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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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IV.

OCTOBER 1930

NO. 3.

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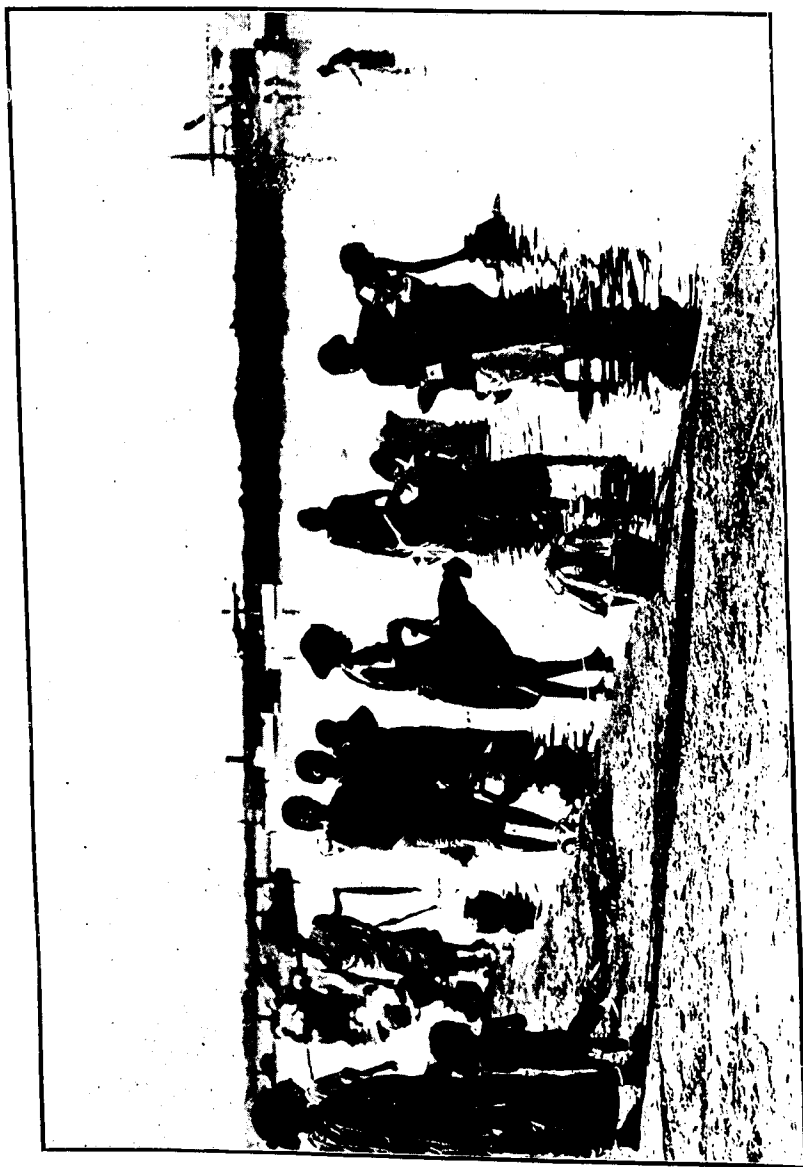
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WOMEN BATHING IN RIVER.

Photo: Klein & Peyerl, Madras

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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GREAT ARE THE GIFTS OF GOD.

BY the brightness of the morning, and by the night, when it groweth dark, thy Lord hath not forsaken thee. Verily the life to come shall be better for thee than this present life: and thy Lord shall give thee a reward wherewith thou shalt be well pleased. Did he not find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee? And did he not find thee wandering in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth? And did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee? Wherefore oppress not the orphan; neither repulse the beggar: but declare the goodness of thy Lord.

AL KORAN.

Great are the gifts of God, Who doth not hate,
Whose wisdom punisheth to reinstate:
Who, by the marvel of His Spirit, can
Disperse the pride and faults in wicked Man.

By the eternal morning and the night
Of sparkling radiance, and of sickly light,
We know His might to constancy confined,
That waketh sleepers and doth lead the blind.

Again, we know the life to come shall be
A glorious song of great Eternity,
That, as we sins forsake, and upward press,
We shall gain meeds of newer righteousness.

Here are we orphans who, beneath the dome
Of Heaven, seek a better, lasting home.
Covered with darkness, and in error lost,
He sought and found us, at such awful cost,
And guided us to higher truth each day,
Enriching us with blessings on the way.

Wherefore, the orphan and the beggar, we
Should help, and lead with holy sympathy,
And, unto all men, by the broadcast word,
Declare the grace and goodness of our Lord.

HERBERT PORTER.

THE STORY OF ALCESTIS.

THIS is a very beautiful tale from Greek mythology, of service, sacrifice and what we may call woman's chivalry. It is a story, which is specially apt for India, for it emphasises that feeling of Woman for Man as her God, of which at one time we Indian women were so proud. I say 'at one time,' because now I think that feeling has changed, or ought to change, in tone at least. Indian women are still proud of serving their husbands, but not altogether as their gods. The feeling indeed is such that it can be reciprocated from the other side. What I mean is that men in India may be as gods to their women; but the women not as goddesses; yet there can be chivalry on both sides. The feeling of sacrifice, therefore, can be felt, not as the duty of a lower being to a higher, but as a service of pleasure and love.

In days of old, the Greek God Apollo offended his father Zeus and was punished by being sent as a mortal to earth for nine years. He became shepherd to Admetus, a King in The-sely, and was treated so well by his master that he gave him a wonderful boon at parting. This favour allowed that the King would escape death, when his time came, if he found anybody who would die in his stead.

The due time came. The hour of death arrived; and Admetus turned in vain for help to his old parents, to his friends and to his servants. Only his lovely wife in the bloom of her beauty, the mother of his splendid children, was left, and her he was loath to lose. But she loved him so well that she offered to sacrifice herself for him. She was loved by every one. Her servants idolised her.

"I mourn thee, lady,
To me and all our household, mother-like,
Who shielded us from manifest rebukes,
Soothing the master's wrath,"

Her world thought the best of her :

"Alcestis, who all men would say
The best of wives has been."

"In sooth, a worthy name she leaves on earth,
Noblest by far of women 'neath the Sun.
Noblest indeed, that truth can none gainsay :
What must that woman be whose nobleness
Surpasses hers? How could devoted love
Be better proved than by consent to die
In husband's stead?"

Her husband adored her :

"My only wife,
Alive thou wast, and shalt be so in death :

In thy dear stead shall no Thessalian bride
Ever call me husband; nay, no women lives
So nobly born, or of such matchless beauty
That I should woo her."

This noble lady loved her husband, better than herself. She "preferred him in honour"; she said; she might have lived on as an honoured queen with another husband, but she "could not brook a life apart from him with orphan children," and so she did not grudge to him "to sacrifice all gifts of joyous youth."

In return, she begged her husband to be good to her motherless children :

"Allow that they shall rule
This household; no step-mother bring to them
Unworthy of thy love, whose jealousy
May on our darlings lay a cruel hand.
Far be this from thee is my earnest prayer :
A boy finds in his father a strong tower;
But how shall fare in growth to womanhood
My daughter? how disposed to her will be
The father's consort?
No mother, child, will deck thee as a bride,
Or comfort thee in travail, when no presence
Is kindlier than a mother's."

Then she blessed her children fondly :

"Hear Goddess, this thy suppliant's latest prayer
Ere her departure to the under-world :
Watch o'er my orphan : grant to both a life
Of wedded honour and devoted love;
Let not these children like their mother perish
By fate untimely; but with happy lot
Fulfil in native land their term of years."

Then she prepared herself for death, as for a joyous feast :

"When first she knew th' appointed day had come,
With running water her fair limbs she bathed,
Then from the cedar press brought forth a robe
And with its brave adornment draped her form.
Then all the altars in the palace courts
With prayer and suppliant wreath she visited,
Plucking for each a myrtle bough : sans tears,
Sans groans, she plucked them, nor did imminent doom
The wonted favour of her fair cheek pale."

Thus died Alcestis And her weeping husband attended to her funeral rites. Just at that time came the mighty Hercules to him on a friendly visit. Admetus was full of sorrow; but he was true to the sacred rules of hospitality. He pretended so well indeed

to his friend, that the latter did not suspect the tragedy which had happened. Feasting and revelry were indulged in by him in that sad house; but all on a sudden he was shocked to sanity by the rebuke of an old servant. Hercules was so struck by the generosity of his host and by the heroism of the dead queen, that he determined to try his best to recover Alcestis from Death himself. He hurried after that dread god and proceeded to wrestle with him with his immense strength.

In the meanwhile,
 "Night wore away,
 'Mid, Gusts of wailing wind, the twilight grey
 Stole o'er the sea, and wrought his wondrous change
 On things unseen by night, by day not strange
 But now half seen and strange; then came the sun
 And therewithal the silent world and dun
 Waking, waxed many-coloured, full of sound;
 As men again their heap of troubles found,
 And woke up to their joy or musing."

Admetus, in his bereaved home, was heart-broken. He wept:

'How can I enter thee, dear home?
 How dwell with lot so sadly changed?
 Alas! the difference to me!
 Not long ago, I brought her home
 From Pelion's forest, dark with pine,
 To sound of nuptial song and shout
 Of cheery escort, hand-in-hand
 With my sweet bride;
 But now the voice of mourning shrills,
 And garments black in place of white
 Escort me."

Suddenly, he saw Hercules coming in with a veiled woman, whom he wished to leave in his friend's charge. But Admetus had no heart for the task. At the risk of being thought ungracious, he refused to befriend the lady. But Hercules insisted that he should be kind to her; he made him even take her by the right hand as a sign of friendship.

Then a miracle happened. The woman threw aside her veil; and lo, it was his very wife who stood before him, again alive and beautiful and gracious. Hercules had actually taken her from the arms of Death. Admetus cried out in wonder and joy; then he took his wife to his heart.

"Oh! my beloved! sweetest face and form!

I hold thee, though ne'er dreamed to see thee more!"

And so all ended well. Hercules blessed them and went away, and a great feast was celebrated in gratitude, for "their lot had changed; the cloud had passed away."

"Man proposes, God disposes", says the proverb, and the Greek words echo the sentiment when they say,

"The countless chances of our fate
 Oft unforeseen results await;
 To hopes of mortals unfulfilled
 The Gods unlooked-for issue send."

KAMALA.

ON IDEALS.

IF you despise ideals, let me tell you that the one that has no ideals is like one that is blind, for ideals are our second eyes. A room without windows is exiled from light and air and does not fulfil the promise of a room. We live exiled from the breath of better things when we have no ideals, or when having ideals we do not hold them dear. It is said that man has reason and animals have none and that in this lies the chief difference between man and animals. Perhaps, some animals can reason as well as some of us, but no animal has ever had any ideals to light its way to better things. Our glory is our ideals, and our progress cannot stop as long as we remain sighing for silver moons from day to day. There is no perfection for us in the world, for nothing is ever so perfect that it cannot be a little better.

Dreams and ideals often seem to us so powerless and futile that we are led to wonder now and then why we should have them. Do not some very powerful things often seem to us to avail nothing at all?

We have all three lives, of yesterday, to-day and tomorrow. With many of us the demands of TO-DAY are so huge and imperative that they almost completely disallow those of yesterday and tomorrow. We have no time to look back or to look before, to read to-day from yesterday, to live to-day near tomorrow. So we live the life of TO-DAY, unenriched by the experiences of yesterday, and unencouraged by the possibilities of tomorrow. If we live to-day in yesterday, we only live a life of survival. If we live to-day lost in to-day, we only live a physical life, a practical life as it is often called by those who like to live it. If we live to-day in tomorrow, we live ahead of ourselves, so that we may live more fully. We live in the faith, that it is not time just yet to wind up our accounts and that the best is yet to be. Others may call us visionaries, but as long as we try to be better than ourselves it does not matter what names others call us. And might we not also remember that it is not so very necessary to forget to-day to live in tomorrow? If we can live the three lives, of yesterday, of to-day and of tomorrow together, we shall live abundantly.

But, if we cannot live the three lives together, let us not forget tomorrow lest we die, die even as we live. We might go to bed with idea's, to rise tomorrow with a new dawn breaking in our minds; for, if we should not have ideals, we rise every tomorrow into an unlighted and inhospitable day. Ideals are even more than the light and air of life. They are a part of life itself, when life is not robbed of its own.

And, just as the playful children of to-day are the worthy citizens of tomorrow, so are the wakeful ideals of to-day the good deeds and great actions of tomorrow. Never was a good edifice built but a builder had some dreams of a structure that might be. Silent as the stars that twinkle in the heavens so softly and are so powerful, ideals shine and call to us from far horizons of human life.

There is a stir, a strength, 'a forward push' in ideals, which we seldom care to know. There is a discontent with the reality of things in them, that will not rest till things are changed and, when they are changed, that will not rest till they become better still. For 'the divine discontent', that always impels us to rise higher and higher, is from these same ideals that we often dismiss with such lordly ease.

Who is the ideal man to whom our admiration goes forth of itself? Is he not always apparelled in ideals, one that rises above himself and others around him and stands alone calling others to come to him? Whatever our daily needs might be, and these are often cruel in all conscience, we always snatch a little leisure, a little precious rest to dream, to swing our over-encumbered souls to what we see beyond us. It is a great blessing that we can think better than what we are and that great men often arise from lowly and neglected places. Poverty now and then raises the highest spirits. Suffering often releases some hitherto unthought-of dream to change the face of things.

If we all have an ideal that sees far and strive after it, there is no reason why we should not be better than we are.

"AN IDEALIST".

LAZY, LAZY LOTOS!

As smooth as glass,—
A tank.....Its bank
O'ergrown with palms
And wild fig trees.

I linger as I pass,
And, in that sheet of glass

I see the sky above,
Recorded far below.

I see the jungly bank
Reflected in the tank;
Marge above,
As marge below.

And here and there the Lotos grows;
Lotos pale and Lotos rose.

Snuggled on their pads, they lie,
Closed by night to stars and sky,
But in the early morn they peep,—
Their eyes still dreamy, roused from sleep.

A little while they just peep, peep,—
Not quite awake,—not quite asleep,
They blink.....They think...
They realize 'tis nearly morn in Tropic skies.

Tut! Tut!.....
They're up. They're wide awake.

A. C. McALLAN-MUNRO.

THE SEASONS IN SOUTH INDIA.

TRADITIONALLY and theoretically, there are said to be six seasons in India, but only three working weather-periods can be discerned, the hot, the wet and the cool. Although impressive heat is the normal climatic lot of India, it is wrong to suppose that India has no seasons worth the name, or that it has only two seasons, the hot and the hotter. India has a cold season; and, if any one doubts whether it has a wet season, he has only to witness the loud pomp and circumstance of the Monsoons to be convinced. The doubt is entertained very unnecessarily, in view of the fact that Indian seasons seldom attempt to play hide-and-seek, but proclaim themselves directly they are arrived. If they often render their arrival rather bombastically, it may be usefully remembered that an excess of virtue is not always a crime.

It will clarify the point, if we put the matter of the Indian seasons in a nutshell. The long summer is so long as to seem endless, but one day it stops short and the Monsoon breaks. Then, it is all rain for several weeks on end, and the eaves, exiled from sunshine, are continually running down with silver streams till they become tired of keeping the tumultuous waters from the house.

One morning, an instantaneous fog and dewy mist stands between the eyes and the rest of the world, and the winter season is come. The best proof that India has her own seasons is afforded by the Indian seasons themselves

The summer season in South India is so long that it often blots out of the memory of the other seasons. This is, perhaps, the origin of the occasional misconception that India enjoys, or better suffers, only one season hotter or less hot but always hot. It does not, however, prove that the other two seasons are imaginary but that the summer season is long, ambitious and occasionally even relentless. The air is sometimes on fire, inspired by a sinister heat. The horizons are simmering sands and the sky a threatening destiny hung over the earth. The emotions are hitched to boiling-point and even the little thermometer jumps so high as to forget the art of climbing down.

The earth is all an unblended thirst and the trees a tragedy of withered limbs and stricken leaves. The breezes have been banished the land and the brooks have been forbidden to murmur and flow. Look out through the window, perhaps you may happily see a solitary crow, a black speck, floating unbeaten on the ominous ocean of heat. Perhaps, also a gnarled mango-tree, about two-hundred years old, with a cluster of skinny branches and a quantity of still undefied leaves, stands yonder, a streak of smoke fluttering from a festival of fire.

It is the summer season ascended to its highest glory on both earth and sky, and the scalded human imagination is often unable to see that there is another season coming and that all things must have an end.

On the edge of the Monsoon, the sun, earth and air are yoked together in a fiery league. The hardest blade of grass is at its last gasp. The curtain comes down upon this scene with dramatic suddenness. The clouds come before we can even say they are coming. The skies are changed as if by magic. The sun is gone, as if it has tumbled into a pit in its imperial orbit. This is the annual war of the elements, and heaven and earth embrace each other in liquid hostility. The ocean heaves, as it were, in the background of the battlefield, and the maddened surge leaps mountain-high.

When, in the *Cloud-messenger*, the greatest of India's poets, Kalidasa, celebrated the Monsoon, the annual outburst of the Indian rainy season was probably a far more wonderful phenomenon than it is to-day. The grand levee of the clouds, the intermittent applauses of thunder pouring their approbations on the intentions of the clouds, the twisted lightnings that afford illumination to the assembly, and the impatient storms that cry to the skies to dissolve

and deluge the earth, are, it is true, all known to us and also continue to appeal to the poetic mind, but there is a fear now and then disturbing retrospective folk that the Monsoon is perhaps past its middle age. And the fear is often given point to by the behaviour of the Monsoon itself. It occasionally comes early or late and having come also occasionally forgets to go on. It sometimes leaves before its time and the cultivators complain loudly. It is probably a groundless fear, for the Monsoon can well be co-equal with time. However that may be, there is no doubt that the Monsoon is still the greatest annual event for India and whoever or whatever might rule her politically the Monsoon is bound to remain her federal emperor for all time.

When the Monsoon is in full swing, what a wonderful land is India! The oceans roll and heave to the sky in a rhythmic universal dance; the thousand streams swell and leap over the land and fling themselves into the remote villages of peace, slumber and dream. Look at the house-tops, how they sway under the storms and thunder, while the inmates huddle together, frightened and gladdened. A million frogs assemble in the swollen fields, to send forth an endless uproar of mingled fear and joy.

All things change at the behest of the Monsoon. The earth becomes young again. The rivers recover themselves. The trees put on their holiday attire. The forests are filled with the whispering of new life. Even men and women change.

Precise pedestrians suffer much by the lash of the rain, their correctness is blown to pieces and they return home gathering the wrecks of their integrity. Women suffer beyond words. They come out when it looks 'set fair' and pay dearly for their folly. The Monsoon is a rogue and springs upon them from its ambush. The fragile little umbrellas they put up turn to foam and spray, and nobody seems to care what happens to them. Nobody cares what happens to the dozen children that huddle together under a single umbrella and know not where to find a shelter from the tumbling skies.

But the rains also clothe the land with unceasing green, and one day the cycle of sudden changes brings the season of dew and cold. The sun does not go much north in South India, but he does go, and that makes some difference between the Monsoon months and the Winter season, so that one cannot easily know South India in dew and fog, if one has had familiarity with it only during the scudding drifts of the wet season. Let it not then be doubted that even in South India, next door to the Equator as it is, there is a winter season.

It comes in the night with its gift of sparkling dew and shrinking chill. An abrupt humidity, involving even the disc of the sun, overtakes earth and air, and blankets acquire an unwonted

use. Old people swathe their heads in wraps, for the ancient humour-therapy of South India solemnly avers that the vulnerable part of the human body is above the shoulders. It is only the women-folk that at all dare to look winter in the face; but the cocoanut-oil in their cupboard turns to snow and this is a change for which they are not always prepared. They however, continue to bathe early still.

The cold of South Indian winters may not strip the trees, but it is cold enough to clog the wheels of life. Even at midday, when the sun makes an effort to attain to his former intensity, the invisible spirit of the winter stirs in the air, spoiling his game for him.

At this time, there are no harvests to reap. Fruits have come to a stop. The whispering winds in the trees are benumbed and birds have forgotten their songs. The air bears fevers; and old men sleep guarded by fire. It is the season of mortality in South India, but one day the king of cold quits the land, and birds and breezes and men and women renew their old joyous activities. Summer is happily still a little way off, only a little way off, for without the summer the seas cannot ascend to the skies, to give India year after year her agriculture and her life.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

COLLECTIVE AND GROUP POWERS MUST PROVE THEIR HUMAN ENDS

THE further I go in my studies and observations, the more assured I become that the fundamental ground of human conflict in all phases and aspects grows out of the failure to recognize some truths which a well-known psychologist has spoken about.

"The assurance of our importance in the universe, so necessary to peace, is the greatest urge in life. We must be convinced of our entities. We want a kind of witness that whatever else is transitory we as individuals exist. We need a sense of security that shall declare for us the continuance of our growth and expansion. No matter what materialists say, knowledge of how this certainty of selfhood may be established is the most important practical question in Life. And no amount of doing, however wise or successful, will ever mean much to us, if this central question of our being is not fulfilled.

No one can successfully win our allegiance, if we are treated by them as mere lumps of matter to be shaped to their will. Yet

strangely enough much of the time this has been the common attitude. Business leaders in the last century held it, treating labour as they might a machine, and lost millions from strikes. Statesmen have held it, and in the end have been victims of rebellion. Parents have held it, and precipitated the revolt of modern Youth. Husbands have held it, and brought feminism upon their heads. All those in any age, who have absorbed themselves in focus upon externals, forgetful of Woman's and Man's inherent impulses, have in the end a new practicality by the destruction of their blind dominion.

In all this drama is the need for identity. It is the starting point of human nature. In the centre of loneliness within us, we breed all our dissatisfaction and restless discontent. Failure to recognize it makes divorce of marriage, and wild sons and impudent daughters of our children; tears down states and burns altars to ashes; ridicules ancient customs, shatters laws and makes prohibitions useless.

The drive for identity, the need in the human spirit to prove its individuality, somehow, somewhere, in some way, to solace the loneliness of the heart by guaranteeing the significance of its selfhood, is unconquerable.

The husband, who treats a wife as a convenient extension of his own ego, either angers or loses her. His loss may come in that she is submerged into insignificance, and becomes a colourless appendage. Human nature is a growing thing, expanding as long as health and vigor last. If upward expansion is denied, the impulsive energy seeks a downward outlet; it is the same with the identity urge. As normally this is the germ from which all achievement springs, the motive power behind love, and the impulse which stirs the individual into useful expression; so is it, when denied good outlets, the dynamic behind that self-centredness that we know as egotism and pride.

A full application of the idea of identity would revolutionize the world, for it touches upon every core of the living problem. Basically, there is but one social problem—how may we satisfactorily maintain our ego and yet keep it from interfering with other lives?"

This is the very psychological core of our social problem. Conflict in every phase of history and human life has risen over this Nature-given right and demand. Every revolutionary change, taking form in collective action, finds its source of strength from every individual inspired by the hope of individual fulfilment. And yet in the very methods of collective action always rise those forces that again tyrannize and oppress. Again and again this has occurred in history. Why? Because social leaders through collective mass action create a gravity toward an artificial and ambiguous end, instead of continually focussing the individual end. In every nation of

the West today, particularly Russia, Italy, and America, are growing social, political, economic, and scientific theories and organisms, whose ends, though abstract and remote, are paramount over immediate individual needs. Instead of preserving and protecting the growth of Woman and Man, they are submerging their identities and exploiting their energy for artificial collective organisms, which always result in coming under the control of the scheming few.

Everett Dean Martin, in his *Meaning of a Liberal Education*, well states this eternal issue. "Where the ideals of the educated mind prevail, there is a general gain in freedom through increased mastery. But education is only genuine in an atmosphere of freedom. It must wander where *truth* leads. Freedom is always freedom, for something from the crushweight of authority and tradition, from meddling interference, and from the oppression of self-judgment in religion. When education is not liberalizing, it is not really education, but a highly-systematized species of propaganda. In America, we now see that democracy does not guarantee liberty. The government shows a decreasing respect for the immunities of the individual. Crowd movements spread intolerance and are ever demanding more strict regulations in matters of personal conduct. Each majority tends to regard itself as the sovereign will and play the tyrant, all in the name of liberty. Each militant minority and struggling group in society seeks by hook or crook to capture the machinery of law and force its will upon the public; and, in the efforts to make their own group will the sovereign will, the members of each group persuade themselves that by resisting restraint they are fighting for liberty. A spirit of factionalism spreads through the community, restriction and regulations increase and multiply, all in the exercise of crowd-liberty. Men and women become free, only as they achieve self-government. I take it that men and women govern themselves to the degree that they act on their own judgment. Freedom thus presupposes first that people are capable of judging things for themselves, and second, that they be permitted to do so. If the progress of democracy resulted in fewer laws and wiser laws, we should in time have self-government. But the reverse is the case: the extension of democracy brings about extension of the powers of government and the multiplication of foolish laws. It does not follow that people's judgment is improved, because they can vote about more and more things. You do not decide things for yourself when everything is submitted to a referendum or regulation by legislature (A fallacy too many Western feminists make). Any man or woman has liberty when they have a voice in the government of the land. They have freedom when they act on their own initiative in governing themselves. And their freedom may be prevented either by lack of judgment or by outside interference. Education must improve judgment and lessen the need for outside interference. 'If thou knowest what



MISS GIAN DEVI.

Aged 10 years, who was given the first prize for needlework, at the Jalsa Girls' School, Solan.

Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



Mrs. PARVATIBAI KARNIK.

President of the Congress Svayam Sevka Sangh, Bombay.

Photo: R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

thou doest, blessed art thou, stated Jesus.

How can Woman or Man become ideal and well-disciplined co-partners, unless they have some concrete visualization? How can priesthoods prove their doctrines of individual perfection, unless they themselves practice it? Government must come to mean distribution of opportunity for each to rule themselves. And the ideal leadership is that which exemplifies by example. None have under stood this better than Buddha, Jesus, and Gandhi. Every medium, that has as its end this service, must function as one of objective outlet. A social order must have models, and I hold that the great lesson that Greek sculpture and religion holds for us, is that it attempted to symbolize human virtues in the form of Woman and Man, endeavoring to impress psychologically upon the masses a likeness which all might become. In that age, philosophers attempted to be—rather than to preach. Thus the Human Being became the centre of social gravity. And if it is true that we wish always as normal beings to identify ourselves with models that exemplify greatness, human kindness and tolerance, to be as much like them as possible, then here we have a brief but sound truth of great magnitude for every parent, teacher, leader, and governor.

No one has been able to prove successfully, yet every urge of our being does it, that there is no greater purpose in life more sane, human, concrete, than that completing of our growth to its fullest. If we have a divine purpose in life, it is the task of perfecting ourselves and producing those conditions that make it possible for all to do likewise. That the State, family, or any other abstract collective power has prior rights over the individual, is a false premise. Woman and man precede these artificial ends and growths, that derive their powers only if they consent.

The great mistake of feminists in the West has been the attempt to establish their identity through a growing multiplicity of organizations, numbers, and by law and politics exclusively. This is an amazing fallacy. How can a sound alteration in the status of Woman take place without a complete and new philosophy of life—a new purpose for the existence of Woman and Man, unless they are objectively focused as doing it together? Hundreds of women's organizations cannot alter the status of Woman, as long as the every-day man continues to regard Woman through the same old vision. Unless we take time to make an analysis of the spirit, which permeates all group relations, we cannot understand the dangers of the "melting pot," into which every group falls. Therefore, I make the following conclusions to assist this end,—

- (1) The majority join and boast of their allegiance to a group for gain, prestige, or if ambitious, with the hope of getting control

of it; or being too lazy to think for themselves, find such an attachment the greatest asset in helping them float through life with the least individual accomplishment.

(2) No genius has ever been produced from a group, or been inspired by it. His inspiration has always come from within himself.

(3) The inter-change in a mature group is between personalities, or in the pitting of one's idea against another—not with the spirit of proving its value—but to defeat the other personality. In student groups, ideas are handed down from the past in order to propagate fixed conditions. But, rarely in any kind of groups—art, literary, educational, political, or forum—are ideas brought into focus, whereby they automatically produce their own conclusions.

(4) Groups instigate antagonizing competition without and within.

(5) Ideas, thought, creative thinking, do not come from the type of group organization, or its declared ideals primarily, or from personalities, but from the ability of the latter to set forth clearly analysis, co-ordinate facts, and the nature of the realities of the problem with which a group is concerned.

(6) Business groups are the most efficient and productive in handling ideas. Business groups get together with others in their own field for the exchange of ideas. And in spite of the fact, that corporations are controlled by dictators, there is more chance for individual expression and growth in the ranks, a greater sportsmanship in actual effort, than in professional groups.

(7) Groups will never justify their existence, as long as they are anti-democratic, introverted, and repressive, as well as exploitive of the Nature-given rights of the individual to fully identify their worth.

(8) Group leadership in the future must learn to function with and inspire the creative powers of Woman and Man. Group and collective action cannot justify its existence, unless it immediately exchanges a contribution with the individual.

(9) Justice has grown in conformity to individual merit, and broken down in every civilization, when the laws and repressions of the groups of the age become greater. Democracy can only go forward—Man to Man—Man to Woman—Woman to Man.

NAPOLÉON BERNARD.

HEREAFTER.

(To M. D.)

Oh! in the twilight of after-years

You'll sit in solitude, and think and dream

Of other days' remember'd joys; when tears
Unshed, upon your eye-lids softly gleam,—
O then, across the dark of drifting time,
When you stretch forth your trembling hands to me,
Perchance, somewhere, in ecstasy sublime,
In winds, or stars, or on the eternal sea,
My spirit freed from its encumbering clay
May hover still upon the tide of years,
Unseen, yet patient till your little day
Reaches its close, and you are past all fears.

Dear, lonely wanderer, past all earthly pain,—
How happy we shall be to meet again!

E. H. D'ALWIS.

A SAINT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MORE than a thousand years had passed since the introduction of the Christian religion into the west; but Europe was still steeped in darkness and barbarism. Most of the people were cruel, selfish and treacherous, tearing and devouring each other perpetually and making the destruction of men, man's work and man's food, their usual occupation. It seemed as if fighting, plundering and slaying had become quite fixed and unalterable. But side by side with lords of anarchy and violence stood champions of law, morality and religion, who thought it their duty to battle with the exuberant animalism of the age and to tame it and drill it by all the means they could, into moderation and reflection. Prominent among these champions was St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who was born in the year 1091 and died in 1153.

Bernard's father was a knight and vassal of the Duke of Burgundy. He was not a mere fighting baron. With the valour of a warrior, he combined the piety of a monk, a combination not rare in the Middle Ages. He had a fitting partner in life, an earnest, loving and devout woman whose sole occupation in life was to exercise charity of the most practical kind in her neighbourhood, seeking out the poor and nursing the sick. Self-sacrifice and holiness were her ideal and she strove after it by being abstemious in food and simple in dress and by fasting, prayer and vigils. She bore her husband seven children, six sons and a daughter. All her boys she offered to the Lord as soon as they were born. She died when Bernard was passing from boyhood to youth; and in her lifetime, she had the satisfaction of beholding her son fulfilling her hopes by his proficiency in school. Bernard was studious and retiring and was "marvellously cogitative". He was also filled

with zeal and ambition and vigorously competed with his rivals in verses and repartees.

After his mother's death, Bernard had to choose his occupation in life. To a young and zealous spirit, the choice in those days lay between a life of struggle, violence and wickedness and a life of sober and self-denying labour. Bernard had tried a secular life for some years and had begun to "mediate flight." The world in which he lived was fierce; but thoughtful and refined natures like his could escape from it and find a haven of comfort and shelter elsewhere. There were abbeys and priories around, the doors of which were open to those men who were ready to escape from turmoil and confusion. But Bernard's friends and brothers were opposed to his intentions. They were convinced that although he was too delicate and fragile to make a knight, a better life was open to him than that of a monk. He could be a disputer. William of Champeaux, celebrated throughout France for his admirable Dialectics, had entered the lists with a young rival, once his disciple, and the two were having a tournament as ferocious as any mailed knights could exhibit. But Bernard's spiritual tendencies were too strong to yield. The prospect held up by his friends and brothers was, in his view, only as pleasant as the fruit of that "forbidden tree whose mortal taste has brought death into the world and all our woe". He made up his mind to enter the monastic life. Gathering a company of about thirty persons, he retired into seclusion with them for six months and then knocked at the gate of the Monastery of Cîteaux for admission. In gathering his company, he exerted such force of eloquence that "mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends" lest they should become his captives. He succeeded in converting his brothers; but with his sister, Humbeline, his attempts failed at the beginning. When years later, he was the abbot of Clairvaux, Humbeline appeared at the gate of the abbey with the pomp and retinue of a feudal lady to meet him. But he refused to meet her, cursing her as "a net of the devil to catch souls." Humbeline then, moved to tears, submitted herself to the command of her brother, who ordered her to lay aside her vanities and imitate her mother. She changed her life instantaneously, to the astonishment of her neighbours and ended her days as a nun in a convent.

Cîteaux was one of the abbeys in Burgundy. But unlike the others which were sumptuous and wealthy, it was poor and very nearly wretched. When Bernard entered, it was in a famine-stricken condition under the management of Stephen Harding, an Englishman possessed of a practical and penetrating mind. Life in Cîteaux was very austere, but to Bernard's zeal and spirit of mortification, it was inadequate. He passed his days in contemplation, fasting and vigils. Nature was his spiritual guide and he

was accustomed to say that trees and mountains and valleys taught him the word of God.

The arrival of Bernard and his thirty companions proved a turning point in the history of the abbey. The monastery grew in fame. Men came in large numbers from curiosity and a desire to scoff; but most of those who had come as scoffers chose to remain there as monks. In a short time, it was found necessary to look out for the means of establishing an off-shoot. Stephen entrusted this task to young Bernard and sent him out with twelve disciples. After hard travel for a fortnight, Bernard fixed his abode in a valley. He spent two months in clearing the valley and rearing a shelter. For some time, food and clothes were hard to find. But soon the difficulties were over and the foundation was laid to the abbey, with which his name stands associated in history.

For fifteen years from the date of the foundation of Clairvaux in 1115, Bernard passed his days quietly in retirement. But all the same, his power and influence spread slowly and steadily. He wrote remarkable sermons, which won for him the title of the Last of the Fathers. He was indefatigable in writing letters of advice to all sorts of persons, "from kings and princesses down to poor virgins," on all kinds of subjects "ranging from the most elevated and spiritual raptures on the welfare of the soul down to the stealing of pigs". Thus he sowed the seed of that authority and estimation, which necessitated before long his guiding every important event that happened in the church. Much against his will, he became indispensable to those who were around him. He had to play a prominent part in putting down a wide-spread schism, in vanquishing a famous and formidable heretic, and in preaching the second crusade.

Pope Honorius II died in February 1130. Two men were nominated to the papal chair under the titles of Innocent II and Anacletus II. Anacletus was the more powerful of the two, took possession of the church of St. Peter and drove Innocent to such straits that Innocent fled to France. The King of France held a council to discuss fully the respective claims of hostile popes. To this council, Bernard was invited in a special manner. Everybody looked up to Bernard for judgment, and when he pronounced it in favour of Innocent, it was received as a pronouncement from God himself. The council broke up praising God and vowing obedience to Innocent. The accepted Pope then moved northwards, where he met Henry I of England with a great retinue of nobles and bishops. While Henry was hesitating to decide, Bernard appeared before him. The wisest soldier statesman of his age and the greatest monk out of all the cloisters of Christendom stood face to face urging and disputing. Ultimately, the man of meditation triumphed over the man of action. The old knight yielded to the

young priest by acknowledging Innocent's supremacy. The support of the two western sovereigns having been won, there remained the Emperor of Germany still to be captured. Innocent moved on with a goodly company of bishops and cardinals accompanied by Bernard. The Emperor could not be won over easily. Bernard confronted him and reduced him to the acceptance of Innocent. After over a year's travel, Innocent returned to Rome, accompanied by Bernard. Anacletus still remained powerful there and consequently Innocent withdrew to Pisa where he had to wait for two years patiently, until the vigorous agitation and eloquence of Bernard could establish him on the papal throne. In the meantime, Bernard returned to his abbey after an absence of four years. His friends and monks were overjoyed at his return. He was regarded as a super-holy man. Wherever he passed, the shepherds came from their hills and the rustics from their fields to behold him and obtain his blessings. "When they had caught sight of him, they returned to their huts, conversing and rejoicing with one another that 'hey had seen God.'"

On their way to meet the Emperor of Germany, Innocent and Bernard came across a man, with whose name all Europe was ringing at the time. Bernard had already heard of him as breaking his lance with the old veteran, William of Champeaux, in disputation. The anathema of the Church had already once fallen on him, and it was to fall again before long under the direction of Bernard himself! At the end of the year 1139, Bernard was informed—"Peter Abelard is again teaching novelties, again writing about them. His books pass the seas, cross the Alps; his new notions and dogmas about the faith are carried through kingdom and province; they are preached before many and as freely defended, inasmuch that they are reported even to have influence at the court of Rome." The church was in danger and the Abbot of Clairvaux felt that he ought to do all in his power to arrest the progress of this great plague. He appealed to Pope, cardinals, bishops and princes to join him in killing the heresy. Nothing daunted, Abelard challenged Bernard to meet him. Bernard hesitated and then refused. "When all fly before his face, he selects me, the least, for single combat", was Bernard's complaint. He feared he was but a child, while his opponent had been a man of war from his youth. But his friends would not accept his refusal. At last he yielded and went forth to meet Abelard, trusting to the great promise, "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." The two combatants, the foremost of the day, met at Sens. Abelard came with a troop of disciples, but found himself in the midst of unsympathetic men who thought he poisoned the very air around him, had converse with the devil and marched towards hell, deliberately turning away from heaven. Bernard came with but two or three monks; but many

of the men in the assembly worshipped him and regarded him as a child of light, a man of God come to face the fiend and overthrow him. Abelard became helpless. He knew he would not fare well at the hands of such a crowd and his subtlety and eloquence would be lost on them. "In a pulpit which was in existence up to the time of the French Revolution stood Bernard holding before him the incriminated work of Abelard. He read or caused to be read the passages he had marked for reproof, explanation or condemnation. But the lecture had hardly begun when to the speechless astonishment of all, Abelard rose up, said he refused to hear more or answer any questions; he appealed to Rome and at once left the assembly." Thereupon, he was pronounced a heretic, deserving of a perpetual condemnation and severe punishment. His appeal to Rome remaining unnoticed, he decided to go to Rome and obtain an equitable judgment from the Pope. On his way, he rested at the abbey of Clunney whose abbot was a man of gentle and affectionate nature. The Abbot by his love converted his turbulent and audacious guest into a humble monk and reconciled him to Bernard.

Bernard was now fifty-five years of age. He looked old for his years. Eight years of worry, caused by the rivalry of Anacletus II with Innocent II and his fierce combat with Abelard, broke down his health considerably. But he was soon summoned to a task more heavy than he had ever performed in all his previous life. The first crusade against the Turks brought about by the trumpet voice of Peter the Hermit ended in triumph for the Christians and defeat for the Turks. Nearly half a century had passed and now prosperity and adversity produced their usual results. While the Christians, puffed up by victory, became careless and disunited, the Mohammadans chastened by defeat became vigilant and united. The heirs of the first crusaders succeeded to their fathers' possessions, but not to their abilities. Emir Zenghis, who had had a long apprenticeship in the school of adversity and hard experience, laid siege to the fortress of Edessa and captured it. The victory of Zenghis was regarded as a public calamity in Europe and Bernard was charged to come out, in spite of his age and preach a second crusade against the infidels. On the declivity of a hill overlooking a plain, Bernard spoke to an enormous throng of nobles and peasants. A murmur rose from the crowd, which soon grew into a loud shout of 'crosses, crosses!' Crosses were scattered broadcast from a large sheaf, which had been brought for the purpose. They were soon exhausted and Bernard had to tear up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand. The crusade failed and the two monarchs who had undertaken the expedition returned to Europe deeply dejected, after suffering many disastrous defeats. The public held Bernard responsible for the failure, but Bernard himself saw in it the judgment of God.

Four years of physical infirmity had passed since the failure of the second crusade, when Bernard implored his monks not to detain him any longer in this world by their prayers. The marvellous intellect, which had shaped many questions and events in Europe, had been impairing slowly. A cousin came to talk business, but marvelled to find the mighty mind wandering. "Marvel not," said the saint, "I am no longer of this world"; and saying thus, he closed his dove-like eyes.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

TO THE CAGED BIRD.

Why dost thou flutter thy wings so violently and break forth into piercing notes, oh, poor little Bird? Thou art trying in vain to attract the attention of thy mate in the woods, freely chirping sweet melodies of freedom, love and happiness. He thinketh not of thy sad plight in his enjoyment, he heareth not thy pitiful cries and he hath not the power to save thee even if he doth hear thee.

Oh, thou triest to fly to him, dost thou? Poor, poor, Bird! thou dost not know that thou art caged and that thy attempts to escape are all in vain. Thine is a cage of iron bars and to get out of it is useless to try. Flutter not thy wings, little Bird! Peck not at the iron bars so hard! for all thy attempts are fruitless. Thy lamentations will but little soften the hearts of thy captors; so lament not, lament not so, dear little Bird!

As for thy captors, they caged thee, poor Bird, not because they do not love thee, but love thee too fondly. Oh! care you not for the great love and attention with which they bathe thee, feed thee and keep thee safe from thine enemies? No! I see thou carest more for thy freedom and liberation. But lament not thou, miserable Bird! for thou wilt only lose thereby.

Think not that thy mate will come to thy help, for he heareth you not. Keep quiet, my Bird! else thy captors take note of thy attempts and take measures to bind thee down with chains. Wait, wait in hope and faith, my poor dear Bird! For, a time might come when thou wilt find the doors of thy cage left open by chance. Then and only then, canst thou hope to get thy liberation from bondage. Depend not on the help of thy mate and hope not to break open thy cage too soon, but wait, wait, and wait patiently till thy time comes.

BHARATHI.

THE LUCKY WIFE.

THAT a young man with a present-day education will have advanced ideas goes without saying, which may even be right and proper and to a great extent justifiable; but that he should endeavour to carry them out into practice is really appreciable and, when it comes to that, the community must certainly congratulate him on his courage.

Mr. Allapuram Suryanarayana Balakrishna, B. A., came to the grand city of Madras for his M. A. course and by chance he met his old classmate and friend Lakshminarayana, a law-student, in one of the streets in George Town. They both were badly in need of a decent room and after a careful survey of many rooms in that congested locality, they fixed upon one spacious apartment upstairs, which satisfied their requirements.

Balakrishna began his studies right earnestly from the very commencement of the academic year. He devoted only an hour in the evening to tennis, though he was a keen sportsman.

One fine morning, Balakrishna, as usual, dressed in a plain cotton suit and started for college. When he came downstairs, he met the landlord's daughter, a young and handsome girl of sixteen. Her complexion was attractive. Her dress was neat and fashionable. Her dark curly hair, dressed in a simple manner, added considerable charm to the beauty which nature had lavished on her. He looked at her well and she too looked at him. Balakrishna could not help admiring her charming appearance and wished he could have such a girl as his wife. As a matter of fact, he began to view the question very seriously as how to court her. In the class, he spent his time that day in admiring her attractive beauty. He was sorry, of course, for not following his professor's lecture. But, though he tried, he could not concentrate upon it. Indeed, he did not even enjoy the usual pleasant talk with the classmates who accompanied him to his room, after the lectures for the day.

Therefore, he felt himself obliged to find a way to solve the problem of winning her hand. At times, he began to argue within himself in this manner: "How can I get the girl? The mere fact that I am a B. A. is not quite enough. If I pass the M. A. with good distinctions and qualify myself for the L. T., perhaps, I may be eligible for a decent appointment in the Government service as a lecturer in a College. So, let me work hard now. Even then my chances for marrying her are not much, for I belong to an entirely different caste. And there are a number of practical difficulties in the way."

He cleverly gathered some information about her family through her brother, a small boy of twelve. His landlord, a man fond of mixing with educated people now and then, came upstairs for a

small chat with the two young students; moreover, Balakrishna was subscribing to a newspaper and it was the habit of the landlord to come up and read for a few minutes, every day very regularly. By nature Balakrishna was very courteous to everyone and particularly now to his obliging landlord. They often discussed politics. The landlord was a gainer to some extent by such discussion, which added to his general knowledge on various things. Thus Balakrishna cultivated a fine friendship with the old man. He was now and then invited to dinner by him, and gradually he began to move with the others like a member of the family.

But the other student Lakshminarayana, a Brahmin also by caste, was absorbed in his own studies. He never cared to give a thought as to why Balakrishna was moving so closely with the landlord, who was different in caste from his room-mate.

The landlord's daughter had her own admiration for Balakrishna for many reasons. First, he was a fairly handsome young man. Secondly, he was a B. A. and a prospective M. A. Thirdly, he was exceedingly obliging to her father in enlightening him with first-class information about the current politics of this extensive presidency. Fourthly, he was a fine gentleman and always dressed very stylishly like any up-to-date man.

Her name was Padmavathi, a name given to her by her late mother in a moment of sentiment. Padmavathi gradually came to regard Balakrishna with great affection, though there was no chance for her to express her sentiments towards him. As we know, among the high-class Hindus it is not the custom for a young and unmarried girl to talk even on business with a young man, who is not her near relative. But she did her best in other ways. Her cooking was fairly good and Balakrishna's casual remarks about it so pleased her, that she now and then took courage to send a small quantity of nicely-prepared food to him by her servant-maid. But surely, such a thing would not have taken place, if her mother had been alive, or if there had been any elderly lady member in the house. Her fond father gave her full power in his small household, which she managed pretty well for her age and experience. But he was ignorant of her kindness to the young student. The deplomatic servant-woman, on her part, handed over the preparations to Balakrishna, saying that her mistress had ordered them to be given to him. This was quite enough for the keen young Balakrishna to infer that the young lady regarded him with a certain amount of affection. The servant-maid was now and then given a present of an anna or two. And at last Balakrishna boldly said to her: "Hullo! I note your young mistress is very kind to me in sending me all these dainties. And I am thankfully accepting them; kindly ask her if she is willing to marry me." This proceeding sounds exceedingly bold, but as a

matter of fact, the shrewd servant-maid had expected such a question from Balakrishna and she smiled heartily at him. She was careful to give the message to her young mistress. In reply, Padmavathi smiled, exceedingly pleased. So the next time, when the servant-woman had a chance to go to Balakrishna, he asked her: "Well, what did your mistress say?" And the maid replied: "Sir she said nothing, but smiled."

So Balakrishna now understood that Padmavathi loved and respected him. He thanked his stars for his preliminary success. And yet he had his doubts whether a legal marriage between him and his beloved Padmavathi would ever be possible. The difference in caste stood as an obstacle in the way. How was he to solve the problem? He gave some thought to this for some days. At last, he went to a clever astrologer, for he had a great belief in astrology, and asked him if he would get the girl whom he loved. The astrologer, after careful calculations, stated that he would surely succeed in his object and that too without much difficulty. This gave Balakrishna a sort of encouragement to approach her father about the marriage question.

One day, Balakrishna went to a bookshop to purchase a book, and his attention was drawn towards some attractive illustrated story books for children in English. Obeying a sudden whim, he purchased a copy of the Arabian Nights, beautifully illustrated, which he presented to Padmavathi's brother, who had now and then obliged him with small services, such as posting a letter, etc. A week after presenting him with the book, Balakrishna asked the small boy how he liked it. To that, he replied: "Sir, before I began to read it, my sister took it and read it. Only yesterday she gave it back to me."

This happy incident made young Balakrishna purchase regularly such books once a month. He was pleased with his good luck in finding a way to present her with nice books indirectly. His monthly allowance from his home was barely enough for his needs, and yet he carefully managed to spend a couple of rupees on his book-purchases.

Things went on quietly in such a manner for two years, and Balakrishna passed his M. A. in the second class (surely some distinction). Now he was wavering as to how to approach his landlord on such a delicate subject as an intercaste marriage. At last, he determined to open the question. And one day he said to him very seriously: "Sir, I wish to ask you something important, and I hope you will not get offended with me." The landlord was a bit surprised and wondered what he was going to ask him. He told the student to ask his question and the latter suddenly shot his bolt. "Sir, would you mind giving your daughter to me? It is now nearly two years, since you became acquainted with me, and you should know me well."

Inter-marriage.

The landlord, a man of forty years, was greatly astonished at Balakrishna's boldness in asking such a thing and said calmly: "Well Sir, where is the possibility for a marriage between two different castes! Do you consider it an easy affair? For my part, I really wonder if it is practical."

"Well Sir, why not? You are one who sympathises with India's aspirations for Swaraj, and you have said that there must be no communal distinctions at all, if there is to be unity among Indians. We have spent many a pleasant hour in discussing such questions and yet you are now quite against putting the thing into action."

"It is not that I am unwilling to put the thing into action. But I must see if all my caste-men will approve of the proposal. Without them, I cannot get on in this world."

"Sir, in the beginning you may find some difficulties. But people will gradually realise that much good will come out of such a marriage. You will be admired for your courage in putting the thing into action. In fact, you will become a pioneer in your community."

The poor man was practically in a dilemma and tried his best to get out of it. But Balakrishna caught hold of him like a leech. It so happened that two excellent offers for his daughter's hand had been refused lately, because of the huge sums demanded as dowry, which it was not within the reach of Padmavathi's father to pay. Things were getting difficult for him. His daughter had openly expressed her desire to marry Balakrishna for his many excellent qualities, in spite of the fact that he belonged to a different caste. Her father had waited for two years to find an educated and well-to-do son-in-law in his own caste, but in vain. Moreover, he knew that his daughter had an extraordinary will of her own and she flatly refused to marry any other than Balakrishna. And Balakrishna was a man, who never cared for any dowry. At last, the old man was obliged to accept the student as a possible husband for his beloved daughter.

While matters were in this state, Balakrishna went to his native place, a small town to open the subject of his marriage with his mother, a widow, who commanded much respect for her piety and capabilities in that small town.

"What! you seem to have changed in a wonderful manner, after having gone and stayed for two years in a city like Madras! Surely you did not entertain such radical ideas when you were here and also at Sholapalli for your B. A. course. Do you really dare to ask my permission to marry a girl from a different caste? Ah! strange! strange!"

"Mother, what is the harm in it? It will be a good thing if intermarriages between different sub-sects take place. Then and



MRS. L. R. ZUTSHI.

7th Dictator of the Punjab War Council, who has been put into prison for six months.

Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

then only will there be a better understanding and friendly relationship between different castes. I shall be a gainer in many respects."

"Indeed, in what ways?"

"So far as I know I don't think there is any girl among our relatives equal to the one whom I have in view, for beauty and worth."

"So, for the sake of beauty and worth, you want to boycott our caste girls? Surely that is very unfair of you".

Balakrishna was silent for a few minutes and then said: "If at all I marry, I shall marry no other girl, but her."

"I am really very sorry to note that you have become very stubborn. You have no respect for your mother's advice. It is really very strange."

"I shall marry no other girl, mother."

"Well, my boy, you are quite young and inexperienced although you have passed your M. A. Don't marry a girl from a different caste, but like a good boy marry the one whom I shall select for you. Then you will be perfectly happy".

"I am sorry, mother. I cannot please you in this respect. I have been longing to marry her for the last two long years."

The old mother saw that it was an impossible affair to change his views; yet asked him to consider the question for some days, or even for some months.

"Mother, if our limited and backward community wants to make any progress, we should first have liberal views on our social customs. Then and then only can we hope for any tangible progress."

"I cannot, nor do I care to, understand your wonderful arguments. You are sufficiently grown up to know whether a marriage from a different caste is good or bad. Anyhow, you seem to be mad after that girl. Perhaps, she has thrown some spell over you. Therefore, you can have your own way. But I say, I shall not attend the marriage. If I do, I shall lose my status in our community and also among our relatives."

Balakrishna requested his mother to think over the affair for a month; but even after a month she never changed her views. So, he began to prepare for his marriage. Padmavathi's father was exceedingly unwilling, though he knew that he would not be happy at home with his daughter, if he went against her wish. Now she was really happy and hoped that the marriage would take place without any delay.

At last, it took place. Balakrishna was very glad at having won the girl whom he had loved for two long years. But his mother did not care to grace the occasion with her presence.



Srimathi URMILA DEVI SASTRI.
Captain of the Lady Satyagrahi Volunteers, who has been
imprisoned for six months.
Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Now, his anxiety was to secure a decent appointment. He tried in many places for a lectureship in a College, but there was some difficulty in obtaining one that suited him. Poor man! He found his position a bit awkward. While he was in such an anxious state of mind, his wife's maternal uncle, Rao Bahadur V. Parthasarathy, a pleader, a big landlord and the Chairman of the Pandasapuram Municipality, came to his help. He liked Balakrishna for his liberal views on social reforms. He was a man of much influence with many high European officials. Having come to know that there were vacancies in one of the leading Banks of the Presidency in the officers' grade, he wrote a commendation to the Managing Director, who was his personal friend and who was much obliged to him.

The gentleman in question, in his interview with Balakrishna, was impressed by his personality and said: "Certainly, I shall do what lies in my power. You are being recommended by my good old friend, who worked with me at Vizagapatam".

After two months, Balakrishna was appointed a probationary Assistant Manager in the Junior Scale, with prospects of being confirmed after six months on a higher pay. This really happened, and the work during his probationary period was much appreciated. He was likely to become an efficient officer. His envious relatives, who had once condemned him, were now good and kind to him. His style of living became considerably more comfortable than that which he had enjoyed under his paternal roof. He rented a decent upstairs house. Elegant furniture and artistic pictures adorned it. He purchased a gramophone, a camera, a pair of binoculars and a violin to amuse himself with in his leisure hours. He formed a small library in his house to delight him on any holiday. A motor cycle with a side-car enabled him to take his wife out for a drive on some evenings; life to him was a real joy. The quality of food, which he ate, was decidedly superior to that which he had had in his mother's house. So materially even, there could be no regret for his having married a girl from a different caste. On the other hand, his luck had advanced with his marriage.

Balakrishna was happy with his wife. The work in his office was not much of a strain on him and so he found time to read books. His mother had no other option than to come and live with him in his house and that in a new district. The high standard of comfort there made the cunning old lady regard her son with a certain amount of respect and love, in spite of his marriage. But she did not like what she called his extravagance. She would have been perfectly pleased, if he had placed the amount spent in luxuries in a bank, which would pay a good rate of interest, or invested it in some landed property which would supply his household with rice and other necessities of life. She even went so far as to gently ad-

vise him to curtail all such expenses, but her son with his modern education and modern notions on life maintained perfect silence, for he was a firm believer that silence was golden in some cases. So, she came to understand that he was rather anxious to make his wife happy by supplying her with all sorts of comforts. At the same time, her own adequate allowance and all the desirable comforts in her old age made her greatly thankful for her good fortune. The gentle business-like relationship between the old-fashioned mother-in-law and a modern girl like Padmavathi was much appreciated by many people. Even Balakrishna's relatives, his worst critics, had to admire it. Just to please the old mother-in-law, Padmavathi now and then did some domestic work much against her inclination. She found greater happiness in reading books than in looking after the house.

One fine afternoon a small event happened which was a source of great joy to all the members in the house and particularly to Padmavathi. As usual, she was absorbed in reading one sultry afternoon in her drawing room, when suddenly she found her friend, Sarada Bai, near her. "Hullo! Sarada, how is it you have come here in this hot sun?"

"Oh, just to have a small chat with you. I am sorry I have disturbed your reading."

"Oh, that does not matter."

They both amused themselves with some conversation and at last Sarada Bai said to her friend, "A lottery is going to take place in Madras just to get some money for repairing an important temple there. So some people have organised a sweep in order to collect at least a lakh of rupees. Out of that lakh they have allotted Rs. 50,000/- for a number of prizes and the balance will be utilised in repairing the temple. The first prize is Rs. 10,000/-, the second Rs. 5,000/-, the third Rs. 2,500/-, the fourth Rs. 1,000/-, and so on. On the whole there are about one thousand prizes, so that one out of every hundred that compete may have a prize. The cost of each ticket is one rupee. Will you buy two tickets? After all, they cost Rs. 2/- only. If you get any prize, it is well, and good. Otherwise, please think that you have contributed two rupees for repairing the temple."

"Certainly, I shall take the number of tickets you want me to purchase. But I doubt whether I shall get any prize at all. However, it is for a good purpose that I spend the money."

Six months passed. Sarada Bai came to Padmavathi at an unusual hour one morning with an extraordinarily cheerful look. Padmavathi was lounging in an easy chair, fondling her small daughter. "Hullo! I have exceeding good news to tell you."

"Pray, what?"

"Please guess"

"Any prize in the lottery? By this time, the results must have been announced."

"Do you expect any prize?"

"Please tell me if I have got any?"

"Yes. You get one."

"Of what value?"

"Kindly guess."

"Two rupees, eh?"

"No, more than that."

"Four rupees?"

"More than that."

"Perhaps ten rupees."

"Still more."

"Perhaps a hundred rupees."

"Still more, madam."

"Please tell me."

"Now I shall tell you. You get the first prize of Rs. 10,000."

"Oh! then I must thank my lucky stars. God has been kind to me."

By nature Padmavathi was not of an excitable temperament and hence she took her good luck very coolly. She went to her husband. As soon as he heard the happy news, he went to his mother and said: "Mother, your daughter-in-law won the first prize of Rs. 10,000 in the lottery of which she must have told you some months ago." The good old lady was mightily pleased and said: "When did she come to know and through whom?"

"Her friend, Mrs. Sarada Bai, has come to tell her this happy news. You may go and see her. She is in that room."

Now, Padmavathi, is the happy possessor of Rs. 10,000 and her mother-in-law is lavishing still more affection on her. When she received the cheque for that amount from the temple authorities, her mother-in-law advised her son, saying: "Balakrishna, by the kind grace of the Almighty, your wife has won the grand sum of ten thousand rupees, and so as a thank-offering to Him, please ask her to give at least Rs. 350 towards the local temple charities. That is not much out of the big amount. I am sure she will willingly do it."

Accordingly, the next week, the local temple authorities were in receipt of a cheque for Rs. 350, with a letter requesting them to spend it on some charitable purpose.

N. VENKATAPATHY.

IN MAN'S REALM.

WOMAN WISHES TO BE MAN.

"I wish I were a man" laments a Modern Girl, in one of our daily papers. Why? It is an interesting question to consider. She admits that, compared with her sisters of a generation ago, modern girls do have a good time.

"We go out with our men friends quite freely; we smoke, a great boon this; we ride pillion; we play tennis and games as they should be played; we swim in sensible costume; and our skirts are still short."

But then, there are differences. There is the financial difficulty.

Woman, financially speaking, is still the inferior sex. As a girl she still usually gets less pocket money than her brother. In business, she gets less pay as a rule than a man, even though doing the same job. As a wife, well, she remains dependent upon her husband who controls the purse strings just as he did in the bad old days.

This financial inferiority is a great handicap. It means, for instance, that although I ride pillion, it's great fun,—it is always some man's bike, for I cannot afford to buy one."

Then, there is the fact that, men still get the plums in business.

"In the business world men more easily get the 'plums'. No matter how well-equipped we may be for the job, we are passed over by a man who is only our equal, because of our sex. Often, indeed, 'plums' go to men who are our inferiors in ability.

As for the wife—well, the bride may not promise 'to obey' nowadays, but anyone with half-an-eye can see that the husband still rules the roost.

The husband has more freedom to go wherever he likes. He is never tied by motherhood. He sees far more of life. At a dance he can choose a succession of attractive partners. His wife must wait to be asked—and if she has lost her attractions——."

One is glad to think that some of the matters she speaks about are not yet rife among our Indians. I do hope, they will not be so, quite as in the West, though I admit that we do need larger thought and more scope, as mentioned by our *Modern girl*. After all, there need not be such antagonism between man and woman. Man is man, woman is woman. Each sex has its own special duties and privileges; but that does not mean that each should arrogate rights in the sphere, which is general to both. In India, of course, the arrogation is much more on the man's side. It is time for Indian

women to assert their superiority, but let them not forget they are women of India, where woman can rule more by charm and personality and womanliness, than by undue assertion and assumed manliness.

After all, men are physically superior to women. There can be no denying that fact. Mentally also, I think, they are the stronger.

Such differences of course, are due to Nature, though it must be admitted that men are greatly responsible for certain 'inferiorities' of women. In some cases, their chivalry is really a confession of weakness.

Women therefore can triumph if they like; but they can do it better in their womanly way.

But what does Man say about it?

AN "ONLOOKER".

FRIENDLY CHATS.

II

"HOME TRUTHS FROM THE EPICS."

There is neither Guru nor relation for the man whose only object is to amass money. There is neither joy nor sorrow for the educated man. There is no shame for a voluptuary, and there is no taste for a hungry man.

To lose a wife, to abuse good people, to pay part of a loan, to serve a man of low breed, to visit a relation when down with penury, are matters which burn the body without fire.

Bad men, gold, bad women, rebellious horses, sugar cane, gingelly seeds, are all of the same class, and they are to be whipped or beaten to extract good from them.

Sage Gargya is of opinion that one should go on an errand early in the morning. Sage Brihaspathi prescribes that good omens should be looked for before undertaking any business. Mandavya lays down that the only criterion for success is mental earnestness, while Sage Janardhana recommends any time of the day for a Brahman to go out to achieve an object.

There is sorrow in amassing wealth, and there is equal sorrow in trying to store up the amassed wealth. Sorrow is not abated, when wealth is either spent or used for the sake of existence. What is the use of wealth which breeds eternal sorrow?

Neither Brahma nor Vishnu, nor Siva, nor even the Devas can alter the decrees of fate. Such being the case, nothing can be achieved by a mere man.

Ghee promotes intellect, milk increases the age, food promotes diseases, and flesh breeds flesh

Joy, courage, intellect, strength, superhuman powers, and obliging manners are present among those who are blessed by the angels.

A discontented Brahman, a contended Kshatriya, a modest prostitute, and an immodest family-woman are the worst people on earth, and should be avoided by the wise.

The Vedas are the most important for the Brahman, the wife for a house, seeds for agriculture, and wealth for the world.

Even Indra will lose his lustre if he besmears the body with sandal paste kept in stone, if he eats the food touched by a cat, if he sees his shadow in water, and if he looks upon others with disdain.

The dust raised by a goat, an ass, a broomstick, and women, if it falls on a person, will cost him his wealth.

There is no famine for a man who works in the fields; there is no sin for a person who does penance; there is no quarrel for a man who does not talk; and there is no fear for one who does not sleep.

One good son is far better than a hundred bad sons, just as the moon is far better than a hundred stars.

The real great men are those who use sound arguments on topical subjects, who do good work according to their abilities, and who get anger in accordance with their capacities.

One must go five feet away from a cart, ten feet away from a horse, a hundred feet away from an elephant, and several miles away from a bad man.

N. RAMABHADRAN.

SNAPS AT SOCIETY.

THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY.

FROM all sides we hear the following dictum and we know it is true,—if India is to grow and to advance in nationality and power, she must cultivate esprit-de-corps. And yet, how difficult is this process in a land like ours, a land of different races, creeds and customs.

The Indian Christian Community is a body needing special attention in the growth of India. Politically it is, no doubt, receiving consideration; and it is flattering to see that lately it has been receiving much credit for its tolerant and advanced views, but it still naturally feels itself in a very invidious position. In the first

place, it stands as a buffer between the meeting of the East and the West in India; in the second place, being in such a position, it stands to reason that it must necessarily be in a much more transitory state than are other communities in India. It is not fish, flesh, or fowl. Sad and hard indeed is such a position; and yet how glorious can we make its fruition; working it into a state of growth, not of retrogression, of ardent reaching-forward, not of vain harking-back; giving it an opportunity for progress in ideality and spirituality, instead of in mere materialism; affording it a chance to push forward, not from pride or conceit, but from the force of personality, into the very front of the advancing armies of India, as one of the guiding stars of her destiny!

What an ideal would this be, and yet how far are some of us, Indian Christians, from it! Instead of advancing, how many of us feel that we are in a state of stagnation! How often do we feel that our society is hardening into a crystal, which feels itself complete and yet, alas, is but a rigid fixity!

The world, we know is made up of atoms; a nation is a medley of races; a community is formed of individuals. Where, in the Indian Christian community, one is inclined to ask, is there community of individuals? I suppose this is true all the world over. Fault-finding and spite, back-biting and scandal, malice and envy, are obtainable everywhere; but there is no use, as we all know, of being afraid of them. Let us not be afraid to criticise kindly; for it behoves each one of us to find out what is wrong with ourselves, instead of being phlegmatically self-satisfied. Let us then try to discover, generously and tolerantly, what some of us, at least, think is wrong with the Indian Christian body in India.

The other evening, as the golden glow of sunset was giving place to the soft grey of twilight, I sat looking around me. On all sides of me rose beautiful trees—, wonderful masses of foliage, shading into marvellous tints of green, so like and yet so unlike each other; here a tender blue-green, there a deep emerald, purple-green; yellow-green. Each merged into the other and formed a noble whole, as it were. But, in the forefront stood a few lonely isolated trees, bravely flaunting their foliage, yet all alone in their glory. How like the people in every community, I thought, some touching each other, and others far from each other, so like, yet so different, some of them merely ships that pass by each other in the night, lonely figures, standing far away and indifferent. The words of the sacred song came to me!

"When the mists have rolled in splendour
From the beauty of the hills;
And the sunlight falls in gladness
On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise

In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away."

Why is it that there is sometimes so little real friendliness in an Indian Christian community? If a family or individual happens to be advanced in thought and tolerance,—not in material prosperity, for then there is plenty of friendliness,—why is it that that unit is more or less kept apart? Such a personality—collectively or individually—finds it far easier to make friends with Hindus or Europeans than with its own Christians. Is it a case of the "ninety and nine just persons,

"That safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
And the one that was out in the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold?"

"Look at them", some critics say. "They are not like us. They are careless of conventions. They give too much freedom to their children, especially their girls." Or again, "They are more in touch with Hindus than with us. They care nothing for their own Christians, or the Christian teaching. They compromise too much. They do not speak about Christ to others; they make no profession of religion." Or still again, "They are too *Swaraj* and too *Swadeshi*. And their dress is too Indian and therefore not smart. They do not keep up appearances at all."

"He is a true Christian,"—I have heard people say about a man, whom I would otherwise have dubbed smug, pushing, overbearing, conceited and priggish. "What is it to be a true Christian?" I asked. The answer was rather evasive. "He goes to Church, he talks of Christianity; he gives beautiful moral lectures; he helps in religious meetings, he never drinks or gambles, he is a member of committees, he gives large subscriptions." Very good indeed! An amazing array of virtues, common to many Indian Christians. But can we not add: "He is kind to his inferiors and servants, not merely because he feels himself superior to them, but because he knows they also are his brothers in humanity; he is charitable, not only from a sense of virtue or a desire for popularity but also from a spirit of true sympathy; he is courteous to his opponents, not only from a dutiful forgiving spirit, but also from gentle and generous tolerance; he is meek and humble, not only because he thinks that that is a correct attitude, but because he really and honestly feels himself less than others; he never lets others down, not only because he is afraid of public opinion, but because he is honorable and honest; he is so truly Christian that he does not mind fellowship in society, even marriage, with people of lower birth, position and caste, than himself; he is a man who really loves his neighbour as himself; who would do unto others, as he would that others should do unto

him; who is as ready to find fault with himself as with others." But, where in the world can we get such perfection? If we did, we would be in the golden age! I was so ashamed to read in a religious paper the other day the sad dictum that Christianity had been able to do little to stem the growing evil of the world. In fact, the evil was becoming more rampant, in spite of the advance of Christianity. I felt that the rebuke was a deserved one. How many sins and weaknesses indeed, are now-a-days hidden under the cloak of Christianity? How many times have we heard the vain assertain made, "I am a Christian and so ought not to be suspected of sin. I am a Christian, and so must be considered more than others."

Alas and alas! And how few of us have the moral courage to point the finger of blame, where it is most required? One minute, we criticise with malice and spite a person because he or she takes no notice of us. The next minute we are ready to lick that person's hand, if he or she gives us a smile, or a kind word, or a pat on the back. Thus, do we make our own self the centre of everything.

"I do not care what he or she does," one says. "They are kind to me, in spite of my position or colour. That is all I want"

Sometimes, no doubt, the want of friendliness is due to individual personality, a stand-offishness and reserve which repels friendship; an impatience and a looking-down on others, because these others are not advanced enough or quick enough; a subtle patronage instinctively felt and resented. Perhaps, the fault is on both sides; it is quite possible. There must be a give and take, we all know, in true friendship. How long can one side go on, reaching out vain hands of appeal, which are not clasped in a responsive grasp? Resentment and intolerance, pride and sensitiveness, keep off with wide-spread arms and held-aloo skirts. And yet, Christ said, "Ye are all gods." We have all been made in the image of God, and therefore, in the same mould. May the good, therefore, come out and the evil disappear in us, is our prayer.

"SOOT-SWEET."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) THE LION AND THE GOAT.

ONCE, there lived a lion and it ruled the forest, not only because it was a lion by birth, but also because it had become kingly by breeding. Only one thing was wanting and the fox came and supplied it, by becoming the lion's minister.

One day, the king of the neighbouring land went to the forest to hunt. He went first with brave bow and winged arrows, and his party of huntsmen and hounds and elephants followed. The first animal that the king met in the forest was no other than the lion itself. It was a terrible event, for their eyes clashed as those of equal kings. Never had the king of the land dreamed of encountering such fierce majesty. His arrows went wrong and his proud bow almost froze in his hand. Therefore, the king of the land suddenly turned and off he went, seeking safety.

But the lion did not turn or even stir. There it stood, eyeing the vanishing figure and when it had completely vanished the lion began to think all the world of itself. On returning to its den, it called its minister and said, "O minister of the King, did you hear how the two-legged ruler of the, neighbouring land flew from me this day? When he came to the forest this morning, we looked at him, nor meant to harm him, but he took a mountain of fright and flew, and all his men, elephants and hounds turned and flew. We stood there, brave as ourselves, seeing them fly. Therefore, we are not only the king, but also the conqueror of a king. Do you hear? Therefore, from this day—"

"What is your Majesty pleased to want from this day?" interrupted minister fox, not a little anxious for its own safety.

"Stand and hear," commanded the lion. "Therefore, from this day we do not propose to go forth and kill any animal for our food."

"Your Gracious Majesty!" ejaculated the fox.

"Stand and hear," thundered the lion. "Therefore, from this day our subject animals must come to 'Your Gracious Majesty' to be killed, instead of being stolen or run after and killed. Did you hear, O minister of His Majesty? Go forth and proclaim our edict."

And minister fox gave a yawn, but as it itself was safe and also loved its master to some extent it went forth and made the proclamation to the assembled beasts, while the poor creatures hung their doomed heads in terror.

One day, it was the elephant's turn to have the fatal audience with the forest king. What could the elephant do but go? A little goat, with nothing to boast of but a lonely piece of beard, happening to meet the elephant, asked where it was going so dejectedly.

"Fool!" exclaimed the impish goat. "Why do you go to die? Hear and you shall be saved."

Of course, the elephant heard.

"Lie down here like one dead and be careful how you hold your breath, and I can save you," insisted the goat, warming into the adventure.

The elephant lay down as if dead, with outstretched limbs.

The little goat, with more daring than body, mounted the elephant and sat there, now and then giving a shake to the lonely little beard jutting forth from its chin.

In the royal den, king lion and minister fox were exchanging impatient words.

"Why has not the elephant come yet?" asked the lion.

"Why has not the elephant come yet?" answered minister fox.

"Should not the elephant have been here by this time?" demanded the king angrily.

"Should not the elephant have been here, when already the hour of your Majesty's dinner is past?" said the fox meekly in appropriate court manner.

"And should not indeed his Majesty know what has happened to the elephant, so that it has not come?" nearly roared the lion.

"Should not indeed his Majesty know what has happened to the elephant, so that it has not come?" added minister fox, trying to improve its already perfect court manner.

It thus happened that the lion set out in search of the elephant. In fear and in respect, the little trees in the thickets waved to and fro, as the lion went, and seeing them wave the hero goat told itself, "Now the scoundrel is coming and I have a little need of heart."

And, when king lion came within hearing, the goat reared its head, taking care to make its beard assist. Then it spake and said, of course to itself, "Whatever has happened to me to-day! Why have I eaten only four elephants and four lions to-day? Of course, there is the fifth elephant under me, but where, my ears, am I to find the fifth lion to eat? Is the forest exhausted? Is there not at least one more shaggy lion left to fulfil my vow?" And the little eyes glared, as if they were searching every recess around.

It was an altogether uncanny event, and a superstitious dread seized the lion by its soul, making it fly for its safety. Many kings had done like that before, including the ruler of the neighbouring land, and the lion was not ashamed.

Minister fox met the breathless king at the entrance to the den.

"Whatever has happened to your Majesty?" enquired the courtier with a real upheaval of concern in its voice.

And the lion enlarged on the story of its fright with more gestures than words, for many of them were drowned in its heaving throat. The end was immaculately distinct. Never had the lion seen such a tremendous goat in all its sovereignty.

"Beg your pardon," said the fox coaxingly, now thoroughly ashamed for its sire, "Your Majesty, was not your Majesty, a little less than brave to be so frightened by a goat? Kindly come with me and I can 'show' your Majesty."

"That'll ne'er do," interposed the lion still visibly shivering, and more shivering now on account of its minister's impossible proposal. But minister fox pressed its suit earnestly and moreover, for proof that it would never forsake its king in the face of danger, the good minister allowed one hind leg to be securely tied to a foreleg of its lord's. There was a trustworthy length of rope to afford the evidence.

Thus the lion and the fox, become inseparable by linked fear and faithfulness, moved forth, master following servant at the far point of the assuring rope. And at last the queer combination reached the critical spot, where the un-defeatable goat was still enthroned on high.

Seeing the two coming, which it did not understand, nor in fact care very much to understand, as it had no doubt as to what it should do, the sweet creature raised its head even higher than before, and began its terrifying monologue.

"Wherever, my beard, am I to find the fifth....."

How did it end? The lion knew well enough how it would. What if the fox did not know?

And it turned tail exactly at that dreadful word, 'the fifth' and flew for dear life.

And minister fox securely tied to loyalty went rolling after the lion over thicket and rock.

Thus it was that king man and king beast fled from the throne, for wanting courage to ascend it.

N. K. V.

(2) THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE.

The battle was o'er, the dead lay still,
Weeping arose o'er the silent hill,
Mothers cried out, sisters fainted,
As with blood they saw the fallen painted.
Yet one stood still; at heaven she gazed
As a brave young body from earth was raised;
Then crying aloud "Lord take me too"
She stabbed herself and with him she flew.

N. FONSECA.

(3) THE CAT AND THE VERMIN.

TABBY was a fine Persian puss. She was white, and had the loveliest fluffy coat ever possessed by a cat. For many years she

had lived in a cellar, her chief occupation having been the killing of vermin. One day, however, as she sat washing her beautiful, white coat, she began to think it was time she retired, as she was really becoming bored with killing rats and other such odious creatures. She knew of a gorgeous house some distance away, where, she felt sure, no such vile animals could live. Having made up her mind, she set off thither. Passing down a long lane, a Libella flashed past her, which was certainly an insect of paramount beauty, but puss preferred her own white coat to the scarlet garb of the Dragon Fly. It was a lovely fine morning, and the cat thoroughly enjoyed her long walk. It was noon when she arrived at the mansion. Without hesitation, she climbed the steps to the front entrance hall and there sat herself down. Tabby had been there about five minutes when the children of the owner of the mansion returned from their morning ride upon their charming little ponies "What a dear pussy!" cried the younger of the two children, and dashed off into the room where her mother sat. "Come and see the loveliest pussy on earth!" she cried. Soon the lady of the house came out to view mistress Tabby. A short conversation ensued, with the result that puss found the best home in the country.

Moral: If you live in the cellar of your life, rather than in the palaces of your spirit, it is entirely your own fault

HERBERT PORTER.

(4) CUPID AND THE SCIENTIST.

CUPID, the little winged son of Mercury and Venus, sat, as he was wont to do, in a sylvan bower, listening to the song of the birds, and watching the lovely, lazy, white clouds floating calmly in etheric seas of blue. Along that wooded walk, came a dour and flint-hearted old scientist, who was always philosophizing and collecting logical conclusions in his mental store-house. To this great man, everything that was to be believed and added to his mighty repository of Facts, must be definitely and mathematically demonstrated. The love-god laughed and chuckled as he saw the scientist approach. He took an arrow from his quiver and shot it straight at the hard heart of the scientist. Though aimed with perfect judgment and delivered with great force, it could not penetrate the flinty heart of the old mathematician: the arrowpoint was blunted and the love missile fell to the earth. The scientist passed on his way, not having felt even the slightest discomfort or pain. Later, this proud, cold man fell ill, and it was discovered that, as his heart had never felt an emotion for many years, by that very lack of the function for which it stood in the emotional body, a peculiar disease had set in, and that organ had begun to solidify. Like Niobe, it was actually turning to stone.

Moral: Where love comes not,
Flint claims that spot.

HERBERT PORTER.

(5) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Out-door games are very necessary for the physical growth of all human beings, and I hope therefore that all of you, take as much exercise as you possibly can and do not lose a single opportunity of being out in the fresh air, and enjoying yourselves. Most children are naturally fond of games, and they do not need to be told twice to leave their books, and have some recreation; but there are a few, who insist on studying all the time, even when they are only 11 or 12 years old, and who will not take any exercise.

Once you create a liking for games, you will always crave for them, and there is no healthier tonic for the mind than a sincere love of out-door exercise. Play, play, play as much as you can, for youth will never return, once it creeps into middle age. Do not worry your heads about examinations and studies; but, at the same time, remember that you have to study as well, and that you must do brilliantly in school, and that you should try and be the first in your class, if possible. You will find that you will be able to study better, if you play games. The secret about studying is that, when you *do* work, you must concentrate. Then, after you have done some real solid work, without allowing your mind to wander, throw aside your books and go out and have some fun.

Most schools in India, today, have large playgrounds, where basket-ball, tennis and badminton, and for boys, hockey and cricket, can be played. Try and have a game every evening before you return home. The sight, which usually meets one's eyes, between 4 and 5 P. M. in the neighbourhood of a school, is that of shoals and shoals of children returning home immediately after the last class, and just a select few staying behind to play. Why cannot all of you stay on an hour for recreation? Do not miss the opportunity that is afforded to you; but start playing games when you are still young, and you will do yourselves good. You will be of great use to India, because you will become strong and robust, and will therefore help to make the physical strength of our country more powerful than it is today.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

LET'S GAMBLE!

"Women are born gamblers"—I have heard it said. It is, of course, open to question whether women are more addicted to this

particular vice than the so-called stronger sex. For myself, after visiting a place recently where many forms of gambling were going on in a mild way, and watching the large and varied crowd, all for the moment paying homage to the god of Chance, I came to the conclusion that gambling has an attraction that is apparently universal.

The place in question was a race-course, but apart from the usual betting on the horses, there were small booths and tables where those who wished could speculate in a dozen different ways, wagering their money on the turn of a wheel, the spinning of a disc and the gyrations of fascinating little brightly-coloured balls. Every table had its patrons and any and every one of these groups was in itself an interesting study.

There were old men, hard-bitten experts at the game, who were quietly placing their bets here and there, may-be winning—but if not, then losing just as much as they could afford, and then moving away. Young men, obviously "on the spree" with pockets full of money, scattered it on the tables haphazard, laughing when they won, laughing when they lost, and always throwing on more.

Numbers of women were around the tables—some of them elderly ladies, playing very cautiously and pausing awhile between each bet, some looking very serious about it all, others with an aloof sort of air, as if this gambling were just part and parcel of their visit to the place. There were younger women gambling excitedly, passing swift comments one to another on the stakes and their losses and gains, some giggling a trifle self-consciously, and all the while the man in charge calling out ceaselessly and monotonously stakes and results, to the accompaniment of the clinking of coins.

I have never visited Monte Carlo, only read of the lure of its Casino; but even at this place, in the open air and bright sunshine, the fascination was there and held the entire interest of all and sundry.

When the ringing of a bell warned us the horses were being led out for their race, my friends and I left the tables almost reluctantly, although we had bets on the horses too, and pushed forward with the throng to watch the next event. What glorious creatures they are, so slim and sleek. "They're off!" What a thrill to see them, hear them, almost feel them straining forward with every ounce of endeavour—the tense excitement to watch our own favourite gaining, gaining—and what matter whether he won or not, we had the glorious thrill just the same!

Some of us had "winnings" to collect. The crowd moved off to the tables to amuse themselves pending the next race, for which the bookmakers' hoarse voices had already commenced calling their offers.

The most striking thing of all was that, apart from the enjoyment of watching the race, everyone was thoroughly enjoying the gambling, whether losing or winning. It is a pleasure and excitement, quite unlike anything else. I suppose we all hoped when we counted out our cash that perhaps we might win a lot more, but we didn't feel bad about it when we found we had not done so.

There are exceptions, of course. I saw one such case. There was a real old trickster with three thimbles on a board and a tiny shrivelled nut underneath one of them. He was taking bets with the onlookers as to which of the three thimbles covered the nut, and twisting them round dexterously so as to confuse. A couple of yards away, the opinion was being freely expressed that he was conjuring and not playing fair. Several people betted him one pound and failed to find the nut, and finally one very poor-looking youth who had been watching intently, bet four pounds, and lost. He went quite pale when he realised how far his enthusiasm had carried him and that he had lost his money, and I felt quite sure he could ill afford it.

On the whole, however, the gamblers lost, or won, their money very light-heartedly. It was for them a legitimate pleasure, with a very particular and peculiar thrill for which they willingly paid. Taken as such, it is surely not harmful. There is no doubt that in its extreme forms, gambling is a real vice, and has been the cause of fortunes, and even lives being lost; but then extremes are generally to be avoided. Certainly our somewhat depleted fortunes were not tragic when we left the races, on the contrary we had thoroughly enjoyed our little flutter at gambling. It had been a novel experience and a pleasant pastime.

MABEL BYE.

NOTE.—What do our readers say about this debatable question?

—EDITOR, *I. L. M.*

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

1. I lately came across a letter on "Hygiene in the tropics," by a doctor lady. In it, she talks of the outfit which visitors to India from foreign countries should adopt. Some of her suggestions can well apply to us, especially in the matter of underclothing. She says that silks are delightful wear for the Indian winter, but not comfortable in the summer, when cotton clothes will give more comfort. With regard to the latter of course, there should be a large supply; under-clothing in the Indian summer has to be changed sometimes three times during the day. Of course, if

careful washing and drying is done at home, comfort can still be attained even with a small supply.

The doctor mentions that exquisite embroidered underclothing can be had cheaply and beautifully in India. With regard to this I would advise that embroidery well-done, even though very slight, is better than flimsy stitching or cheap lace garniture. It is better to have the plainest of underclothing than flimsy embroideries and laces. Only, it must be soft and comfortable and durable and easy to wash, without being needed constantly to unpick and re-stitch, which means waste of precious time. And I strongly recommend that the habit should not be indulged in, as it sometimes is among some of our ladies, of exhibiting straps and strips of pretty underclothing under very thin blouses. The effect to me, though pretty, looks cheap and showy.

Sometimes, of course, warm clothing is necessary. "Prevention is better than cure," in spite of being thought needlessly fussy.

As regards safe-guarding against the sun, the lady doctor advises carefulness instead of fool-hardy exposure. I have often noticed Indian girls going about with bare heads in the hottest sun, because they are afraid of being thought over-delicate. *Topees*, of course, are not to be thought of with our Sarees, except when absolutely necessary on 'Shikari' or other excursions. But, what about umbrellas? It must not be forgotten that "every day is not Sunday". If exposure to the sun does not do harm on one day, it might do on another. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that some of our women go too far the other way, and are too afraid of the sun even after 5 P. M. There is no doubt that the fear of being sun-burnt comes in, in a country where degrees of colour are so important; but it must not be forgotten that a too delicate complexion is not pleasant. Exposure to the sun sometimes is wholesome.

2. I read that one of the latest fashions in colour is gold mixed with brown. I think this is a scheme, which will specially suit the pale ivory-brown Indian complexion, especially with the profusion of gold jewellery used here. I love a maize and gold mixture. Here is a pretty costume. A blouse of brown lace over thin gold silk and a brown silk skirt can go under a gold-coloured Sari, edged with a narrow gold Indian woven border, or an embroidered trimming of bronze beads and silk and spangles. Over this, a waist-belt of gold can be worn, and a gold and topaz necklace, and gold and topaz bangles; gold or red flowers in the hair, and golden-brown sandals for the feet, will complete the costume.

SISTER SUSIE.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE GRAND-MOTHER.

IT was a Sunday morning, and the grand-mother of a large household, sat on her favourite chair in the verandah of a spacious house and looked out into the garden. She sat silently thinking for a time, and then, a poor woman, dressed in clean but simple clothes, walked up the stairs that led to the verandah and sat down beside the old lady on the floor. The latter seemed to be pleased to see her visitor, and at once, an amicable conversation began, in which it was made clear to me, that the caller was an old friend of the family, and a woman who through her own ability had fought against poverty and become the head mistress of a poor school. The woman praised the old lady to whom she was talking and asked after all the family news, and the grand-mother, smiling under the flattery that was being given so freely to her, sunned herself in the humble presence of the woman sitting at her feet and related various anecdotes and humorous stories, over which both laughed heartily. In the middle of the visit, a beggar came tottering into the compound, and the old lady at once went inside, and after rummaging in an old drawer, produced a copper piece, which the beggar took and vanished. Then, a blind old man, a servant who could no longer work, walked on to the verandah, and took his seat in a remote corner, awaiting the meal that would surely be served to him by the charitable lady of the house, and after him came another beggar, who waited in the compound, for it was Sunday, and he was a special beggar, and was entitled to a meal on that auspicious day of the week. Then the head-mistress arose, and took her leave, receiving a kindly farewell, almost a blessing from the old lady, and one of the very small grand-children, thinking it was time to go to his granny, tottered up to the chair smiling, and cuddled into her.

Yes, her life had almost come to an end, and she was doing that which was possible for her to do, before she finally left the world. She fed the poor, talked to the meek, and lived in the happiness of the young ones all round her.

PUNKAJAM.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE GUEST ROOM.

"I always have a guest room quite ready for any one who may happen to drop in," I heard one house-wife say to another.

"People suddenly come sometimes to stay a day or two, and it is so awkward if we have nothing ready, and have to clean and prepare a room for them at the last minute." "Yes," answered the other housewife, "I also am like you. I have a spare room ready, and when I invite my friends to stay with us, I say, 'the spare room is always there, and you are welcome at any time.'"

There is nothing like having a room and a bath room set apart for guests, in an Indian house-hold. It is a boon, which not only the house-wife, but also the visitor, appreciates. A guest room should be furnished with necessities, such as a comfortable bed, a spacious wardrobe, one or two clothes-stands, some stiff and two or three comfortable chairs, a toilet table, a large mirror, and a writing table, provided with ink, pad, pencils, pen and letter-paper. Besides these bare necessities, the room should be made to look homely and inviting, by placing a soft carpet on the floor, and curtains to match, for the windows and doors, and a cushion or two on some of the chairs. Also, the room should be made cheerful with flowers, renewed every day during the visitors' stay, and the house-wife should give special instructions to the servants to see that the room is always dusted and cleaned.

PADDY.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER 29. INTESTINAL COLIC.

BY intestinal colic is meant, pain of a paroxysmal character located in the bowel. It is one of the most frequent causes of crying in children. They not only cry loudly, but will *scream suddenly*, and if the colic appears during sleep, they will wake up with a sudden start and cry loudly. While crying, the legs are drawn up or are moved to and fro or up and down. They will also seem to bend the body on itself. If the pain is severe and unrelieved, convulsions may set in.

Causes: The attacks of intestinal colic are generally associated with constipation, hence it is a good plan when the child is restless and crying to see if the bowels have moved. Other digestive disturbances, such as diarrhoea or dysentery, may also give rise to colic. In indigestion, the existence of undigested curds in the bowels gives rise to fermentation and production of gas, resulting in distention of the bowels. Intestinal worms also occasionally cause colic.

The majority of cases of colic are seen in bottle-fed babies. This is due to the milk being too acid or being super-heated. In the latter case, the milk is difficult to digest and results in

intestinal fermentation and colic. Excess of fat in the milk, irregular feeding, too frequent and over-feeding are all common causes. Excess of sugar also produces colic. In these infants sugar must be stopped for a time and saccharine substituted at the rate of 1 grain for 1 pint of feed.

Diagnosis of this condition is easy. There will be generally some digestive disturbance, such as constipation or diarrhoea or green stools to aid the diagnosis. The belly will be resonant. Pain in the ear also gives rise almost to the same kind of screaming and it should be distinguished from colic, by the absence (in the latter) of fever and of redness, swelling and tenderness near the ear. **Treatment** of colic is simple. The quickest method of relieving the colic is to give an enema of soap and water, or better still warm *chamomile tea*¹—one pint—given slowly. In addition to washing the bowel, it is advisable to apply a hot-water bottle (India Rubber) to the belly, or if this is not available, hot *bran poultices*².

By way of medicine, *Woodward's Gripe water*³ is safe, effective and reliable. Children also take it very easily. If treatment is adopted on these lines, in a few minutes the colic ceases, and the distress passes off.

Prevention: 1. Regulate the feeds in respect of their quantity, quality and frequency.

2. Correct any disturbance of digestion in time.
3. See that the feeding bottle is absolutely clean.
4. Keep the child warm with flannel.
5. Administer Woodward's gripe water between feeds.

Foot Note: 1. Chamomile tea. Chamomile is otherwise known as camphor plant. In Tamil it is *Shimeda Pu*, in Telugu *Sime Chamanti pushpam* and the Canarese, *Shima Shavantige*. The dried flowers of this plant are available in the bazaars. Take half an ounce of them and steep in one pint of boiling water for 5 to 10 minutes and then strain. The temperature should be between 100° and 110°, when administered as an enema.

2. Bran Poultice. Rice bran, wheat bran or chamomile flowers, can be used.

3. If Woodward's Gripe water is not ready to hand, an infusion of dill mixed with a little soda or lime water may be used as a substitute. Dill is known as *Satakupi* in Sanskrit, *shatakuppi vittulu* in Telugu, *shatakupi virai* in Tamil and *Chatukuppa* in Malayalam. Three drachms (or three one anna coins weight) of the bruised seeds should be put into half a pint of boiling water, strained and cooled. Dose one dessert spoon sweetened with honey as often as necessary.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

DEAR EDITOR,

Apropos the discussion in our columns about courtship preceding marriage, let me quote the following from a Ceylon paper about the marriage of affection being better than the marriage of love.

"Love itself is the flower of deep affection, budded from admiration, respect, and liking. I personally would stake my all on the marriage of affection, rather than on the marriage of love, in the accepted term.

I have seen so many of the wildly-infatuated young couples, who yearned for each other and were a positive nuisance to their neighbours, and who, when they had married a year or so, had grown sick to death of each other, and quarrelled half the time. You cannot fly at love like that; you cannot wear it to death. It becomes hackneyed, it becomes horrible."

The distinction drawn between Love and Infatuation, in other words, passion, is truly an apt one.

"Infatuation comes swiftly, on an instant. It lasts a while, but it dies as swiftly as it came. I have heard of people falling in love at sight, but I have never yet met anyone who actually experienced it. In my opinion, the phrase which we term *being in love* is too often infatuation.

Infatuation cannot outlive the little trials of to-day. It dies to-morrow.

We should marry for affection, and it will never let us down, but when it comes to the white-hot infatuation, masquerading under the name of love, that is the mistake."

The writer therefore would marry more for honour and respect than for what she calls love:

"I personally, would never dare marry entirely for love. I would marry the man I could respect, and honour, and I think that there would be far fewer unhappy marriages, if most women thought the same and acted up to that standard.

If I did not actually love a man but had the deepest reverence for his ideals and standard, and found his companionship a thing of joy, then I should realise at once that marriage would be likely to be a great success."

Now, what our writer says here is quite true; and it applies very well in India, where love is expected to come after marriage rather than before. But is there not such a thing as Romance in marriage, as different from Passion? Romance may be illusory and dangerous, but I would be sorry to think that romance should

be eliminated from the world. After all, what is romance? It is only the beautiful in human life. A critic of a well-known novel wrote thus:

"Every great writer has a message for his generation and perhaps Short-house's message to his generation and to ours is best summed up in his definition of Romance

"Romance is only human life in the highways and hedges and in the streets and lanes of the city with the ceaseless throbbing of its grieving heart; it is only daily life from the heart; it is only daily life, from the workshop, from the court, from the market, and from the stage; it is only kindness and neighbourhood, and child-life, and the fresh wind of heaven, and the waste of sea and forest and the sunbreak upon the stainless peaks, and contempt of wrong and pain and death, and for the passionate yearning for the face of God, and woman's tears, and woman's self-sacrifice and devotion, and woman's love. It is only the ivory gates falling back at the fairy touch. It is only leaden sky breaking for a moment above the bowed and weary head, revealing the fathomless infinite through the gloom."

He believed in the healing process of nature, in the best that is in the human spirit. 'The Sun is set,' John Inglesant said cheerfully, after the long trials of his life, 'but it will rise again. Let us go home.'"

Now, there is no reason why romantic love should not come after marriage. But I believe in the old adage that certain couples are meant for each other. Two spirits may attune together in the world more than any other. This being so, suppose a man and a woman, happy enough after marriage, but not ecstatically so, should meet their real counterparts later, and wildly crave for comradeship. What will happen then? Of course, you will talk about common-sense and self-control, and sanity and honour and chastity and rectitude. You will say that very often such a craving means the very infatuation we have criticised here. I agree with you that such should be suppressed and conquered; for there is duty in life. But, does not such inhibition mean a loss of personality. Yet, it has to be, for marriage is sacred. If not, it leads to that great evil, divorce and separation, of which it is the cause more than any other.

Why not then, try a little courtship before marriage, to see if there is a chance for romance?

Yours sincerely,

"A DOUBTER".

OUR NEEDLEWORK SUGGESTIONS

PATCHING can be of various kinds. Patches should be of the same texture and pattern as the cloth, in which there is the hole, but should be a little more worn, to prevent straining on the tear. They are usually either square or rectangular; but sometimes correspond to the tear when cut on the bias. The corners have to be carefully squared; and needles and cotton must be carefully chosen. The best way to patch, we are told, is to fix the new bit on the right side, before taking away the old. There are three methods.

For the *counter-hemmed* patch, a piece should be cut much larger than the hole, and should be turned in, all round about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. After being spread out neatly, it should be tacked down and hemmed neatly with close stitches at the corners. Then, the worn part should be cut out on the wrong side and the material hemmed.

The *slip-stitched* patch should be slip-stitched on the right side and is useful in cashmere, merino and silk.

For the *sewn and felled* patch, the material can be creased on the right side at about 2 inches beyond the worn piece. A suitable patch being cut with a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch turning on the wrong side, it should be tacked on and sewn flat. Then the work should be turned, the worn place removed, and a narrow hem sewn on the under-side. Sometimes, a tiny slit must be made at the corners to keep the patch square. Often, the worn portion is cut out before the patch is put on.

The *darned* patch is used, when there are no scraps of material left, for rough fabrics. A patch of as exact a material as possible can be concealed by neat darning. Sometimes, the darning only surrounds the edges, and is used for sheets, towels, etc.

The *Button-hole* patch is useful for very good linen in cases of burning and staining. The edges of patch and hole are worked separately in close button-hole stitch, and then joined on by working from the top of each stitch over the opposite one.

For flannel patching, the herring-bone stitch can be used on both sides, each covering the other.

K. S.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

(SELECTED)

HONEY ROLL.

Ingredients :—For the pastry: 1 egg, 2 tablespoonsful sugar, 5 tablespoonsful honey, self-raising flour.

For the filling: 5 tablespoonsful honey, 2 bars plain chocolate, 6 ozs. shelled walnuts.

Beat the egg and sugar together, mix in the honey, and add flour very gradually to form a stiff dough. Knead, and roll out to a well-shaped oblong.

Prepare the filling as follows: Crush the walnuts fairly small and add to them the finely-grated chocolate. Mix well. Heat the honey very slowly and, when it boils, add to it the nuts and chocolate, and continue boiling, stirring "all the time," until a thick mass is obtained.

Spread this evenly over the dough oblong and leave it to set slightly. Roll up and bake in a moderate oven. To serve, cut-slices and sprinkle each with a little powdered cinnamon.

HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED).

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDHOOD.

1. A neglected cold in a young child may have serious consequences and may lead to Bronchitis and even Pneumonia.

2. Little children should be protected from the infection of colds as much as possible. No adult or other child with a running cold should be allowed in the room where there is a young baby, as the cold is infectious. Babies should not be taken into crowded hot rooms, and then out into the cold night air. They should not be left naked under a fast electric punkah, but should be covered with a light woollen garment or shawl to prevent chills. They should be kept in the open air day and night as much as possible, in order to keep them healthy.

3. If a baby has a cold, it should be protected from chills this, but still kept in the fresh air, as does not hurt children if they are properly clothed.

4. A few drops of disinfectant, such as oil of Eucalyptus, should be sprinkled on its bib, so that it can inhale the vapour constantly. The nose should be cleaned frequently, so that the air passages are kept as free as possible, and the child does not need to breathe through its mouth. Camphorated oil should be rubbed on the chest.

5. A simple cough mixture should be used, and if the cold does not rapidly improve, a doctor should be consulted.

—Health.

POISONING BY ALUMINIUM COOKING UTENSILS

The following are a few observations as a result of experiments with regard to the possibility of Aluminium being poisonous, or probably as not fit, for cooking purposes :—

1. Peeled potatoes, when allowed to stand in an aluminum dish over night, became yellow and when cooked, looked some-what shrivelled and had dark streaks through the inner part of the vegetable.
2. Bread or pie dough when mixed on a sheet of aluminium acquires a grayish colour. The pot becomes darkened when cabbage is boiled in it. Tomatoes, apple sauce, rhubarb, cherries or grapes, etc., will clean an aluminium dish beautifully within five minutes or as soon as they are brought to a boil.
3. Ordinary well water for two hours will look rather milky and cause a dark coating over the inside of an aluminium dish.
4. Lemonade made in one of these dishes had a very bad taste, if allowed to remain standing in the metal for any length of time. Coffee remaining in an aluminium coffee pot has a metallic taste.
5. When you drive your car with an aluminium throttle, your fingers or gloves will become blackened by the metal rubbing off.
6. Whites of eggs will turn green if stirred ten minutes in an aluminium pan.
7. Ordinary foods other than proteins (beans, etc.,) will not adhere to the metal. Cake, pancakes and waffles do not stick to aluminium and the use of butter or oil is not needed. Alum baking powder sprinkled upon an iron utensil will prevent sticking of the dough.
8. Tarnished silverware can be made bright and shiny within a few minutes by putting the ware in an aluminium dish, partly filled with water, with a little bi-carbonate of soda added and bringing to a boil.
9. All bubbles on wild beer will instantly disappear when the beverage is placed in an aluminium dish.
10. When water is boiled in an aluminum dish for one-half hour and placed in a glass can, a light feathery substance can be seen with the naked eye, and precipitation will take place in the bottom of the glass after cooking.

—Health.

CORNS

One of the most troublesome yet neglected inconvenience is corns on the feet.

It is admitted that shoes are the sources of corns on the feet. But really speaking not all shoes, but some shoes, help the growth of corns by continued pressure or friction on any part of the feet. This pressure or friction causes the dead cells to crowd back upon the new ones until a hard mass takes shape on the feet. Therefore in avoiding corns we need not discard all shoes but that class of shoes which put the pressure or cause the friction. In civilized society, where people have to walk on paths not at all comfortable to tread and where the risks of something being stuck under the feet or scratching or cutting the feet are great, it is useless to think that shoes will cause the disappearance of corns on the feet.

When pressure of friction has once been able to create a tough mass, the original pressure must be greater by the thickness of the corn. It then makes the normal working of the nerves underneath absolutely impossible. Pain is the consequent result. The matter may not end there, as more often than not serious troubles are reported as the outcome of an innocent corn.

The point of greatest pressure is the head of the hard mass or the cone which, due to the very same cause that has helped its growth, is directed inwards and is known as the "eye" of the corn. This part is the most sensitive of the whole mass and can be distinguished from the whole mass by its comparative whiteness. It is a matter of common experience that a person can enjoy some relief if and when this 'eye' has been removed.

The most effective way of doing away with corns is the use of shoes that will allow no friction or put no pressure on the affected parts. It is better to cut open the leather over the affected part of the feet than to have the complete shoe and suffer the pain constantly. A shoe of different size and shape from the one used will be of great help.

The next best thing is to soften the corn by soaking it in water and then gently paring off the hard mass with the nails or a knife. To scrape off the corn with a knife or scissors is not always very effective, because the adjacent parts that do not form any part of the corn are scraped off and become hardened by the friction of the leather and the corn grows in size. The writer of the article has found the first process *i.e.*, of soaking the corn and removing it by the nails, very convenient and ultimately successful in removing very troublesome corns.

In shoes with laces, the laces should not be tightened at all, the pleasure of a shoe with loosened lace being enjoyed. After the corn has been pared off, the part ought to be covered with linen or cotton, if possible, to prevent friction. This will certainly retard the growth of the corn and will take longer time before it again becomes painful.

If medication is necessary at all, the prescription of foot specialists should be tried first. One such advice is to paint the corn with salicylic acid collodion, containing salicylic acid (8 parts), extract of cannabis indica (1 part) and flexible collodion (60 parts.) Certainly this a tried remedy, but to have a perfect cure the causes should be removed once for all.

—*Wealth and Welfare.*

NO MORE COLDS.

The cause and cure of the common cold, which sets an average person sniffing and sneezing at least twice a year, is believed to have been discovered by Dr. J. A. Pfeiffer, of the city of Baltimore, in the United States. For years research has been carried on in the endeavour to find and isolate the germ which causes colds. Though sceptics regard the discovery with doubt, Dr. Pfeiffer has carried out extensive experiments, both with human beings and with animals, and gives proof for all his assertions. After isolating the cold germ, he sprayed a culture of it into the noses of healthy humans. In 24 hours they all developed strong nasal colds. A vaccine, made from the germs and injected under their skins, then broke up their colds and cured them in a short time. This looks like nearly conclusive proof that this elusive and disastrous germ has at last been located. It is said that American workmen lose in wages alone two billion dollars a year because of this infection. If a universally successful vaccine can be made, people all over the world can immunize themselves against colds.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

NO MORE NOISE.

How much nerve-strain and inconvenience is caused, especially in city life, by noise! The roar of traffic, the screaming whistles of trains, the clatter of machinery are a detriment to people's health and efficiency. Scientists are now trying to discover some way by which houses, churches, hospitals and offices may be made sound-proof. The aim is to surround the building with a sort of electric girdle that will absorb the vibrations that make the noise, and thus prevent them from going any further or from entering any particular place thus protected. Should this experiment prove successful, the time may come when, by pressing an electric button, a room on the noisiest street corner, or an office in a great factory, can be enveloped in perfect silence. It will then be possible to study in quiet next door to a saw-mill, or to go to sleep in comfort with a gramophone playing across the hall. It is hoped also that vehicles may also be made sound-proof, so that people on the noisiest trains may rest undisturbed by any noise.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

DISEASE FROM DUST

A conference of the International Labour Organization (I.L.O.) of the League of Nations was held in Johannesburg, South Africa, during August. Nine countries participated in the conference, whose purpose was the study of silicosis. This is a disease caused by the dangerous dust in the mines, which affects the lungs and air passages. It is a serious scourge among miners. The members who attended the conference visited mines, hospitals and laboratories, and it is hoped that the recommendations resulting from their study will be as effective as in a similar study of tuberculosis. Nine years ago the League's I. L. O. was asked to study the high percentage of tuberculosis among the mines in the diamond fields of ex-German South-West Africa. As a result of this action, the death-rate speedily dropped from 120 to 28 in the thousand.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED).

MARRIAGE OF THE TULASI PLANT.

THE holy basil, or *tulasi*, is a small shrub, not too big to be grown in a large flower-pot, and is often placed in rooms; indeed, there is hardly a respectable Hindu family that does not possess one. In spite of its humble appearance, the shrub is pervaded by the essence of Vishnu and his wife, Lakshmi, and is itself worshipped daily as a deity. The plant is especially a woman's divinity, being regarded as an embodiment of Vishnu's wife, Lakshmi, or of Rama's wife, Sita, or of Krishna's wife, Rukmini. Women worship it by walking round it and praying or offering flowers and rice to it. Now this sacred plant, as the embodiment of a goddess, is annually married to the god, Krishna, in every Hindu family. The ceremony takes place in the month of November. In Western India, they often bring an idol of the youthful Krishna in a gorgeous palanquin, followed by a long train of attendants, to the house of a rich man, to be wedded to the basil; and the festivities are celebrated with great pomp. Again, as the wife of Vishnu, the holy basil is married to the *Salagrama*, a black fossil ammonite, which is regarded as an embodiment of Vishnu. In north-Western India, this marriage of the plant to the fossil has to be performed before it is lawful to taste of the fruit of a new orchard. A man, holding the fossil, personates the bridegroom, and another, holding the basil, represents the bride. After burning a sacrificial fire, the officiating Brahman puts the usual questions to the couple about to be united. Bride and

bridegroom walk six times round a small spot marked out in the centre of the orchard. Further, no well is considered lucky until the *galagrama* has been solemnly wedded to the holy basil, which stands for the garden that the well is intended to water. The relations assemble; the owner of the garden represents the bridegroom, while a kinsman of his wife personates the bride. Gifts are given to the Brahmans, a feast is held in the garden, and after that both garden and well may be used without danger. The same marriage of the sacred fossil to the sacred plant is celebrated annually by the Rajah of Orchha, at Ludhaura. A former rajah used to spend a sum equal to about thirty thousand pounds, being one-fourth of his revenue, upon the ceremony. On one occasion over a hundred thousand people are said to have been present at the rite, and to have been feasted at the expense of the rajah. The procession consisted of eight elephants, twelve hundred camels, and four thousand horses, all mounted and elegantly caparisoned. The most sumptuously decorated of the elephants carried the fossil god to pay his bridal visit to the little shrub goddess. On such an occasion all the rites of a regular marriage are performed, and afterwards the newly-wedded couple are left in the temple till the next year.

The Treasure Chest.

VOTES FOR THE WOMEN OF DELHI.

We have read with great pleasure of the Resolution brought by Mr. Asaf Ali to give the vote to the women of Delhi for the Municipal Council. Since the women already have the vote for the Legislative Assembly, it is quite natural to expect that they should have it for the Municipal Council also. We are thankful to men like Mr. Asaf Ali for taking interest in such matters and we hope that very soon it will be an accomplished fact that the Municipal vote will also be given to the women in Delhi. The influence of women in all the different spheres of life has already proved itself of the greatest value, and in a local body like a Municipal Council we are sure women ought to have men or women candidates for whom they can vote with the conviction that the best interests of the City would be guarded by them, particularly with regard to Compulsory Education, Public Health, Sanitation, Maternity and Child Welfare Work which lies nearest to the hearts of the women.

Stri Dharma.

WOMEN AND NATIONAL LIFE.

Miss Eleanor McDougall, Principal of the Women's Christian

College, Madras, delivered an interesting lecture on "Women and National Life".

In the course of her lecture she said that women formed half the nation and that when fifty per cent of the human race was suppressed, the whole race could not be deemed to be living in a healthy atmosphere. It was said that in primitive days, women had to depend on men for protection from danger, owing to their physical weakness. With the advance of civilisation, the State had come to take up that function and to-day there was no need for individual bravery or strength of muscles. The lecturer next referred to the Suffragist movement and said that to-day women were considered fit to take part in all the avocations of life just like men.

The learned lecturer then dwelt on the necessity for a woman to be chaste, and to do voluntary service to her husband, children and country. Dwelling next upon the state of the women folk in India, the lecturer said that in her vast experience, she found that the women of India were second to those of no other country in the world as regards the so-called feminine traits or virtues like chastity, fidelity, love of hearth and home. She regretted the poor state of women's education in the land and said that if sufficient finance should not be forthcoming to educate both the boys and the girls in the country, it would be better that all the available money be spent upon educating girls. The lecturer finally appealed for equal opportunities for women. She concluded by pleading once again for better encouragement for women to equip themselves for national service and stressed on the important part that awaited them in the national life of the country.

—The Hindu.

ALL-ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

An informative bulletin has been issued by the All-Asian Women's Conference which gives a resume of the previous publications connected with the Conference, sets forth details for the information of Non-Asian countries, and issues an appeal for the enrolment of members for an All-Indian Reception Committee.—

The Conference will be held in Lahore from 23rd to 30th January 1931.

The objects of the conference are as follows:—

1. To promote the consciousness of unity amongst the women of Asia as members of a common oriental culture.
2. To take stock of the qualities of Oriental civilisation so as to preserve them for national and world service (simplicity, philosophy, Art, the cult of the family, veneration for motherhood, spiritual consciousness).

3. To review and seek remedies for the defects at present apparent in Oriental civilisation (Ill health, illiteracy, poverty and underpayment of labour, infantile mortality, marriage customs).

4. To sift what is appropriate for Asia from Occidental influences (education, dress, freedom of movement, cinemas, machinery).

5. To strengthen one another by the exchange of data and experiences concerning women's conditions in the respective countries of Asia (economic, moral, political, and spiritual status).

—The Hindu

EDUCATION OF WOMEN

The Special Committee of the All-India Women's Education Fund Association met recently at Pachmari, Central Provinces, for about ten days and drafted a report on the resolutions passed at the Annual Session of the All-India Women's Conference some-time ago. The resolutions were :

(1) That immediate steps be taken to put into effect the repeated resolutions that a central college be founded to train graduates and matriculates in order to secure a high standard of kindergarten and secondary teachers and the Fund Association be requested to allot money for founding and endowing such a college;

(2) That the Standing Committee members of the All-India Women's Conference recommend to the Fund Association that a committee be appointed by the governing body of the Fund Association to draw up plans and estimates for the establishment of a teachers' college of specialised home-science character, covering the complete life of the pupil, whether rural or urban, the courses of which should be on the lines of the memorandum of the All-India Women's Conference.

— The Madras Mail.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN MYSORE

The Committee appointed last year by the Mysore Durbar, to consider and report on the question of legislation to amend the Hindu Law regarding the rights of women, has submitted its report.

The recommendations of the Committee have been embodied in the form of a Bill which will be called the Women's Hindu Law Rights Regulation, extending to the whole of Mysore. The Bill lays down among other things that no woman shall be excluded from inheritance by reason of her sex and that no female relative of a Hindu dying intestate will be incompetent to inherit property merely because of the absence of an enabling text of law in this behalf.

The Bill also lays down the order of succession, the male issue to the third generation being placed first, widow second, and daughters third, followed by daughter's sons, daughter, etc.

Self-acquisitions will be deemed to be separate property and certain females will be entitled to shares at partition. In the absence of an express prohibition by the husband, his widow or the seniormost of his widows shall have his authority to make an adoption and such adoption made by her shall not divest her of her estate in any sridhana property. Successors to the sridhana property of a Hindu female shall in the first instance, be her children, and then grandchildren in the following order: Daughters, irrespective of their status, daughters and sons of daughters and sons and the issues of sons.

The Bill further lays down that a Hindu male shall be personally bound to maintain his mother, stepmother, wife, unmarried daughter and sister, widow of his predeceased sons, and widowed daughter or sister.

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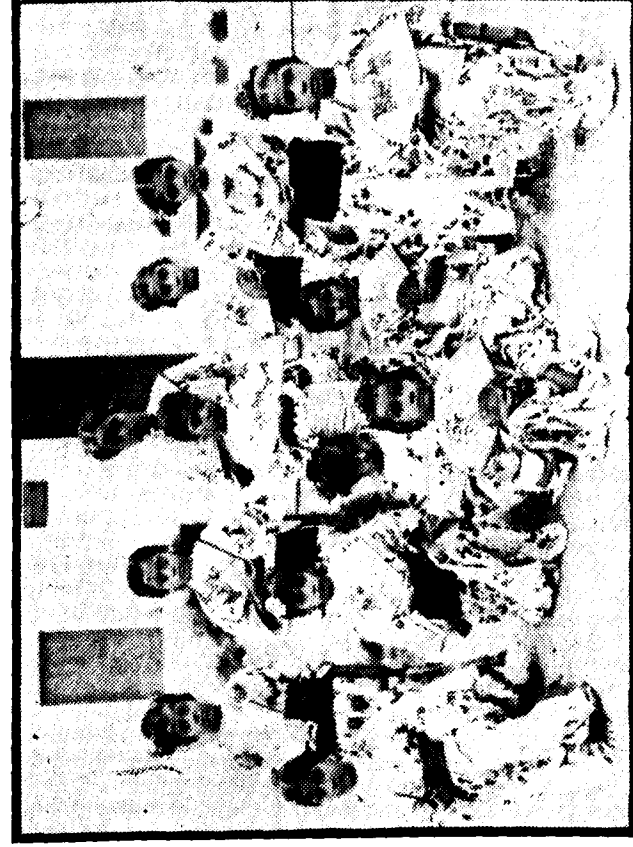
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BLOSSOMS OF JAPAN.

Japanese tableau produced by pupils of the Mahila Seva Samaja, in a concert at which the Yuvarani of Mysore recently presided. The Mahila Seva Samaja is a pioneer women's association and is occupied with social, educational and philanthropic work in Mysore State.

(By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India")

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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No. 4

THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

Tell me, thou star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or below ?

SHELLEY.

TORU DUTT.

The name of Toru Dutt, is familiar to many in India, for she had great ability and was gifted with a real inspiration to write poetry. She died, however, when she was but 21 years of age before she could accomplish her great work of presenting to India and the world all that she would have wished to write, and before she could rise to the very highest ranks of literary eminence. Her life was short and sad, and always reminds me of those delicate flowers that bloom for a little while and then fade away; but leave behind them a memory of their perfume that will never die.

"Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken,"
writes Shelley, and even so did Toru live and die, leaving behind her thoughts that will never be forgotten.

Toru Dutt was the youngest child of Govind Chunder Dutt, a Bengali Christian. She was born in 1956, and she had a sister Aru and a brother called Abjie, who died at an early age.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aru herself wrote poetry a little, and was an artist; I shall give you one of her poems.

"Still barred thy doors! the far East glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free.
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?

All look for thee, Love, Light and Song,
Light in the sky deep red above,
Song in the lark of pinion strong,
And in my heart, true love.

Apart we miss our nature's goal,
Why strive to cheat our destinies?
Was not my love made for thy soul?
Thy beauty for mine eyes?

No longer sleep,
Oh, listen now!
I wait and weep,
But where art thou?

Aru's death, therefore, was a great sorrow to Toru, for these two beautiful sisters must have been good companions in all their thoughts and sentiments.

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

Toru's beautiful personality is revealed admirably in her letters to her French friend, Mlle. Clarisse Bader. Toru never knew her personally; but through correspondence alone, a sweet and lasting friendship sprang up between the two women. The letters of Toru Dutt, which have been published in "The Life and letters of Toru Dutt" by Harihar Das, are evidences of the personality of a girl, who, "dying at the age of 21, has left behind her a legacy in verse and prose, which, quite apart from its true and delicate poetic quality, constitutes an amazing feat of precocious literary craftsmanship;"—"this child of the green valley of the Ganges, who by sheer force of native genius earned for herself the right to be enrolled in the great fellowship of English poets."

The correspondence between Toru and Mlle. Bader, started with Toru's reading a book called "La femme dans l'Inde Antique," The woman of ancient India—written by her. Toru wished to translate it; and, in order to obtain the permission of the authoress, she wrote and said, "a woman of modern India wishes to translate your book entitled, the woman of ancient India." And thus the friendship started. The correspondence is in French, and is very beautiful to read. "Without ever having seen Toru", says Mlle. Bader, "I loved her. Her letters revealed a frankness, sensibility and charming goodness and simplicity, which endeared her to me and showed me the native qualities of the Hindu woman, developed and transformed by the Christian civilisation of Europe. And, how could I rest insensible to such spontaneous and ardent affection, evinced for me, across the distant seas, by a descendant of those Indian women, who had inspired the work of the 22nd year of my life?"

Toru's home life is revealed very beautifully in her letters to her friend. "We lead a very quiet life here," she says, "I get up at 4:30, prepare two cups of chocolate, one for myself, and one for

Papa; then I go to dress; and by the time I come out, Papa and Mamma get up. Then I go to the roof of the house, it is very cool early in the morning up there. After that, I give the cats their morning pittance of fried fish. I come down and instal myself in the window of this room, below which the horses take their feed and drink. Then, we go down to breakfast. After breakfast, we have prayers, after which Mamma goes to her household duties. I either take up a book or play for a quarter of an hour with the kittens and Papa reads and writes or pores over the Indian Daily News. At 12, we have our lunch, after which I read or write till 3, when I take either a custard-apple, or a slice of Batavia orange. At 5, we dress and go out, I generally for a drive, and Papa and Mamma to my uncle's garden. At 7, we have dinner, at 8-30 a cup of tea, and at 10 to bed. I am styled by everybody *Sister Toru*".

Her room was furnished half in English and half in Bengali style. "A large cushion of white linen in the centre, furnished with smaller cushions and pillows, very tempting to a sleepy person. A few chairs, a rather small bed in a corner with muslin curtains, my piano at its foot. Over the piano hang our family likenesses. A small desk at one corner, covered with sundry English, French, Bengali and Sanskrit books; my box of veterinary medicines in the opposite corner; near the bed on a small side-table the canary in a roomy cage. The window in the north commands a view of the busy street and the neighbouring houses; and below is our small front court yard. Just under the window are the wooden mangers of the horses".

What a simple happy home life, and still, how sad; for she was very delicate in health, and suffered a great deal of pain. "I am feeling somewhat weaker," she writes to her friend, "perhaps it is the hot weather, but a sort of lassitude, which makes me more inclined for the couch than the chair. I am so sorry to have given you so much anxiety; indeed, I could not write, dear. I am still confined to my bed, and the fever and the weakness continue. I feel sometimes very tired and weary and lonely. May God help us to bear our crosses patiently; it is the physical pain that makes me cry, but my spirit is at peace. I know in whom I trust."

I have said nothing of the charm of Toru's songs as yet. The best of her works is her collection of English poems, where she tells us stories of her own country. In the "Ancient Ballads of Hindustan," she gives us pretty and touching versions of the beautiful old stories of India, such as "Savitri," "Dhruva," etc., In these verses, we get charming glimpses into the pure gentle philosophic mind of an Indian woman. Her descriptions of scenery are very captivating. Here is a description of some of the wonderful trees of India, each one so characteristically pictured that we seem to see it before us:



THREE DISTINGUISHED SISTERS

Miss Jeeva Manickam, (centre) who took her B. A. degree in the recent Convocation of the Madras University, and her sisters Miss Geena Manickam (right) who is a senior B. A. student in Zoology in the Women's Christian College, and Miss Panji Manickam (left) who is reading in the Intermediate class in Queen Mary's College, Madras. Miss Jeeva Manickam is now preparing for the M. A. in English literature. They are the daughters of Mr. P. V. Manickam Naikar, B. E., Zamindar of Sivapuram.

Photo: R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

"Past frowning hills, past pastures wild,
At last arises on the sight,
Foliage on foliage densely piled,
The woods primeval.

What glorious trees! The sombre Saul,
On which the eye delights to rest,
The Betel-nut,—a pillar tall,
With feathery branches for a nest,
The light-leaved Tamarind spreading wide,
The pale faint-scented bitter Neem.

The Seemul gorgeous as a bride,
With flowers that have the ruby's gleam,
All these and thousands, thousands more,
With helmet red, or golden crown,
Or green tiara, rose before
The youth in evening's shadows brown."

Toru has a calm philosophy in her poetry. She sees the futility of the human desire for unalloyed happiness;

"I know that in this transient world
All is delusion,—Nothing true;
I know its shows are mist unfurled
To please and vanish.

I know in such a world as this
No one can gain his heart's desire,
Or pass the years in perfect bliss;
Like gold, we must be tried by fire."

Alas, that such a poetess should have died so early. Surely she would have been one of the greatest assets to India, if she had but lived a few years longer. The pathos of unshed tears, which we feel when we read of Joan of Arc, of Keats, of Chatterton, of Ophelia, extends to Toru Dutt, especially when we see that the little life she was allowed to live was one of pain and weakness.

A very beautiful part of Toru's life, was her relationship with her father. She had a loving heart, and was very fond of her people, but she had a special devotion for her father. "Without father, I should never have known good poetry from bad," she says. "He has himself a most discriminating mind, and is an excellent judge of poetry. I wonder what I should have been without my father; nothing very enviable or desirable, I know." And, in a poem called the Tree of Life, the silent bond that united father and daughter is beautifully depicted.

"Broad daylight, with a sense of weariness!
Mine eyes were closed, but I was not asleep,
My hand was in my father's, and I felt
His presence near me. Thus we often passed



Group photo taken on the occasion of the Charaka and Takili competition held in
Pydah Zamindars Gandhi Charaka School.

In silence hour by hour. What was the need
 Of interchanging words when every thought
 That in our hearts arose, was known to each,
 And every pulse kept time? Suddenly there shone
 A strange light, and the scene as sudden changed.
 I was awake.—It was an open plain,
 Illimitable,—stretching, stretching,—Oh, so far!
 And o'er it that strange light, a glorious light
 Like that the stars shed over fields of snow
 In a clear, cloudless, frosty winter night,
 Only intenser, in its brilliance calm.
 And in the midst of that vast plain, I saw,
 For I was wide awake,—it was no dream,
 A tree with spreading branches and with leaves
 Of divers kinds,—dead silver and live gold,
 Shimmering in radiance that no words may tell!
 Beside the tree an Angel stood; he plucked
 A few small sprays, and bound them round my head.
 Oh, the delicious touch of those strange leaves!
 No longer throbbed my brows, no more I felt
 The fever in my limbs—'And oh,' I cried,
 'Bind too, my father's forehead with these leaves.'
 One leaf the Angel took and therewith touched
 His forehead, and then gently whispered, 'Nay!'
 Never, oh never had I seen a face
 More beautiful than that Angel's, or more full
 Of holy pity and of love divine.
 Wondering I looked awhile,—then all at once
 Opened my tear-dimmed eyes—when lo! the light
 Was gone—the light as of the stars when snow
 Lies deep upon the ground. No more, no more,
 Was seen the Angel's face. I only found
 My father watching patiently by my bed,
 And holding in his own, close-prest, my hand."

The anguish of the poor father, when his child died, was really pitiable. "Her end was very peaceful and happy," he said. "We will never, never, forget the expression that was on her face, when all was over, such a glory there was in it. There was never a sweeter child, and she was my last one. Toru was the youngest of my three children. All the three were of great promise, and all the three were taken away from me early, in the bloom of youth. I and my wife in our old age are left alone in a house wide and desolate, where of old the voices of my three loved ones echoed!"

I think all educated Indian women should make a study of Toru's life and works, for a sweeter, purer, and more accomplished

Indian woman it is hard to find. I shall close now with a poem, of hers, entitled *The Leaf*.

"Detached from thy stalk.
 Leaf yellow and dry,
 Where goest thou amain?
 The tempest's fierce shock
 Struck the oak proud and high,
 And I struggled in vain.
 Since then,—the sad day!
 Winds changeful and rude
 Transport me about,
 Over mountains,—away,
 And o'er valley and wood.
 Hark! their whistle rings out!
 I go where they lead,
 I fear not, nor heed,
 Nor ever complain.
 The rose too must go,
 And the laurel, I know,
 And all things below.
 Then why should I strain
 Ah me! to remain?"

PADMINI SATHIANADHAN.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

THERE is no denying that in many ways the modern world is retrogressing in reality, while advancing in outward semblance. Take the case of marriage for instance. Time was when the ideals of marriage were as high as heaven. Now, however, on many sides we hear the old ideals of marriage scoffed at and desecrated. We are told by experts that "love at first sight" is not possible, that romance in courtship is not necessary, that the mere basis of common sympathies and temperament can be made the plea for wedlock. We are advised not to have long engagements, in which to learn to know each other; but to marry as quickly as possible, so that better knowledge can come from intimacy. I read the following a few days ago, "The engaged couple think that it is going to be exciting in the romantic style; a day-to-day story of devotion and ecstasy. The married couple know that its excitement is of a different and much richer and deeper sort. Romantic love is concerned with agreeable fancies and illusions. Married love is concerned with human creatures and often with disagreeable facts. It is the difference between a boy's dream of the heroes of the crusades and a man's experience of battle."

We are also told that marriage cannot give complete understanding, that the dream of one thought and one mind in two personalities is "but the burbling of a poet and not a very good poet", because "the full sense of our isolation in life comes to us only in marriage and it comes to us then because of our foolish dreams of complete union." We are told that incompatibility of temperament condones the desecration of the marriage sanctity. Yet, after all is said and done, is there a greater sacrament, a happier bond, a more sublime contract than marriage in this world, the perfection of humanity, the completion of comradeship and the culmination of ideality?

Again, is there a greater adventure in life than marriage? It is neither boring nor monotonous. "Every day of marriage brings its surprises and readjustments; every day two contrasted personalities are colliding with each other and discovering bumps and depressions that they never knew existed." After all marriage means a growth of character which, though unequal perhaps, is still growth. Finally marriage means the birth and proper development of a new generation of humanity.

What then can be done to make marriage a success? What indeed? What can individuals offer as advice? If we say that marriage ought to mean the very early union of two people, who have been selected to wed by parents or guardians, we shall have the support of India and its old-fashioned people. Nay, the same theory is gaining ground even in modern days, when people marry for convenience and comfort; but with the difference that the responsibility of selection rests upon the contracting parties themselves, a very good thing indeed. But, among such humdrum arrangements, how glorious would be the mating of twin souls, who have chosen to remain unmated till they have found each other! I like to think of the marriage of two such creatures as the harmonising of two chords of music, which if disunited, somehow bring discordance into human life.

Then, over the question of courtship before marriage, there must be disagreement. If we say that engagements should not be long because the couple may get tired of each other, or because they will never be able to discover the truth about each other because of the desire for mutual admiration, we shall go with the modern world, which is too busy to waste time and energy on such romantic arrangements. But how splendid again would be the union of those two, who have contrived to become the closest of friends during their engagement, and who have had the self-control to wait till they knew each other. As for trial marriages, abhorred by Indians! It is all very well again to say that marriage is the truest method of finding out each other. But what if the marriage turns out to be all wrong then? Go to the divorce court,

says the modern world. But, as against this, I like the reply made lately to advocates of divorce among Indians, by an Indian lady, who said that "divorce seemed to be an attack against the sacredness of marriage and that the greatest merit of the Hindu law lay in its upholding the sacredness of the marital tie. Western countries, where the law of divorce was in vogue, had not improved in spite of it. Divorce in practice implied moral degradation and social backwardness, and incompatibility of temperament was a much-abused phrase." Besides what about the children of divorced parents? Is not life apt to be very hard on the poor little things?

On the other side are those who, affirming that divorce was in use in ancient India, say "The institution of marriage should be perfectly rationalised, and rationalisation is not *incompatible* with spiritualisation. Stability of domestic life based on artificial considerations is illusory, and such a stability should not be made a fetish of. Our progressive legislators will do well to note that they should try, not merely to have the age of consent raised to 16, but try to secure adequate recognition of the rights of women to divorce their husbands by suitably amending the existing Hindu Law."

I quite agree that Indian women should have the same rights as Indian men. But somehow divorce seems such an antagonistic idea to the spirit of India. Long may it be before it comes into great force in India; and, if it does, far off may be the days in which women will make the impossibility of living with their husbands the excuse for running off with other men. What we want indeed is not divorce rights for women as well as men, but monogamy for men as well as for women. In this connection, let me quote what an Indian paper says: "One of the urgent needs in social legislation is a law to put an end to polygamy. The only way is to have recourse to legislation which, to begin with, may be permissive, enabling husbands to bind themselves not to marry a second wife when one wife is living. Breach of the condition will give the wife the option of living apart from her husband with their children, if any, the cost of maintenance being borne by him, or of having a divorce if she prefers to remarry." The last clause, however, I would delete.

Then comes the question of work for married women. Of course there is the first consideration to be considered that women do not and cannot always succeed in business life. An experienced gentleman said "that they have not the same sense of discipline as have men, and that they are inclined to let their employers down in front of clients. For instance, their manner of address compares unfavourably with the man's 'Yes, sir.' Then, while they make admirably persuasive reception clerks and have a great gift for understanding the requirements of house-hunting couples, they are inclined in his opinion, to be inaccurate, and to want watching

in the legal part of the proceedings. They can draw up excellent inventories, but, when it comes to expenditure, they are inclined to spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar."

It is worse in the case of married women. One is amused to see that the consideration of the German Cabinet, that married women ought not to work, is finding an echo in India where, in a progressive native state it has actually been suggested that married women should not be taken as teachers. I think the movement is correct in a great measure. The facts cannot be denied that, when a married woman works, she cannot give full time to her outside duties and so runs the risk of lowering the average standard of women's wages and efficiency; that she has to neglect her husband and children in a great measure; that nothing will be well done by her; that she might be going against her husband's point of view in working, while a home has been fondly provided for her. Hutchinson's book "This Freedom" is a terrible indictment on the insistence of married women to work.

But, sometimes it does happen that it is very necessary for a married woman to work. There might be the illness of the husband, in which case the wife will have to support the family; there might be cases of extreme poverty and a large family, in which the woman will have to augment the means of livelihood; there might be the case of a woman being so good at her work that it is a pity that she should be obliged to stop it after her marriage. A paper said: "When a woman is particularly good at some sort of work, is it not a good plan to let her do that work, even if she is married, and with the proceeds of her toll pay some other woman to look after her house and do her homework? In most of our villages, for instance, there is often a woman with a real gift for nursing, or for sewing, or upholstering. The other women in the village are quick to realise that it is best not only for the specially gifted one, but for the community as a whole, that she should use her gifts, and let those who have other talents do the domestic work which she leaves undone." I would not, however, advise much of this method for our Indian woman.

It is good for the unmarried woman to work. "It teaches her methodical ways, exactitude, routine, working to time-table. It drives home to her the economic laws under which her husband earns the money that runs their home. It ought to make her more understanding of, and sympathetic towards, his after-business moods, and his preoccupations. Also, she can have an idea of the business molehills that some men make into mountains, and can possibly give him the home-truths that are beneficial for him."

But, except in cases where, as we have pointed out before, work is necessary, somehow it seems undesirable for married

women to work, especially in India. "As a matter of fact," said a writer, "We women are in a transition stage, and we are suffering from the drawbacks of two eras. We want to eat our cake and have it. Professions and wonderful business opportunities are opening out to us. Many of us are suffering from waiting to have the advantages of a stay-at-home sheltered life; whether it is because the married women who do not go to business have more time to spare than the others I cannot say, but it is most marked that it is the married women who write me the most utterly discontented letters."

A woman ought to know her own mind. If it is outside work she wants, let her do it with a single heart, unhampered by family ties. If it is home and protection she craves for, let her get married and stick to her house.

"If a woman has to make a choice between a career and a husband, and she chooses the husband, she should abide by her choice, be a real, sincere helpmate, and not whimper. Above all, she should not be jealous of business women, whether married or single, who work possibly to keep their house in a better style than she is able to do. That is not helpful, constructive, nor good for her own character. Having chosen, she should do the best with her choice and her life. Envy is a sinister and useless companion."

And so, let us, while learning to be happy, though married; at the same time try not to be unhappy, even if unmarried.

KAMALA.

DAWN ON THE JUMNA.

IT was a curious feeling altogether and a very different one besides, to leave all the thrum and foetid atmosphere of business and to stand alone in solitude, watching the dawn break over the river. Here, at any rate, it seemed to be a different world; and a cool, pleasant sense of repose, and a blissful weariness crept upon me.

It was yet early, very early in the morning. The cocks had not crowed yet, and the stars were yet twinkling behind the towers of the Ewing Christian College. It was very quiet indeed—so quiet that you would have marvelled at that unusual silence. But then let me tell you too there was nothing terrible or displeasing about that solitude.

From the little promontory over the 'Ladies Foot', I watched the scene. The river was in full flood. The rains of yesterday and the day before had swollen the enormous basin, and the Jumna was flowing majestic, and yet irreverent, like some proud

young woman who starts a-visiting her neighbours, fully conscious of her own personality and dignity. I remember for a long time I watched thus; sitting and musing alone. Gradually the semi-darkness, which had obscured the landscape, melted away. Out there towards the East, a sudden lovely pink suffused the sky and a bit-tern flew across the river from where I sat, uttering its hollow-sounding cry. By and by the last of the twinkling stars vanished too, giving place to an opalescent, pale light, in which one could just behold the objects before oneself. Then saw I the Jumna as I had never seen her before! There were enormous whirlpools under me and a muddy swell of the huge volume of waters, as they rushed away downwards, to join the Ganges at the Sangam and the Triveni. Rotten weeds, debris of the material that had got into the flood, upturned boats, that gaped with torn bottoms ripped open, and with rotting timber, carcasses of dead vultures, dogs and animals, with dead limbs stuck up, not to speak of sundry pieces of wood, floated dumbly past, helpless and pathetic, in that sense of desolation. Goodness alone knew where all that material had first ripped away from, and what destiny it had—all that flotsam. But on it went, with the eddies whirling it, and the dirty, muddy foam clinging to it.

Meanwhile the mist had cleared. The pink gave place to a nut-brown tint and the long low line of the buildings of the agricultural Institute at Naini were silhouetted against the morning sky, with the huge black water reservoir rearing up its head like some unearthly creature in the distance! Suddenly right over my head the express from Bombay thundered past; its brilliantly-lit carriages throwing a patch of light on the surface of the waters rushing below. Some pious pilgrim throw a copper into the river; and from where I sat I could see the long curve it made, as it went down, and found its rest in the stream below.

Then two carts laden with early market produce passed along, their clumsy wheels clattering along the concrete pavement. Idly the team of bulls and buffaloes lounged past, while a faint smell of the ripening "amrits," and damp vegetables filled the air around.

There was more light soon; and all things began assuming a more definite shape. But there was a silence again, broken only by the flow of the running waters below, the silence of the dawn, which one feels even for that brief moment, ere the world begins another day of its eternal existence! From some far-off corner a koel shouted to its mate 'ku-hu, ku-hu'; and a boatman pushed his craft into the river, and began to sing. Some one else took up the chorus. The echoes of that song are still with me. A young woman sat in that boat, idly poising a misshapen oar. The man's song was indeed pleasant to hear of a morning.



An interesting photograph of the Organising Committee of the All Asian Association of University Women which met this year at Michigan. China, Japan, Korea, the Philippine Islands, Turkey and India were represented on the Committee, the Secretary-Treasurer of which is Miss Janaki Anand, seated left. (G. S. A.)

in spite of its sad refrain. As I listened to it, many memories came back to me. Suddenly I wanted to go back to the days, when I was yet a child; when my life was a little less complicated; when my childish horizon was as exquisite and as pure as that I saw to-day on the river.

I do not know why I felt sad. Perhaps it was the 'tender grace of a day that is dead' or the 'sound of a voice that is still'; but it seemed to me that there was something very fine and exquisite in the scene around me. I envied the boatman who represented the spirit of that glad freedom. To him, I suppose, the dawn of a day meant a new life, a new cheer, fresh hopes and happiness; and what did it mean to me? Nothing, except memories, longings, and an indescribable discontent. Farewell, oh boatman, I will remember you with gratitude; for you represent to me in this somewhat sordid world of ours, the spirit of the river, free and flowing, and the life that pervades it all in dignity and purity.....

* * * * *

Then it was broad daylight.

R. L. RAU.

THE MELODY.

I was just waking from my slumber at dawn when thy dear sweet Melody greeted my ears. It grew and grew, until the all-absorbing flow of the divine music kept me spell-bound in the enjoyment of divine bliss. Slowly but surely, it penetrated to my heart and there got mingled with the current of my life.

Now, wherever I am, whatever I do, at work and at play, when awake and asleep, I hear the same sweet melody ringing in my ears. In the gentle rustle of the leaves, in the gentle breeze that plays around, in the sweet chirping of the tiny birds, in the murmuring flow of the gentle stream, in the charming play of colours in the clouds, in the gentle lustre of the twinkling stars, in the cool light of the enchanting moon, in the glorious vision of the rising sun, in the bewitching scene of the sunset in the West, in nature's art and beauty, everywhere I hear the self-same melody that has enchanted my heart. Yes, the world to me is so filley with this universal song, that I live and move and have my being in its eternal melody sweet.

"BHARATHI"



Srimathi T. BHARATHI DEVI, B. A.

One of our contributors. The "Melody" is by her.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN modern times, universities spring up in a day as if by the stroke of a magic wand. Individual munificence and easily-found professors and necessary appliances have made this sudden rise possible. Neither of these facilities could be had in the Middle Ages. Universities then had their origin in the intellectual movement of the human mind. The crusades, which were planned for the deliverance of the Holy Land from the Turks, led to the deliverance of the medieval mind from ignorance and superstition. They opened the way to the conquest of knowledge by inspiring in the peoples of Western Europe an inclination for adventure and travel and by bringing them into contact with the civilisation and science of the Arabs. Letters patent and papal bulls gave only formal sanctions to institutions which had already come into existence by the efforts of some generations; and kings and popes were but patrons, and not founders, of universities. "A doctor of some reputation drew around him a group of disciples eager to be instructed. Their numbers gradually increased; other doctors finding an audience all ready, gradually set up their chairs near his; then was founded a school, which began as an institution for a special subject for local reasons and particular circumstances, and subsequently sought the dignity of a university embracing the study of more than one science. In reality, the universities were founded by a concurrence (not wholly fortuitous) of all men who had something they wished to teach and youths who desired to learn".

To the credit of kings and popes, it must however be said that but for their co-operation, the concurrence of teachers and pupils might have ended in nothing tangible. Apparently they did not know that their favour and co-operation only led to the undermining of their power. The popes believed that out of the universities would issue men, who would strengthen the church by declaring war on heresy; but the men who did come, turned against the church itself in course of time, and pitted reason against faith, and science against traditional beliefs. Likewise, the kings hoped that learning would increase faithfulness and loyalty in their subjects; but learning only tended to the levelling of society and the dispossessing of the ruling powers of their privileges.

The earliest of the medieval universities was the University of Bologna. Its existence was officially recognised by Frederick Barbarossa in 1158 A. D. When he issued the decree of recognition, Frederick observed with thankfulness that the science taught in the university illuminated the entire world and that subjects learned how to live in obedience to God and to the emperors who were the ministers of God. "We will," said the Emperor in his decree, "that

the students and above all the professors of divine and sacred laws may be able to establish themselves and dwell in entire security in the cities where the study of letters is practised. It is fitting that we should shelter them from all harm. Who would not have compassion on these men who exile themselves through love of learning, who expose themselves to a thousand dangers and who, far from their kindred and their families, remain defenceless among persons who are sometimes of the vilest?" The university began as a school of Roman Law and became a highly-renowned institution to which as many as twelve thousand students flocked from all countries. Under the guidance of Irnerius, "the light of the law," in the twelfth century and his successors, one of whom was surnamed "the idol of Jurisconsults", it grew to be a great intellectual centre and served as a model for the universities which sprang up subsequently, not only in Italy, but also in foreign countries, especially France.

Next only to the University of Bologna was the University of Paris, which was formally constituted in the first years of the thirteenth century and was termed the "Sinai of instruction." The man who prepared for the establishment of this university was Peter Abelard, a great scholar and theologian who died about the middle of the twelfth century. What Irnerius was to Bologna, that Peter Abelard was to Paris. The study of dialectics and theology was emphasised in Paris, as much as the study of civil law was emphasised in Bologna. A number of universities arose in Europe afterwards, nearly twenty in the thirteenth century, twenty-five in the fourteenth and thirty in the fifteenth. All of them were faithful copies either of Paris or of Bologna. Even the universities of Oxford and Cambridge derived their method of instruction and the tradition of their education from Paris. All the universities were knit together in a sort of federation. There was a perpetual passing of students and masters from one university to another. Some cities, like Florence for example, attempted to isolate their universities through local interests and even self-love. But these attempts failed, for there ran through the universities a unifying current which was stronger than national rivalry. In spite of wars and hatred between peoples, there existed something like a "united state of universities" and in this federation, Paris held the leadership.

The most remarkable thing about the universities of the Middle Ages was that although they existed in an age when politically nothing better than absolute monarchy was known, they formed a federation of little republics managing their own affairs. they elected their dignitaries and invested them with power only for short periods. They were so jealous of their rights that they

would not permit power to remain long in the same hands although too frequent changes greatly inconvenienced them. The officers elected by them, such as the Dean and the Rector, were but agents charged with executing their will. If at ceremonies these officers made a spectacular show, they did so on sufferance, for their authority was more honorary and decorative than real. So, the universities were the first bodies to exercise self government since ancient times, and to furnish lessons to the statesmen of the future. Their democratic tendencies led them occasionally to the abuse of liberty and even anarchy; but still their system of government, which at the present day is more and more tending to spread not merely to educational affairs but to interests of every kind, was on the whole not unsuccessful.

The institution of examinations and diplomas was one of the many features which characterised the medieval universities. In the educational institutions of Greece and Rome, there was no trace whatever of any test of capacity. There was absolute liberty of education there and no condition whatever was imposed either on the teacher or the taught. It was the universities of the Middle Ages, which were responsible for examinations and degrees. Three degrees were instituted in Paris, and the usage established in Paris became a general rule during the course of the fourteenth century. The bachelorship was the least of the three degrees and "did not so much mark a course finished as inception in arts with a view to a mastership." Next higher was the licentiate; and the highest was the mastership which was equivalent to the doctorate and gave those who possessed it, the right to sit in professorial chairs. The regulations regarding the conferment of degrees read admirably only on paper! In the actual enforcement of those regulations, the universities betrayed a laxity which was due to the vices inseparable from democratic government where the authorities elected were not independent enough to resist solicitations and offers of money and where anarchy was occasionally mixed with a good deal of liberty.

It might be of interest to know how a day was spent by a university student in the Middle Ages. It is very early in the morning and the day has not dawned yet. The young student is required by an iron custom to rise at five o'clock and "not to spend in slumber the time most precious for study." Simply and almost poorly clad, he hurries to the school with a scholastic equipment which is almost nothing beyond what is necessary for taking notes during the professor's lecture. In the class-room he sits more often than not on the ground covered with a little straw as a preventive against dust and dampness. With 'a short interval grudgingly allowed for dinner', he is in class with his masters for about seven hours. It is not until evening that he re-enters his

chamber to copy, recopy and revise the notes taken during the professor's lecture and to learn them by heart. Once a week, this monotony of lessons upon lessons was interrupted by his masters assembling together and holding a discussion on some given subjects in the presence of students. He was thus enabled to prepare himself to become a disputant when his turn came after his bachelorship to the honour of disputing publicly.

It is of common occurrence at the present day that young men enter the universities with no strong bent for the study they choose. But in the Middle Ages none joined a university who had no aptitude and taste for study. A student of a medieval university was generally one who had to pursue knowledge against the heavy odds of poverty and starvation. Many a youth had to do menial service to find the means to prosecute his study. Many of the students of Paris begged their bread without feeling humiliated. "The example of the Mendicant orders and especially of the Franciscans had rendered mendicancy respectable. The bursars of the college of Laon distributed their leavings to poor scholars of their own nation. Masters gave their old clothes and shoes to the students. To gain the wherewithal to live, scholars copied books swept, became scavengers. They often entered the service of a college, a wealthy student or a professor."

A medieval student came close to his masters and cultivated a lasting relationship with them. Each student became the client of some professor or other, who not only gave him lessons but also became his patron and protector. "Students and masters lodged most frequently in the same hotel and ate at the same table. The masters frolicked with the pupils and even took part in their disorder." But the democratic character of the universities made the professors too dependent on the students. A man whose position depended on election was not likely to command respect from his electors. At Bologna, the city supplied the funds; but the students chose their professors and the choice was limited to a year! Among the students themselves there was much goodwill. They formed associations, which made them practice mutual help and cultivate the feelings of equality, whatever their birth or condition. But there were exceptions to their good relationship. Occasionally, dissensions and violent quarrels arose between the scholars and the masters and among the scholars themselves. "At Poitiers in 1517, the Gascon students, sword in hand (although they were forbidden to carry weapons) besieged in his chair the professor of law, Longueil, who could only defend himself by flinging at their heads the enormous volumes of the *Digest* which were the subject of his lessons."

There was one class of men with whom the students came into frequent collision and they were the inhabitants of the cities

in which the universities were situated. To give one instance, "At Dole in 1429, the students fell into all manner of excesses and organised a sort of riot. The bailiff ran to establish order. He was badly beaten and obliged to flee." This tendency to quarrel with the citizens may be attributed to the rude manners of the age, the scarcity of amusements and the absence of healthy distractions.

With all their faults, the universities of the Middle Ages made ample response to the aspirations and necessities of the times. They were closely mixed with national life, occupying the place now filled by books and journals. Men lived among them, who anticipated the methods of observation and experiment which characterise our own century. The English monk, Roger Bacon, who spent many years in the University of Paris in the thirteenth century and was looked upon as an alchemist and sorcerer, has been rightly appreciated only in modern times. Not merely in matters scientific, but in political and ecclesiastical questions also, the universities represented public opinion. Their republican organisations, which fitted them to take part in the politics of their country, breathed a real liberty of spirit and prepared the way, though not always consciously, for the great movement known in the history of Europe as "The Renaissance."

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

DAME DESPAIR.

THERE she sat, stiff and erect, underneath the spreading arms of Uncle Jack, who folded her in his semi-dark shadow garment, preventing curious eyes from spying upon her, and intruding busybodies from disturbing her reverie.

It was a big and beautiful garden well-kept, with terraces of green verdure bordered by fruit trees and beds of flowers surrounded by border-lines of ferns and crotons. There was an almost geometrical precision and neatness in the laying out of the terraces and flower beds, except in that remote corner, where stood big Uncle Jack with wide spread arms, ready to enfold in their cool shade, any individual, human or beast, that sought his protection. All around big Uncle Jack were wild creepers and grassy growth interspersed with a few moss-covered stones. This spot was the favourite haunt of Dame Despair.

Uncle Jack was her only friend and confidante. It was to him and him alone that she hastened in her fits of darkest agony and bitterest grief. Stretched upon the grassy bed that he used to keep ready for her with soft cool mossy pillows, she would look up to his face with tearful eyes. Her woeful sighs and heart-broken

sobs were audible only to his ears. Fanned by his loving arms and enveloped in the affectionate embrace of his cool shade, many long hours had she spent, many a night vigil had she performed there; and always returned with pacified heart and strengthened limbs to meet the morrow's fate.

But today, she does not stretch her weary limbs, does not seek to rest her aching head, does not press her sorrowful heart against the soft cool grassy bed or downy cushions. She sits stiff and erect, gazing fixedly in front of her, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. Traesno longer dim the wide open eyes, sobs do not come out of the stricken heart. It looks as if her grief today, has passed beyond the ordinary limits and reached the realms of utter despair. She seems to be making some strange strong resolution in her heart and does not want to reveal it even to her own dear friend.

It is a calm moonlit night. The garden lies bathed in its glory; even Uncle Jack's realm is invaded in places by the milky rays penetrating through the leafy roof and producing patch-work patterns on the grassy carpet below. Some of these intruders falling on the motionless figure seated below, reveal her features. Had a good artist been on the spot and got a glimpse of this face, his studio would have been richer by the addition of a painting of 'Despair'.

Half a furlong in front is the house itself, every door and window of which is left open, through which streams out brilliant light from the lamps within. Lovely notes from some sweet-toned instrument, accompanying a beautiful low voice, interrupted now and then by melodious peals of sweet childish laughter, disclose the fact that the inmates within are unaffected by the absence from their midst of one of the family; it may even be that they enjoy their innocent pleasure the more without the damping influence of her ever-sad face. What a strange contrast, this, to the scene in the remote corner of the garden?

Delicious joy, innocent pleasure, health and youth and childish sweetness here—a hungry heart hankering for love and joy, unsatisfied longings, hopeless desires, ruined health and overwhelming despair there! They say that nature is impartial, in the treatment of her children; how does it happen then, that the happiness of some of these is brought about at the cost of that of others, that its structure has, at its base, the broken, bleeding bits of others' hearts! Is this what is called the 'irony of fate'?

For the greater part of an hour did Dame Despair sit there in deep thought, insensible to all that was going on around her, unconscious of the fact that nature was fanning her hot head with a gentle, cool breeze, and shedding drops of dewy tears in sympathy with her pitiable state. At last, at long last, she shook off her

stiffness and casting up her eyes towards the sky broke forth into an agonised wail of prayer.

"Oh God! from my very childhood, Thou hast been trying me; art thou not satisfied yet? There have been times when I turned away from Thee, but finding no refuge elsewhere, have always returned to Thee with re-doubled faith. A joyless childhood, longing for parental love, amid kind relations who gave me everything except that one thing I wanted—a terribly painful youth at the very threshold of which I was stricken down with the bitterest disappointment, before which were sacrificed my beauty, my hopes, my desires, my aspiration,—an out-raged wifehood, with faithless affection and outward loyalty most unbearable—a wronged motherhood and a helpless battling with dignity and prestige,—these have been my portion in life so far. And now even a little respite that I took by sheer force, at heavy cost, even that has been snatched away from me. As long as I had strength I battled with my terrible fate and held up my head; but it is at its lowest ebb now, it cannot rise any more, cannot hold me up. God, God, God, where is Thy kindness, Thy love, Thy mercy? Surely Thou art most bitterly cruel if, if,....."

Her voice rose almost to a shriek, which would have even reached the ears of the inmates of the house, had not the wind, that had been growing gradually stronger and louder swept over the place, drowning every other sound in a boisterous roar.

In a minute, the face of nature changed, black clouds overspread the sky, hiding the glory of the moon and stars. Stroke after stroke of lightning was followed by deafening peals of thunder, shaking the earth to its very foundation. The inmates of the house with frantic fear and maddening shouts ran hither and thither in search of the absent person. A young heroic soul even braved the anger of the wild elements and ran to Uncle Jack's realm to see a sight which was not unanticipated. For, there lay, face downwards, in the close embrace of mother earth, the scorched and blackened remains of what had held a while ago, a soul in agony. "A dignified, honourable exit, blessed heart", was the last secret whispered in ears that had been closed for ever.

After the first spell of terrible regret and sorrow was over, the sacred belongings of the departed soul were searched and eager eyes read the contents of a diary, in which were jotted down the story of a life of prolonged misery and pain. But of what avail now, the bitter sighs, the remorseful tears? Perhaps the released soul, from on high, will witness these sights and pray to God to spare others from a fate similar to hers. For, did she not love them and sacrifice her all for them? Yes, and God sent her reward when the time was ripe for it, not a second earlier, not a second later.

MATHRI HRIDAYA.

OUR POETRY PAGES.

(1) SUNRISE FROM SENECHAL

(DARJEELING)

Day-light,
On Himalayan height,
To day brighter,
Grows.
Clouds fill
The valleys, till
The Earth beneath
Goes.
Sunrise
Tints the skies,
And paints cloud billows
Rose.

A. C. McALLAN-MUNRO.

(After glimpsing Mount Everest rise out of the Dawn at Sunrise one June morning, from Tiger Hill.)

(2) PAST.

Blow, breezes blow! The sun-flowers now
Are blooming, kissed by tender rain,
There by the garden where we strayed
They bloom in splendour once again.

Blow, winds of earth! Sweet memories
Hang on each wither'd leaf and flower.
Blow, softly, blow! Waft back to me
Some far-off, memory-haunted hour.

Breathe on them gently! O revive
Lost Love and Poetry of Youth,
Dreams of a happy day gone by,
And Innocence, and Faith, and Truth.

E. H. D'ALWIS.

(3) MY LOVE

Swift beats my heart with restless joy;
Glorious sunshine bright above;
Blue is the sky, and earth is bright,
For he will come today, my love.

Sunshine, blue sky and scent of flowers
Are merged in ecstasy divine,

Sing happy birds, life is complete,
For he is here, oh love of mine.

Clouds hide the sun, the flowers droop;
My world seems empty and so drear;
Silent the birds, and sad my heart,
For he has gone, my love, my dear.

M. R. B.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING PROFESSOR PALGRAVE'S SELECTIONS FROM THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

To the gentle Poet, Herrick—
Master of the sweetest lyric,
Thoughts and dreams of life idyllic—

Thine they are:

Thou didst laud the pretty ladies,
Thou didst walk where coolest shade is,
Thou didst learn what love's true trade is,

Lofty star.

Of the wassail, bride and berry,
Of the pipe, and making merry,
Of the dance and draught of sherry,

Was thy song;

Breathing forth of spring's glad glory,
Poet of the summer's story,
Praising, till thou didst grow hoary,

Earth's glad throng.

But thy singing was the sweetest
Thy word-painting was the neatest,
And thy glory the completest,

Muses bring:

Of the birds and bowers and roses,
Of the woods where Pan reposes,
Of the twilight, when day closes,
Thou didst sing.

HERBERT PORTER.

THE SOCIAL TRAINING CENTRE FOR WOMEN, BOMBAY.

THE Social Training Centre has now completed its fourth year. The first session began with five students two of whom resided in the Centre which was moved from the flat in Bellasis Road to a flat in the neighbouring street. The practical and theoretical work was mainly individual and the students specialised in certain branches of the work such as factory-welfare work, work for young delinquents and nursery-school work. They had directed reading, discussions and actual experience. Practical work was continued at Nagpada, two girl's clubs and two women's classes and a play centre which involved visiting in the Nagpada chawls. The girl's clubs combined with the play centre in an entertainment which was held in the hall of Neighbourhood House and it was greatly appreciated by a packed audience of the performers, parents and friends.

In the first week in April, we were able to have a week's study course at Poona owing to the kindness of Mr. C. K. Devodkar, who arranged accommodation for the seven students at the Seva Sadan. We visited institutions in and around Poona, such as Karve's Women's University, the Head Quarters of the Servants of India Society, the Agricultural College and the Depressed Classes Mission. We went out to the village of Hadapsar and had explained to us the working of the co-operative Credit Society started there by members of the Servants of India Society as part of their scheme for village reconstruction, and from there we went on to the Government Experimental Farm at Manjri, where the staff explained to us their methods of propaganda for better farming in the villages. The most interesting part of our programme was a visit to Khed-Shivapur, a group of villages 14 miles from Poona, where Mr. Devodkar is experimenting in rural reconstruction. We stayed for a day and a night, and the students had an excellent opportunity to observe the conditions under which people live and work in a typical village. We visited the village school and the Untouchable's Quarters and watched the men and boys performing their indigenous dances and gymnastic feats on the new village play-ground. At night the house in which we stayed was turned into a really good village social settlement and it was very interesting for us to see what could be done to brighten the life and widen the outlook of the Indian villager.

In April, the University Settlement, the old home of the Social Training Centre, moved to a permanent building which they had acquired in Byculla. This neighbourhood had been proved suitable as a centre for social service, while we were living in the flat in

Nagpada, which was only an experiment, and it was now thought advisable to have the Social Training Centre permanently attached to the University Settlement, which promised to make the development of a social settlement a distinct part of its work.

We moved to the University Settlement at Reynolds Road, Byculla, during the May Vacation and started the monsoon term with three resident students and three non-resident. The course of lectures usually arranged by the Social Service League for the monsoon term was postponed this year, but the students have completed a course of study including Principles and Methods of Social Work, Social Psychology, Elementary Economics, Social and Industrial Conditions, Personal Hygiene, Public Sanitation and Civic Problems. While continuing the clubs at Neighbourhood House and the Play Centre in Nagpada during this term, the students have visited a group of chawls, a few minutes distant from the Settlement, inhabited by workers of different communities. By regular visiting in these homes, they have come to know the individual needs of friendly advice and the general needs of education in the elements of personal and public health and hygiene. In order to teach the people by our example, we have secured a room in one of the chawls which we hope to equip as a model dwelling for a working family; the students keep the room clean and tidy and spend two to three hours a day there teaching small classes of girls and women and giving them talks on health and hygiene; they have twelve girls and six women coming regularly to the room and they take women and children to the hospitals and Infant Welfare Societies when they are sick.

Throughout the year the students have been going to the established centres of social work, such as Naigon Social Service Centre, Neighbourhood House and the Seva Mandir, for experience in practical work and they are conducting play centres at the Nagpada Poor House and the Bawalah Orphanage. In addition to the work of the regular students of the Social Training Centre, we have been able to continue regular weekly visits to the Arthur Road Goal and the Cama Hospital, with the conscientious help of a group of voluntary workers.

To meet the requests for guidance and help in social work from women whose interest had been aroused by the Nationalist movement, we arranged a short course of lectures in Marathi on clubs for girls and women and health education, and between fifteen and twenty women attended. A similar course was arranged in English for voluntary social workers and students interested in social service.

We note with interest the work which the students, who have trained at the centre during the past year, are doing; Miss Tatpati is working in the Childrens' Home at Umakhadi and Miss Bose

in an Infant Welfare Centre at Poona. We have had very interesting reports of their work from Miss Pawar in Satara and Miss Chacko in Trivandrum. Miss Pawar says, "I am sure you would like to know what I am doing at present. I have decided to work among the Depressed Classes. So far I have been greatly encouraged by the response of the friends there. On Monday, I had arranged for the clinic under a tree by the road-side. It took some time to persuade the people to come, but towards the end there was quite a crowd around us, some had gathered out of curiosity and some for medicine. We gave medicine to about twenty-seven on the spot and asked several to go to the dispensary. The next day I had arranged for the Women's sewing class and to my surprise eight of the women came and sewed babies' garments." Miss Chacko, now the assistant student Y. W. C. A. secretary in Trivandrum, writes that she has been able to start an Infant Welfare Centre with the help of a nurse and a lady doctor and is hoping to get another started in a neighbouring village.

The National Movement has created a desire to serve, on the part of Indian women, and it has awakened them to a sense of the part which they must play in the building of a new India. We feel that the Social Training Centre has a very real contribution to make at the present time in guiding and training this newly awakened enthusiasm, so that it can be used to the best advantage. In conclusion, we thank God for all the opportunities of service, which He has given us during the past year and look forward to the future with renewed hope.

T. N. TILAK.

IN MAN'S REALM.

THE FATHER.

IT is not an easy thing, as all are agreed, to be a parent; but this fact has come to be only lately to be truly realised. It was not so long ago that it was thought, especially in India, that the education of children merely consisted in training them to stern and instant obedience, which should not end with childhood, but continue into later life. Now, it is being realised that parents owe another service to their children, who, while owing a debt of gratitude to them, yet still rightly deserve to be shown privileges, as separate and independent entities. If the child is to be of service to humanity, it is obvious that it must develop a personality of its own, as apart from what it gets from its parents.

But, it does get a personality from its parents; and so it behoves the parent to consider how their character contributes to their par-

enthood. Parents cannot think that all their duties are done when they have looked after the creature comforts of their children and provided for their school education. Indeed no; what a parent is, weighs more than what he or she does. As some one said: "The relation of a parent to a child is like a 'glass in which we see darkly,' in which unadjustment in one's own behaviour shows up exaggeratedly and in unanticipated ways". Indeed, parenthood is a life-job and a life-problem.

And, not the least part in this terrible responsibility of parenthood is that of the father. In India especially, the father has little to do with his children, except to provide for them. He is too busy with this provision or with his own pleasures, and thus alas, often deteriorates into a mere business agent. Yet, it is obvious that this cannot be. No mother, however good and efficient, can properly bring up her child alone. She needs the co-operation of the father. An American paper represents a mother as saying: "I could bring up my child, if only you could show me how to bring up my husband." A little boy is reported to have said: "I am related to my father only by marriage, but to my mother by *bornation*". Is it not rather sad that a child should begin to idealise only one of its parents, to the disadvantage of the other? Yes, the father must be ready to help, and this he can do by being at hand, when his guidance is especially needed in circumstances when even the mother cannot help. And the energy used up in this task is worth the effort made. By educating ourselves to be parents, we are educating our own minds; the trouble taken, even if not attended by great success, has yet had its effect on character.

The first thing to be done, I think is adjustment between the father and the mother.

"In former days there was at least recognized an over-arching purpose in marriage. Marriage was regarded as an instrumentality for a social end. Marriage today is to be ethically conceived as an institution for extending and enhancing the work of civilization, for ennobling, exalting the human type in oneself and in one's children.

"Incompatibilities, I repeat, are natural. They can and must be overcome. Once let it be understood that incompatibility is a cause for parting company, and the evil will only be aggravated. Thereafter, every slight disagreement will be magnified and exaggerated into an insurmountable difficulty, from which relief can only be obtained by running away. Once let the social purpose of marriage be lost out of sight, let the institution be published as one that exists only or fundamentally for the 'self-expression' of the man and the woman, and the most powerful incentive for transcending differences and creating harmony will be absent."

Then, there is the need to co-operate with the child. This must be done in many ways. One is the desire to consider problems as points to be worked out together, to assume that the child is ready to do the right thing, and not take up too critical an attitude. The second thing is to be a companion to one's own children. And this must be done by getting down to their level as much as possible, to be a child with them, be interesting to them, to laugh *with* them, not *at* them, to take them seriously; to join the youth movement. The third point is to teach the children by what we are than by what we say, to be the kind of person that we wish them to be, and thus to be able to be honest with them in every way.

I have read that there are six social requirements for every individual in America. And I can think they can very well be applied to India; and each father can estimate to himself how much as a parent he has helped his children in these essentials.

The first is said to be *respect for authority*; and this can only be taught by the father, if he is reasonable in his authority and acts himself as he orders his children. Then, there is *respect for others*, who belong, not only to one's country, but also to other races and other civilizations. The third is *education*, "the getting rid of the handicaps and the things in the road, so that the soul-spark, the spirit, will develop and express itself in a disciplined, logical, sane way"—an education in which the father can help if he wills. The fourth requirement is that of *growth and initiative encouragement*. The fifth is *religion* or a "reverence and adequate symbolization of the great truths of all religions." The sixth, as we have already considered, is *comradeship*.

The modern world of women is apt in some places to despise motherhood; and yet is there a stronger instinct than that of mother in the world? The other day I read a story of how a fallow deer, one of the timdest of creatures, set upon two dogs in defence of her young ones, and severely punished them. "I suggest," said the story-teller, "that the maternal instinct deserves more study than it has received. It must be exceedingly powerful to transform the most timorous of creatures into a raging fury, who, without a thought for herself or the slightest hesitation and oblivious of everything, makes a murderous assault on her arch-enemy, the distant sight of whom ususally sends her flying. Where does it come from? Who taught the partridge, the grouse, and many other birds those cunning manoeuvres to draw off danger? Who told the doe to forget her timidity and strike down her enemy without fear? I think this instinct might be studied sociologically with advantage, especially by those who forget it."

It is because of this instinct of motherhood, we are told, that men can renounce the world easily, but not women, and that the

sex instinct is stronger in women. This is all very well, but it draws a difference between men and women in their attitude to children. How can there be the equality claimed for everywhere now between men and women? In any case, whether the equality is allowed or not, modern conditions make it necessary for the father to take as much, if not the same, interest in his children as the mother does.

In this connection, I would like to quote here some of the replies given by High-School Students in America to the query asked them of what sort of fathers they would have chosen, if they could have picked their parents:

"A large number of the boys and girls expressed themselves strongly for healthy fathers—those without physical or mental taint. Obviously, the writers had no hankering for irritable, nervous, morose or eccentric fathers.. Some wanted athletic fathers; others had thought the matter through far enough to desire parents who could pass a eugenic examination.

Judging from their answer, this is about what seemed to be wanted in the way of fathers:

Good health and good ancestry.

Companionable to his sons and daughters, not a slave to work, broad-minded and possessed of a sense of humour.

Well-educated, preferably a college man, but at least possessed of a general knowledge of the arts and sciences.

Clean in personal habits and a good example to his children.

A good 'sweetheart' to his wife.

An honest, hard-working man who has little time to spend with his children.

A number of the young people expressed the wish that the, might be given definite tasks and responsibilities to fit them for life.

One boy wrote: 'I should desire that my parents work out a programme for the first fourteen years of my life.

A number came out flat-footed and said they would never choose quarreling parents or parents of different religions or political views."

A WELL-WISHER.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

ON PATRIOTISM

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land.'"

ON the other hand, the apothegmatic Dr. Johnson said, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Both Scott and Johnson were entitled to their opinions, which shows that patriotism is neither always good nor always bad. If one does not love one's country, which is quite frequently the case, one does not generally say it, for when everybody loves his country one has also to love one's country. We always try to do as Rome does. Patriotism, therefore, often becomes a pretence. It is always a cause for pride and as every pride is in some degree pretended, patriotism is seldom true in every part of it. Pure unpolluted love of nativeland is not possible and perhaps also not desirable, for it is not good for other lands, which are always so very much bigger and collectively so much more important than our 'God's own country.'

I do not suggest that patriotism must be put in the dock, but I like it to be weighed in the balance, and this I proceed to do in the persuasion that one may do it, without suspending his love for his country.

Why should we love our own country, that is, love our own country better than other countries? Is it because our own country is better than other countries? The reader, who is not exactly untroubled by the questions, might ask why should we love our own children better than other children? Is it because our children are better than other children? Unless we are obstinately blind, we will have to admit that neither our country is, nor our children are better. We love them better because they are *our own*. And why because it is our own, should we love our own country better than other countries? Since, because it is our own, we can enjoy the fruits thereof, we want to make our own country better than other countries, so that we might be better-off than other people. We cannot sit, hands folded, when our own country is invaded, for then we cannot have the fruits thereof and we will be worse-off than other people.

Thus, we see that all along the line of analysis other countries are constantly involved in our love of our own country. Therefore, consciously or unconsciously, patriotism is more love for one's own country and less love for other countries, if not love for our own country and love's contrary for other countries. Consciously or unconsciously, patriotism bases itself on the supposition that every country in the world exists for itself and that no country in the world exists for another. Let me say in parenthesis that I do not mean to suggest that the supposition is wrong any more than that it is right, but the trouble is that we should all exist for others without stopping to exist for ourselves. Existing for oneself is selfishness and selfishness is existing for others. The problem for individuals and nations is how to yoke the Great Savage and the Great Saint to the same plough so that the progress of the race, as

distinguished from that of particular countries or peoples, might be set to a quicker pace. Can we not love other children, if not as well as ours? Cannot patriotism cease to be a pride, and become the source of a service beginning, of course, from one's own country and flowing onward in all the four directions?

"Look things in the face; take things as they are," I hear dissentient voices crying. "Every one is at bottom 'my own country right or wrong.' Every country is for helping itself at the expense of other countries. Let us, therefore, be patriots, going the whole hog. That's all there's to do in such a world 'as we live in.'" And, so long as we are content to live in such a world, patriotism will continue to be praised to the skies from every platform, but will not for all the praise it receives be any the better than what it is.

We have been marching from stage to stage—from the individual and the savage, to the tribal, to the credal to the national, and perhaps to-day we are edging towards the international and the human. Both prophets and patriots have been helping the pilgrimage, patriots by their golden selfishness and prophets by their mellow humanity. Patriotism is often golden, whenever it is not the last refuge of self-seeking people. And nobody need ever have any quarrel with it, if it will become more and more golden by strenuous endeavour to make 'the-happy-and-prosperous-nation-idea' widen onward into a happy and prosperous human family.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

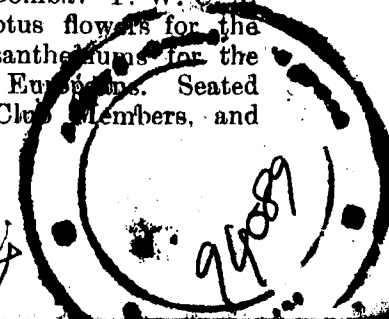
NOTE.—In this connection, I would like to quote the following note from *The Woman's Outlook*.—Editor.

"For East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," said a poet with some knowledge of both East and West. But many things which were accepted as truisms a few years ago are to-day questioned and, many times in the course of modern life, found to be incorrect or at least half truths. The Anniversary Luncheon of the East and West Club of the Bombay Y. W. C. A. held on September 15th, in the Hall of the Y. W. C. A. was a striking proof that the lines quoted are open to a strong challenge.

For twelve months there has been existing in Bombay an East and West Friendship Club. The Club exists to bring together women of all communities in Bombay to promote friendship amongst these different people.

Let me transport you to the Hall of the Bombay Y. W. C. A.—a long table beautifully decorated with lotus flowers for the Hindus, jasmine for the Mahomedans, chrysanthemums for the Japanese; maiden hair ferns and roses for the Europeans. Seated around the table are the East and West Club members, and

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their friends. The beautiful gaily-coloured Saris of the Parsi ladies, toned with the quieter-coloured ones of the Mahomedan and Hindu ladies, formed a striking contrast to the dress of the Europeans present.

The actual menu was another example of East and West, for it consisted of European, Indian, and Japanese dishes, no easy thing to arrange, without hurting the religious scruples of some sections of the Club. For programme, the guests were entertained with Indian and European music. The Indian Music played by Mrs. Cama on the dilruba, the name of which translated means, "it makes the heart grow pleasant," combined with her singing, as well as the song of Mrs. Wolfe, a representative of the European community, were greatly appreciated.

The proceedings closed with the singing of a song which is intend to be adopted as the club song. The Chorus embodies the ideals of the club:—

"As from this hour, we'll use our power
True fellowship to find,
Comrades of every race and clime
In friendship's ties we'll bind "

Along these lines the club hopes to progress.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE LAZY WIFE

IT was a hot summer afternoon, and the air was still and dry. An unnatural silence reigned over the whole town, broken now and then by the distant bark of a dog, or the hoot of a horn. My friend, Mrs. X was cross and peevish. She found the heat too much. She wished to go to the hills. The Indian summers were really unbearable, she said. She deplored the fact that she would have to wait for another fortnight before her husband's leave would commence. "All the English ladies in the stations have gone up," she complained, "We are the only people in a good position who are still stuck here."

"Only a fortnight more," I said. "It will soon be over."

"Let's go and lie down" she remarked. "We can have the punkah pulled, and that will be a little better."

I complied with her request, and went into a cool bed-room, where the windows were closed and the shutters left open, to shut out the glare and let the air in. Mrs. X ordered the punkah to be pulled, and we both lay down on cool beds, and after chatting a little, fell asleep.

It must have been past four, when we awoke, to find that Mr. X had returned from his work, tired and hot. He was a mild good-natured man, extremely fond of his wife, and therefore inclined to spoil her. I hurriedly went into my room to dress and be ready for tea, but when I came out, I found Mrs. X was still in bed and her husband sitting in the verandah, awaiting his tea.

"Hullo," I said, "Haven't you had your tea yet?"

"No," he said. "I'm waiting for my wife. She is still in bed. Poor thing, I'm afraid she is finding the heat rather trying."

"But it's nearly five," I said, "Aren't you longing for a cup of tea. You must be hot, also."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm used to it. It is rather late for a game of Tennis, though."

I was silent. It was not my business to criticise his wife's faults to him. But I could not help wondering how Mrs. X could be so selfish as to always think about her own comforts, and not be a little more considerate about her husband's welfare. After all, when a woman marries, it is her duty to be energetic enough to see that the domestic arrangements are managed in such a way as to give her husband comfort.

May I say, however, in justice to Indian women, that such types of the lazy wife are very few, and even these few are to be found chiefly among the educated and Westernised women of India. It is partly the husband's fault that women learn such indolent habits, for over-indulgence and spoiling on the man's part is always inclined to make a woman take advantage. I have drawn this portrait of an Indian woman, to warn our Indian women not to be like her.

PUNKAJAM.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) THE PARROT AND THE EMIR.

An eminent Emir, in his journeyings about the earth, came upon a parrot in a cage. "To whom does the bird belong?" asked the Emir. "It was the property of the late professor Highbrow," said a fellow standing by. Whereupon the Emir demanded, "who is the present owner of the parrot?" "I am," replied the man. "I was the professor's servant, and he gave it me as a keepsake." "I like the bird very much," said the Emir. "May I purchase it from you?" "Certainly," said the fellow, and the Emir handed him a sum of money far exceeding the parrot's worth. So the bird was deposited in the Emir's study. Presently a servant came and placed in the cage, water and food. As the parrot was about to

drink, it called out "A votre sante, monsieur!" and as it turned to the food it cried "Bonne bouche!" The Emir roared with laughter. At this juncture, the Emir's dog strolled into the room, and Polly yelled in a frenzy, "Cave canem! Cave canem!" The Emir, finding the parrot such an educated bird, became more fond of it every day, and made a great pet of it. Presently the Emir fell sick; his physician was hastily summoned, and, to the great concern of all, it was discovered that the Emir had contracted Psittacosis. The doctor was unable to fight the disease and so the Emir died.

Moral: Your fondest pet may chance to be your deadliest enemy.

HERBERT PORTER.

(2) THE DAISY.

1. Oh! beautiful daisy,
O flower of the sun,
Round you the thrush flies,
And to you I run.
2. You're prettier than anything,
That grows on this earth,
And yet though so pretty
You've been humble from birth.
3. Goodbye, dear daisy,
The sun is going down,
And fairies will come out
From wee Elfin town
4. Then sleep well, dear daisy,
The sun has gone down,
Your petals have closed
In sweet slumber town

NITA FONSECA.

(3). OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

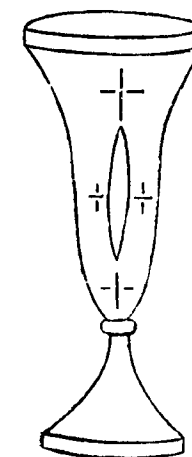
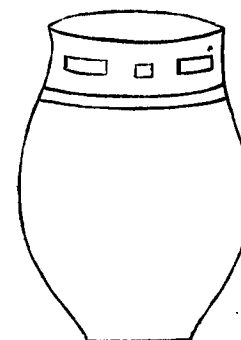
DEAR CHILDREN,

A very interesting hobby, when you have nothing else to do, is to make clay models. Clay can be had in almost every town in India, and all you have to do, is to ask one of your servants to get you some, and spend a happy hour or two, shaping things out of nothing. If you are artistically inclined, you will probably be able to make models of little dolls, and animals; otherwise, you can confine yourselves to pots, cups, saucers, vases, etc. You must be

very careful, when you shape your models, to make them absolutely straight and symmetrical. Patience is what is needed, and you must go on working at your models, until you are thoroughly satisfied with them.

Take a lump of clay, and mix it with water, and knead it until it becomes a hard paste. Then shape your models, and smoothen the surface, by applying a little water, and working it with your finger or a smooth flat piece of wood. Then, if you are enterprising enough, draw some designs on it with a sharp point. Here are two diagrams for you to copy. You can attempt many more, by using your own imagination.

After shaping your models, dry them in the sun, and then, gradually get them used to the heat of the fire, by placing them near it. Then, when they are hard enough, slowly place them in some burning charcoal, and let them stay there for some hours. After this, they will be quite ready for use.



It will be rather interesting for you to make your own small flower pots, and plant some pretty flowering plants, or ferns or palms in them, and put them in your room. Remember, that a flower pot must have a small hole at the bottom for the water to run out, and make a saucer to be placed underneath, so that the water may run into it.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CH XXIV. COUGH:

COUGH is an important and troublesome symptom of all disorders of the respiratory passages and the lungs. For example, it forms an important symptom in Bronchitis, whooping Cough, asthma, Tuberculosis of lungs etc. Besides the cough associated with these disorders, there are two other kinds of cough, which should be known to parents lest their nature be mistaken.

One is what is known as the stomach cough. This is produced, as the name implies, by some derangement of the stomach or the intestine. It is loud, hoarse, and barking in character. The child is in its usual health. None of the symptoms of cold, or other serious lung symptoms are seen. The only thing noticed is that the child suffers from occasional fits of severe coughing. The throat, if examined in a good light, will be redder than usual and the uvula may be elongated.

The other form is known as the night cough. This is common during the period of teething. The history given is that the child is quite well during the day, but has a distressing cough at night, causing much annoyance and disturbing sleep. After a couple of hours it ceases altogether and the child passes the remainder of the night in peace.

The night cough always points to naso-pharyngeal disease, where the secretion stagnating at the back part of the throat, causes irritation and cough as soon as the child is put to bed. As a rule, adenoids and chronic Tonsillitis may be discovered.

Treatment: As a preliminary, the bowels must be opened and the diet regulated. In the night cough, a change of posture will sometimes give relief. But very often something to put an end to the cough is found necessary. The following domestic preparations will be found very useful and handy. Take *Rhus succedanea*¹, *piper longum*², *cubeba officinalis*³, and *Glycyrrhiza glabra*⁴, all equal parts, finely powdered separately, and then mixed well and stocked in a bottle. Of this, five grains⁵, mixed with a liberal quantity of honey, is administered whenever called for, not more than three or four times in the day. As an alternative, the syrup of liquorice root⁶ may be administered in one to four teaspoon doses. Or again honey and the juice of limefruit in equal parts, mixed together by gentle heat, can also be given, diluted with a little water.

It is clear that children suffering from any kind of cough for any length of time should be placed as early as possible under a tonic treatment, preferably Kepler's cod-liver oil with malt extract and chemical food, half a teaspoon twice a day after meals.

1. *Rhus succedanea*, English, galls; Sanskrit, Karkatashringi; Tamil, Kakkatashingi; Telugu, Kakarashingi.
2. *Piper longum*, English, long pepper; Tamil, Tippali; Telugu, Pippale.
3. *Cubeba officinalis*, English, Tail pepper; Sanskrit, suganda muricha; Tamil, Val milaku; Telugu, Toka muriyalu.
4. *Glycyrrhiza glabra*, Eng. liquorice; Sanskrit, Yashti madher; Tamil, atimaduram; Telugu, atimaduramu.
5. Five grains, the weight of 20 rice grains.
6. Syrup of liquorice is prepared thus:—Take of Atimadhuram root, bruised, 2 ounces and *ladies' fingers* (Vendaikay in Tamil & Bendakaya in Telugu) in slices 1 ounce. Boil in 1 pint (20 oz) of water for half an hour & strain. To the liquor thus obtained, add 8 ounces of sugar candy or honey or both to form a syrupy fluid; Dose—1—4 teaspoons.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

DRESS is meant for decency, ornament and protection; none can dispute that fact.

In all countries, whatever the climate may be, men in fashion are well-clad except the poor who cannot afford it. Men as a rule do more of out door work than women and ought to be clothed more scantily. Why do women wear scanty clothing? Exposure of the body and arms seems to count a lot, as far as fashion is concerned. Our women have become a prey to it. The decency of the Saree is lost by the jackets worn by our ladies. The Indian Tamil dress is supposed to be a most beautiful and artistic form of dress and it has been commented on as so by many. There is decency, modesty and all other requirements for a woman to make her look charming, beautiful and graceful, even if she cares for the admiration of the opposite sex. But, most of our ladies of the present day are spoiling the Saree costume. In trying to copy the West, they are daily going from bad to worse. The jackets worn are just a flimsy material with no sleeves, over a strap petticoat. Does this create admiration? Surely civilization, advancement, refinement and fashion do not sanction it. I hope our readers will ponder over this in their minds and try to add beauty to themselves, in not imitating the West too much in their dress.

PAVALAM,
Ceylon.

SNAPS AT SOCIETY.

A CONVERSATION WITH A GIRAFFE

I was at my wit's end for wisdom and peace, and as men do desperate things in desperate need I went to the giraffe. The adventure was sudden, but I soon discovered that in a dim unseen way it had reason to occur. Between me and the giraffe there were some relations in the manner of blood being thicker than water. While the giraffe was the biggest animal with the smallest head, I belonged to the species of the smallest animals with the biggest heads. This alone was sufficient cause why I should have sought the giraffe in hour of need. But there were other relations as well. I was a creature of the earth abandoned to the earth's intricacies; and the giraffe also, to begin with, depended on the earth, but, what was more, was suspended in the air as if it did not depend on the earth at all. Who can comfort an earthly animal better than an aerial inhabitant of the earth? Who can succour the big head in its confusion but a body that bears its brain so easily, inconspicuously and so far above itself? While I seldom rose above myself, the giraffe always stood above itself, not stooping even for the sake of its food. Surely, there was much reason why my instinct should have prompted me to go and find the giraffe.

It was a glorious evening, gently swinging in the tranquil gold of the setting sun. The giraffe was surveying the world like a statue uprisen with living eyes.

"Oh, giraffe!" said I, "Tell me what you find. You see the prospect far and near, such as human eyes cannot see and we see what is near and think we see far, not seeing what we see near. Tell me what you find, for wisdom lies in your eyes."

The giraffe passed an indifferent glance on the voice beneath, and lifted its head into the middle skies, as if it would survey the world from far above. I stood there, clinging to the earth like a clod, made smaller than myself by the epic eyes of the animal that began in the earth and grew in the air and dwelt in the sky and that, therefore, enjoyed the right perspectives of life.

Did he heed my supplication and prayer?

Why are our prayers seldom heard, our hopes seldom fulfilled? We pray for ourselves and hope for ourselves and call ourselves unselfish, and the giraffe held its tongue as if I was unworthy of its speech. But I heard a voice, though the evening was clam and glorious so that sound itself seemed to be ashamed of its empty office. I heard a voice, from within myself, as if the wisdom of the giraffe had evoked a long-unused chord in my bosom. The deep calm and meek splendour of the day-end impressed me with the futility of asking. Meanwhile, the giraffe had grown to a

dream in the clouds, a far-off presence unseen, but not unfelt. Then it waved its ethereal length of neck across the air like a happy idea coming and going away across the mind. Its head hovered over me for a moment and its eyes let down a compassionate glance as if to say, "Be calm yourself, for wisdom comes from quiet."

The evening was still and glorious, and the tide upon tide of plant-life that stretched away on all sides seemed to hold its breath to know the joy of being wise.

And the giraffe itself seemed to sleep and dream, while there was not a pause in its quiet work of joining earth and sky.

I said, "I am become wise, for wisdom lies not in seeking it in the winds and storms of the earth, but in finding it in the silent time and vacant space of our own beings. In this way we should become like the solitary giraffe, the joiner of earth and sky."

I returned home, pressing the new thought to my heart, the thought that shrinks from noise, to hear what the inner spirit cries.

SOUR-SWEET.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DESTROYING VERMIN.

I came across the following hints for destroying vermin, in a *Household Manual*, and I thought it would be useful to mention them, as the housewife in India is always anxious to learn remedies that can destroy insects, which are such a pest in this country.

(1) *Black Ants* :—A good way of preventing these from infesting shelves and cupboards on which provisions are kept, is by chalking the former, and thus stopping the ants from being able to move about. In order to kill them, the best way is to pour boiling water into the holes in which they live. Oil of Vitroil is also very effective, but it destroys plaster and bricks and whatever it touches, and therefore cannot be used freely.

(2) *Red Ants* :—These can be caught by placing a plate greased with lard, at the place where they abound. They love lard, and will climb on to the plate, especially if sticks are placed at the sides of the plate to make the climbing easier for the ants. When the plate is full of ants, it should be held over the fire, when the lard will melt, and the ants will fall into the fire and be burnt. By repeating this process, all the ants can be caught.

(3) *Blackbeetles or Cockroaches* :—These are the bugbear of so many Indian households, and can be dealt with by scattering the floor of the places that they infest with green cucumber peel, cut rather thick, or by scattering powdered borax freely, about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

in each room, and putting it into the holes and crevices where they dwell. The vermin either die, or migrate. The housewife should be careful and patient in the use of this last remedy.

PADDY.

TRAVANCORE NOTES.

THE South Travancore Indian Christian Ladies' Conference was held on 1st Oct. at Nagercoil. It was the first Conference of its kind and marks a definite step in the progress of Indian Christians in Travancore. The Indian Christians were the pioneers of English education in the State and were the first to get into schools and colleges. But during the past 25 years they remained practically quiet, without taking the lead in any matter whatever. A few minds here & there had been feeling the sad lack of unity, the want of organization, but it was not till Oct. that they decided on bringing all the Christian ladies together to consider their present position and the means of improving it.

The place chosen for the conference was Nagercoil and all were unanimously in favour of having it there, as it was the place where English education was first started in the State, as well as the scene of the first Christianization of South Travancore.

Eminent and distinguished women from all parts of S. Travancore wholeheartedly responded to the invitation. Ladies from British India were also present. There was a large gathering of the literate in Travancore. The conference was presided over by Mrs. E. Devasigamani, B.A. L.T. Lecturer, Training College, Trivandrum, the earliest lady graduate in the state.

Women took a real interest in the proceedings of the conference. Several subjects such as higher education, professional education cottage industries and rural uplift, the sanitation and hygiene of the home, music and fine arts, social reform, and women and evangelization were dealt with at length and resolutions were passed.

It is hoped that much will be effected by this conference and that the lines of work proposed by the conference will be carried out by enthusiastic women workers.

THE HINDU VANITHA SANGAM.

The Hindu Vanitha Sangam is one of the useful associations for women in Travancore. It has but a short history, but within its short life it has done immense good to women, rich and poor, and has every likelihood of making vast improvements in the future.

It was started 3 years ago in Trivandrum by a few enthusiastic Hindu women. The need for such an association was however long felt. There was the Y. W. C. A. and the Women's Club, but in these the majority of Hindu Women did not take any part at all. The Hindus of all castes and creeds wanted an association to voice their cause, to represent their grievances and to remedy their weakness.

So in January 1927 was started the Hindu Vanitha Sangam with H. H. The Maharani Regent of Travancore as the patron of the Sangam. The aims of starting such an association for Hindu Women were clearly defined.

1. To create a better spirit of friendliness & union between the different classes of Hindu Society.
2. To call forth united efforts for their uplift.
3. To give employment to poor & needy Hindu Women.
4. To impart free education to the deserving poor.
5. To improve the pecuniary position of women
6. To preserve the Hindu ideals of womanhood from being effaced by evil influences.

A committee was framed, consisting of women from all the different strata of society, & the committee immediately set to work. There was strong public opinion to support them. More than 150 women from rich & distinguished families subscribed for the membership. The women felt it their duty to share in the activities of the Sangam. That was the training ground for their daughters and for their sisters. It was a call to Hindu Society to rally together and the pioneers ought to be congratulated on their success.

Within a short time of 3 years it has been able to do very good work.

It manages a co-operative society consisting of the members of the H. V. S. and the society owns a bank. Out of the profits from the bank, the society runs a weaving school and an employment bureau. The weaving school was first started with very little funds, but now it is able to give free instruction to 20 poor girls. The employment bureau is intended to give jobs to very poor and helpless Hindu women. A large majority of the poor are engaged in pounding paddy and so this society takes upon itself the duty of providing them with paddy to pound for a small return. This effort, however humble and poor, is a means of livelihood to many women, who cannot go to shops and earn their bread by working in them.

Besides this, the Sangam manages a child-welfare centre in Trivandrum. Mrs. Krishnan Tampi is in charge of it and she has been doing very valuable work in it. More than 1500 children have left this centre with good health and vigour. Thousands of homes

have learned the first principles of sanitation and many mothers have known the value of what they learnt in child-nursing.

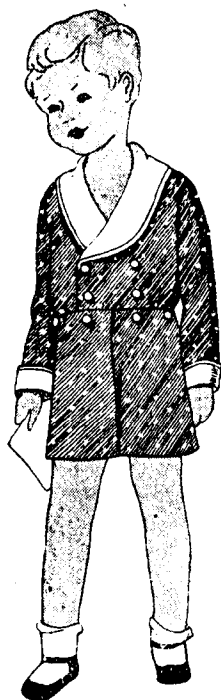
Another useful institution, the Hindu Vanitha Sangam Hostel, was started in Travancore in July '30. Many girls coming from different parts of Travancore for study, & women getting to the capital for employment, have been put to great difficulty by the want of a hostel to accommodate them. The Government Hostel was not sufficient even for the College students. So the Sangam remedied this need by starting a hostel at the beginning of this year. It is getting on well with a good number of inmates, each doing some useful work for her sisters, holding clubs, teaching sewing and having dramatic entertainments.

There is no doubt but that the Sangam will rapidly become one of the most useful associations for Women in Travancore.

The Lady Graduates' Union held a meeting in Trivandrum on October 1st, to congratulate Mrs. Anna Chandy, M.A., B.L., the first lady lawyer in Kerala and the editor of 'Sreemathi'. She entered the High Court in August and since has been handling several criminal cases very successfully. She has set the example to a number of her sisters, who are now in the Law College.

J. VEDAKAN.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.



A BOY'S SUIT.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

(1) BRINGAL CURD *PACHCHADI* (CHUTNEY).

Select 12 palams of tender and big bringals, cook them well, either by roasting over burning charcoal or by boiling in water.

Take $\frac{1}{4}$ measure of good curds in a tinned vessel and add to it $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of salt; cut $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of green chillies into pieces and put into the curds. Then take the cooked bringals, remove the outer skin, put them into the vessel of curds and mix up well. If the bringals are added when hot, the solid curds will become watery.

Then take $\frac{1}{2}$ a palam of ghee in a big spoon (iron) and heat it well. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of black gram Dhal, $\frac{1}{4}$ palam red chillies, $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of mustard and $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of Bengal grain Dhal, fry well and add to the other preparation.

In the same manner, curd *Pachchadis* can be made of sugar pumpkin, mango, plantain, cucumber, ladies' fingers, potatoes, knolkhol and beet-root.

(Translated)

(2) PUMELO MARMALADE

Ingredients.—2 pumelos, 2 oranges, preferably bitter, 3 pints water to each pound prepared fruit, 1 lb. sugar to each pint of pulp.

Method—Wash the pumelos and oranges, weigh them and calculate amount of water required. Yellow bitter oranges are best, as the marmalade made with these will be a prettier colour, and have a finer flavour. Peel the oranges very finely, removing only the yellow peel, and no pith. Cut the peel into fine shreds, and place in a small basin. Cut up the pulp of the oranges, removing the pips; put pulp into a large china basin, and pips into a tea cup. Cut the pumelo in slices, pick out the pips, and put them in the same cup as the orange pips, and the bulk of the pumelo besides the orange pulp. Pour one tea-cup cold water over the pips, another over the shredded peel, then pour remainder of water over the pulp in the large basin (3 pints or 6 tumblers of water are required for each pound of weighed fruit). Allow to stand overnight. Next day, put contents of large basin into a lined or aluminium pan, add water strained from the peel, also the chips of peel tied in a small piece of muslin. Bring slowly to the boil, and cook steadily for one hour. Remove from the fire, add the pips, and water in which they were soaking (it should have formed a jelly), allow to stand for a few minutes, stir all well together, then strain. Rinse the bag of chips, and add them to the strained liquid. Allow the marmalade to drip overnight. Next day, measure the liquid and chips back into the clean pan and allow one pound sugar for each pint of pulp, or in other words 1 tea-cup sugar to each tea-cup of liquid. Bring

slowly to the boil, stirring all the time, then boil briskly for 30 minutes. It is most important that the jelly must not stop boiling even for a moment the whole of the thirty minutes. Test on a cold plate, and if setting pour into dry warm jars. Cover when cold.

(Selected.)

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

SNAKE-BITE.

The symptoms are faintness, (1) vomiting (2) laboured breathing, (3) loss of power to move the limbs, to speak, or to swallow, (4) the tongue hanging out and (5) a frothy saliva issuing from the mouth, (6) pain and swelling extending upwards (7) the veins inflaming and appearing red, (8) cold sweats, (9) convulsions and (10) insensibility preceding death. Treatment must be quick, as death may occur 5 minutes after the bite from a viper or a cobra. It is well to make cuts about the part bitten to ensure a flow of blood, in the hope that the poison may pass out with it, also to tie a ligature above the site of the bite tight enough to stop circulation in that part, until medical aid is obtained. For recovery *can* be effected, even though the snake be poisonous.

—*Nursing Journal of India.*

WHAT FOODS ARE MOST COOLING ?

What foods are the most cooling and therefore the most suitable to eat in very hot weather ?

A.—The cooling or heating effect upon the body of the actual temperature of foods is enough to make us change from warm to iced beverages in hot weather without any scientific advice. The actual absorption of the body heat by a meal of ice-cold food and beverage equal to a litre (a little over a quart) of water would be 36 calories. Since an average man generates about 2,500 calories of heat a day or a little over 100 calories an hour, we see that the cooling effect of such a meal would just about offset the heat generated by the body in twenty minutes.

In other words a cold meal—and especially cold drinks—does have an immediate cooling effect. Likewise, hot foods do warm us up. These effects are not imaginary but very real. Indeed, drinking copiously of very hot water aids in starting perspiration. But such effects are temporary. The actual temperature of the blood is not appreciably changed. The evaporation of the sweat induced by the hot beverage cools us, its purpose being to prevent the body actually becoming any warmer. Likewise, when we consume

the cold food or drink, increased circulation and oxidation promptly generates additional heat to offset it just as when we take a cold bath.

But there is a secondary effect of food that has nothing to do with the temperature at which it is eaten and that is the heat developed or effect upon metabolism of the digesting and absorption of food. For some hours after a meal is taken, the body does develop considerably more heat than it would with no food in the digestive tract. Naturally, the bigger the meal, the greater the amount of this heat developed.

Also the kind of food consumed causes a difference in such heat development. Protein, and hot fat as is commonly supposed, gives the greatest amount of such heat development. But the carbohydrate foods give the least. Sugar, and especially the simple sugars in fruits, are absorbed with the least digestive and chemical activity and hence give the least body-heating effects. The instinctive selection of fruits to predominate in the summer diet is therefore well-founded.

The body is cooler when fasting than when it is absorbing or accumulating food. The thin body is very obviously easier to keep cool than the fat body. Therefore, the less food one eats, and the thinner one is, the easier one can withstand the heat, but the difference is not great enough to justify one starving oneself or becoming unduly thin just to keep cool. It is a fat body that is easily overheated, rather than a big, well-muscled body. Even though the greater muscular activity of the athlete generates a greater amount of heat, his free circulation and copious perspiration function better as a refrigerating system and tend more quickly to cool the blood.

It is the fat man on the porch digesting a big dinner that he had no real need for, and shouldn't have eaten anyway, and not the boys on the baseball field, who suffer from the heat.

Health.

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AT TRIVANDRUM.

The annual session of the Trivandrum Branch of the All-India Women's Educational Conference was held this morning. In the course of the welcome address, it was said "For the fourth time in succession this annual Conference is meeting in the attempt to for-

ward the cause of education and through it, the cause of the women of Travancore. It is with a little feeling of sorrow that I am compelled in honesty to remark that although this Conference has been meeting in Trivandrum for four years, its achievements have not been great. In searching for a cause, it seems to me, that the blame lies in the very fact that the women of Travancore have been for centuries the least backward of all in India—I should rather say the most advanced”.

The President Miss Hester Smith, declaring the Conference open; delivered her presidential address, in the course of which she said: “An Educational Conference in Travancore must be one of special significance, because Travancore is the leading State in education in the whole of India. It is important that woman in seeking to gain a position for herself should not do so by striving for power and property, by personal ambitions or a desire for wealth. What is necessary is that she should make her own values accepted, not only in the home, but also in national and international life. It is essential not only that she should preserve the home virtues, but that she should also be educated.

I would place as the first fundamental for women, physical education. Before everything else, she must develop a strong and healthy body, properly fed, suitably exercised, disciplined and controlled. She must make a thorough study of physiology in order that she may understand the working of the body. She must know about the prevention and cure of all common diseases, she must be taught how to nurse the sick and care for young children. Secondly, education is to fit woman for home life and to enable her to help others to achieve a better life. Thirdly we must give the modern girl a training in citizenship, which will involve a study of the present Government and the social institutions of her country, together with some knowledge of its past history. Then I would give a prominent part in women's education to the Fine Arts, Literature, Music, painting, drawing and creative hand-work. And lastly and perhaps most important of all, I would place the training of character. I do not know whether our present system of marking reflects the relative importance which we attach to character training, as compared with other subjects.”

Papers on important subjects relating to education were then read.

Mrs. G. E. Hatch then spoke on ‘Physical Training’.

Dr. Miss Eippe next read a paper on “Sanitation and Hygiene in Schools”. Miss M. Fernandez read a paper on co-education.

This was followed by a paper on “Over-strain of girls in Schools” in Tamil by Miss Joy Thomas and “How Women in private life can help in Education and Social Work” by Miss J. Vadakan.

Miss D. H. Watts, B. A., Retired Lady Principal of H. H. the Maharaja's College for Women, next spoke on “Married Women as Teachers”

The last of the speakers was Miss. M. I. Rosemeyer who spoke on “Job-bent and Job-less Women”.

MUSLIM WOMEN'S DEMANDS

In response to a resolution passed at a meeting of distinguished Muslim ladies under the Presidentship of the Begum Saheba of Savnoor, a special session of the Muslim Ladies' Educational Conference was held at Poona; Lady Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah presided.

Lady Ghulam Hussain said that in pre-British days it might be safely said that education among women was confined to Muslims alone. This was owing to the religious injunction which made it obligatory upon women to read the Koran and acquaint themselves with the rules of fasting and prayer. The method of instruction followed was that in the house of well-to-do people aged scholars were engaged to teach both boys and girls, while in the case of the masses there were makhtabs in Muslim localities conducted by experienced and competent mistresses who looked after the education and morals of young girls.

The principal causes which contributed to the fall of education among Muslim women were two. Firstly, the British Government disallowed Persian records and while establishing training colleges for Hindu women in Guzerati and Marathi, they did not establish any Urdu Training Colleges or normal classes for Muslim women. Secondly, they made all primary education secular and discouraged and indeed prohibited religious education in Government schools. While training colleges for Hindu women were established sixty or seventy years ago, the first Urdu Normal Class was opened only ten years ago. No step was taken to introduce English among Muslim women by means of Anglo-Urdu schools in the Bombay Presidency. It was only last year that an Anglo-Urdu Middle School was established for Muslim girls at Poona. The High School for Indian Girls, which is a Marathi institution, was established nearly half a century ago for Hindu girls and even now it is under the supervision of a Hindu Society, so that its pupils and their requirements are fully protected. Even the new institutions established for Muslim girls are insufficiently-staffed and badly-housed. It behoved Government to make them efficient.

The following six resolutions were then agreed to:

That this Conference puts on record its deliberate opinion that the most urgent need of education of Muslim girls in rural and urban areas is that of trained mistresses, and therefore, urges

Government to widen the scope and strengthen the staff of the Urdu Training School for Women in Poona, which is the only institution of its kind in the Presidency, so that it may be placed on a level with the other vernacular training colleges for women.

This Conference draws the attention of Government to the deplorable condition of Muslim Primary Education, especially of girls, under many local authorities, since the transfer of control of primary education to their charge, and urges Government to bring early legislation to carry out the recommendations of the Hartog Committee, enabling Government to exercise a stricter control over local bodies.

MYSORE'S GOOD WORK FOR WOMEN.

Over two hundred women, representing ladies from all parts of Mysore State, assembled in the Maharani's College Hall for the fifth Mysore State Ladies' Conference. Her Highness, the Yuvarani of Mysore, opened the Conference and Lady Mirza Ismail presided over the deliberations.

Mrs. K. D. Ruckminiamma, who welcomed the delegates on behalf of the Reception Committee, said: "We are thankful to the Standing Committee for accepting our invitation to hold this year's meeting in our city. This is the first time that the Conference meets in Mysore. We feel greatly honoured by Her Highness the Yuvarani's graciousness in consenting to open the Conference to-day.

The encouragement of women's education and the improvement of the condition of women generally have always received special sympathy and support at the hands of our beloved Ruling Family. Mysore was the first to legislate, so far back as 1874, against infant marriage and marriage between persons greatly differing in age. The admission of women to the constitutional assemblies and the local bodies and the appointment of a committee to inquire into the numerous disabilities that the Hindu law places on women, are recent instances of their solicitude for improving women's condition. We feel sure that with such powerful sympathisers the ideals, for which the Ladies' Conference stand, will no doubt be realised early."

Her Highness the Yuvarani, before declaring the Conference upon, spoke as follows:

"It was with the greatest pleasure that I accepted the kind invitation of Lady Mirza Ismail to open to-day the fifth Session of the Mysore State Ladies' Conference; and my heartfelt thanks are due to her and to the members of the Reception Committee for this honour.

I am glad that the Conference, which for the last four years had its annual meetings in Bangalore, holds now its fifth session in Mysore in response to the request of the ladies here. It was here, in this very college, bearing the illustrious name of Her Highness the Maharani, C. I., that the seed of women's education was first sown by that champion of the women's cause in Mysore, I mean, the late Rai Bahadur Narasimha Iyengar of revered memory, whose portrait you see on the wall opposite.

"I also understand that, as far back as 1918, the ladies of Mysore met in conference here for the very first time and carried on the work for nearly six years; but owing to lack of funds and want of encouragement they had to give it up. Now conditions seem to be more propitious. With the general awakening in the peoples' mind, with the generous sympathy of our benign Government, and above all, under the able leadership of Lady Mirza Ismail, I am sure that this conference will fulfil its mission and achieve the fullest measure of success.

While engaged on this subject, we must keep in mind one important fact. The world of to-day wears an aspect quite different from that which it wore in the days of our forefathers. In every department of thought and life knowledge is making vast strides. Through various points of contact different nations are coming into closer and ever closer intercourse with us. The times are changing from day to day. Our ideas of education, our habits of thought and modes of life, in fact our very outlook must change in accordance with the time spirit. The West may have borrowed something from us and we in the East, have perhaps a good deal to learn from our Western sisters. By all means we can and must take our ideals from ancient India, but along with them we must take what ever is best from the culture of the modern West. Then only will the country progress and rise to greatness.

Again, you are all aware that in the West women are agitating for equality of rights with men in every field and showing they are competent to exercise them. That women in India are not lagging behind is shown by the ladies' conferences that are being organised all over the country in recent years and by the excellent work that the All-India Ladies' Conference is doing for promoting unity and the upliftment of women. But still, when we take up the whole women population of our country, few are the ladies that actually take part in these conferences and work for the benefit of their sisters.

This year's programme of work includes some very useful and interesting resolutions. I hope and pray that the delegates will ponder deeply over them and come to unanimous decisions. With these words I wish the conference every success and have great pleasure to declare it open."

Her Highness then declared the conference open amid cheers.

Mrs. K. D. Rukmani Amma moved a resolution expressing the thanks of the Conference to the Hindu Law Reform Committee for recommending the grant of property rights to women and requesting the Government to accept the recommendation.

Miss E. McNerney moved that compulsory education for girls be introduced in all parts of the State.

Miss Cotelingham in another resolution asked for early steps to be taken to provide facilities for training Girl Guides.

Mrs. E. P. Metcalfe, suggested the necessity for starting moving libraries, providing illustrated vernacular books and magazines for the rural population.

Mrs. Kanakalakshamma moved that the minimum age for the marriage of girls be raised to 16 years.

Miss Warwicks moved a resolution asking for larger grants to maternity and child welfare work both by the Government and the Local Bodies.

Mrs. Kamalamma Dasappa moved a resolution asking for greater encouragement being given to local and indigenous industries and appealed to women to use khaddar and boycott foreign goods.

Mrs. Venkatasubamma, in another resolution, urged the abolition of the dowry system.

The Conference then elected the office-bearers for the next year.

The Conference broke up amidst cheers for H. H. the Maharajah and members of the Mysore Ruling Family.

ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

To promote the cultural unity of Asia an Asian Women's Conference is being held at Lahore from January 19 to 25.

An interesting bulletin has been issued by the organisers of the Conference giving a provisional programme, containing detailed information to delegates coming from outside India and an invitation to men and women to join the Reception Committee of the Conference.

Inquiries made show that replies to invitations have been received from Palestine, Syria, Nepal, Ceylon, Japan, Burma, Iraq, Siam, Indo-China, Malaya, Hawaii, Persia, Baluchistan and Java. Correspondents from these countries have written to the secretaries stating that their people are deeply interested in the promotion of the Conference and are co-operating in various ways. The local newspapers in these countries have published translated invitations. Delegates from Palestine, Syria, Ceylon, Burma, Baluchistan,

Nepal, Persia, Japan, Java and India have definitely promised to attend. Non-Asian visitors have already arrived from New Zealand and the United States, and communications are being exchanged relative to delegates from Siam, Georgia, Afghanistan, Turkey, China, Iraq and Turkestan.

Among the delegates will be Madame Nasik Abed, a noted Arabian patriot and social worker, who has consented to stand for election as President of the Conference, Madame Hibino, wife of the Professor of Anthropology in the Government College at Formosa, Miss Taqi Fukits, correspondence secretary of the Japan Women's Association, Madame Soondhi of Bandoeng, Java, Begum Sultan Ferrukh, special prizewinner in Persian of the Calcutta University, Madame Nour Hamada, President of the Eastern Women's Conference, held in Damascus last year, Madame Mastore-e-Agshar, President of the Persian Patriotic Women's Association and Mrs. Pradhwan of the Kalimpong Buddhist Association.

A full quota of 10 delegates from Ceylon have intimated their intention to join the Conference.

APPEAL FOR SUPPORT TO SWADESHI

Under the auspices of the Women's Indian Association a largely attended public meeting was held when speeches were made by prominent ladies on the women's movement and the work before them.

Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan presided. After referring to the work of the Women's Indian Association on behalf of the women of India, the speaker made a fervent appeal to those present to support the Swadeshi movement. It might be, she said, that some persons would find it difficult to be absolutely Swadeshi in their purchases but she appealed to them at least to wear Swadeshi clothing. They should all wear pure khaddar and if that was not possible they should buy clothes made in India. They could buy silk, spun and woven in the country, if they found khaddar coarse. It was their duty to see that no raw cotton was exported from the country. During her tour in Northern India, she found that the movement had taken a strong hold on the public and she hoped that Madras would not lag behind.

WOMEN'S POSITION IN BRITAIN

Feminists should be encouraged by the success of Miss Susan Lawrence in discharging her duties as Chairman of the Labour Party Conference this year, the first time in history that a woman has occupied that position.

The dignity and skill wherewith she acquitted herself of her task earned tributes from all quarters. She has been described as

the "Best Chairman, the Conference had ever had." Yet it is a strange fact that fewer women delegates attended the Conference than in recent years. This is attributed to the new rules adopted last year and as the work of women in the Party is regarded as the foundation of its success, this denial, to their effective participation in the Conference provoked gloomy forebodings, that their enthusiasm may not endure.

The returns issued by the Registrar General, show that women exceed the men voters in England and Wales by 1,362,000. They are relatively fewer in working class districts, whereas in the better class areas, like Kensington, they outnumber men by over 2 to 1.

How far they are using their new powers earnestly was debated at the annual Conference of the National Council of Women at Portsmouth.

Mrs. F. A. Keynes, in her presidential address, deduced from the smaller number of women engaged in the public service, that they thought themselves unpopular there.

The Council passed a resolution asking the Government to abolish the marriage bar for women in the civil service, which the speakers declared prevented women from training for Government work and, moreover, put a premium on irregular unions.

The question of woman's place in the Church and home was also debated at the Church Congress, which met in Wales for the first time for 21 years and discussed every conceivable modern problem, including psychotherapy, hypnotism, sex, the education of the young and eugenics, in regard to which Dean Inge urged that the Church should help to create intelligent public opinion to prevent the nation breeding largely from slum dwellers, with their progeny of physical and mental defectives.

It was declared that the admission of women to the priesthood would split the Anglican Church and frustrate the projects of its reunion with other Churches.

Mrs. Shah Nawaz contributed her share in the discussion of feminism.

In an interview prominently published in The Daily Herald, she asserted that the position of Indian women was in some respects better than Western women and declared that whatever happened as regards India's attainment of its aspirations, the women of the new India would be ready to take their share in the country's work:—*The M. Mail*.

PROPHET'S DAY FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS

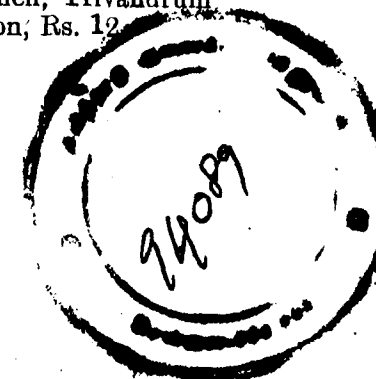
The organisers of the Prophet's Day Movement attach great importance to the uplift of Muslim women so that they may once more occupy the coveted place in the Muslim society which they

held with dignity and decorum. Ignorance of their rights and privileges now prevailing among Muslim women is responsible for their present deplorable condition and it is high time that the Muslim reformers should enlighten them about their legitimate status in the Muslim society. It is intended to fix the first week of next Rabi-ul-Awwal in 1931 as the Women's Week which will be entirely devoted to the propagation of Muslim Women's rights and privileges under Islam. Lectures will be delivered throughout the length and breadth of India on that important subject and Muslim ladies' meetings will be held in all centres of Muslim population. Next year's celebration will be styled "The Holy Prophet and the Women's Rights" which will also be the subject of the Public Commemoration Address in 1931. As usual it will be translated into all the languages of Asia and Europe.

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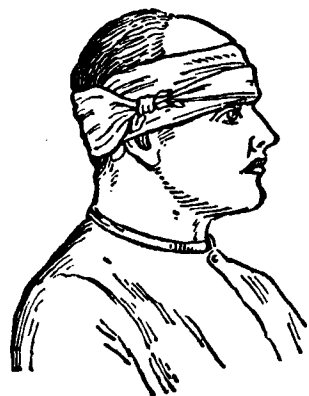
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