcely had young Abelard tasted literature, when all other pursuits became insipid and worthless to him. Abandoning all thought of earning military glory, which was the strongest of temptations to the young men of his days, Abelard gave his mind entirely to study and philosophy. He "wandered over provinces, seeking masters and adversaries, going from controversy to controversy, veritable knight-errant of philosophy."

About the year 1100, when he was twenty years of age, Abelard went to Paris and joined the episcopal school of the cloister of Notre Dame in which the celebrated William of Champeau was lecturer on Logic. He attended William's lectures only for a time; and then, separating from him, he attacked his doctrines and set himself up as an independent opponent. Soon, he changed himself from a pupil to a master. He opened a new school at Melun and then at Corbeil from whence he delivered assaults on the citadel of his master. The assaults grew more vigorous when he established himself six years later in Paris on the mount of Genevieve, "that hill destined to become the Sinai of university instruction." He thus became a rival of William and later, his vanquisher. So severe was the defeat he inflicted on William that the latter left the cloister of Notre Dame and never recovered his reputation. Abelard now walked the schools of Paris without a rival, but raised a number of enemies around him, by his haughtiness born of success.

Paris was at that time the most renowned place of education in Europe, and scholars from all parts, England, Germany and Italy, flocked thither to imbibe knowledge. They found in Abelard a teacher who had not been equalled since the days of Socrates and Plato. They were greatly attracted by his charming personality and daring intellect. He was not a pale pedant or an emaciated



Srimathi K. Ramasubbamma, nominated member of the Cuddapah Municipal Council, is said to be the only lady from the Reddi community, in any Municipal Council.

bookworm, but a singularly handsome man with a scrupulous regard for dress. His knowledge was as profound as was compatible with the resources of his time, and his erudition so vast that his contemporaries thought he was a master of universal knowledge. The whole sum of human science, then known or cared for, was taught by him with vigour and originality. His discourses were embellished, not merely with skilful logic but with literary digressions, classical allusions and quotations from Horace and Virgil. "No idea can be given of the effect he produced in teaching Philosophy and never does any science seem to have had a more powerful propagandist." He recalled the success of the great philosophers of Greece. Around him was a multitude of human beings so great that in his own words, the inns were not sufficient to contain them nor the earth to feed them. "He was admired, followed, waylaid, obstructed by passionate adherents and by many who were not adherents. His success was complete; his rivals were silenced; he grew rich; his head was nearly turned." But he fell soon after from his glory and great was his fall.

There was another name which was at this time as famous throughout Europe as Abelard's. It was the name of a woman. Heloise was not beautiful, but her intellect and literary attainments commanded so much admiration that she was called the first of women. She was the niece of a canon of Paris named Fulbert. Abelard became her tutor and found in her the only woman then in the world who could fully value his powers of mind. But their relationship took an unfortunate turn. From master he changed into a passionate lover. He combined with his intellectual qualities certain gifts which made him an incomparable seducer of hearts and minds. He charmed Heloise and she fell at his feet. The world-famed scholar now spent his time in composing love songs in the common tongue!

Abelard and Heloise as lovers did not find favour in the sight of Canon Fulbert. He grew vexed and separated them. But they soon met again and contrived a method for Heloise's escape. One night when Fulbert was away from home, Abelard entered and carried off Heloise. He sent her to his sister's house in Brittany, where she gave birth to a son. Fulbert became almost mad with rage and would, but for fear, have taken revenge by attacking Abelard's person. Abelard, however, thought it prudent to appease Fulbert's wrath by acknowledging the enormity of his offence and expressing his willingness to atone for it. He offered to marry Heloise on condition that the marriage should be kept secret. Fulbert agreed and Abelard went to Brittany to fetch his lover. But Heloise would not agree to marriage. Wedlock, she held, would chain them, and they would cease to be two unfettered souls free in their love. If they remained as mere lovers, they would meet rarely, and time and absence would only add to their happiness.

These arguments of Heloise failed to convince Abelard, who was determined in his purpose. Heloise yielded and returned to Paris. After a few days they entered into matrimony, with Fulbert and a few friends for witnesses.

Fulbert proved unworthy of the trust reposed in him. He divulged the secret which he promised Abelard to keep. Serious consequences followed. Heloise was removed by her husband to a convent where she had been educated. The removal angered her uncle who feared that Abelard was contriving to escape from the responsibilities of his marriage. Fulbert resorted to a cruel method of wreaking his vengeance upon Abelard by having his person disfigured in the utmost manner that could be devised by the imagination of a barbarian. This calamity crushed Abelard utterly. Friends and sympathisers there were to condole with him, but their condolences only intensified his agony of mind and body. But yesterday he was a glorious man; today he lay on his bed, mean and despised. In his sorrow he took refuge in the abbey of St. Denis, while Heloise took the veil in the convent to which she had been removed.

The monks of the abbey of St. Denis were dissolute and worldly-minded. Abelard spoke of their sins to their face and made himself odious to them in a short time. Greatly to their delight, he installed himself again as a master. Before long, he found himself surrounded by three thousand students. He called them, not to repentance and sacrifice, but to a scientific examination of the faith they held. He compiled a treatise on "Divine Trinity and Unity" and created a desire in the young men to find reasons, "human and philosophical", for their belief. But his enemies would not suffer him to go on. He was arraigned before a council at Soissons in 1121 and condemned as a heretic and was compelled to burn his treatise with his own hands. He was then handed over a prisoner to the Abbot of St. Medard. It was only in appearance that Abelard bowed to the decision of the council. In reality, he persevered in his independent thought and personal faith, moving under the yoke imposed on him with fury like a wild rhinoceros which had been bound in chains.

Subsequently, Abelard wandered like a veritable Ulysses from convent to convent and built himself an oratory of reeds and stubble in a desert place at Troyes and called it the "Paraclete", the "Comforter." Even here he could not find himself undisturbed, for his students tracked him into the desert and flocked to him again. "Tents were set up, mud walls covered with moss rose to shelter the numerous disciples who slept on the grass and nourished themselves with rustic dishes and coarse bread." For three years from 1122 to 1125, his marvellous instruction was carried on without impediment. But this new success only provoked new

attacks. At last he fled to a monastery situated on a promontory on the "bleak and savage" coasts of Brittany. There he assumed control over dissolute and unscrupulous monks, whose wickedness tormented him night and day. The monks kept women in the abbey and lived among their illegitimate children without feelings of shame. They even expected their chief to furnish them with the means for their self-indulgence. Abelard felt that he had fallen from a great misery to a greater one and lived his days in sadness.

In his exile, Abelard came to know that Heloise, who had risen to the dignity of prioress, had been driven from her convent and was wandering houseless. He hastened back to his old retreat, the Paraclete, and prevailed upon the ecclesiastical dignitaries to sanction the donation of the retreat to Heloise and to those of her nuns who had followed her in her wanderings. Returning to Brittany, he found his monastery a hot place to live in. His attempts to bring the refractory monks to a sense of duty and decency made them his enemies. They attempted to poison him; and in fear, Abelard escaped from the monastery. He reappeared once more in Paris, the first scene of his fame, as zealous as ever, despite his fifty-seven years and was still followed by a large number of admirers.

Abelard had now to face a fierce adversary, the fiercest he had faced. His scholars developed his teachings in a manner that alarmed and roused the hatred of the faithful. In France, in Italy and in Germany, a bold spirit of enquiry was abroad and it was likely to grow mighty if the teachings of Abelard remained unchecked. "The stag does not fear the hound, the dove does not dread the falcon more intensely and instinctively, than the dogmatist fears and dreads the free philosophical inquirer." The foremost to perceive the danger was St. Bernard, the Abbot of Clairvaux. He arose and with vehemence issued fiery appeals to Pope, Cardinals, bishops and princes to unite and avert the danger. Abelard was quite prepared to meet his enemies. He would welcome any opportunity to meet the great Abbot of Clairvaux in combat. A council met at Sens in 1140 and Abelard was summoned to it. Although grown old and tired, he displayed readiness to attend the council while Bernard hesitated, having no confidence in himself. But, when Bernard did appear at the importunity of his friends, he found the majority of the council on his side. Abelard found it hopeless to reason with the audience and left the council abruptly, appealing to Rome. His enemies published that he had been seized with a miraculous confusion in the presence of the holy Lord of Clairvaux. But it is more likely that Abelard's action was due to his feeling that the audience was unfit to appreciate his subtlety and eloquence, and that an appeal to Rome would give his cause some time.

Abelard's appeal to Rome remained unnoticed. He, therefore arose to go thither and press his claims personally to an equitable judgment. On his way, he stopped at the abbey of Cluny in Burgundy. The Abbot of Cluny was a man more of love, than of faith and reason, who devoted his leisure to the literary defence of the Christian religion, and his life to the practical exemplification of it. In Abelard he saw a suffering brother and not an erring heretic. He welcomed him with a guileless and sympathetic heart, and by his loving treatment converted him from an audacious scholar into a humble monk.

One day in the year 1142, the Abbess Heloise received a long letter from the kindly lord of Cluny, which concluded with a description of Abelard's last days and his death. "He appeared the least of all by the meanness of his attire... He was as sparing in his food, in his drink, in all that related to his body, as in his dress... He suffered not a moment to pass in which he did not either pray, read, write, or dictate..... He, who for his knowledge was famed throughout the world in the discipleship of Him, who said 'Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart', persevered in meekness and humility, and as we may believe, passed to the Lord."

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

WOMEN AS FRIENDS.

I desire in this article to show that just as women are needed to be ideal sisters wives or mothers, so it is necessary that they should exert their benign influence and help, outside their own family circles, in being true comrades and friends, not only to women, but to men also. The intrinsic value of motherhood in every woman is a necessity to the whole world, not only in the home, but even outside. The quality of comradeship is far more required than exercised by women. That I require it of Indian women might shock a few, but the present participation of women in political movements gives me a great deal of encouragement to press forward this appeal. My primary impetus to write this was my own experience of the influence of women, outside my family circle, who have been "sisters" to me and comrades in intellectual and political thought and action. Our own history can cite some examples and I have knowledge of a few women who have so exerted their influence on others.

We want women as friends, true friends, functioning as sisters and mothers of men outside the family circles. Great men are impossible without great women. Behind all masculine greatness, there is always present some woman as part of the process. Though

charity begins at home it must not end there. And no man should restrict the beneficent activities of women to their own home circle. But thousands of women are starving to give of their best to the larger world. Oft-times, it is a woman who might well have been great on her own account, had she not preferred to submerge her own gifts and ambitions in those of her son, husband or brother. Into the mysterious crucible of genius, she has chosen to throw, as a most precious ingredient, her own heart's blood and too often her tears. She has been content to be the unseen oil that feeds the glittering flame and far too often this ministry of hers has been taken for granted by its beneficiaries, or has been acknowledged in some patronising foot-note in the biographies of the great.

Man has been ungrateful to woman. And yet I plead that she should give to the uttermost, than starve her soul, and decay through disuse. The rich wine of the spiritual and mental capacities of Indian women have either been restricted or allowed to run waste on the desert sands of custom and tradition. We are coming to recognise that no man has ever been great, merely by his own strength. But alas, thousands have been deprived of the womanly influence of a sister, mother or wife. What I ask of the women, who are longing to give to all, is specially to do so to men who are such. The greatest brain would lie idle without woman to supply it with motive power, either by her beauty, or her goodness, or her own spiritual and intellectual influence. Creation even in the world of mind is a dual process. However solitary the thinker, his thought is not born of himself alone. The brain of man would seem to me to need the impregnation of feminine influence in some form or other, before it can give birth to its dream children.

What men require is that human thing, which is the basis and the foundation of inspiration and influence, and that is a generously-exerted sympathy and comradeship and inexhaustible treasure of succour and self-sacrifice—as history over and over again illustrates. It is to these angels that nature has given charge concerning those strange children, its men of genius; be they soldiers, statesmen, poets, artists or even saints. We read in the New Testament of how women were ministering angels to Jesus himself. The value of St. Clare in the life of that great saint Francis of Assisi is summed up by Paul Sabatier in his biography thus;—“She defended Francis not only against others but against himself. In those hours of dark discouragement, which so often and so profoundly disturb the noblest souls and sterilise the grandest efforts, she was beside him to show the way. When he doubted his mission and thought of fleeing to the heights of repose and solitary prayer, it was she who showed him the ripening harvest with no reapers to gather in; men going astray with no shepherd to herd



The Madras Lady Graduates of the year
Photo by the Photo News Agency, Madras.

them, and drew him once again into the train of the Galilean, into the number of those who give their lives as a ransom for many."

Women are needed to give encouragement, not only to the weak but even to the great. All great men in their adolescent stage stand in need, as a vital condition of their development, of a deal of nutritive worship. Men grow great—at the beginning at all events,—by being told that they are great. A certain egoism is inseparable from greatness. Nothing is done without a belief in one's self; and in the early stages of greatness before a confirming audience has been won, self-belief has often to fight hard for its existence against despondency and discouragement.

Therefore, priceless is that friendship to man at a certain period of his career, that is given by a devoted being who believes in him, the divining love prophetic in its admiration of future fame, ever ready with inspiring praise. Let me quote a beautiful poem on this theme. —

"Thus is man created, to do all his work for some women,
Do it for her, and her only to lay at her feet;
Yet in his talk to pretend shyly and fiercely maintain it,
That all is for love of the work, toil just for love of the toil.
Yet was there never a battle, but side by side with the soldiers,
Stern like a serried corn fluttered the souls of women,
As in and out through the corn go the blue-eyed
 shapes of the flowers;
Yet there was never a strength but a woman's softness upheld it;
Never a Thebes of our dreams, but it rose to the music of women;
Iron and stone it might stand, but the women had
 breathed on the building;
Yea, no man shall make or unmake, if some woman
 has made him a man".

Behind the monuments of masculine genius, whatever their nature, there is always to be seen hovering like a spiritual presence the soul of some woman. Always behind the achievement, there are the love and the enthusiasm of some unselfish woman, making the purpose and ambition of "her man", her only object in life, dreaming, planning, cheering, praising, ever on the watch to keep him up to his best endeavour, the jealous guardian of his strength and peace, his muse, his mother, his wife, his sister, his nurse, his incredibly good friend. Thus a woman writes to a man, "To you whom God has given me to nourish and influence, if my love is selfish, you will never be great. Part of you belongs to the world. I must remember this and assist its blossoming, if I would taste of its ripe fruit. That will prove a rich reward!" How touching is this divine proprietorship!

"A MERE MAN."

SANTHANA GOPALAM.

CHAPTER I.

MAHA VISHNU, to relieve the earth of some of its burden, was born on earth and reigned as Sri Krishna in Dwaraka, with Rukmani and Satyabhama as his wives. His reign was a time of prosperity; the Rakshasas had been destroyed; the earth bore fruit abundantly, and happiness increased; there was no fear of thieves throughout the country, as there was no poverty anywhere; jealousy and greediness entirely disappeared and the God, Chitrugupta, found no occasion to note down the evil deeds of the people of Dwaraka.

In those days, people believed that the king was responsible for all the happiness of his subjects. Whether misfortunes were man-made or God-sent, everybody went to the king to complain. During the regime of Sri Krishna, most of the petitions were for redress of grievances which were beyond the control of human beings. One day, Arjuna, Sri Krishna's friend, came to pay him a visit. While they were talking together, a Brahmin, with tears in his eyes, came to the court. It was the habit of the king to be always available to his subjects in person. The Brahmin came into the presence of Sri Krishna, beating his breast and condemning the king's reign. Sri Krishna stood up from his throne; and, after washing the Brahmin's feet and giving him water to drink, made him sit by his side and offered the customary *Puja*. Unable any longer to restrain his sorrow, the Brahmin began to speak vehemently: "Oh Krishna, why is your rule so evil? How many times have I brought my complaint to you? But how can you, who live happily with wives, children and grandchildren, remember my grievances? What do you care about our difficulties? Not one or two, but all my nine children have died. Don't you know that it is on account of a bad king that children die? But alas! you are not to be entirely blamed; everybody knows your character. In your boyhood, did you not steal milk and butter? But, will you at least try to save my next child?"

Saying this, he placed the dead body of his last child at the feet of Sri Krishna. But, Sri Krishna kept silent. He had always maintained that silence to the Brahmin's entreaties, when he had brought his other dead children to him. The exasperated suppliant cried: "Oh Krishna, why do you keep silent? The deaths of my children are due to no fault of mine, for I have always strictly fulfilled the duties of a Brahmin; I have worshipped God faithfully, fed the poor, given freely in charity and protected cows. Therefore, it is owing to some defect in your administration that the untimely deaths of my children have occurred. I entreat you to stop this evil. Who can remain unmoved, when looking at this

dead body? You are not worthy of your name 'Karunakara' (one who shows kindness). Is it my ill fate, or your hard heart, that keeps you unmoved, though I fall at your feet and cry for help? You are neither a friend of the afflicted, nor a refuge in distress." And still, the Lord Krishna kept silent.

When the people in the *darbar* heard the harsh words of the Brahmin, they began to murmur among themselves. Balarama, Sri Krishna's brother, muttered to himself, and looked at his weapon, at Sri Krishna's face and at the weeping Brahmin. Then he be-thought himself thus: "Krishna must have found a solution for this, as otherwise, he would not keep silent over the grief of the Brahmin." Pradyumna and others spoke thus among themselves: "This is all due to the *karma* of this Brahmin. One must reap as one sows. What is the use of blaming our king? Because he is a *Brahmin*, can this man say anything he chooses about our lord? But Sri Krishna does not seem in the least angry at his harsh words, and therefore it is very likely that he has found a remedy for the evil. Did he not take away the poverty of Kuchela, without saying anything about it? In the same way, the dead children of this Brahmin will probably be found alive when he reaches his house. Nothing is impossible to him, who lifted the Govardhana mountain, and used it as an umbrella."

Arjuna, however, seeing his friend's indifference at the Brahmin's grief, lost all patience.

"When a Brahmin makes his complaint, it is not proper to keep quiet. If such a complaint had been brought to my brother, would he have been silent? No, he would have certainly ordered me or my brother, Bhimasena, to redress the wrong. I am a Kshatriya and I am he who destroyed the Kauravas; I am the brother of the charitable Yudhishtira, and it is my duty to redress the grievances of this Brahmin." Thus thought Arjuna. The all-pervading Lord, Sri Krishna, did not fail to understand the thoughts passing through the mind of Arjuna; but still he maintained silence.

CHAPTER II.

The Brahmin looked all round for support, but, though he saw many who sympathised with him, he could find nobody who was willing to redress his grievances. Who indeed would take the initiative in a matter where the Lord himself kept silent? The Brahmin, taking his child's dead body with him, started to go back to his home, bemoaning his fate. Then Arjuna looked at him and said, "I shall protect the child that will be born to you. If I am not able to do it, I shall jump into the fire and destroy my own body." Sri Krishna merely looked at Arjuna with a smile, but said nothing.

The Brahmin scoffed at him, and said, that he did not believe he could ever do a thing, which Balabadra and others dared not undertake. Arjuna replied, "Poor Brahmin! perhaps you do not know me, and have not heard of the valour of one who even fought with Siva for the *Pasupata* weapon. Oh Brahmin, I am he who destroyed all the Kauravas in the battlefield; I have the courage and the power to keep my oath as my deeds will show. I shall even tackle the God Yama to protect your child."

The Brahmin then danced with joy. Surely the valiant warrior, who was the bosom friend of Lord Krishna himself, would fulfil his promise. He blessed Arjuna and returned home. Arjuna bowed to Sri Krishna and after getting his blessing started for Indraprastha.

When the Brahmin reached home, he found his wife rolling on the floor with grief, with dishevelled hair, and crying repeatedly that she was the greatest sinner in the world. But her husband was able to console her by praising the valour of Arjuna and repeating his promise. However, she soon became despondent again, when she found that another child was to be born to her. Both she and her husband did everything in their power to propitiate God. When the time of birth was near, the Brahmin went to Indraprastha to warn Arjuna; and, as soon as the latter heard him, he ascended his chariot and reached the Brahmin's house. He planned to destroy the agency that caused the death of the Brahmin's children. But, surely none can control the powers of creation and death. Still, did not the prayer of Markandeya bring him immortality? With God's grace, nothing is impossible in this world. Arjuna firmly believed that he would be helped by Sri Krishna. Arjuna knew that, if he discharged his divine arrows with their proper *mantras*, they would kill anybody. He was an able archer, and thought to build a fort of arrows round the confinement room to protect it. Uttering a prayer to the Gods, Sri Krishna and Siva, and remembering his preceptor Dronacharya, he took up his divine arrows and began his work. The power of such missiles must not be judged by the standard of ordinary weapons. For each divine arrow there was an appropriate presiding deity; and it was only after repeating the proper *mantras* many times, that the arrows could be shot. Hence, their power did not lie so much in their quality and make, or in the skill of the archer, as in the man's control over the presiding power. Arjuna had that ability and therefore his fort was soon built so compactly that not even the outside air could get in. And at the entrance stood the great warrior, ready with more arrows and his mighty *Gandiva* bow.

CHAPTER III.

In the meanwhile, the Brahmin was in a pitiable state of mind. On the one hand, he was much heartened by the vigilance of Arjuna; on the other he was consumed with anxiety. Again and again, he repeated the auspicious name of Krishna. Again and again, he consulted the astrologers. But all his care was in vain. Suddenly he heard a loud cry from his wife, "Alas, alas, my child, have I again been cheated of you?"

"Where is the child? Let me at least see the dead body of the child", cried the poor father, and rushed into the room. But, strangely enough, even the baby's body was not to be seen there. Then the Brahmin wept aloud with a broken heart. He directed all his grief against Arjuna. Till then he had at least seen the dead bodies of his nine children, but now he was not allowed even that consolation. He felt that this new trouble was due to the presumption of Arjuna, and he began to abuse him, "I was a fool for believing your brave words. I might have known that barking dogs will seldom bite. Where is the courage, which you showed when Siva came disguised as a hunter? Where is the strength which enabled you to destroy the whole army of the Kauravas and earn the name of Vijaya? Why do you, who are a brave man, now stand aghast?"

"The lizard thinks that it bears the roof of the house. Even so were you boasting about your empty valour. All your success in the war was due to the fact that Sri Krishna drove your chariot."

Arjuna, however, made no reply, but betook himself to the country of Yama, the God of death, carrying his bow and arrows on his shoulders, just like Rudra the God of destruction. He had learnt the art of *Ambarayanam* or sky-travelling, when he had been invited by Indra to kill the demon *Kalakeya*. By that power, he reached *Yamaloka* in no time. He said to Yama, "Oh Dharmaraja, the child now born to the Brahmin has been taken away by your servants, after breaking my fort of arrows. I do not know whether they had your permission or not. But if they had, you might have remembered my brother Yudhishtira, who is your son."

Yama replied: "Oh Arjuna, neither I nor my servants have taken away the child of the Brahmin. It is not possible for me to break your fort of arrows, nor can I go against the wishes of Sri Krishna's devotee. If you do not believe me, you can search my who's dominions."

Arjuna looked in vain for the child of the Brahmin throughout hell. He was not able to see it. Then he went to the kingdom of Indra, his father. But he could not find the child there. Then he

went to the eight regions of the element and made a sea ch, but in vain. Finally, he looked in the under-world; but could not find the child even there. He returned to earth thoroughly disappointed. "My valour has been of no avail to me," he lamented. "My Lord, whom I always remember, has entirely forgotten me. He, who saved me by hiding the sun with his *Sudarsana* wheel on the battlefield, when I vowed that I would commit suicide if I was not able to kill my enemy before that evening, has forsaken me now. O Lord of kindness, friend of devotees! He, for whom you acted as a charioteer, he whose wife's honour you saved once, he to whom for friendship's sake you gave your sister in marriage in spite of your brother's wrath, is ready now to jump into the fire to save his honour. Ocean of kindness! I am ashamed to approach you and tell you that I failed to keep my promise. If you ask me why I did not tell this to you before, I have no reply to make. But, there is nothing in this world unknown to you. I shall not live with my head bowed down in shame. Somebody will surely inform the Lord that Arjuna, true to his word, jumped into the fire not being able to keep his promise to the Brahmin."

Then he began to prepare the fire. First, he dug a large pit, made a big bank all round it, and filled it with logs of wood. Then he set fire to the great pile. The flame rose thousands of feet high into the sky, as though to report his son's approaching death to Indra. It blazed without smoke and with a brilliant light, as if to make others understand that Arjuna, being free from all anxieties of this world, was shining now with the knowledge of Brahma. Arjuna stood very close to the burning fire, but it did not touch him. Thus, we can infer that the God Agni was not willing to burn the beautiful body of the fearless man, the final consummation of whose brave deeds was to be carried out so soon.

Then Arjuna went to a tank close by and took a bath to purify himself. Carrying some *Thulasi* leaves in his arms, he came back to the fire, not looking in the least like the great warrior who had fought from his chariot so valiantly in the battlefield before Bhishma and other mighty enemies.

"Who," asks the poet, "will not take pity on Arjuna when he sees him clad in pure white clothes, with his bow on his shoulders, with water dropping from his dishevelled hair, with tears of joy flowing from his long and beautiful eyes, and his shining teeth showing between parted lips, as he chanted the Krishna *Mantra*?"

But his face was calm and cheerful, for he believed that the fire was only the key to the gates of heaven.

He bowed before the fire, which was blowing in a Southerly direction. Then, closing his eyes, and concentrating all his thought on the Lord, he prayed thus: "O Lord of the Universe! your devo-

tee now jumps into the fire. I pray you receive me, after dispelling the *Ahankara* (self-conceitedness) from my mind."

When Arjuna prayed thus, there was a feeling of trouble in the mind of Sri Krishna. "Whose prayer makes me thus agitated?" he asked himself. By that time, Arjuna had completely forgotten the world. He began to realise that eternal bliss, which made him feel "that there was no difference between the three Gods, the Vedas, his master, and himself."

Then the Lord Krishna suddenly awoke from his lethargy and cried, "Alas! Partha! my bosom friend! Do you jump into the fire and die?" He started at once for the spot where Arjuna was standing. He ran with lightning speed, his face bedewed with perspiration. His upper-cloth fell to the ground. The peacock feather in his crown was blown away. His lotus-like eyes saw from far his friend ready to jump into the fire. He cried aloud from a distance,

"Beloved, beloved, Vijaya, Friend, Partha, Dhananjaya, Bhishma, do not be foolish. I am here, your friend. Did I not act as your messenger when you were in need of one? Did I not encourage you with brave words when you fell down despondent in the chariot? Did I not help you on the battle-field and get you the fame of a great warrior? Why should you forget all these things? Are you not a man? Can I not help you to fulfil your promise?"

Thus cried Lord Krishna, while he approached Arjuna. But Arjuna did not hear him. He had lost all consciousness of self, and he leapt into the air to fall into the fire. From his body came a shining lustre. But the Lord pulled him back with both hands. Instead of falling into the fire, therefore, Arjuna fell into the hands of Krishna himself.

Arjuna stood up with a confused mind and wiping away his tears began to pray with broken words, "My only prayer to you, my Lord, is that you will kindly allow me to destroy this body of mine, which is a subject of censure to the world. I do not want to live; it is enough if you will confer your grace on me."

Sri Krishna replied, "Arjuna! do not feel grieved. Do you attempt to die because you hate to live in this world? If it is only for the fear of losing your fame, you need not jump into the fire. Have you forgotten all the philosophy which I preached to you on the battlefield? Are you afraid of your vow to the Brahmin? But, be calm. You wish to see only one child of the Brahmin. I shall show you his ten children."

But, Arjuna begged him not to make a fool of him. Sri Krishna replied; "Dear friend, I love and protect those who seek shelter from me. Do you not know that? As soon as you surrendered everything to me, I became your servant. You have enslaved me by your firm devotion. Do not feel sorry, do not

fear, do not doubt. Not only shall I show you the children of the Brahmin, but I shall also show you *Vaikuntaloka*. You have omitted to look there for the child. There can be no man happier or purer than yourself."

CHAPTER IV.

Then Sri Krishna with Arjuna entered the chariot, and began to ascend towards the West. The aeroplanes of today are only the outcome of the old *Vimanams* of India which could carry, we are told, even the fourteen worlds in them, and travel through space with lightning speed. The chariot of Sri Krishna went to a very great height. The earth seemed to them like a small ball and the mountains like spots on it. It passed the moon and the sun, and went beyond the stars to the space where the rays of the sun did not reach. Thus they reached a region of intense darkness. Arjuna caught hold of the hands of Sri Krishna and cried, "what a darkness is this! Oh Lord, Save me! save me!"

His friend held him close, and the blessed contact calmed him and made him happy. To dispel the darkness, Sri Krishna took out his *Sudarsana* wheel and held it out. It gave the light of a thousand suns in the sky. But Arjuna could not bear it he cried:

"The rays from all sides pierce my eyes and I do not find an escape from them, whether I shut my eyes or open them."

Sri Krishna, however, soon changed the light of a thousand suns into the light of a thousand moons. Like an auspicious lamp carried before them during their journey to *Vaikunta*, the wheel went before Sri Krishna's chariot. The rays emanating from the moon-like orb fell into the ocean of milk as if to embrace its waves. Arjuna saw from a far a pile of mountain-like coils, arranged like a bed in a calm part of the ocean. He was told that it was *Adishesha*, the great serpent, on whose body *Maha Vishnu* could lie comfortably. The hood of the king of serpents acted as an umbrella to the Lord. From its thousand heads shone gems, reflecting brilliant lights from the ocean. Arjuna, filled with joy, jumped down from the chariot and began to bow to the ocean of milk and to the king of the serpents. Then he saw the beautiful body of *Maha Vishnu*, the Lord of *Vaikunta*, couched on the coils. On his head glittered his crown like a rising sun. His eyes shone with splendour. When he smiled, his beautiful teeth radiated the splendour of moonlight. His hair rippled on his mountain-like shoulders. On his right breast was his mole. His eight hands were seen as read out in the eight directions of the universe. His fingers blazed with rings. On his neck were golden chains set with emeralds and a garland of fragrant flowers, which looked

like a string of moons. On his breast was the gem "*Kausthabha*", which gave light to the lotus on his navel and made it blossom. On the lotus rested the four-faced *Brahma* and the four *Vedas*.

Mahalakshmi, *Vishnu's* consort, and *Bhudevi*, the Goddess of the Earth, were also there, and their beauty added lustre to the splendour of *Maha Vishnu*. All around him beautiful music was being produced by the great musicians, *Narada*, *Thumburu* and others. *Paulastya*, *Pulaha* and the other seven *Rishis*, chanted hymns and praises. *Garuda*, the mighty Eagle, stood with his wings folded at the feet of *Vishnu*. Many persons, whose souls had been purified by truthfulness, by fasting on *Ekadasi* and other important days, and by munificent charity, were so full of happiness in the Divine presence that they danced and sang in their ecstasy. Everywhere, one could see innumerable devotees bearing the *Sankha Chakra* and *Gada*, the emblems of *Maha Vishnu*, thus announcing that the whole universe was but a gigantic emanation of the mighty God.

Arjuna and Sri Krishna bowed deeply before the God, who looked at them with welcoming eyes. He asked them if they were well and happy, and then told them that, as they were firm devotees of his, he had long been wishing to see them both. "In fact", he said, "I planned a device to get you here. I had the children of the Brahmin carried off, knowing that you both would follow them. I have succeeded in my object. Seeing you both is like looking at my own image." When he spoke these gracious words, Arjuna shed tears of joy; but Sri Krishna, who was only another form of *Maha Vishnu*, kept silent.

Some beautiful children were sitting on the lap of the God, and playing happily with him and the Goddesses. They called the former 'Father' and the latter 'Mothers'. Arjuna guessed that they were the Brahmin's children, but knew that it would be hard to separate them from their foster-parents. *Maha Vishnu* indeed asked them to return to their own parents; but the elder boys, one and all, refused. The youngest of them all, being but an infant, lay in the lotus-hands of *Mahalakshmi* and stared at her lovely face.

Then the God sent some of the power of *Maya* (Illusion) from his own body into that of Sri Krishna; and at once the minds of the children began to change. They began to crowd around the two human beings. *Maha Vishnu* took the last child and presented it to Sri Krishna, who gave it to Arjuna with a smile. The latter received it with tears of joy, which showed his friend how greatly thankful to him he was. Then they bowed to the great God and getting his blessings, ascended the chariot with the children.

On the way back, Arjuna, while expressing his deep gratitude to Sri Krishna, asked him why he had tried him so severely. Then

his friend said to him, "Just think of the benefits you have derived from your trials. You have actually been shown the Heaven of Vishnu, which few humans can get at. Further, the blessing of our great God has purged us from the sin of the necessary murders of wicked persons. There is also another reason for my putting you to so much trouble. You were puffed up with pride that you were the only expert archer in this universe. It was my duty to see that you were purged of that self-conceit. You did not consider me when you uttered your stupendous promise to the Brahmin at Dwaraka. But, pride goes before a fall. Till you found your fort of arrows of no avail, you were full of vanity. It was only when you were to jump into the fire that you really cried to me for help. Then, because of the fulness of your repentance, I gave you my pardon. You began clearly to see the way to supreme knowledge. Was not your gain then worth all the trouble you have suffered?"

Arjuna bowed his head in shamed submission. By that time the chariot had reached Dwaraka. They dismounted, and Sri Krishna bade Arjuna fetch the Brahmin to him. But Arjuna hesitated, for he had been deeply vexed by the insults, which had been hurled at him by the bereaved father. But, gently persuaded by his friend, he went at last reluctantly to the Brahmin's house, like a sheep led to sacrifice.

CHAPTER V.

In the meantime, the sorrowful parents were still bemoaning their fate. The mother cried, "It is all the irony of Fate that people who have no children should be blessed with wealth; while those who are rich should have no children at all. What is the use of having our granary filled with paddy, our treasure-chest choked with money, and my neck loaded with jewels? Why should I, who have not the good fortune to hold a child on my lap, live at all? The last birth was the worst of all, for not even the body of my infant could be found."

"How I was cheated by Arjuna!" cried the Brahmin. "But, who indeed would not have believed in him? Now, the poor man has to jump into the fire and die."

"Alas, it is a pity that that brave Kshatriya should be doomed to death. Will he get back our children, if he dies? It was our misfortune that he was not able to succeed in this affair, and certainly not want of valour on his part. Oh husband, go and tell Arjuna to live. You have really scolded him very bitterly."

"What shall I do? If he kills himself for our sake, the sin will recoil on our heads. But still, there is hope. He may yet bring back our child alive, for he has gone again in search of it."

As they thought thus, suddenly some good omens began to happen around them.

"Oh," cried the Brahmin, "Perhaps Arjuna is coming with our child. Perhaps our misfortunes will now disappear. Perhaps the fortune-teller's predictions about you are coming true. By the way, I have not told you that story, my dear. In my last birth, I was a very rich man; but there was no miser in the world worse than myself. I was quite averse to any charitable deed. In my last birth also you were my wife, but you did not approve of my conduct. One day, an old Brahmin came to our house. I pleaded many excuses to him and sent him away empty. But you called him back and gave him a golden dish full of 'Payasam' (milk-food). Then, the Brahmin cursed me and blessed you. We have already realised the curse; Perhaps, we are about to reap the fruit of the blessing now."

Thus they waited. Then came Arjuna to them. When the Brahmin saw that he was empty-handed, he began to curse him and Sri Krishna again. But Arjuna stopped him and bade him not accuse the Lord of the fourteen worlds. Then, the Brahmin asked for pardon, and went with his wife to see Sri Krishna.

They saw him with one child in his arms and nine children on both sides of him. They bowed before him many a time in ecstatic gratitude. Then Krishna gave the tenth child to Arjuna, and Arjuna presented it to the Brahmin. The latter in all eagerness received it, fondled it and then gave it to his over-joyed wife. Then all the other children were given to the proud father, who wished that he had twenty arms like Ravana to pick up the ten children at once. Then, he walked round and round Sri Krishna and Arjuna, singing, dancing and praising them. He told Arjuna that he was the best archer in the whole universe and blessed him that all his attempts should be successful. Finally, he prayed to Sri Krishna to free him in his next birth from the difficulties of family life, and receive him for ever as a humble devotee into his Heaven.

Sri Krishna and Arjuna returned to their homes. The Brahmin and his wife lived many years after that happily with their children.

Thus, we see that Arjuna got undying fame, first by his firm determination to keep his promise; second by his devotion to the Lord. If he had been allowed to jump into the fire, when he did not succeed in his vow, or, if he had not invoked the aid of Lord Krishna, certainly there would have been a deep blot on his name and fame. Devotion indeed is the most important thing in the world. How true is the following maxim:

"Whatever good we find to do, we must do with the utmost devotion to duty. We shall be all right, if we do not get ourselves

entangled in the charms of the world. Though we are not in a position to know the meaning of creation, we can only trust in God and pray that He may take us into His fold. What is the use of good qualities, without devotion to God? What is the use of decorating a dead body?"

KAMALA.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

1. WHO IS THE TRUE CONQUEROR?

I've heard of wars and war's alarms,
The battle cry, and trumpet peal,
The thundering cannon's fiery storms
The bursting shell and clanging steel,
And armaments on sea and land,
And in the regions over-head,
Destructive fumes; On every hand
Heaps of dying and the dead.

The laurel on the conqueror's brow
Is cursed with blood of millions slain,
With widow's tears, and orphan's woe,
And grief of nations prostrate lain.
Man, deadlier instruments of war
In civilization's name, invents
More frightfully to blast or mar,
That civilization's monuments.

But who is he, whose mighty deeds
Nor Hannibal, nor Caesar know?
Nor Philip's conquering son, who bleeds
And lays a mighty Empire low?
'Tis he, who single-handed fought
Vast armies and unnumbered foes,
More treacherous, terrible than ought
That any martial record shows.

The countless hosts are powers within,
Dark passions, grappling in grim strife,
Relentless, with the soul unseen,
Each hour a fight for death or life.
'Tis he who battles till the end,
Whose will and courage never fail,
Who shall his strength to others lend,
He's the thrice-conquering Victor, hail.

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) POETIC APHORISMS.

Busy bees that bumble by,
Make sweet honey, but soon die;
As they flit from flower to flower,
They beguile the pleasant hour;
So it is with puny men,
They are born to die again.

When the nightingale doth sing,
Heav'n looks on his sojourning;
When the loved one turneth false,
Hell seems dancing a death walse;
Foolish is most earthly love—
Better seek the heavenly Dove.

Who betrays his Master's trust,
He, like metal, soon shall rust;
In Mankind is little hope—
So the fool turns to dread dope;
He that's to the gods allied,
Bites his lip—and smiles in pride!

Death shall bring a curse to him
Who hates the starry Cherubim;
For the spirit cannot soar,
If Belial be less or more;
But a soul is soon set free,
By seraphic company.

All the lovely flowers say,
"Pluck us not, but pass away,
If, for love, you take our life,
You are cruel—shut the knife;
Nearly all the wrongs of Earth,
Find in selfishness a birth."

Where the panther seeks its prey,
There is danger—keep away!
Naught can change the leopard's spots;
Where much damp is, timber rots;
And the hungry ocean eats
The solid earth whereon it beats.

The lion caged in a zoo,
Shudders Nature through and through;
Blasts that are to space confined,

Raise the roof—let free the wind ;
And hot tempers locked in men,
Kill the holy citizen !

Shining serpents may look fair—
Poison still is lodged there ;
Sugar-coated tongues may talk,
Where the sprite and devil walk ;
That which seemeth white, may be
Black as Hell's deep infamy !

Naughty children need the rod,
Lest they mock the smile of God ;
Satan early seeks the Throne
That should be for Heaven alone ;
"Spare the rod and spoil the child,"
Solomon this wise saw styled.

Innocence, that blessed thing,
Quickly takes to wafted wing ;
Keep the temple of the Soul,
Beautiful, sincere and whole ;
So, in age, thou mayest look
On thy life as a good book.

HERBERT PORTER.

(3) WHY, OH WHY?

At the sight of the moon in the deep blue sky, the waterlily shoots up from beneath the water and dances in glee, as if to rise up to the adored feet of her Lord, the moon. But the lily fails to reach that height and droops and drops in her bed below.

At the sight of the thick dark clouds high above in the skies, the waters of the ocean turn out into boisterous waves rising up as though to join the clouds above. But the waves do fail to rise to the clouds and fall again as flat as before.

At the sight of her mate joyfully chirping in the woods, singing sweet songs of freedom and love, the encaged bird doth fluttee her wings and peck at the iron bars, trying to join her mate in the woods. But she only fails and faints in her own cage.

But why doth the lily fail to reach the moon, the waves the clouds, and the encaged bird its fine and happy mate in the woods? Why, oh why?

"BHARATHI".

(4) MEMORIES.

Oh stay! Hold not my pen, let it compose,—
 Lest what escapes from mem'rys loose-bound leaves
 By gentle breezes here and there be blown
 To where in caverns they'll fore'er repose!

Though worthless be my pen, yet the task will please
 To save those precious leaves from such a fate:
 Oh peerless leaves, howe'er obscure and plain,
 Howe'er be your faults—still peerless leaves.

You don't tell of Amazonian main,
 Nor height of fame, nor yet of rank or birth.
 Nor fearless ocean rides, nor ventures rare,
 That thrill the air and warm the coursing vein.

But just a calm! On shadowy velvet sod,
 The wearied passer-by in peace doth lie,
 And turns his upturned eyes and upturned thoughts,
 And sees on canvas blue his childhood's God.

E. J. MITTER.

THE LATE DR. ANNA S. KUGLER.

DR. Anna S. Kugler of Guntur died on July 26th, and was buried the next day. She was seventy-four years of age and had been a missionary in the Guntur Mission for forty-seven years, having arrived in India in 1883. At that time she was one of the pioneer medical missionaries among women. At first she engaged in both educational and medical work until she could get the latter started on a permanent basis. This was no easy task in view of the general prejudice in the minds of the Telugu women against Western medical practice and attendance at hospitals. However, gradually all obstacles were removed and from that time the medical work began to flourish. As soon as possible the beginnings of a hospital in Guntur were made, and this has grown into one of the largest and best-known mission medical places in South India. Dr. Kugler was always broad in her outlook and sympathies and progressive in her methods. It was marvellous how, in spite of her heavy duties, she could keep up with current events and take such a deep interest in the other departments of mission work.



THE LATE DR. ANNA KUGLER.

Nothing was too great for her to comprehend and nothing was too small for her to overlook. The work of other missionaries was as important in her eyes as was her own. Her long residence in Guntur gave her a wide acquaintance locally and throughout the Telugu country, for patients came to her for treatment sometimes from great distances. Her name is honored and loved in thousands of homes and her memory will long remain precious to many hundreds of women and their daughters, who have been benefited by her ministrations. Her own fellow-missionaries held her in the highest respect. She was also a great power in the Church in America where she was the best known of all the missionaries. During her furloughs there, she was an indefatigable worker and speaker and influenced not only many individuals to give their lives in service for the foreign mission cause, but also greatly increased the interest of the church members in that cause. The hospital in Guntur is today an ever-living monument and testimony to the devotion of thousands of women in America to Dr. Kugler and her work. She was also honored by Government by being awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind medal with bar.

The affection of the people, among whom she had spent her life of service, was especially manifested during Dr. Kugler's last illness, as it had been manifested before, more than once, when she was lying, as it were, at death's door. Her vitality, her strength of will and power of recovery were remarkable. The same was true of the long and serious illness, which she underwent during her last furlough in America. She came back to India with a broken body, but with an iron will and plunged again into her work. But it was too much for her. Her strength gradually failed and at last she succumbed to weakness and exhaustion. Everything that could be done for her was done by the local doctors and nurses, and even some of her friends from a distance came and ministered to her. But it was too late. It was the will of the Father that she should cease from her labours and enjoy His eternal peace and love. The scene during her last illness and on the day of the funeral—a Sunday—were affecting. Thousands of people, both Christian and non-Christian, attended the four separate services held, and paid their last respects. Her body was brought from the hospital to the church in a beautiful teak casket covered with flowers, and at the two services held in the church the throngs were permitted to pass rapidly in two files, one on each side of the casket, to see her face. Many of the leading Europeans, Hindus and Mohammedans of the town were in attendance. Some of her Hindu friends even helped to carry the coffin. At these services tributes were paid by several speakers to Dr. Kugler and her noble Christian character. She was interred in the Telugu cemetery, Guntur, along side the graves of two other missionaries. She, being dead, yet speaketh: for her works do follow her.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

ARE WE CLEAN?

THE major portion of us, Indians, are under the impression that we are a very clean set of people and that Westerners are not half as clean. The Emperor Akbar at one time drew a line and asked his minister, the Raja Birbal, to make it shorter without in any way altering it. The ready-witted Raja at once drew a longer line below it. Let me try the same course and present pictures of Western shops, homes and their habits of physical and public sanitation. They are better than us in some respects and I am presenting those aspects, so that we may profit by their experience.

Let us take a look into the American grocery store. It is usually spick and span. All the articles for sale are ranged on shelves and practically all of them are visible. Sugar and salt and such commodities that people buy in loose quantities are always packed in handy-sized cartons made of paper or cardboard. Food-stuffs are always cleaned and packed, so that one does not have to sit and sift and purify them before using. There is a set of Federal Laws called "Pure Food Laws", and any infringement of these laws is heavily punished. Bad stuff is rarely adulterated with the good just to get a few pice more. In summer, all the windows and doors are provided with fly-screens. The candy store which corresponds to our sweetmeat shop is usually spotlessly clean. A surgical operation theatre could not be kept cleaner. The places, where food is prepared for mass consumption such as Heinz's, Campbell's and so forth, are so scrupulously clean that in order to prevent contamination they show them to visitors through glass corridors. The restaurants make cleanliness a religion.

But, when we come back to India, we find that practically all the places from which we get our food materials are fly-infested. The amount of diseases these flies bring in their wake any medical man will tell you. Every article of consumption is handled by twenty or thirty different hands before it comes to the table. Cooked food at least is cleaned by fire. But raisins, dates, cashew nuts, radishes, sugar-cane are eaten raw just as they come from the bazaar. We swallow these wholesale, without ever questioning as to whether they are clean or not. So far as I know, there are not very strict laws about purity of food here in India. If there are such laws, the operation of them is very lax. Adulteration of all kinds is met with and we are never sure of the quality of the articles we buy. The Co-operative Stores seem to be the only stores that take any pride or interest in handling unadulterated stuff.

Instead of the cleanly-dressed energetic man that we meet in the Western grocery stores, we find a lazy bazaar man who is all

the time squatting. Our bazaar man acts as if he is doing us a favour when he sells us something. He usually has one or two very unkempt urchins, who run his errands and bring things from some inner recess in the store. There is usually a pail of water near the bazaar man's seat and it is used for washing beetle leaves and everything and anything that he wishes to wash. The customers have to stand in the street to buy their supplies and all the dirt from inside is swept and thrown in front of the shop itself. Our restaurants, even the cleanest of them, are extremely filthy compared to Lyons or the A.B.C. in London, or Child's or Thompson's in America.

The problems of house-cleaning and house-keeping are much more complicated in the West than with us. They have a severe winter to contend with and the whole house has to be kept warm, dry and clean. Bed bugs are scrupulously kept out. The carpets and rugs are taken out once a week and thoroughly cleaned with an electric vacuum sweeper. The floor is usually polished till one can see his face in it. A thorough house-cleaning takes place once a season, when the curtains are changed, furniture gone over with varnish or polish, and the house is cleaned from attic to cellar. All the old things are thrown out at this time and new ones are replaced. Well-covered receptacles are provided in various parts of the house for waste paper and dirty linen. There is also a large garbage bucket kept somewhere outside the house to store all the refuse from the table and the kitchen. This tin is cleaned by municipal arrangement at least once a day. There is a feeling of individuality about the homes through the type of furniture, books and pictures which adorn them. The kitchen floor is usually scrubbed with soap, hot water, brush and elbow grease, (elbow grease means hard labour).

Our houses are built more according to the dictates of ancient shastras rather than those of hygiene and sanitation. We use very little of bed linen and what little we use is far from being clean. I have seen pillows in some of our houses that are caked with dirt. Bed bugs are rife. The white walls of the house bear red and brown marks of the places, where these uninvited guests have been squashed. In the more orthodox houses, where they still use niche lamps and castor oil lamps of the open type, the wall bears finger prints, where people have wiped their hands after trimming the light. A Western friend of mine once said that it was very revolting for him to sit on the cow-dunged floor. It made him feel as if he were sitting on a manure heap. I have not come across a single medical man yet, who has praised the use of cow-dung as a sanitary and clean habit. On the other hand, it brings into the house more germs than there would be otherwise. At a time when there were no bricks and the floor was made of stamped earth, the cow-dung may have kept the floor from fraying and crumbling.

Our domestic animals are kept practically inside our houses. We keep around the house a lot of old furniture and even the good ones are never varnished. In quite a good many of our houses, the remnants of food attract a lot of flies. Banana skins are thrown indiscriminately all over the place. An Indian wedding can always be located by the number of dirty plantain leaves that have been thrown in the street after people have eaten on them.

The people I have come in contact with in America every day bathe themselves clean. Practically all the men I have moved with shave every day. In spite of the amount of hard labour they do, they keep their finger nails very clean. Even the mills and factories provide bath rooms and wash bowls, so that their employees get cleaned up before they leave their place of work. Head lice and body lice are unknown factors except in slums and the very poorest quarters. The Americans, I think, are far ahead of the Continental in this respect. The average European immigrant in America undergoes a rigorous course in habits of sanitation and hygiene before he gets his citizenship. It is only in the second generation that he fully conforms to the American standards.

Hygiene of the body is only a theoretical religion with us. Our servants have never been drilled into clean habits. We very rarely insist on their wearing clean clothes. In spite of heavy municipal protestations, people *will* use the same stream for cleaning, bathing and drinking, where buffaloes are bathed and sewers emptied. We think it is clean enough, if we take a dip in the water after rinsing our clothes and pots and pans. Thousands and millions there are who have never known the use of soap and bath brush. *Seeakai* and soapnuts at best are poor substitutes for soap. On the average, our clothes are not very clean, though they are often rinsed in water. Religion unfortunately has prescribed certain days for not shaving. Stubbly growths on the chin, while not exactly dirty, indicate that the person is extremely slovenly. Our barbers are unsanitary. No wonder our elders made a rule that every time you get ministered to by a barber you have to bathe. They are unclean, because we allow them to be so. The barbers that attend on Europeans in India have been trained by them into cleaner habits. Our midwives, I hear, are much worse.

Our public conscience is nil. Our streets are infested with Pariah dogs, which are underfed, mangy and sickly-looking. I wonder if it is more charitable to have them drag a miserable existence, or to put an end to their misery at one stroke? Our people are not trained to spit in particular places. In spite of all our protestations of cleanliness and ideas of charity, we do not segregate our lepers. The places, where one has to board a bus (particularly in big cities like Madras), is just where the lepers edge on one and force one to give a few pice just to get rid of them. I

wonder if our corporations and municipalities can do something to get rid of this nuisance, nay, more, this menace to public health?

Most of our temples insist that we should remove our shoes on entering the temple. Rightly so. But what about the dirt and filth that one accumulates on his feet before he comes out, particularly in those temples, where there are a number of bazaars on the inside? When our temples are kept as clean as the Jain temple in Calcutta, it will be a pleasure to walk through them barefooted. Is God to be approached only through filth and dirt?

K. APPASWAMY.

Note.—Some of the charges brought here are unfortunately true. But, we are not as dirty as this article thinks us. Some of the accusations made can be countered; and it must not be forgotten that the houses described generally belong to the poorest classes, as in the slums of the West.—Editor, *I. L. M.*

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

I

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

THE sun had set behind the purple hills in the distant West. It was the time when husbands, having returned from their work, tired and weary, looked forward to a little peaceful rest in the sacred precincts of their quiet homes, and when wives enjoyed a cosy chat with their husbands, and could relate all the little daily adventures that had happened in the household during the day. It was a time when the birds had retired to rest, and children, making the most of that last hour of companionship with their parents before being ordered to bed, prattled gaily, or sought for help in their studies, that they may be well-prepared for school the next day.

The city streets were darkening, and lights beginning to twinkle, when I decided to go and see my friend, Mrs. H. In three minutes, my car had taken me to her house, and I marched into the sitting room, and called out to the family; but the room was empty and I was just wondering if every one was out, when I realised that the whole family had gathered in the study, and were extremely busy over nothing in particular. I stood at the door and gazed at them. The father, looking fatigued, but extraordinarily happy, was comfortably stretched out on an easy chair, reading the paper. The mother, with a pair of large spectacles poised upon her nose, was seated in a most important fashion at a desk, and by her side was one of her children, leaning upon her. Both of them were busy

reading out of a book. On the floor, just beside the desk, were three other children, all working hard at their homework.

"Hullo," I said, "What are you all up to?"

"I was helping the children with their studies," replied Mrs. H., and then the picture broke up.

Such portraits of the happy Indian mother are not uncommon in India, in spite of the idea that some Western women have of us, that we do nothing, but cook or twiddle our thumbs.

PUNKAJAM.

IN MAN'S REALM.

(1) SPEAKING TO THE INVISIBLE.

"BAA, could you ring up Museum 1065 and find out whether Miss K. is coming to tea today?"

I gasped, never having used a phone before. I gasped loudly and sharply, while the cheerful giver of the message vanished. I gasped again. In fact, an onlooker would say that I was the victim of a terrible tragedy, which in fact I was. Finding no instrument handy by which one could attain a change of plan without pain, I tottered over to the phone, pulled a chair across and crumpled up weakly—

Pulling myself together, I bent over the aperture in a confidential way, and told the person, or persons, unknown at the other end to find Museum 1065 and ask her whether she was coming to tea on Tuesday? Having given my message, I removed my speaking organ from the aperture and applied my ear to it. I waited ten minutes without further action, except cramps. Then I began to buck up. Maybe the phone was dead. The evil hour had been post-poned. I began to be myself again. An inscription tucked away in the corner of the apparatus seemed worth reading. I read it. "Before speaking, remove receiver from hook. Wait for exchange to answer and give your number." I crumpled up completely once more—

Waking up my manliness, I attacked the phone, grabbed the receiver, wrenched it off the hook, summoned a smile (best to bring a smiling visage to help in confronting these exchange chappies) and waited. The receiver now began to complain, so in order to soothe it I jammed it on to my ear, creating a vacuum with the force thereof. "Clonk, clonk, clonkity, clonk," said he, "I mean it." "Beg your pardon," I spluttered. More clonks. This was too much. I enquired whether I had struck a motor horn expert in my journey to Museum 1065. Came a disdainful

sniff from the other end. Then, "What—NUMBER—DO--YOU—WANT?" I was pained. "Museum one nought six five." I bellowed. Gasp, and then, "Museum, wan, oh, six fife?" I humoured her and replied in the affirmative; waited; faint noise and two thuds. Examined ear and waited. A faint buzzing and two more thuds. Examined ear again and waited. Silence—"Hullo. What do you want?" I choked. Why tell my message to an exchange girl was beyond me, so I spoke to her about the evils of inquisitiveness, not forgetting to mention how it caused the death of a cat. Explosions of gasps and then in a tired voice, "I am Museum 1065. Now, what about it?" Good Heavens! I had lost touch with the exchange long ago and had been in contact with the right party ever since—well—I had begun to WAIT. I hastened to make amends. I succeeded in yelling out the message, my name, and to whom, at a moderate 25 miles per hour. Waited. "I wish you would speak softly." I whispered and accelerated 30 M.P.H. "Do try and speak slowly." I throttled down completely and whispered along at one foot per hour. "Tell me your name." After hearing it four times she had not got it. Hard of hearing? Eventually I had to spell it out. "What do you want to tell me?" I was getting used to this, repeated message, namely whether she would come to tea on Tuesday? She seemed surprised and said she would be delighted to come, if she knew where to meet me. I was hit, I was. Found afterwards that she was the maid. I explained to her that I wanted Miss K—She shewed very little intelligence that morning. Then came the dawn. "Oh, you want to speak to Miss K—?" I replaced receiver weakly on hook, went out and sent a telegram. In half-an-hour a reply came. Oh the blessings of a G.P.O. And yet they say the telephone is a time-saver.

"Baa, could you ring—Oh, what's the matter? I could positively say he was awake just now. Well——"

My sister then took up the receiver, and there started a conversation which lasted half an hour. She laughed, giggled, gasped sniffed, sighed, etc. all into the mouth-piece, and seemed to receive responses by the ear thing-me-bob.

Well I am blown!

This is a true story.

"BAA".

(2) LADY RHONDDA DISCUSSES MEN WRITERS ABOUT WOMEN.

(SELECTED)

Lady Rhondda is writing a series of articles in "Time and

Tide" on the views and attitude of men writers to women. She says in the first article:—

"Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett want watching in all directions when they come to dealing with that half of the human race to which they themselves do not belong. It is dangerous enough that these people should have the power to suggest to us what we should be and how we should behave, when they are prescribing also for themselves; but that they should be—as they undoubtedly are—in a position to dictate to us the type of person we should be, when they are prescribing for a group to which they never have belonged, and to which they never can belong, is not merely terrifying, it is really ludicrous.

"And if it is suggested that it is no great matter whether men or women set up the female images we worship, since, in fact, there is very little difference between men and women, I would reply that that is indeed true, but that unfortunately men are seldom, if ever, aware of it, and that, therefore, our male guides are apt to paint portraits of us quite different from those they make of themselves—and to keep women twisting themselves into the most impossible contortions attempting to conform to these masculine-made images.

"It is a dreadful thought that Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett may be manufacturing us whilst we wait. It is not even an entirely agreeable thought that Mr. Shaw may be doing so. And, indeed, there can be little doubt that in actual fact Mr. Shaw is the one who really needs watching. Few intelligent people take Wells seriously on women. His idea of their place and function in the world is so very clear. His women, even the most charming of them, attractive as these often are, shriek to the eye that they have been bred from prejudice out of fear.

"As for Arnold Bennett's women—at least his later ones—they are most of them too cheap to be worth troubling about. But the Shavian women are possible and even attractive. Real women might very well start making themselves over in the shape of Shaw's women. The world might very well accept, in fact it has to some extent accepted, Shaw's theories about women and about the relations of men and women. That is why Shaw's generalisations on these matters want watching."

(3) ARE WE AVERAGE MEN?

(SELECTED).

Moving as I do in all sorts of worlds, and making acquaintance among all classes and conditions I have met people of such extravagant colour of character that if I presented any of them in a novel the critics would tell me to concentrate on life, not on

pantomime, and to take my characters from the everyday world, not the lunatic asylum.

But, alas! these limited creatures, whose view of life is eluded by the covers of a book, do not know that the everyday world is far too purple for the pale pages of fiction.

We are all eccentric and perhaps the most eccentric are those who appear most conventional.

I know a serious and intelligent doctor with a large practice in one of the more expensive suburbs. Nobody could be more grave and conventional in appearance than this doctor. Yet, whenever his wife's relations visit the house, he goes to the drawing-room, stands before the fireplace, takes from his pocket a foolscap document, which he bought specially for these occasions, and reads it aloud to them.

It is a copy of the Riot Act, which, as you probably know, calls upon unlawful assemblies to disperse under pain of physical force. You couldn't put that into a serious novel.

That, too, would be impossible in a novel, for in a novel characters must be consistently grave or consistently farcical, which human creatures never are.

I have met many well-known people who are popularly said to be eccentric, but their eccentricities have never surprised me. They are conventional eccentricities, and one suspects that they are deliberately assumed. But the eccentricities of the ordinary man are not assumed; they are native to him, and because he is accepted as ordinary, his eccentricities are all the more surprising.

Gerard de Nerval, walking through the streets of Paris, leading a lobster on a string, does not surprise, because the business is deliberately and publicly done with the intention of surprising. And the minor artists of Chelsea and the minor poets of Bloomsbury equally fail to astonish me with their little oddities.

I was surprised when I heard the story of a staid, conventional man, well known on the Stock Exchange. He was found one evening by a friend, who had called in for a chat, sitting in a chair with one arm handcuffed to the chair.

Calmly as though talking of the weather, he explained that his wife had objected to his going out after dinner, because it meant that he did not return till after midnight. She had, therefore, adopted this means of keeping him at home; and this head of a business employing seventy clerks, and known as a powerful and ruthless man in his world, had tamely submitted to this ridiculous captivity.

If you saw that man in the train, or in the street, you would say: "There goes the average man." On his appearance and his general behaviour you would be right: but then comes this little

fact which cuts him out of that category—a category in which nobody fits.

No man will admit that he himself is an average man: that distinction he gives to the man next door. But, if he knew the full truth about the life of the man next door, he would have to admit that that man, too, was out of the running. As we all are.

We are average men only in moments, and for purposes of general citizenship. When we are really ourselves we are fantastically eccentric.

When we say that another person is eccentric we are only saying that he is doing something that appears to us to be silly. But everything that I do or that you do appears to be silly to some people.

We all like to think that we are normal, but one of us is, and if ever we did find a really normal man we should all agree that he was a lunatic who ought to be put under control.

We all diverge, not only from the common norm, but from the norm of our own character and we pass more of our lives in the divergence than in the centre.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) THE ADVENTURES OF A PIN.

I was manufactured in Germany, and exported to India on board a merchantship, along with hundreds of others of my kind, all neatly packed in paper packets and put up in cardboard boxes. I found my way with my brethren into a small miscellaneous shop in Sir Stuart Hegg Market, where I was neatly arranged on one of the top shelves of the shop. Here I remained for a long time, and was only dislodged when the shop required a spring-cleaning.

The only time when life meant a little excitement to us, was when a customer entered the shop and asked for wares. We pricked up our ears and were all anxiety to hear whether we were required to be brought out and displayed upon the counter. Then we had the opportunity to see the light and feel the breath of the air; otherwise, it might so happen that such an opportunity not coming, we would not see light or feel the air for a long long time.

One day, sometime before Christmas, a light step entered the shop. We listened attentively. The toilet requisites were certain that the lady had called to purchase something in their line.

"Can you show me some pins?" The lady enquired in a mild treble voice. The shop-keeper ran up a wooden ladder and reached for the box in which I was put up. The packets were displayed on the counter and the lady selected the very packet to which I

was pinned : but on closer inspection she found that some of us were losing the glitter of new articles.

"Show me another packet," she promptly asked, "This one is losing colour."

She selected another, bought it and left the shop.

The shop-keeper carefully put back some pins into their box, but left me in my packet outside.

I was wondering what he was going to do with us, when to my grief, I was put away amongst some rejected articles behind the counter. Here I lay with all sorts and conditions from an odd button to remnant shoe laces, fit now only for tying up old newspapers or throttling the neck of a pigeon by a very bad boy. A rusty safety pin spoke in a wailing tone, "The world has no need of us now, since half a dozen craped brains invented what they call press buttons, which are too novel to get old." A pair of hooks and eyes next said, "Yet you are of some use, but we are entirely neglected; oh those wretched press buttons!"

The next day another lady called at the shop. She required twelve dozen packets of pins. I groaned. If only I was put back upon the shelf, perhaps I would also be sold.

The shop-keeper moved about briskly. Again he mounted the ladder and took down the box of pins and counted the packets on the counter. "Madam," I heard him say, "There is only one packet less!!

The lady turned to leave the shop. She required twelve dozens complete at wholesale rate.

Suddenly the man declared, "I have another here," and running along, he came to the rejected articles and hurriedly seized me. The lady opened the packet and turned up her nose. "This," she said, "is not good stuff", pointing to me specially, "and this one is almost rusty with age!!"

But the shop-keeper was not to be thwarted. He pulled me out of the packet and replaced me by a better-looking pin, which he found in the folds of his coat-lining; and handed it back to the lady, who went away satisfied with her purchase.

Alas, I was flung out of the shop, and lay dejected on the pavement. Hundreds of passers-by trampled over me and passed on, until I ached with bruised pain. The next morning I was picked up by the scavenger, thrown into a wheel-barrow and carried along with other rubbish. Feeling a sort of presentiment that I would be hurled into the sea, I pinned myself to a huge cabbage leaf in the rubbish, and the whole of the contents was emptied into a dust-bin on a main thoroughfare. Well, at least I was safe, I thought, for the cabbage would float in the sea with me on its back.

Later, in the day, I saw a huge, fat sacred bull, such as is seen wandering about, approaching the dust bin. He dived his nose inside the dust-bin and drew out the cabbage leaf with his large rolling tongue, and he ate it up greedily; and I went right down his throat into his stomach.

What a queer place it was, and how dark and unhealthy it looked. But I contrived a plan to get out of this unearthly place, and instantly began to prick his inside, from which work I never rested. Very soon the bull showed signs of pain and sickness and lay down wearily upon the pavement, tossing himself from side to side in increasing agony.

A rich Marwari in a beautiful car stopped near the pavement, and looked at the bull with great pity, for I heard him ejaculate in pitiful terms. Soon after an ambulance car came along and took away the almost dying bull to a veterinary hospital.

As soon as we arrived at the hospital, the bull was operated upon by a very great surgeon there, assisted by a number of students who crowded around him, eager to help and anxious to learn. At last I was dislodged! The great surgeon looked at me with curiosity and pride. He must have been thinking of the next Birthday Honours and what title he would receive for his ingenious surgery!

The students also looked at me with no end of amusement. I was washed with many disinfectants and placed among some rare discoveries of anatomy in a beautiful show-case with a hundred other different specimens.

Here I feel myself a king in a wonderful glass palace, and many subjects come from distant places to do me homage. And I hope to reign here until eternity with increasing fame.

The bull was duly healed, and roams about the streets of Calcutta in the same idle fashion, but I dare say he avoids all cabbage leaves.

E. J. MITTER.

(2) THE TWO PRINCES.

A proud prince languished in a great palace. "How shall I pass my time?" asked he of an equerry. "I have killed my enemies—beheaded my servants—invaded my neighbour's territory—married the World's most lovely princess—hunted every animal worthy the chase, and now I am bored to blasphemy." The equerry looked puzzled, for he could think of no excitement which the prince had not experienced. Everybody hated that prince!

Another prince, in another country, spent all his days looking to the welfare of his people. He saw that justice was everywhere meted out—he destroyed tyranny—he imprisoned the extortioner

and unjust man—he set free the captive who had done no evil—he fed the poor—he employed his last hour in a benevolent act. “How can I find time to complete the great work to which I have been called?” he asked of his favourite secretary, as Death came upon the prince to take him to the glorious country of the ‘Great Beyond’. Everyone loved that prince!

Moral: To say that all men are equal is arrant nonsense. Life is degreed everywhere. The standard makes the man. There are infinite degrees of difference even between princes.

HERBERT PORTER.

(3) THE VIOLET AND THE STONE

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

—Wordsworth.

A dainty violet which bloomed beside a moss-grown stone, began to chide the stone for being in front of it, and thus hiding its beauty from the world's gaze. “You are a dull, senseless thing to lie there and cover up all my loveliness like that,” said the violet to the stone. But the stone took no notice, and, though its mass hid the violet, it went on fulfilling its function in the world, as its swirling electrons raced in marvellous order, according to universal law. It had remained there so long that fungus had covered it. One day, a great poet happened to walk that way, and catching a glimpse of the delightful flower, struggling to be noticed, he wrote a beautiful poem upon it. If the stone had not been there, the flower might have been too obvious, and the poet have passed it by and thus its glory would not have been immortalized.

Moral: Like beauty, character that is hidden in the background, is the more beautiful when discovered.

HERBERT PORTER.

(4) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Have you ever wondered why birds are able to fly easily, whereas men, in spite of all their striving, find it so hard to soar into the blue heavens. True, aeroplanes are becoming more and more common every day, but how many brains have been taxed to their uttermost in order to perfect the mechanism of an aeroplane, and how many accidents take place even today in spite of all the

efforts which are being made to make flying safe for mankind. Birds have but to lift their wings, and away they go, across space.

Would you like to know about the form of a bird's body, and why it can fly so easily? The most common reason that people will mention is that birds fly because they have wings. But there are other causes also. If it was only wings that were needed in order to make us fly, we could quite easily make a pair of artificial wings, attach them to our shoulders and rise into the air. No, the form of the body of a bird is created in such a way that it is adapted for rapid motion through the air.

I came across an article in one of the old volumes of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, in which we are told why birds can fly. “Being more or less designed to rise upon air” it says, “all its parts are proportionately light, in order that it may spread itself over a surface large in comparison with its weight.”

Beneath the skins of birds there are air passages that lead into the lungs, and when birds are flying quickly, these air passages act as supplementary lungs. It is also said that they lower the specific gravity of birds. The bones of swift-moving birds are also full of air, and there is air in their quills. In fact, “the bird has been well said to be little more than a drift of air, brought into form by plumes.”

A bird's body is sharp in front, so that it can pierce through the air. Then, it gradually becomes thicker, and finally thins again towards the back, and ends in a feathery tail, which probably helps to keep it afloat while the bird is cutting through air.

The position of the feathers of a bird has a great deal to do in the life of a bird, for all the feathers lie in one direction, and give warmth, speed, and safety. The wings are placed in such a place, that they can easily balance the whole body. The quills of the wing feathers have their shafts embedded in the bones, which are in turn connected by means of tubes to the lungs, and when a bird flies, it fills its wings with air. It moves its wings by means of strong pectoral muscles, which give great strength to the wings, in spite of the extraordinary lightness of the feathers. Thus, a bird is enabled to fly, and “it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, and outraces it.”

Wings, therefore, are not the only essential things which make birds fly. A pair of wings without air to fill them and the strength of muscles to move them, are quite useless. Also, the whole body of a bird is adapted for rapid motion, and it makes us ponder over the marvellous wonder of creation, and how great was the Creator's mind in thus thinking of the minute details of the forms of the animals and plants that live upon this earth.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

SMALL-POX.

CHAPTER 27.

THIS is an acute infectious disease characterised by a skin eruption. The contagion is most probably a micro-organism which exists in the crusts of the eruptions and which like dust is distributed everywhere in the room of a small-pox patient. It may be carried in the air so that infection may take place at some distance from the body. It can also be transmitted directly from person to person, or indirectly from the bedding and clothing worn by an infected person. Entering the room of a patient especially in the drying stage is sufficient to communicate the disease.

Causes: The causative factor is a germ whose nature has not yet been definitely made out. It attacks people, unprotected by vaccination. It is common at all ages, but particularly fatal to young children, who contract the disease much more easily than adults.

Symptoms: The period of incubation is from 9-15 days, the average being 12 days. The disease is usually ushered in with fever ranging from 103 to 105. Beginning with 102°, it rises rapidly and continuously, without even the morning remission, until the 3rd day when it is 105°. The pulse is rapid and ranges between 130 and 160. The breathing is laboured and there may be severe vomiting. The eruption occurs on the 4th day when the temperature in most cases drops to normal.

The eruptions appear in the form of reddish dots or specks, first on the forehead and the face; within 24 hours they make their appearance on other parts of the body, chiefly the limbs, the trunk showing only a few. On or about the fifth day, these small dots have attained the size of a small pea and their summits gradually assume a translucent appearance indicating the formation of fluid inside. About the 8th day, there is a decided yellowish tint due to the formation of pus accompanied by fever lasting for a day. About the 12th day, there is a spontaneous rupture of the eruptions. After the contents are thus evacuated, we see evidences of desiccation. The eruptions dry, forming brownish crusts which separate from the body between the 16th and 21st days. Desquamation takes place, lasting from 1 to 2 weeks. After this condition has disappeared, the patient may be regarded as cured.

Varieties. 1. In some patients the eruptions are thick and flow together. This variety is called confluent small-pox. The eruptions may be at first isolated, but as they mature, they run together chiefly on the feet and the hands, causing swelling of the skin. The symptoms are more severe, the temperature is

higher and the pulse is quicker than in the ordinary variety. Diarrhoea is a common symptom. The danger to life is in proportion to the number of eruptions on the face. In fatal cases, death takes place on or about the 12th day.

2. There is another variety known as the black small-pox. In this variety, the rash appears as usual, but later gets filled up with blood giving rise to a black appearance. The earlier they become black, the greater is the danger.

In all the varieties, the eruptions may involve the eyes, nose, mouth, digestive system etc., and cause bleeding from these organs.

Complications. The eruptions involving the air passages may cause serious suffocation and perhaps death. The lungs may get inflamed, giving rise to Broncho-Pneumonia of a dangerous type. Diarrhoea is a common complication, owing to the involvement of the bowels. The kidneys may get inflamed, giving rise to albuminuria and swelling of the body. The most constant and troublesome complications are those involving the skin. During convalescence, boils, ulcers, and local gangrene may occur, resulting in a prolonged treatment. The eyes are invariably inflamed and if not properly treated will end in total blindness.

Diagnosis: Chicken-pox is frequently mistaken for small-pox. Small-pox has become so rare after the introduction of Compulsory vaccination that most of us have not seen a single case of small-pox in our life-time. But chicken-pox is common and when it does occur we must be able to exclude small-pox for purposes of prognosis and treatment. The following table will help.

CHICKEN-POX.

1. Fever is slight, not dropping to normal after the rash appears.
2. The eruptions come within 24 hours of illness.
3. Eruptions involve only the superficial strata of skin, are transparent, thin-walled and contain fluid.
4. The eruptions can be easily ruptured.
5. Eruptions more abundant on the trunk.
6. Eruptions come in successive crops so that we can see the eruption in various stages of development, e.g., some will be just fresh, others drying and still others healed up and so on.

SMALL-POX.

1. Fever high 103—105, sudden and drops to normal after the rash appears.
2. Eruptions take 3 days to appear.
3. Eruptions are deep-seated, hard, shot-like and contain no fluid to begin with.
4. Eruptions cannot be ruptured.
5. More on face and hands and legs.
6. The eruptions have a clear uniformity of development.

7. Eruptions do not present any depression in centre.

7 Eruptions, after the formation of fluid, always present a depression (called umbilication) in the centre.

8. Vaccinated children are not immune. They get chicken-pox like any other children.

8. Vaccinated children do not generally get small-pox, and they are immune.

Prognosis. In the unprotected, small-pox is very fatal about 30—50% dying. Black small-pox is very dangerous. The confluent variety, if severe, generally kills. Debilitated children and very young children succumb very readily. If the eruptions are numerous on the face, the danger is greater. If the fever continues to be high even after the appearance of eruptions, it is a bad sign. As a rule the disease lasts for nearly 3 weeks, rarely over 4 weeks.

Treatment. The treatment should be chiefly hygienic. The diet should be liquid in nature. The local application of a solution containing 40 drops of carbolic acid¹ in 1 ounce of glycerine will relieve the itching, soften the crust and deodorise the patient. The bowels should be kept open, for which castor oil is the best laxative. If the vomiting is severe stop all milk and give only iced champagne or iced water. If there is diarrhoea, Tincture of opium² in 1 drop doses is indicated, until diarrhoea is under control. The eyes should be opened every day, thoroughly irrigated with warm boric lotion and treated with some yellow ointment to prevent the lids sticking to each other. The mouth and throat should be cleaned and brushed with glycerine every day. The nose also can be similarly treated. If the heart fails and the pulse becomes weak, musk or brandy should be administered in suitable doses.

Prevention. There is no other preventive measure known than successful vaccination and re-vaccination. During an epidemic, all children should be protected in this way. Children exposed to the risk of infection should be vaccinated within at least 3 days after such exposure. Those, who have been exposed, must not be allowed to mingle with other children.

D. KIRUBAIMANI

Foot Note 1. Instead of Carbolic Acid and glycerine. Carbolic Acid and any oil (gingelly or Coconut oil) in the same strength can be used. The best way to do it is to mop the surface with the oil with cotton and to cover the body with cotton over which a shawl is placed. The oil should be renewed every 6 hours. If this method is adopted no water should be allowed to touch the body.

2. Tincture of opium should be administered to children with caution, i.e., do not use it if the child is very weak or inclined to be unconscious. Instead of Tincture of opium, chlorodyne can be used, dose 2—5 drops repeated if necessary, with the same caution as for Tincture of opium.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

THE tendency of women in the West, today, is to be as bold and original in their dress, as possible. Especially in their colour schemes are they inclined to try new effects, and bizarre combinations, and their influence is gradually creeping into India, and Indian women are striving to produce new effects and colour schemes.

The sari is a garment that responds marvellously to any artistic touches and colour effects which the wearer may try to produce, and I thought it would not be out of place, in these times when original designs are so much appreciated, to make a new suggestion to our women. My idea is that we should sometimes try to copy the magnificent colours of flowers in our clothes. I do not mean just individual colours, but the combination of colours that some flowers exhibit in all their glory. This imitation of the beautiful products of nature, however, should be so carried out, that there is no trace of gaudiness or artificiality in the dress. Let me give you two examples of what I mean. As I write this article, there are in the garden outside, two species of flowers, the colours of which would look really charming if reproduced in saris.

One kind is a flower with a rich golden yellow edge, and a beautiful dark red-brown centre, in the middle of which, again, there are delicate small yellow stamens. A sari of this deep red-brown colour with a fairly wide gold border, with a blouse of pale yellow spotted with tiny brown spots, would look very charming indeed.

The other kind is a purple and mauve flower, with a large yellow spot in the cup inside. A dark purple blouse, and a thin Benares mauve sari with small golden spots and a thin golden border, ought to produce a very pretty effect.

SISTER SUSIE. J.L.

SNAPS AT SOCIETY.

A BRIEF FOR SERVANTS.

WHY is it that very little has been written about our behaviour to servants? And yet there is nowhere else, I think, where a man's character becomes more apparent than in this field. We know that little straws show the way the wind blows. I have often seen a good society man snap at a servant or an underling for sometimes no fault at all, and the next minute turn and smile affably at one of his own equals. I have often seen others working off their weariness and vexation on poor under-paid servants. Yet, such conduct is thought so natural that it is scarcely at all ever noticed,

except by a very few; and they, I suppose, will be called not "discerning", but "hyper-critical". But I am one of the latter, even though I myself have been guilty of the same acts. And so, let me criticise. Of course, I know that "gentlemanliness" towards the lower orders comes often with experience and maturity; but sometimes it does exist among the young, and then indeed it is most refreshing and pleasant to watch. Sometimes, it is the other way; it is the old, who are most snobbish.

I do hate the servant being called a menial; but, I think I am wrong in my dislike for, while I associate the word with the adjective "mean," it is really derived from a word, which means "household". Yet, the fact remains that "menial" is, more often than not, used as a term of depreciation. Why should a servant be treated sometimes like a beast, abused, found fault with, sometimes beaten and kicked, always kept down? Why should remarks of careless blame, or callous abuse be made at a servant, regardless of the fact that very often he hears them, understands them and is mortally hurt by them, even though he dare not shew the effect? Why again should a servant's comfort and welfare be thought very little of? I have so often seen people in authority luxuriating and treating themselves carefully, in journeys, at picnics, etc., and hardly thinking of those who serve under them and really do all the work for them. Anything is thought good enough for the latter; scraps are apportioned to them; the least comforts are given them and the greatest burdens; while they get the greatest blame, if anything goes wrong. Are servants then not human? Is it not mean to treat them badly, when they cannot and dare not retaliate for fear of losing their means of livelihood? Yet, it cannot but be admitted that such treatment comes often very naturally. Servants are really meant to be servants. They have been appointed for service. Sometimes, they are so stupid and ununderstanding that admonition, to be effective, has to be emphasised with rudeness. Sometimes, they are sullen and impertinent and cheeky; very often they are presumptuous and ready to take advantage. They are lazy and hate to do more than their share; very seldom do they look upon duty as pleasure. They have no gratitude often. Moreover, they are paid so little, which shows that their services are comparatively at least of a lower order. Indeed, they themselves are satisfied with so little; and very often it is their own subservience and submission, which undoes them. We know that many servants thrive under such treatment and do not expect much else; we know also that some of them, when treated too kindly, do not understand the familiarity, but get their heads turned by it. As opposed to the picture I have given at the beginning, I think of the picture of the man or woman, who is too familiar with servants, who caters to them and gives in to them at every opportunity, sometimes from

a fear of them, sometimes from a desire for being thought well-of by others. The result is more or less chaos.

Still, strictness can be combined with toleration; justice with kindness; sternness with mercy. Servants can in some matters be treated as equals, even while in other ways they remain servants. Are not all of us servants in some degrees at least, in an autocracy of something like feudal service? "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind", says the proverb. Let us therefore, imagine ourselves in the place of our servants. What a pleasure it is when we do strike the "happy mean", and get a servant, who is devoted to us and loves to serve us in every possible way, who delights to anticipate our lightest wish, who sacrifices ease and comfort for our welfare, and all for nothing but a smile and a word of appreciation!

What education have servants, when compared to their masters? What culture of civilisation and refinement of conduct have they been taught to appreciate? Nothing at all indeed, except through watching those over them in authority; and very often the conduct of the latter is such that appreciation of them is lost in a sense of ridicule. I have often thought of the objects of laughter we must be to our servants; I have often imagined that they must be observing us with their tongues in their cheeks. And yet we are apt to think ourselves gods and goddesses.

I am very glad indeed that servants everywhere are inclined to be more independent in modern days. No doubt, there are many of us who deplore the privileges we now have to give them. But how good it will be if we can become democrats and socialists in the right sense, viz., in inner feeling and thought, not merely in outer observances and futile sacrifices. How good if, with the ideals of service are combined, on the one hand, the ideal of self-respect, and on the other the ideal of human appreciation; if, in fact service becomes a pleasure and being served an honour.

"SOUR-SWEET."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

I have gathered the following hints from the *Madras Mail* on cleaning certain things. Bottles and decanters are always hard to clean, and to remove the deposit that forms on the inner surface. The best way to wash out bottles and decanters is by dropping some small glass beads into them, and shaking them well with water. The coating then comes off quite completely, and the beads can be shaken out. These small glass beads do not form scratches on the inner surface of the glass.

Silks, when washed, often look faded and old. A good way of avoiding this result is by washing them in potato water. A number of potatoes should be pared and soaked in cold water, after stirring, for about an hour. Then, the water should be poured into another vessel, and the silk washed and turned round and round in it. It should then be dried without rinsing, and pressed on the right side in order to give it a gloss. This hint ought to be particularly useful for Indian ladies, as *saris*, when washed, often look worn and faded. Many Indian ladies have the habit of washing their *saris* at home, with the result that they do not look fresh after being dipped in water too many times. They could try the above-mentioned method to freshen their washable *saris*.

In order to prevent coloured materials from running, when washed, a pound of bran should be tied in a muslin bag, and a gallon of water poured on it. This water, after being left for an hour, with the bran in it, should be used to wash the coloured material. No soap must be used.

PADDY.

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

SOJJI

Take small quantities at a time of 1 measure of fine table rice, and fry till a pale brown. Heat 3 palams of ghee in a tin-coated vessel, which can contain 5 measures of water. Fry in it $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of chilies, $\frac{1}{2}$ palam black gram, $\frac{1}{4}$ palam mustard seed, with $\frac{1}{8}$ palam of curry leaves. Pour two measures of water into the vessel; add $\frac{1}{8}$ rupee weight of turmeric (*manjal*) powder and boil in the vessel. Put the fried rice in and stir well, then cover with another vessel. When the rice is nearly cooked, add $\frac{1}{2}$ palam salt. Then remove the vessel from the fire and place on burning charcoal. Heat 2 palams of ghee in a frying-pan. Fry in it $\frac{1}{8}$ palam of pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of cummin seed (*jeeragam*), and a very small quantity of *asafetida*. Then remove the last ingredient, and add the rest to the mixture in the other vessel. Stir well, keep for five minutes, and then remove the vessel from the fire.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

DARNING.

Here are a few methods of darning. *The Plain darn* isto be used in the repair of house linen, garments, carpets, curtains, cushion covers, etc.

There are two ways of preparing a hole for mending :—

(1) Draw together the broken threads as much as you can into the old position with a needle and fine cotton.

(2) Cut away the jagged edges neatly. Drape the part to be mended over the first 2 fingers of the left hand. Then work regular perpendicular stitches, in an ascending order, with the needle away from you, leaving a long loop to allow for shrinking. These stitches should extend on both sides of the hole. Then make a descending row, with the needle towards you, taking up threads left in the first row. Thus, work across the hole a series of long threads parallel to each other. After this, turn the work, and darn as before, starting and ending on both edges, as before. An old material will not bear heavy mending; so sometimes, the closeness of the stitches has to be altered. The cross darn is good; but sometimes there is another method.

The diagonal darn is to be used for slits in old linen etc. It is shaped irregularly, running in a corresponding direction with the tear, which will be on the bias. Therefore, there will be a square in the centre, enclosing the slit, in the middle of a double pyramid. Start at a distance of the length of the slit, above the slit, and end in the same manner below. In the next rows, decrease by one stitch on the upper side, and increase by one stitch on the lower. Let the crossing be done in the same manner.

The Mottled darn can be used for a material of two shades. Make the foundation row of threads of the same colour as the ground of material; cross this with threads of the same hue as the other shade.

Sometimes a *strengthening darn* is necessary for an old material. There should be a few rows of darning, worked a little far apart, with a fine needle and fine cotton.

In the *imperceptible darn* for costly material, the linen stitch has to be very carefully done with the ravellings of the stuff itself, leaving no loops, but cutting the thread with each row.

Lace patches are to be used for holes made by sparks in linen. They are generally done in the festoon stitch used in *giupure* work, in a circular pattern. Shape the circle carefully, then work far button-hole stitches on the edge. Work round and round into these into the hole, keeping the thread under the needle, decreasing when the centre is reached, when the thread should be secured on the wrong side.

HEALTH NOTES

TAKE A REST

After every illness you need a few weeks' convalescence. I wish I could persuade you of the truth of this maxim. First, you are

stretched on a bed of sickness, then you sit up, then you walk out in the garden, and when the neighbours see you able to walk they say there cannot be much wrong with you. Kind friends from the office suggest that they are fed up with doing your work; can't you come back at once, if not sooner? Well, I shall stand by you, and I shall not allow you to return to work prematurely. There is more chronic illness, owing its origin to a reduced resistance to disease than to any other cause. It is the right to go away for a change that I insist on. You cannot afford to stop at home. Health comes first. Look ahead five years; you will say one of two things: Either I date my breakdown from that illness I had five years ago—I went back to work too soon and I never felt strong; or I was sensible enough to take my doctors' advice and clear out into the country after my illness—I came back a new man, and I have not had a day's illness since.

—*Madras Mail.*

TO INDUCE SLEEP WITHOUT DRUGS

The use of drugs to promote sleep is a common and most pernicious practice. A long list of drugs, from opium down to veronal or aspirin, have been used, at first thought harmless, but sooner or later proved to be sources of damage. The truth is, there is no such thing as a harmless hypnotic drug. A drug sleep is by no means the equivalent of natural sleep. Sleep-producing drugs are rarely necessary. The habitual use of such drugs is most injurious. There are natural or physiologic means of inducing sleep which are often effective when drugs fail.

A warm or neutral bath taken just before retiring is a most effective means of inducing sleep. Care must be taken to avoid food that requires prolonged digestive work, such as sandwiches, crackers, pie or bread and butter. Even milk is often objectionable, because of the formation of large tough curds that remain long in the stomach. Ripe fruit or some warm liquid food that requires no digestion is best, such as hot lemonade, and hot water sweetened with lactose.

A full colon not infrequently is the cause of sleeplessness. For this condition eating an apple or two, or a couple of oranges or other fruits, half an hour before bed-time, is a good means of relief.

Sleeping in fresh air and without an excess of bed-clothing is another simple measure that greatly promotes sound sleep.

—*Health.*

NEW TREATMENT FOR CANCER.

It was revealed at the annual meeting of the British Empire Cancer Campaign at the House of Lords, that for the treatment of cancer, successful experiments have been made in the use of mustard gas, which was used with destructive effects in the War. The experiments have been carried out at Leeds University.

It is stated that the action of mustard gas was localised to the particular area treated and strictly limited in time, but none the less, the experiment was a remarkable one.

Speaking on the report at the annual meeting, Sir Charles Gordon Weston, Senior Surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, referred to the successful experiments with the new treatment on mice and rats.

The Duke of York referred to the hardship suffered by poor patients who had a long way to travel for radium treatment, owing to the fact that for its more effective use radium was now being concentrated at large centres. He recommended that steps be taken for securing the speedy and free transport of such patients in urgent cases.

—*Indian Review*

SURGICAL ANTS.

The use of "surgical ants" with powerful jaws to stitch the wounds of men and women, and other strange medical practices developed by the Indians living in the interior of Peru, are described in a report of the Field Museum of Natural History expedition.

The natives, according to the explorers, show remarkable originality in the treatment of wounds and illnesses. Trees, shrubs and plants with medical properties are widely employed. In the case of a severe wound, a certain ant is made to bite the severed edges of the skin and sew them together.

Great skill is shown by the women in treating the wounds sustained by their husbands in battle. Long thorns are sometimes used as surgeons' needles.

—*Indian Review.*

EAT MORE FISH!

Fish should be included more often in the diet. Salmon, turbot, and herrings contain most fat, which is a source of energy, while b.ill and herrings contain most protein, the essential body-building substance.

Compared with meat, fish is more digestible, though a little less economical and nutritious, weight for weight. The leaner

sorts—whiting, haddock, etc.—are more digestible than the fat varieties. Because of its shorter and finer fibre, white fish is more easily dissolved by the stomach than beef. No protein food is more suitable for the dyspeptic or the convalescent than the whiting. Cod is particularly indigestible, having a coarse tough fibre.

Salted fish is also comparatively difficult of solution in the stomach, because its fibre is hardened in the process of salting. The smoking of fish does not seem to effect its dietetic value.

As a source of energy, salmon is the equal of moderately fat meat; 1½ lb. of cod or other white fish, however, only balance 1 lb. of lean beef. Since salmon contains nearly three times as much nutriment as its weight in cod, a pound of the former is actually no more expensive than a pound of the latter.

The housewife can get better value for her money by buying the cheaper varieties of fat fish. Nearly half an ounce of edible protein and from five to ten grammes of fat are provided by the ordinary herring.

Fish roe is nutritious, but it contains a good deal of nuclein and should be avoided by those subject to gout.

The flesh of the lobster and crab is somewhat indigestible; to render it more digestible eat it with vinegar. Oysters, having little nutritive value, are extravagant articles of food, since in this form a given quantity of protein costs about three times as much as it would if purchased as beef. Fourteen oysters are approximately the equivalent of one egg, and it would require two hundred and twenty-three oysters to supply as much nourishment as a pound of beef. Oysters should be avoided by diabetics.

Be careful that you purchase only the freshest fish. Decomposing fish, even if it has only just turned, is apt to give rise to digestive disturbances. Choose fish that is firm to the touch. The eyes should not be sunken or the gills discoloured.

Health.

SUMMER DRINKS.

The best hot weather drink is pure cool water. Nothing quenches thirst so thoroughly and satisfactorily. Next come fruit drinks of various kinds. One of the most palatable summer drinks can be made of unfermented grape juice and water. Pure orange juice and water, with the addition of a little honey to sweeten, makes a splendid drink. Lemonade is a wholesome drink, too, if honey is used for sweetening, instead of sugar. In fact, the juice of any kind of fruit can be combined with water to make a delicious summer drink. The ordinary bottled mineral waters are

of little use as thirst quenchers and should be avoided because of their gaseous qualities and their content of refined sugar.

Health.

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

MRS. HANSA MEHTA.

ON the arrest of Mrs. Perinben (Captain, the late, President of the Congress Committee, Mrs. Hansa Mehta was chosen to act in her place. The fact that two women have successively held this most difficult position is a proof that, in every field, women are not only capable of taking a part, but also in leading the most vital and tremendous undertakings either within or without the pale of the law. Throughout the present struggle, women have more than proved by their actions that they are thoroughly capable of assuming all the responsibilities to which they have been putting forth their claim for the past years, in their efforts to obtain equality and freedom.

MORE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

The Government, it is understood, have sanctioned subsidies to local bodies for opening more elementary schools for girls and for the employment of additional teachers in 1930-31. It is stated that the total number of schools to be opened is 245, of which 21 are specially intended for Muslim girls. The schools intended for Muslim girls should be opened only in centres with a Muslim population of 1,000 and above, in which there are no schools for Muslim girls, and the other schools in centres with a general population of 2,000 and above, in which there are no girls' schools. Provision has been made for the opening of five schools in the Malabar district with two teachers in each. These schools should be opened, only if their strength from the beginning justifies the need for two teachers. The local bodies concerned have been requested to take steps for the opening of the schools, in consultation with the Inspectress of Girls' Schools concerned, preference being given to centres where there is a demand for girls' schools and where the villagers are willing to provide free accommodation. Requests from local bodies for utilising the subsidies on the opening of school in centres with a smaller population than that specified above will not be entertained.

THE INDIAN DELEGATION AT VIENNA.

The amount of work discussed at the Quinquennial Congress

of the International Union of Women held in Vienna in June is almost paralysing to contemplate, as one reads through its programme alone. Capable women of almost every country were present and took a part in the deliberations. Lady Dorab Tata was the leader of a group who represented North, South, East and West of India. We regret that a cable sent from the Women's Indian Association requesting the Council to support the claim of India for self-government and the bringing of peace with freedom into India was not brought forward. It could easily have been couched in terms of its bearing on International Peace. Vienna is a city of extreme culture and gaiety and it laid all its treasures of hospitality, science and art at the feet of its guests. Such gatherings make for the realisation of the "indivisible unity of sisterhood," of which Srimati Sarojini Devi has so often spoken.

THE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE AT BEYROUT, SYRIA.

The women of Western Asia are awake and active. The monthly women's magazine of Egypt gives an interesting account of the Conference of women, which took place in Beyrouth in May and which united the "pays Arabes" (Arabian countries), Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Lebanon. The Conference was opened by an official representative of the Government of Syria, the Minister of Public Instruction, and this was quite a new precedent in the history of Arabian women. Madame Lahiba Saheb was the President. Madame Ehsan Ahmed from the Egyptian Women's Union gave a spirited address in which she alluded to Gandhi's confidence in women's power of serving the nation, in the same way as Zaghoul had done in Egypt and Moustafa Kemal Pacha in Turkey.

News is not yet to hand of the larger Conference which was to take place at Damascus on the 2nd July. All this shows how determined are these women to take their full share in shaping the destinies of their country. It is hoped that some of the leaders will come to Lahore for the All-Asian Women's Conference. The subjects discussed were compulsory education, development of indigenous industries, the opening of the schools of arts and crafts for women, the abolition of brothels, legal protection of women wage-earners, etc.

Stri Dharma.

A HEN PARTY.

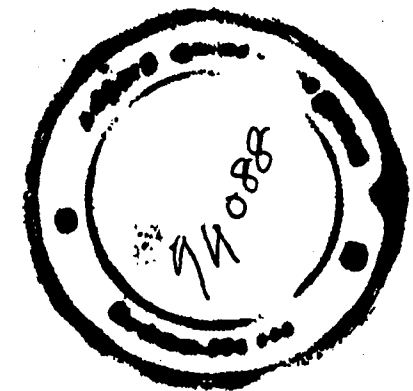
Started originally to provide farmers wives with pin money, the Saskatchewan Poultry Pool now handles 75 per cent of the entire egg production of Saskatchewan, and enables the women who control it to buy motor-cars with the profits.

The Pool is almost a hundred per cent feminine organisation and last year, the fourth of its existence, took 730,000 dollars (£146,000). There is only one man with a finger in the pie, and he is outnumbered, if not suppressed.

In the last twelve months the turn-over of the pool included 26, 40,184 eggs, valued at the equivalent of £108,000. Also included were 323,743 pounds of dressed poultry, valued at £36,800 and 39,561 pounds of live poultry, valued at £1,200.

The egg business increased over 56 per cent. during 1929 and the dressed poultry 67 per cent over the previous year.

Mrs. Bertha Holmes, of Asquith, Saskatchewan, is president of the organisation, known officially as the Saskatchewan Cooperative Poultry Producers, Ltd, and five farmers' wives are on the board of directors. —*Madras Mail.*



LODHRA
FOR
LADIES' HEALTH
and **Happiness**
KESARI KUTEERAM,
EGMORE MADRAS.
AT ALL CHEMISTS

Begun in 1890 Thirty-Eighth year of Publication

THE INDIAN SOCIAL REFORMER

Edited by - K. Natarajan

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

STANDS FOR ALL ROUND PROGRESS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Inland **Rs. 7-8 (Post Free.)**

Foreign **Rs 10 (Post Free)**

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

For Advertisement rates please apply to:—

The Manager.

"The Indian Social Reformer",

**Naysari Chambers, Outram Road,
Fort. Bombay.**

Managing Editor:
Mr. C. Ganaprasadam. B. A. & B. L.

Business Manager:
Mr. K. P. P. Tampi.

THE "HERALD"

**The only Catholic English Monthly from Travancore,
Park Road. TRIVANDRUM POST.**

TRAVANCORE STATE, SOUTH INDIA,

IS an Illustrated Monthly Magazine published at
TRIVANDRUM, dealing with many matters
of general interest and importance.

It enables you to get into touch with TRAVANCORE
the Naples of India.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	{	Rs. 4 (INDIA)
		Sh. 8 (EUROPE)
		\$ 2 (AMERICA)

Advertise in the "HERALD" and watch your
business increase by leaps and bounds.

All literary communications and remittances
to be addressed to the Managing Director.

All communications regarding Exchange and
Advertisements, to be addressed to
the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISEMENT CHARGES
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

N30-40172

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

"ORIENT"

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

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

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

Annual Subscription

Rs. 3 only.

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

Manager,
The "ORIENT" Chingleput.

JOIN THE JOIN
East & West Correspondence & Exchange Club

Members Everywhere, in the East and the West.

It is the most up to date Club in the East

Membership fees:—

Ordinary:—

Special:—

Permanent:—

Rs. 3, Sh. 4-6.

Rs. 4, Sh. 6.

Rs. 30, Sh. 45.

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

The East & West Journal

The widely circulated official organ of the club.

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

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

Representatives wanted Everywhere Particulars free from the

*Director:—H. L. SAXENA, 6, PARADE,
CAWNPORE, (India)*

THE
UNIVERSAL ADVERTISER

(English and Bengali)

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

BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

Annual Subscription Rs. 1-8 only

Managing Editor:—

**PROF. M. N. CHAKRAVARTY, M. A.,
33, Dinanath Sen Road,**

Faridabad, Dacca East Bengal, India

Special Features:—Articles on Soaps and allied Industries, Insurance, Medical Sciences, Current topics
N. B.—Free Advertisement—Name, Address and Business of Subscribers in 3 or 4 lines printed Free for one year.



ACCIDENTS.

Are on the increase everywhere. Prompt medical attendance cannot be had always. It therefore behoves every one young and old, men and women to know how to render to injured persons immediate temporary assistance in a scientific way. Rendering of emergency treatment by persons especially trained and the making use of materials at hand in cases, such as bleeding, broken bones,

drowning, snake-bite, scorpion-bite, burns, poisoning, epilepsy, sun-stroke, fainting, suffocation convulsion, foreign bodies in the eye, ear and throat &c., till the arrival of the Doctor or medical aid is sought, is called "First Aid". The Hon'ble Dr. U. Rama Rao's book "First Aid in Accidents" teaches you how to render "First Aid". Many precious lives are lost every year which might have been saved by prompt aid had anyone been nearby able to render "First Aid". So get a copy today and know how to save people from terrible agony or injury or even life itself. Written in simple non-technical language and profusely illustrated, the book has undergone several editions and several thousands of copies have been sold. Doctors speak highly of the book. Governments, Railways, Mines, Industrial concerns, Schools are buying largely. Published in English, Kanarese, Tamil, Telugu and Malayalam.

Price As. 12. Available of all book-sellers.

or from Sri Krishnan Bros., 323 Thambu Chetty St., Madras.

EMPIRE PRESS,

BANK ROAD CALICUT.

ARTISTIC PRINTERS & BOOK BINDERS.

COLOUR PRINTING A SPECIALITY.

THE GARLAND

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

Annual Subscription Rs. 4 only

Remarriage of Hindu Women on Sastraic Basis

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

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

An Indian in Western Europe (Vol. 1)

Humorous, Interesting, and Instructive, By A. S. P. Ayyar, M. A. 1. C. S., 208 pp. Antique paper. Full Cloth
Price Rs. 2 nett (4 sh.)

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

Copies from the

"GARLAND" OFFICE,

P. O. Malleswaram,
BANGALORE, (S. INDIA)

THE SCHOLAR

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

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

Annual Subscription, Rs. 3 only

Single Copy As. 4

Now is the time to send in your Subscription

Advertisement rates and other particulars from

The Manager,

The "Scholar" Palghat

THE CHILDREN'S NEWS

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

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

Annual Subscription Rs. 2 Only

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

Apply to

The Manager

'THE CHILDREN'S NEWS.

Egerton Road, DELHI.

YOU NEED NOT GRIEVE

for your absent but dear ones if you have their photographs enlarged through us.

We undertake to get your photos enlarged by the best photographic experts in Germany at a moderate cost.

Write your requirements or pay a visit to

The Anglo-German Trading Co.,
CALICUT.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

FOR

'The Indian Ladies' Magazine'

(TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE.)

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

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