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in a boarding house for de-
pressed classes ;
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The Pooram Festival, Trichur.

Photo by:—M. K. R. Aiyangar.
Triplicane, Madras.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. IV

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No. 8

TO MOTHER INDIA.

Ai Mata Ji! Beloved but long estranged! I stand without,
Lest you should say me Nay.

I knock: I wait before the door whence never yet
Hath one in beggar's garb gone grieved away.

Behold me clad in saffron robe with bowl and rosarie,
Hidden within its veil my face—forgotten quite—
My hands outstretched.

Ah! take the bowl—'tis filled with love—
And give me what you will.

The Rosarie I keep
In memory of communings at dusk beneath the pipal tree,
Which angels listened to and bore to God.

My Rosarie!
Not a remembrancer of "The Name" graved

On my heart—and yet—
No devotee could hold his string of beads more dear
Than I hold mine:

For I regard each one a shrine,
In which to keep some precious word of thine;
This one! and this! and

(Can you forget what once you said to me?)

"Child of the West, yet mine,
May naught but Death part thee and me".

A. D.

(By an Englishwoman, who lived many years in the Punjab,
and learnt to love India. She has now returned to her own land,
but continues her loving interest in the women and children of
our mother-land).

SUPERSTITIONS.

I believe superstitions are as much a national property as any-
thing else; and I wonder why writers on political thought have
failed to reckon them as one of the factors that contribute to the

development of different nationalities. Today, every nation on earth, whether advanced or backward in civilization, has its own superstitions, sometimes radically different from those of its neighbours, at other times rather akin to them. It is also not uncommon for one people to call other nations superstitious, though their own belief in superstitions is more firm than in their own religion. This is only one of the innumerable weaknesses of human nature.

It is possible and interesting to trace the origin and history of some of the superstitions of the world, but one has to do regular research work in this field to get the full reward. Now I confess my inability to do patient research, and my readers must allow me to mention some of those superstitions without obliging me to trace their origin and growth.

The Chinese never construct houses of any considerable height, and the reason for this is that their ancestors live in the air and they will be offended if the houses rise too high. When a man dies in their land, useful things are burnt so that he may enjoy them in the spirit world. Red paintings attract fires in the neighbourhood, weather cocks inspire disease and telegraph poles will produce earthquakes. It seems the souls of the Chinese leave the bodies with reluctance and can be recalled by the mourning relatives, if they delay the burial and make attempts to recall the departed souls by loud cries from house-tops. But unfortunately no deceased Chinaman's soul has come back till now, and perhaps the souls are so deaf that the cries raised by the relatives on the top of the houses are not loud enough to reach their ears.

Their neighbours, the Japanese, who have lately made such a rush to civilization, are also not without time honoured and perhaps immortal superstitions. You will find vases of flowers with their branches in every house in Japan. But they cannot have an even number of sprays and never in any case four. Four means death to them. Women are not allowed to climb beyond the eighth station of the revered Fujiyama, though ladies in Japan are in no way behind their men in religious zeal. In the evenings of the month of June, you can see a number of fire-flies in the swamps of Uji. They are supposed to be the ghosts of old warriors.

Do not think that superstitions are the entire monopoly of the Orient. The Portuguese believe in enchanted wells and as many votive offerings are made to wells and trees in their country as to saints in Spain. Even in Anti-religious Russia, a clergyman is supposed to have the power of driving away evil influences from the household hearth. If the peasants want rain next Thursday, they take the priest a present of eggs on Monday. The dead are supposed to come to claim the eggs and vegetables placed in graves once a year. Seven years of revolution have not succeeded in wiping away Russian superstitions completely.

In Yugo-slavia every house has a wreath of corn-ears hung up on the outer wall, brought back from the harvest festival. If it is stolen, a daughter of the house will be shortly married. A well-cleaned bullock's head set up on poles in gardens will keep off fiends and witches. Vampires are said to enter the bodies of children at their birth, and these children, we are told, soon acquire the habit of flying about at night-time and sucking people's blood; but they may usually be exorcised with an amulet of garlic.

Transylvania, according to a Times Summary of Mr. Hoppe's remarkable book on Rumania claims to be "the haunt of vampires who never die, of water witches to whom brides must pay blood-money for their grooms, of giants who disguise themselves as birds, of a demon who spits diamonds, of Morvi who carry their coffins after death, and of nymphs and fairies. Indeed there is that sinister *scholomance*, at the mere name of which men used to shudder in the middle ages, where the devil keeps a school for young philosophers who have to ride a dragon down the bottom of an inky tarn, there to brew thunder with their master."

The mild native Kikuyus of Kenya believe that death is contagious and no one must touch a corpse for fear of being contaminated by the germ of death. Hence, before a person is dead he is placed in an open hut where hyenas can find him. Certain people in the Barbary states undergo voluntary torture by devourine scorpions and prickly-pears, or piercing their flesh with spears to please their deities.

Omens have a powerful influence on the Italians and the French and the English believed in witches for a long time. Will-O'-the-wisp, Faery Mab and goblins are still expected by many an English peasant and a black cat is sure to bring Inck to high and low alike.

Indians are not behind other nations, so far as superstitions are concerned. In fact, our superstitions excel the rest in their originality and variety. Perhaps India can also boast of having the largest number in proportion to her population, whose lives and activities are guided more by superstition than by anything else.

Though there are rare instances, where superstitions have encouraged men and women to perform great deeds, the next result has been in no way satisfactory. One must live in villages to see the havoc caused by time-honoured superstitions. It is the women who suffer from their tyranny more than men. In India, it is said, that women are responsible for adhering to the old traditions and maintaining orthodoxy, because men have gone, and do go way now and then, from both of them. But how glorious it would have been, if they had not given a place to those dangerous superstitions along with the old traditions!

There are ever so many homes in our country where cholera and small pox have been attributed to the anger of deities, and since these deities will get more angry if medicines are administered to the poor victims, they have to die without medical aid. How often superstition is the cause of many a quarrel among otherwise peaceful neighbours! How often are sincere compliments to good looks or health, or a sweet voice perverted to the 'evil eye' and 'black tongue'! What a lot of chilies and salt are burnt daily in kitchen ovens to ward off 'evil eyes'! What a fuss is made about a girl falling ill, believing that the mother-in-law or sister-in-law has had resource to black art! How often is a son prevented from being present at a particular place at a particular house whereby, he is to gain some thing important, because the mother scents an ill omen when he is about to start!

Children and sometimes expectant mothers suffer, from terrible convulsions. Superstitious people do not give them the benefit of a doctor's advice. The convulsions are supposed to be the play of the devils who have settled in their body. I have heard a story to the effect that a mother refused to give consent to her daughter's marriage to a man whom she loved, because an astrologer predicted that he was to bring bad luck to the family, as he had a black mark on his left arm. The daughter was disappointed and committed suicide. Eclipses are supposed to have the power of disfiguring the child that is to be born shortly. If a wife reminds her husband of something when he is stepping out on business, he is bound to meet with failure that day.

It is impossible to mention all the superstitions prevalent in our country. As I said before, they are doing more harm than good to our people. Some of us may not feel the attacks hurled on parties concerned. But all of us are not given the benefit of modern education and we feel sorry for them. Again, when poor villagers spend their last pie in seeking the aid of necromancers and sorcerers, we should do something to make the former less ignorant and less superstitious.

So let me appeal to you, educated ladies, to do what you can in the matter. Try to reason with your superstitious neighbour and convince her that her superstitions are incredible and dangerous. If you do this systematically and sincerely, you will be able to convert her and make her happy. You can have the satisfaction of rendering not only social service, but national good also.

C. P. KANNABHAI AMMA.

SOCIAL WELFARE WORK IN CAMBRIDGE.

IN giving an account to Indian friends of some of the social work done by women in an English town, one remembers what different problems confront the Indian social worker, owing to differences of climate and conditions, and I fear there is not much of our work that will interest Indian readers. Perhaps Cambridge is better known to Indian visitors than most other English provincial towns, and some of them may remember it.

Here, in our damp chilly climate—so different from that of India, the first essential for comfort and health is proper housing, and this especially concerns women, who have the care of the family. During the years of the war, the natural progress of building was stopped, and ever since there has been difficulty in catching up. Also, standards of living have happily advanced during the last twenty years and better houses are wanted.

The increase in numbers of University students, (i. e. men students, the number of women is strictly limited), after the war filled the lodging houses, so that professional and business women were crowded out. To meet this emergency, a women's Housing Association was formed, which raised capital and bought tall old-fashioned houses and converted them into self-contained flats. These were let at once to women workers, and the tenants are well-pleased with the arrangement. The houses cost a good deal to adapt when provision has to be made for sitting-room, bedroom, Kitchenette and bath-room for each tenant, with electric light and central hot-water supply. A caretaker, who will undertake a certain amount of service for the tenants by arrangement with them, adds much to their comfort. This scheme has been carried out by the National Council of Women.

Cambridge, being an old town, has large areas of crowded dwellings for the poorer classes. Some of the cottages were built after the Napoleonic wars, when fear made people glad to crowd together for mutual protection. The high cost of building since the war has made it impossible to provide for the better housing of these tenants in the ordinary commercial way; and the government and the local authorities have had to step in and provide large areas of new cottages on the outskirts of our towns. Many of these are very pleasing, but even with subsidies from the authorities must be let at rents which only the best-paid artisans can afford. So, to meet the case of the low-paid workers with a large family living in a slum, another society of men as well as women was formed, stimulated by the public feeling in the churches of the town. This society collected subscriptions and loans free of

interest and with this financial help has been able to build for this necessitous class. Unlike the ordinary landlord, who does not welcome children, this society only receives as tenants families of considerable size, with low incomes, and as a venture, adjusts the rent to the number of children, within limits. A small sum is deducted from the normal rent for each child up to four (in number) under the age of 14. As soon as 14 is reached a child may become a wage-earner, so the deduction on his account ceases, whereas the advent of a new baby may send the rent down again. This is a new idea, but seems to work satisfactorily. The society has a lady rent-collector, who is an enthusiastic social worker and helps the mothers in a wonderful way. She is a real friend in family and housekeeping difficulties, and yet, strange to say, she gets the rent paid most regularly, and in spite of the meagre incomes there are few arrears. All these cottages have baths and three bedrooms, and a good piece of garden and prizes are given for the most successful gardens. We feel this scheme is an example of sympathy and helpfulness on the part of the more well-to-do towards their less-favoured brothers and sisters.

Another problem is now being considered by a group of women here i.e., decent yet cheap accommodation for poor women who may be in the town temporarily, in a homeless condition. The destitute are already provided for by the Public Assistance Committee, but there are women and girls perhaps looking for work, or hunting for permanent lodgings who can pay a little, and are not provided for in the present scheme of things. It is hoped that a small hostel may be started, where emergency needs may be met for a small sum for this migrant class who are sometimes placed in a position of risk or danger.

Some years ago, a Cambridge woman specially interested in school children was much concerned to see how the children in the poorer districts seemed obliged to spend their play-time in the streets, in all kinds of weather, and subject to traffic dangers. She interested some of her friends of the N. C. W. and the result was the formation of 'play centres' in various parts of the town. This was carried on with great success as a voluntary enterprise, till the local authority a few years ago took over the scheme, though even now voluntary keepers are made use of, and the supply of toys and games is kept up by gifts. In summer, organized games are arranged out of doors. This scheme has done much to protect children in their leisure, both physically and morally. The play now is orderly, with 'give and take' on all sides, and the boisterous and rough lack of consideration for others, which was noticed at first, has disappeared. Useful occupations are also encouraged, and an Exhibition of articles made by the children showed great variety and individuality.

Another scheme which was started in a small way by women, though assisted even at first by the local authority, is the open-air school for delicate children. At first, this was a small experiment watched with much interest and sympathy by the Medical Officer of Health. It was soon apparent that the fresh air surroundings, the wholesome meal provided, and the regular rest arranged after it, made a wonderful change in the health of the little ones, who were not well enough before to go to school. This experiment has finally resulted in a large well-equipped open-air school, of the most approved kind under the Education authority. So, we have found in both these cases, that a voluntary movement on the part of a few enthusiastic women has carried this work through the experimental stage, and its success has led to its establishment on a permanent basis by the authorities.

In India, you do not know the need we have here of the Temperance movement. This is specially a woman-movement, for the children and the home are the first to suffer from drink trouble. We have a large women's organisation in Cambridge which has set out to provide inexpensive meals without alcoholic drinks.

There is a canteen in the yard of the Railway station, a coffee-house in one of our poorer districts, and in the out-patients department of one large hospital a canteen where those from the country, waiting their turn for the doctor, can get some refreshment. The work here is voluntary, and the workers establish very happy relations with some of the sufferers. The profit made is given to the hospital funds, and any profit from the other undertakings to various charitable schemes, in the town, such as the Police Court Mission, and the care of Girls Associations.

We have in Cambridge now two women police, who are very good in all cases, where women and children are concerned. They patrol our commons and open spaces in the evenings, and often manage to persuade girls to go home, when they find them in dangerous situations. They are real preventive workers, and must save a good many from pitfalls which might be their ruin. Their presence in the police courts is a great help to unfortunate women or children who find themselves there. Some of us went as a deputation of women to the Watch committee years ago and brought the question of the desirability of police women to their notice. It was a great satisfaction to us when they were first seen in our streets in their police uniform, and since their appointment prejudice has disappeared, and we have heard nothing but good of them.

We have heard lately with satisfaction that our infant death rate in Cambridge has come down to 48 per 1000. This reduction is largely due to the work of our maternity and child welfare centres. The woman medical officer and the nurses in the schools

too have done much to check and control the epidemics which used to be so distressingly frequent among little children.

I have now heard so much of the wonderful enterprise of Indian women, that perhaps there is nothing fresh in this little account of our recent work in Cambridge, so please regard it as the news letter of a fellow-worker who is glad to gain touch with her sisters far away, and send a message of good-will.

BERTHA JOHNSON,
Cheshunt College, Cambridge.

RED AND GOLD.

EACH of us has in the storehouse of his memory some "red-letter" days which stand out sharp and clear from amongst the ordinary current of events. Strange indeed would be an existence which had no such milestones along its road. Even tiny children look forward to, and remember, special occasions; Christmas with its gifts or toys, visits from favourite aunts, uncles and friends, the coming of a new pet, and other such excitements. And to those past childhood, how much more precious are our red-letter days; those comparatively rare occasions when for a few short hours our whole being seems lifted to a different sphere; when the surroundings we know so well and never notice become suddenly dear; when our occupations take upon themselves the glamour of adventure and our minds are filled with a glorious content. Or possibly an authentic adventure comes our way and we are for a time thrilled and exhilarated by strange happenings, unusual people.

Some there may be who, looking back along the years of their lives, can count but few such hours. Others more fortunate may number as many in one year—and this, I think, does not depend at all on the wealth or environment of the individual. Temperament must of course have some influence, but nevertheless it really does appear at times that the gods smile on us to show how beneficent they can be.

I remember a little girl saying to me once "I have been having such lovely fun this holiday, such wonderful things have happened every day, I think I must have been changed into a fairy!"—and in much the same way I have myself, when just past that period of extraordinary occurrences and elation, thought that I could not have been myself who took part. Not was it my ordinary self, but rather a self transformed by the thrill and high adventure of life, a self uplifted and disporting in the sunshine.

Such golden hours do not and cannot last, no matter what the reason of their coming. However happy one may be normally, however content, yet it is only of a day once-in-a-while that vivid recollections are retained, like a gleam of red or gold in an embroidery of grey. Nor would we wish it otherwise, for surely their charm lies in their Will-o'-the-wisp nature, these fleeting, elusive, ecstatic hours which come to us, sometimes so unexpectedly, and which we may long remember, and count amongst our treasures.

MABEL R. BYE.

ON AN INFANT'S DEATH.

BY

DR. H. W. B. MORENO M. A., PH.D., D. LITT.
CALCUTTA.

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O Starlight, quenched within the sea of Time,
That rose above the marge, again to sink
Thy dartling rays of light, behind the brink,
To illumine the concave of another clime;
Eager we scan the horizon of our time,
Whilst thou art fading from our searching eyes,
Sweeping along thy course to other skies,
Unseen to us through murky mists and grime.
Once on that shore a starlet thou didst play,
Then wearied, worn awhile, sank fast in sleep,
And whirling to the precincts of our day,
Thou opened once thine eyes fresh joys to reap,
But looked in vain around, then turned away
And closed thy lids, borne back in slumber deep.

(PER MR. K. P. P. TAMPE.)

THE INDIAN CROW

IF the crow is not beautiful, let us not forget that beauty is often only skin-deep and that its poverty of good looks may not give us sufficient cause for despising it. The crow is not given to boasting, but it has a good many virtues. Some of these are, 1. it is jet-black, 2. its young ones are generally invisible, 3. it learns our secrets, but keeps its own, 4. it is the most undomesticated bird in India if not in the world and 5. it seldom dies, even if it is not immortal.

FOOD AND HEALTH AND DISEASE.

IN my opinion, the maintenance of health by proper food is the most important of health subjects. Simply satisfying one's appetite with whatever food one finds is not sufficient for that perfect growth of body and mind in health, without which it is impossible for anyone to engage in useful employment. It is unfortunately a common idea among persons, who have not given a thought to the subject, that the more one eats and the richer the food the better it is for health and strength. An excess of food, particularly when it is of the wrong kind, is nothing but poison to the system and causes ill-health, obesity and various other diseases, affecting the health and efficiency of the individual during life-time and finally ends in premature death. To keep well and fit, one requires not only the right kind and quantity of food, but also adjuncts such as cleanliness of person, healthy surroundings, plenty of fresh air,

sunshine, pure drinking water, moderate exercise suited to one's age and condition of health, and sleep.

According to the age and occupation of each individual, the various constituents of food have to be chosen.

The essential constituents of foods are Proteins, Mineral Salts, fats, Carbo-hydrates and *Vitamines*. All these are to be found in the various articles of food commonly used in each country. I always advocate that we should choose our food from among the indigenous produce of the country, as I believe that nature adapts its produce to the requirements of each country.

Proteins or Nitrogenous food are necessary for the building-up of flesh and the various organs such as brain, liver, heart and kidneys, and are particularly necessary in the case of growing children. There are animal proteins and vegetable proteins.

Animal Proteins are abundant in milk, curds, cheese, meat, eggs and fish.

Vegetable Proteins exist largely in unmilled unpolished rice, wheat, oats, barley, maize, ragi, peas, dhal, nuts, vegetables and fruits.

Mineral Salts are very essential to life; as a considerable part of our body consists of various salts, the chief being Calcium, Sodium, Magnesium, Iron, Manganese, Zinc, Copper, Lithium, etc. These are to be found in cereal grains, milk, nuts, green leafy vegetables and fruits.

Fats are foods for the maintenance of the heat of the body and for nourishing the body. There are animal and vegetable fats.

Animal fats are preferable to vegetable fats, as they contain a substance called *Vitamine A*, which is absent in vegetable oils. The animal fats in use are found in fat meat, milk, ghee, butter,



FIRST LADY B. SC., OF CALCUTTA.

Miss. Uma Bose, who topped the list of all B. Sc., candidates in the Calcutta University, has been awarded the Manmathanath Bhattacharyya Gold Medal and Santomoni Silver Medal, and offered a post Graduate Scholarship as well as a special Scholarship in experimental Psychology. She is the first woman Science Graduate to have this unique distinction.

Photo :—I. N. A., Srirangam.



Mathusri M. Lakshmi Ammal, President of the Hindu Ladies Lakshmi Vilasa Sabha, Triplicane, Madras, on whom the title of "*Dharma Chandrika*" was conferred by Maharaja-dhiraj of Darbhanga in consideration of her able services to women.

Photo :—R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

cheese, cream, liver, fish, especially, sardines, cod-liver oil and eggs. The vegetable fats commonly used are Cocosnut and Gingelly oils and Cocogem. Those using only vegetable oils should therefore combine them with either fish, or ghee, or take plenty of green leafy vegetables, such as greens, spinach, tomatoes, or germinated grain, to get a sufficiency of Vitamine A, for helping to build up the tissues, or add a pint of milk to the diet.

The Carbohydrates are also fuel foods like the fats. They are found in all cereal grains, sugar, jaggery, fruits fresh and dried, potatoes, yams and vegetables. It is the *Carbohydrate* that forms the bulk of the food in all Indian diets in the form of some cereal grain. Very often rice is the staple article of food that supplies the necessary carbohydrate in the food and also jaggery, sugar and sweets. The carbohydrates contained in rice, if mixed with a proper addition of proteins, fats, mineral salts and Vitamines in proper proportion, are properly digested and assimilated; but, if a large quantity of rice alone is eaten, without a proper proportion of the other ingredients, the food is not digested and causes distension, and dilatation of the stomach resulting in dyspepsia, diarrhoea and chronic ill-health.

Formerly, it was thought that all that was necessary for health was a certain proportion of Proteins, Carbohydrates, Fats and mineral salts in a man's diet, but this was found to be an erroneous idea during the Russo-Japanese war, when an outbreak of Epidemic Dropsy swept away millions. The necessity for what are known as *Vitamines* was discovered then, and at the present time, great importance is attached to the absolute necessity of Vitamines in one's dietary. Vitamines are minute chemical substances, which exist in natural food stuffs, and, without these, food has very little value. They are life-prolonging substances, essential both for nutrition and growth. The vital power is exhausted without Vitamines in the diet. The chemical compositions of Vitamines are not yet fully known and they have not been isolated, but they are closely associated with the protoplasm of plants and vegetables. The potency of Vitamines is destroyed by drying and exposure to high temperatures. They are also destroyed by insects, when rice and dhalls are stored for a long time.

Three groups of Vitamines were previously recognised, and the recent investigation has isolated two more kinds, and others are under observation. These are classified as:

A

D. 3 Fat-Soluble Factors.

E

B

C. 2 Water-Soluble Factors.

Fat-Soluble Vitamine A is present in all animal fats and milk and milk products, and absent in most vegetable oils and less affected by mild heat, if not exposed to the air during boiling. Owing to the setting free of oxygen from its elements during boiling, the Vitamine is destroyed. It is necessary for growth. Absence of Vitamine A produces rickets and sterility. It is present in eggs, milk, wheat germ, greens and vegetables and in cod liver oil.

Fat-soluble Vitamine D exists in milk, cod liver oil, and other fish oils. Insufficient calcification and defective teeth are caused by its absence.

Fat-soluble Vitamine E is obtainable in vegetable oils, lettuce, celery, fresh meat, egg yoke, liver and fish. It is absent in animal fat and is destroyed by acids and alkalis. Deficiency in it produces sterility and lack of fertility.

Water-soluble Vitamine B exists in the inner coat of rice, legumes, pulses, cereals and is also present in eggs, milk, wheat, beans, peas, lentils, liver, kidney and nuts.

Of all the five Vitamines, this is the least affected by heat. Absence of this from the diet produces *Beriberi*. This Vitamine is destroyed in milling, husking and preparing pulses and legumes, and being very soluble in water is dissolved in the water while cooking, and the water should therefore not be thrown away.

Water-soluble Vitamine C is anti-scorbutic in action and it is present in milk and fruit juice, especially of oranges and limes. This kind of Vitamine is easily destroyed by heat, even by gentle boiling for a short time. The absence of it from the dietary brings on scurvy. It is present in lemon, lime, and orange juice, fresh cabbage, peas, etc. Orange and lemon juices are more affected than other kinds by heat.

The best way of finding all the Vitamines in an Indian diet is to have the following constituents,—

1. Any whole cereal, grain or mixture of grains.
2. Plenty of milk and the products of milk—curds, butter-milk, butter, ghee.
3. Sprouted pulses.
4. Eggs or liver, meat or fish, if religion permits their use.
5. Tuber and root vegetables.
6. Abundance of green leafy vegetables and
7. Fruit, particularly oranges, sweet limes, grapes, pumelos, pomegranates, pineapple and bananas. Between meals, two or three pints of water should be taken.

In this connection, I must emphasize the importance of attention to teeth; neglect to clean the teeth and particularly the use of food like rice, which is not chewed properly before swallowing

predisposes to *caries* and *pyorrhoea* and *pyorrhoea* is a very common cause of Diabetes in this country. It will be well, therefore, if every man devotes special attention to the care of his teeth, and he should not hesitate to consult a Dentist, if his teeth are in any way affected with *Pyorrhoea* or *caries*. It is a common thing, to see a man with a splendid artificial set of teeth moving it while eating and replacing them after a meal. This is quite wrong. Mastication and mixing with Saliva is necessary for proper digestion of food.

It is not possible in this limited space to deal at length with such an important subject as this, but I hope that I have succeeded in arousing some interest in this all-important question of food; and I hope that those who are in a position to do so will not only make a study of the subject themselves, but also try and educate those with whom they have any dealings. Most of the enlightened nations, particularly Americans, have made great advances in this direction with much benefit. It would be a step in the right direction, if the elements of dietetics are taught in all public schools, so that the rising generation will not err in this matter; and they will grow up into healthy manhood and womanhood and be a more efficient and healthy race than the present generation. It would be also very useful if some ladies will undertake to visit the poorer ladies of their place, who are at present confined in their ill-ventilated and dark houses and do not understand much about this all-important matter of the choice of food, to ensure sound and vigorous health.

DR. PEREIRA,

OBSERVATIONS BY YOUNG PEOPLE

(1) DINNER TIME AT SCHOOL.

I happen to be one of those girls who has her breakfast at eight o'clock and who is in the senior school. As the school is rather a large one, most of the big girls who have their breakfast after 7-80 in the morning, are supposed to go to second dinner, because there is no room in the dining-Hall for all of us. It is indeed a weary business to wait outside the dining Hall when my appetite is nearly appalling, and then find the traces of prunes and custard or jelly left by the first-dinner girls. My appetite seems to vanish in an instant when I look at those horrid prunes. The roast meat is also not very appetising. There is a girl in school, who invariably becomes a vegetarian when she goes in to dinner, and if there is no fish it is indeed a sad case with her. One day, there was no fish, and the house-keeper happened to come round and find Margaret's plate empty and asked "Aren't you going to have anything?" asked Mrs. Adams.

It flew to the mate she had loved so well,
 It could not live apart;
 The spirit cried to its mate, "I give
 My life as well as my heart".

(PER K. P. P. TAMPY.)

OUR SERIAL STORY

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

(Gauri, Sankar and Mallika are the three children of a fine Indian Christian couple. Gauri, who seems to have suffered some misfortune in her earlier years, is persuaded by her father to consider marriage with Arjuna Narayana Rao. A day after they have met, the father dies of heart-disease, and the mother follows him. But, before her death, she gets Gauri married to her suitor.)

CHAPTER IV.

IT was six months later; Gauri was in her own house. She tripped happily down the stairs into her neat dining-room and looked round to see that all was right. Then, satisfied, she went into the drawing room. It was noticeable that the two rooms were furnished in a mixed style, half-English, half-Indian. There were sofas and comfortable chairs dotted about, upholstered in attractive, soft-toned English tapestry and all placed at comfortable angles. The carpet and rugs were Oriental, so were the very few hangings. A beautiful inlaid *Veena* stood in a special corner of its own, and accentuated the Eastern touch. There was plenty of Indian brass about, also pretty Indian ornaments in silver, while glass vases were waiting everywhere for flowers. The pictures on the walls were all English prints. On the tables, and on the black polished piano were photos of friends and relatives; a pretty Indian drawing stood on an easel. Soft silk cushions in bright harmonious colours gave tone to the room. The whole scheme was attractive. With a pleased smile, we might almost call it a smirk, on her face, Gauri wandered about, seeing to small details, then stepped into the verandah. She glanced at her wrist-watch. Was there time to go out into the garden? How pretty it looked, the creepers on the porch, the roses blooming in one corner, the chrysanthemums standing up tall and straight in another. The lilies on the steps gave out a sweet scent—she thought with pleased anticipation of the intoxicating odour they would exhale at night. No, there was no time; her husband would be coming down in a few minutes; and as she thought of him, a faint pink flush stole into her fair ivory-tinted face. Six months of married life had not yet accustomed Gauri to

think of her husband without a thrill. Her heart began to expand as usual with pleasant thoughts of him. "How good he was to her, how kind and thoughtful to her people, in spite of being somewhat critical of them at times. He was not perfect, of course; which man was thought her young heart. Besides, if he was perfect, he would want her also to be perfect; and she had too many weaknesses for that.

Gauri looked young and sweet and happy. She was dressed in a white muslin *sari* over a short-sleeved white blouse and a long skirt; she had on the ornaments an Indian woman usually always wears, small diamond ear-rings in her ears, gold bangles on her arms, a few rings on her fingers, a narrow gold belt at her waist, a thin Indian necklace round her slender neck. Her hair was loose, but smooth, over her forehead and above her ears, and was gathered into a long plait down her back.

Gauri ran out into the garden and gathering a few jassamines fixed them into her hair at the back. Then, she caught sight of the postman coming up the long drive and waited for him. Ah! there was one letter for her, a good fat one from her sister. Mallika always wrote such chatty letters, so different from her own, which were usually dubbed 'telegrams'. With a sigh of pleasure, Gauri sank into a deep chair, and placing the other letters in her lap, began to read her own, forgetting all about her husband. After a while she looked up. How happy Mallika was in her College; and how kind of her husband to let her continue there, till she finished her B. A. What a varied sort of life the little miss seemed to be leading! Tennis-parties almost every afternoon,—how fond the girl was of tennis and games! Every week-end out with her friends. Was there not too much freedom, however, in the College? Her husband thought so, and she was beginning to think the same. And Mallika was exactly the sort of girl to take advantage of that—again her husband's opinion—, but innocently, thought Gauri, always with an innocent and childish mind. And, what was this—

"I have been meeting a man called Mr. Mathuram lately," wrote Mallika. "Such a fine man, tall and handsome, Gauri, and with such beautiful gentle manners. He has such beautiful tender eyes, and he looks at one so kindly. He has got a lovely deep voice and sings so well. I feel all full of thrills when I hear him. I must also tell you for your satisfaction, that he is a clever man belonging to Madras, an M. A., and a teacher in a boys' College in the north. But why should I say for your satisfaction? Why do I want you to be satisfied? Am I beginning to think that, that,—Oh, Gauri, I feel so happy sometimes, sometimes so lonely and sad and wanting you and mother. What has happened to your little sister, I wonder?

"By the way, do not show this letter to my worthy brother-in-law. He does not like me, does not understand me at all. He will misunderstand this business at once—put in all sorts of ideas of his own into my letter, think I have too much liberty, and wish to recall me, perhaps."

What a girl she was, thought the young wife, with a worried frown. The ungrateful, unappreciative creature! And who was this man? Suddenly, a gay voice from behind fell on her ears. She turned round. "My dear," said Mr. Narayana Rao, from one of the doorways, "I have been standing here watching you for a whole minute. You read for a little, then you look up and think for a little. Whose letter is that, which is worrying you? Mallika's of course. One might guess that. Let me see," and he came forward holding out his hand for the letter. There were no secrets as yet between the two.

Gauri felt herself mechanically drawing back.

"I—I have not finished it," she stammered. "Here—here—are your letters." He looked keenly at her, then laughed. "Don't you wish me to read it then?" he asked, "going to keep secrets from me, your poor husband? Well, well, my dear, you are welcome. Mallika's letter can have no big secrets. Come, and have your breakfast, and then we can read our letters."

Gauri still looked worried over their breakfast. She poured out the coffee, rang for his porridge and bacon and eggs—she herself did not like all that—and then watched him enjoying the Indian rice-cakes made specially at home for him and for her. Oh, it was good to see him so happy and comfortable. But that letter—that letter—how could she keep it from him? What would he think of her? She had never hidden anything from him before.

"Gauri", he said after a while, "what is worrying you? Cannot you tell me?"

"N—No. You will not understand, she says."

"Who says? Mallika? Of course, she would." She always thinks I don't understand her. She thinks a good deal too much of herself, Gauri."

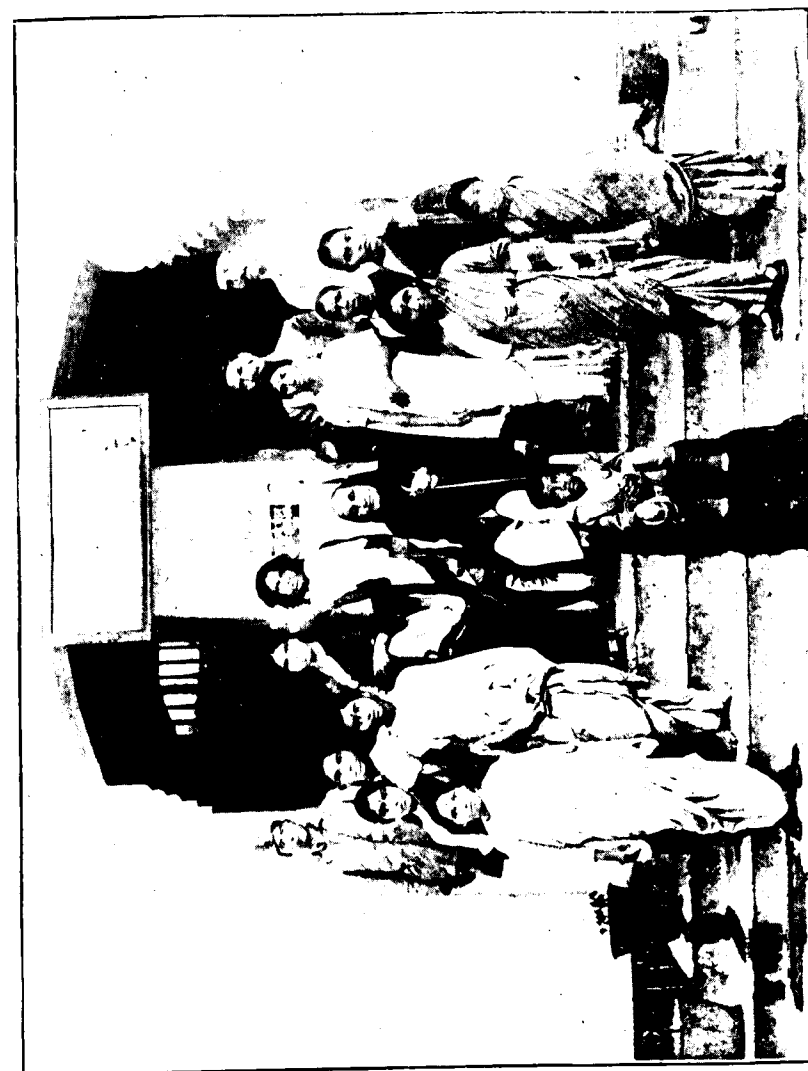
"Aren't you always a little hard on her?"

"Somebody has to be, dear, otherwise she will grow beyond her self—I must take the place of her father and try to keep her down. But, why are there tears in your eyes, little wife? Do you think I am too unkind to her?"

"You don't like her, she says."

"She says that, does she? No, no, I am fond of her; but at the same time.—There, there, never mind, show me the letter."

"I—I cannot."



A photograph taken of His Holiness Shree Shankaracharya Dr. Kurtkoti, in the midst of girls and workers of Shree Sharadaraji Holkar Boarding House, specially founded for girls of the depressed classes, under the patronage of H. H. The Maharajah Sharmistabai Holkar of Indore.

"Never mind then, Gauri. Don't let that worry you, . . . And don't weep, child. This is not like my little Gauri. Come, let me wipe your tears."

She leant shyly against him, still with that guilty feeling about hiding the letter from him. "You don't mind about the letter?"

"No, no do not let that worry your over-sensitive conscience, Gauri; but don't keep too many secrets from me. I don't like to be kept out of your concerns, you know. What is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours, eh?"

"Of course."

"Gauri, you won't always set me aside for your brother and sister, will you? Just now, you had forgotten all about me, you witch. I felt quite jealous, you know. Do you still love them better than me?"

But it is not fair to ask you the question. What do you say, Gauri? Shall we take a little holiday? I can take a week's leave. I am tired of this. Shall we go to Ennore, and have a good time, all by our little selves, a second honeymoon? We never had our first, you know. Your brother and sister were with us."

"You did not mind them, did you? If I thought you did,—"

"What would have you done? You couldn't get rid of them. No, no, I did not mean that, Gauri. Don't draw away like that. Forgive me, and do not think me a mean cad. Do you ever think that of me?"

"No, no"

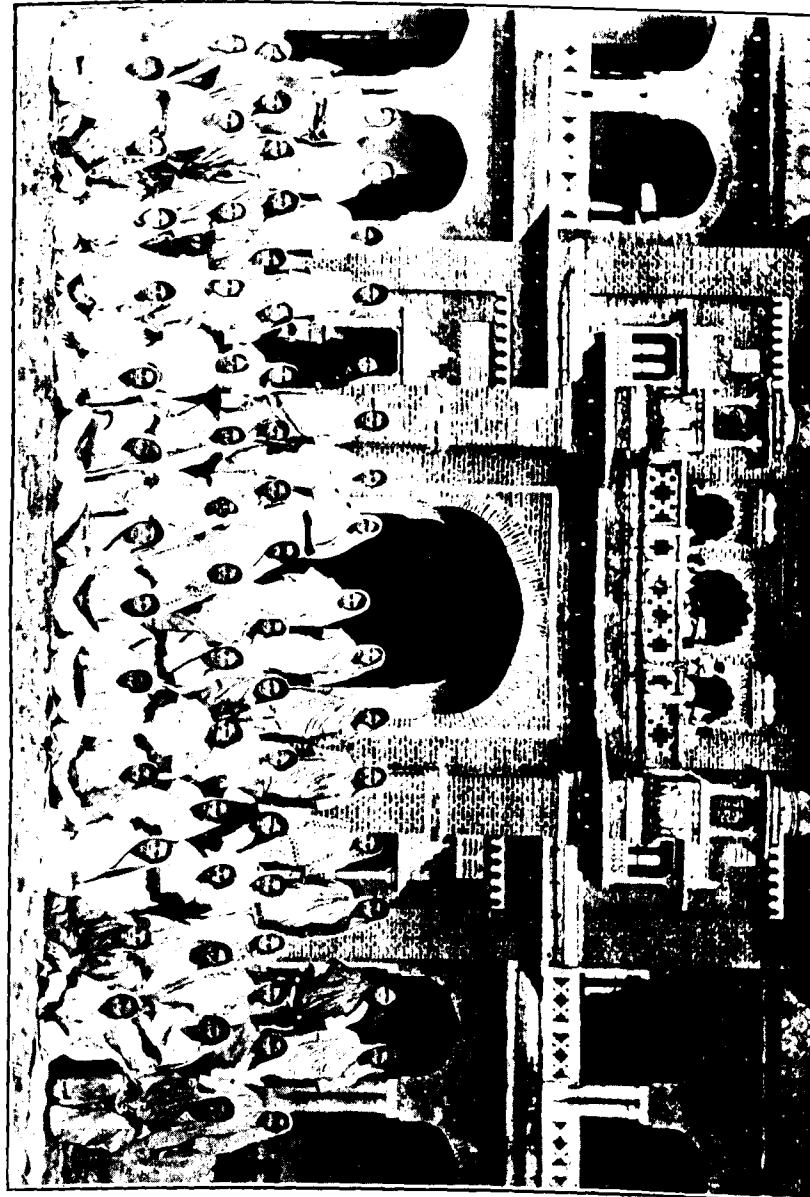
"Cannot you still call me by name? You must not be so conservative as that. I know you like Indian ways, of course, but still——"

"Next time then."

"Very well. I shall keep you to your word, mind. But let us arrange our holiday. Oh! how I am looking forward to it. I shall show you so many things that I love in Ennore. Shall we start tomorrow?"

CHAPTER V.

Gauri and her husband spent a perfectly happy time at the little sea-side place of Ennore. They were lucky enough to secure a house on the borders of the lake, into which the river expanded before joining the sea. Gauri was never tired of looking at the beautiful view from the upstairs verandah. Sometimes, her husband would join her. On the opposite shore of the lake, there was a long line of dark sluices, from beyond which a semi-circular bank of red earth extended half-way down the shore, to where at a bend, an arm of the lake narrowed into the two dark gates of a wide



A group photo of the girl students who sat for the examinations of the Prayag Mahila Vidyalay held at Cawnpore recently.

Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam

lake, which allowed the water to flow into the fields beyond the river. After that, the lake-arm again widened, and growing almost to its brink were dark clumps of trees and long groves of feathery *casuarinas*, among which, higher upon the bank, could be seen a few white-washed and red-bricked houses. Lower down on the shore were the little thatched round huts of fisher-folk.

"How I would like to live in one of those little huts," Gauri remarked.

"What for?" asked her husband.

"Why, to catch fish and cook them, and enjoy myself. How I would love to get rid of all worrying servants; and how I would like to dress like one of those fisher-women."

"And you would love also to clean the fish and the crabs and the prawns, wouldn't, with you those dainty little hands of yours, which you always keep so fastidiously clean?"

"Well, no," admitted Gauri. "I would not like that, but I would like to sit by the fire and cook. You must grant that I do make a good cook,—Arjuna?"

"I admit that," he said with a smile at her valiant attempt to call him by his name; "but not often, Gauri, Oh! and then, what will you do without your books and your veena, and your pretty clothes?"

"I would love to live a free and easy life."

"Are you not doing that now? You know, it is very hard to give up the joys of civilization. 'A burnt child dreads the fire', they say. To that we can add 'A civilized person dreads..... dreads.....'"

"Huts and their squalor? But, what nonsense, we are talking. Look, where the foamy white-breakers dash over the creamy sand. I think I must get a *sari* like that, a cream china-silk, bordered with a broad band of white. I wonder why we do not go oftener to Nature for inspiration in our clothes."

"Ha—ha!" he laughed. "What about your fisher woman's clothes now, Gauri?"

"Or a *sari* of dark-blue, shimmering silk, edged with rolls of white chiffon," she continued, pretending to take no notice of him, "like that calm azure sea bordered by its leaping white waves."

"Why not get a coat for me, let me see, of grey-blue shining Alpaca, sewn over with sparkling diamonds, and all covered with flame-coloured—what do you call it—muslin, or—or—"

"Chiffon?" she asked.

"Yes, chiffon, like that water of the lake, dancing with the diamond sparkles of the flaming sun."

"Not bad for you, Arjuna," she said approvingly. "Go on, go on."

"To that, can be attached white rags and black blobs to represent the boats with their white sails."

"Horrible," she cried clapping her hands to her ears. "But, shall we go for a moonlight row tonight again? It is our last night here."

"All right, little witch."

Their chief boatman was a fat, jolly man, who kept watching them with pleased fatherly eyes. Gauri kept edging away from Arjuna, for she felt very self-conscious. Once, she nearly fell into the sea; but he captured her hand and pulled her back, and thereafter she leant comfortably against him. And, then they saw a most wonderful sunset. Opposite them, the sky was one beautiful mass of all colours, which seemed to blend, in one harmonious whole, into the circular halo of golden light around the sun, which sank like a dull ball of fire below the horizon. On one side, a long flowing amber-blue cloud extended like the lurid smoke from a blazing furnace. On the other side, a line of dusky-blue clouds spread like a sapphire crown on a brow wrapped in flaming gauze. "Ah, ah," sighed Gauri, "All the rainbow hues are melting into the dark-blue of the sky. What a pity that such a spectacle cannot last for ever."

"That is the way of the world," said her matter-of-fact husband. "Nothing pleasant lasts long."

"But it is different with our lives, isn't it? When pleasant moments and happy periods are gone, their fragrant memories make them live again to us. Besides we can always make our own happiness. What is to prevent us from making our lives one idyllic existence, even if circumstances are altered? Everything depends on ourselves."

"What a little philosopher you are," Arjuna said, "and how pleasant it is to have you with me to admire this beauty. I have always longed for such companionship, and I am very thankful for it now. My mother used to give it to me. But then, I was very young, and went away. Soon after I came back, she died."

There was a short pause. Then Gauri murmured,

"Did you wish to marry anyone else? Do you remember you said there might have been one before me?"

"You jealous child! Yes, I did, but that was a long time ago."

"Were you very sorry when she gave you up?"

"I suppose I was, but that is an old story, and you must not let it worry you. I have you now, and I am happy. I hope you are too." Before Gauri could reply, there was a cry from the boatman.

"The moon, the moon," he called out. They turned round and faced towards the sea, and it was almost as if another sun was coming up.

"There you are," remarked Gauri. "If the sun goes down, the moon comes up. The golden light gives place to a silver radiance. I don't know which is more beautiful, Arjuna."

"Everything is beautiful, as long as we are together, Gauri," he said. "Shall we try to fish now?"

But the fishing was not a success, and their boatman laughed at them. So, they gave it up and sat quietly in the dusk. They were going with the current, and their boat scudded over the water like an arrow, the water rippling against it with a soft splashing sound. Now and then, fish leapt up like streaks of silver, and some jumped right across their boat. Before them lay a wide expanse of water, bordered by dim banks. Up above, in the cloudless heaven, the evening star beckoned to them, and the silver moon flung a trail in front of them. There was a sense of mystery in the air, which deepened as the sound of the sea grew louder.

"Are we going towards the sea?" asked Gauri. "How small and insignificant our little boat looks in this wide Universe, Arjuna! Will our boat be drawn into the sea? Suppose, the boatmen are careless!"

"No fear," he laughed. "They are very careful, and all around us is the provident care of God."

"I feel as if we are being borne resistlessly along the ocean of life into the timeless Eternity beyond, which seems to be at the end of the glistening path of the moon. How I wish we could go on like this for ever! I shall never forget this, never, never. Whatever happens, it will be a pleasant memory in my life."

"What will happen that you should be afraid, Gauri? As you said before, our lives are in our hands. Only, we must always trust each other. No secrets in our lives, and whatever happens we shall act together."

Gauri's thoughts flew guiltily to Mallika's letter; and she looked at her husband to see if he had alluded to it. But, in the dusk, she could not well see his face.

"There is the bar," he cried suddenly. "That line of leaping and foaming waves. Take care, boatman, be careful."

"It is the barrier of Death, and if we pass it, we shall be anchored safely in the bright haven beyond," murmured Gauri.

"What is the matter, darling?" asked Arjuna. "You seem almost *fey* tonight. Anything worrying you? But there, we are turning round. Watch now, watch!"

The turmoil of the waves mixed with the shouts of the men, and the rattle of the poles and oars, grew louder. The boat was

inclined to stick in the bar, but one of the men leapt into the shallow water and pushed it back. Gradually, the course was changed, the trail of the moon passed behind. The men settled down to their oars again. Gauri felt as if she was turning back into the world, after a short glimpse of heaven. The human will, she thought, shrank always from death and the beyond. The stubborn heart of man, aided by fleeting circumstances, preferred the transitory joys of the world to the calm peace of death. But she kept her thoughts to herself, and soon the joy of life got hold again of her. It was good to be alive, indeed it was good.

Gradually, they neared home, sailing very close to the shore now. The grey feathery leaves of the casuarinas waved almost in their faces. They passed the little group of huts on the shore, and heard the laughter and chatter of the fisherfolk. Then, they saw lights twinkling out against the darkness, like rubies on a dark skin. One light stood out more distinctly than the others, and Gauri knew it came from their house. Portia's quotation about the little candle in her house came irresistibly into her mind, and she turned with a smile to her husband, intending to say it. But she found him peering closely at her in the dark. He squeezed her hand.

"Portia's words, eh?" he asked. "I was waiting for you to say them."

"I hope you don't always think me so banal," she pouted.

"Never," he protested, "though I must confess, I have seen depths in you to-day, which I thought never existed there."

"I am glad you did," she laughed. "That shows how little you should trust to outward appearances. You now——for instance——"

"I am not such a fool as I look?"

"You asked for it. But there, see another boat seems coming up this side, opposite to us. I hope we shall not crash into it."

"You seem to be nervous tonight, Gauri. But, there it is passing now."

The boatmen in each boat gaily hailed each other, and for a second or two nothing else could be heard but their shouts and calls. But as the ends of the boats finally passed each other, comparative silence fell. Gauri, for no reason that she could think of, felt her heart beating hard. What was the matter with her tonight, she wondered. Then, suddenly, a deadly numbness stole over her. Her heart sank like lead. Her throat felt dry and parched. That tone—those words—stealing out of the dark, as if from the gloomy past of her life!

"His voice——his voice," she uttered in a dry whisper; and all the power going from her limbs fell back into her husband's arms.

"What is the matter, Gauri?" he anxiously asked, "Are you ill? You have been queer all day."

"His voice——," she whispered again. "He has come for me, so glad, too late, too late," and then she fainted.

When she came back to consciousness, the boat had stopped; its keel was grating on the sand; the boatmen were calling to each other. So to the accompaniment of their voices, she stepped ashore, and was helped home by her husband in rather an ominous silence.

K. S.

(To be Continued)

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) THE LITTLE BROWN DOG

On a big farm away up in the hills there lived a little brown dog.

One day, as Little Brown Dog was sitting in the barn dreaming how fine it would be to be owned by a little boy who would love him, Mother Brown Dog rushed into the barn very much excited. "Dear, dear! What shall I do? The Zemindar is going to send another of my children away".

"Where to? Where to?" barked all the little dogs at once.

"To a man down in the town", sighed Mother Brown Dog. Little Brown Dog's tail began to wag, for he had heard his mother tell about all the wonderful things in the town. Surely there must, be some little boy down there to love him.

The next day the Zamindar came to look over the little dogs.

"Guess this brown one will do", he said. Then how Little Brown Dog wagged his tail and barked for joy!

But Mother Brown Dog was not one bit happy. She was worried.

"Now, Little Brown Dog", she said, "You must be very careful, for there are many dangers down in the town. There are many great monsters that race back and forth. Some of them are black, some are red and blue. Some of these monsters make a great noise and others just steal around the corners. Down there they call them automobiles. Now, remember to look up and down and be sure there is no auto-monster coming and then walk straight across the road without once stopping. Above all, never run into the road after a ball or anything, without first looking carefully up and down the road."

Little Brown Dog promised to be a very careful little dog.

When Little Brown Dog reached his new home, he ran about and sniffed at everything.

"Poor Little Brown Dog is lonesome", said the big man. Yes, Little Brown Dog was lonesome and, more than that, he was disappointed, for sniff where he might he could find no little boy to love him.

One afternoon he sat on the side of the road watching with longing eyes the children coming home from school. Some of the children were playing ball. Just at that moment a plump and smiling little boy darted into the road after his ball.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Look out for the monsters", barked Little Brown Dog. But the little boy did not hear. The next moment Little Brown Dog was in the road pulling with all his might at Ram's coat. An auto whizzed by, just missing Ram.

Before Little Brown Dog knew what was happening, a great crowd had gathered and his master was patting his head and calling him a little hero.

The next day, a man came and took Little Brown Dog away in a basket. When it was opened and Little Brown Dog jumped out, whom should he see but plump and smiling Ram? "And he's my really, truly my own", shouted Ram, as he gave him a hug. And Little Brown Dog was very, very happy, for by following his mother's teachings he had found a little boy to love him.

KAMALADEVI.

(2) LET US HAVE KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is power. Knowledge is one of the glorious gifts with which our lives are endowed. Therefore, we all should cultivate knowledge in our minds. For knowledge is the central pillar of life.

Nowadays, there are so many chances of gaining knowledge. The proverb goes thus; "The learned have eyes, the ignorant have only two holes in their heads." Education is in fact necessary for knowledge. Education ploughs the rich fields of our minds and scatters the valuable seeds of knowledge. Books as well as magazines are the unfailing fountains from which the great wealth flows everlastingly. The more one reads them, the more one's knowledge increases. We all should exercise our characters, so as to make them fit and useful for the modern world. Knowledge is the instrument, which puts the mechanism of thought to work speedily and strongly. Like the moon among the stars, knowledge

shines among thinking people. Knowledge arrests ignorance, which is the first ruler of our minds and makes us useful, powerful and happy.

Think and understand how glorious is knowledge.

V. BALAKRISHNAN.

Student.

(3) OUR SERIAL STORY. DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IV.

SECRETS LEAK OUT.

THE sisters could not exchange more secrets, for Mohun leaving the table strode into their midst and flinging himself on the mat, lay supine with one leg bent and the other crossed over it.

"Now girls, what shall I cook?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye and twisting a ribbon round his finger.

Seeta pouting her lips and twitching her nose, snatched away the ribbon from his hand and Rukmini replied.

"Boys don't cook. Besides, you are only our guest."

"I only a guest?" cried Mohun sitting bolt upright. "Surely, you don't mean that? What have I done to be kept out?"

"Get away," said Rukmini in disgust, "you always tease us and spoil everything we do. Anyway, if all are hosts, who will be guests?"

"Why father, mother, Vasant, Raji, Babu, the chauffeur, Chandra, the dog—"

"Stop," cried Seeta impatiently. "If you want to be host Vasant has a right to be so too. As for Raji, we are going to give her a part, because she is a girl."

Mohun bit his finger nail.

"Listen to me, girls. You do all the cooking and entertaining. I'll do shopping for you and be parson to wed Ranjit and Janaki. By the by, has the bride the wedding locket and string? Where is she?"

"In that basket," replied Rukmini, pointing to Janaki's residence.

"But why are the poor dears without clothes?" queried Mohun. "How cold they must be on this rainy day."

The girls laughed and Seeta replied,

"They have to try on a number of dresses this evening. and that's why."

Vasant, who had by this time joined the group on the mat, remarked with a shrewd giggle,

"The bride is taller than the groom."

"Let her be," answered Seeta, "Ranjit's turban will make everything all right."

Mohun cast a scrutinising glance at the doll in question, mentally taking in her dimensions, as if resolved upon some instantaneous remedy.

"Sister," began Vasant, "May I not print the wedding cards with my rubber alphabet?"

"Much you know about wedding cards," put in Seeta sarcastically.

"Now now, tomboy?" her elder brother addressed Seeta, "he can print better than you can cook—I say, put away your things, quick. Babu is coming."

Before Rukmini's hands could gather the scattered things together, Babu burst upon the scene clamouring for toys. To distract his attention Seeta sprang to her feet and started jumping and spinning, shouting and flinging her long arms about, like one possessed. Babu and Raji stood mystified. Nor was Seeta aware how near she was to a beautiful vase and some ornaments, till she heard a tremendous crash and witnessed the glassware in a thousand shivers on the floor.

The children all looked at one another. After they had sufficiently recovered breath, Mohun significantly tapped his left hand with his right fore-finger, suggesting what Seeta might get from their father. As for Babu, Vasant had given him the mirror, from the crystal surface of which he first tried to pick up a water picture and failing in that attempt lost himself in self-admiration by pressing his nose against the glass.

The sound of the fallen glass brought Mrs. Vikram from the kitchen and she saw the repentant culprit picking up the broken bits with a look of fright on her face.

"Thank God, it is nothing worse," exclaimed the mother with a sigh of relief. "I thought something had happened to one of you—" and she laid her hand on her bosom and continued,

"My heart is still palpitating. But what on earth could have possessed Seeta to bring them down. What a beautiful vase you have destroyed, Seeta thoughtless, thoughtless girl."

She bent and sadly examined the pieces and then telling the children to keep away from that spot till she had got it cleared of all the debris, returned to her task. Seeta had not in this calamity noticed that her hand had received considerable scratches, but she was glad of it afterwards when her father spared her with only a warning.

(To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAR.

(4) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

This is a sentimental letter I am writing to you, and I do hope you will not think me foolish. I do think it is pleasant and even necessary sometimes to pause for a while amid the hurry and the pleasures of life, and moralise a little. I have often used spare moments to look back upon some happy memories of childhood. And so looking back, I would advise my young friends to live their child lives and their youthful days happily and pleasantly, so that they can have something nice to look back upon. And, when they do remember, it will be as well to stress the memory, so that it should not wear them.

I remember a vivid memory. We were in a sea-coast town, about four miles from the sea; so that it was not often we could go there. I remember well the first time I saw the sea. I was about 8 years then. Away in the distance, I thought I saw white cows and horses leaping about. I exclaimed aloud: "Oh, look how they are jumping. Oh, what a lot of them!" But no one laughed or replied, and I realised my error.

Then I remember a woman, whom I idealised. Oh, how I admired her and adored her! Later, I read Carlyle and understood my feelings. Of course as months and years passed, I found several things in her to criticise, and my worship waned. But who among us is perfect? I would advise my young friends not to discourage their hero-worship, but to go on admiring their hero or heroine, and try to model their actions on them. By natural law, it must be some sort of greatness which gets admiration. Sometimes it may be the wrong sort of greatness, the greatness of evil-doing, or of dare-devilry or of smug goodness. We see enough of this in cinemas; but such must be checked by wise parents. As for hero-worship of worth there is nothing like it, to model the character of the young. There is nothing better for a young man than to admire and love a woman older than himself.

Do you remember the first time you left the house of your parents, for school, or college, on holidays, or to stay with other people? Can you still feel the poignant pang of first parting? Can you yet feel the tears rising into your eyes at every moment of fond memory, tears which you had to keep back, so that others might not think you a coward? I can. I remember especially how, being the eldest, I was privileged to unlace my father's boots and shoes, and bring him his slippers, when he came home tired from office. And ah, how I longed to have that privilege again! It did come later, but the beauty of it had passed by then. I had become occupied with other pleasures and pleasant matters. I

remember also, how I ran in to kiss the walls 'Good-bye', when I left home.

My young friends, try and always do your best for your old parents and elders. Bear with them, be patient with them, help them, feel with them especially; and you will be happy later.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

"WOMEN OF TODAY"

There is one set among us that is always for reform and reconstruction, while another foolishly conservative, sticks to old institutions. I have often found blind critics of women's education, who little realise, that, in its practical working, it is guided for us by those who dare not deliberately mislead and enervate us. When these critics say that it is not suited to the 'Indian Ideal' and the 'Indian Temperament', one fails to understand what they really mean. Some of them, when they criticise the inadequacy of opportunities given to vernacular studies, do so from the impression that literature does not flourish so well as they desire. But no literature has been made to order. You may be a scholar, but not an author. England had a Shakespeare, when she had no literature to boast of, except, say of Chaucer. Literature grows like a plant. It grows when it will, where it will, and with blossoms as it pleases, according to its nature.

Educated women of today are held out by unsympathetic critics as "fancy products," unfit to be good wives or mothers and some are afraid they might even evolve into an "intermediate sex." We are sorry that these critics fail to realise that a university stands for an ideal of character and culture, and those of the softer sex that have come to the forefront today are the products of high education. They have the strength of will, to equal if not excel men, and are masculine only in their courage and indomitable will. We have seen masculine women, not so much among the educated, as among the ignorant and the unintellectual, whose acidity of temper and boundless licence of querulous and insulting talk, shrill upon the terrified ear. Our education is not making our ladies so much logical as reasonable, and in practical life we have educated men and women, who can appreciate life better, and endure its afflictions with more courage than others.

We are certainly aware of the misery of the uneducated wives of those, who spend their time outside in drinking and debauchery;

and come home only to cause domestic disquiet. Lacking in brains, women not only fail to extend their beneficial influence to their partners, but coerced by economic dependance and the need for protection, are content to mould themselves to any shape desired by men. By their ignorance to keep a household good and proper, and bring up their children decently, some of our uneducated sisters do also become a pain and burden to their husbands. If we but look a little deeper, we see that the wives of some, that hold a high status in public life, are nothing but millstones tied round their necks, because of their lack of good taste and polished manners.

Elementary or secondary education can only be elementary or secondary in nature, and the proper development of the brain to reach the threshold of life, whence we can scan the horizon, and note our goal, can only be attained by a high educational career. We should never bar our women the privilege of university studies on the ground that the marriage market is fluctuating and that, for lack of demand in this *wonderful market* for educated women, we have to keep them (according, to one pungent critic) like a "fire brigade always ready, but seldom wanted." A bad woman is bad in any walk of life and a moral character can only gain additional assets by education.

Our college education goes a great deal to make our sisters not only good wives and mothers, but also better leaders and rulers, examples of whom are already familiar to the public; we feel the that criticism that "the incubated college girl is wanting in qualities that make for domestic felicity and elegance," is baseless, when we see standing monuments of happy Wedded pairs, who are all the better for their education. Shakespearean philosophy has been found in these cases to make them endure, not only the tooth-ache, but all other aches patiently. It is true that an educated girl thinks she has a reasonable claim to any decent young man, who is not given to vices. It is better that these *remain unmarried than be wedded to the unworthy*. They are sufficiently cultured to make their own choice and not subject themselves to the will of old parents, whose follies are adequately criticised in our modern popular farces.

The question whether women should accept public offices is still under discussion, but we know that they are eminently fitted at least for educational and medical professions.

It may be that the modern educated woman of Kerala has lost a little of her physical grace, compared with her mother and grand-mother before her, but we cannot say that her mental brilliancy is also lost. The introduction of several physical exercises into Women's Colleges is intended to make our sisters robust and energetic and none but ourselves are to be blamed if

such opportunities are not properly made use of. Personally, I cannot think of anything like physical brilliancy in any woman without adequate intellectual brilliancy, for by lacking in the latter women can never be good helpmates to man. We shall not insist on every woman taking to education as a duck takes to water; but every one that can afford it ought to have a university career which rubs off all angularities and makes us far different from our crude old grand-mothers. As for their conduct, there is no need, as one critic remarks, to issue a new code of morality; but such a code is at any rate highly essential for the moral paupers that are seen in the highways and bye-ways of life. We shall not dislike women for their alphabetical appendages, but shall ever hate their ignorance and illiteracy, the rooting-out of which means the salvation of our country.

R. CHINNAMMA.

CUPID IN THE KITCHEN

CHATHU surveyed the kitchen with a smile of satisfaction on his face. He held that a good meal, if it was not well served, as this was, was not worth its weight. A display of clean, white china gave peace to his soul. The clatter of dishes was like music in his ears.

"Say, Aammu, shall we eat now? Come along, I am feeling hungry," he said, addressing the fair maid that stood by the fireside. Her face assumed a look of pain. "I am not feeling very well, Chathu, I don't want anything now. I think I had better fast this night." The smile left the man's face. "Don't starve," he advised; "and besides, if you don't eat, I shall not eat too," he added. "Indeed," said Aammu, and there was a smile in the corner of her eye, "that is as you please. Let me go and lie down a bit..." And in a moment she was gone, leaving Chathu in a fair state of desperation.

She closed the door of her small room, and gave vent to a peal of laughter. What fools these men were! Why, this was the fourth that had come there as servant, and all of them had fallen head over heels in love with her. What was more curious, they had all taken the same tactics of warfare. "Bah," said the fair servant-maid, "I am beginning to be tired of this game."

She then opened a small cupboard. From its recesses, she brought out a covered dish. That was her share of the 'rice and curry.' She ate with satisfaction. When all was quiet, she went down, cleaned the plates, and locking the kitchen-door, came away again.

That was the beginning of a noted campaign. We need not here go into the details of it. Suffice it to say that Chathu was starved out of his obstinacy. But he didn't seem to care very much about his humiliation. As usual, starving had had its strengthening effect. It was apparent to the most unobserving eye that the love that had been in his heart had become as dead as a door nail. An expression of indifference, almost of contempt, had come to his face—naturally, or by assiduous practice, I am not sure. All the world might talk, or laugh, or cry, or die—all the world, including his once-beloved Ammu;—but *he* didn't care. Ammu said that he was cultivating a taste for politics. She had based her conclusion on the fact that he had asked her one night for her opinion about the 'present state of affairs.' It was such an unusual thing. For his own part, said he, he was sure all the world was going to the dogs. But he never had a very high opinion of the world,—no, not he!

Thus, weeks passed on. Ammu might have thought that life was a dull business. But it was curious she did not express her opinions aloud, as was her wont. Chathu had grown more and more methodical. His very walk was now a model of precision. The master and mistress used to tell visitors that he was a perfect servant. But he was not puffed-up. The master's little boy affirmed, whenever he was asked, that he liked Chathu above every one else in the house. The child would play with him, eat with him, even sleep with him. Chathu too loved that little boy very much. The inquisitive eyes of Ammu had once watched these two together. For a time Gopi, that was the child's name, talked and played, Chathu accommodating himself to the roles of a variety of animals. When at last he was tired, the child got on to the sofa, and was soon asleep. Chathu approached gently, and kissing the beautiful face, stood there, lost in thought. Yes, it was a lovely vision that he was contemplating. The child had taken one little thumb into its mouth, and the well-formed, cherub lips, and the fair cheeks moved with a tender movement. The petal-like lids closed softly over the large eyes. The dark hair fell in wavy ringlets over face and neck. Chathu sighed deeply, but he did not hear the answering sigh that came from the window at his back.

One day, Chathu had been away 'marketing.' On coming back, he directed his steps as usual to the kitchen. But it was evident there was a commotion in the room. He heard the indistinct murmur of a man's voice—yes, it belonged to Karappan, the 'driver.' Then he heard Ammu's angry voice, and she was calling his name! Slowly he entered, and methodically placed the basket he carried, in a corner of the room. Karappan had left his hold of Ammu's hands as he entered. There was no need for explanations.

His face bore its usual expression. There was no emotion in his walk. But a subtle change had come over him, and Karappan felt that he had to deal with a very serious man indeed. Like most 'drivers', he believed in the efficacy of bluff. He thought that he could 'laugh it away.' But the heavy blow that stretched him on the floor must have altered the tenor of his opinions considerably. "Now go and see to the washing of that car, and don't again bring in here that face of yours," Chathu ordered.

Then he turned to Ammu, who was fairly astounded at the man's coolness. "I didn't do it because of any love for you," he said, with deliberate plainness, but an unconscious gentleness softened his voice. "I think I should have done as much for *any* girl." Then he went out.

In her room that night, Ammu went over the exciting events of the day. She would have laughed, but for once the ready laughter failed her. As she laid her head on the pillow, there was a tear in her bright eye. "Oh my poor, dead mother," she prayed, "help me — — I — Oh, I do not know what has come to me!" — —

"Ever read this?" Chathu asked Ammu one night, holding a small book towards her. "No? you should read it." Ammu took the book. "What is it about, Chathu?" she asked.

"Oh, it is an inspired attack on vice in general, and of drinking and debauchery in particular," he replied, in his most matter-of-fact voice. Ammu had grown thoughtful. "Well, I don't want to read it. Why are you always so serious, Chathu? Do you never laugh now?" she asked, and her voice was unconsciously tender.

"I do laugh now and then — — See, here goes." he said, bursting into a loud peal of laughter. Ammu replied: "Don't for mercy's sake, don't mock me — I am sorry for the trick I played on you that night — But I didn't know — —"

Chathu: "Good God, I had quite forgotten that incident. Why —," and again he burst out laughing.

Ammu: "Why should you tease me like this? Chathu? I would like to be—friends—My mother"— (she gulped down the words)— "and I have no one—" and I have no one—" and the tears came in spite of her brave efforts.

"You have me, my dearest," he said, taking her in his strong arms. "I love you, Ammu, your beauty, and your mischief and everything. And about that incident, don't be too sad. I too didn't starve that night"

"SUMMI."

IN MAN'S REALM

A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

".....Shall I tell him to mind his work and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman and a Gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want". Thus meditated Squire Brown while sending his son to the public school at Rugby, which had then for some years been under the rule of Dr. Thomas Arnold, one of the four eminent Victorians of whom a masterly sketch has been given us by Lytton Strachey.

In August 1827, the headmastership of the Rugby School became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Wooll, who had held it for twenty-one years. Many canvassed for the appointment, but the twelve noblemen and gentlemen of Warwickshire, who were the trustees of the school, were determined to be guided entirely by the merits of the candidates. Among the applications received was one from Thomas Arnold, supported by a letter from Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, boldly predicting that, if Arnold were appointed, he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England. The trustees unhesitatingly accepted the recommendation of Dr. Hawkins and appointed Arnold.

At the time that Arnold entered upon his duties as the headmaster of Rugby, the public schools of England presented a picture of "anarchy tempered by despotism". The life lived by boys combined licensed barbarism with the minute study of the niceties of Greek and Latin verses. It was "a life of freedom and terror, of prosody and rebellion, of interminable floggings and appalling practical jokes". A feeling of deep dissatisfaction displayed itself in many responsible quarters with the kind of instruction imparted. Classical reading unmixed with other information was denounced as narrow and of no utility. Religious men like Wilberforce and Bowdler were scandalised by the absence of systematic attempts to impart a Christian character to the tone prevailing among the boys. The scenes in the school chapel gave no promise of forming Christian character. "While some antique fellow doddered in the pulpit, rats would be let loose to scurry among the legs of the exploding boys". Consequently, a strong agitation arose, demanding a change in the system of education and in the administration of the schools. A more liberal curriculum of studies to suit the utilitarian tendencies of the time and a rise in the moral tone of the boys were insisted upon. To Arnold, the necessity for reforming the schools was apparent; but his education and temperament led him to consider

the moral rather than the intellectual side of the problem. Six months before joining Rugby he wrote to the Reverend Tasker, "With regard to reforms at Rugby, give me credit, I must beg of you, for a most sincere desire to make it a place of Christian education. At the same time, my object will be, if possible, to form Christian men....."

When the call came to him from Rugby, Arnold had spent four years in Oxford and nine years at Laleham as a private tutor after taking a first class in the University of Oxford in "Litterae Humaniores". Men taking to private tuition generally regard it as a means to an end and look with impatience for the day when they can cast it off and be settled steadily in life. But Arnold took to it as the business of his life and looked upon it as a profession as good as any other. To a friend who was about to engage in a similar occupation, he wrote after he had been three years at Rugby "I know it has a bad name, but my wife and I always happened to be fond of it, and if I were to leave Rugby for no demerits of my own, I would take to it again with all the pleasure in life". His influence over his pupils in Laleham was marvellous. He was exceedingly mindful of plodders. Once he lost patience with a boy of this kind and spoke harshly to him. The unfortunate boy looking up in Arnold's face said "Why do you speak angrily, Sir? Indeed, I am doing the best that I can". Arnold told this story to his children years afterwards, confessing "I never felt so much ashamed in my life—that look and that speech, I have never forgotten." In fact, every pupil of his in Laleham was made to feel that he had a work to do and that he ought to do it well. Although all of them were not of the same abilities, every one of them could be of use to mankind. Thus, a sort of self-respect was awakened in the boys which made them conscious that God had made the world big enough to admit of useful and conscientious labour even from the weakest of His children.

In Laleham, Arnold would begin his lessons at seven in the morning and keep on till three in the evening with an interval for breakfast. Then he would romp and play with his pupils in the garden and merrily battle with spears with them. Often, he would walk with them until dinner-time and have them around him in his drawing room after tea. He did not however confine his time to his pupils. He would use some of his spare hours in assisting the curate of Laleham and in visiting the poor of the villages around. By his life he imparted such a healthy tone to those around him that a newcomer at Laleham felt that a great and earnest work was going on there. So strong was his attachment to Laleham that, on receiving the news of his appointment to the Rugby school, he felt very sorry that he had to leave a place which had been full of peace and happiness for him.

In Rugby, Arnold continued the method he had followed in Laleham. Before entering upon his duties, he came to an understanding with the trustees of the school that he should have complete independence in the actual working of the school and that if they were dissatisfied with him, they should dismiss him and not interfere with his work. Far different was his attitude towards his assistants. He invariably consulted them in matters concerning discipline in the school. Every three weeks he held a council, in which all questions relating to the school administration were discussed with his assistants. They were invited to a free and frank discussion and it often happened that in these councils, he was opposed and out-voted! When making enquiries for a candidate for an assistant master's post, he wrote, "what I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man and one who has commonsense and understands boys.....I prefer activity of mind and an interest in work to high scholarship; for the one may be far more easily acquired than the other". To a candidate, who has been appointed as a master, he wrote, "the qualifications which I deem essential to the due performance of a master's duty here may in brief be expressed as the spirit of a Christian and a gentleman".

Thackeray once observed that there was more truth in fiction than in history. But, it does not underrate the many biographies written of Dr. Arnold to say that a vivid picture of his life among the boys at Rugby can be obtained from that excellent work of fiction, in which the meditating Squire already mentioned appears as a prominent character. "Tom Brown's schooldays", written by Thomas Hughes and placed for its merits on a level with Testalozzi's "Leonard and Gertrude", deserves to be read side by side with Dean Stanley's "Life and correspondence of Thomas Arnold". On the night of the day on which Tom arrived at Rugby, the prayer bell rang when the quarter to ten struck. All the boys ranged themselves in order and waited solemnly. Then, to the cry of 'Hush', in strode Dr. Arnold "cap on head, book in one hand and gathering up his gown with the other". Tom looked horribly fascinated, as the doctor stood there and read out a Psalm from the book in "that deep, ringing, searching voice of his". The doctor was very fond of reading the Psalms, relating to the beauty of the natural world. He read them without comment, but his reading was such as to impress the boys and make them exclaim that they had not understood the Psalms before.

The day after Tom's arrival in Rugby was a Sunday. At eleven o'clock in the morning, he had a sight of the doctor again, in the school chapel. Neither the service nor the doctor impressed him much; but his feelings in the afternoon chapel were quite different. Prayers had been said, a hymn had been sung; and

then came that great event in the life of every Rugby boy—the first sermon of the doctor. The school chapel occupied a more important place in Dr. Arnold's labours than the class room. When the chaplaincy of Rugby fell vacant, he begged of the trustees to recommend him to the office, as he felt that as headmaster, he was the real and proper religious instructor of the boys. He was inclined to forego the salary attached to the chaplaincy, as he considered that he was already paid for his services. Having been appointed, he preached almost every Sunday of the school-year until the end of his life. There is not an account more moving than the one in which Thomas Hughes quotes some of the words of the doctor's sermon delivered on the Sunday following the unexpected death of a school boy from fever.

One of the telling features in Dr. Arnold's method was to put old boys in charge of young ones and steady the character of the former. Tom's behaviour during the second half-year was such that the doctor seriously contemplated expelling him; for, very often, on the morning after a half-holiday, Tom had to be sent for and flogged for some reckless act or other. The doctor feared that in another year, Tom might infect all the younger boys. However, at the suggestion of Tom's master, the doctor placed a remarkable clever little lad under Tom's care; and what wonderful effect this act of the doctor had on Tom's character is well described in the second part of Thomas Hughes's admirable book.

It was in July 1842. Tom had left Rugby and proceeded to Oxford. He was now enjoying a holiday in the company of two fellow-students with a fishing-rod in the wildest parts of Scotland while intent on a fish which had risen twice at him, one of his companions raised his head from a fortnight—old weekly paper soiled with the marks of toddy-glasses and tobacco ashes and said "Hullo Brown, here's something for you, your old master, Arnold of Rugby, is dead". This news unnerved Tom. Dropping his fishing rod, he took over the newspaper from his companion with hands trembling and eyes swimming and read it over and over again. Yes, Arnold of Rugby had died on the 12th June somewhat suddenly of 'angina pectoris', while his physician was preparing medicine and Mrs. Arnold had gone out to bring the children. Brown could no longer enjoy his holiday and immediately took leave of his companions. "I'm afraid that confounded newspaper has spoiled Brown's fun for this trip", said one of the companions. "How odd", returned the other, "that he should be so fond of his old master". And yet they also were public-school men.

It is scarcely right to think that the life of Arnold is of value only to educationists. Even those who have no special interest in education will find in the life of that 'great and good Englishman'

an example of a sincere and truthful man, who was not contented to be righteous himself but made righteous all those with whom he came in contact. Truth, and nothing but the truth, did Matthew Arnold record, when in his 'Rugby Chapel' he wrote fifteen years after his father's death.—

But thou would'st not alone
Be saved, my father!, alone
Conquer and come to thy goal
Leaving the rest in the wild.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CH. XXXIV DIARRHOEA.

BY diarrhoea is meant frequency of stools in a more or less watery manner. It is due in most cases to some putrefactive organism in the bowel and is very common in children, because (1) the sterilising power of the child's stomach is small, (2) the children are mainly fed on milk which forms a convenient medium for germs; (3) infants are particularly liable to chill and consequent affection of the bowels and (4) infants being on a liquid diet are more prone to loose evacuations than older children on a solid diet.

Causes: (1) Unhygienic conditions such as over-crowding, want of ventilation, etc which produce pollution of air.

(2) Ingestion of decomposing food, or milk, which has reached a certain stage of decomposition. Such foods contain poisonous acids, which will excite diarrhoea by irritation and ingestion of undigestible things.

(3) Weather conditions such as a high atmospheric temperature, especially if long continued. A high temperature produces bad effects in the following ways:—(a) by its depressing influence on the bodily powers and the risk of chill while perspiring, (b) by stimulating bacterial growth in soil and water, (c) by increasing fermentation occur in food especially in milk, (d) a child in hot weather does not require as much food as it requires in the cold weather, for instance the food that a child takes in November or December will be too much for him in May or June, the result being that the digestion is very severely taxed, predisposing the child to diarrhoea.

(4) Damp and cold and sudden vicissitudes are also undoubted causes.

(5) Dentition—sometimes.

(6) Malarial infection.

(7) Worms.

(8) Pregnancy in the nursing mother.

Symptoms. Frequency of stools accompanied by vomiting sometimes and fever. The stools vary in different cases and deserve special notice; (a) in some cases there is simply a relaxation of the bowels unaccompanied by any constitutional symptoms and without much alteration in the colour of the stools. This is a simple diarrhoea and is perhaps nature's method of eliminating undesirable contents of the bowels. This form is easily amenable to ordinary treatment. (b) In other cases the stools are curdy and contain parts of undigested milk. These motions are sour-smelling and acid. There is no fever generally, but pain may be present. This kind of motion indicates that there is some irritating material in the bowel (eg. undigested food) and consequently the contents are hurried on before they can be digested. This is due generally to some indiscretion in diet and abates as soon as the cause is removed. (c) In another class of cases (rare), the stools are characterised by a horrible smell. They are copious and muddy in colour. This kind indicates that putrefaction has taken place in the bowels and that the bile, which is a disinfectant of the bowel, is deficient. (d) In yet another class of cases there is very violent watery diarrhoea. The onset is sudden; motions are copious and are either green or colourless. This kind of diarrhoea is soon followed by its concomitant general symptoms, namely, the hands and feet become cold, the face pale, the eyes sunken, and the lips thin. The child is restless and sleepless, he moans frequently or shrieks and is never quiet. All these point to the rapid drawing away of fluids from the body and call for an immediate supply of fluid. (e) There is another variety of diarrhoea, which is accompanied by fever.

Prognosis: This depends on the infant, its surroundings, the amount of infection and the length of illness. An infant having good vitality, careful diet and proper hygiene has a better chance of recovery. Simple diarrhoea and diarrhoea of indigestion and dentition get cured naturally or under ordinary treatment. But the other kinds are grave and require prompt and efficient treatment. Signs of bad omen are:

1. Depression of fontanelles,
2. Sunken and staring eyes,
3. Haziness of the eyeball,
4. Wrinkling of the skin.
5. Quick gasping respiration.

Treatment. Cases of ordinary diarrhoea i.e., those unaccompanied by constitutional symptoms, yield promptly to a dose of castor oil and a correction in diet. Castor oil has a constipating after-effect and is therefore particularly valuable in these cases.

But if the diarrhoea is at all severe the treatment must be more elaborate and should be conducted on the following lines:—

Hygienic treatment: The infant should be put into the best and cleanest possible surroundings, in a clean and airy room, with clean linen, clean bed, an active attendant etc., in short all sanitary conditions must be perfect. If sea-air is obtainable, it is well and good. The child must be bathed or washed daily with lukewarm water. The child's mouth should be frequently swabbed out with cold water.

Diet. To begin with, nothing is to be given except rice water. It is less irritating than any other cereal diet and is made by adding one tablespoon of old rice to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water, boiling, straining, and adding a pinch of salt. This should be the sole diet for at least 24 hours. If the infant is breast-fed, discontinue the breast and substitute rice water. After 24 hours, or if the symptoms have abated, skimmed milk or mother's milk may be allowed alternately with rice water. The strength of the feeds should be increased, and the return to normal feeding accomplished only very slowly. Under no circumstances should sugar or any fat containing food be given for several days. In addition to rice water, plain boiled water to which are added common salt and soda at the rate of half a tea-spoon of each to 1 pint, should be freely given. The addition of half a grain of saccharine to the water will make it more palatable and the child will readily take this in large quantities and by so doing supply the loss of fluid and become thirsty for more water. One will be surprised to see the quantity of saline water that these children absorb.

Drugs will sometimes be necessary. *Bismuth subnitrate* or *Bismuth salicylate* in doses of 3 to 10 grains every few hours will be very useful in checking the diarrhoea. Opium and its preparations should be absolutely prohibited. If there is fever, application of cold evaporating lotions or Eau de cologne or ice bag (India Rubber) should be considered. Drugs are rarely indicated. If the fever is suspected to be of malarial origin, small doses of quinine should be given with Bismuth. If the diarrhoea is one of fetid type, calomel $\frac{1}{8}$ grain should be given four times in the day, until the colour and smell are altered. If the diarrhoea is sour-smelling, give Woodward's gripe water,

Foot note.—Bismuth subnitrate or Bismuth salicylate pills of required strength are put up by Messrs Burroughs Welcome & Co. and are available in bazaars. In the absence of these, Vasambu

(Tamil), Vasa, (Telegu), Vayambu (Malayalam), or sweet flag (English), is a popular domestic remedy and can be administered in any form. It is generally burnt over castor oil flame and is given in doses of about 3 grains rubbed with water. An infusion prepared by infusing 2 oz of bruised Vasambu, 1 drachm (one anna weight) of coriander seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm of black pepper in a pint of water, boiled down to 12 oz. and strained after cooling, is another method. Dose 1-3 tea-spoons sweetened with honey or saccharine. This drug cannot be depended upon in severe diarrhoea.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

I agree with Sister Susie's latest suggestion on the sleeve fashion. I would add also that in these days of so much nationalism, Indians whether Christians or non-Christians, should be as much Indian as possible in style and customs.

I would particularly like to draw the attention to the *Bottu*—the tiny vermilion spot on the forehead. It has been my one aim for some years now to find out if there is really any religious significance to it, and all in vain. I learn from all quarters that the marks worn by men on their foreheads—the exclamation or the hundred and eleven, as they are popularly and jocosely called, bear religious significance, but the tiny round spot worn by women is considered to signify more *Maidenhood* and *Wifehood*.

It is argued that, if the Bottu had any religious significance, the poor Hindu widow would never discard it, as it is more as a widow that she becomes more religious and performs strict puja to atone for the sin of widowhood.

Also it is contended that non-Hindu, and non-Christian religionists, like the Brahmos, and the Aryasamajists, who are more or less Monotheists, adopt the bottu.

So the bottu is, I consider, purely a *beauty mark*.

Formerly, when Brahmins and non-Brahmins were converted to the Christian faith, these newly, converted Indians adopted Western styles and customs and did away with most of their Indian habits, the *bottu* being one amongst many. Fortunately and wisely, the sari was retained!

Now in these days one finds even non-Christians adopting Western styles to extremes, and child-widows wearing bottus, so that one is hardly able to tell the difference between Christians and non-Christians.

Hence I suggest that Christians, who are also trying to go back to their Indian styles and customs, and who, preferring Indian names to English, are re-baptising themselves with Indian names, should also adopt the bottu. I sincerely think the finishing touch to the sari with the accompanying short-sleeved blouse that Sister Susie suggests, and some neat jewellery, is the pretty *Vermilion Bottu*.

Yours sincerely,

KANAKAMMA,

N. B.—I venture to disagree with "Kanakamma" about the *Bottu*.

SISTER SUSIE.

RANDOM PORTRAITS.

THE SCHOOL-MARM.

"WHO is Narayani? What is she, that all her girls adore her?" I asked a pupil once, she was a grown-up girl;—and immediately she went into raptures.

"Oh, she is such a nice creature. What should we, girls, do without her? She is mother, eldest sister, teacher, mistress, to us, all in one. She is the Superintendent of our school".

"But what is it you like so much in her?" I asked.

"Oh, everything: I can say she is perfect, or almost perfect. But most of all, we like the interest she takes in us, really and truly, not for gaining our favour, or because it is her duty. She really loves us".

"What, all the new girls who come every year?"

"Yes, strange as it may seem. She has such a large heart. She likes the naughty ones, too; in fact she is kindest to them, and they do wonders when with her. You see, she does not scold them, but tries to see what is wrong with them, why they are naughty and careless; and, having found out, she works on the best line she can find. I can tell you, she has discovered a few brilliant ones in that way, who would otherwise have been dubbed incorrigible, because they could not get on in the general way".

"Really? Does she never punish?"

"Of course, she does; but she does not do it to hurt the culprit. She really punishes us by making us feel ashamed, or by taking off some of the luxuries we prize, or by curtailing our liberty a little. The other day, a girl was caught in a theft. Her mother, who was her teacher, punished her by making her kneel

for two hours on end. But, our teacher punished her by making her walk up and down solitarily in a corner of the garden, where we were playing about. She got both exercise and open air; but oh, she was ashamed. There was another girl, who refused to wash her plates as we all have to do, our school being rather a poor one. The teacher did it herself, two or three times; and she did it so sweetly that the girl got ashamed and consented to do her duty".

"So, you all obey her?"

"Rather. We have to do it, especially as she always gives us reasonable orders. But, even if she did not, we would go out of our way to do her will."

"And what else does she do?"

"Oh, she helps us to prepare our lessons, by teaching us quick ways and so on. She never gets tired of answering reasonable questions. She never gets cross with any one, unless the latter happens to be ride on purpose. But, when that happens, I tell you, we tremble. And then, she joins us in our games, or takes an interest in all our hobbies. Each teacher spends an evening with us. I tell you, we adore her".

"Does she teach you anything

"Doesn't she? She is very clever, and she coaxes us and makes us like to study, for she makes her lessons so interesting to us. And she is never angry, if we do not understand, but keep on worrying her to explain further."

"In fact, she is a paragon. But, does she get any time for herself?"

"Of course, she does. We see to that. She is rather delicate; and we try to spare her, even while we worry her. But she will not allow us to sentimentalise over her."

"Do the other teachers like her?"

"They are very jealous of her, especially when she sides with us for the sake of justice. The others are all selfish and think of their pleasures. They hate mixing with us, except as a duty. So, they say our Narayani Amma is trying 'to catch crows with us'; and thus get into the good graces of our Principal. But we know. We hate to leave her, when we go home. But, she makes us see that we should love home. And we really do, you know. She corresponds with the girls who leave school, and visits them sometimes, and so they still have her as a friend. She also helps the very poor girls with money. And, she never allows us to talk ill of other teachers. In fact we think she is too much of a *goody-goody* in that way. She forgives too much".

"She helps you to find work, after you leave school?"
 "That she does. Oh, she is a wonder!"

"PANKAJAM."

SOCIETY SNAPS.

In these days of 'Swaraj' and 'Self-Government', it may sound invidious if any one advises social intercourse between the East and the West. But leaving aside political matters, I do think it is very necessary especially at this present time. There is so much of value that the East and the West can learn from each other; and opportunities for such ought not to be lost. And there are friends worth having on both sides. There is usually a thick wall between an Eastern and a Western, which one feels cannot be broken through; in spite of some common interests, the chief basis is untouched. But it does happen in a few cases; and when that comes, rich indeed is the friendship, far richer than between people of the same nation. But, apart from that, even casual acquaintance may produce great results. This being so, it is a sad thing that it seems to be coming into fashion, among ladies at least, for a European lady to give a party to only Indian ladies. I went to one such, and the only European present was the hostess. Of course, we enjoyed ourselves; but why the restriction, I thought. Was it because the hostess thought the Indians would be more at home by themselves, or did the Europeans feel that Indian company would be too boring for them? I admit that the last thought is a nasty one, and I apologise if I am wrong; but it cannot be denied that such a question forces itself to be asked.

Again, it is becoming the custom to have exclusive clubs for Indians alone. This is not right in several ways, one of them being that it is a sort of just reprisal on the part of the Indians, for the non-admission of Indians into some European clubs. But, at the same time, I think there ought to be a mixed club for Easterners and Westerners in every station.

Then again, in England, it often happens that an Indian chooses to mix only with Indians, partly from shyness I believe. I think, if an Indian does think of going to England, he ought to make it a point to mix with the natives of the country. But let him beware that it does not lead him to despise Indian customs and eschew Indian company.

"SOUR-SWEET".

TACT IN SOCIETY.

There are some people, who never understand kindness. They presume on them. What should we do with them? Put them down kindly, you could say, or drop friendship with them. But then, suppose they do not understand, and think it is right on their part to take advantage. For instance, when we think a friend is specially kind to us, we think she loves us; and we may think that it gives her pleasure to do us favours. I know of a girl, who used to ask her friend constantly for flowers, because the latter liked the girl's appreciation of her beautiful garden. Of course, it was pleasant to be so asked now and then. But constantly? And then, one keeps on asking for loans of cars, or for loans of other things. I have known a person, who asked for gifts in that way. My father had a dear, but rather foolish, friend. The latter was once shown a beautifully-bound prayer book, which my father had just bought. He wanted it, and my father at once gave it away, apparently happily; but we knew how difficult it was for him; and we thought he ought to have refused the request.

I still think he should have refused. Of course, you would say, that a friend of that sort is not a friend worth having. I don't know about that. We have friends, who have more drastic faults. There are people, who have sinned morally and are going on gaily in their course; but they are received with open arms into society. This poor friend of ours was guilty of a small drawback, I consider. He could easily have been set right. A good strong hint would have done it; and did so later; for you see the friend loved my father dearly, and wished to please him. "A stitch in time saves nine", you know. It is the same in this matter; but be quiet, and it becomes a case of "give an inch and take an ell". After all, if a gentle, friendly, necessary hint is misunderstood by a friend, the latter is not worth keeping.

"WORLDLY-WISE".

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

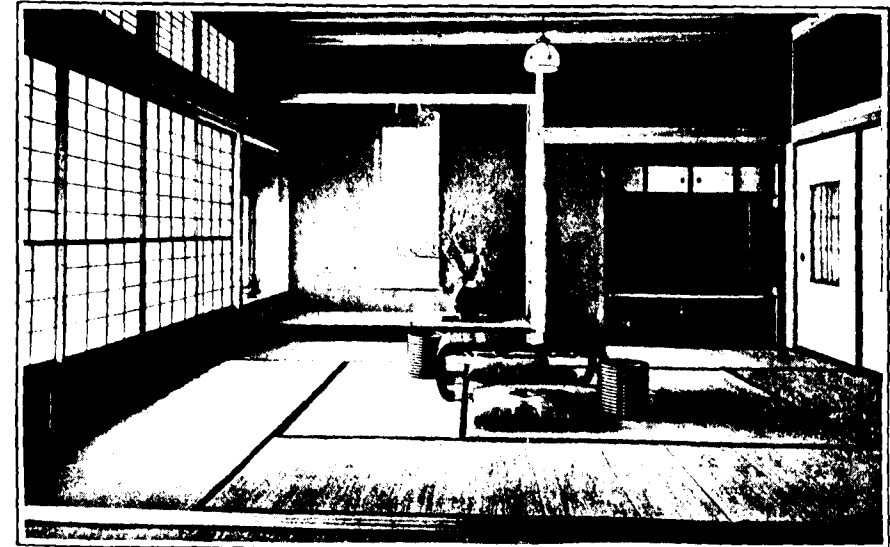
The other day, I was in camp, and used up all my working-day Saris, as I call them; and I did not know what to do, as I did not wish to spoil my good silk ones by rough use. There was no good Dhoby in the place: and I had no iron with me. So, I got a Sari washed with good soap, had the water pressed out gently, not squeezed out; folded it lengthwise and hung it over a line till three-quarters dry. Then, I had it put, folded lengthwise, under the mattress of the camp bed of our heaviest man, and, behold, it was quite ready for use the next day.

Sleeping in the open air is advised everywhere: but there are not many Indians, who like to sleep out. They think it is enough to sleep in a room with windows wide open. I think this is quite enough for ordinary health; but for an extraordinary feeling of well-being, there is nothing like the open. A good place will be the verandah, if wide enough; or under the porch I have heard that it is not good to sleep without some sort of roof, even though it be a sheet or a blanket stretched over the mosquito-curtain. Some doctors say that there is no harm done. However, the porch is good enough; the only trouble being that one has to run in, as soon as the light breaks. This is all very well for very early risers; but for those, who wish to sleep later into the morning, a second bed ought to be kept ready in the bed-room. Of course, it will be warmer there by contrast; but no one minds that in a sleepy condition.

'PADDY'

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS

The other day I was reading 'The Parents' Magazine' and I came across some hints for furnishing the *living-room*, which is what we would call the *drawing-room*. In many Indian homes, it is the custom to keep a separate room for guests to be received in, a stiff room of carefully-arranged chairs. One feels so aloof in it, whether as a guest, or as a host. I would advise that the drawing room be made use of constantly for the family to meet in. It should be a place for meeting, for playing, for quiet leisure, for grand hospitality, in fact "all things to all people." The difficulty comes in the fact that some Indians, especially the women, feel more comfortable sitting on the floor, than on chairs; whereas European guests will want chairs. Well, why not combine both styles in the sitting room? A fine Eastern carpet along one side or two, with cushions ranged against the walls, would be fine. As a side issue, I would advise a high-enough wooden plank let into the wall, so that the cushions can be kept clean. With these divans, can be mixed up comfortable lounges and chairs, and convenient tables. With regard to pictures and ornaments, tastes will differ, and individuals must judge for themselves. Personally, I would advise as many Indian things as possible, with some pictures and objects of general interest thrown in. The lighting ought to be good for reading and writing and working; and should be well arranged. It must be remembered that a living-room must consist of groups or units, so that people can work at different things; yet the whole must be so beautifully arranged and ordered that the order appears casual and not forced.



Japanese Sitting Room.

The articles of furniture must be more sound and solid delicate and liable to be broken. There should also not be many fragile things about, or too delicate colours which can be soiled easily.

Also, there should not be too much regard for tidiness. Of course, everything must be in good order, but a little disarrangement must not matter. There should also be plenty of light and much space to roam about in.

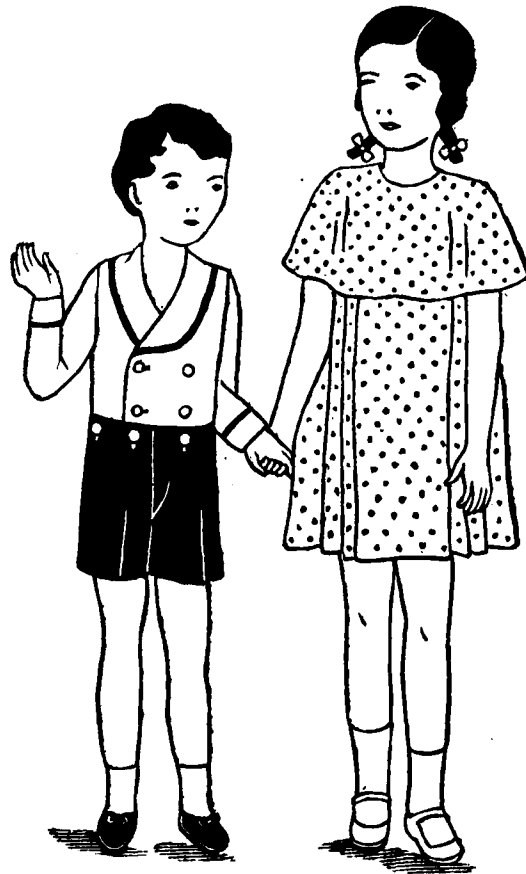
There should be for instance, a desk with its chair and light, then the piano with its stool and music-cabinet by it. Perhaps, the same light can be made to do for both the units. There, then, must be easy chairs for rest, with little tables on which are placed things for smokers. I would like also many books in an alcove, and certainly flowers are very necessary.

The question of colouring is important. The Parents' Magazine makes a great deal of it, and indeed it is important, as it has a definite effect on the mind. In the first place there must be plenty of sunshine. But in India, where the sun's light is so strong, it will be just as well to temper by mild colouring, such as greys or greens, or browns or pale colours. I would advise a scheme of three or four colours in a proper harmony. As I have read, there are many new colours, and many new combinations of them, now available. Here are suggestions :

A colour, mixed with light green and gold, or toned with olive-green and tar; or blue, pale yellow and tar. One is advised to reproduce the dominant colour of the room on the flooring. Perhaps, the latter could be selected first, and the rest of the scheme built around it. As for curtains, the fewer the better. Have them only for shading or screening. I would not admit a gorgeous pattern for any part. A plain carpet means some design in curtains or furniture upholstery; if two sorts of designs are used, one must be subordinate to the other; the dominant one being used for the hangings. A patterned carpet goes well with one-colour curtains, or upholstery. One is advised that cushion covers should be plain with flowered upholstery, and should be in one of the dominant colours.

"HOME-DECORATOR"

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES



(FROM THE PARANT'S MAGAZINE)

OUR COOKERY NOTES.

GULOORI.

(TRANSLATED)

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ measure of powdered-wheat (rolong) and $2\frac{1}{2}$ palams of rice-flour. Mix the two well, and adding a little water, knead, and allow the dough to soak for about 15 minutes. Put it on a flat board and beat it well with an iron-pounder until, it becomes soft. Divide this into 40 equal portions and make 40 balls. Place these balls on a plantain leaf smeared with a little quantity of gingelly oil and cover the balls with a clean piece of wet cloth.

After this, mix 8 palams of soft white sugar with an equal quantity of fine rice flour and grind well.

Now, take one of the 40 balls mentioned above and make it into a hollow cup, and put into this cup $\frac{3}{8}$ palams of the mixture of sugar and flour referred to above and close the mouth of the cup well and make it a round ball-cake. Place this on a board, spreading a little quantity of fine rice-flour over the board and the cake and roll very flat.

Take a viss of good ghee and boil in a frying pan. When the ghee is hot, put the flat cake in, and pour one spoonful of boiling ghee over the cake. As soon as the top bulges out, turn the cake over and pour one spoonful of the boiling ghee again over this portion also. Do the same to the other cakes.

Upperi. (Prepared from green-plantains.)

Take some green plantains. Cut and remove the two ends of the plantain as also the green outer layer. Cut the pulp into thin slices and have 6 palams of the slices ready for use.

Then take $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of chili-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of powdered salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ measure of sour-curds. Mix these three well, and put the slices (of plantains) into this mixture and allow them to get well-soaked for about half-an-hour.

Finally, take 8 palams of ghee or oil and boil in a frying pan. As soon as the ghee or oil boils, put $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity of the soaked slices into it. When the slices float, remove them.

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

APPLES FOR DYSENTERY.

Old popular remedies have a happy knack of turning up again, to the joy of sceptics, cynics, and other non-progressives. The latest revival is the use of apples in dysentery, typhoid, and other acute and chronic diarrhoeal disorders of infancy and childhood, says *The Lancet* (March 8, 1930). Professor Moro, professor of diseases of children in the University of Heidelberg, recently discovered in an old book that apples were reputed to be a sovereign remedy for these disorders, and set himself to determine what grain of truth might lie in this. Accordingly, children with high fever and dysentery, often seriously ill, were given ripe apples mashed into a puree, as much as 20 to 50 ounces daily—equivalent to 7 to 20 moderate-sized apples. Nothing else was given for two days, not even water. After this, a diet, consisting of stale bread and butter, toast, mashed potatoes, lean meat, cream cheese, bananas, and cocoa, was given for another two days, and then the child

resumed its normal diet. Fifty-two cases—some frank dysentery, others of non-specific acute and chronic diarrhoeas of childhood—were treated on these lines with excellent results; within 12 to 24 hours the fever had fallen, the diarrhoea had stopped, and the child looked well. No bad effect was observed; relapses were very uncommon, and when they did occur were easily cured by another "apple day." No medicine was given.—*American Medicine*.

THE NURSE HERSELF.

Be students still; be students always. Keep up your old interests; drop none if you can help it. Keep up your music, your art, your hobbies, your tastes, your religious feelings, your sense of wonder and worship, your enthusiasms, your youthful feeling of the goodness of life. Above all, keep up your general reading.

Be persons as well as nurses. Indeed, you must be persons if you are to be worth-while nurses. If you narrow your whole thought to nursing, your nursing will fail through hopeless narrowness. You cannot understand even the work of your hands, unless beyond it you can see life and the world. Don't waste time. Redeem your time. Buy back, that is, your odds and ends of time, by careful planning, for your own high uses. As students in hospital, you had lecture hours and study hours arranged for you, and the varied incentives of examinations, graduation, medals, diplomas, bouquets. Now that you are workers, if you find culture at all, it must be in the odds and ends of your time, and your incentives must be within yourselves. Here, as elsewhere, if there's a will there's a way. And here, as elsewhere, if there's no will, and therefore no way is found, and no achievement gained, the blame can be thrown, not upon lack of opportunity, but upon lack of will. The fatal lack is the lack of motive. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Finally, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things"—*The Nursing Journal*.

ELECTROCUTING FLIES

In Prague an apparatus has been invented which kills flies by an electric current. It consists of a plate bound by thin copper wires and filled with a solution of sugar and syrup. The wires are connected with an electric light so that as soon as the fly touches the plate it is electrocuted.—*Treasure Chest*.

THE WEAKER SEX IN AFRICA.

Native tradition in Nigeria has it that boys are the weaker sex, says an official report submitted to the British Committee of the 1931 conference on African Children. Hence the male infant is nursed by its mother for a full two years, while the small girl has to be content with not more than eighteen months maternal nourishment. If the mother has no milk, or her milk is considered unsuitable, the child may be fed by another woman or by several different women. Even when there is no need, says the report, the feeding is often mixed and in many parts of the northern provinces infants are starved for the first forty-eight hours of their lives.

THE HEALTH OF SPAIN.

In Spain, milk means goat's milk. Under-nourished children and invalids occasionally have cow's milk obtained for them. No dairy herds or buildings are seen. The farm buildings are usually small stone-huts. The abundant sunshine and outdoor life make the people healthy and strong. Tuberculosis is scarce, except a small amount in the cities. Children are well nourished and healthy looking with few manifestations of rickets. Typhoid fever is quite common in the rural districts but not in Barcelona.—*Wealth and Welfare*.

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

MAHATMA GANDHI HAS SAID:

THE part played by women is indescribable. When the history of this movement comes to be written the sacrifices made by the women of India will occupy the foremost place, and just as with women so also with children, their wonderful awakening has fortified me in my faith that God is with us in this struggle. These young folk had never been organized for such a work, never been trained for it. How they came to achieve all these I have not been able to divine, nor has anyone else, whom I have consulted, been able to enlighten me as to who guided them. Only God could have done so.

—*Modern Review*.

MUSLIM LADIES DEFEND SARDA ACT.

The following memorial has been submitted to His Excellency the Viceroy by a large number of influential and respectable

Muslim ladies protesting against the opposition raised by a certain section of the Muslims against the Sarda Act :—

"We beg to inform Your Excellency that the educated women of India have learnt with surprise and pain that there is a likelihood of an exemption being sanctioned for the Mussalmans from the Sarda Act by Your Excellency's Government. We, speaking also on behalf of the Muslim women of India, assert that it is only a small section of Mussalman men who have been approaching Your Excellency and demanding exemption from the Act. This Act affects girls and women far more than it affects men and we deny their right to speak on our behalf. We have no desire to enter into the legal aspects of the case, but we would like to point out to Your Excellency that many of these very petitioners, who now cry out on the supposed changing of the Shariat law, have had and have no scruples in changing the Shariat law when it suits their own end. We would point out, for example, that the laws of Inheritance have been utterly changed by Customary Laws in important provinces like the U. P. (Talukdari Customary Law), Punjab and Sind (the Zemindari Customary Laws) and various other parts of India. In the same way the Shariat Law of Divorce for women has been allowed to fall into disuse and no question has been raised about it. In other matters also, the law of Shariat for theft and murder has been changed and no Muslim voice has been raised against it. It is only when some political end is to be gained, that a misguided section of Muslims has been appealing to Your Excellency. We speak on behalf of ourselves and we deny the right of any other speaking for us without our being consulted in the matter. The Sarda Act which Your Excellency's Government has passed will always remain as one of the greatest acts of humanity carried out by the British Government in India. We consider it to be even more important than the Act abolishing *Sati*, which was passed in Lord Bentinck's regime. That Act affected only a section of India.

This present Act affects every girl and woman in India, irrespective of caste and creed from Peshawar to Cape Comorin. We earnestly beg of Your Excellency's Government not to pay any attention to people who have no right to speak on our behalf."

—*Stri Dharma.*

GIRLS' EDUCATION IN BENGAL.

According to the Report on Public Instruction in Bengal for the year 1929-30,

A remarkable increase in the number of high schools for Indian girls, from 24 to 33, occurred during the year under review

owing to the conversion of 3 middle English schools in Calcutta, the Binapani Purdah School, the Beltola School, and the Sakhat Memorial School into high schools for girls at Burdwan, Howrah, Midnapore, Berhampore, Dacca and Mymensingh. Of the 33 high schools for girls, 4 were managed by Government, 25 were aided, and 3 unaided. The total number of girls reading in high schools increased from 6,766 in 1928-29, to 9,492 in 1929-30.

This increase in the number of girl pupils is satisfactory so far as it goes. But it is quite inadequate. There are districts in Bengal which do not possess a single high school for girls. That is a disgrace.

We read in the same report that there were, in 1929-30 in the post-graduate classes of the Calcutta University, 28 women and 17 women in the Arts and Science classes of the Dacca University. This is something. But the number of women students should be very much greater. We believe the post graduate classes are co-educational.

The same report states :

The scheme for the establishment under departmental control of a Women's Training College at Calcutta is still under discussion. Pending orders on this proposal, women teachers of secondary schools continue to be trained at the training departments attached to the Diocesan College and to the Loreto House, which had 16 and 15 students respectively on the 31st March 1930, as compared with 13 and 9 students in the previous year.

One would like to know the religion of these students. Christian missionary educational enterprise is certainly entitled to engage in all kinds of educational work. But there ought to be much greater undenominational educational enterprise on the part of Government. The remarks apply *mutatis mutandis*, to the following paragraph also :

The number of training schools and classes for training women teachers employed in primary and the lower classes of secondary schools in Bengal remained unchanged at 10, viz., 3 directly managed by Government and 7 under the management of Christian and Brahmo Missions. These schools had altogether 220 pupils on their rolls on the 31st March 1930, as compared with 199 on the corresponding date of 1929. The total cost of maintenance amounted in the year under report to Rs 95,689, of which Rs. 78,456 was borne by Provincial Revenues, the corresponding figures for the previous year being Rs. 91,276 and Rs. 78,948, respectively. The Hindu and Moslem Women Training Schools, Calcutta are still located in rented buildings and the Dacca Training School also is reported to be badly accommodated.

The training class attached to the High School at Kalimpong had 13 students on the 31st march last.—*Modern Review*.

Dr. Chao-Chu Wu, Minister of China to the United States in the "Conclave of Nations" broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System on November 16, spoke as follows about the Feminist Movement in China:

"The Kuomintang, or the Nationalist Party, has adopted as one of its political tenants the legal and social equality of men and women. I may mention that at the Conference held at the Hague last spring for the Codification of International Law, which I attended and at which the nationality of married women was debated and warmly debated, it was discovered by the delegates of the various nations and by representatives of Feminist organizations, that Chinese legislation in regard to the nationality of married women was among the half-dozen most liberal and progressive of all the world. Women in China are taking their places as business managers, doctors, lawyers, judges, and officials, and responsible officials, of the Government. These then are some of the results of social change."

COCHIN WOMEN M.L.C.

Heartiest congratulations to the Women Members of the Cochin State Legislative Council, who succeeded in introducing a Bill for the prohibition of the Devadasi system in the State, induced the Members to suspend the usual procedure of sending the Bill to a Select Committee, to which only one member objected, and finally, after the Bill had been read, clause by clause, gained its a Second Reading and since then it has been finally passed.

Stri Dharma.

Miss Koko Nishimora has been awarded the Degree of Doctor of Medicine in Japan. She is the first woman to get this distinction in Japan. Some time ago two Japanese women were awarded the degree of Doctor of Science. These are Miss Konoko Yasui and Miss Chikka Koroda. They are the first and only women who hold this degree.

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7. Mrs. S. Bose, Bastar State
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12. Mrs. A. M. K. Coomaraswamy, Ceylon
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17. Mrs. Hejmadi, Bezwada
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19. Mrs. P. V. Isaac, Pusa
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41. Mrs. Sengodivan, Coimbatore
42. Dr. D. Samuel, Sholinghur
43. Princess Shanta Devi Bai, Baroda

- 44. Mrs. Sinnatamby, Ceylon
- 45. Secy. Lady Barton's Recreation Club, Hyderabad
- 46. G. Thangaswamy Nadar Esq., Panbulli
- 47. Mrs. Vedavanam, Ceylon

N. B.—We are sorry some mistakes have been made in the article "An example of Industrial Welfare Work", which appeared in the January number.

"Indian Employers in Bengal" should be "Indian Employees in Bengal."

"Laundry" on the same page should be "Foundry".

ED.—I. L. M.

LODHRA

FOR

LADIES' HEALTH and Happiness

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. IV

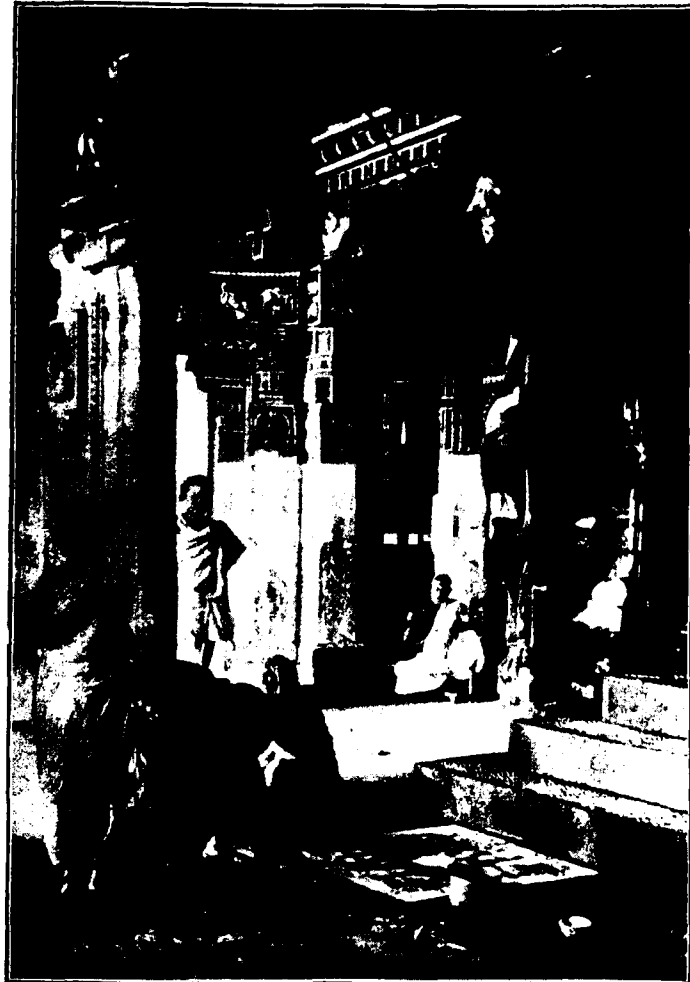
NO. 9

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

VOL. IV

APRIL 1931

NO. 9



In the Temple

Photo by Klein and Peyerl, Madras

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

This issue No. 9, Vol. IV, has been designed and printed by Fr. Rauleder, Manager of the Basel Mission Press, Mangalore, and no efforts have been spared to make it as complete, as interesting and as attractive, as our limited circumstances permit. The Press is very widely known in this country for the very excellent work it turns out, especially in colour printing. The colour plate, "Planting Paddy", appearing on the cover page is a reproduction of one of the paintings by the Manager of this concern, Mr. Fr. Rauleder, artist to whose generosity we owe its insertion here.

Editor

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE



FLOWERS

*A handful of blossoms, fragile, sweet;—
But at them smiled a pale, wan face;
The soul of a dying child was lit
With heavenly beams of joy and grace.*

*I often have mused, why God had made
The flowers, that serve no need of men;
They blossom awhile, but soon are dead,
Their delicate charms no more remain.*

*But brief as their life, devoid of flowers,
Could Nature her fairest garments wear?
Or valley, or hill, in blooming dowers,
Their nectar for birds and insects bear?*

*The glory of gardens, where they nod,
Their beautiful heads of petals soft;
The lily and rose, first loved of God,
And others, their frail stalks raise aloft.*

*Like stars on the hedge and meadow green,
In spring-time, on trees, a bridal wreath,
Their loveliness sheds a rainbow sheen,
Perfuming the dewy air they breathe.*

*And even in snow-piled wintry lands,
Brief summer displays its wealth of blooms;
And straggling on leagues of desert sands,
The thorn-bushes flaunt their brilliant plumes.*

*On lakes, the imperial lotus sways,
O'er flowers, all glancing in the sun;
In clusters, or single, or lovely sprays,
The blossoms unfold their charms each one.*

*A paradise awakens everywhere,
That buds, in their season due, adorn;
Their petals so tender opening there,
And scattering their freshness newly-born.*

*A paradise in the hearts of men,
The freshness of Eden's dewy balm,
Oh, flowers of earth, this is our gain,
Your purity's Heaven's sweetest psalm.*

H. KAVERI BAI

ORTHODOX MARRIAGE VS. CREATIVE MARRIAGE

Transforming the Subjective Inversion into a Creative Objective.

THE SUBJECTIVE ASPECT

Traditional forms of marriage are in a state of transition in every nation in the world today, wherever there is a moral consciousness of its debasement.

In orthodox marriage, its stagnating productiveness and lack of creative purpose are in evidence to those with capacity to face facts and the nature of its failure. But the response of orthodoxy is: annihilate the critics! Destroy them! Ignore all analysis, all grounds of contention. What can one expect to do with such people?

In any condition of social conflict and change, there is thrust into public view two factions of people; one concerned with traditional preservation, the other with exposing and tearing down the controlling factors of injustice. Both become so strongly motivated by emotion and action that it is a fallacy to assume that either is mentally capacitated to solve the subject of controversy. Neither faction has the creative ability or training to bridge the break from the old to the new, or the inspired incentive to envisage a greater ideal. Therefore, a new group must be born under a leadership capacitated for synthetic analysis and ability, to project the meaning of such into objective creative form.

Certainly, it is of fundamental importance in a study or discussion, to be sure of the nature of the subject. If public leaders were required to define their terms, and thoroughly to analyze their subject, they would increase their own understanding, honesty, and confuse the public less.

In a book—What is Wrong with Marriage—Hamilton and MacGowan set forth the facts and conclusions of a concrete study made of 200 U. S. married people (100 women—100 men). Only 21 of the 100 women, and 29 of the 100 men considered their marriages unequivocally successful.

61 men, 75 women—found something “especially unsatisfactory.”

68 men, 65 women—found a “source of trouble.”

77 men, 79 women—found something to annoy, or dissatisfy.

22 men, 25 women—found that they did not love their mates enough to go on living with them.

84 men, 86 women—found that they would end their marriages, if they could do so by pressing a button.

87 men, 53 women—stated their marriages were failures.

The factors upon which all agreed change was necessary were: talkativeness, temper, thriftiness, selfishness, affection, physical desire, care of dress, serious-mindedness, intelligence (more), religion, vanity, social standing (more), truthfulness, tendency to flirt, tendency to scold.

Let us look at marriage with our eyes open. Doing this, we shall be compelled to ask like a writer in *The New Generation*,—How are we ever to build the wider fellowships that modern life requires, if a general amity is to take the place of a general hostility, unless we reveal the ugliness and egotism and anti-sociality of family life in its present status?

How can the child attain to self-dependence when a fond (i. e. foolish, selfish, blind, hysterical, unimaginative, unfulfilled, infantile!) parent is always on the scene to prevent it from developing a *self* to be dependent upon? It is a truth that a parent's love can be as poisonous as a parent's hate. The fact is, parents are so often emotionally infantile, so unfulfilled and immature themselves that they can do but little also than seek to "live off" their offspring, in the futile hope of achieving some kind of status of dominance and significance for their own inferior selves.

How have women managed to be the bearers of children for a hundred thousand years, and to have remained so, innocently ignorant of the nature of motherhood? Why have not women after so long an experience, worked out better equations between themselves (why only women?), their husbands, lovers and children? Are women fundamentally tender or only emotional? What is the relation between woman's bungling of the family situation and her unappeased wish for power? Is woman's relation to her children a reaction to her attitude towards her husband? How explain

the rivalry between a mother and her daughter? Is woman's irritability and restlessness and periodic moodiness in marriage, a revelation of her half-inarticulate protest against coercive marriage and a cry for a profounder love life? Why do parents enjoy controlling and limiting and thwarting their children? How have fathers managed to get such reputations as bullies? Is a father playing at omnipotence, because in his innermost heart he is afraid of his own household? Since the relations between husband and wife are in the overwhelming majority of cases perturbed and disingenuous, how can the home life be cleansed and purged of the vapors and poisons of the mother-father discord?

Why have parents been so unresourceful in making their peace with their offspring? Is there any solution for the quite shameful rivalry of parents for the affection and devotion of their children? How many parents are there in the world who have any critical, conscious, awareness of their manipulation of the lives of their sons and daughters for purposes and goals that have very little to do with the genuine needs of children themselves? Are there problem-children or only problem-parents? And a final baffling question is whether men and women love each other sufficiently with sincerity and tenderness, to make possible a home-atmosphere sweet and spiritual enough for children to grow up in, harmoniously, creatively? Since marriage is so often a crucifixion, how can family life be a joy and inspiration? As Hamilton and MacGowan prove in their book, the unhappiness and lack of co-ordinated unity between parents affect the ability of children to make happy marriages. Twenty-nine, of the hundred men studied, said their parents did not get along well together, and only 40% of these were happily married. Twenty-one women had decidedly mismatched parents, and only 33% of these were happy. Their study also clearly co-ordinates with their advice—

if parents wish their children to make happy marriages,

they must prove good models. If parents are at mental, emotional, and idealistic odds with each other, they often create a home atmosphere producing in the son or daughter a psychic complex, an inward instability of soul that may haunt them all their lives. Thus, the kind of sins of the parents visited upon the children are sins created by traditional oppression and unethical morality.

To see results, the nature of the conflict of orthodox marriages is not enough. It is never enough to judge anything by symptoms! It is evident to the studious that marriage has been regulated by certain man-made laws, and an approach to the problem, the natural laws of life and purposes of the Creator, from without. Man, failing to master and educate himself as an individual, has set up collective arbitrary rules, legal and moral laws, to do for him what he has failed to do for himself. His aim has been to master Life—not to obey it. He has subjected Life—not objectified it. He has failed to give it human purpose and evolutionary growth. One cannot produce growth, health, sanity, morality, by laws of involution—prohibition, repression, inhibition, and retribution. This is the root of our trouble in marriage.

Social morality has aimed to keep human nature encased, for fear that release would mean a dangerous liberation of impulse upon society. The trend of the new ethics is to build upon a study of the human machine and upon a science of putting each part in order, using the resultant instrument for constructive evolution (*under the control of the individual*).

The term *marriage* is abstract. It hides the facts of its nature. It is a vacuum into which Woman and Man have been thrust by moral and legal systems, and hedged about by ignorance and subjected to slurs by the very orthodox, who demand the most from it. Everything has been expected from it!—nothing given to those to whom it belongs.

Love has been considered the only valid basis for marriage; theoretically, it is the mysterious attraction of two people for each other; and that alone brings about marriage. Most stumble upon their partners in marriage, guided chiefly by romance. Children are assured by their elders that "love" is an unanalyzable mystery that *just* happens (of course guided by ignorance!)—you'll know when the right one comes along—they are told with a knowing smile. Down from the ages of the past tradition sings the tune—

*It had to be you,
It had to be you.
I wondered around and finally found
The somebody who
Could make me true, could make me blue,
And even glad just to be sad
Thinking of you.
Some others I've seen might never be mean,
Might never be cross, or try to be boss,
But they wouldn't do,
For nobody else gave me a thrill.
With all your faults I love you still. (imagine!)
It had to be you, wonderful you,
It had to be you.*

Theoretically, this thrill has been considered all-sufficient to insure permanent happiness. Most of the world's literature has ended with the marriage of two romantic lovers, whose only inspiration for a life-partnership has had a basis in romantic sentimentalities. Their success thereafter is taken for granted. Is it surprising that we have had a sentimental softening of the brain concerning our approach to marriage?

A considerable part of literature, true to the arbitrary and dual aspect of looking at life, influenced by religions, is devoted to subjecting some trait of human nature to suppression, violence, condemnation, or conflict from some other force. Sex is made the greatest problem between Woman

and Man by elimination of education about it, or else it is placed in a setting of conflict, fear, and condemnation. We get this idea of dealing with various aspects of Life by taboo, repression, subjection, reward and defeat, from a more remote and original source than the immediately-applied autocratic religions of the day however.

It has been assumed that the Creator is a transcendent being, intervening from without in human affairs, rather than an indwelling Life-Force. From this, has developed the idea that certain men are especially designated by the Creator to rule human life—priests, kings—in whose care has been given the interpretation of the words and laws and *commands* of God. Thus there has been a close allegiance between Church and State, all through history.

The idea of government by autocratic rules of morality and suppression and by a person superior and external to the common life of the governed, opposes the principle of government from within. A transcendent monarch on a throne (as God is spoken of in Christian hymns), conveys subjection, homage, servility—not self-government, or an objective part in creation with the Creator, by Woman and Man.

From this it needs little stretch of an intelligent person's imagination to understand why so many mediocre and non-creative neighborhood gossips, supporters of the orthodox, and law-inflicting groups, are so zealous in fighting for censorship, prohibitions, taboos, and suppression. They naturally assume themselves to be the most worthy servants of their autocratic God-master, and they, the henchmen blessed for inflicting punishments and obedience.

But Life, marriage, love, Woman and Man, cannot be controlled by subjection. Only by obeying and understanding the laws of their nature, can Woman and Man release their energy into the objective focus intended by the Creator.

Taboos are bad, as autocracies are bad, because they blindfold behavior, repudiating rational and creative sanctions, substituting dogmatic affirmations of their values. To pronounce things wrong and to decline to consider why, is as objectionable in ethics as in astronomy. "Thou shalt not!" is a formula for savages, for slaves of an Eastern despot, but not for modern Woman and Man. To employ it in the nursery and school is bad moral education. To tell a child that what he does will cause injury and suffering to others, *is* moral instruction, when given with an understanding of the nature of the reasons. To tell him it is wicked, is not moral instruction. Conduct can be regulated by justice, and understanding of the evolutionary values of Life, but to subject it to dogmatic taboos is not morality.

God is not a distant Deity looking down upon us. The law, in obedience to which the seed corn develops into the full corn in the ear, or which conditions our own development from childhood to manhood or womanhood, is not the law of any external command. The law by which the seed corn develops is the inward law of growth. It is in obedience to an inward life-impulse that it springs up from the ground, and this law which it obeys is one it can neither resist nor refuse.

Napoleon Bernard

(To be continued.)

(N. B. This is a thought-provoking article on an important problem of the day, and invites discussion, even though the opinions expressed may be ultra-modern, and therefore revolutionary. Editor I. L. M.)

DROUPADI

In the interesting study of Sita and Droupadi, which appeared in the January number of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, the treatment accorded to Droupadi is rather harsh. Divinity is attached to Sita and erring humanity to

Droupadi. An erring man or woman, who struggles to be chaste and virtuous, ought to appeal to mortals more than a being whom divinity prevents from sinning. H. G. Wells says that, when he looked out for a guide to carry him through the shame and humiliations of life, he found him in Goldsmith. Goldsmith's tender nature, ennobled by his weaknesses, made him a "congenial saint and hero" for Wells.

Droupadi is not a lovely character according to the study because (1) she did not distribute her love equally among her five husbands and sometimes she let it light upon Karna and even upon Krishna, (2) she did not accompany her husbands to the forest with the same motive with which Sita accompanied her lord, (3) she was unfair in her dealings with Keechaka and (4) she had a revengeful nature.

The idea of a woman with five husbands to love is utterly strange and repugnant to the modern mind. We cannot think of the possibility of such a woman loving all her husbands equally and remaining chaste. We must, therefore, abandon our usual way of thinking in judging Droupadi. Even appreciating the peculiar circumstances in which Droupadi stood as wife, it ought not to be strange that she was partial to Arjuna; for it was Arjuna that won her, bending "the wondrous bow of Drupad" and bringing the distant target "thundering to the ground," and it was on him that she smiled and "flung the bridal garland". Kunti, by mistake, assigned her to all her sons. When, on winning Droupadi, they reported to their mother that they had obtained a great gift, she replied, not knowing what the gift was, "Enjoy ye the gift in common." So sacred were the words of a mother-in-law then, that Droupadi obeyed the mandate and consented cheerfully to be the wife of all the five. If, occasionally, Droupadi directed her love towards Karna, could it not have been that she discerned, as if by instinct, that there was a likeness between Karna

and her five husbands? The love, which she showed to Krishna, was beyond doubt of the nature of a devotee's love to God, which had nothing in common with earthly love. When, in the open court, Duryodana ordered that her modesty should be outraged, her husbands stood like marble statues. Bhima laid his hands on his weapon and Arjuna cast his eyes on his bow, but a stern look from Yudhishtira made both of them nerveless. In vain did Droupadi appeal to her husbands. "Silent all? and will no chieftain rise to save a woman's life, not a hand or voice is lifted to defend a virtuous wife?" In vain did she try to move the elders with her tears. "Bhima, hath he lost his virtue; Drona, hath he lost his might; hath the monarch of the Kurus ceased to battle for the right?" In vain at last did she rely on her own weak strength. A second more and she would have lost all her womanly honour. She held up her hands and called on Sri Krishna of Dwaraka, Sri Krishna, who had run to the help of Prahlada and who had saved Gajendra from the jaws of the ferocious crocodile. Krishna hastened to her aid and we all know what happened subsequently. In these circumstances, what suspicion can there be in Droupadi's devotion to him?

Droupadi might have loved adventure. But other circumstances forced her to go to the forest with her husbands. Her position was not the same as Sita's, when the latter accompanied Rama in his exile. Droupadi had no opportunity to entertain a motive like Sita's. It is, therefore, unfair to hold that she did not go with her husbands out of love for them. Her fondness for the sweet-scented flower in the forest seems hardly distinguishable from the desire that Sita entertained for the deer into which Mareecha transformed himself. When Sita would have the deer, Lakshmana told her that it might be some deceitful *rakshasa*. "But, vainly spake the watchful Lakshmana . . . , for with forceful fascination Sita's inmost heart was thrilled."

There is no doubt that Keechaka is an abominable character. A nobleman might have been justified in those days in taking liberties with a Sairanthri. But, when the Sairanthri took strong exception to such liberties, the nobleman ought to have retired. Keechaka had been warned of his fate, if he persisted in his folly. But he did not heed the warning. Droupadi had to get him killed to preserve her chastity. If she had brought about an open fight between him and Bhima, she would have landed her lords in a further exile of thirteen years. She knew this, and knowing it she could not but get Keechaka killed in secret. In fact, when Duryodhana heard of Keechaka's death from the men he had sent to find out the Pandavas, he was almost certain that none could have killed Keechaka except Bhima.

It is admitted that a thirst for vengeance is not consistent with womanliness. But Droupadi's thirst for Duryodhana's blood does not call for serious animadversion. She would not have been a woman, if she had overlooked the insult offered to her by Duryodhana. It was natural to her to beg Krishna to remember her unbound locks in his mission to Hastinapura. Moreover, Droupadi had been ordained by God to play the part she did. Krishna had come to rid the earth of Duryodhana and his wicked friends and followers. This plan would not have matured, if peace had been made with Duryodhana. It was but a formal consultation that Krishna held with the Pandava brothers after their return from exile. When it came to Sahadeva's turn to speak at the consultation, he bluntly told Krishna that the Mahabharata war was inevitable and that Krishna himself knew it. Krishna had ordered matters in such a way that the last word should lie with Droupadi's "trailing tresses." Krishna was sent to Hastinapura to do as much as he could to avoid war, but, when he reached there, he did as much as he could to bring about war.

In legendary Greece, there was a woman not unlike Droupadi in her passion for revenge. When Agamemnon, the king of Argos, was away in Troy to avenge the wrong done to his brother, Menelaus of Sparta, his kingdom was left to the guardianship of his cousin Aegisthus. During the guardianship, Aegisthus made love to Agamemnon's wife, Clytemnestra, and won her. When Agamemnon returned to Troy, Clytemnestra and Aegisthus conspired together and killed him. Fearing that Agamemnon's son, Orestes, might one day avenge his father's death, Aegisthus planned to murder him. Agamemnon's daughter, Electra, came to know of this and she had Orestes taken away to a far-off land. Consequently, Clytemnestra grew hot with anger against Electra and had her married to a peasant, who, fortunately for Electra, did not choose to be more than her husband in name. Electra vowed revenge against her mother and Aegisthus; and, when later Orestes joined her, she got both of them killed. Electra's matricide was a sin, but it was held to be a sin that had to be committed as a duty, for Apollo had commanded the matricide. Droupadi's vengeance is not so heinous as Electra's; and, if Electra's could find extenuation, cannot Droupadi's find stronger extenuation?

On the whole, Droupadi did possess "virtues desirable in women" and they are good enough to make her an example to the women of India.

I. D. Tangaswami

LINKS—OLD AND NEW

An odd title for these few thoughts; but, when all is said and done, it really amounts to this—we are all links in the golden chain that binds the whole round world together to the feet of the great Creator, links, old and new, links

so old that the pressure of the new almost strains them to snapping point.

Quite a quarter of a century ago, I was in England; again a few months back I tried to renew my acquaintance with the land I knew, but I was a stranger once again in a strange land. I seemed to belong to the Land of Yesterday. The memories of England, that lingered with me, centred round home, home-life, home-love and home-joys, shaped and influenced by ideals drawn from steadfast Christian faith. Now, watching the present rush for existence, I wondered and am still wondering what the centre is. The old links are there, but want searching for; still, the new will command our admiration and love, perhaps when we are more familiar with them.

London is a land of luxury, where every phase of life is brought to a high state of perfection and is placed in as perfect a setting as the intelligence of man can devise. There is a necessary rush for work and a corresponding rush for pleasure. Time is of great value and a moment may not be lost. The contrast to this was most amusingly emphasized, when on my return, on landing at the first Oriental port, Port Said, I saw the slow-moving traffic and the long-skirted inhabitants, careless of time, and seemingly having nothing to do, lolling against tree trunks in the streets and against the doorways. And yet visitors from America say that London is but a village when compared to New York!

What of India then? It is this that made me think of the title above. What is our claim for existence in the rushing world? Is the India of today looking backward or forward? Is she glancing back to the simple life of old religious records and the sunlight of the days that have been? Is she walking backward through the years, collecting the dear lost delights, or is she facing fearlessly the coming morn, ready to peer into the future, to shoulder responsibility and endure the hardship of the new life?

We are both old and new. We hark back to the simple life of the past, but clutch with eagerness the luxurious delights of ever-growing civilization. It is pleasing to be in an environment of high finish, where conveniences are studied, appointments are perfected, cleanliness is regarded as a strict duty, where order and regularity is a steady routine, where beauty is a cult and art is a necessity.

In dress, in modes of living, in etiquette and even in the practices of religion, it is a struggle to adjust the new with the old. Will the old links hold? Or must they be forged afresh? These few lines, which I found in one of the modern plays, are very apt:

*My garden is full of flowers
My mother planted for me;
Curious old-world flowers,
Thyme, lavender, rosemary,
Planted in days gone by,
And though no gardener I,
As the shadows fall, I tend them all
Watering here, pruning there.
Am I happy in my lot?
I know not.*

If the editor kindly permits, will my readers discuss this question, the adjustment of the new with the old, not as a whole, but taking up that aspect of social structure or life that appeals to each one of them, I mean, in our ways of living and so on? I think the discussion will be most interesting to look forward to.

H. Krishnamma Hensman.

N. B. I agree with Mrs. Hensman that such a discussion would be most instructive.

Editor, I. L. M.

OUR DAUGHTERS—A PLEA

How often does one hear the expression, "Burden some girls", or its equivalent, in India and perhaps in many Eastern countries. Most parents, and particularly those that are not very well off, are usually not congratulated by their friends if they happen to have more than one or two daughters.

Strange as this may sound to Western ears, we Easterners can easily understand the reason behind this. While girls in the West are educated as much as the boys, and are brought up to be almost as independent, if not quite so, as their brothers, our girls used to be trained on quite different lines. The old, Oriental idea was that every girl's vocation in life was to be a good wife and mother. With this end in view, her training at home, and her limited education at school were such as to fit her to be a housewife. Even the three R's were considered unnecessary in many cases.

Our girls had to marry, not whom they wished, but whom they must, as all marriages were carefully arranged by parents or other interested relations.

Then came the vexing and inevitable question of a good dowry, without which no girl could be given in marriage even to her nearest relative. What was even worse, every daughter's wedding left the parents either with a bad debt or in circumstances bordering on it.

But India, in step with many parts of the world, is changing and in some ways rapidly so. Today, it is not uncommon for Indian girls to be given, not merely an elementary education, but even a higher one. It is not unusual for a minority of our girls, not merely to be independent by earning handsome salaries, but even to support their parents, sisters and brothers.

When this is now the case with our girls, it is deplorable to find that our young men, even with British or other foreign qualifications, still actually insist on as big a dowry as they think their position in life justifies. It is almost as if all their degrees or diplomas are rated in terms of rupees, property and jewellery.

Whether this is due to the old-world ideas and customs of our parents and grand-parents, or to the modern methods of our so-called Western-educated young men, it is highly deplorable. How any thinking man or woman can expect the parents of any girl, who has been given a liberal education, to impoverish themselves by finding a dowry as well, is rather difficult to understand. Why the unfortunate parents-in-law-to-be should help to pay for a part, or the whole of the education of their son-in-law-to-be, is even more difficult to understand. If people wish to have as sons-in-law men who have been educated in the West and are willing to pay for such expensive education, it is a different matter.

Mothers in India and Ceylon have complained that our young men, not merely ask, but even insist on, dowries, before they will consent to marry a girl. It may be argued that to many a young, married couple starting life in these days, the wife's dowry can be a great help to supplement a small and all-too inadequate income. I quite agree, but in the majority of cases that I know of personally, a dowry has not been a help, but just the contrary.

Counting on cash or property, the young people begin their life regardless of any idea of economy. If the husband is not what he should be, he can waste the inherited wealth in a comparatively short time. Most young folk are in danger of spending injudiciously what *others* have worked hard to earn.

Then, there is the stupendous danger of not working as hard as a young man should, if he knows there is some-

thing to stand him in good stead, even if he did not work hard.

What is even more tragic is that this state of affairs among our young men does not encourage parents to give their girls as liberal an education as they would otherwise choose to do. Some people even argue that they demand dowries because it is the general custom and others do it! But surely some one must begin and set a better example, and who is so competent as the more liberally educated of our men?

The golden sands of time are running down rapidly through the hour-glass and we in India are at the parting of the ways today. What shall we choose? Shall we still cling blindly to narrowing and cramping customs, or shall we sweep aside all that we can see, as so obviously out of keeping with our modern knowledge and thought?

Is it nothing to you, young men of India, to see your girls ignored and treated with unfairness?

If we wish to build a new Jerusalem (as I feel certain we all do!) in our Motherland, let us take every care to see that the *foundations* are soundly laid. Let us use well-tempered mortar and see to it in ordinary prudence that the foundation is worthy of the superstructure we are trying to put on it.

Countries and nations want MOTHERS, and the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Therefore, may I ask you in all earnestness to stand by your girls and women, and not to neglect your privilege of doing your duty by them, as the sons and builders of a New and Greater India—the Land we love so well!

E. I. Tampoe
11, Harvey Road, CAMBRIDGE

THE POWER OF MUSIC

If life was just the drab repetition of petty joys and sorrows, success and failures, eating and sleeping, that makes us puppets of fate, it would be unendurable, not worth the living. But in each one of us there is something deeper and finer than this, something constantly demanding expression, an indefinable something that we call Soul. This soul longs for music. If we give it expression, it will enable our life to blossom into fuller beauty.

Music is the native tongue of Mother Nature. The song of the bird—the rippling brook—the thundering wave—the sighing breeze—all are her melodies. Yet glorious above all these glories is the power of man-made music.

At the roll of drums, the savage heart beats faster. At the trumpet's call, brave men march out to die. The mother croons a lullaby and tired little eyes find rest. As we listen to the harmony of an orchestra rising and falling in expressive melody, something is stirred within us, we are swept into unknown realms of romance, leaving behind all cares and worries of life.

Music speaks in a universal language, the language we all love, the language we all understand. It is not easy for us to treat of the vast possibilities of music and its importance. A large volume will hardly cover such a wide subject in its entirety.

However, one likes to picture the endless pleasure that music can bring into our lives, and its great importance.

It is precisely music that, by its pure and holy infinity, most readily resolves the infinity of our sorrows; and melody in all ages has subdued the ravenous monsters of madness and misery. Addison says, "Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge into excess, without injury to their moral or religious feelings."

It is music that has charms to soothe a savage breast; it is music that has powers to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak. Music calms our spirit, composes our thoughts, delights our ear, recreates our minds, and fills our hearts with pure and useful thoughts. Music is the art of the prophets, because it is the only art that can subdue the agitations of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent and delightful gifts of God. The following lines of Hogg's may be quoted as showing the power of music:—

*"Of all the arts beneath the Heaven,
That man has made or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirits all to love."*

Music is the mysterious keeper of the key that opens the gates of memory, because often "in its mildest, simplest strain, we live over years of bliss again". In conclusion, it may be said that music is the best recreation both to mind and body, whensoever either of them stand in need of it.

— K. V. Swaminathan.

BE GLAD

*Oh joy in life's doings, —
The bright sunny hours;
There's sunlight right all 'long the way;
The spaces of time
A-flooding with light;
There's laughter and love for each day.
Oh joy in life's waitings, —
Think bright sunny thoughts,
The great world needs sunshine and light,
'Tis hungry for love,
For kindness that "lives",
That lightens the darkness of night.*



Mrs. G. K. Chettur, B. A.
wife of the Principal, Government College, Mangalore,
the first lady to be appointed Honorary first class Magistrate
in Mangalore, S. Kanara.

Photo by R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam



IQBALUNISSA BEGUM

The first Mohommedan Lady graduate of Mysore

*Oh joy in life's living, —
 Dig deep for the best,
 Hold fast to the golden ideal;
 Front life with a cheer,
 With love that creates,
 Where vision shall merge into real;
 Oh joy in life's duties, —
 Just everywhere see,
 The dignity, beauty of all.
 Ennobled by thought,
 By rightness and love,
 The life-throb of great and of small.
 Oh joy in life's kindness, —
 As grass by the way,
 Or shade of the leafage above,
 Kindness grown greater,
 Than justice or right,
 The little bit more, — that is LOVE.*

HILDA L. EVERETT

The first Mohammedan lady graduate of the Mysore University.

IQBALUNISSA BEGUM, B. A.

(Mrs. S. A. Hussain)

Iqbalunissa Begum has the honour of being the first Mohammedan lady graduate of the Mysore University, a unique honour for South India, considering purdah restrictions for Muslim ladies.

She is the daughter of the late Mr. M. G. Mohideen Ali Khan Sahib, Retired District Superintendent of Police. She was subject to all the prevailing ghosha conditions of a Muslim household. From childhood she was keen about studies, but was able to work at only Urdu, Persian and the Koran.

Soon after her marriage, her real education began; for her husband, Mr. S. A. Hussain, helped her greatly in

English and Arithmetic. He had to go to Bombay for Engineering and was away for four years; but, though his wife's studies suffered to some extent, yet they were carried on through correspondence.

She soon came to the notice of the Mission ladies and was employed as a tutor in one of their Zenana schools. She continued her studies with her husband when he came back, and progressed rapidly. Mr. C. R. Reddy, the then-Inspector-General of Education, Mysore, to encourage a Muslim lady, granted her exemption from previous school-attendance and allowed her to join the secondary school-leaving certificate class in the Maharani High School, Mysore. She was able to take the certificate in two years, one spent at Mysore and the other in the Vani Vilas Institute, Bangalore.

There was then a break of three years, but she did not give up her object. Later, when the Arts Branch for the Entrance was opened at the Vani Vilas Institute, Bangalore, she again joined the school and passed the examination, which brought her to the threshold of the University. Then, she joined the Maharani's College for women, Mysore, and for three years more struggled with her studies as well as with other duties, for by now she was the mother of seven children. In spite of her chequered course of studies, however, she succeeded at last in getting through the B. A., and was able to take her degree in 1930. She also won a gold medal for being first in Persian. She will be going to England this year, to study most probably at Leeds for the M. Ed.

The Mysore Government helped her right through with scholarships and gave her every encouragement, but much credit is due to her own persevering efforts and the steady co-operation of her husband, Mr. S. A. Hussain, who is now in the Mysore Government Service. All those, who know her, wish her the best of success in life.

H. S. H.

Our serial Story

GAURI'S MARRIAGE

CHAPTER VI

The day after the Ennore trip, Gauri, back again in her own home, waited once more for her husband to come down to breakfast; but she did not seem the same girl as before. She was very unhappy. There was a bad taste, as it were, in her mouth. She felt as if she had risen from some illness, during which she had not been quite conscious.

When she had waked from sleep after a very restless night, the first thought which had beaten into her brain was that *he* was alive—alive, *he*—*he*—her first husband, Prakash, whom she had thought dead and gone out of her life for ever. Oh, what was she to do? But, gradually courage had come to her. Why should she be so terrified?

What indeed was there to be afraid of? She had not done anything wrong; she was quite safe now. She was not his wife. She was not at his mercy; on the other hand she had her husband to depend on now, her stalwart man. And yet—and yet—that voice—smooth—musical, yet somehow dreadful to her; she did not wish to hear it again. And, she was afraid, though she knew there was no need for fear.

Had he come for her? But, surely, he had heard what had happened. He could not get her again. He had gone out of her life for ever, thank Heaven. Then her thoughts turned to her husband.

What had really happened? What had she done, what had she said, when she had heard that voice out of the lonely darkness of the lake? Why indeed had she been so silly as to faint? She felt as if she had been very foolish. Several times, she had wished to ask her husband about it; but had caught herself back. He had asked her of course why she had fainted, whose voice she had heard, but she had begged him not to talk to her about it.

Was her husband disgusted with her? Was he very angry with her? Did he think anything wrong about her? Was that perhaps why he was changed to her, for changed indeed she felt him to be, though very slightly.

They had come to know each rather well in Ennore. Gauri indeed had felt once for all that she had got the man she had wanted all her life; the ideal that she had desired. He satisfied her. And he? Was he satisfied with her? He had had so little time to know her; and she was such a poor creature. What was there in her for him

to appreciate? Yet, she had felt in Ennore that he had really come to like her, till that last day.

But she might be wrong. It had happened only yesterday. She had gone to bed at once after their return from the river. He had been so good to her, helping her, soothing her half-dazed thoughts. But what had she said, what?

The next morning, they had waked up early, according to arrangement, and started for their own place. He had still been kind and good, but somehow seemed to have withdrawn himself, to be distant, more like a brother, than someone nearer and dearer. Gauri felt herself blushing; then grew paler. Was he really beginning to dislike her? Did he feel that he had made a mistake in marrying her? Had she spoilt his life, burdening him with her useless self, and her people?

Ah! that was it. Why should her people be a burden on him, Mallika and Sankar, those two dear ones of hers, who were really such a trouble in their youthfulness and their innocence? He had been so kind to them too, though perhaps sometimes too strict and critical. But, they had deserved that. They needed a stern hand over them. Mallika was now going to be some trouble with that new fancy of hers.

And that brought that wretched letter back to Gauri's mind. Perhaps, that was the cause of the whole thing, of the change in her husband. That stupid Mallika! But suddenly Gauri shook herself and got up from her chair. She felt she was getting unreasonable. Why should poor Mallika be charged with more than she deserved? What had she to do with the rematerialisation of that man? And was not the meeting with the latter really the cause of the change in her husband? What had Mallika to do with that? Really, Arjuna had not cared about her keeping that letter from him. He was too noble and uninterfering for that.

Ah! there he was. He came down rather solemnly, reading a letter. He looked up at her, and she turned to smile at him. His return smile seemed very perfunctory to the sensitive and suspicious Gauri.

She was looking very pretty that day, in spite of her anxiety. In fact, the wistful look on her face rather added to its charm. As if to set fate at defiance, she had forced herself to dress well. She had put on a pale pink Sari; and pink always suited her. The narrow gold lace on the silk set off the ivory tint of her face, from which, beneath folds of soft black hair, her dark eyes glowed, at first wistful and pathetic,

and then, as she realised his attitude, a little frightened. But Gauri had the heart of a lioness, and gradually courage came into her tell-tale face. She also stiffened.

"Gauri", he said coming down, "Is breakfast ready? I have to be at my office early. I have some heavy work to do."

So they sat down to breakfast. At the end of it, Gauri went drearily to the window. She had eaten hardly anything, and there were tears in her eyes, which she tried to blink back.

He had buried himself in his paper. Suddenly, she heard his voice behind her and thrilled.

"Gauri" he said, "Good-bye, I am going."

She turned and her tears brimmed over. He took her hand and drew her towards him. "Why are you crying?" he asked, "are you sorry?"

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry that you were forced to marry me. That hurried marriage of ours was so hasty and forced. Are you sad about it?"

"No, no, of course not. And you?"

"Of course not, as you say." He was silent for a minute, then speech burst from him.

"Gauri," he said, "tell me why you fainted yesterday. Whose voice was it you heard? Of whom were you frightened?"

The tears came into her eyes again. "Arjuna," she whispered, "why bring up that old subject again? May I ask you one favour?"

"What is it?" he asked; "And what is the old subject you are referring to? Surely, it is not—your first marriage."

"Please don't speak about that affair to me. I am sick of it. I have suffered and borne enough. Can't it be closed hereafter? It has nothing now to do with me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Please, please, Arjuna,"

"Gauri, my dear, you must tell me. Was it his voice you heard, Prakash's? Then he is alive?"

At her unwilling nod, he turned away, and walked to the window, where he stood a few minutes. Then he turned to her sternly: "You are sure you are quite free from him?"

She nodded.

"Then why did you faint yesterday? Why did you say first you were glad, and then that it was too late?"

"Did I say all that?"

"Yes."

"I . . . I think," she stammered, "I meant that I was glad it was too late."

He looked pleased at first; then some imp seemed to prompt him to make quite sure.

"Are you certain of that?" he asked her, perhaps a shade coldly, in order to hide the relief he felt, for he was a shy man.

At his words and look, a sense of resentment possessed her, with perhaps a greater hold that it would have if she had been in a normal state of mind. But, she was feeling very weary and unsettled, and a funny sort of feeling overcame her. Surely, if he really loved her, he would have understood her. She felt shut up, as it were, in herself.

Instinctively sensing the tension, but misunderstanding it, he laughed bitterly.

"There you are, you see," he said in a queer kind of choked tone. "You don't take the trouble to say what you really do mean; and so I must believe that you're sorry you are not free to go to him."

"But . . . but . . . he is married already."

He took her up at once. "Does that mean," he asked jealously, "that if he is not married, you would have been glad to belong to him?"

Gauri looked up startled; "Why, no," she stammered.

"You seem to be doubtful; but I hear his wife is dead, and he is free. It is a pity that you are bound to me. Are you sorry?"

"I . . . I?"

"You hesitate, and you don't deny it. What must I think about it?"

"If I deny it, will you believe me?"

"Of course, I will," he said eagerly.

A hot flush crept into her cheeks. For a second, she forgot her resentment, and was eager to deny what he thought. But she felt shy. How could she tell him in so many words that she was glad, glad to belong to him? She had never been demonstrative, and she was an Indian girl.

And, in that pause, he said something unfortunate, "Pushpam, my cousin," he told her, "advised me to be kind to you always about this affair. I cannot deny that I have been inclined to be jealous; but she said I must not feel like that, as it was all past and gone. I must be patient, she told me. So Gauri, will you forgive me for worrying you, and be friends again?"

At any other time, his words would have mollified her, and induced her to open her heart to him. But now her distracted mind could only



Mrs. Sonubai Kale,
the only lady member of the Aundh State
Assembly, recently nominated.

Photo by R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



Japanese Girls

Lent by Y. W. C. A.

He was in the fact that he had actually dared to consult Pushpam about Pushpam, that supercilious girl. A hot anger possessed her, and again in a fierce jealousy.

"It is a pity," she remarked bitterly, "that you didn't marry Pushpam. Then, you wouldn't have had all this trouble."

He looked up quickly and was startled by the ugly sneer on her lips, which he had thought were only meant for smiling. He stood up.

"So that's that," he said, and then he asked her abruptly, "Where is Mallika's letter? Show it to me."

"I am sorry I cannot," she said as abruptly as he did. "There is something in it for myself alone."

"I expect she saw this man, Prakash, and she wrote to you all about him and told you to be ready for him. Eh, Gauri, was that it?"

"Think as you like," she said with difficulty, for the tears were rising fast to her eyes, and she could hardly speak.

"It is a pity you are married to me."

"Why?"

"You know."

Getting back a measure of her self-possession, she faced him proudly.

"Are you sorry you married me? Have I spoilt your life?"

"Have I said so?"

"But you haven't said it wasn't so. Why did you marry me at all? And you are always saying I am sorry. That makes me suspicious. Yet, you knew all about this affair. It wasn't kept a secret from you."

"My mother did not mind it."

"So, it was on account of your mother that you consented to this match. If it had been yourself, you would have hesitated."

He stared at her. This was a new Gauri to him. He admired her more now, if possible; but he also resented her attitude. He said an unfortunate thing.

"My mother was a large-hearted woman; and what she said was law to me."

"So, I have spoilt your life then?"

"Gauri, don't take me up like that. I never said it. I can also take you up sharply, you know. Even now I don't know what to think. Tell me, dear, that you are really not sorry you haven't married Prakash."

Gauri bent forward eagerly, a hot denial on her lips.

"I-I-of course-" she began; and then she suddenly froze up again. He had doubted her a few minutes before. Would he believe

her now? Love should mean trust; he did not then trust her. She did not see the injustice of her thoughts. She only felt that he did not seem to love her, as she hoped to be loved. Then, another doubt came. Had she really spoilt his life? He had denied that assertion in a way. Perhaps, he had done that, just to comfort her. And, he had not even denied it properly. Perhaps, she was trying purposely to delude herself. Perhaps he had seen what a silly unworthy creature she really was and was wearied of her.

A feeling of obstinacy overcame her, which she could only characterise later as 'cussedness'. She sat silent.

He turned away wearily. At the door he paused:

"I shall come back late; you know I'm going to the Indian club dinner to-night. From my office, I shall go straight to my aunt's house, I think, and not come here before the dinner. She has asked us so many times, and we have never been there yet."

"Yes." She managed to say.

"If you like, get a car, and come too, Gauri."

"I — I am not feeling very well, Arjuna. I shall come another day."

"Very well, Gauri. But I do wish you can make friends with my aunt and her daughter. You could learn so many things from them, especially from Pushpam, though she is younger than you, only eighteen indeed. They are such fine people, you know. Besides, you're looking pale and tired" he added, "come out to-day."

"Oh, I shall be all right. Don't worry about me."

"As you wish," he said coldly and went away.

Gauri felt then that she hated that supercilious aunt of his and her pale and fashionable daughter. How possessive they seemed to be of him! Oh, she was jealous, jealous!

She spent a miserable day, trying to busy herself in arduous duties, so as not to give herself time to think. But, when night came, she could do nothing to stem the tide. After a meagre dinner, she dragged her weary, trembling limbs to the bed-room and sat in her favourite chair. Heavy was her heart. He had thought badly of her, and she had behaved so badly, that he could only think worse of her hereafter. He did not love her.

Slow tears welled up in her eyes and fell down her cheeks. Whom could she go to in her trouble? Oh... oh... oh!

After a while, she calmed down and sat silent. Arjuna still had not returned. She looked at her watch. It was nearly 11 o'clock. She felt anxious about him, but knew that was silly. The servants all seemed to have gone to sleep. In the meanwhile, she was very

tired. Her head dropped back, and her eyes half-closed; but she was not asleep, nor even dozing. She was seeing visions, visions of what had happened to her in her short, yet tragic, life.

She had been born blind. Her dear parents had been so good to her, eager to be her eyes in everything. She had seen the world through them; and her knowledge of it was as simple and as guileless as theirs; for they were gentle, honest, country folk. Her father had read to her and taught her many things. She had learnt to read. She had been taught to sing Indian music and she sang well, for she had a beautiful low voice, peculiarly suited to the Indian system.

Her father had had her eyes examined by two or three doctors. They had not held out much hope then; but had asked him to wait some years longer, and then get her examined again. Something might be possible then.

She had grown up. Her brother and sister had been born. They had been kind to her, especially Sankar; Mallika also, though she had sometimes shown intolerance. Time had passed happily, though her mother had become somewhat of an invalid. Gauri had become a close companion to them both, especially to her dear father. She dwelt fondly over the old recollections.

Then, a change had come, when she was seventeen years old. Her parents, she knew, had always been anxious to get her married; for what would happen to her, a blind Indian girl, when they died? She had left everything to them, and told them to do as they liked. She had such trust and confidence in them and their judgment. They told her one day that some one had asked to marry her. He had seen her often in church and in public, and he did not mind a bit about her blindness. He craved, he said, to look after her helplessness, and take care of her. Her father had made enquiries about this man from one or two friends, who had said that they had all heard well of him, though they did not know much about him; for he was a new man to that district. He was a Tamil Brahmin convert, a graduate and had become Professor in a college in Northern India. He seemed to be a good man; was certainly a pleasant man, a man who knew what were called 'English Manners'. He was kind and considerate to everyone, and had become quickly popular with all. Would Gauri allow him to talk to her, and would she do her best to like him? He appeared to be rather in a hurry, for he had to join his work soon. Her parents bated to send her away North; but they did not wish to stand in their child's path. Marriage with a good man, after all, was the best for a woman, especially for a blind helpless girl like her.

Then, Prakash had been introduced to her. She remembered the occasion so well. Her mother had dressed her in silk and a few jewels — for she hated too many of the latter — had oiled and combed her long hair and put flowers in it; she had been like a sheep led to the slaughter, she now thought with a scornful smile. She had been led by her father into their small drawing-room, where her sensitive ear knew there were some four or five people. They had all been talking eagerly, but there had been a sudden silence, when she entered. It made Gauri suspicious, but she forgot all about it in what followed. Really, the pause had been due to the sensation created by her striking, yet pathetic, appearance. Tall, slim, dressed all in white, with smooth hair drawn back over a noble brow, fair with the tint of old ivory, her big black eyes, wide-open, but with such a blank look in their sweet depths, her drooping mouth trembling with fear and excitement....., she had stood before them, and one at least among them had held his breath in awe and love. Then Mr. Prakash had been taken to her by her father. She had held out her hand, which had been taken in a firm clasp. The man's fingers had been too soft and smooth, Gauri had thought, but they had not been limp or heavy. Then, his voice had fallen on her ears, and she had thrilled to it; for it had been very musical, and music was everything to her. She had listened to it with pleasure, but at the same time had been struck by a quality of hardness in it. She felt that the man was capable of being a good man; but somehow his life had been spoilt.

His talk had fascinated her, for, then and in the days that followed, he had somehow managed to see a good deal of her. He had talked to her well about her favourite literature in English. He had idealised her hero-poets, Shakespeare and Tagore. He seemed to agree with her in everything, and yet there was a fine quality of criticism in his talk, which had corrected her in details, without her feeling any resentment, and had made her look more ahead, and enlarged her scope of thought.

Then, he had talked to her about India and she had admired him. Unlike so many Indian Christians, he had high hopes for India and believed Indians capable of self-government, though not for many years yet. In spite of the mistakes of her great ones, he said that everything would go well with India yet. Her many races would unite and would yet place her in the foremost rank in the world.

And then, he had been so kind to her, so thoughtful of her, always placing her before everything and everyone. He had poured out before her his dear hopes of a life together. He had said he loved her. He

had spoken impassioned words to her. One of his sayings had impressed her very much, and she still remembered it. "I love you so much," he had said, "that I would do anything to keep you mine, Gauri. I would dare Hell itself not to lose you. You are my only aim and goal in life now." The words had thrilled her then; they thrilled her now.

So a week had passed, and she finally had been coaxed into giving her consent to the marriage. He had kissed her, she remembered.

She did not love the man, as she had dreamed of loving. She, of course, did not know what sort of a face he had. He was tall and stalwart and broad-shouldered, but that was all she knew of his appearance. But she had been fascinated by him, as we have seen, and liked him; more than all, she had been intrigued by his avowed admiration and liking for her. Something naturally rose in her own heart, in response to his ardour, and she hoped great things of their life together. She hated to leave her parents, but what had the Bible said: "Thy people shall be my people." But he seemed to have none of his own people alive.

Hurried preparations had been made for a quick wedding; there had not been time even to get her sister and brother away from a distant school. When the day of her marriage dawned, Gauri had been all of a tremble.

She had gone through the marriage ceremony as in a dream, repeating her vows and responses in an anticipation of hope, that she now shrank from thinking of. After that, to the strains of the Wedding March from *Lohengrin* she had come down the church, on her husband's arm, the flower girls strewing sweet petals before them, to the scent of which she sensitively thrilled.

Then had come that terrible scene in the vestry. A dear friend of theirs had travelled in hot haste from a distant town to warn them. But he had arrived only after the nuptial knot had been tied; and so, unwilling to disturb the sacred peace, had waited till the service, which he knew was only a mock one, had drawn to a close. Then, Gauri had heard Mr. Prakash denounced. The man had already a wife living, hidden away somewhere in an out-of-the-way corner of India. Marriage with Gauri was bigamy; she had escaped well from an evil-doer's clutches.

He had tried to take her hand, she remembered; he had tried to plead for himself. But, she had shrunk from him and then she had heard him mutter in her ear, "I shall get you yet." She had not paid any attention to him. She had felt dazed absolutely; and yet, she

recollected that, even in her bewilderment, she had felt that now first suspicion about his too smooth and soft fingers, and about hardness of his voice, had been justified. Then, she had clung to father, her head had gone round and round, and she had fainted for the first time in her life.

When she recovered, she was in her own home. She had never gone out at all after that; she had pined and fretted, till at last her father, very sorry for the mess he had made of things in his hurry, and not able to stand the pitying kindness of his well-meaning friends, had made up his mind to leave his native Telugu country and settle somewhere in the Tamil land. He wished to get the whole matter forgotten.

He had somehow secured a transfer; but, before going to the new home, she had been taken to the Missionary Hospital in another town, and placed under an eye-specialist; and there their great hope had been fulfilled. She had been given her eye-sight. Oh! what a blessing her eyes had been to her in her shame and bitterness of heart! Gradually, the memory of what had happened had grown dim, blotted out by all the new things in store for her. She had read and studied under the guidance of her father. Her mother was still an invalid, and it was Gauri's privilege now to look after the house. Her brother and sister had come back often for their holidays; and time had passed all too quickly.

Then, when she was twenty, this new change had come. All the old things had gone suddenly out of her life. Father and mother had passed away, and here she was to all practical purposes, alone, but for her husband, her whole life given into his keeping.

But, she was afraid of Prakash. There was a dread in her heart, an evil premonition of what might happen. Had he not said that he would somehow get her, that "he would dare even Hell for her." She felt afraid of what he would do to her. He had had a strong power over her once; he had had a dreadful fascination for her; and there was no doubt she had been sorry he had to go away from her. She had felt moreover, that she belonged to him, till she had heard he had died. And then, she had felt very sorry — so sorry that — that — but her father had come to her aid and she had forgotten more or less about him, the quicker because he really had had no true attraction for her. She knew he was not a good man, but he had been so fascinating, so virile, so witty; and she — had — been blind; he had been so considerate of her, so thoughtful for her, always helping her, thinking of her, acting for her, talking to her. Sheer, rank flat-

terly it had been, yet it had been very pleasant; for, who would usually care for a blind shy girl like herself? No outsiders had, till he had come. It must have been love. He had said so. What had there been in her to attract him? No money, no position, no degrees in education, no accomplishments. Her Brahmin caste perhaps — but he could have got that in other places. No — no — she had really thought he had liked her — at least enough to — to — and that was really why she had liked him, and been fascinated by him. And so — and so —

But now, that was all over, for Gauri loved her husband, and no one else had any fascination for her; and perhaps, her husband was not wanting her, never would want her again. He had liked her at first, it was true; but now? So her thoughts went round in a sort of vicious circle. It had passed midnight by that time; and still her husband had not come up. Gauri dragged herself to bed, and there, tired and weary, she soon fell into an uneasy sleep. She remembered as in a hazy dream, her husband coming to bed.

"Sleeping, Gauri?" he asked in a gentle tone.

She murmured something.

"Good-night then, sleep well."

She tossed and turned for sometime, for she was re-living all the old tragic scenes. She dreamt she was out all alone on a wide stormy sea, heaving and tumbling about in a frail, broken boat. There was another boat not far away, tossing about also like hers, but there were two people in it, a man and a woman. She called to the man, who was very much like Arjuna; but he could not reach her, because the woman, who was like Pushpam, was holding him back. Frightened by her loneliness and her danger, Gauri moaned and called for help and could not find rest in her heaving boat. Suddenly, it seemed to her that help did come. She was taken into a calm haven of peace; tender arms enfolded her; a gentle hand smoothed her brow; a soft voice whispered to her. Calmed and rested, she drifted into a sound and dreamless sleep.

She awoke late in the morning. Her husband had gone away. Gauri drowsily lay quiet in bed for a few minutes. She still felt soothed and refreshed; around her she still felt the comforting hold, into which she had so calmly slipped from a stormy dream. Who had held her, who had soothed her, who had whispered to her, she wondered. Had it been all a dream?

Then, recollection of all that had happened, swept over her, and she was up in a flash. Oh, what an unhappy day to wake to! What

would happen to her, she thought. Life seemed so empty, so dreary, so hopeless. The bitter taste in her mouth was so cloying.

But through it all, lingered the sweet memory of the end of her dream.

(To be continued.)

K. NS.

In Man's Realm

SARTOR INDICA

(CONTINUED)

The Indian Sartor has a future—a great future, unless we turn out to be unimaginative people. We have seen that it has been possible to conceive of a state of things where there can be two opinions on the obviously simple question of whether we should be clothed. It has been seen that our climatic, geographical, and other peculiarities have really no bearing on this question; that clothes, though not an absolute physical necessity, have something to say about our sense of decency. Of course, it cannot be said that climate has no relation to the particular type of costume worn by any one race or community, but then there we enter a different field, which we shall not enter.

It is impossible to persuade the South Indian field-labourer to take any interest in his clothes. An appeal to his spirit of nationalism—if you can find it in him—may produce a change in the material of his loin-cloth and headgear, but all efforts at shouldering him with an extra piece of tailored drapery are sure to prove a waste of energy. He will say he does not want it. He will tell you that his father and grandfather were healthier than he, that they were all right as they were; so why should he bother? That is *Unchanging, Unchangeable* India. You cannot touch Her. In addressing oneself to any problem of sartorial reform, therefore, these obstinate cases will have to be ticked off.

The subject itself fails to have any interest for the man in the street. The Westernised Indian has a vague feeling that somewhere something is wrong. And he does not think about it seriously till his innocent combination of a blazer with stiff winged collars and black batwing bow has attracted attention at a garden party. He feels that after all there is no well-defined code of sartorial propriety for the Indian; and his uneasy mind travels back to his school-days, when a pair of shorts, a closed coat, and a velvet cap set him down as a boy of quality.

Let us now see how we stand. There is surely no better field for observation of South India's sartorial eccentricities than the railway station. I am talking of men. Women, I mean our South Indian women, are more or less sane; and, since they seem to want to learn more of what their husbands and brothers are doing, I feel that any influence from that quarter is bound to have far-reaching results.

It is about train time and the platform is a scene of bustle. Behind a mass of gracefully-wrapped crimson *Kornad*, ambles a half-naked pot-bellied man—a disgrace to the sweet form in front, whom he calls his wife. Diamonds gleam from his ten fingers. That piece of gold-bordered red silk wound round what he calls his waist is worth not less than a hundred rupees, and the *veshti*, which he has adjusted with such consummate nonchalance, is itself a matter of some eighteen rupees. To say nothing of the diamonds and the gold bracelet I have omitted to mention, the silk alone on this person would fit up a West End buck for the King's levees.

Comes then the overdressed Indian dandy—Ramaswamy Pillay with his lips reddened by betel—a silk shirt set off to advantage by a finely-creased *angavasthram* showing both its gold borders ironed down parallel to the length of the cloth—a blaze of glory from right shoulder to left waist, very like those swell-looking "what ye call'ums" that adorn the persons of ambassadors, crowned kings and children of the latter. His elder brother, Srinivasagam Pillay, however, happens to be a Head Clerk or so in the Collector's office and is therefore rigged out *a la mode*, an alpaca coat open at the top, exposing a knitted tie with a disgracefully small knot, and its length looking very like the tail of a lizard turned end-side up. He too has a silk *angavasthram*, which he will tie up into a turban with amazing rapidity the moment he sights his boss.

From the far end of the platform, rolls old Mr. Subbarama Iyer, B. A., B. L., Advocate, on his way to the District Magistrate's Court, with a sheaf of typed papers under his arm and half-a-dozen admiring clients to his left and right. His coat, if the tailor's intentions are to be recorded, is 'closed', but it is open, and intentionally so, since he has to show his newly-acquired tape, which alone would distinguish him from the mere B. L. His tape sprouts from God knows where, since there is no trace of a winged, double, single, or even a soft collar to explain its *raison d'être*.

From one end of the railings peeps a ferocious-looking *badmash*, sporting a blue satin shirt, a multi-coloured *loongi* and a temporarily adjusted piece of headgear, the crimson of which makes that Westernised

pupil of your eye shrink. His shirt is cut after the fashion of kimonos up to a length, after which you believed that wiser counsels prevailed, resulting in a sudden sweeping cut. He presents a good picture anyway.

Your quick eye, thereafter, catches the rapid march of a maroon velvet cap through the throng. Its owner, Mohommed Miran Rowther, a heavily-scented gent of about forty, has a *veshti*, the thickness of which makes a most unpleasant rustle as he passes you. The same cloth, as well as a coloured undervest, are kept in position by a broad pocketed belt of leather and green serge. His small son is just a smaller edition in the matter of raiment, save that he has an extravagant allowance of heavy jewellery about his neck and wrists.

In the one good armchair provided in the First and Second class Waiting room, rests Mr. K. R. Kesava Subramaniam, M. A., B. C. L. (Oxon.), I. C. S.—he that was censured by Principal Jack Brown for too much sympathy with khaddar and revolutionary movements during his college days. That of course was an affair of the past. He is now quite comfortable in his palm-beach suit, his semi-stiff collar and the I. C. S. tie. He says "It is pretty hot", but that at C—, where he had done so well as Assistant Collector, it was beastly. He even tells you that tweeds are not quite as unbearable on hot days as some people would say.

Observing this fine young Indian Civil Servant from the door of the room, is a tramp in tattered hollands—but I need not bring this person into strong relief in a picture of South Indian humanity. Tramps the world over seem to follow some unwritten code. You are forced to notice this from pictures. The same beard, the same down-in-the-dumps look, the same baggy trousers with those delightfully picturesque folds and patches, and the same amount of filth uniformly spread all over. I leave him, since he does not help me.

There are then the less prominent types no less picturesque, petty traders on their way back home, coolies et cetera, all very sparingly clad, porters, peons, beggars "and miscellaneous unclean persons, whom nitre and much soap will not wash clean". I have not by any means exhausted all the details of the picture before me for fear of a breakdown; they are so many and so varied.

The little group of persons painted by me satisfies my present requirements. You will agree that all these persons brought under the same temperature and pressure cannot but have the same atmospheric reactions, any difference being the result only of varied dietetic habits. Such being the case, it is impossible to see why the rich millionaire should bare so much of his unlovely person, while the Oxford gentleman

could find it convenient to cover himself with care. It cannot be that the millionaire finds it too cumbersome to be clothed; it cannot be that he is miserly; he has spent a good bit on the very scanty piece of silk around him. If discomfort has decided the question then, you will have to say that all those Indians who have taken to Western ways are absurdly slavish. The trouble lies elsewhere. The Indian Indian, as distinct from the Westernised, has no sense of proportion. If he has vanity enough in him to adorn himself in brightly-coloured silks, it follows naturally that he does not realise that he offends his brother unpardonably in other ways. I have no doubt that the usage of ages alone has been responsible for this state of affairs. He has not yet come to that stage of realisation of his responsibilities, which makes him 'let live' while he lives. What he wants is evidently the conversion, rather the deflection of a line of view which has been fixed for him by his worthy ancestors, a small matter, but very difficult to tackle when you come to it. Take it for illustrative purposes that we, South Indians, have agreed upon a particular kind of travelling gear—say a sort of cross between Jodhpur breeches and Afghan pants. Our old man will immediately object, saying it would make it impossible for him to lift up his hands in salutation to Minakshi, as he sights the golden tower of the temple at Madura. It is an insult to the Goddess, he tells you seriously. He will tell you with a very contemptuous smile that, do what you will, he does not think it worth while to have to spend a half-hour, trying to shake himself free of his clothes at bathing ghats and before his family deity. He will even pretend to be a man of taste and tell you that, even if the orthodoxy of the Temple authorities breaks down to allow you to enter the Sanctum Sanctorum in trousers, it would look so stupid to see you in trousers without shoes!

Let it be borne in mind that, in discussing the suitability of the various types of masculine dress, expense is no disturbing element, since a careful calculation of the individual values of the several items of the average South Indian's wardrobe and the frequency with which he has to replenish it, will show that he spends as much as, if not more than, some of the *burra sahibs* that lord over him. He has at least ten different kinds of *angavasthras*, a dozen silk shirts and a score of *veshtis*, while his sahib's wardrobe contains nothing costlier than that one evening suit, to which he gets attached for life, unless a sudden accession to wealth makes him convex, in which case we cannot discuss him along with the average man. We are concerned with what the average man is doing, with what he could do, with what he ought not to do, and with what he ought to.

It is clear therefore that there is no reason why a South Indian, investing more or less the same amount on clothes as his white neighbour, should appear less smart. The fact remains that he is less smart, and the 'why' of it is not difficult to discover.

Firstly, we have no settled fashions. There are too many types. There is no inner consciousness in us which suggests that we might be offending without our meaning to be so. There is no one type which appeals universally. There has not yet been any realisation that the high cost of a piece of clothing is not in itself a mark of superiority. And, saddest of all, we are yet to realise that the costumes of European countries, though they fit the Indian better than most of the types his own country could give him, fit the European much better than they do the Indian, *ipso facto*. Had we a costume of our own we could have had a way of our own with it. It is unfortunate that we have not.

What then shall we have? Has the *dhoti* to remain? No, because it cannot fail to impress upon foreigners that we are a slovenly lot. In the quiet seclusion of your home you may have it, but then you can do anything within that seclusion, if your wife doesn't mind. Should we drop the coat and have a mere shirt instead? You may have both, but after a fashion different from our present underwear. There need be no collar, which should make room for a tie; and, if you can manage to think of a poetic way of making it meet your neck, you can dispense with the collar altogether. There is nothing half so stupid as working, active men being put to the necessity of covering their necks, while their wives are licensed to have them open to ridiculous lengths. We must have something, which can close and open, with no tie to obstruct us. If we do have a coat, we must see that we have buttons on it or not as we like. We must see why we should not have the old Roman toga over Jodhpur breeches and our new-modelled shirts, if only to match our sisters' saris which are really nice. In spite of its high cost, we can adopt the *angavasthram* as an essential item of our ceremonial regalia. We can drive out a creeping national hypocrisy by again declaring openly that we have a partiality for crimson and green and blue. We can look to convenience also and see that the schoolboy goes out in something like shorts. We must not be so fanatically anti-foreign as to abandon the *topee*, when it is really necessary. The extremist may be allowed to have a pattern of his own. We can see that the turban is not allowed to be made an object of contempt, as naturally happens when Madrassis try to play pranks with it. We can see that every *vakil* ties it, as though he meant to do it and not as we see in many cases with that dignified headgear doing a

balancing feat on the top of an unwilling head. We can have the option of wearing either a cap or a turban, since there are which never agree with one or other of these. We can say 'good-bye' to those tiny caps made of velvet and felt, which are a disgrace to any self-respecting community, and instead, import a new variety of *Balaclavas* without the undercovering. Our coats, if we happen to have them in preference to the toga, can display a variety of designs in gold, which, thank God, is still in favour with some of our Maharajas. We can, in short, be original and independent, and yet not opposed to foreign fashions, if they are sane. We shall not taboo any stuff merely because it is foreign. We shall adopt such if they agree with our sense of what is good, and improve upon it if we can. We shall have all these and yet jealously guard against anything, which might tell upon our independent existence as a nation that knows how to please the eye.

A standardisation of this sort may not be possible, as early as the next century, if matters are left to shift for themselves; but a sudden awakening to a sense of national self-respect can work it in a day. There is always the no-changer; there is the fellow who does not care, but there is scarcely one normal man who can stand the contemptuous stare of a woman. If therefore the wives and sisters of our great financiers and our officers will only tell their husbands that other women have been criticising their male partners in the matter of raiment, there is a ghost of a chance of the Indian Sartor being called to a sense of his importance. He will set to work in earnest and bring about as many fashions in a month, as your Saville Row genius will in a year, since there is better scope for the imagination here in this land of colour and festivals than in England or any other country. Cannot a conference of Indian men of fashion be called to decide on some distinctively Oriental and Indian fashion for us Indians?—a conference of men who could think seriously on what we should wear for formal dinners and what for parties?—of men who could design "a swashing and a martial outside" for the army?—of dandies who could show us how best to throw our national *angavasthram* over the shoulder? Cannot the same national determination, which spread a mere symbol like the Gandhi cap, bring about this much-desired reform in our apparel? Can nothing be done, O Mother India?

"Andromeda"

It is clear therefore
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Friendly Chats.

WOMEN AND POLITICS

The greatest handicap to all writers is the vast number of subjects that confront them. But, perhaps no subject is more fascinating today than women in politics.

Woman is destined by nature to be man's help-mate and it is her power to promote the growth of mankind. It has also been said that women are the makers and destroyers of nations. Why should not every woman, if she has the time and gift, be of any use to her country? Why should she not take part in public activities? It does not mean that she should lead an opposition campaign to get herself fame, or make a mess of her life by going to extremes.

There was a time when women had to be blind to the activities of the world. They were in the dark. Their development entirely depended on the whims and fancies of men. But, the latter have now begun to take a broader view of things and that has become the stepping-stone to the woman. It has been recognised that their rights are not meant to be misused or taken advantage of.

But, it is also not to be forgotten that woman's home is a sanctuary where great and noble men are to be reared. It is not possible for the average woman to interest herself in politics, unless she is unmarried or childless, or has grown-up children, or is in circumstances that drive her to make her own living. She should bear in mind that her vocation in life is something nobler and higher. Motherhood is a great thing in life, and children cannot be entrusted too much to the tender mercies of ayahs and servants. "Her country needs many noble citizens and great heads to think out reformed constitutions. A generation of young men with high expectations and ideals, patriotic views and devotion to the mother-land, are becoming a scarcity. Who should be responsible for this? Home and Woman". Unless our mothers waken up, our condition is deplorable. Nature has designed the noble function of motherhood. Our girls should be given a thorough education, an education that will give them such broad-mindedness as to know how to use their rights and privileges and equip themselves for the great task, that their mothers did not know to perform. Happy will be the home that has such women.

Pavalam, Ceylon

SOCIETY SNAPS

Jealousy

What is jealousy? I think in one aspect if it, viz., envy, it is the opposite to Love, for if people love their neighbours entirely, how can they be envious of them?

True love is that which cannot be defiled with the desire to be more famous or more popular than the person we love; it is entirely unselfish, and is not envious, if that person whom we love rises above us, or if that person has had better luck than we have had.

Jealousy is the cause of people talking scandal, and gossiping about other people. If we are jealous of a girl who is engaged, and is going to be married, instead of rejoicing that that girl is going to be happy, we begin to talk badly of her. We tell all our friends about all the men that girl used to run after. We tell them that she was engaged five or six times before. We cannot keep our tongues from speaking guile; but find pleasure in telling everyone all the bad qualities of the girl; even as some missionaries go to England and speak of the worst side of India, in order to get money, and thus paint India in its worst possible colours to the English eyes.

On the other hand, if we love that girl, we rejoice that she is going to be happy and only wish that the man whom she is going to marry is worthy of her.

We are also jealous of people who are our rivals in studies. I wish we could get over this evil habit of being jealous, and could just love the people in this world with all our hearts.

But there is the jealousy of love, with which indeed the supreme creator is credited, the jealousy which requires the best love from the person loved. There can be no true love, I think, without this peculiar jealousy. And of this there are many aspects, the jealousy of the sister, the brother, the friend, the child, the lover, the servant, and of them, worst of all, I think is that of the lover.

In this connection, I would like to mention what I read from a Ceylon paper the other day about jealousy. A distinction is made between male jealousy and feminine jealousy.

"Male jealousy, being based upon an outrage of the sense of possession, is much more savage and much more devastating in its results, but it is less easily aroused. Feminine jealousy, being based upon that feeling of insecurity, which is the unexercised nightmare of our sex, is ever present.

The fear of decaying charms, the fear of loneliness, of scandals and lost prestige and the mere fact of economic dependence, are the driving forces, which cause so many women to brood or nag on the most trivial provocation. The man, less dependent than the woman upon the opposite sex for the essentials of life, wonders what the devil all the fuss is about, and goes increasingly to seek companionship elsewhere.

The only cure suggested as of use is "a frank acceptance of the world as it is, and a good healthy conceit." Say to yourself somewhat as follows: "There are thousands of women in the world, younger, prettier, better-dressed and more charming than I am. I must admit it. It is quite impossible for me to keep them all out of my husband's way. After all, he met scores of them before he met me, which presumably means that there was something about me which he preferred.

Have I lost that quality?

Unless it was a purely physical one, it is my own fault if I have.

And, if it were a purely physical one, have I nothing rarer and more valuable to offer, after living with the man for umpteen years?

What an advantage I have over that hypothetical other woman—the advantage of knowing all the little things he likes and dislikes. And those are the things that matter most."

"Sour—sweet

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) OUR SERIAL STORY

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN

CHAPTER V

The Quest for the Henna Leaves.

The children all got up at dawn on the important day, after a night of delirious thinking and hysteric planning. The two big sisters applied to their mother for exemption from the Saturday oil-bath, but were disappointed when the answer came in the negative.

Dr. and Mrs. Vikram stood in the porch scanning two bits of cardboard, which were apparently the wedding invitations, in Vasant's rubber type. The lines, the spellings and the inverted letters in many places gave them not a little amusement.

"Why don't you accept it for both of us, Komala?" Dr. Vikram asked his wife, as he suddenly climbed down two steps and secured to the stake a trailing branch of the *clematis* that might have been trampled over.

"I have, as good a mind to request you to represent both," laughed his wife, trying to open a full tube-rose bud.

"No, no," replied the Civil Surgeon, "The youngsters would miss you more than me. But let us both give them a little pleasure, for things. It is not a great sacrifice."

"Raji girl, what are you about and why have you brought your little brother out so early?" asked Mrs. Vikram, as she saw the two little children sauntering towards the garden.

"Mother, we are going to pick henna leaves for our nails. We shall give you also a portion," replied the girl with a re-assuring nod, while Babu simply gave a merry croak and ran a few steps, fearing he should be taken indoors.

"Mind you do not touch the grinding-stone," shouted the mother, "You can ask Chandra to make henna paste for you."

Mrs. Vikram in response to the water-man's call went in. The doctor stood with his arms locked on his bosom, admiring the beauty of the early dawn, which never lasts for a long time in this country. It was indeed a most beautiful morning. The soft rays of the just-awakened sun, played hide-and-seek in a sky of fleecy snow-white clouds. Two little honey-suckers were chirping to each other on a bough of the pomegranate tree with its eternal scarlet flowers and hard-rinded fruit. Sparrows were noisily chattering as if to drown the music of the tiny bird, and a crow was busy pecking at maggots in the dirty feathers of a battered wing. A flock of parrots flew overhead, paused undecided over a mango tree, and then with joyful shrieks rushed towards a tamarind tree, and buried themselves in its foliage. The doctor dismounted and went to the garden enclosure in front, where leaning against the palings, he studied with pride the wealth of luxuriant plants and flowers his own hands had grown. There were golden sunflowers flaunting in the breeze on their long slender stalks; zinnias, gorgeous and resplendent in their colours; towering holly-hocks, delicate-talied phlox, carnations, single and double with fringed leaves, pinks, geraniums, lilies and a whole array of multi-coloured blossoms read before the eyes. Alongside the fence, the humble balsams, with pomms rivalling the most exquisite of roses, stood in all their glory of colour and shape. The dark green cypress vine with trumpet-shapedimson flowers, blue bells and *sampangi*, flung a mantle over the fence.

The enchantment of the garden cast its spell even on the minds of the two little children, though they felt it in a different way from their mother, for many a beautiful blossom left the plant to lie crushed in the youngsters' hands.

"Don't touch the henna tree, Babu," coaxed the little sister. "The spikes will prick you and your hands will bleed. I will gather the leaves, you hold your cap like this and take them."

"I no hold cap. I want shirt pocket," replied Babu rebelliously.

"Then I will make a bag in my saree and carry heaps of leaves," answered the resourceful maid.

"Yaji, Yaji, *bottle flies*" shouted her brother and clapped his little hands in glee. Then he toddled off after a jet-black creature with crimson dots on its tailed wings, as it idly sailed from the fence to tree. Like blossoms in wild sport, the butterflies, yellow, orange, cream coloured and of various hues, with lovely patterns on their wings, chased each other, alighted on the flowers or flitted in the air. Tiny little fellows of plain heliotrope, white or brown, rose from the verdant grass at the children's feet and fluttered before them inviting capture, nimbly dodging them when pursued.

"That one for me," cried Raji, indicating a big blue one with pink and green streaks.

"That one for me," repeated Babu and both little ones ran after but the bright-winged creature was too quick for them.

Presently, the two came to a sudden halt. Three birds were making much ado on an alamander bush flecked with yellow flowers. They were two black-bowed cock-sparrows courting a hen, who was in fact silent and indifferent. Raji watched the birds in childish curiosity, screwing up her eyes as the sunshine fell on her fair sweet face, while Babu stood playing with the flowers on the hedge. His sister's hair was full of blossoms put in without taste or order.

"Babu, Babu, see the birds fighting," said she, drawing the little fellow close to her.

"I want to see," complained the boy, pushing his sister aside with the idea that what she pointed out must necessarily be seen from where she stood. At first she gave way, then resisted and recovered her place by dint of superior strength, but Babu tried to make up for his defeat by giving his sister a series of sharp blows with his tiny fist and yelling with all his might. Raji retaliated and then there appeared signs of a fierce duel, when all at once Babu became wonderfully quiet and clung tightly to the little girl, saying 'Sister'.

"Babu, don't call me sister, you bad boy," replied Raji trying to shake him off, when he gave a piteous moan, and held her all the more fast, till at last she discovered the cause.

There was a bush of cannas with flowers that waved aloft like banners. Concealed in them was a grey-striped cat with cruel green

eyes, ready to spring on the sparrows on the alamander plant close by. The animal looked alternately at its prey and at the children, not quite determined to act. The moment the little girl saw the dreadful sight, she forgot her wrongs and flinging her arms about the boy's neck, hastily led him away from the spot too terrified to comfort him there.

(To be continued)

II. Kaveri Bai.

(2) THE BEST PRESENT

Little Mary sat knitting in the big arm-chair, thinking of the lovely new book that had come for her that afternoon. It was a green book and on the cover was printed in gilt—THE GOLDEN SPIDER.

Mary was nine and her brother was twelve and they were great friends, so that when he went out to fish Mary was very lonely.

When he came back that night, he brought her *The Golden Spider*, and Mary, who loved stories and books, was delighted with it. As she had had a bad cold, she was not allowed to go downstairs.

That afternoon nurse had told her to sit down like a good girl and knit, as she had to answer the front door. And since then Mary had been knitting patiently. However, an hour or two afterwards nurse came up with this piece of good news for Mary. Nurse added that she could bring the book up on the tray with Mary's tea.

So Mary had waited for both book and tea. Suddenly, the door opened and nurse brought a square parcel on the tray. It was a brown parcel tied with blue ribbon.

Mary took the parcel off the tray and opened it and on the cover read these words: "To Mary Wilson with much love from Frank Wilson". Mary put down her work and her book and ate her tea. Then she read her book, and nurse took her tray downstairs. When nurse came back, she asked if Mary would like her to read to her. So Mary said: "Yes, please;" and nurse took Mary's new book and opened it.

Just as nurse was about to begin, who should come in but Mary's mother and in her hands was a parcel which she gave Mary. When the parcel was opened, Mary cried out: "Look at what I've found! sweet little baby doll with a little blue silk robe and bonnet".

Mary was fond of dolls too. Then the mother went out and nurse went on reading. When she had finished, Mary wanted to play with her doll. She lifted it up, then gave it a kiss, remarking it was the nicest she had seen.

When bed-time came round, Mary took her doll to bed with her. Next morning was bright and sunny, so Mary was allowed to go downstairs. Then she went downstairs to her nursery and put her doll in her doll's pram and pushed her about.

Suddenly she gave a little laugh, then she said, "Oh, I've forgotten to name you. I think I will name you Isabel".

Then Mary heard the door open and in came her auntie who said, "Mary, come upstairs. Your granny is very ill".

So Mary ran up and when she reached the top and went in, she could see that was her very old grand-mother lying in bed with her eyes closed.

Mary tiptoed softly to her side and felt her hand. It was as cold as ice; Mary knew her granny had gone to live with Jesus, her Saviour and Friend. She also knew that the best present for her dear granny was to rest with her father in Heaven.

Written by Clare Biva Tampora
aged 8½ years.

(9) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dear Children,

Have you ever read a book called "The Crescent Moon," by our great poet, Rabindranath Tagore? It is a book that you will all delight in, for it deals with the world of little people; and the author, with his marvellous penetration, makes us come in contact with the little secret mysteries that lie behind every little child. The child has come out of this world of doubt and trouble, leaving his freedom behind him "in the land of the tiny crescent moon". "It is not for nothing he gave up his freedom. He knows that there is room for endless joy in his mother's little corner of a heart, and it is sweeter far than liberty. He cannot be caught and pressed in her dear arms. Baby never knew how to cry. He dwelt in the land of perfect bliss. It is not for nothing he has chosen to shed tears."

With what sympathetic understanding the poet depicts the world of little people! "On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. He says, "Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children." And, as we read these words, we see before us a world of beautiful innocent tiny creatures, playing happily, unconscious of the deep and troublous even that take place all around them, in the land of the grown-ups.

"The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning, the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps." Next time, perhaps, when you see your tiny brothers and sisters smiling, you can imagine this beautiful picture of the pale beam of a crescent moon touching the edge of a vanishing cloud, from whence the baby's smile is born. Yes, baby's world is a very beautiful world indeed. It is a place where the sky stoops down to his face to amuse him, and the stars talk: where reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, and Truth sets itself free from its fetters."

And right through the book, together with an interpretation of the old-world, is a sympathetic portrayal of a mother's beautiful nature and the joy she has in her children, and also, of the delightful intercourse between mother and child.

"Supposing I become a *Champa* flower just for fun, and grew on a perch high up that tree, and shook in the wind with laughter and need upon the newly-budded leaves, would you know me, mother?

You would call, 'Baby, where are you?' and I should laugh to myself and keep quite quiet.

I should shyly open my petals and watch you at your work."

It is needless for me to quote any more from this beautiful book. Read it for yourselves, or better still, ask your father or mother to read to you, and explain those passages that you cannot understand. Perhaps you may not appreciate the subtle meaning of the book now; but you will love the picture of the imaginative world of little people painted in it.

Yours sincerely,

Padmini.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

I was sitting on a cliff the other day, watching the sea-line advance and recede on the shore. The swelling and flattening of the waves reminded me of the folds and waves of a *Sari*; and I thought myself that it would be pleasant and original if we could copy some of the suggestions embodied in those pleasant undulations. But how? It is difficult at all times to copy natural Nature in artificial dress; and even when we do get good imitations we still are not right, because of the wrong environment of humans, compared with the harmonious surroundings of Nature.

It is the fashion now-a-days not to have regular patterns costumes; but to have an all-over irregular design. Besides, froc hang in irregular edges and curves. So I think if we could have design like the sea-pattern somehow embodied into the *Sari*, it would be splendidly bizarre, besides being somewhat in the fashion.

What I mean by the sea-pattern is, not the lines of the inner s itself, for that is almost inimitable; but I mean the fringes of t wave-edges. How it spreads and waves along the shore; in wh enchanting lines and curves it opens out; what frills and blossoms, foam gather round it! Now it is drawn out in beautiful poin now curved in lovely undulations; now all the edges run into o another in wonderful harmony; anon it is encrusted in a wonder gem-design; sometimes, it is edged and inserted with the daintiest la And all above it is the most beautiful silk, shimmering, waving u dulating, enchanting!

Another idea is to have the one-coloured *Sari* contrasted with floral blouse, in the same shade. A contrast is pleasant, if there is too much of it; and gives the most pleasant effects even with Indian gold-edged costumes.

Sister Susie.

OUR FURNISHING SUGGESTIONS:

THE SICK-ROOM

It is better for the room to be isolated from the house; or at a rate in such a position that it could be kept more or less separate from the rest, especially in a case of infection; and also to ensure quiet for the patient. It should be a spacious and lofty room, cheerful and with a pleasant view if possible, either looking out over a garden, or a good scene. And for such, the windows ought to be low, so that the patient can have a good look-out, even when lying down. I read another idea, the other day, viz. the placing of a large looking-glass at the correct angle, so as to reflect scenes from outside or from the street and bring a little life into the room.

Secondly, the ventilation of the room should be good. This should be secured by big windows. For a sick patient, of course, there should be proper warmth, and no draughts should be allowed to play on him. But two windows at least should be kept wide open, the draught through being away from the bed; and if necessary, a piece of gauze or thin muslin can be stretched across, to break the force of the draughts. The windows should be made easily to open, and the hinges should be oiled.

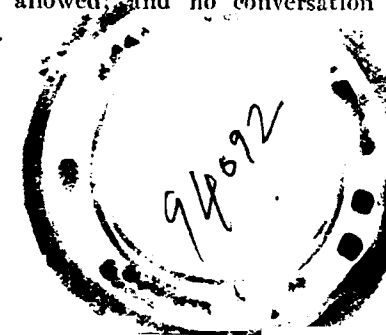
Thirdly, the sanitation and cleanliness of the room should be attended to. A clean sweet smell should pervade it; it should therefore be deodorised often; a good idea would be to use frankincense with some Indian herbs thrown in, especially the *Mallipalu* of South India. Disinfection of the floors can be done by sweeping the floors and dusting the furniture with damp cloths. No litter should be allowed in the room. All used vessels should be emptied at once and brought back carefully cleaned. Soiled glasses etc., should be cleaned at once; and no confusion of medicine bottles should be allowed, but only those kept out, which are necessary for immediate use.

As for the furniture, as little as possible should be allowed. No curtains or purdahs, except to screen out light and keep off draughts; no carpets if possible, but a mat if necessary by the bed, which should be shaken out every day. No foot-stools, boxes, baskets or tables or ornaments, or knick-knacks should be allowed. A table by the bedside with a book, if the patient is allowed to read, a vase of flowers, which should be removed at nights, a tray or dainty basket for handkerchiefs etc., a table at one side of the room for immediate medicines, a shelf for storing away others, a small wardrobe or a clothes-hanger for a necessary towel, napkin etc., a couch, a chair or two. In this connection, it might be said that visitors should sit between the door and the patient, by the side of the bed, and near the pillow, and within sight of the patient, so that conversation can be easy. In the night, the lamp should be clean, smokeless, fumeless, and should be shaded carefully, so as not to hurt the patient's eyes. The bed should be a comfortable one with a firm mattress, and clean linen, changed every day, and arranged neatly without folds and creases. The coverings should be light. It should be placed in a convenient position for the nurse to do her work. I have seen many beds placed with feet towards, and head facing, the door. But I would advise a position the other way, or at least side-ways: but the bed should never have the side close against a wall; and as has already been said, draughts should be avoided, and also a good view should be ensured. A second bed or retcher will be convenient to place the patient on, while airing the first bed.

It is necessary to add that there should be quiet in the room. The use of crockery or bottles should be noiseless; nurses and people entering should walk on rubber-shod or shoeless feet; no whispering should be allowed; and no conversation except when cheerful talk is wanted.

"Home-decorator."

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RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN

The Woman Worker: Now that our women are claiming equality with men all along the line; now that they have shown themselves really capable of active gifted work, it would be well for us to pause and imagine the real worth of a woman worker. I cannot imagine a better ideal than that of Mrs. Johnson, of Chestnut College, Cambridge, a sketch of whom I had the pleasure of reading in a Cambridge paper. In an interview with her, "M. M." writes that within the walls of the College, what she became conscious of at once was the thread linking higher thought with commonplace comfort. Therefore the first thing she noticed about Mrs. Johnson was: "You realise that, however eminent its chatelaine may be in the sphere of public work, she is first and above all other things a home-maker."

Mrs. Johnson was a North Country woman, educated first in the Bradford Girls' Grammar School, and then at Somerville College, Oxford. Having spent her youth in a great industrial town, taking science as her subject and acting as Secretary to the National History Society of Oxford, it was no wonder that she was attracted towards social work, when after her marriage she went with her husband, who was appointed Tutor to Chestnut College. She found her duty in Temperance and Health work, and became Chairman, and later Secretary for 20 years, of the British Women's Temperance Association, in which position she gave many valuable lectures in Cambridge and the adjoining villages. She also took active part in "The League for Physical Education and Improvement;" Cambridge began to earn the reputation of providing counter attractions to public houses, such as non-alcoholic refreshment rooms etc. even before the establishment of the modern tea-shop. Mrs. Johnson also took interest in the study of 'licensing legislation'. She became secretary of the Cambridge branch of the National Council of women in 1917; and also a member of the Managing Committee of the Cambridge Housing Society; and acquired great knowledge on the question of housing for professional women. She is also on the Executive Committee of the United Council of Christian Witness, of the N. B. W. T. A., and of the United Temperance Council, and a member of the Women Citizens' Association, and of the League of Nations Union.

Above all, it is instructive that she is a domestic woman, who thinks that the best duty of women first consists in looking after husband, family and home. Therefore, she has always declined to take an official position in public life, as that would interfere with her husband's interests and her family duties. Here is a description of her:

"Slight of build, retaining but the faintest trace of a North Country accent, Mrs. Johnson speaks in an even voice that has a ringing "tone" in it. At first I could not get the meaning of this local chord until she casually mentioned that among her interests she had formerly given a great deal of time to the study of music, and had in fact organised, while in residence in Oxford, many choral and singing competitions. She is a firm believer in the civilising influence of community singing, especially in villages. During the last few years, her health has been undermined by rheumatism, which distressing complaint, while curtailing her activity in some directions has but increased it in others. She is extremely anxious to see started in Cambridge a rheumatism clinic on modest lines at first, but something in the nature of the Red Cross establishment in Regent's Park. Mrs. Johnson has a persuasive way with her—I should be very surprised if she does not see the realisation of her wish before very long."

Punkajam.

TACT IN SOCIETY

The only way to tackle an over-bearing person, is often to give him a dose of his own medicine;—as the following story shows.

A great bully of a boy, rambling about the earth, looking for someone with whom he could have a quarrel, came upon a quiet-looking lad, who peacefully wended his way across a field, intent upon an errand for his parents. "Here's my sport!" said the bully to himself as he saw the youth approaching. "Hello," said he to the timid-looking lad, as he came out from the field into the open road, "where are you going?" "I'm just on a message to the vicarage," said the quiet boy. "Oh, are you?" continued the bully, "not if I know it." He forthwith gave the lad a push, jerking from his hand the basket which he carried. Suddenly, from round a sharp bend in the road, came several of the bully's pals. "Knock the stuffing out of him!" they yelled to the big, ugly-looking ruffian. The hooligan then kicked the basket to the other side of the road, shouting "Footer, lads!" The others made toward the basket to kick it. "Stop!" shouted the quiet lad, "I'll knock down the first boy that kicks that basket." "You'll what?" screamed the bully, rushing up to him. "Take that, you little worm," but before the bully had got his shot in, the quiet lad had side-stepped. So fierce was the blow which the hooligan had delivered, that his body lurched heavily forward. The other lad had anticipated this, and, rather than take advantage of him whilst off guard, waited a second or two until the bully had regained his balance. With fiercer rage came the ruffian a second time, and hot and fearful was the

contest for a few minutes. Suddenly, the little fellow, with his head slightly bent to the left, delivered the bully such a terrible right hand upper cut, that the latter rolled over, groaning, in the road. "The kid's boss!" shouted the lads who had gathered round. "The Kicker's been cock of this village for years, but we're your pals now!" The big bully got up and slunk away.

"Worldly-wise."

OUR LONDON LETTER

BY

S. M. TELKAR

England's Proud Women.

London is undoubtedly a metropolis of feminine activity. English girls are renowned in these days for their dare-devil adventures. We know that Miss Amy Johnson, Mrs. Victor Bruce, are the women pioneers in the field of aviation. Miss Johnson has put to shame many a male by her triumphant solo flight to Australia in record time. Mrs. Bruce has just arrived after a successful world-flight. Miss Spooner is another champion Air-Woman. So I find in England to-day the womenfolk are competing with the sterner sex in every department of life. For instance, in politics, the names of Miss Margaret Bondfield, the Labour Minister; Miss Jennie Lee, M. P.; Lady Cynthia Moseley, M. P.; Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M. P.; Dr. Marion Phillips, M. P.; and other women M. Ps. are famous. In the branch of industry, there are a few English Women who are at the head of the departments. In the field of sport, there is Miss Betty Nuthall, the world-famous Tennis Player. The girls play Hockey, Tennis, Golf, Badminton, Billiards. They swim, dance, play cards, are adept at fencing. So women in England seem to me to be always active and busy in some way or other. By the way, the number of women journalists and novelists is increasing from day to-day. Miss Ethel Mannin, Miss Ursula Bloom, Miss Ethel M. Dell, Rebecca West, K. Smith, Dr. Marie Stopes, Lady Rhondda, Eleanor Glynn, Evelyn Laye, have already made a name in the realm of journalism and fiction writing. In the film World, and on the stage, Gladys Cooper, Nellie Wallace, Lily Moris, Miss Gracie Fields, Evelyn Laye, Edna Best, Fay Compton, Heather Thatcher, Irene Vanbrugh, are known throughout the world. I have observed that practically in all the offices in Great Britain the typists and secretaries are young women. They seem to be more efficient than man, particularly in secretarial work. Our Indian young women should take a lesson from their Western sisters who are successfully making headway towards their destined goal.

"Girls should look ahead."

Writing in the "Daily Mail" recently, the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney says: "Every young woman these days, whether rich or poor, should be taught efficiency in one particular occupation, so that in case of misfortune she could become self-supporting. It is simply no use thinking that because we happen to be born into the 'weaker' sex we can sit idly by. Oh, no to look pretty and lazily arrange flower vases is not enough to satisfy either parents or husbands in such hard times. Even the vogue for useless pretty women has gone out, so that unless they have been educated along practical modern lines few struggling young men would dare ask them to become their wives So let each girl be made into an expert in some definite line, whether it be cooking, sewing, fashion-designing, interior decoration, writing, book-binding, illustration, stenography, and secretarial work, or the finer arts. I always think American methods of education so excellent from this point of view, because no matter how well-off a family may be, each daughter is encouraged to cultivate one subject in order to be able to utilise it for a living, should that ever become necessary. These wise parents in a new country know how fickle life really is, and in order to protect their girls give them this practical outlook, which prepares them to deal with every emergency. 'To-day a millionaire, to-morrow a beggar' is a very true saying, and there can be no better security against circumstances than a useful practical education."

Dignity of Labour.

It will be interesting to note that all the classes in Great Britain the poor, the middleclass, the upper middleclass and the rich, consider it a dignity to work for their living. I know of a case where the daughter of a Member of Parliament is an ordinary domestic servant. There are other instances where the daughters belonging to aristocratic families do humble work in the West End of London. A young girl in England hates to live on her parents. She wants to be independent independent to think, to act, and to live. . . . It will be a wise thing for our Indian girls to take a leaf out of their books, and learn to think in an independent way like their Western Sisters.

Lipsticks and Powder Puffs.

English Women, unlike our Indian Women, are very fond of "having a jolly good time".

Frequent visits to the pictures and the theatres are considered to be in keeping with modern times. Nay, it has become a fashion.

If you just stroll along on a Saturday evening in the West end of London, you will find queues of men and women waiting to enter the picture-houses and theatres. Almost every English woman, young and old, must carry a hand-bag. In it she carries kiss-proof lip-sticks, powder-puffs, a small mirror, a comb and a few fashionable handkerchiefs. No one is considered in fashion unless she is with a delicate and a charming hand-bag.

The Reading Habit.

In Great Britain, women seem to have developed a wonderful mania for reading. In trams, trains, omnibuses and in public parks, you will often find women with their books or newspapers open and in deep study. In the evening, the public libraries afford a great opportunity for general reading. The libraries in Great Britain are up-to-date and therefore books on all subjects are at the disposal of the public. I am confident that the women of England take more advantage of these libraries than men. The English girl reads Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, Masfield, Gandhi, Tagore, books on religion, philosophy, science and other branches of human knowledge. She can talk about Mussolini, Gandhi, Kemal Pasha, Stalin, Hoover and knows what is happening in the different parts of the world. She is hungry for topical news. She reads the daily papers and often has a discussion at home.

Einstein Eyes the Girls.

When Professor Einstein arrived in New York, a reporter asked him (according to the New York "Sun") if he thought the American girl was as attractive as the European girl.

"You think of a girl as a perpendicular biological phenomenon in short skirts," Einstein is said to have replied, "but how do you know that she is not an oval mass or bent space being thrown off like electrons from swiftly-rotating nitholwatts with all the speed of an idzol?"

The Reporter: "Would you mind running over that again?"

Professor Einstein: "I would."

Charlie Chaplin and Maurice Chevalier.

Recently when these two world-famous Screen Stars came over to London, the girls mobbed them. Hundreds of them broke through the police cordon and threw kisses at them. It often occurs that young women take a great pride in welcoming these famous stars of their dreams. These things do not happen in India. But England is totally different from India in this respect. It seems to me that women give a good reception to world-famous men and women; but for politicians

For they do not care much. Yet I presume that if Mahatma Gandhi ever comes to London, Victoria Station will be thronged with thousands of women to see this wonderful man who has set the whole world ablaze with his name. To a woman of England, Gandhi is more of a mystic saint than a politician. That is why I imagine thousands of English women will mob the station to get a glimpse of this little frail man from the land of Hindustan.

Women and the Election.

During election time, the women here take a considerable interest in public, speaking on behalf of their respective candidate seeking election either for the Parliament or for the Local Borough Councils. I have often heard many speak with the eloquence of Demosthenes. I am sure that many women here are some of the finest speakers in the country. I wish our young women were as efficient as their Western sisters in the art of public speaking. I sincerely advise my Indian sisters to be bold and learn everything good from their more advanced young sisters of the West. It is the women of England who are responsible to a certain extent for England's greatness. So also must India's womenfolk rise above their common level and make India a country worthy of its people. The salvation of India is in the hands of our women.

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES

(A fancy costume)

(Selected)



No. 8.
*A Jewish Lady,
of Tetuwan.*

The dress is a fanciful combination of velvet, gold braid, and embroidery, with the gauze-like muslin of the Orient, rich in colours, and adorned with a gorgeous silk sash round the waist.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN (Translated)

AVIYAL

This is a dish peculiar to Malabar, yet it is liked by most East Coast people.

Almost all vegetables can be used for preparing this dish, such as raw plantains, cucumber, yams, brinjals, drumsticks, country-beans and unripe mangoes. Cut the vegetable into thin pieces of one inch in length, all of the same size, and wash well in fresh water. Then put them into a well-tinned vessel, and add water just enough to stand one inch over the vegetable pieces. Put in some salt and saffron powder. Then boil over a slow fire. When the vegetables are half-boiled, a little tamarind mixed with water should be put in. If sour mango is used, the quantity of tamarind should be diminished, when the vegetables have boiled well, the water would have almost gone. Take a cocoanut, some green chillies, and dried chillies (the quantity depends upon the individual taste) grind with water and add. Then boil for ten minutes and remove from the oven; add one table-spoon of good cocoanut oil, and some curry-leaves.

OUR HEALTH NOTES (Selected)

A DOCTOR TELLS HOW TO GROW OLD HAPPILY

Growing old happily is a matter of adjustment to the inevitable physical and mental changes that accompany age. The factors that make for successful adjustment are: good heredity, sound physical health and unimpaired senses, satisfactory social environment and economic independence and security, according to Doctor Clifford B. Farr, a specialist in mental hygiene, writing in *Hygiea* for October.

Mental hygiene is frequently consciously employed by persons who are entering the period of advanced life and they need no outside help or interference. Others, however, especially those who take to depressive a view of life, need advice and encouragement to enable them to spend this age period happily.

In former generations, the elderly person calmly accepted the limitations of his age, regulated his life accordingly, in dress, in social diversions and even in emotions and ideas. The opposite attitude perhaps more frequent to-day, is that of the person who disregards his age as far as possible. A sensible mixture of these points of view is best, Dr. Farr advises; as both in pure culture tend to become ridiculous

Adjustment to physical handicaps, such as failing sight and hearing, is not difficult to achieve in many cases, because artificial aids are within reach of all who need them. A similar adaptation to mental defects is also useful. Elderly persons do not have the ready memory of youth.

On the whole, under favourable conditions of physical and mental health and normal average environment, advanced life is not a period of undue mental hazards, but one in which we tend to make the most successful personal adjustment.—*Long Island Medical Journal*.

RICE AND COCOANUT

The following extract from a valuable paper on "Cocoanut Cultivation and Research in Ceylon", read by Sir Marcus Fernando at the last Agricultural Conference at Peradeniya, deserves wider publicity:—

Moreover, recent investigations have indicated to us the necessity of maintaining the proper proportions of the different forms of foodstuffs in a physiologically-balanced diet. The cocoanut kernel, from a nutritive standpoint, is exceptionally rich in fats. The mature fruit contains over 60 per cent. of fats and the rest consists of proteids and carbo-hydrate. Rice is wonderfully deficient in fats. Its fat content is less than one per cent. and this deficiency is a serious cause of ill-health and inefficiency in a rice-eating people, when not supplemented by a reasonable proportion of animal or vegetable fats. In the fresh kernel of the cocoanut, we have a form of fat and nitrogenous food most appropriate to supply the deficiency of a rice diet. The low-country Sinhalese consume cocoanuts very largely and are thus enabled to maintain their health and efficiency. The consumption of nuts is so large amongst them that the Goal diet ordinarily contains half a nut a day. On the other hand, Tamil labourers on up-country estates, away from the cocoanut belt, consume very little cocoanut with the result that they suffer seriously from those forms of ill-health now recognized to be due to fat shortage in the diet. Both laboratory experiments, and the experience of fat shortage in Germany and Austria during and after the war go far to prove that fat deficiency is responsible for a lower resistance to microbic infections such as pneumonia, influenza, tuberculosis, dysentery, etc., and contain forms of anæmia and debility. The Food Research Committee of the Royal Society, in their 1919 report make the definite pronouncement that for prolonged and efficient muscular work, at least one-fourth of the heat units in a diet should be derived from fats. The high mortality from pneumonia and influenza even in the healthy districts of the Ceylon Uplands, the excessive infant

mortality due to the lowered vitality of pregnant women and their deficient lactation after childbirth, all tend to show that this is the prime cause of these evils.

The nutritive value of the kernels at various stages of maturity of nuts has not been definitely established by experiment and analysis. Here to my mind there exists a wide field for research. We have all along concentrated on copra and oil as the end products of palm cultivation. When these are a drug in the market, it may be possible to utilize young nuts, as feeding material for farm animals. The mature nut is too rich in fats and proteins for a well-balanced diet for growing animals, whereas at an earlier stage they may form a more suitable food stuff.—*Mysore Economic Journal*.

NEWS AND NOTES (Selected)

WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN INDIA

Professor Karve writes on women's education in India:

Our conservatism is a stumbling-block in the way of India's progress in several fields. In social matters we are slaves of custom and even in matters educational we have not the courage to get away from the beaten path. Our system of secondary and higher education has not evolved as a natural growth. It is a foreign thing transplanted into Indian soil. It worked well enough so long as the products of this system found employment in the offices of Government and private concerns. Now the supply far exceeds the demand, and the system has become quite unsuited to the needs of boys. The same system is resorted to for women's education also, without any consideration of their special needs and of the circumstances and the difficulties under which they have to live and work. Secondary and higher education of young men is going on and the number of educated youths is daily increasing, because such education is considered, though falsely, as a step to the means of earning one's livelihood. But education among women is not progressing in the same proportion because their education is not regarded as an urgent need. The present curriculum also is not suited to them being too lengthy and crowded. A few women may take advantage of the present courses of studies, but for a huge majority a complete overhauling is necessary, if secondary education is to spread far and wide among our women.

Here we have to take a painful fact into our consideration. Striking cultural disparity between men and women of the same family is

adversely affecting the peace and harmony of our home and the progress of society. Education worth the name can only be in the three higher classes of high schools and if we compare the numbers of boys and girls at this stage, we find there is one girl corresponding to 83 boys. This fact was most impressively commended upon by Sir Malcolm Hailey in his convocation speech of the Punjab University about three years ago. He said, "Out of 83 young men who are taking their high school education only one can get an educated wife with whom exchange of thought and feeling would be possible. The other 82 will have to pass their lives with uneducated or half-educated wives." In the lower strata of society the mentality and the level of general culture of men and women are the same, and they can enjoy conversation in a mixed society of men and women. But among the middle class people there is a great difference in the intellectual level of men and women and for this, any free discussion of few subjects is possible in a family gathering or a gathering of male and female relation. The greatest and most important question, therefore, that confronts us today is the devising of means to spread secondary education among our women far and wide, so as to be able to bridge over the wide gulf between men and women, especially of the middle class. If we find our present system of education is acting as a deterrent, we must be ready to proceed along new lines.

The Modern Review.

MATRIMONIAL MYSTERY IN GERMANY

Will the latest census in India present as remarkable a problem that in Germany recently did?

German census officials are racking their brains over a matrimonial mystery revealed by the last census.

This national tally (says the British United Press) showed that in Berlin there were 2,456 more wives registered than husbands. The census officials puzzled over this, and came to the conclusion that the missing husbands must be men who worked outside the city and only came home to their wives in the week-end.

Then the officials turned to the statistics for all Germany, only to find an even more puzzling problem. In the whole of the country there are 17,000 more married men registered than married women. Just where the unaccounted for wives spend their time is still a mystery.

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