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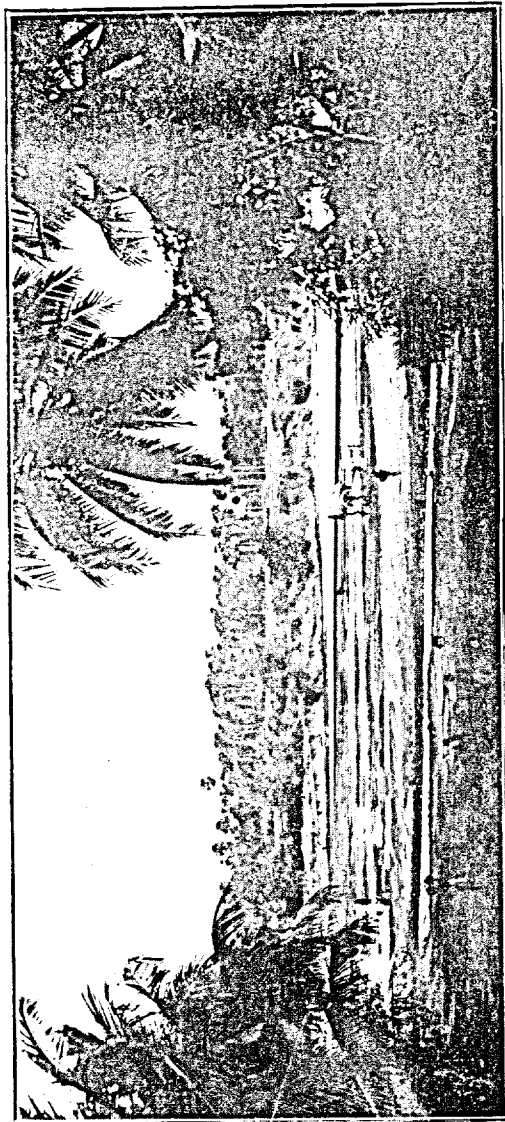
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Kavery River, Tanjore.

Photo.—Klein & Peyerl, Madras

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. IV

DECEMBER 1930.

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THE NEW YEAR.

(TO W. V. DE S.)

Lo, in the mists of time the old year wanes
Shedding its purple glow on unborn days;
Soon, soon among old unfrequented lanes,
We shall be wandering on our April ways.

Sweet memories of unreturning Junes
Will linger in the bloom of every flower,
Young hearts will dream beneath romantic moons
Love's old-time dreams as fleeting as the hour.

Oh! we shall sing new songs to cheat old sorrow,
Dear anodynes for each dull desolate mood,
And Hope that leads us to life's wondrous morrow,
And Laughter shall be ours, and solitude.

Awake! Awake! new mornings bid us rise,
Awake! the new *year* is dawning in the skies!

E. H. D'ALWIS.

SOME NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

AS we enter the New Year, we naturally are grateful for the blessings of the past-year.

"Sitting today in the sunshine
That touched me with fingers of love,
I thought of the manifold blessings
God scatters on earth from above;
And they seemed, as I remembered them over,
Far more than we merit or need.

The winter brings long pleasant evenings;
The spring brings a promise of flowers;
The summer breathes into fruition;
And autumn brings glad golden hours.

The woodlands re-echo with music;
The moonbeams ensilver the sea;

There is sunlight and beauty about us ;
And the world is as fair as can be."

We have indeed received far more than we deserve. After all, what are we but mere blades of grass in a great field, just mere atoms in a vast universe? "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" asks the Psalmist, "And the son of man that Thou visitest him? For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

And yet, when we come to think of it, are we really as grateful as we should be? We are not; for, as we look forward, our hearts feel full of fear and nervousness, as to what is going to happen in the coming months. And we are the more afraid, because we base our thoughts on what has happened before. You know the Hindu doctrine of Karma, that a man is born into this world in every birth, according to his actions in his previous birth. While Christians do not believe in the doctrine of the Transmigration of souls, they yet must admit that their past deeds are often the basis for new actions, not only through their results, but by their example. As we have acted before, we are likely to act now; and we are afraid that, as we have sinned before, we shall sin again. We are full of regret for all the wrongs we have done and for all the good we have left undone. As a poet tells us:

"Famished hopes press fast behind me, weakly wailing,
Faint before me fleets the good I have not done.
I had a noble purpose and the strength to compass it; but
I have stopped half-way, and wrongly given the first-
fruits of my toil to objects little worthy of the gift."

"The day declines, the hours draw near,
The sun, the last sun of the year
Has sunk beneath the waveless deep.
Beside the hearth I sit alone,
While shadows strange before me pass,
The past and present dimly shewn,
As in a wizard's magic glass.

O veiled new year,
Greetings! what bearest thou in hand?
Tell us what benefits are near.
In youth and hope thou seem'st a bride,
And fairy colours on thee rest.
But not the less thy course may bring
Regrets and tears and bitter sighs;
Thus every day upon the wing

Beholds our senseless vows arise,
And thus before its course is over
It sees our dearest things decay
And vanish to return no more,
Like bubbles,—all, all past away."

This sort of feeling is a good one in some ways, for it makes us humble and meek. Humility is what is needed most of all by us. In the first place it makes us repent, and, as we know, repentance is absolutely essential in our life. Then again the feeling of humility saves us from the sin of indifference, which, as told us, is one of the worst sins in the world. Thirdly, humility purges us from conceit and vanity, and leaves us ready to open our heart to the good influence of others. Let us therefore cultivate the spirit of humility, and yet let us not make the mistake of being too spiritless. As Christ told us, we have all the spirit of God. In each of us is the germ of good, which embodies the image of God in us. While therefore we need to be humble, we must also cultivate the spirit of self-respect in ourselves. We are masters of ourselves and our spirits, and it is for us to nourish and feed the germ of good in all of us, and help it to grow into full fruit and flower.

Then again, as we look back upon the past, we shall bitterly miss lost relatives and friends, loved ones gone, the memory of whom makes our hearts throb with sorrow and ache with longing for re-union with them. Yet, what can we do? Though it is hard for us, we can but bow down to God's will in submission and say that all has been done for the best.

Therefore, it is necessary for us to leave regret and grief behind and look forward into the future with a happy spirit, which is determined to try to do better. And, for this we need courage and hope and buoyancy. We must feel that we are going forward, not back; that we are progressing upwards, not downwards. As the poets have told us:

"Man must pass from old to new,
From vain to real, from mistake to fact,
From what once seemed good to what now proves best;
How would man have progression otherwise?"

"As the old year sinks down in time's ocean,
Stand ready to launch with the new,
And waste no regrets, no emotion,
As the masts and spars pass from view.
Weep not if some treasures go under,
And sink in the rotten ship's hold,
That blithe bonny bark sailing yonder,
May bring you more wealth than the old.
For the world is for ever improving,

All the past is worth one today,
And whatever deserves our true loving
Is stronger than death and decay."

"The new years come, the new years go.
We know we dream, we dream we know.
We rise up laughing with the light,
We lie down weeping with the night.
We hug the world until it stings,
We curse it then and sigh for wings.
We live, we love, we woo, we wed,
We wreath our brides, we sheet our dead.
We laugh, we cry, we hope, we fear,
And that's the burden of the year."

A great thing is that we should all learn to be cheerful. There are some people, who think that religion always means solemnity and seriousness. And yet, it should really mean to us a life of joy and brightness. We cannot take a better example than from Christ himself, who, when he came into the world, attended weddings and feasts and took part in innocent enjoyments. He wished to shew us that it is more useful to be in the world and lead a godly life, than to live away from the world and grow holy in the wilderness. He asked people to go out into the world and live among men. "Live among them, kindling them with the passion of your holiness. Suffer little children to come to you, publicans and sinners to draw to you, crowds to follow you. All I ask is that, whether you eat or drink, you should do all to the glory of God. And do nothing in excess. Liberty must not become license, joy must not become revelry, eating and drinking must not become vices. All enjoyment must be innocent."

Than again, most necessarily, we need faith in the God who has created us. "Underneath us are always the everlasting arms," ready to protect us, to shield us, to hold us up.

In conclusion, let me say that all that I have been talking about should crystallise in the idea of service to humanity. There are many of us, who complain that they can find no special opportunities for service. Several are dissatisfied because they are compelled to live quiet lives in their own homes. This is chiefly the spirit of modern times; many a woman wishes to work outside her home and be independent. Now, I have no quarrel with such a feeling. I do believe that independence is good, and that it is better for those girls, who have no chances of happy marriage, to depend on themselves, and not become a burden on their families. And yet, if it does happen, as it often does, that no opportunities can be secured for outside work, we should not grumble. We can find many things to do in our little lives, for we can work out the spirit of love literally.



Making her own Saree.

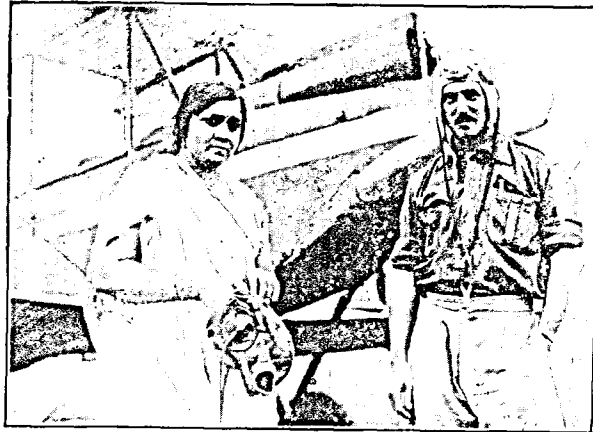
Photo by :—
M. K. Rangaswami Aiyangar, Madras.

St. Paul said: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law. Be kindly-affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honour preferring one another. Let love be without dissimulation. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

"Then be it so!
For in better things we yet may grow,
Onward and upward still our way,
With the joy of progress from day to day;
Heavenward nearer every year
To the visions and hopes most true and dear!
Children still of a Father's love,
Children still of a heaven above!
Thus we look back
Without a sigh over the lengthening track."

And so we wish you all a happy New Year, and many more of them.

K S.



Mrs. Urmila K. Parekh
who has obtained "A" class pilot's license.
She is the first Hindu lady to get it.
She is here seen with her
instructor, Major Vetch.

By courtesy of the *Indian Review*

CHRISTMAS AND ITS OBSERVANCE.

IN one of the most trustworthy accounts we have of the birth of Christ, we read that when Mary "brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn, there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over the flock by night". Some high intellectuals assert that Christ could not have been born in December, as the rainy season is at its height in Judea in that month and consequently, there could have been no flocks or shepherds out at night in the fields of Bethlehem. They hold that Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor of Rome, fixed the 25th day of December as the date of the birth of Christ, to create harmony between his pagan and Christian subjects. The sun reaching on the 22nd of December the furthest point southwards from the equator, known as the "winter solstice" in the Roman calendar, made the inhabitants of nearly one-half of the world gloomy and dull. When after "standing still" at the "winter solstice" it commenced its journey towards the equator, those inhabitants shook off their gloom and burst into wild rejoicings. The men of the Roman Empire celebrated the event as the birth-day of the sun-god, for nature, which had been sleeping in sombre raiment, awoke then into a new life and began to put on a fresh garment to gladden the hearts of men.

The light of the world having been born, they hailed the birth by burning logs and ornamenting trees. It struck Constantine, when he became a Christian, that he could with benefit to his Empire, mingle these pagan ceremonies with the Christian religion by dating the birth of the real "Light of the World" as the 25th of December. However, the Christians of the world, educated and uneducated, have so long been accustomed to the belief that their Saviour was born on that day, that they have not cared to examine the grounds on which the day was fixed.

As a matter of fact, some pagan elements do exist in the observance of Christmas. As said above, the return of the sun from the "winter solstice" was celebrated by the inhabitants of the Roman empire by the burning of logs and ornamentation of trees. In England, the 'yule clog', a great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, was used to be brought into the house with great ceremony on Christmas eve, laid in the fire place and lighted with the brand of last year's clog. While it "sparkled keen with frost", there was great singing and telling of tales. In his sketch of Christmas eve in the family mansion of the Bracebridges, Washington Irving writes, "The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fire-place, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log blowing and blazing and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat; this I understood was the yule clog which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on Christmas eve, according to ancient custom." In the decoration of trees, we find the origin of the Christmas tree and Christmas candles. The revivifying influence of the sun was welcomed by candles being stuck on trees, and this pagan custom accounts for great wax tapers, known as Christmas candles, sometimes accompanying the burning of the yule clog. There is also another pagan custom mixed in the celebration of Christmas. The mistletoe, a parasitic plant, held in such reverence by the Druids of old that they cut it down with golden hatchets, is specially associated with Christmas as a decoration and as a source of much merriment. A sprig of it is hung up from the ceiling and when a girl passes under it, she may be kissed. In decorating the church, which squire Bracebridge attended on Christmas day, its grey-headed sexton used mistletoe along with other greens. For this he was severely rated by the parson who observed that mistletoe was an unholy plant profaned by its use by the Druids in their mystic ceremonies!

To Christians, devout and non-devout, Christmas day has ever been a day of merry-making. An old Christmas carol sings:—

Make we merry, both more and less,
For now is the time of Christmas!
Let no man come into this hall,

Groom, page nor yet marshal,
But that some sport he bring withal.
If that he say he cannot sing,
Some other sport then let him bring,
That it may please at this feasting.
If he say he can nought do,
Then, for my love, ask him no more
But to the stocks then let him go.

Some years ago, a picture appeared in an English Journal, of a Canadian celebrating Christmas in his lonely cottage. He was seated by the fireside with a pipe in his mouth and a newspaper in his hands, and upon a table by his side stood a glass and a bottle of whisky. It was certainly a unique way of enjoying Christmas. There can be hardly any merry-making even with a bottle of whisky, when there is no company. "Dines by himself at the club on Christmas day!" was the way a sportsman summed up with contempt a middle-aged man with heaps of money, who owned two estates in the country, but preferred to live in two small rooms in a club. Contrast this with the picture drawn by Tennyson of a Christmas eve.

"At Francis Allen's on the Christmas eve—
The game of forfeits done—the girls all kissed
Beneath the sacred bush and past away—
The parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host and I sat round the wassail bowl,
Then half-way ebb'd."

This mode of celebrating Christmas has been condemned by a host of saints, but it has survived all the condemnation. In England, a person, designated as "Lord of Misrule", was appointed to superintend the Christmas revelries at court and at wealthy houses. "At Christmase there was in kinge's house, wheresoever hee was lodged, a lorde of misrule or mayster of merie disportes, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worshippe, were he spirituall or temporall". Even in Scotland there was a corresponding appointment, which bore the designation of "Abbot of Unreason." Both the appointments lasted till 1555, when they were abolished by an Act of Parliament. A proclamation of Parliament drove the merry old Christmas out of England during the protectorship of the puritan Cromwell—"The House spent much time this day (i. e. 24th December) about the business of the Navy, for settling the affairs at sea, and before they rose, were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas day, grounded upon divine scriptures, in which Christmas is called Anti-Christ's Masse; in consequence of which Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas day, passed orders to that effect and resolved to sit on the following day which

was commonly called Christmas day."! But fortunately for England, the merry court of Charles brought in Christmas again with triumph at the Restoration.

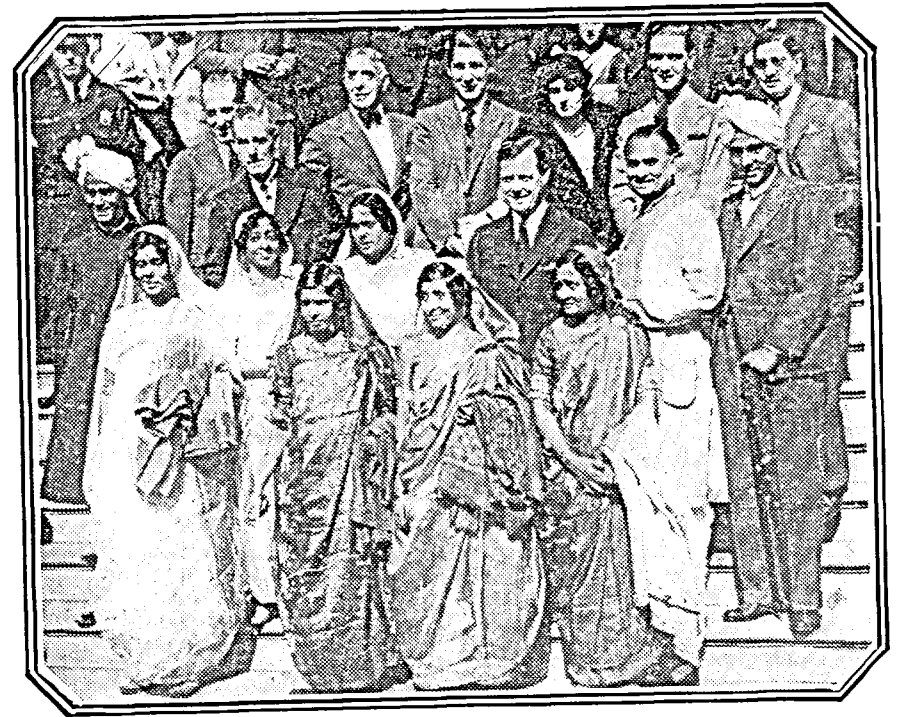
The Christmas season is an occasion for family reunions. "It is a beautiful arrangement, also derived from days of yore, that this festival which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections and drawing closer again these bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose: of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementoes of childhood." There is an unpretentious entry in the diary of John Evelyn that he kept the Christmas day of 1665 with his hospitable brother at Wotton. Husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and relatives, if they cannot come together, exchange warm greetings, which is generally done by means of what are known as Christmas cards. The Christmas card is a modern institution. It had its origin in 1844, when one Dobson, R. A., desired to express his appreciation of the courtesies a friend had shown him. It was Christmas time; and after some thought, he drew on a piece of Bristol-board a sketch of a family group toasting absent friends and posted it to the friend.

Christmas tide affords an opportunity to the rich to obtain blessings by blessing the poor—

"Old Christmas is come for to keep open house;
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse—
At Christmas be merry and thankful withal
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small,"

Christ was born, not in a palace, nor in a hall, but in a manger. The Lord of heaven and earth came into the world, a poor man, to comfort the poor. It is therefore appropriate that the rich who celebrate his birth should share their rejoicings with the poor. The night was dark, the wind blew strong, the frost was cruel and the page's heart failed; still the good king Wenceslas carried flesh and wine and pine-logs to cheer a peasant who lived underneath a mountain. On a Christmas eve some years ago, an Anglo-Indian Journal observed somewhat lackadaisically that, although the Anglo Indians in India missed the yule clog and the mistletoe, they had the poor in India to provide and to cheer.

To a Christian child, there is not a festival dearer than Christmas and no name dearer than Santa Claus. Santa Claus is a corruption of the name of Saint Nicholas, the Patron Saint of Russia, who flourished in the fourth century and who is believed to



INDIAN DRAMATIC COMPANY IN AMERICA

Mr. Sirir Kumar Bhaduri, the noted Indian actor, has taken a troupe of actors and dancers to perform Indian plays and dances in America. They were given an enthusiastic reception on their arrival in New York and are seen above with the acting Mayor, Mr. McKee, at the City Hall—*Universal*.

By courtesy of the *Illustrated Weekly of India*.

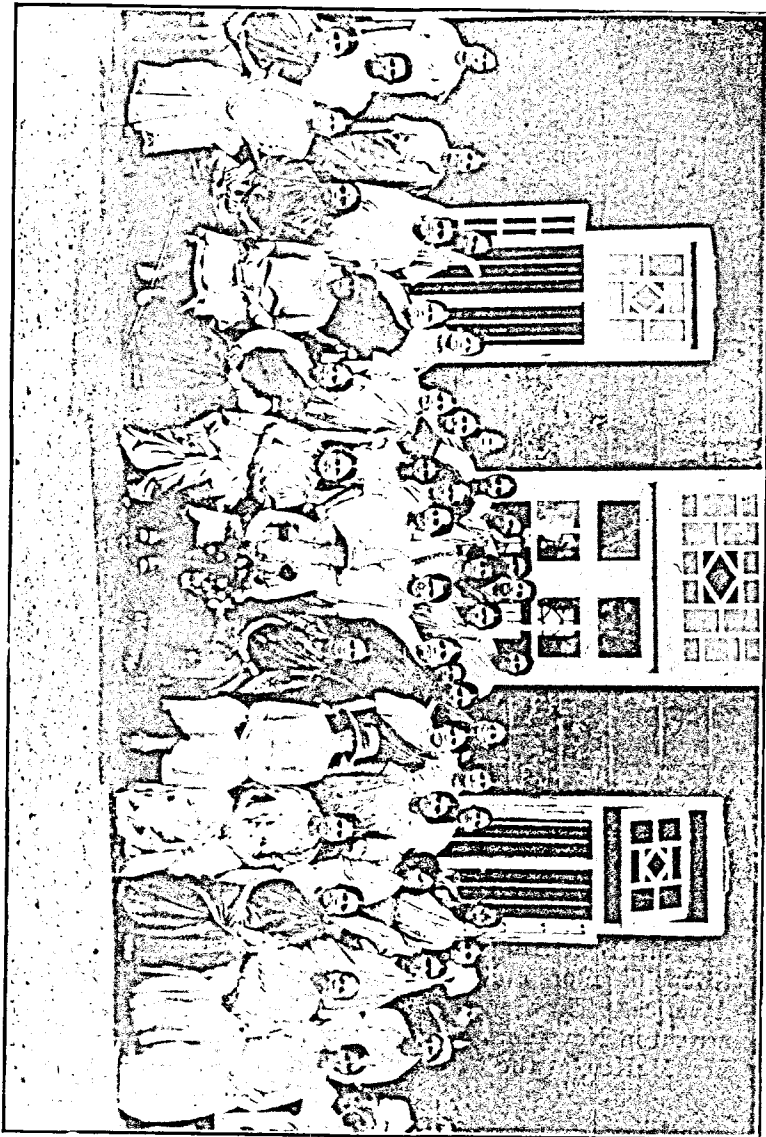
have saved from a life of shame three daughters of a poor man, who could not marry them respectably, by secretly giving them dowries. If on Christmas morning the children find their stockings filled with presents, they are told that Santa Claus, who is Father Christmas and a great lover of children, came by stealth the previous night and filled the stockings.

To the Christians of this country, there is no reason why the Christmas season should not be a season of mirth and enjoyment. If they have no holly and ivy, they still have greens to deck their houses with. If they have no mistletoe to hang from the ceiling and if it is abhorrent to them to kiss girls under the sacred bush, they can share a good dinner with their friends and relatives and give freely unto the poor. If there is no need to warm themselves by burning logs, they can set up in their houses branches of trees ornamented with candles and toys and bring the fact of Christmas home to their children.

L. D. TANGASWAMI.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE ANCIENT TAMILS.

IN these days when we are having legislation and arguments about the marriageable age of Indian girls, and other controversies about marriage reforms, it would be interesting to pause a while and consider how this subject was viewed among the ancient Tamils. Even here, of course, there can be no true ultimatum, for the conclusions drawn from such ancient and rather pre-historic periods, must be necessarily many-sided. Still, the fact remains that they were the very earliest times of the Tamil civilization; and as such they are very interesting. Recently a very instructive book has been written by Mr. V. R. Ramachandra Dikshitar, called "Studies in Tamil literature and History", from which very good facts can be culled. In a chapter on social life in Tamil land, he tells us about the marriage customs of a great part of ancient Southern India. As he says, his studies in this section are from the works belonging to the period of the *Sangam*, or Tamil Academy and University. Of course, it is very difficult to fix the time-limits of the different periods of this *Sangam*. Some say, it must be about 9000 B.C.; some place it in the eleventh century B. C. Our author himself is inclined to assign the fifth century B. C. to the origin of the *Sangam*. The *Tolkappiyam* is an old grammatical work, during the second and third academies, roughly belonging to the fourth century B. C. From this we can gather that ancient Tamil literature can be classified under the two main heads of *Aham* and *Puram*, the former being Love, or 'the joy and experience of a



Taken on the occasion of Lady Beatrice Stanley's visit to Mangalore.

Photo by.—Indian News Agency, Srirangam

married couple born out of harmony at home'; the latter perhaps symbolising War.

There was a good deal of choice allowed in marriage. In fact, love before marriage was the custom. Love and marriage are classified under three heads: *Kaikkilai*, *Aintinai* and *Peruntinai*. The first is that form where only one of the parties concerned shows the love. It was generally known as 'one-sided love'. We are told that there were three divisions of this. With regard to the first form, an interesting custom is mentioned, viz, the catching hold of an untamed bull being made the test of success. Of the same kind was the breaking of the bow in the *Swayamvara* of Sita in the Ramayana, and the shooting of the mark in the marriage of Dronapadi in the Mahabharata.

The second form differed according to the divisions of the country. There were five regions, named probably after the special botanical products of each. There was the mountainous country with its romantic scenery; there was the sea-side maritime land, leading to anxiety for the men gone fishing in the sea; there was the pasture ground, where wives and husbands had to be separated the whole day; there was the desert region, where there was very necessary separation and danger; and there was the fertile country where there was a settled life of pleasure and peace; and where therefore the normal sort of marriage might be supposed to prevail.

In the third division, we hear of unequal love matches and their consequences. Of this kind is that form where a stern repudiation of an offer of marriage by the lady leads to a resolution on the part of the man to kill himself. "Maddened by love to a particular lady, the lover causes a cart of palmyra stem and a horse of jagged edges of palmyra leaf-stalks to be made, and seats himself naked on the horse, painting his whole body with ash. He has in his hand a picture of the lady-love drawn, not by artists but by himself, with his eyes steadfast on it. He adorns himself with a garland made of bones of cats and flowers of *Calotropis gigantea*. He thus rides through the public thoroughfare and halts there foodless and sleepless, regardless of rain and sun. Either he is married or executed."

Mr. Thurston, in his *Ethnographic notes*, mentions a custom of the same kind among the Badagas of the Nilgiris. This idea was also utilised in the mystic poetry of later Tamil literature. The poetess Andal for instance regards "Visnu as the lover and herself as the object of love." She addresses the Lord with such feelings as are natural to one separated from one's lover, and yearning for spiritual union with him. The keenness of separation and her consequent difficulties are told with a wealth of detail. In one place she seems to think that the Lord has definitely promised to take her in loving embrace and has either forgotten it or did not take

notice of her, a small human being." But in the ancient days, it was noteworthy that the practice was restricted to man alone, as women were not supposed to be animated by such violent passions.

There were really two forms of marriage among the ancient Tamils, the *Kalaviyal* and the *Karpiyal*, or "Marriage in secrecy (pre-nuptial love)" and "Marriage in the open (Post nuptial love)." The Aryan form of *Gandharva* marriage, mentioned for instance in the marriage of Dushyanta and Sakuntala, corresponded to the first kind; in it the mere consent of both parties was enough marriage ceremonial. The whole affair reads like a story. The couple meet accidentally. The man is so charmed that he even thinks his lady is a goddess in disguise. He speaks of his love to her and they part, but meet again the next day. The girl is overcome by modest shyness and cannot express her feelings; so they separate when their friends appear. Then the man describes his state to his companion; the latter offers to mediate; but, at the very point of the couple meeting again, the friends of the girl appear and they part. Finally, the confidential maid takes control; she knows the feelings of both, but is cold at first to the man; the latter threatens to kill himself, however, and the maid relents and gives them opportunities of meeting. After some days, she requests the man to marry her mistress; but he appears to be indifferent. The lady pines and sickens; and her parents arrange for her marrying some other man. The real lover is told of this, and an elopement is arranged for and carried out. To cover the disgrace, the marriage is celebrated and happiness ensues. Sometime after this, comes the period of misunderstanding, when the man is unfaithful to his wife: But there are mediators in plenty, comprising twelve; "the maid of the mistress, mother, Brahman, his friend, *Panan*, his wife *Panini*, messenger, guest, musician, dancer, astrologer and visitor. The *Kalittogai* adds the thirteenth mediator, the washerwoman."

In the second form of marriage, everything is arranged by the parents. This form was in fact the result of the first form, and was at first very simple in type. But, as evils and vices increased, the system became complicated and the real marriage ceremonies with all their conventions came into force.

In the *Tirukkural*, which some fix in the second century B.C., the same divisions of marriage more or less are mentioned. In the time of the Tamil epics, which might be said to be in the second century after Christ, the rites of marriage were changed, and became about the same as what they are now. Girls of twelve were said to be married to boys of sixteen. Love did not enter much into marriages; the selection lay with the parents who fixed their choice according to social and physical accomplishments. After the auspicious day had been fixed, the older women went in procession on elephants, accompanied by music, and gave invita-

tions to all the people of the town. In a magnificent hall, gaily decorated, the Vedic ceremonies began, just when the Rohini star was in conjunction with the Moon. The older women of the family always played an important part in the details. "Elderly ladies then attended generally to the technique of the marriage rites. Some carried spices, others flowers. Some sang the glories of the couple, some carried sandal paste and others frankincense. Some carried scented powders and others pots of *Palikai* with seeds sprouting from them. With similar auspicious objects, like petals of flowers and rice grains for benediction and blessing, women watched the proceedings with glee and love. The religious rites over, there came the turn of every damsel interested in the well-being of the couple to shower her blessings without stint. Sprinkling of holy water, throwing rice, grains, and flowers on the heads of the young bride and bride-groom, were some of the ostentatious ways in which benediction was offered." The bride was finally advised thus: "Be loyal and devoted to your husband both in word and deed. Do not slip even by an inch from the excellent and unrivalled path of chastity and purity, both in mind and body; earn a name in the world as Arundhati, the illustrious wife of the sage Vasishtha."

Among the ancient Tamils, it is worthy of note that women were admitted freely into society. They took part even in public dances. They were well-dressed, in clothes of very fine texture with different-coloured borders, chiefly spun by the women themselves. Jewels of pearl and gold, sandal pastes and powders, and garlands of flowers were much in the fashion. There was also a high ideal of women's beauty. Here is a description: "The songstress had hair like the black sand on the sea-shore, her fair forehead was like the crescent moon; her eyebrow bent like the bow that kills; the outer end of her cool eyes was beautiful, her sweetly-speaking mouth was red like the sheath of the fruit of the silk cotton tree; her spotlessly white teeth were like rows of many pearls; her ears were like the curved handles of scissors, and their lobes were shaking with bright ear-rings shaped like a crocodile. Her neck was bent down with modesty; her shoulders were like the waving bamboo trees; her forearms were covered with thin hair; her fingers were like the November flower which grows on the tops of high hills. Her waist was so small that observers could not guess that it existed. And her small feet were like the tongue of a tired dog."

NALINI.

WHO ART THOU?

1. Who art thou? A beggar? No—thou art not a beggar, though thou dost pretend to be one. Thou art rich, nay, in fact richer than those whom others call rich in the world. Still thou pretendest to be but a beggar.

2. Who art thou? A Sanyasin? No—thou art not a Sanyasin bold, for thou hast not given up the ties of the world as yet. At the very mention of the sweet word 'mother', thou begin to dance in glee; and at the dear word 'sister' thy eyes fill with tears of joy. No, thou art not a Sanyasin true.

3. Who art thou? A Thyagin? Nay, not so. Carest thou not for the love of others? Carest thou not for the world at large? Carest thou not to win others' hearts and be with them a living force? A Thyagi still? Thou dost long to be free, to get over thy bonds and ties; but still thou art bound, bound with the interests of thy brethren. The pains and joys of thy brethren affect thee deep and still thou sayest thou art a Thyagi? No—Thou art not a Thyagi yet, for thou hast not ceased to be selfish.

4. Oh, who art thou? Thou art, if seen aright, a robber true. But a robber, strange as it would seem, loved and adored and respected by the robbed!

5. A robber, loved and cherished? Can it be! But so it is. Thou art a robber true enough, for thou dost rob from all thou comest across their richest wealth, and still thou art loved, loved by thy victims, strange as it might seem.

6. No, thou art not a beggar, not a Sanyasin, not even a Thyagi, but a robber bold and true.

BIHARATHI.

"THE VALUE OF MORAL INSTRUCTIONS IN SCHOOLS."

BY PANDIT N. CHENGALVARAYAN, BANGALORE.

The late Dr. Miller, the veteran Educationist of South India, who was for a long time the Principal of the Madras Christian College, used to say that the teaching profession was the noblest of all professions. The whole of humanity must be highly grateful to the teaching population, for it is in the hands of the teachers to develop the boys and girls of their generation into good citizens.

Teachers are expected to be ever cheerful and active. They should not feel disgusted or reluctant in their work. On the other hand, they must have zeal and enthusiasm to discharge the duties

entrusted to their care, thoroughly, whole-heartedly and satisfactorily, and they must not at all feel weary. "To be wearisome is the cardinal sin of instruction." The main object of the school should be, not to teach, but to develop. Each human being must develop within, self-active and free, in accordance with actual law. This is the problem and the aim of all education, in instruction and training; and there can be and should be no other. Instruction must follow the path of development, not the path of lecturing, teaching, or telling. We should first educate the senses, then the memory, then the intellect.

In the present curriculum of studies, no provision is made for moral instructions in schools. Only in some schools we find a period or so per week allotted to moral instruction. But there is no systematic arrangement in the time-table to this effect. It is the opinion of many however that moral instruction should be imparted to the pupils before all other teaching.

What is moral education? It is definite teaching regarding conduct and the principles of moral action. Good example and generous impulse are all the more effective, when the application of general principles to individual cases is developed by teaching. The presentation of noble ideals from our shastras and puranas enlarges the influences which affect the conduct and character of the pupil.

The aim of moral instruction should be to form and to mould the character of the child. With this object in view, the scholar's intellect should be regarded as the channel through which to influence his feelings, purposes and acts. The teacher must constantly bear this in mind, since knowledge about morality will miss its aim, if no moral response is awakened in the child. A moral instruction lesson ought to appeal to the scholars' feelings, and affect his habits and his will. The teacher should take a broad and organic view of life and at every opportunity inculcate in his pupil a love of inanimate nature, of plant and animal life, of science and of the beautiful. He should encourage a love of the *thorough* in all its forms, the conscious acquisition of habits of thoroughness in every activity and relation of life and the progressive development of an ideal of individual and social perfection. The child should be led to see that the moral ideal applies to feelings and thoughts as much as to outward conduct, and that the time to be good and to form good habits is now, although the goodness appropriate for the child should also pave the way for the goodness required of the adult.

The object of sending children to schools is to form, to strengthen and to mould the character and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to the school. "The good moral training that a school should give cannot be left to chance, on this side, no

less than on the intellectual side. The purpose of the teacher must be clearly conceived and intelligently carried out." "Education consists, not in giving information which the boys will forget as soon as they conveniently can, without danger of failing in their examinations, but in allowing the boys to develop their own characters in the way which is natural to them. The younger the boys are, the more original they show themselves to be. It is only when the shadow of a university examination begins to loom over them that they lose their natural freshness and originality, and become candidates for matriculation. When the small boys take up an idea and try to put it into practice, then there is always a freshness about it which is spontaneous and full of the joy of real creation. To see them give a circus performance would delight the heart of any man who had not become absolutely *blase*."

A great educationist has said, "The true and whole work of education may be summed up in the concept *morality*." If we apply this dictum to the education that is obtained in our institution, we find no great reason to be proud of the progress that has been achieved in recent years. But the social and political life of every country demands men of character to bring peace and power, unity and solidarity to the nation. The activities of a good society, though small or great, must be based upon the elementary principles of morality to train young men to be good, great and worthy citizens. For all these essential virtues, the foundation must be laid in schools when the pupils are in the impressionable age. Good habits and customs formed in early life under the inspiration and guidance of the elders and masters at school, stand them in good stead and make them worthy members of a worthy society. Unless this foundation is laid, our education cannot be said to be *education* worth the name. "Education is not the amount of information that is put into the brains of pupils and runs riot there, undigested, all their lives. We must have life-building, man-making, character-making, and assimilation of ideas. We want that education by which character is formed, strength of mind is increased, the intellect is expanded, and by which one can stand on his own feet. The ideal of all education, all training, should be man-making," said the late Swami Vivekananda. Hence, the school is mainly responsible for the building up of the character of the young children entrusted to it.

There is no single moral instruction method. It depends upon the individual genius of the teacher to name the vehicle, as biography, natural history or a number of varied illustrations. Some favour a series of connected lesson on one subject, such as temperance, truthfulness etc., while some others prefer a less exhaustive treatment. Many are of opinion that illustrations should be chosen from history and nature, rather than from fiction. By

observing the reflective and active life of the children themselves, one can find a valuable fund of material. The teacher should always extol the good, and show its reasonableness and its beauty, rather than warn against evil and insist on its hatefulness. The teaching should be concrete in every case; and short poems, quotations and proverbs, may with advantage be committed to memory. The teacher should connect the lessons as closely as possible, and lead the child to see the oneness of all duties.

The giving of an efficient moral training in an effective way is really difficult to be followed. The pupils cannot be trained to become good and virtuous by the mere preaching of a series of sermons, or by a well-arranged syllabus of moral instruction, or by periodical moral lesson classes, or lastly by the presentation of well-bound moral lesson books. These things may be good in their way. A merely theoretical knowledge of duty is not without value, and acquaintance with the moral ideal is undoubtedly a step to its realisation. Though due credit is given to the efficacy of precept, yet there remains a world of difference between teaching virtue and teaching about virtue. Very often we find certain unfortunate incidents occurring in our daily life. The best preacher on the subject of "Kindness to animals" is the worst offender against his moral code. One may know very well what good qualities and noble virtues are; but in the field of practical politics one often, consciously or unconsciously, bids farewell to them. Such examples only tell us that direct moral instruction, as is at present imparted in certain periods of school work, tend only in a small way to solve the problem of moral training. In order that we may achieve our aims, we require something stronger than mere telling. The difference that exists between saying and doing must be bridged, and precepts must be translated into action. The pupils of schools should be trained to do things in the right manner, to follow the path of trained, to do things in the right manner, to follow the path of virtue in every act of their school life and to choose the good and refuse the evil. The personality of the teacher also influences in a way the conduct and character of young pupils who come into close contact with him.

Besides the personality of the teacher there are various other equally important things, that determine the mode of life of the pupils at school. "The conventions and the traditions of the school, the tone of the school, the moral atmosphere pervading there, the influence of the environment and surroundings, the soundness of the organisation, the orderliness of the school society and the rules written and unwritten that govern them, all these have their part in leaving indelible impressions upon the moral development of the pupils." How can the students achieve all

these? They can be obtained by good association or *Satangam*, on which *Sankara* laid so much emphasis and which we cannot over-estimate. The corporate feeling among the pupils must be strong and the standard of morality so high that any offender against morality must dread public opinion and follow the path of virtue, consistent with the code of morality and in obedience to the rule of discipline of the school population.

The ideas must be imparted according to stages. The pupils may be divided into the following group according to their age.

I	Stage.....	Age. 7 to 9	} Primary, Middle and Secondary School Pupils.
II	"	" 9 to 11	
III	"	" 11 to 13	
IV	"	" 13 to 15	

The simplest objects have to be dealt with in the lowest stage. In the new higher level, i. e. in the next stage, new features should be introduced, so that the knowledge already possessed may be revived in order to be widened and deepened. By the time the highest stage is reached, the pupil will have studied each subject in all its breadth and variety of aspect. I give below certain subjects to be taught in schools according to the different stages given above.

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| (1) Courage | (7) Love. |
| (2) Truthfulness | (8) The use of time |
| (3) Honesty. | (9) Obedience and duty |
| (4) Health | (10) Conscience |
| (5) Kindness to animals | (11) Ideals |
| (6) Gratitude | (12) Will, etc. etc. |

In order to introduce systematic moral instruction in schools, a special committee of moral instruction must be formed, assisted by expert advice from many directions. This committee should draft the syllabus for moral instruction in schools.

Besides, a good many good schools will have to be started, if we are to render really noble service. The canker of communal hatred, personal prejudice and racial animosities should not be allowed to creep into the sacred field of education and contaminate and corrode the educational institutions, where we expect the good citizens of the society and of the nation to be trained. A band of devoted workers must be kept in the school, in order that the good customs and traditions of the place may be fully imbibed, assimilated and disseminated.

The mere production of a high percentage of passes at public examinations is not the ideal for which schools are to give their best thoughts. In all classes and conditions of life, we require good men, as much as we need clever and capable men. The edifice of education should be built on a strong foundation of

morality. Schools of all types, Elementary and Secondary, Engineering and Medical, Technical and Commercial, have therefore to pay as much attention to this aspect of education as they pay to efficiency of instruction and percentage of passes. Let me conclude this paper by the following lines of a famous author in respect of the primary duty of schools.

"It is indeed scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of training the young to virtuous habits. In them are the easiest formed, and when formed they last for life; like letters cut out on the bark of a tree they grow and widen with age. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. The first start on the road of life determines the direction and the destination of the journey."

TO A ROSE.

In poised pose,
Hang, radiant rose!
No fairer thing
In Heaven grows!
Frail, fragrant flower,
Beauty's perfection,
You touch the heart
With pure affection:
Your vermeil cheek—
How cool and meek!
O silent flower
Could you but speak!

HERBERT PORTER.

THE SISTERS.

A STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Saraswathi was a grand girl. Tall and well-formed, she carried herself and her beautiful clothes with a regal air. Her small, but fine, head, with its wealth of glistening wavy hair, sat proudly on her lissom shoulders. Her lovely well-opened eyes, almond-like in shape, faced the world with dignity and with modesty. Her well-cut lips were set firmly together, yet with a certain tenderness that was very attractive. Oh, she was a great girl!

So thought little Kadamba, as she looked up wistfully at her lovely sister. And how she talked too; how she could argue, so convincingly and surely, and so un-answerably, at least to her humble self! Surely she was well-named, for she had the gift of speech worthy of the *Goddess of speech* herself. Saraswathi was one of those modern Hindu girls, of which our India might well be proud, advanced, yet not too advanced, a fine comrade, a beautiful companion, a man's woman, yet a womanly woman, a true daughter of India.

And so sweet and tender and good and kind too. Oh! she would do anything for her sister, thought little Kadamba. Truly, she was a heroine of whom one reads in novels, fit to be the mother of heroes and the wife of heroes, of a hero, for instance, like the man who was talking to her then. Kadamba turned to Madhavan, their cousin, and her eyes showed the admiration she felt for him. Surely, he was worthy of her sister! And surely he admired her and worshipped her. How he seemed to hang on her every word and action; how gently and lovingly he spoke to her!

Oh, they looked a worthy pair; and surely it was fated by a good fate that they were to be mates.

Sweet little Kadamba's eyes filled with tears, which brimmed over. Softly and surreptitiously, she slipped her handkerchief from under her belt, and wiped them away. She did not wish Saraswathi to see her weep, for she would be so hurt and pained.

And yet, the tears came but faster, and shameless sobs threatened to rise in her throat.

Oh dear, what was the matter with her? She must do something to save the situation. She looked round.

By the way, where was Jambuka? Where was the little dog hiding itself? Kadamba hoped fervently it had not run into any serious mischief. It was such a naughty little creature.

Quickly, she slipped away, but somehow the other two saw her.

"Where are you going, dear?" called out Saraswathi's ringing voice. With her back turned to her, Kadamba fiercely dabbed at her eyes and made herself fit again to be seen; but the sweet little face had dark shadows.

Madhavan saw them, and asked her if she was tired. He saw no reason for it, he said, because she seemed to have been sleeping. She had sat so quietly under the trees, while they had walked about, and she had made no attempt to join in their arguments.

"Naughty, lazy little puss," said Saraswathi fondly, "And has she got a cold too?"

"No, no" whispered Kadamba, and then hurriedly asked where Jambuka was.

"Let us look for it", cried Madhavan briskly, and they set off, the little maiden between her two stalwart companions; yet she felt she was in the way, for they ought to walk together. The little match-maker thought hard how she could efface herself. An opportunity soon occurred,

"Ah, there is Jambuka" she cried suddenly, "See, it is chasing a squirrel or rabbit. Oh, look it is running on that bank, it will fall in the water. Oh, it has fallen, fallen, help! help!"

Kadamba picked up her skirts and ran with surprising agility for all her fragile daintiness. She outstripped the others, who had, of course, followed in her wake.

She jumped into the water and waded in after her dog. She heard a cry and a splash behind her, but she thought nothing of them. Oh, the dog, the dog! It was drowning, it could not swim any more. Its head was going under, under!

Kadamba made a dash at Jambuka, and already shoulder-deep in water as she was, she lost her footing. She fell face forwards, spluttered, sank, rose, sank. Oh, she was dying!

Gentle hands were busy about her, as she came back to life. A soft touch smoothed back the wet ringlets from her brow; a sure shoulder held her up. Who was it? Oh, Madhavan? What a man he was. Had he saved her? Yes, he had; she remembered now the glimpse she had had of him grabbing at her. Oh, a hero!

Suddenly, she started up. "My dog, my dog," she cried, "Where is it? Is it drowned?"

"No, no, Kadamba, it is quite all right," said Madhavan, "Saraswathi saved it."

"Saraswathi? Did she swim after it then?"

"Rather, and swam well too, or else you might have lost your Jambuka."

"Fancy my Saraswathi going into that danger for a little dog. Thank you, thank you, my dearest. You are a true heroine. And how wet you are! Take care, my dear, you will catch cold. Ah, hold my hand. I am so tired."

And, over-wrought and tired as she was, she dropped off again into unconsciousness. Her sweet form lay placid and weak in the arms of her dear ones; neither did she know when she was lifted up tenderly by Madhavan and carried into the house.

CHAPTER II.

Kadamba soon recovered, though she caught a bad cold. Saraswathi for her part, was none the worse for her immersion, and was soon busy with her work, for her holidays were over. She had very little time to spare. Madhavan had still some leave left,

and spent it now in the company of little Kadamba, for there were very few people of their sort to make friends with in the little village they lived in.

Kadamba felt a little shy at first and was rather afraid that she would not be interesting enough as a companion for the clever Madhavan. For some days, she racked her head to make what she thought was suitable conversation; and the result was rather disastrous. Both of them felt on stilts, as it were. But soon they found a common subject to enthuse over; or rather Kadamba did; and that was of course her unsurpassable sister, Saraswathi. How she talked about her; what admiring thoughts she expressed, what damaging comparisons she made between her paragon and others, including herself. Madhavan, on his part, made an admirable listener. He acquiesced in all that his little companion said; and, if superstitions are to be believed, surely Saraswathi had her left ear red-hot with being appreciated.

Through their common focus of admiration, they drifted into arguments on different matters. And Kadamba, though rather inclined to give in too easily, produced very often very surprisingly clever arguments and swept Madhavan off his feet. Sometimes, she just went straight to her point by instinct and missed all the side-alleys. Sometimes, her conclusions were quite opposite the usual ones. The joint-family system, for instance, was a bug-bear with Madhavan, but Kadamba rather liked it. "It spoils all our independence" he said. "One family has to depend on another. Of course, there is strength in unity; but strength is not everything. Young couples have no say in the matter at all; and as for young wives, what is their life worth after all?"

"Why, by being not worried by household matters, they are able to devote their time to the development of their own minds."

"In what way? And are they allowed to? They have to help in housework, and that too in the character of subordinates, which takes away the beauty of work. The mother-in-law indeed has a lot to answer for."

"But, what about the feelings of the mother-in-law? Are they not to be considered?"

"Why should they be? She has had her time. It is the young wife's turn now."

"Why should the young be always made much of? After all, the older people have done everything for them, and they must get the credit, and they deserve a reward. Why should the widowed mother-in-law in India, for instance, be expected to efface herself in an in-law's house? Why should not sons and daughters combine together and get her a little independent home of her own? It helps both parties."

What could Madhavan say to that?

About truth-telling, they had an argument.

"Truth must be told in all cases", said Madhavan.

"Even if truth means a sacrifice of others, or betraying others? Certainly not. In such cases, untruth means loss to one's own soul, according to your idea. But is not that necessary, for that also means self-sacrifice? The Christian says that salvation should be the aim of every life. But, I say that the salvation of one's soul is often a selfish object. Sacrifice extends to souls as well as bodies."

"But what about the principles of life?"

"Train yourself properly and leave them to instinct."

Mahatma Gandhi, of course, and his civil disobedience movement received a good deal of consideration, but that need not be entered upon here. Madhavan was a consistent middle-man, but Kadamba veered violently from side to side. She liked the bravery and grit of the Satyagrahi women, for instance; but she hated the idea of their being *spoil-sports*. "Why should they come in the way of games for instance," she insisted, "as they did in the international contests. No, they have no humour or a real idea of sport? Again, why should our Indians make such a point of going to England when they taboo all English articles. The movement against foreign goods is good, but why spoil it by going to England for education?"

"Don't you think Sarasvathi ought to go to England?" asked Madhavan.

"Why should she?"

"That will be the culmination of her splendour; and she will reach the acme of perfection then. Don't you think so? Who appreciates her here and now? No one. But, if she goes to England, and gets degrees and distinctions, all the world will think the best of her, and she will get a splendid appointment, instead of the miserly salary she is receiving now. Success indeed must be the aim of one's life."

"Even if it means pure materialism?"

"Why should it? Even materialism can be spiritual; and true spirituality cannot be spoilt by the rankest materialism. But there must be true spirituality. If, for instance, Sarasvathi was not a truly great woman, she might be spoilt by these things. As it is, she is too advanced in some ways. But her personality,"—He was talking more for argument's sake than in reality; but the little maiden was on him like a flash in defence of her beloved.

"Sarasvathi is all that is perfect", she cried. "Don't you admire her? Oh, Madhavan, I thought you did."

"I do indeed," he replied earnestly. "I do appreciate her.

"And love her?" she queried.

"Yes, indeed. I think she can be the best companion a man can ever have,"

She turned away happily, though there were tears in her eyes. She did not know what produced them.

CHAPTER III.

Kadamba made up her mind to be a match-maker, for she thought that things were moving too slowly. One day she said to her sister: "Sarasvathi, don't you find work too heavy and too dull? Do you think women should make work the aim of their lives?"

"Oh, you old-fashioned thing," laughed the other. "Of course, work, in its highest sense, must be the object of every life."

"But work, as you are doing now is slavery,—a thankless task."

Sarasvathi heaved a sigh.

"When there is nothing else to be done, what can we do? Women, who are destined to work, must work."

"What about marriage?"

"When there is no marriage possible?"

"Cannot marriages be arranged? Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Of course, I do, you young fool."

"Cannot love grow with friendship?"

"It may, or it may be just friendship."

"Is a sure friendship not worth marriage?"

"Whom are you talking of?"

Kadamba hesitated. Then, she shot her bolt. "Why don't you marry Madhavan?"

"Why should I? He does not want me specially."

"Oh, but he does. Only he is afraid to ask you about it. He dotes on your every word and look. He admires you immensely. He thinks you are the best friend a man ever had. He,—He—"

"Why are you crying, little one?"

"Oh, Sarasvathi, I do so want you to be happy."

"With Madhavan?"

"I—I think so."

"Well, well, I have not thought specially about it, but we shall see."

Affection, it is said, breeds a sort of reciprocity. Sarasvathi now began to think seriously of marriage between herself and

Madhavan. Prompted continuously by Kadamba, she began to notice his admiration for her. That made her too respond. And so, before she knew what was happening, she felt that Madhavan was her long-anticipated hero. Insensibly, she began to dream and build castles about him. Her work began to slack off. Life began to look blank for her when Madhavan was not with her. She, I suppose it might be said, *fell in love* with her stalwart cousin.

He did not, curiously enough, seem to wish to go further. At last, the impatient Kadamba felt it incumbent on her to play the part of a Hero to Benedict. Somehow, she contrived that Madhavan should overhear a conversation between herself and her sister, in which the latter, somewhat reluctantly no doubt, but still unmistakably, owned up to her attachment. Then she precipitated Madhavan on the scene. And, before they knew what was happening, the two found themselves engaged to be married. Their parents were quite-pleased.

CHAPTER IV.

So all were happy, including the little Kadamba. But a cloud began to form on the horizon. The little sister's health began to fail. The cold she had caught before had never wholly left her. Now it began to take a deep hold of her. A weariness and a lassitude seized upon her and she gradually began to lose strength and well-being. Many doctors were consulted. Some called her illness consumption; some said it was due to her heart. Some attributed it to mere general weakness. In any case, she began to fail unmistakably. In a few months, she took to her bed. But still, she smiled on her beloved ones, and tried always to throw them together. But they would not leave her. She wished to see them happy together; but they seemed the happiest with her. As for marriage, they shirked the question altogether.

One day, little Kadamba lay on her bed, drowsing happily in a cosy nook of her beloved garden. The scent of flowers lay all about her. Her favourite roses bloomed and nodded close by her head.

She was a little feverish, and so she was dazed. A sense of resentment began to take hold of her. It seemed to her that her sister and her cousin were playing her false. Why did they not get married? She had got them engaged. She was dying, or likely to die, but that did not matter to them. They must be joined together before she left them.

She struck the hand-bell by her side. When a servant appeared, she sent a message to Madhavan to come to her. Then she waited calmly with the patience of a resolved mind.

She fell into a soft dose and soon she was asleep, a pathetic form drooping and emaciated, with the sweetest of smiles on her face. Soon however, the pale face puckered, the lips drooped and tears began to flow from under the large Madonna-like lids, which looked so large on the little face.

Little Kadamba felt very unhappy in her sleep. She was on a vast plain, along which roamed two figures away from each other. She herself was far behind them, trying to catch them up, in order to explain a matter of which she alone knew the explanation, yet which she felt was the cause of their separation. Oh, it was her fault, her fault. Why had she not explained before?

She hurried, but they went away fast from her. They were such big figures, taking such long strides, away from her and away from each other; she herself was so small. Oh, her feet were failing her, oh, oh, who would help her?

But help was coming, help was near. Her faint cries perhaps had reached one of the figures ahead. One of them turned back and came towards her, not towards each other.

She sank to her knees; she lay prostrate; her face was in the dust; but the figure came rushing to her, and enfolded her in warm arms. Oh, how safe they were, how comfortably they held her! What rest was in their embrace! Oh, it was heaven. She lay back blissfully for a moment, while soft kisses fell on her face.

Then, she started up. Oh, that comforter did not belong to her, but to that other figure. Oh, he must go back, go back. And she must die.

But the arms pulled her back, and again she lay on the stalwart bosom of her protector. And a gentle voice fell on her ear, a manly voice full of unshed tears.

"Kadamba, Kadamba", it cried, "What is the matter, my darling? Are you dying? Oh, what shall I do? What is life for me without you, dear, dear one?"

What was this? Was it Madhavan's voice and speaking thus to her? Oh, could it be true? Was she his darling, his life? Yes, he had said it. Oh, how happy she was!

Then, she tried to start up. Treacherous, treacherous Kadamba, and false, false Madhavan, oh, how dared he, how dared he, speak so to her?

Sitting up in the shelter of his arm, which refused to leave her, she fairly panted the words at him. For all answer, with his free hand he covered his face, and wept, yes actually wept aloud, he a man, and she actually liked him the better for it.

Then a soft voice fell on her ear, Saraswathi's voice.

"It is all right, dear," it said quietly. "Don't worry yourself. Everything is well."

"It is not my fault, Saraswathi," the little Kadamba cried, "I did not draw him to me. How could he speak to me so? I never, never,....."

"Hush, hush, sister, it is all right. He is yours, was always so, only you made a mistake. It was you he loved, not me. And I.....I am not sorry, for I have never really looked upon him in that way. Be happy now."

Then, she went away. And the two left behind, looked long into each other's eyes, and then hid their faces.

"It was always you, little Kadamba," whispered Madhavan. "She is a greant woman, but you are sweeter and dearer. I talked to you about her, for that was the only way I could keep near you."

"When, when, did...you?"

"When did I first begin to love you? When you jumped into the water for Jambuka, and yet thought only of your sister's safety and heroism, and not of yours, which was as great, if not greater. Ah, Kadamba, Kadamba, sweet girl!"

* * * * *

Was the smile on Saraswathi's lips at their happiness sometimes forced? Was there sometimes a lost look of longing on her face? Perhaps, but she was also happy in their happiness. As for Kadamba, she recovered her usual health soon, and she and Madhava lived in the seventh heaven of bliss.

K. SATTHIANADHAN.

WAS IT FATE?

A SHORT PLAY, IN THREE SCENES.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Gopalan	Leila
Mr. Chandran	Santa
Purnayya	Menaka.

SCENE 1

(Mr. Gopalan, dressed in English style, seen standing on a bright moonlit night, on the sea-shore by the side of an old temple)

Gopalan: I must escape from my crowd of admirers for some rest; and where can I find it, but by my old haunt by the

sea? How this temple rouses memories in my mind. What a difference in my position now! Then I was but a young disappointed lad, failing in university examinations and hungering, hungering for adventure. Now, I have passed into the I.M.S., I have been given a good appointment; I suppose, I can be said to have knowledge of some sort. And yet, what has it all given me? Just a crowd of flattering poor relatives, and no loss of the hunger for adventure in me.

But, it is that very hunger, which has made me inclined to consider at all these mad proposals. I call them mad, though they are quite all right, as far as old India is concerned. Fancy my being asked to choose one out of a crowd of girls waiting to be married to me. Heavens! where can I find the impudence to do it! But still, I would like to try. Marriage after all is a lottery. My father of course knows the girls. Yet his taste is quite different to mine, I know. But what can I do? I have not even seen all their photos yet; those whom I have seen, I don't fancy. Now, how can I choose? Shall I wait on Fate? But, do I believe in Fate? I do not know. This English education does unsettle our minds, somehow.

Soft, who comes here? Two women all shrouded up in white clothes. They seem to be afraid. What are they coming here for? To worship in this old temple? Strange, I thought it was abandoned.

One of the women seems old, one very young, to judge by her slender figure and her very graceful walk.

What shall I do? Hide or show myself? I had better hide; else they will think me a ghost and be terrified out of their wits. (Slips behind the wall).

(Enter Leila and Menaka her nurse).

Leila: You wait here, Menaka, and I shall go into the temple. Oh, but I feel frightened. Suppose I see a ghost, suppose the goddess shows herself?

Menaka: Let me come in with you, Leila.

Leila: Oh, but I don't want you. I—I want to ask the goddess something.

Menaka: I shall close my ears. Let me be with you, my dear.

Leila: No, no, wait here. And don't you dare to listen, Menaka. Stay, go away a little further and wait near that tree behind that wall.

Menaka: Suppose—

Leila: Don't suppose anything. I am not a coward, am I? Anyway, I ought not to be, seeing that I am supposed to be educated. But, but—no, wait, I am going in. Don't come

in further, Menaka. If you hear a scream, come running, will you?

Menaka: Of course, my child. God further your desires, Leila.

Leila: You dear old thing! (Disappears into the temple. A gleam as of a torch appears from the dark interior and is put out.)

Gopalan: (Peeping round).

The old woman is on the other side, and cannot see me (comes out). Now, what shall I do? Wait here and listen? That would not be right. Who is this girl? Her voice appeals to me, it is so tender, yet so girlish, and,—and, so thrilling. I like her. Her name is Leila, which means *charm* or *illusion*. Which is she? I am sure the former. I wonder if she is one of my many admirers. Shall I peep in? Oh! but I will; and why not? After all, she is only gone in to pray. She is an innocent lass, I am sure. (Peeps in through an old window).

Leila: (from within the temple, in a hoarse undertone).

Oh! Goddess Lakshmi, can you hear me? I know that many people, especially educated ones, do not believe in you; but I do; help me; you are very good to young girls, especially in their marriages. What shall I do, oh goddess! My father has offered me to this new man without even asking me. And I,—I—I have seen his photo, and I like him. But, but, it seems so silly to make arrangements like this. Oh, Lakshmi tell me what to do.

Gopalan: (From outside in a loud whisper) Leila!

Leila: Heavens, who is this? Ah——

Gopalan: Wait, don't scream. There is nothing to fear.

Leila: Who are you?

Gopalan: Shall I say I am the goddess or your guardian angel? Will you believe me? Or, shall I say I am a wandering spirit? I leave you to guess. I am one, who certainly will have great power over your fate. Listen.

Leila: I am listening.

Gopalan: This man whom your father wishes you to marry is not a bad man. He has at least a sense of honour. Would you like to meet him?

Leila: Yes.

Gopalan: Then come here tomorrow night at 10 o'clock and all alone. Will you come?

Leila: I am frightened.

Gopalan: I shall look after you.

Leila: Who are you?

Gopalan: I told you I shall be whom you will. But I am your well-wisher. I swear it——by——by your head, by all that you and I hold dear. Please remember that, whatever happens.

Leila: I will

Gopalan: Then go home. It is getting late.

(Leila comes out, and calls to her nurse.)

Menaka: (Running up): Leila what has happened? You look strange.

Leila: Queer things indeed have happened. Come, let us go home.

Menaka: Has the goddess appeared?

Leila: I don't know. Come along.

EXEUNT

SCENE 2.

(The same place: Gopalan seen waiting)

Gopalan: She has not come yet. I wonder if she will come. Now, what made me talk to her as I did? I wonder. It must have been fate. But I like her.

Oh, what a beautiful night! Ah here she comes. Is it she? I must pretend not to know her, mustn't I? She is all veiled.

(A shrouded girl enters)

Girl: (Starting back) who are you?

Gopalan: Who are you?

Girl: I am Leila. And you are——

Gopalan: Gopalan; why have you come here?

Girl: I was asked to.

Gopalan: By whom?

Leila: By someone, and you?

Gopalan: Came partly to enjoy the moonlight. This is my favourite spot, you know. I often come here to think.

Leila: Really? But how dull? I would hate this place.

Gopalan: What would you like then?

Leila: Why, crowded places like theatres and concert halls and parties.

Gopalan: Then you never require time for contemplation?

Leila: (Laughing) Why should I? Am I a hermit?

Gopalan: Do only hermits desire solitude?

Leila: I suppose so; anyhow, I never care to hear about those oldfogies. Fancy doing all that penance for nothing!

Gopalan: H—m. They got the grace and blessing of God, didn't they?

Leila: I suppose so; but what was the good of it? They did not enjoy life.

Gopalan: I suppose not, from your point of view. What do you think life is for then?

Leila: Oh, just happiness.

Gopalan: What is happiness?

Leila: Just contentment, I suppose. I have been told so. To me, contentment means comfort, which means the obtaining of one's desires.

Gopalan: What about helping others to win their desires?

Leila: There is no need for that. If each one is for himself, the world will be a happy place.

Gopalan: But, what about the longings of one's own mind to be of service to others?

Leila: Strange man! I do not often have such longings. Yes, wait, I do. I like to see people around me happy, for then only can I be happy. Their misery reacts on me. You see?

Gopalan: I see. Then, you think of nothing but yourself?

Leila: Not altogether. If I am happy, shall I not make others happy? If I am gloomy, they are gloomy.

Gopalan: H—m. Then, you think yourself of some importance?

Leila: Why not? Anyway, I am told so by many people.

Gopalan: You must be a pretty girl then. Won't you show me your face?

Leila: I would like to; but I must not. I have promised not to.

Gopalan: Really? You disappoint me. Come Leila, unveil yourself.

Leila: No, I shall not. But you can look at my eyes. How do you like them?

Gopalan: Very much. Black and big like beautiful pools, bathed in happy beams of light. There! That is alliteration for you? Do you like it?

Leila: I think you are a foolish flatterer, who feels fresh and frisky. How do you like that?

Gopalan: Quite good. You seem to be a witty young person. But come, shall we walk about? The sea is beautiful and it is a fine night. Don't be afraid, I shall do you no harm.

Leila: No, I was thinking of something else. (They walk about) By the way, you are the great Mr. Gopalan, in the I M S., just returned from England, whom every one is trying to get married to. Am I right?

Gopalan: In a way, Leila,

Leila: And whom will you marry?

Gopalan: Shall I say you?

Leila: Why do you say that?

Gopalan: Are you not Leila, the daughter of Mr. Chandran, who — has — written to me?

Leila: Ah! How do you know I am the same Leila?

Gopalan: Are you not?

Leila: Wait and see; but please do not think I am anxious to marry you.

Gopalan: I am glad of that; but why do you dislike me?

Leila: I do not. But stay. You have just come from England. You were there some years?

Gopalan: Yes, to both questions.

Leila: Then, why don't you talk like an Englishman?

Gopalan: Don't I? I am sorry. But, do you admire the English way then?

Leila: I do. I love it. I wish we were all like the Westerns.

Gopalan: You do not like Indians?

Leila: Some, but not many. They are not worth much, you know. They are so self-seeking and dreamy and impractical and — —

Gopalan: I hope you are not like Miss Mayo.

Leila: I liked her book, you know. She showed us our evil ways and is helping us to reform.

Gopalan: I don't think so; the reform was coming anyway. You — —, but never mind, let us talk of something else."

Leila: Wait, wait, who is that? There is some one coming up fast to us.

Gopalan: Oh! that is a man in a hurry. He wants to talk to us, I think. Do you know him?

Leila: I — — I don't know. Oh, I am frightened.

Gopalan: Don't be afraid.

(Purnayya comes to them, stops in front and stares insolently at them).

Gopalan: Now, what do you want, my man?

Purnayya: Don't you call me, my man. Who are you any way?

Gopalan: Whoever you like. What do you want?

Purnayya: I want my girl. Don't you dare to take her from me.

Gopalan: Is she your girl?

Purnayya: Of course, she is; ask her.

Gopalan: There is no need to.

Purnayya: And you, my girl, don't you dare to let me down, because you have got this well-placed, England returned man. I may be stupid and ignorant, but you have encouraged me. Don't forget that I am related to the Zamindar of———. If you play me false, I shall kill you and your lover. Do you hear that, you false jade?

Leila: Oh, Oh!

Gopalan: That will do, my man. Now go.

Purnayya: I won't. I have as much right here as you have, indeed more. Walking about in the moonlight, forsooth, with my girl!

Gopalan: That will do, go.

Purnayya: I won't go. What will you do?

Gopalan: This.

(They close together and wrestle. Leila sobs and shudders and cries. Her veils falls off. In the end, Purnayya is thrown down; Gopalan stands over him. Purnayya stands up, cowering away.)

Gopalan: Now, will you go?

Purnayya: I have to, but you have not done with me yet, my good fellow. You shall see what you will see.

Gopalan: Very well.

(Purnayya limps away with many a backward malignant look)

Leila: (Turning to Gopalan and clasping her hands) Oh, how brave you are! How I admire you! Thank you so much for your help.

Gopalan: Come now, let me take you home.

Leila: But I must tell you that that man's statement was false. I never encouraged him. I——.

Gopalan: Never mind all that now, Miss Leila. It is getting late.

Leila: And I——said——I——I did not like you. I did not mean all that, you knew.

Gopalan: All right, all right, Miss Leila. Come on now.

Leila: Wont you call me just Leila?

Gopalan: Not just now.

Leila: (Laughing) Ah, ha, you are funny!

Gopalan: Am I? Come.

(HE GRADUALLY LEADS HER AWAY.)

SCENE 3.

(Mr. Chandran's house. Mr. Chandran and his daughter are seen talking together.)

Chandran: Leila, what is this I hear about you? I heard that you were seen walking about on the beach late at night with a strange man.

Leila: I?

Chandran: Yes, you, my daughter, an educated girl. This indeed is what education is bringing you all to. All your new-fangled notions about freedom, and mixing with men only lead you into deep pit-falls, from which you have not the sense to extricate yourself. You, Indian girls, are not in a position yet to get freedom. The English girls are, for they are used to it.

Leila: But,——father!

Chandran: No buts. You ought to be locked up and made to marry whom your parents wish you to. You, my daughter, whom I thought so wise, are now so foolish. I wish to Heaven you had never been born.

Leila: Father!

Chandran: This is the reason perhaps why Gopalan's father was so cold to me when I went to see him yesterday. He tried in many ways to put off my proposal.

Leila: Do you mean to say you went to him again about me?

Chandran: Of course, I did. Why should I not? Are you not my daughter, and must I not see to your welfare?

Leila: You mean to get rid of me?

Chandran: Have it as you like, my girl. I am disgusted with you.

Leila: And I am ashamed.

Chandran: Not more ashamed than I, with all your mad escapades.

Leila: Father, do not exaggerate. You know you have never heard anything like this about me before. Even this—but who told you?

Chandran: Why a friend of that man, Purnayya. He came to tell me that you had been seen on the beach on Thursday night,

and, that knowing you, he went to talk to you, but that the other man rushed at him and beat him and mishandled him.

Leila: (Covering her face) Oh!—

Chandran: Yes, you may well say Oh, my girl. I do not know what further disgrace will come out.

Leila: Oh father, you must not talk like that about me. When have I ever played you false?

Chandran: (Relenting a little) Perhaps not; but that is why I am so utterly disappointed in you.

(There is a pause)

Who is that?

(Enter Purnayya)

Purnayya: I have been listening to your talk and I have come to tell you who that man was. Who else but your wonderful Gopalan! Your famous doctor, a false Indian who despises India. Why else, will he treat our girls so carelessly, as to walk about with them alone on the beach. Will he do that to English girls?

Leila: Oh — Oh——

Chandran: Don't talk rubbish, Purnayya.

Purnayya: Because I am uneducated, you think I am not worth anything; you must needs turn down my poor offer and marry your daughter to Gopalan.

Leila: But, but—it was Santa you wanted all the time.

Purnayya: True, but I asked for you first.

Leila: I being of a better family, I suppose. Well — well —
(goes to the door)

Chandran: Where are you going, Leila?

Leila: To see my friend, Santa.

Purnayya: Why, why? You are not going to tell her about me, are you?

Leila: Why not? I shall do what I like. You speak all sorts of untruths about me; and why should I not reveal truths about you?

(Exit Leila.)

Curtain

SCENE 4

(Another house. Leila and Santa talking together, Santa weeping; Leila angry.)

Leila: And so you have played me false altogether. I might have known you would.

Santa: Have I ever done it before?

Leila: No; but you were always a harum-scarum sort of girl. You have never known your own mind. You made this mad plan and proposed it to me. I should never have consented to it; I feel such a deceitful creature.

Santa: What harm was there? You did not wish to meet Gopalan, because your name had been proposed to him. But you liked his picture. You see *you* were wrong. You wanted both to eat your cake and have it.

Leila: True, true.

Santa: And then I said I would go as you, with my face veiled, to the appointment made for you at the temple,—by whom, Leila?

Leila: Why, by the goddess, I suppose. I don't know.

Santa: I am sure it was Gopalan.

Leila: It might have been.

Santa: It was, I am sure. You are such an innocent girl, you know.

Leila: I am, I am.

Santa: So I wanted to find out what sort of a man he was. I met him, and I tell you he is a jolly fine man, a bit old-fashioned perhaps, but so handsome, so manly, so gallant. I would like to marry him myself. Indeed, I am sure I could get him if I wished. He liked my eyes, I tell you, said all sorts of foolish things about them. And I am sure he liked my face too.

Leila: You showed it to him?

Santa: What else could I do? The veil fell off during that fight. Oh, you should have been there Leila. Gopalan was grand.

Leila: But, what happened?

Santa: That foolish Purnayya, you know, wants to marry me, and somehow he came to know that I was there and followed me and had a fight.

Leila: H—m.

Santa: Why do you sniff?

Leila: Why, for nothing. But why did some friend of his tell my father that I had been with Gopalan?

Santa: Well—well—you see, I wished to placate Purnayya. So, I went to him and told him the real story.

Leila: You did!

Santa: Yes, but in secret; and—and—he wanted to keep my name away from the affair. So we agreed to say it was you.

You will not give me away, will you, Leila? My father will kill me, if he knows.

Leila: And mine?

Santa: Well, he is not so bad.

Leila: And my reputation?

Santa: It won't suffer, because you are so good. Besides. Gopalan—

Leila: Well, Gopalan does not want me. I think he is going to marry someone else.

Santa: Really? I wonder—I wonder—

Leila: (After staring at her) Well, good-bye, Santa.

Santa: Good-bye! I wonder—I wonder!

Curtain.

SCENE 5.

(The old temple on the beech. Leila before the door, in a dishevelled heap, sobbing. Gopalan is on the other side. He hears her sobs and goes to her.)

Gopalan: Who is that?

Leila: Who—who are you?

Gopalan: Only Gopalan. Who are you, lady? Are you Leila?

Leila: How do you know?

Gopalan: Because you are not the other girl, and because you are here. I saw you here once before, you know.

Leila: Then it was you who spoke to me before the goddess?

Gopalan: It was, and I humbly apologise. I do not know what made me do it. It was just the spirit of adventure. Besides, I—liked you.

Leila: Did you? Well, you had no business to.

Gopalan: (humbly) I know; and I apologise. But tell me why you are weeping.

Leila: I have my own troubles. I must go now.

Gopalan: Wait. Was your father angry with you, because he thought you had walked here with me? I have heard all about it.

Leila: Yes?

Gopalan: And you never told him it was the other creature! Oh, you brave girl, how I admire you!

Leila: It was nothing. She might have done the same.

Gopalan: Never. She would betray you, on the other hand. I know. But tell me why did you deceive me, as you did.

Leila: It is a long story; but I also apologise. I should never have done it. You must not think I am always like that.

Gopalan: Never; but don't humble yourself. I too deceived you, you know. We are quits.

Leila: Good-bye, my father will be very angry if he knows I am out again.

Gopalan: But not if you are with me. He——

Leila: I know, and that is the worst of it. I am so ashamed, Mr. Gopalan, to be thrown at your head like this. You were quite right to refuse to have anything to do with me.

Gopalan: Oh, But I did not refuse.

Leila: You did the same as refusing. And you are quite right.

Gopalan: Miss Leila, forgive me; but I shall be so happy if you will allow me to come to see you.

Leila: Why?

Gopalan: To make your acquaintance. Will you let me?

Leila: I can't stop you coming, can I? Besides, my father will not let me do it (laughs)

Gopalan: No. That is all right then.

Leila: And you can meet Santa also, you know. She is my friend.

Gopalan: Still?

Leila: Well yes——Still.

Gopalan: You are very magnanimous.

Leila: No, I am selfish.

Gopalan: You are not. But why do you want me to meet her?

Leila: I think.....she——likes you.

Gopalan: But what about me?

Leila: Liking is generally reciprocated. You liked her eyes and her face. She told me.

Gopalan: Did she?

Leila: And then, what about the claims of chivalry? You cannot let her down.

Gopalan: What? Let false chivalry spoil, not only my life, but hers also; for I shall surely make her unhappy if I marry her. Not I, Miss Leila. Besides, you cannot condemn me to such a fate. Dare I hope it?

Leila: You may not, sir.

Gopalan: But, I can come to see you?

Leila: Yes.

Gopalan: Let me take you home then.

Exeunt.

KAMALA.

CHRISTMAS IN AN INDIAN HOME.

WE were a happy family of four children under the sheltering care of understanding parents. We thought Christmas was one of the happiest festivals of the year, and looked forward eagerly to it. The whole day was spent in excitement of some kind, which somehow added to the innocent religious joy which the very idea of Christmas raised. Of course, many of the customs we observed were Western, but, as they were combined with Eastern ideas we somehow felt right.

Christmas really started the night before. The whole house had to be festooned with paper and flower garlands. The latter had been prepared the day before, and the putting-up of them from tables and chairs and ladders, and in harmonious response to much gratuitous advice from elders and servants alike, took us about a happy two hours. After that, the Christmas tree had to be prepared. Then the presents had to be parcelled and addressed. Each family member retired to a corner with furtive looks; secret whispers and much mysterious rustlings were the order of the next hour or two. Then the pillow cases—for stockings were much too small for our presents—had to be tied securely to the bed-heads; for the two younger children still believed in Santa Claus, and we the elders did not wish to upset their belief. Indeed, we were ashamed to confess how one never-to-be forgotten Xmas eve, we kept awake in fearful anticipation, and actually watched the advent of Santa Claus!

To come back,—after all was ready, with much persuasion, and many commands, we allowed ourselves to go to bed. One unforgettable night, I remember, we were actually permitted to stay awake the whole night and enjoy ourselves with games and music; but the aftermath of sleepy weariness the next day was so bad, that ever afterwards we made up our minds to close our eyes in sleep for a few hours at least. But not for long! Suddenly upon our ears would burst what sounded like a thunder-burst of crackers all round the house. We knew it was our cousins from the third house from ours. Oh! what a wild babble of Christmas greetings and kisses and excitement!

Then the pillow cases had to be unpacked. What shrieking and exclaiming with excitement! But, we had to hurry, for there was service in the church at 4-30. Our new clothes had to be donned and admired; a good breakfast had to be eaten of Christmas specialities. But at last all were ready; and off we went in a wild rush of night air, which cooled our heated brows.

The church with all its blazing lights, its decorations and its crowd of happy people in new clothes, was a great delight. But

we could only gaze. We could not wish our friends, a 'merry Xmas', for, in spite of bows and smiles, we knew that they would only unbend after the service. While upon this point, I must mention a special greeting improvised for this season by a very serious cousin of ours. "A useful Christmas" he would say, or "a peaceful Christmas"; but we hated it!

The next three hours in church were rather a weariness to the young ones, but the hearty singing we enjoyed. Sometimes, when we were in a village or small town, we could get no service in church, but instead of that we used to have a short family service, in which each member took a part. After some happy talk, we returned home; and then after hurried looks again at the cherished gifts of the night before, we got ready our presents for ourselves. Each of us, I remember, had a table; and on this we arranged our things; great excitement again, and gratitude to each other! Then tearing down of garlands and throwing flowers on each other.

Then we stood around the Xmas cake, and, after mother had cut it, toasted each other in wine or non-alcoholic drinks. Included in this were our servants and relatives, who enjoyed the show as much as we did, albeit with much becoming modesty and meekness. Then, we gave each of the latter their presents of new clothes and enjoyed their delight, after which we were garlanded by them. Then came the time for visitors, and gifts of flowers and fruit and cakes from them. Soon the whole house would be filled. We, children, would yawn and rub our eyes and go off one by one to have a brief nap, before our huge Indian lunch of Pulao (curried rice) etc.

In the afternoon, would come the servants' sports. We enjoyed them as much as they did. How they ran and raced and jumped and flew over obstacles, threaded needles, ate buns in haste, hobbled in sacks, ran on three legs, balanced potato spoons in their mouths, and pulled at Tug of War. Then would come their prizes, after which we served them with tea and refreshments. The poor things would be so shy and self-conscious; but, when we also ate with them, we became as one family.

Then would come the Christmas tree for ourselves, our servants' children and some poor children. With stealthy steps, we would approach a closed door and throw it open. What a glorious sight was the tree with its tinsel decorations and crackers and loads of presents! After this, sometimes, we children used to entertain the family and a few friends with theatricals and music etc; in which I am afraid we tried their patience very much. A grand letting off of crackers would follow, in which I can still see ourselves jumping about like imps in and out of the display.

The evening had a good climax in the Christmas dinner, which was wholly in the English style, with turkey and plum-pudding and wine. The dessert was our special feast and after that the Christmas crackers.

And so to bed, a welcome rest the well-earned end of a perfect day.

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN GIRL.

A PRAYER TO THE HILLS.

Oh, silent hills reposing far away,
Oh lovely peaks of purple, blue and grey,
High pinnacles of turquoise, sometimes swathed
In clouds, and sometimes in bright sunshine bathed;

I pray to you, oh hills and mountains high,
You monarchs of the earth and radiant sky,
Embodiments of peacefulness and rest,
To grant my human heart this one request.

Tell me how in calmness you abide
Immoveable, for ever satisfied;
Teach me but the secret of your life,
How you with mild contentment conquer strife.

Within my earthly human heart awake
A resolution ever to forsake
Worldly joys, that for the moment please;
Let my thoughts from restless longings cease.

Let your mountain breezes gently blow
Upon me, as I stand here far below;
Send great nature's spirit down to me,
And swathe my soul in sweet serenity.

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

[By K. S.]

(A NOVEL OF INDIAN CHRISTIAN LIFE.)

CHAPTER I.

GAURI felt herself glancing again and again at her father, for she sensed that something was wrong with him; he was so

unusually quiet, and did nothing as usual to help the merry chatter at the table. A feeling of apprehension stole over her; and, like the column of mercury in the barometer, her spirits fell lower and lower, till the change in her was felt.

"What is the matter, Gauri?" enquired her brother, a fair, thin, tall youth of about twenty, with something so dreamy and spiritual in his eyes that by one look at them the weakness of his chin and mouth were forgotten. "Are you not feeling well?"

"I am all right, Sankar," said Gauri looking annoyed, "Can you not leave me alone? I have only a headache."

"My dear," murmured the frail pale mother at one end of the table, "Why that frown between your brows? Sankar was only anxious about you." Gauri's frown changed to a smile at the beloved voice, but Mallika, the younger sister, was not to be repressed.

"Sankar is getting quite an old woman, mother," she vociferated with her mouth full. "He is too anxious about Gauri. What is wrong with her, I should like to know."

"My dear, I am sure there is nothing really wrong with her; but she has been looking very tired of late. I am sure she is doing too much."

"Yes, she does too much, because she is always meddling with everything. Why should she interfere so much with the servants, and with me? And why put on such martyr-like airs? Ever since that affair — Ah —" and with a gasp, which emphasised the wild rolling of her eyes, the girl's mouth shut tight. Sankar looked very annoyed, but could not help laughing at her dismayed face, "I am glad, my lady, you stopped there," he growled. "You remember what father promised you, don't you? No more college, eh? And I should like to know this; if Gauri did not meddle with things, as you say, what would happen to us?"

"Nothing. The house would look after itself."

"Indeed? And you would be sitting like a fine lady, reading a novel or swinging in the garden, or—or talking with your mouth full. Disgusting habit, I call that! you never like to do any work, do you?"

"Hush, hush, children," said the mother, who had been listening with a pained smile. "This is all due to me. If I weren't so weak and ill—"

"Oh mother, mother," broke in Mallika, pausing a moment in her eating, "forgive me. I did not mean to hurt you. What would we do without you? If I had not been eating with my fingers, I would show you—"

"Good thing then that you were eating with your fingers," said Sankar laughing. "Your bear-hugs hurt mother too much. Don't they Gauri?"

"Yes, they do," asserted Gauri, who as usual had been attending very little to the too-frequent squabbles of her young relatives. "Boy," she called, turning to the servant, "show the rice to master. Father, won't you have something more to eat?"

"No, dear," he answered, rousing himself. "I have had quite enough. Mallika, how often have I told you not to stuff your mouth too full?"

"Oh father, this fish curry is good, and I love it. Boy, bring it here. And don't serve me, as if I were a school-girl," she added, as the servant in the good old Indian way bent to help her. "Can't I hold the spoon with the left hand? And, why do you wait to show me the curry? Are you keeping it for yourself?" The servant, an old friend of the family, grinned, instead of taking offence, and the child grinned back at him.

"Gauri made it, you know," smiled Sankar.

"Oh yes, I know," growled the damsel, at once on the defensive. "Why do you always think that I don't know the worth of Gauri? I too love her, you know."

"I suppose you do, but you do not go the right way to show it."

"What do you wish me to do then? Go down on my knees and worship her? I would do even that, you know, Sankar, to please you. I am a girl of determination."

"I know you are, too determined sometimes. You are as obstinate as a mule and as stubborn as a pig. You never give in, but must have the last word."

"Stop, stop, children," said the father. "Don't be always squabbling. And Mallika, don't kick me under the table. You may like to be a determined young lady," he said smilingly, "and I know you are one, but you need not hurt others to show your determination."

"Oh father, I never meant to kick you. It was Sankar I wished to reach."

"Serve you right then," said that youth.

"But why kick anybody at all?" plaintively enquired the mother.

"Oh well, I must swing my legs about, if you won't allow me to fold them under me in the good old Indian way. Oh mother, let us have dinner on the floor tomorrow. I am getting tired of sitting at the table. This sheet is too clean for me, and these spoons and forks——"

"How often have I told you, Mallika, that you must get used to both methods of eating?" asked her father. "You know I like to combine Indian and English ways in our house."

"Heavens," muttered the maiden, "he is going to lecture us. But I must stop him." So, she put on her most coaxing air. "I know, I know, father," she wheedled, "but don't you think we have been having too much of this? Since mother has recovered, we have not once sat on the floor."

"Yes," said Gauri, "I am sorry, but I thought mother could not sit on the floor, with her bad knees. After two or three days, Mallika, we shall do as you like. Now, go and wash your hands. Come on, boy, bring the mangoes."

"Oh, the mangoes, the mangoes," said Mallika, as she ran out of the room. "Wait for me, Sankar. Don't take all the best."

"Ha, ha, come soon then."

And so, the meal came to an end. "Gauri," said her father, as he pushed his chair back from the table. "Will you come into my study for a few minutes? I wish to speak to you."

"Yes, father, as soon as I finish putting the things away."

"Sankar, Mallika, are you ready with your 84th Psalm? To-day is Sunday, you know. It is just like you both not to remind me of it. But I have not forgotten. Come to me in an hour."

"Yes, father."

"Wife, it is time for you to rest. You are looking tired. Where is Martha? Why doesn't she look after you? You are not doing the house-work, are you?"

"No, no, Gauri sees to everything. I wonder what I should do without her," she added, as her glance fondly followed the girl flitting about the room.

"Oh mother," whispered Mallika, "I would help you, if you allowed me to. But you won't let me do anything."

"There, there, let us go into the other room. The servants must clear away. It is very late this afternoon. And, don't forget, girls, that Sita is coming here after tea with her father. She is a very nice girl, though a Hindu, and her father is a good man. You cannot get such good people often, even among the Christians. I want you to be friends with them, Don't forget that Sita is a poor little widow."

"We don't forget at all. On the contrary, she gets too much attention from us, especially from Gauri. I really think she is 'cracked' on Gauri. Hush, Mallika. What she finds in her, I don't know. If it had been myself! All right, mother, I'll be quiet. Goodbye everybody."

As Gauri stood at the study-door and looked in on her father, her heart gave a great bound, and then sank low again. His head was buried in his arms, which were extended on his writing-table;

the fingers of his clasped hands were tightly clenched. She had never seen him thus, her dear, dear father! What had happened? She stole forward and touched him gently, and he looked up and looked at her, and there were actually tears in his eyes.

"Gauri, my dear," he muttered as in a dream, "Is it you? I was saying 'farewell'——"

"Farewell, father? To whom? To this place? Have you had a transfer, as you said you might?"

"No, no, child, I was only dreaming in a way. I shall explain to you later. In the meanwhile, come and sit down, and we shall have a talk. No, dear, do not sit so close to me. This is going to be a serious talk, Gauri, not one of our study-chats. Sit there," he pointed to a chair, but Gauri preferred the carpet, and squatted down, facing her father, who frowned at her.

"Gauri," he said, "why don't you like chairs? So many of our Indian Christians are taking to English ways; but you—you are so old-fashioned. No shoes and stockings, no slippers even. All that will have to be changed, when, when,——. But of that later. Tell me how old you are."

"Quite twenty, father."

"About five years after—that—other business?"

Over Gauri's face came a hot red blush, and her eyes grew strained and misty. "Oh father," she stammered, "Why talk of it now? You promised not to talk about it, unless——unless——something serious happened. What is it?" she gasped, "Has anything gone wrong? I knew it, I knew it."

The old man leant forward and placed a calm hand on her quivering shoulders, though his eyes looked away from her. "My dear child," he said, "there is no need to be so vehement about it. You need not be so ashamed for yourself. We did nothing wrong, did we?"

But Gauri was obstinate. "We did do wrong," she affirmed.

It was now her father's turn to look strained. "Well—well—perhaps we did," he said. "But remember, with that matter is associated that other great event in your life, the gaining of your sight. Are you not grateful for that?"

"I am, I am, oh so thankful, but—but——"

"What I want to say, child," he said in a would-be nonchalant manner, which was quite obviously put on, "is, that that business need not turn you against marriage. You were perfectly innocent, you know."

"I hate marriage," grumbled Gauri.

"But, it is time you are married, isn't it? You are twenty now, and what will you do when I am gone?"

"Oh Papa, you know I do not wish to get married. How can I leave you all? I want to stay with you and mother, and I can get some sort of work to do, I suppose. Besides," she added, trying to laugh, "what will you do without me now, with mother so weak? Don't talk of marriage, father."

"But I must, child, I must."

"You told me you would teach me all the things, that my blindness kept me from, and perhaps later, send me to attend lectures at college, when mother is better."

"I know, I did; but I have already taught you a good deal. Though you have not passed examinations, you are as good as a graduate in your English. You have gone through much of Shakespeare, Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, and—but why all that now? You can go on with your studies, even after you are married. Your husband will help you."

"My husband? My husband? Father, what do you mean?"

He was silent, and she went on excitedly, "you promised me you will let me marry when I liked, and whom I liked."

"So I did, so I did," he said, walking up and down the room, as he so often did, when he talked. "But, after all, what is love, Gauri? It will come after marriage, if you get the right man. Your mother and I never married for love."

"But——"

"And see how happy we are."

"But you both are not like everybody. You are in a class apart. You cannot expect everyone to be like you."

"Why not?"

"And how do you know that a father can always choose the right man for his daughter?"

"My girl, cannot you depend on my judgment?"

"I can, father; but you have always taught me to be independent."

"So I did, Gauri, but that very same father now asks you to obey him."

"But why—why—? Have you fixed on any man for me?"

"Yes, I have."

"Does mother know of it?"

"Not yet, my dear; she is too weak and frail for me to worry her, but we shall tell her later."

"Who is he, father?"

"A very good man, holding a good appointment in Madras ; he returned from England about a year ago. His mother had been looking for a wife for him, but she died soon after he came back. She had fixed on you, and he has asked me for you, and I wish you to accept the offer. He is a good man, and will give you the position you are used to."

Gauri burst out : "I am afraid I cannot think much of him, father, if he consents to a marriage of convenience like this. And he is an England-returned man too !"

"He has been a long time in England, but he still has many of the old Indian ideas. Besides, I believe that he made a promise to his mother before he went to England, that he would accept her choice."

"Surely, before he asked for me, he could have come here first as a visitor and made my acquaintance ?"

"In a way, it amounts to that, Gauri. He does seem to be rather upset about this arrangement, you know ; but he has promised his mother. He says he has seen your photo. It is left for you to consent now."

"Then, are you intending to sell me to him like a sheep or goat, father ? Is my freedom to be bartered for comfort and position ? I never expected this from you. He and I have never seen each other, and how do we know that we shall suit each other ? Especially after what has happened before—", she remained silent and staring at her father.

"Oh child, child," the father cried, walking about the room, "What shall I say to you ; what shall I say ?" Then he went to the window and stood looking out at the road, faintly seen through the trees of the large compound. "Gauri, I must tell you. You know, I have been having a pain in the chest lately, which we all thought to be due to indigestion. I went to the doctor today, and he said—"

"What", almost screamed the girl, who was still almost a child.

"That—I—might die any day." He dreaded to turn round, for he knew his child had collapsed at the dread news. But, after awhile, he could not bear to hear her gasping sobs.

"Oh Gauri, Gauri," he whispered, raising her into his arms. "Is it right to give away like this ? Remember your mother, my darling. Have I not brought you up like my eldest son ? Gauri—Gauri—"

After awhile, his gentle remonstrance had its reward. She straightened up and leant quietly on his shoulder. But again, at the thought that she might never more have that shoulder to lean

on again, the sobs caught her breath in long gasps, which he pretended not to notice.

"And, because I look upon you as my son, I lay on you this duty, dear, for your mother's sake. Your brother is still studying and I am sorry to say is not too steady ; your sister is too young, too undisciplined, to help. We have no other relatives. You know, we have lost all our savings in the Bank. So—so—."

She could bear it no more. "I will do as you wish, father," she managed to whisper. And—and—you will tell him all about the other—other—thing, will you not ?"

He gave a long sigh of relief, then said, "Of course, I will. And you will find him a good man, my Gauri. I made enquiries about him, when he asked for you, and everyone speaks well of him. His name is Arjuna Narayana Rao."

"Oh father, dear father," she burst out, "what do I care for all that ? I want you, I want you. Don't—leave us,—father. Stay with us—for many years—yet."

He gathered her again into his arms, and brooded over her. "My daughter, oh my daughter," he murmured fondly ; and at those words, he thought of Jephthah, who had once said the same thing. He remembered Jephthah's sacrifice, and his heart quailed at the thought. Was he sacrificing his daughter after all, for the good of others ? God grant he was not ! And so, he pulled himself together and merely said to her : "Let us go and tell your dear mother about it."

(To be continued)

INFANT MORTALITY IN INDIA.

BY DR. BALIGA.

IT is obvious that the main object of every educated human being is to enlighten his or her less fortunate brethren on the importance of the laws of personal hygiene, sanitary dwellings and environments, pure water supply, wholesome food, the hygiene of pregnancy and childhood, and other allied subjects, and to impress on the public mind that disease is a thing which can and should be prevented and that a high general mortality rate or excessive infantile mortality, as it exists in our country, should be reduced to a minimum. To achieve this object, it is very necessary to put in steady, determined, and persistent propaganda work. When we have reached such a stage as to consider the sight of an ill-nourished or neglected child in our midst a personal reproach, we may say our object is well-nigh achieved. You are aware that, in

our Presidency alone, more than 10 lakhs of people and 3 lakhs of infants within one year of life, die every year, mostly from preventible diseases, such as, small-pox, enteric fever, dysentery, malaria, hookworm disease etc., and that for every death from these diseases, 3 times, if not fully 4 times, the number become so poor in health that, instead of being able to earn their own living and maintain their families, they themselves become a heavy burden on their families and the nation. Here are a few comparative statistics. In almost every country in Europe, infant mortality is well under 100 per thousand.

The infant mortality in the Madras Presidency stands at 200 per thousand. 300000 children die every year below age. This rate is far less in this presidency than in other parts of India.

Fifty years ago in Calcutta, the infant mortality rate was 600 per 1000 and even now it is 260 per 1000.

In Central Provinces, the mortality rate in 1929 was 240 per 1000. The actual number of infants under one year who died in C. P. in 1929 was 147000. C. P. has the uneveivable reputation of having the highest rate of infant mortality of any Province.

In this province, 24 out of every 100 babies born die before they are one 1 year old, compared to 7 out of every 100 in Great Britain.

In England the maternal mortality rate has been stationary for the last 15 to 20 years, standing at 4 per 1000. In Italy, the figure is only 2 per 1000.

India's rate is 25 to 30 per 1000. In the love of mankind and of children specially, no nation can surpass us Indians, but then why is it that we allow this appalling general and infantile death rate to flourish in our midst? It is chiefly due to our ignorance, apathy and poverty. Some means of prevention are:— prenatal care, chiefly through Ante-natal clinics, maternity homes, hospitals for premature infants, calling-in of skilled and trained midwives before, during and after delivery, educational clinics, encouragement of breast-feeding, competent and compulsory medical supervision of infancy, clean milk, escape from city heat, if possible, better housing, scattering of crowded tenements, cleanliness, better artificial feeding when necessary, milk depots, mothers' leagues, social service workers and orphanages, establishment of maternity and child-welfare centres and improvements in Medical and Obstetrical practice. Further, we should advise mothers to take their babies every now and then to children's hospitals for consultation, to see whether the baby is thriving properly or not and get advice. I would also suggest that rate-payers in every municipality should compel the municipal authorities to hang up in the council hall monthly returns, in large type, of deaths

and births and infant mortality figures, so that, when the council meets every month, the city fathers may know what real steps they have taken to increase the happiness of the people by lowering the death rate among the general population, and what attention they are paying to the babies entrusted to their care. To attain our object, more and more spread of education and diffusion of knowledge among the masses is necessary. Health education should properly begin in the home where the developing child is taught the art of sanitary living. Schools should teach the structure and junctions of the body, hygiene of person and sanitation of his surroundings, and this should be continued from the Kindergarten to the Universities. Popular methods of education are through newspapers, picture exhibits, lectures, opening of maternity and child-welfare centres, movies etc., and the holding of the Health and Baby Week once a year has an importance of its own in this respect.

Infantile Mortality is the most sensitive index we possess of Social Welfare, and if babies are well-born and well-cared for, their mortality will be negligible. It is well-known that Infantile Mortality is much higher in large towns than in rural areas. The large number of still-births and deaths among mothers during and after confinement are chiefly due to the ignorance of country midwives or dhais and are certainly controllable and should be controlled. Higher infantile mortality in towns than in the country is not because of the better environments of country life and air, but because most of the important conditions which cause high infantile mortality are concentrated in cities. Infant mortality rates are determined by the hygiene, sanitation and character of the population. In all factory towns, very high infantile mortality is seen, due largely to the employment of mothers in factories and hence neglect of babies who require constant care from the mothers. During the seige of Paris in 1871, while the general mortality in Paris doubled, infant mortality fell 40 p. c., on account of loss of opportunity to mothers of outside work, when women were compelled to stay at home and nurse their babies. Of course poverty plays an important part in infantile mortality. Strictly speaking, infant mortality is a class disease inasmuch as money can purchase health and even life itself. In well-to-do families in England infant mortality is said to be a negligible factor and among labouring classes it rises as much as 32 p. c. Halle states that of 170 infantile deaths from bowel complaints investigated by him in 1903 and 1904, there were 161 among the poor, 9 among the well-to-do and none among the rich. Infant mortality is especially high during the first few weeks of life and mostly due to prematurity, general debility or injury at birth.

The chief factor of infant mortality is infancy itself, the period

in which the flame flickers feeblest. More infants die primarily from accidental and therefore preventable causes.

The chief specific causes that increase infant mortality are early marriages with early conceptions, artificial feeding, hot weather, dirty stale milk, bad feeding, unsuitable food, illegitimacy, lack of prenatal care, gainful occupations of mothers, poor housing, lack of cleanliness, alcoholism, syphilis and other diseases, imperfect hygiene and sanitation. The causes then are multiple and exceedingly complex and include social and economic factors. One other important cause is tetanus among infants due to country midwives not regarding aseptic methods.

It is said that 85 p. c. of all infant deaths are in bottle-fed babies and 90 p. c. of infant deaths from bowel complaints are bottle-fed. Breast-feeding requires but little experience and may be very successfully done even by those with a low grade intelligence and among the poor; but artificial feeding is not successful unless carried on with much intelligence and experience. Prenatal care and especially a period of rest and good food before confinement will increase the weight, vigor and maturity of the baby.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

OURSELVES

THE Indian Ladies' Magazine is in the 4th year of its new life, and it behoves me as its Editor, to thank all our contributors for their very instructive and interesting articles. A friend of mine wrote to me: "You have managed to get round you a set of vigorous writers." This is indeed what we want in this age of modernism, viz., "To call a spade a spade," with tact of course and with some amount of camouflage, so as not to hurt unnecessarily. I feel that this is specially necessary now, when some of our Indian women, carried away by their enthusiasm to be on a level with their Western sisters, are running off too much at a tangent on what sometimes appears unnecessary detailed and surface work. Be that as it may, there is a good majority of old-fashioned, but still quite go-ahead women to balance such extremists. But we are not here to discuss that point. We are here to thank our contributors. Let us take them somewhat in detail.

We are much indebted to Mr. Tangaswamy for his very learned articles on all sorts of subjects, which he seems to cull from many books. The contributions about infantile ailments by Mr. D. Kirubaimani are very valuable. Mr. N. K. Venkateswaran's humorous sketches; Mr. Raghavendra Rao's historical articles, Pandit N. Chengalvarayan's amusing, as well as, serious, essays;

the thoughtful ideals of "A mere man;" Mr. Money's astronomical series; Mr. Ramabhadra's stories and pictures; the literary sketches of Mrs. M. Hensman; the philosophical considerations of W. R. S. S., all have been much appreciated.

Napoleon Bernard from America has given us some weighty articles to think about, and takes a great deal of interest in the progress of Indian women, as compared with the women of his country. So does Herbert Porter from England. We are especially indebted to him for his verses and his little tales for children. Leland J. Berry is another valued contributor of verses; so is Mabel Bye with her little delightful sketches.

We thank Mr. Stanley Jepson, the Editor of the Illustrated Weekly of India, for all his interest in the Magazine, for his instructive articles, and for lending us blocks. We also thank the Editor of the Madras Mail for blocks.

We are specially grateful to Miss G. H. D'Alwis and her friend Miss Davidson, to Miss Kaveri Bai and to Padmini Sathianadhan for their very pretty and pleasant poetry. The restrained and dignified articles of the latter have also been liked by several readers. Sister Susie's "*Suggestions on Fashion*" have been quoted in other papers. The *Friendly Chats* of Amicus; the *Letters to Young People* of Padmini; *The Household Hints* of Paddy have been useful. '*Sour Grapes*' has been responsible for various views on courtship before marriage; last but not least, little Nita Fonseca, aged 12, is coming on with her stories and verses. '*Drumsticus*' has to be thanked for his caricatures.

As has often been said before, the object of the Indian Ladies' Magazine is to forward the advance of Indian women in several desirable ways. I am sometimes blamed for not concentrating more on the activities of Indian women; but I defend myself by saying that, since there are other papers to do that, my journal can enlarge upon the general aspect, and upon the inward advance of Indian women and their preparation for increased responsibilities. There seems to be no use in merely pushing on rapidly in movements, which may fizzle out when a special leader or an incentive has been taken away. Advance cannot be from the circumference to the centre, but from the centre outwards; and then only will it last. But mere intensification is not enough without extending. Therefore, both are needed.

An object of the Indian Ladies' Magazine has been to encourage social intercourse between the men and women of India, and between the women of India and their foreign sisters. We have tried to express some of the views of our educated ladies; we have also tried to give a true picture of Indian womanhood, which should be based, not only on our ancient ideals, but also on some of the

forward movements of Western nations. Another idea has been to encourage young and inexperienced writers to express their views.

The magazine is meant for men, as well as for women, because without the help of the former the latter cannot advance far; indeed to educate the women, the men also have to be educated. It also tries to cater for well-educated, as well as for less-educated, women.

We hope our contributors will continue to help us in every way they can. There are many imperfections in the magazine; many drawbacks and omissions; for all of which we crave the pardon of our readers.

EDITOR,

Indian Ladies' Magazine.

IN MAN'S REALM.

1. SOME MEN.

(a) THE TWO CITIZENS.

There Lived two men in a great city. One of these was known and hailed by all. The people acclaimed him and the King showered honours upon him, for he was a great and gloried 'man of affairs.' His days were full of big business and pressing political propaganda. He gave lavishly to the city, for his material prosperity was at its height. He had all the good things that life can offer—Fame, Position, Money, Applause. Gradually this big man became dreadfully conceited, because of the flattery which sycophants loved to bestow upon him. His head became 'turned' and he lost his sense of balance—going from one evil to another in his paradise of folly.

Not far away, in the same city, lived a man of infinitely greater genius than this statesman, but he lived the hermit's life and wrote books and meditated in solitude. He sedulously avoided all the soul-destroying vices of the city. He was almost penniless, and lived and died the greatest scholar of his age. The world scorned him, because it considered him an old and eccentric being.

Moral: To be a 'somebody' in the World is an easy business to a man gifted with a little wit, but to renounce everything and live as a 'nobody' in the world's eye, is, perhaps, the hardest task which the true Path-follower has to face.

(b) THE SPIRIT AND THE SYMBOL.

Three men went to worship the great Architect and Creator of the Universes of Matter and Spirit. One went straight to the temple, where Ritual was the mode. The second went out among the mountains and stood with the vast solitudes of Nature. The third crept quietly into a little cell—dark and destitute of beauty. Each thought his method was the best and only right one. But the great Spirit—the true Essence and Breath of Being—moving in each of these men, found expression according to 'type' and 'mentality.' Each was right in his own way, and each received the blessing which accrues from pure sincerity, though not one of these three men could understand the thoughts and spiritual position of the other two.

Moral: It is sad that really fine men should misunderstand each other. Never be intolerant of another's ways. If you could read the other fellow's mind and know his motives, you might find that he is really a better man than you.

(c) HUMILITY AND THE BRAGGART.

One sunny day, for the sake of their health, some invalid ladies were driving out into the country. They had not journeyed far, when the careless driver drove the vehicle too near the hedge where the wheels sank into soft mud, and it was found impossible to move the car. The driver, being an old man, had not the physical power to move the car an inch. A boastful fellow—full of dash and bombast—came upon the party, and throwing off his coat, and rolling up the sleeves of his shirt, told the ladies a long tale about his being the finest heavy-weight lifter in the British Isles. He then made one mighty effort to shift the car, but failed utterly. A stranger who, from the opposite direction, had just come upon the scene, walked up to the ladies and asked, in a quiet voice, if he could be of any assistance. Said they, "Sir, we are in a plight, for the wheels of our vehicle are sunk in the soft mud and the car will go neither one way nor another." "I think I can be of service," said the shy fellow, and, without further ado, the stranger strode to the car, and, lifting and pushing by the same operation, soon had the wheels clear of the miry earth. With succinct courtesy, the stranger lifted his hat, and had walked away, before the ladies had time even to thank him for his chivalrous offices. The braggart muttered some incoherent words, and vanished too.

Moral: Strength usually lies in the unassuming man.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. FEWER PUNISHMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

It is becoming more and more the modern custom to punish children less, and to train them in mild ways to better habits. Time was when children had to obey without question or reason, and just because they had to do what they were told; else they would be punished. Now, reason and persuasion play a good part in discipline. This is good; though I do confess that I think that sometimes it is carried to too great an extent. If a child is disobedient, he is either coaxed, or given a bribe to obey; if a child is obstreperous, his attention is diverted till he gets into a good frame of mind. I am not a child-psychologist, except by experience; and I would like discipline to be enforced first, then explained. But I certainly agree that the punishments should be fewer and better than before. The Parents' Magazine suggests some 'don'ts' in punishments, in order to make the child a firmer and sturdier human being. The first one is not to use as a punishment what we want the child to appreciate. For instance, he should not be given pages from Shakespeare, or a great author, to copy as an imposition; the result would be that he would dislike those authors. The Magazine mentions other similar methods, such as keeping him in after school, in which case, he will regard schooling as not a privilege; sending him to bed; threatening medicine; calling the doctor or policeman.

The next don't is not to scare a child. "A tear-ridden personality is doomed to bafflement and failure. Don't make your child afraid. Daily, children are brought to psychiatrists, suffering from a fear or guilt born of parents' threats.

Shutting a child in a dark closet may engender a lifelong terror of the dark. Threatening to go away from a child can make him neurotic, restless, irritable. He may wake up with night terrors, afraid his parents have left him; he may refuse to stay alone, to play normally, to let his parents out of sight. The child may not be able to put into words what is troubling him; he may even not be clearly conscious of it, but the parents' threat and his own inchoate fear are none the less active and potent.

Especially in the matter of sex habits and curiosity is it dangerous for the parent to frighten or threaten a child. We know now that many adult neurotics are suffering from feelings of guilt and fear, which excited parents implanted in their youthful minds and which continue to live in more or less repressed form.

Because this matter is so important, it ought to be said right here that no dominant urge or instinct, no deep-seated fault or tendency can be corrected or eliminated by punishment. If for example, a child has a tremendous urge to be cruel, punishment will not stop him. The cause of the behaviour must be understood

and the energy guided away from cruelty into happier channels. It is the same with any other driving urge in his nature."

Then, other warnings are not to punish too much; not to lecture and nag; not to use idle threats or postpone punishments too long.

Some suggestions for fit punishments are, first to let the punishment grow out of the situation itself. For instance, "If Julia is careless and keeps on losing her gloves, do not scold her and then buy her a new pair. Instead, let her get along with wearing her old, shabby ones for a while. If Bobby throws his new toy around until he breaks it, don't be in a hurry to fix it for him or to get him a new one. Let him be deprived of his loved possession and so suffer the logical consequence of his act. A great advantage of this type of punishment is that it is so obviously fair and strikes the child as fair. It is educational, teaching the connection between cause and effect. It is free from the resentment and bitterness which artificial punishments so often breed."

Another penalty would be to deprive a child of some desire or longing, but of nothing really needed. This helps the child to remember. A good penalty would be to isolate the child, not in a dark closet, but in a more pleasant way, in a "pleasant, light, airy room with toys, perhaps, but no children. He is able to hear, and often see the other children romping in happy social groups, from which he by his own actions exiled himself. He realizes what he has lost, why he has lost it, and—the mark of any perfect punishment—he comes to want just what is right for him to want. He wants to be good, to be fit for the social play, he wants *not* to repeat the rough or otherwise disturbing behaviour which resulted in his being left to himself."

In fact, punishments should teach a lesson so well, that they will be needed less and less.

AN INDIAN MOTHER.

SNAPS AT SOCIETY.

SINCERITY.

HOWEVER acutely one might differ from us, were we even convinced that he is absurd, we cannot help feeling a certain sympathy, even some real friendliness, for him if he is sincere. Conduct that comes direct from the soul is praiseworthy. Words, that tell the heart truly, do good to those who say them and to those who hear them. Children are glorious, because they are true to themselves, because they are unable to belie their hearts. They smile when they are pleased and cry when they are pained.

But men and women often, unfortunately very often, look the contrary of what they feel, striving to keep themselves to themselves. Perhaps, in this increasingly complex world, pure sincerity may not always be the wisest counsellor.

If by a little amendment in the divine statute that rules our conduct, sincerity is rendered compulsory, what would be the result? Then we shall be able to see one another as we really are. We shall have no more use for the caparisons and cloaks that now generally take up such a large space in our daily toilets. It is true that much of the prevailing romances of life will disappear. The shining embellishments of hypocrisy, that to-day yield such sumptuous quantities of humour and amusement, will have to go. But, an infinitely greater romanticism will set in, the glorious romanticism that would compel all of us to become as children. Of course, we should still continue to quarrel, still continue to have friends and enemies, but the cause will always be known. It would no longer be necessary to cut our way through serried phrases, promises, assurances and gestures, to find it out. One is strongly tempted to say that on the whole mankind stands to gain by compulsory sincerity, just as one is strongly tempted to say that mankind stands to lose by compulsory universal military service.

Let us then try and be sincere, for we become better by being sincere. The soul demands it, for sincerity is the speech of the soul. Insincerity imposes a gag act on the conscience. It is the denial of the freedom of speech to life's inner nature. In the soft and gentle light of sincerity, life becomes self-revealed, is purified and wears its true colours. Life in all its nakedness is glorious to behold. It is the trappings and draperies that make it so often so painfully paradoxical.

The thing called hypocrisy is at once extremely funny and extremely tragic. Hypocrisy is absolutely unwanted, but all the same it often wields a wide dominion. The sly ingredient enters human conduct through all unguarded holes and crevices. How often does hypocrisy sit shining and saintly on the surface of modern life! How often is it mistaken for the necessity which it is not, for the reality which it can never be.

But patient and persistent employment have nearly made hypocrisy one of 'the customs' of life's constitution. We often wink at the hypocrisies of others, so that we might be hypocritical ourselves. We all know it and condemn it and cultivate it! It is a work of supererogation, and as it is almost universal there is no more amusing spectacle than this thing on the advanced earth of to-day. But there is the tragic element in it, of which we seldom think, which will have sincerity chucked out from all dealings between one person and another.

Sincerity is ninety per cent feelings and ten per cent thought; hypocrisy ninety per cent false feelings and ten per cent clever thought. When hypocrisy achieves sway, true feelings and honest thought are thrown into fetters, and mankind is condemned to veil itself and never to show its face. Even sorrow and tears come to be summoned from false sources and when true sorrow appears we fail to recognise it and refuse it audience. It is difficult to reject humanity in favour of standardised proprieties, but even a difficult thing does not always baffle us.

Humanity, however, must triumph in the end. Permanent changes in human nature are impossible. The comic opera cannot set a standard for mankind and we cannot always be hypocritical, denying ourselves. Mothers and daughters cannot, even if wives often can. Friends cannot, even if fathers and sons can. And even to those who can, the call of sincerity must become imperative soon or late. In the end, therefore, we must all embrace one another, in the end the heart must break its artificial embankments and assert its right to flow athwart life, enlivening life with its pristine stream.

"SOUR-SWEET."

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS:

NOW that long sleeves are coming into fashion in the English costume, I have noticed that some of our Indian ladies are going in for them. There is nothing of course against long sleeves for us; but somehow they do not seem to suit the sari, especially in warm weather when short sleeves are so cool and comfortable. Against this of course can be used the argument that the fore-arms, if without sleeves, are apt to get very tanned, but what does that matter?

No, I think short sleeves suit the sari best; but I do not like the too short sleeves, almost amounting to no sleeves at all. I do not think this fashion, with its attendant exposure, suits us at all. But the sleeves should not be too long; indeed they should be just above the bend of the elbow; and they should not be tight. In the olden days, when our Indian ladies used the *Ravikai*, or short jacket, the cloth was almost moulded to the figure; but now that is not the fashion. The *Magyar* style is the best; but if shoulder seams are used, they should be well-cut, not too high up on the shoulder, as is often done. I like the long shoulder line the best. The blouse should always be clean and fresh and well-ironed, even if it is in thick silk with gold lace. Or, if any material cannot be washed or dry-cleaned, it should not be used for the jacket. I would not advise velvet which is so often

used by Indian ladies for gala occasions. Cool materials are the best. Cleanliness is very necessary in this warm weather, when we all get so damp and hot.

I have often wondered what blouses should go with Benares saris, or saris of the like kind with gold or silver lace woven into them. I think a blouse of English material does not go with them, unless they are plainly made, without embroidery, or lace, or English trimmings. I would advise a blouse of the same stuff as the sari; if there is more material than needed in the latter, a yard or so can be cut off from the inside length. I know that Indian women do not often like to cut material off their good saris, as ill-luck is supposed to attend such an act. But there is nothing in that superstition.

Or, a blouse of the same colour as the sari, or of white, but in good silk, can be made with gold lace of the same fashion as the sari border, sewn on it. Never use silver-coloured lace with gold-coloured sari borders. A cream or buff-coloured blouse goes very well with every sari.

With these short-sleeved bodices, gold bangles, thin or wide as the mind dictates, will be very pretty.

SISTER SUSIE.

TACT IN SOCIETY.

1

HINTS TO THE GUEST.

AMONG Indians it very often happens that familiarity with a person leads to the breaking of unnecessary customs and conventions. Indians are so very homely and hospitable, that they do not mind their friends taking advantage of their good nature. They are pleased when the outer ice of formality is broken as soon as possible, and when their friends behave in their houses as if in their own homes. Indians, however, should not forget that familiarity very often leads to contempt. That is, too much familiarity, which leads to the non-observance of the simple graces of life, often leaves a bad taste behind.

I came across the following hints in an English journal, some-time ago, which tells us how people who go to stay with their friends for a few days, should behave. The first point that is mentioned is punctuality. The guest should adapt himself to the timetable of the household. He should not be late for meals, and keep the hostess waiting. There are some visitors, who are so casual that they just go for their baths, or begin to dress,



A group of Lady Satyagrahi volunteers of Cawnpore.

Photo by. —

Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



Miss. Kaveri Bai,
author of our serial for children:
"Dr. Vikram's Children."

when it is time for some meal, and the hostess and other members of the house have to wait patiently, while everything is delayed.

The second point is that a guest should not always talk about himself. He should be interested in the affairs of the host and hostess and others of the household. He should speak of himself last—and the best way to do this is to think of one's self last, and to occupy one's thoughts more with the welfare of other human beings.

Thirdly, a guest should try to be helpful. There is nothing more depressing to the host or hostess than the absolute indifference of a guest to lend a helping hand. I have known a man sprawl on a chair, and watch the lady of the house carry a heavy lamp across the room, and not offer to help. Of course, this indifference to be chivalrous can be taken as a compliment in one way, as the guest probably felt he knew his hostess too well to trouble about helping her in such small things; but it would have shown better taste on his part to have helped.

The fourth point is that a guest should be a good listener and sympathiser.

Fifthly, a guest should not stay too long—it does not matter how much he is pressed by his host or hostess; they very often do so through courtesy. A brief pleasant stay, leaving a happy atmosphere behind, always makes a guest popular.

Lastly, the guest should not forget to write immediately, after his stay is over, and thank his hostess. Nothing is more annoying than to see the last of a guest and never receive a letter of thanks. True, thanks are superfluous in some cases; but in this, they are essential.

May I add that it is always wise for a guest to tip the servants of the household? Some people do not tip at all; but others go to the other extreme, and tip so liberally, that the servants become too proud. It is wise to tip; but neither too much nor too little.

"WORLDLY-WISE."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

DR. Vikram was a man who never made his profession a trade to make piles of money and amass a fortune. He gave his

time freely to the service of the poor and kinless. If, in the Civil Hospital, all alike were examined and treated free, even in his private business he took but moderate fees from the wealthy, and charged none for the needy. The sight of human suffering was more than he could bear to see, and day or night, awake or asleep, the call of duty stirred the depths of his compassion. No wonder then, that the people of Ramadurg had universally liked the tall, light-complexioned, kind-hearted doctor, who every evening drove with some of his children in his new Ford Car to the Town Hall, and played billiards or tennis or read the evening papers, while the youngsters sported on the grass in the Town Hall grounds.

Mrs. Vikram also was a popular lady. She was quite cordial to all those who knew her, though her visits to her friends were not so frequent as might be expected from a lady who could have much leisure. She had plenty to do with the children and in managing and supervising the household. She would not trust the kitchen work entirely in the hands of servants, as she felt that her personal care was necessary to make her husband and children comfortable. She was thirty-five years old, but looked considerably younger, in fullness of vigour and activity. She possessed a good education without an academical degree, and therefore took it upon herself to help all her children in their school lessons. Her fund of stories was the chief thing that attracted the youngsters, who often spent a monotonous afternoon listening to their mother with delight.

Both parents were keenly particular about the up-bringing of their children. For this reason chiefly, the youngsters were not permitted to mix freely with school-mates or neighbouring children, unless the latter proved to be well brought up. The best ideals were held up before them in their daily lives, and, though the children had to pay regular attention to their studies, they were not interfered with in their games, so long as their play did not upset the house or lead to quarrels among themselves. But, as children are just children, it is sad to say they had many a quarrel every day. The minor cases were settled by Mrs. Vikram, who submitted the more serious ones to her husband's judgment. Dr. Vikram, though in other respects an indulgent father, was never-the-less a most terrible judge when his children wantonly misbehaved.

The eldest of the six children was Mohun, nearly fourteen years old, tall, thin and handsome with his shirt-sleeves perpetually rolled up and his shirt-tails tucked in at the waist, into the long trailing white lungi. Witty, clever and overflowing with energy, he was up to every mischief and joke. He was a fourth-form pupil of the local high school and almost every morning before leaving for the hospital Dr. Vikram would say.

"Mohun, my boy, go straight to school, and return home, immediately school is over. Do not loiter on the way, or let your friends take you anywhere. Above all, see that the teachers have no cause to report anything bad about your conduct or studies."

Not permitted to associate with other boys, Mohun naturally sought playmates at home, but his meddlesome and teasing nature often disgusted his brothers and sisters, who found many a favourite and most interesting game spoilt by one of his practical jokes.

Rukmini and Seeta, aged twelve and eleven respectively, came next. The small difference in years not being very obvious, the two sisters grew up inseparably, like twins. In fact, Seeta, the younger of the two, was the taller. But in their ways and appearance, the two girls were as unlike each other, as sisters could possibly be. Rukmini was fair faced, round-limbed, neat and tidy, every motion of hers being marked with a peculiar grace. Seeta was wild, clumsy and awkward. She had a slim figure with delicate hands and feet. Her broad dark face with its somewhat irregular features might have been pretty too, had it not been for an odd habit of hers to call a droll expression into her eyes, and twitch her nose and lips in a most comical way. No things that came in her path was safe, as in her wild antics and boisterous gambols, she never cared to notice them. If she was not punished according to her offence in school, it was not because she was the Civil Surgeon's daughter, but mainly because of her innocence.

Vasant, nine years old was always a truant at school. To him, the school meant nothing but a pandemonium of cruel boys, dark rooms and stern teachers, who exercised their canes on the backs of the pupils every hour of their existence. He was so timid, shy and quiet, that most people failing to notice him in the house, would omit him from the list of Dr. Vikram's children. By nature Vasant was serious, thoughtful and abstract, very slow in doing things and full of hesitation. His timidity and gentleness and extreme nervousness, furnished Mohun with much opportunity to amuse himself at his brother's expense. Vasant though keenly sensitive to his wrongs, never complained of them. None of the children, not even excepting Mohun himself, could equal Vasant in intelligence and quick perception of things.

Raji, next to Vasant, was only five, but it was her undying ambition to pretend to be a grown-up, and when her elder sisters and brothers refused to be mothered by her, she found a victim to her matronly airs, in her two-year old younger brother, Babu. Frocks and wrappers were hateful to the little maid, who would go in for sarees, however cumbersome. She painted herself with saffron, blackened her eye-lids with Kohl and stained her hands and

feet with henna. She longed to load herself with jewels like her mother, which her father would never allow any of his girls to wear. This little Vanity Fair had such fantastic ideas, and, when she spoke seriously of them, she was shocked to find herself laughed at, instead of being considered wise. Raji was in looks the very image of Rukmini with a difference of seven years.

About Babu there is not much to say. He did not differ much from the other babies of his age in sleeping crying, prattling, laughing and proving a nuisance as well as a pet to the others. He recognised his father's motor hooter, when the Civil Surgeon was returning home, and made a rush to the door for his usual ride on Dr. Vikram's shoulders. The whole day long he wanted his mother to carry him. To his little sister and playmate Raji, he was much attached.

For three years Dr. Vikram had lived at Ramadurg. Then came his transfer to Kalyanasagar much to the grief of the hospital establishment, the patients and the townsfolk. The new place contained a population of about 30,000 inhabitants according to the latest census report. It was the head-quarters of a taluk containing a postal head-office and branch offices, a high school for boys, the Taluk Court, a good market and several private and public buildings, including two hospitals.

The Civil Surgeon's bungalow, known as Malati Bhavan, from the fact that there was a Malati bower with a sea of fragrant waxen white flowers at the porch, stood in a recent extension of the town facing the only high-way at that extremity. On all sides, there were extensive orchards, fields and public commons with houses few and far between. For this reason, there was almost complete seclusion for the tenants of the bungalow. As there were few officers of any rank there and the newcomers had yet to make their acquaintance, there were not many visitors calling at Malati Bhavan. The patients however came as usual.

Only Mohun was sent to school at Kalyanasagar, in order that there might not be a break in his studies. Rukmini and Seeta discontinued for that year, and they and Vasant, who was never regular at school, received lessons at home. Altogether life seemed to be full of fun to the children for the next few months, and if there occurred periods of dull monotony, there were also periods when the events of a life-time were crowded into a span. Thus, began the days for the six children in Malati Bhavan at Kalyanasagar.

KAVERI BAI.

(2) ON HAPPINESS.

Happiness is considered to be one of the wonderful glories which glitter and shine in life. Therefore, we all want to be happy. Happiness defeats sorrows and gives cheerfulness. Therefore, we all want to be happy.

But I grieve to say that it is difficult to imagine in this modern world a man or woman who has conquered the dark obstacles in his or her path and is enjoying this great blessing from our God.

Pride is one of the chief obstacles in our way to this heavenly gift. Pride is the companion of foolish people. Pride makes fools miserable. Pride captures their minds and leads them to poverty in both material and mental things, so that their poor lives are doomed to be unhappy.

I think I can tell you how you could be happy. Work hard. Think wisely. Play while you play. Eat clean food and moderately. Help others when you can. And above all, don't cry for the moon.

V. BALAKRISHNAN,

IV Form.

(3) PASTIMES FOR CHILDREN.

(Selected.)

A Leafy Tent—Just show me the boy or girl who doesn't enjoy a tent to play in during the summer days. Any child may own this tent, and also have the pleasure of making it and watching it grow. A spot near the vegetable or flower garden, or in the back-yard, is a desirable place to grow the tent.

First, secure two small stakes both sharpened at one end, tie a piece of strong twine four feet long to the upper ends of the stakes, and drive one stake in the ground where the centre of the tent is wanted. Stretch the string tight, and with the aid of the other stake, mark out a circle about eight feet in diameter. Now take a trowel and dig a ditch around the circle and drop seeds in. Such seeds as flowering beans, or any fast-growing vine with large leaves will do. Cover the seeds about an inch deep with fine soil and water well.

How eagerly the children will watch daily for the coming of their tent! As soon as the beans sprout, so you can tell where they are, drive a row of small stakes around the circle, with a pole eight or ten feet tall in the centre. Fasten strong twine to each stake and carry it to the top of the large pole, where it is fastened. Leave an open place for an entrance to the tent. The

children will derive much pleasure from training the vines to climb on the strings and watching them grow higher and higher.

Bats, Goblins and Elves.—The players are divided into two sides, each side at opposite ends of the room. Each side sends a player into the centre. These are the witches. The other players are divided into bats, goblins and elves. A witch calls, "Bats change," and all bats must run to the opposite end of the room. The witches catch all whom they can. Those who are caught, stay and help. With "goblins change", the game continues. At the end of three or four minutes, the side having the most players left wins.

Coffee-Pot—This game is delightfully mirth-provoking. One person is chosen to be "It" and is sent out of the room. The remaining ones decide upon a word naming some action, such as drinking, eating, sleeping, talking, etc. "It" is then summoned into the room and is permitted to ask each in turn a question about the action, using the word "coffee-pot" in place of the word decided upon. He may ask as many questions as he likes, but is only permitted three guesses. If he guesses right, the person who answers the question, which gives the word away, is "It." If he guesses wrong three times, he is "It" again and must go out while a new word is chosen. All questions must be answered truthfully.

Here is an example: The word chosen was "eat," and it was guessed after the following questions had given the clue. "When did you coffee-pot last?" "This evening." "How many people are required to coffee-pot?" "One." "Is coffee-potting a duty or a pleasure?" "Both." "Where do you coffee-pot?" "In the dining-room."

(4) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Now that a new year is beginning, I thought it will be a good idea on my part to give you something new to concentrate on during the coming year. It is the usual thing for parents to look after their children, but what if you turn the tables, and make it a point of looking after your parents, so that the care of parents and children is mutual on both sides. Why should children always expect to be looked after, and not look after someone themselves? And on whom can they more worthily show their love than on their own mothers and fathers? Parents are very often careless of themselves, and it is the duty of every child to watch carefully, and see when a parent needs persuasion to be more careful of him or herself.

Sometimes, children are so careless, that when there is anything exciting going on, they leave the mother and father alone, and join the other young folk. This is all very well, for youth must join youth and there is no one so pleased as parents when they see their children enjoying themselves; but, if a child is thoughtful enough to see to the enjoyment of its mother or father, and is slightly reluctant to leave him or her before going to her personal enjoyment, what a difference it makes!

Once, a large party went to a *shandy* at a prominent hill-station, and all the children in the party gathered together and went away on their own, except one little girl, who stayed by her mother and looked after her in the crowded market place. The mother, no doubt, felt a little sorry that her child was losing the fun which the other children were having, but still, it must have pleased her a great deal to see the self-sacrificing love her little girl had for her.

Parents need as much care as children. They must be looked after carefully, and a child can only do this by watching the parent carefully, and by giving care unobtrusively and willingly.

Why not make it a point, this year, to look after your mothers and fathers, just as much, if not more, than they look after you?

Yours sincerely,
Padmini.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE SPORTING INDIAN WOMAN.

THE final match of the ladies' singles of a great tournament was to take place in a few minutes. Spectators crowded through the narrow entrance to the tennis court, and filled the galleries and chairs. Soon, there was no sitting room, and every available place was filled up by an eager expectant crowd. It was time for the match to begin, and the two lady players, one, an Indian woman, dressed in a light thin white sari and a white blouse, and the other an English woman in a sleeveless short white frock, came on to the court. The umpire mounted his precarious seat, and after a few trial rallies, the match began.

It was a close fight, every point being fought for and won with great difficulty. The crowd witnessed each rally with eager excitement, open-mouthed and breathless. Each player won her service game, until it was four all in the first set, and then, the Indian woman, bringing off some magnificent drives, won the set.

The next set was won by the English lady, and the third, after a desperate fight made the Indian lady the conqueror. Cheers from the crowd resounded through the evening air, and the two players shook hands, and left the court.

Yes, Indian women can be good at sports if they care to. Let us hope, that soon, a larger number of our ladies will come forward and win laurels for themselves and their country in the field of sport.

PUNKAJAM.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

COMFORT IN A SITTING ROOM.

THE sitting room is not meant for mere show. Some ladies keep it apart as a sacred possession, and show it on rare occasions to visitors. A sitting room is meant to be sat in, and therefore should be as comfortable as possible. Very often, people do not use the sitting room as a cosy *rendez vous* place where members of the household pass their spare hours. They use it merely as a room to receive guests in. This shows that either the room is not comfortable enough for the people of the house, in which case it comes rather hard on visitors to be received in a room which is not liked by the host or hostess; or, the hostess feels her sitting room is too beautiful for common use. She is afraid that things there will be spoilt, which proves that the sitting room is made up of flimsy articles, that cannot stand much use, and are there only for show.

A sitting room should be both comfortable and beautiful. The housewife should put in a great deal of thought in the arrangement of it. It should contain little comforts such as stools for the feet, a number of ash trays, and comfortable cushions, and also big comforts, such as solid roomy chairs into which one can sink, and soft carpets on the floor, and curtains that keep the dust and glare out, and at the same time do not shut out the breeze. The beauty of the room, of course, consists in the choice of pictures, furniture, carpets, vases, curtains, etc. But there can be no real beauty in a room which is not comfortable, and there can be no comfort in a room which is not beautiful. Comfort and beauty go hand-in-hand, at least as far as a sitting room is concerned.

PADDY.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER 31.

DYSPNOEA OR DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING.

RESPIRATION is a complicated process in which the ribs' muscles, diaphragm and the abdominal wall take part. Inspiration and expiration together constitute respiration. The inspiration is an active process, brought about by the contraction of muscles and consequent elevation of the ribs on one hand, and lowering of the diaphragm on the other; this resulting in an increase in the capacity of the chest, the air rushes in and occupies the space formed in the lungs. At the end of each inspiration, the diaphragm and the muscles relax; so much of the elasticity of the lungs as was called into play during inspiration now comes into action and drives out the air, partly assisted by the contraction of the abdominal wall. This is a passive process, and constitutes an expiration.

If a child breathing calmly is watched, the respiratory movements will be observed to be repeated in a regular rhythmical order. First, the breath is driven in or inspired: immediately afterwards it is driven out or expired and these successive acts are followed by a brief pause. The number of respirations varies according to age as follows:—

2 months to 2 years.	Average 35 per minute
Two to six years	" 18 to 23 per minute.
Six to twelve years	" do.
Twelve to fifteen years	" 18 to 20 per minute.

The youngest infant will not breathe more than from 40 to 50 times per minute. Dyspnoea is bad breathing or laboured breathing and is characterised by the increased force and frequency with which both the inspiratory and expiratory muscles contract.

Of the various mechanical aids to the respiratory process, such as the action of the muscles, diaphragm, ribs etc, the elasticity of the lungs alone is a constant force. The action of the rest of the apparatus is under the control of the nervous system, and the rhythmical regular movements of breathing result from the operation of a nervous centre which has been called the Respiratory centre. This centre is situated in the brain. Impulses arise in this centre, pass down the spinal cord, and reach the various muscles by whose contraction and relaxation the movements of respiration are produced. If this centre is injured, no impulses can be sent and the respirations must cease. What is it that makes the respiratory centre send out impulses? It is chiefly the changes in the condition or quality of the blood, which circulates in the blood vessels

supplying the centre itself. When by any means, or due to any cause, the blood becomes less arterialised than it should be, the respiratory centre feels the change and is at once stimulated to greater activity in the endeavor, by an increased force and frequency of the respiratory movements, to restore the blood to its proper condition. Therefore, it becomes clear that a venous condition of the blood brings about dyspnoea.

Now, dyspnoea is a grave symptom capable of causing the greatest anxiety to the parent and to the physician; for, if the offending cause of the ailments be not removed, the blood becomes more venous, the respiratory centre is spurred on to greater activity, respiration becomes more and more laboured, and finally ceases, owing to sheer exhaustion.

Symptoms of dyspnoea. The underlying factor in dyspnoea is the defective expansion of the lungs, in spite of the efforts of the child. Therefore, the spaces between the ribs (intercostal spaces) and the region of the stomach sink at each inspiration. The depression at the root of the neck in front (the supra-sternal notch) also shows a marked recession at each inspiration. There is an anxious expression in the countenance and the nostrils also participate in the respiration. There may also be a distinct blueness of the face and lips and finger-nails, more easily noticeable in the fair-skinned. The forehead and sometimes the whole body, is covered with large beads of sweat. There may or may not be any fever. The breathing becomes more and more superficial and ineffective. The child becomes restless, gasps for air, and if the dyspnoea is at all severe, he cannot endure it for a long time, but soon passes into a condition of exhaustion and unconsciousness, which generally ends in death with an expiratory gasp. The abdomen, towards the end, gets bloated.

Causes. We saw above that dyspnoea is brought on by a venous state of the blood circulating through the respiratory centre. The blood becomes venous, whenever the free access of air into the lungs is interfered with. This is done chiefly by the presence of an obstruction of some kind in any part of the respiratory apparatus. For example, in the air passages, a foreign body, or croup, or oedema (swelling) of the glottis, will form a sufficient obstruction. A large foreign body in the gullet (food passage) will also behave similarly. There will be dyspnoea increasing in intensity, so that within a few hours the condition will become critical. The breath is drawn in with great difficulty and with a crowing sound. The voice becomes husky and then disappears.

When the obstruction is situated lower down in the lungs, as in asthma, oedema of the lungs, certain forms of Bronchitis, Pneumonia etc, the offending matter will obviously be the accumu-

lated secretions or a narrowing of the lumen of the five bronchioles. Effusion of fluid into the chest-cavity, which accompanies certain fevers, also gives rise to similar trouble. In these cases, symptoms will not be so very urgent, nor will the voice be lost.

Certain bowel disorders of children, such as over-feeding, flatulence etc. will produce indirect obstruction to breathing, by preventing the diaphragm descending. Such cases can be easily distinguished by the appearance of the abdomen, the stools, and the history of over-feeding with heavy and indigestible milk.

Some fevers involving the brain and the respiratory centre are sometimes accompanied by an intractable form of dyspnoea.

Treatment. All cases of dyspnoea, whatever their cause, should be looked upon with anxiety and must be entrusted to the care of an efficient physician. Prolonged attempts at experimental treatment will be frequently rewarded by a fatal asphyxia, and it is the easiest thing in the world to kill a child suffering from dyspnoea by an injudicious step or neglect. Therefore avoid delay, avoid drugs containing opiates, and do not object to the line of treatment. It may be surgical, adopted by the attending physician.

If no medical aid is available on the spot:—

- (a) If dyspnoea due to obstruction in the air passages or throat, expert medical help must be sought within a few hours, as the parent can do nothing practically to help the patient.
- (b) If on the other hand it is due to the accumulation of secretions in the chest, an emetic—1 grain of copper sulphate in 4 teaspoons of warm water—can be given pending the arrival of the physician.
- (c) If due to digestive disorders or fevers, stop all food except water and administer a smart and quick purge.

Footnote:—1. The emetic should be given early enough and not after prostration and blueness of the face, lips, etc have set in. Ordinary purgatives do not act generally well. Therefore, a croton pill, plain or mixed with betel-juice, is the best thing to give.

D. KIRUBAIMANI

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

1. THE ROUND TABLE CONFERENCE AND THE PURDAH LADIES.

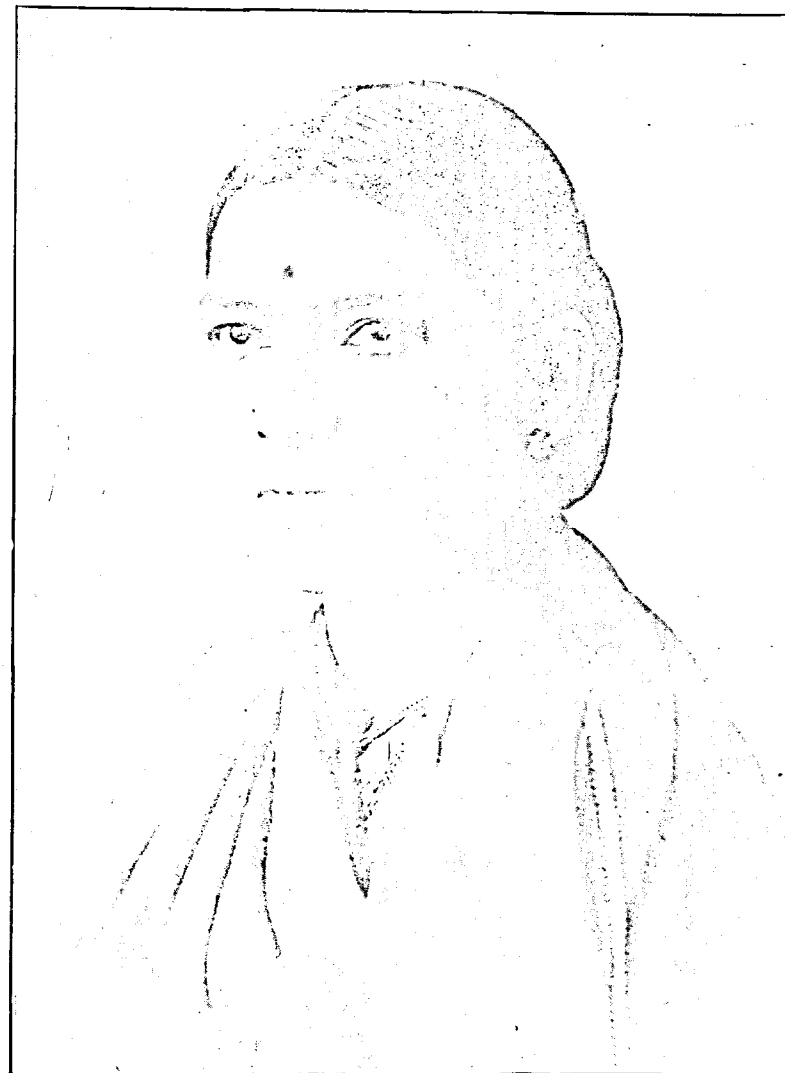
Whatever The Round Table Conference may or may not do for the good of India, it has so far done one thing remarkable from the social point of view. It has liberated the fettered Muslim women from the thralldom of bitter seclusion, under which they were pining for ages, to gratify their grand-mothers and husbands. This liberation was indeed a great feat of the conference, an exploit in which the late King and Queen of Afghanistan disasterously failed. The notable feature of this emancipation is that Muslim ladies, some of them belonging to the most orthodox families, not only threw away the veil, but also sat at dinners, luncheons, and tea-parties, face to face, with men. It is not known what the Mullahs will now do. According to the Orthodox worshippers of customs, "Women" should from the cradle to the grave, live in seclusion and see nothing beyond the walls of their houses and meet no man except nearest relations. This antiquated custom, cannot be stamped out by force and coercion. The older generation should be protected and allowed to remain within walls, enjoying the romance of their life and virtues, and the younger generation on the other hand should not be interfered with in their plans to work-out their own salvation, with the aid of their education, culture and enlightenment. We cannot shut our eyes to the 'UPRISING' behind the Purdah and ZENANAS and the enthusiasm of souls "cabinéd, cribbéd and confined" to eclipse men in the outer world in every activity of life. Women's potent influence in the march of progress, cannot now be overlooked as they are breathing a new life of Nationalism. As one observed the other day, the work of The Round Table Conference would have been smoother, if there were more women than men.

MIR. MUZHERUDDIN.

2. DEAR MRS. SATHIANADHAN,

I have read with very much interest your article 'Nursing for Indian Ladies', which has been published in the journal of the Trained Nurses, Association of India, of which I am a member. I take the liberty of asking you if I might have a copy of the Indian Ladies' Magazine of which you are Editor, I understand.

I have a meeting of Indian ladies (Bengalees) here once a fortnight, and I would like to interest them in your paper. They are very backward, still observe purdah, their husbands are employed as typists &c. in our works.



MRS. K. V. ANANTARAMAN,

President of the Reception Committee of the
Mysore State Ladies' Conference held at recently.



H. H. The Junior Rane of Travancore,
who presided at the Madras Annual
Women's Conference.

Photo by :—R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

You also mention in your article that it is necessary to educate employers of labour, &c. to employ Nurses and Health visitors. It might interest you to know, that I have been in the employment of the Bengal Iron Company for the last 8 years as matron of their Works Hospital (a small one) and Superintendent of the Welfare Work.

We have a fully trained Indian Nurse for maternity cases in the home, and a health visitor, both of which are invaluable to us. There are very few women employed in the Works and those only as daily coolies, but the company give free medical treatment and nursing to all the wives and families of the employers. We have our schools, a High School for boys, primary and secondary schools for boys and girls, and our own Indian Club, all built and given a start by the Company. I keep a motherly eye on the girls' section of the schools, and give a course of Hygiene and Home-Nursing lectures in each, every year. Still, there is room for many more improvements, and Indian Workers do not come forward, as they should, to help in social reforms; and owing to the present trade depression, the company is not able to sanction grants for developments.

With apologies for the length of this,

I remain,
Yours faithfully,
(Miss) M. MILLER.

THE ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S CONFERENCE AT MADRAS.

H. H. the Junior Maharane of Travancore presided over the deliberations of the fifth Madras Constituent Conference of the All-India Women's Conference on Educational and Social Reform.

In the course of her Presidential address, she said : "As I had occasion to observe elsewhere, one of the most authentic and unmistakable signs of the new life, that is pulsating in India and of the awakening of the thought and the conscience of the nation that is taking place all around us, is the phenomenally rapid growth of the Women's Movement in our land. I am very grateful to you for having afforded me the opportunity to participate in the work of this Conference whose history furnishes a striking commentary on the rapid growth of the Movement.

Although the work done here compares favourably with that done elsewhere in India, there are many directions in which further progress is desirable and necessary—such as the economic helplessness—

ness and dependance of the woman, the Purdah system, child marriage, enforced widowhood, the terrible consequences of which constitute the tragic environment of womanhood in many parts of the country and the several other social disabilities and handicaps which are a bar to development.

This particular Movement is only four years old and its first session was held in Poona in 1927. The Conference is practical in scope and outlook but it stands for more than isolated reforms, either in the educational or the social spheres. It stands for the throwing over-board of an attitude of passive acquiescence and of the following of traditions for their own sake. The Conference is, however, not only a Movement of protest but it is also a Movement for the vindication of Indian womanhood as an integral part of Indian life. To compass our ideal, hard work and practical measures are needed and wisely have you concentrated upon them. Funds have been collected and placed under the control of a duly registered Association for the purpose of promoting the objects of the Conference. It has rapidly evolved into a duly-organised body voicing the conjoint opinion of Indian women. In order to facilitate the work of the Conference, its constituent bodies in provinces and sub-provinces have been divided on a domestic basis. This is an excellent method for more effectually bringing our sisters together and to enable their being drawn out of their seclusion.

Its scope had to be widened, so as to comprise many other problems relating to women, the reason being that it is not possible to divide the activities of humanity into water-tight compartments. The starting of schools, the investigation of the conditions of women's education including physical training, the formation of visiting committees, the opening of new High Schools, the provision of education for the girls of the depressed classes, the starting of industrial institutions, the provision in many localities for adult education by means of lectures and magic lantern shows, are amongst the items of educational work done by the various branches and committees.

The social section has not been less vigorous and the work of the Age of Consent Committee and the raising of the age of marriage and the promotion of the Devadasi Bill have been amongst the achievements of the members of the Conference. A strenuous attempt has been made to educate public opinion so as not only to get rid of the enforced seclusion of women but to alter the Hindu Laws of Inheritance, which, at present, save in rare and isolated cases, place the female members of a family in a position of helpless dependence both during married life and in widowhood and moreover, prefer distant kindred to the closest natural relations. Work amongst women labourers has also been embarked upon.

This work has to be done by ourselves for ourselves; and greatly as we appreciate the work of foreign men and women, the men and women of our own nation are the best instruments for bringing about effective and lasting reform. Vituperation or a patronising spirit will never bring about that spirit of spontaneous upheaval which is essential.

No scheme has any chance of success, unless the social environment is also modified, so as effectually to grant Indian woman the right to full education without the many devitalising handicaps. Intensiveness as well as extensiveness is requisite. In this field as in all others, the prime necessity is a self sacrificing band of persons united in ideal and objective, who will vividly realise that educational and social reforms are necessarily intertwined, and who, while capable of righteous indignation over the abuses of the present-day society, will transmute that indignation and all that it stands for into sustained and constructive work.

The Conference then proceeded to consider resolutions.

1. "In view of the appalling wastage in the lower standards of elementary schools in this Presidency it is desirable to institute a special course of training for the teachers of the first three classes of elementary schools. This Conference also urges the necessity of public cooperation in ensuring the regular attendance of pupils until their twelfth year at least."

2. "This Conference is totally opposed to the infliction of corporal punishment or any form of cruelty as punishment in schools and institutions for boys and girls and it calls on the authorities concerned to see that the laws forbidding such acts are strictly enforced."

3. "This Conference calls for the immediate appointment of qualified inspectresses for all certified schools, philanthropic institutions and hostels attached to either for all minor boys and girls; and, this Conference appeals to Government for a careful inquiry into, and a detailed investigation of, the diet in the reformatories and certified schools of this Presidency by expert dieticians."

4. "In view of the difficulties of finding suitable buildings for future expansion, particularly in connexion with compulsory elementary education, this Conference calls on the general public, on building societies and building contractors, to realise the practicability of investing their money in constructing buildings specifically intended for schools, after investigating into building schemes, which are most in harmony with indigenous conditions and with the inclusion of playgrounds and modern hygienic requirements."

5. "This Conference calls on educational departments to make an inquiry into the practicability of associating the cinema with definite teaching imparted in schools."

6. "This Conference calls on Universities to include a course on Home Science in the University Extension Lectures."

7. "This Conference calls upon His Excellency the Viceroy and the local Governments to keep the Sarda Act intact and strictly to enforce the provisions of the Act, and calls upon the youth, the women, other social societies and social reform associations in the country to organise Sarda Committees in every district and in every division of the cities so as to be able to report cases of violation of the Act to the Magistrate, in case the persons do not listen to gentle persuasion not to disobey the Act."

8. "In view of the high maternal and infantile mortality in this Presidency and in view of the fact that only 3 per cent of women in the districts can have the attendance of trained midwives during child-birth, this Conference strongly urges upon Government to open a number of centres in the Presidency for the practical training of midwives."

9. "This Conference, while thanking the local Council for the passing of the Act for the suppression of immoral traffic, strongly recommends the appointment of women doctors and women welfare-workers to help the police in their investigation of brothels and in the rescue of minor girls."

10. "The Conference whole-heartedly supports the appeal of the Madras Vigilance Association for funds to start a Rescue Home in Madras."

11. "The conference appeals to the public not only to pre-vent dedication of girls to the temples by every means in their power, but also to punish the culprits by reporting cases to the Magistrate of the dedication of minor girls, and by boycotting those temples where the Devadasi service is still allowed."

12. "This conference asks that qualified inspectresses should be appointed to inspect the work and conditions of women and children working in factories."

13. "This conference called upon the general public to support all indigenous industries (swadeshi) as an essential of the country's economic prosperity."

14. "This Conference congratulates the special committee of the Mysore State on its sittings on the reform of women's rights of inheritance, maintenance and adoption, and the Baroda State for the legislation it has passed for reform in the laws of marriage."

15. "The Conference calls for the amendment of the terms of the Provident Fund which at present prevents a woman from nominating any one but her husband as the sole legatee of her earnings."

16. "This Conference calls for the abolition of the right of polygamy and demands that there should be the same high standard of morality for both men and women."

17. "This Conference strongly recommends that the coming census be based upon nationalities and creeds and not upon castes and communities in view of the fact that such statistics tend to promote denationalisation in the country and disunion among the people."

18. "This Conference strongly deprecates the practice now prevailing in educational institutions by which the students seeking admission are made to write down their castes and communities in their application forms and requests the authorities to do away with such practices."

19. "This Conference is of opinion that strong representation be made for Government to appoint Women Warders and Watchers in all jails, sub-jails and lockups, for the sole purpose of looking after the women prisoners and in order to afford them proper protection and safety."

20. "This Conference urges that strong representation be made to all Railway Companies in India to provide waiting rooms for women in all railway stations, where there are general waiting rooms. This Conference also emphasises the need for women attendants in these waiting rooms to be on duty night and day."

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

(SELECTED)

DATE SQUARES

2 eggs	1 cup chopped dates
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered sugar	3 lbs. of flour
1 cup chopped walnuts	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Mix eggs with sugar and flour, sifted with baking powder. When smooth, add nuts and dates and vanilla. Spread dough very thin on buttered pans and bake in a slow oven. Cut in squares while still warm.

COCOANUT BUTTER DROPS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	2 cups flour
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla	1 cup shredded cocoanut
2 eggs	2 teaspoons baking powder.	Pinch of salt

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten eggs, milk, then flour sifted with salt and baking powder; add vanilla. Fold in cocoanut.

Drop by $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons on buttered pans, if you like small cakes, and bake in fairly hot oven. Makes over 100.

COUNTRY FRUIT CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup drippings	1 cup raisins	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup sugar	2 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
1 egg	1 cup sour milk	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
	1 teaspoon soda	

Cream drippings with sugar. Add beaten egg and sour milk alternately with flour sifted with dry ingredients. Add raisins chopped and sprinkled with flour. Pour into greased loaf pan and bake in moderate oven an hour or longer.

OUR NEEDLEWORK COLUMN



A SARI BORDER

HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED)

WOULD YOU HAVE BEAUTY?

Beauty is supposed to be an invaluable possession.

Many girls, when they realize that they are beautiful, become slaves to the conventional methods of enhancing their charms.

They may have a complexion that is tinted with nature's most enticing appeal; they may have lips that remind you of ripe cherries; their eyes may sparkle with the feminine lure that few men can resist.

But rarely do they have the mental balance essential to fully appreciate these natural charms. They are not entirely satisfied with them. They cannot resist the appeal of cosmetics.

And many chemical so-called aids to beauty are ultimately harmful.

A smooth skin is often bleached or made pimply; red lips lose their vivid coloring. The vitality that was the source of the charm in the first instance gradually lessens and the much admired beauty slowly fades.

You may freshen white lips, or careworn cheeks, and try to brighten lusterless eye, but no artificial means can bring back nature's exquisite allurements.

Real beauty comes from within. It is the result of perfect functioning of all the vital forces.

It has a bewitching appeal, an allurements that shines through femininity's instinctive desire for mating.

Vitality, and still more vitality, is the answer for those who wish to enhance their physical attractiveness!

The food you eat should be carefully selected. The exercises you take should be of such a nature as to build the entire body into a perfect whole.

You have but little need for superficial aids when beauty of this character has been properly cultivated. It is just as natural as the noon-day sun, the evening twilight.

Exercises that build beautiful bodies make one energetic, add vivacity and animation to every movement of the body.

And if, added to these physical charms, there is the mental balance that comes with an understanding of life in its important phases, one has indeed made oneself an attractive feminine force.

It is women of this sort who can pick and choose from a crowd of eligibles, who can select for a mate a splendid type of masculinity, fully able to share the responsibilities of home-building.

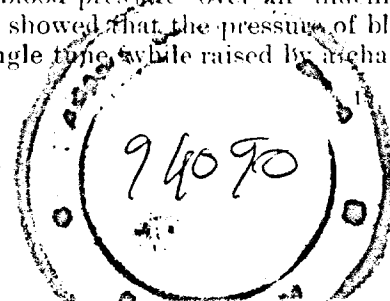
For, after all, the alluring appeal of beauty is utilitarian: it is a home-building force on which the nation must depend for perpetuating its power and supremacy.

— *Wealth and Welfare*

MUSIC AS A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

That music has got some effect on the physical and mental well-being of an individual is well-known to every one. But how music helps persons in ill-health and what changes it actually produces in the system are not yet known. Professor Swale Vincent, with his assistant Dr. J. H. Thomson, conducted some interesting experiments on the effect of music on the patients of Westminster Hospital in London. He devised the means of recording blood pressure of individuals continuously on a graph which enabled him to follow variations of blood pressure over an indefinite period. Their latest experiments showed that the pressure of blood is lowered by an overdose of a single tune, while raised by a change

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of melody or rhythm. This observation is very interesting for persons suffering from high blood pressure. Experiments were made on three types of listeners—the musical, the mildly-musical and the unmusical. These researches are being continued. Meanwhile, it is hoped, with a more delicate apparatus, to discover what music is best for the different modes of depression, irritation, sleeplessness and prescribe accordingly.

—*Health Notes and News.*

NOISE RETARDS DIGESTION

That noise is not merely annoying, but may do harm to the body, is indicated by experiments conducted by Dr. E. L. Smith at Colgate University. He measured the contraction of the stomach by means of small balloons which were swallowed by the subjects. Through these balloons the movements of the stomach were recorded on a revolving drum. He learned that a noise equivalent to loud radio music or to heavy elevated railroad traffic, slowed up the normal contractions of the stomach about thirty-seven per cent. Sometimes, there was also a change in the nature of these movements. The effect of noise on the digestion is similar to that produced in a cat when it sees a dog approaching. The feeling of fear checks the stomach rhythm. The anti-noise crusade is not merely a fad based on the sensitiveness of nervous persons, but is justified by the interests of normal individuals.

—*Good Health.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

FREEDOM FOR THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

PURDAH, or the seclusion of women, must go, declares Mohandas Ghandi, the famous Indian leader. Writing in his paper, *Young India*, he says:

"A reasoned appeal signed by many most influential people of Bihar, and almost an equal number of ladies of that province, advising the total abolition of the purdah, has just been issued in. The fact that over fifty ladies have signed the appeal shows that if the work is carried on with vigor, the purdah will be a thing of the past in Bihar. It is worthy of note that the ladies, who have signed the appeal, are not of the Anglicized type, but orthodox Hindus.

"We want the women of our province to be as free to move about and take their legitimate part in the life of the community in all particulars as their sisters in Karnatak, Maharashtra, and

Madras in an essentially Indian way, avoiding all attempts at Europeanization; for, while we hold that a change from enforced seclusion to a complete Anglicization would be like dropping from the frying-pan into fire, we feel that purdah must go, if we want our women to develop along Indian ideals. If we want them to add grace and beauty to our social life and raise its moral tone, if we want them to be excellent managers at home, helpful companions of their husbands, and useful members of the community, then the purdah, as it now exists, must go.

"In fact, no serious step for their welfare can be taken unless the veil is torn down, and it is our conviction that if once the energy of half of our population, that has been imprisoned artificially, is released, it will create a force which, if properly guided, will be of immeasurable good to our province."—N. B.

CHILD MARRIAGES IN THE WEST.

This Review has all along been consistently against child marriages. Therefore when we reproduce anything to show that such marriages still prevail in the West to some extent, that is not for indirectly supporting the custom. What we contend is that the prevalence of this practice ought not to stand in the way of India getting political freedom, particularly as the law placing restrictions on the custom has been passed with the help mainly of Indians.

A Reuter's telegram dated New York, October 19, runs as follows:

According to the annual report of the Superintendent of Schools, 483 boys and girls (mostly girls) dropped from the school rolls, last year, owing to marriage.

Married persons included a girl of 12 years another of 13 years, twenty boys and girls of 14 years, and 83 aged fifteen.

The Pioneer comments:

That not even the country of Miss Katherine Mayo is in a position to throw stones at the social customs of other countries, is shown by the statistics of child marriages in the United States. Without desiring to exaggerate the significance of the figures which, indeed, are exceptions that would be swamped in a table of averages, it is as well that the world should realize "that no nation is perfect," and that reformers should in every case start their charitable activities at home before they tackle the weak spots in the social organization of others.

The Modern Review.

WOMEN'S PROGRESS IN TRAVANCORE.

Consequent on the representations made in several sessions of the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly urging the need for the removal of the disqualification of women to vote for or to be returned or to be nominated as members of the Assembly, the Government of Her Highness The Maharanee Regent of Travancore have ordered as follows :—

"Women have now the same rights as men in the matter of election or nomination to the Legislative Council, but they are not under the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly rules, eligible to vote for or to be elected or nominated as members of the Assembly. Her Highness' Government have had under consideration the question of removing this anomaly and they hereby resolve that women should have the same rights and privileges as men under the Popular Assembly rules also, in respect of both the franchise and membership."

Twenty-five sessions of the Popular Assembly have been held and so far no woman has been a member. It will be remembered that six years ago, H. H. the Maharani Regent, nominated to the Legislative Council a lady, at a time when no other legislative council in all India had a lady as member. Now Her Highness under the advice of her acting Dewan has removed the restriction on women in relation to the Popular Assembly.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

A beautiful new building is being erected in Delhi for the Headquarters of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in India. This Union, which has branches in every civilised country in the world, was first formed in India in 1817, and was fully organised in 1893. Branches have been established in Assam, Bengal, Bombay, Central Provinces, Gujarat, Madras, Punjab, Rajputana, and the United Provinces, and are doing fine work for the promotion of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, for child-welfare, and for the spread of purity and nobility of character in social life.

The thirty-fourth Annual Convention of the United Provinces Union has recently been held in Agra, and had well-attended gatherings. Mrs. Satyavati Chitamber of Lucknow was in the Chair, and was elected President for the next year. Reports were read of work done in U. P. and excellent lectures were given on child-welfare and temperance instruction. Donations of Rs. 1,100 towards the cost of the new Headquarters building were promised, and a small presentation was made to the All India President, Miss Campbell, of 3, Commissioner Lane, Delhi, who is to return

to America next year after forty-six years' service in India.—*The Indian Social Reformer*.

A RULER WHO HAS DONE LASTING GOOD.

Her Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai, Maharani Regent of Travancore, whose birthday was celebrated lately, assumed the Regency on September 1, 1924. She is a quiet ruler who has done lasting good. One of the first acts of Her Highness's reign was the appointment of a Dewan irrespective of religion or caste.

Another important measure, that Her Highness carried out at the beginning of her Regency, was the prohibition of animal sacrifice in the temples of the State—a departure, again, from custom for the sake of justice and kindness.

Her Highness's innate sympathy for the sufferings of others asserted itself when about three years ago she abolished the old system of levying tax in kind on Kandukrishi land or home farms of the ruler. The Maharani Regent has prohibited the singing of obscene songs, at temple festivals, a custom followed for a long period in some parts of the State. A few months ago Her Highness ordered the abolition of the Devadasi system in State temples.

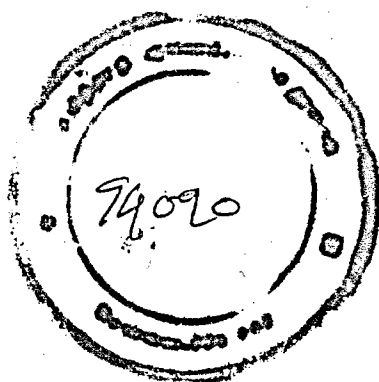
The general administration of the State has made steady progress under her rule. Education has been growing from more to more. More and more women are being employed in public service. More and more bridges and roads are being constructed. Travancore is today peaceful and prosperous. When His Excellency the Viceroy visited the State last year, he saw a country pervaded by general goodwill and overflowing with useful activities. When he invested Her Highness with the title insignia of the C.I., he made a memorable speech showing how deeply he was struck by this beautiful land and the high qualities of its ruler.

The celebration of Her Highness's birthday evoked the warmest feelings of loyalty and affection throughout the State.

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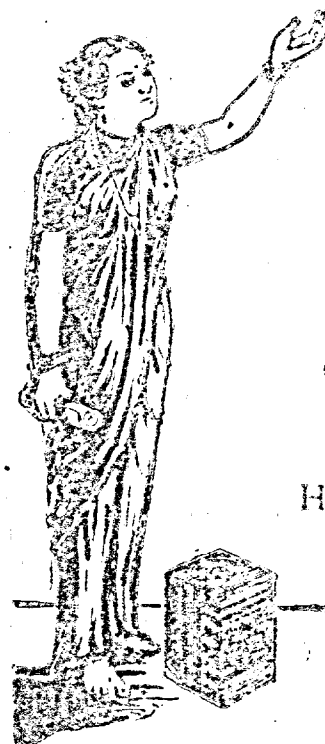
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