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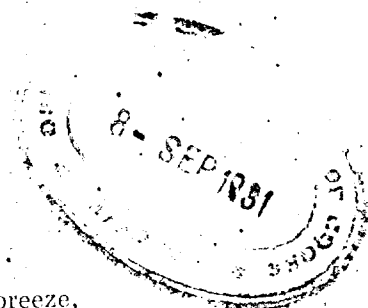
No. 1

Immortality.

(To W. V. DE S.)

Oh, some day death will find me, and I know
I shall be dust-blown by the wandering breeze,
Hither and thither thro' the silent trees,
Past hope of dreams or waking evermore.
Then I shall go no longer gypsying
With you, most dear; nor watch the stars at night;
Nor see the shadows dance in pools of light;
Nor hear lov'd voices, nor the birds that sing.
Nay, we shall conquer every age unknown,
Till April wooes no more the lustrous rays
Of by-gone sunsets lost a million days,
And earth forgets the beauty she has borne:
—Oh, till that timeless dawn, our songs shall be
Undying still in death,—our immortality!

E. H. d'ALWIS.



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LOVE IN EXILE.

By

Kamala

Vikramorvasiyam is one of the four great works ascribed to the great poet Kalidasa, who is supposed, according to one of many theories, to have lived in the Augustan era of our ancient history, which occurs in the first half of the sixth century A. D. He belonged to the court of the renowned Vikramaditya, King of Ujjayini. In that same epoch, lived the famous "Nava-Ratnani" or the nine gems of learning, like Varahamihira the astronomer, Amarasimha the architect, Dingnaga the logician, Bhavabhuti the poet, Bana the prose-writer, and others. To Kalidasa has been universally given the claim to greatest distinction, as a poet possessing the "universal charm of exquisite propriety and delicacy of style, easy and perfect mastery over the language, depth, originality, richness of humour and fire and passion."

Moreover, Kalidasa was one of the great poets of nature. A critic thus wrote of him: "Kalidasa, the celebrated author of *Sakuntala*, is a masterly describer of the influence, which nature exercises upon the minds of lovers. Tenderness in the expression of feeling, and richness of creative fancy, have assigned to him his lofty place among the poets of all nations." Another said of him: "The richness of his poetical genius, the exuberance of his imagination, the warmth and play of his fancy, his profound knowledge of the human heart, his delicate appreciation of its most refined and tender emotions, his familiarity with the workings and counter-workings of its con-

All these excellent qualities one finds in the *Vikramorvasiyam*, chiefly in the fourth act, in which the King is separated from his beloved; and nowhere more than here do we meet with that delicate appreciation of nature's sympathy with suffering, for which our poet is famous.

The story is a very old one. We are told that its first conception was a myth from the RIG-VEDA, of the sun pursuing the dawn. *Pururavas*, the name of the king in the story, means *bright-eyed* and therefore symbolises the *sun*; and *Urvashi* is the *wide-pervading* and so is the *dawn*. Just as *Pururavas* is joined in marriage to his beloved, so the sun and the dawn unite in the morning; they are parted then, and meet again towards evening.

There are different versions of *Urvashi's* story. Kalidasa's account is the following:

Pururavas, King of *Pratishtana*, when returning in his chariot from his worship of the sun, meets, on the peak of the *Hemakuta*, three beautiful nymphs of heaven, *Rambha*, *Menaka* and *Sahajanya*, the two former of whom are well-known in the mythological tales of India. They are lamenting the capture of their friends, *Urvashi* and *Chitrlekha*, by the demon *Keshi*, when they were on their return journey from *Kubera*, where they had gone to worship *Siva*. The King, who is a renowned warrior, consoles them and promises to rescue their friends at once. He has no difficulty in overtaking and killing the demon. On recovery from the swoon into which she had fallen, *Urvashi* is pleased to hear what

between the noble scion of royalty, "whose prowess is equal to that of *Mahendra*," and the beautiful nymph, "the ornament of heaven", "the moon of lovely brightness", who had shamed by her beauty even the consort of *Vishnu*. But, they have to part in a casual manner; for just then *Chitraratha*, the general of *God Indra*, comes down to congratulate the King on behalf of his divine employer, who had just heard of the slaughter of his enemy. *Pururavas* is invited to visit heaven; but excuses himself and returns to his own kingdom. But, obsessed by love as he is, he is so miserable and absent-minded, that his senior Queen suspects something and tries to discover his secret. Her confidential maid, *Nipunika*, somehow ferrets out the information from the simple *Vidushaka*, who is the best friend of the King.

In the meanwhile, the latter has gone to his garden with his friend, and tells him of his love. He is overheard by none other than the nymph *Urvashi*, who, unable to bear the pangs of separation from him, has come down from heaven with her friend to meet him. Invisible herself, she writes a message on a magic-leaf and drops it before him. The King is so pleased by it, that she discovers herself to him. But, just at that moment, a messenger from the Gods calls her back to Heaven to take part in a play to be acted before *Indra*. She goes away, and the King's grief at the separation is accentuated by the loss of his leaf-letter. This is found eventually by the Queen, and handed over to him wrathfully by her.

Urvashi has so lost herself in her love for the mortal King that she makes a mistake in the acting of her part. She is cursed by her teacher to forego heaven. But this punishment is lessened by *Indra*, since *Pururavas*, the cause of her blunder, is his friend. So *Urvashi* gains the mitigation, that she can stay with her beloved on earth, till he sees the face of her first child, after which she must return to Heaven.

Rather pleased than otherwise with her penalty, she descends to the King's palace again. There, she finds that the senior Queen, repenting her harshness to her husband, has given him permission to marry her. And so, she and *Pururavas* are united. They repair to the magnificent *Gandhamadan* forest to enjoy their honeymoon. They are away for some years, which they spend in utmost happiness, all the more increased by the grandeur of their natural surroundings. But, one day, *Urvashi* becomes jealous of the King's innocent admiration for another girl, and runs away from him into the forest, where she is suddenly lost. The King, almost mad with grief, searches for her, wandering aimlessly from one part of the forest to another. It is here, in the fourth act, that we come across some beautiful bits of description.

The arrival of the rainy season accentuates his misery. He sees a young cloud, scurrying across the sky before a strong breeze, and thinks it is a demon. Then, he finds out his error; he has mistaken the rainbow in the cloud for the giant's bow; the rapid drops of rain for a shower of arrows, and the bright lightning for his beloved in the arms of the demon. He is angry with the wet season; but cannot "counter-order the monsoon"; because all its accompaniments seem to him like his own royal emblems.

"The cloud with its lightning shining like gold, looks like his beautiful canopy! The blossoms waved by the trees are the *Chandaras* (fans) wielded over his person; the happy and gaily-calling peacocks are his poets laureate; the mountains with their water-falls symbolise the merchants of his kingdom paying their taxes to him."

Anon, the flowers of a young plantain-tree with their red-lined cups full of water remind him of the tear-drenched eyes of his wife.

Trying to track her by her footsteps in the wet earth, he thinks he sees one of the garments of green, which she had

lately worn, and which he imagines spotted by the red of her lips tinged the tears of rage running down them; but alas, it is only a piece of fresh green sward, run over by the red *Indragopa* insects.

He pleads with the objects around him for information about Urvasi. The peacock, without replying to him, looks up at the clouds, and with crest blowing in the fresh breeze begins to dance in joy at the advent of the rainy season, and the King comes to the conclusion that its triumphant mein is due to the fact that his lovely tail has now no rival, seeing that Urvasi's beautiful tresses are gone! He makes enquiries of the *Parabhruta* bird seated on the red *Jambu* creeper. Seeing that it had always been called the messenger of love, and the tamer of wrathful women, will it not help him to make peace with his angry wife? But no, instead of replying to him, it turns away coldly and begins feasting madly on the scarlet berries round it. But, he cannot be vexed with it, for its voice is as sweet as his Urvasi's.

He thinks he hears the tinkling of his wife's anklets; but finds it is the cooing of the royal swans, eager to return to their loved Manasa lake, during the rain. Begging them to leave their eager provisioning of lotus fibres for the journey, he tells them that they must have seen his loved one lately, for how else could they have copied her gracefully-undulating gait? But, unheeding him, they fly away. The *Chakravaka* bird behaves in the same indifferent manner, though the King pleads with it to ease his pain of separation, seeing that the bird itself is always cooing so anxiously to its own mate.

He tries to question the bee gathering honey from the lotus, which is so like the mouth of his lost one, but comes to the conclusion that the bee could not have seen her, seeing that it is satisfied with a mere lotus, when it might have had her fragrant lips instead.

He talks to the elephant-king, since it has the same power over its herd, as he has over his people. But never a reply comes to him. The antelope, so slender and dark, looks like the aslant glance of his forest goddess. Does it know where Urvasi is? But it does not reply, for all its attention is taken up by its own mate.

He questions the beautiful massive mountain, Surabhikandara, which has always been the dear resort of heavenly nymphs. "Is she there?" "She is there," replies the mountain, and Pururavas is overjoyed, but only for an instant, for the reply is but an echo from the heights.

He thinks the graceful, uneven, foaming, turbid mountain-rivulet is the new form taken by his unforgiving wife, walking with uneven steps and knitted eyebrows away from him, the while her flowing garments froth about her. But no, the stream is proceeding to the ocean, and surely Urvasi will not so forsake her husband, even when erring.

So mourns the King, acting and talking like a man bereft of his mind. Then, suddenly, he sees in a rocky cleft, a very red object, shining, glittering, like a spark of fire, which it could not be, seeing that the rain would have extinguished it. He finds it is a bright gem, red like the Asoka flower, and so beautiful that the sun's ray reflected from it seems as if come down specially to pick up the attractive thing. How fine it would have looked in the flower-decked hair of his wife! While stooping over it enquiringly, he is suddenly bidden by a voice to pick it up, for it is the *Sangamaniya*, or reconciling gem, generated by the red ointment from the feet of the goddess Parvati; its virtue is the power to bring re-union with the person most beloved.

He picks it up, and is strangely drawn towards a creeper. He is surprised, for the creeper has no flowers, is rain-bedraggled, and is silent owing to the absence of birds on it. But still, it reminds him of his angry lady, with her undecorated figure, her tear-dimmed eyes, and her

sullen silence. So, he goes up to it and presses it to his heart; and lo, it turns into Urvasi herself!

Almost swooning with anxiety, lest she should disappoint him, as he has been disappointed so many times in that forest, he holds tight to her; and gradually discovers that she is real indeed. She begs his forgiveness for the misery she had caused him; and explains that, having unknowingly wandered into the woman-forbidden region of the celibate God Kumar, she had been turned into a creeper, and had been restored only by the touch of the *Sangamaniya* gem in her husband's hand.

So, all is well. The re-united happy couple return, after many years, to their kingdom, and are welcomed by their subjects. Some years pass. Suddenly the King misses his wonderful gem, which has now become his crest-ornament. It has been carried away by a vulture. With the red jewel in its mouth, it flies rapidly in the air in circles, like a bunch of Asoka flowers; and, since the gem has a golden chain hanging to it, appears to be drawing lustrous curves in the sky. Soon it goes far off, looking like the planet Mars, covered by thick night-clouds. The King gives orders, that the bird must somehow be

caught; but suddenly to his relief, the gem he has lost is brought in with the arrow which had killed the bird-thief. On the arrow is written the name of "Master Ayus, the son of Aila, and the off-spring of Urvasi." The king is surprised; but is strangely pleased to see the boy who is sent to him by the hermit Chyavana, as unfit, on account of his cruel action, to be in a hermitage. Urvasi is sent for and she explains to the king that, during his absence from her at an important sacrifice, the child was born and then sent away for twelve years to grow up at Chyavana's hermitage; the reason had been the order of Indra that she should return to Heaven as soon as Pururavas beheld his first-born child. That time had come now.

The King is in despair, even while happy at gaining a son; he determines to crown the boy king, and go away into the forest to do penance. But just then, Narada, the heavenly *Rishi* appears, bearing Indra's message, that the great King is to proceed at once to Heaven to help the Gods in their war with the demons; and the reward of that service would be Urvasi herself, who would live with him for the length of his life.

• And so all ends happily.

"I had heard it said, or had read somewhere, that the modern woman in her forward march develops herself away from timidity. To remove fear from life is to create chaos, but to subdue useless fears, trivial alarms and petty nervousness is clearly a character gain beyond price."

(Selected.)

LEISURE.

By *Jean Anderson Scott.*

This is a comparatively new word, or at least it is used in a comparatively new sense; because we have come to think of our free time and that of other people in quite a new way and with a new respect.

If we study this change of meaning, we may find an explanation of many things, which puzzle us, and a guide to new methods of attack on old social difficulties and evils, and also we may discover an old foe, idleness, transformed into a new force for good, i. e. leisure, and all its hidden possibilities.

In my life-time, spare time has been regarded under three aspects, as an actor on the stage may be exposed under three differently-coloured lights and appear blue, green or red as the colour of the light varies. I was told as a child that spare time was really idleness, a villain stealing the precious moments which should be devoted to something good and useful. There was a rhyme often repeated to me when I seemed unoccupied,

"Satan findeth mischief still
For idle hands to do."

I was afraid to be seen doing nothing, for not only Satan, but all my relatives, felt it a duty to make me useful and busy at once!

Later on, the villain idleness became the hero in distress. It now seemed the doctrine of life that every human being had a right to spare time and soon this became a law of habit. Children must have holidays; workers must have intervals of rest; and Trades' Unions insisted on regulated hours of work, and they had public opinion on their side. The third role played by spare time, the

villain, and leisure, the right of every man, is the present one, viz, that spare time is the responsibility of every one who possesses it. I should like to say a few words on this, the present view of spare time.

It is quite certain that natural life consists of alternating work and rest. The cool dark night helps us to work in the hot glaring day. We progress along a road by resting on one foot, as we advance the other. Our heart's action is expelling blood and drawing it in again and so the live leisure is an essential to work in the plan of life, and we neglect it at our peril.

All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy. But the converse also is true; and unless we have a plan for our leisure, we may suffer positive harm, or no good.

Work is not what we choose to do. Very often, it is what we must do. But in leisure we can generally choose how to spend it, and the choice reveals the inner desires, like a photo taken of our secret ambitions and wishes. We would judge character very truly, if we observe what a person does and says and what friends he seeks in his leisure hours. We express ourselves in our leisure hours.

In England, there is a Society Biography published every year, called "Who is Who?" It gives the names, titles and honours of famous living men and women, and it is counted an honour to be asked to allow one's name and history to be recorded under the several heads; date of birth, school where educated, early successes, marriage, etc. There is one rather striking piece of information always recorded: "Favourite recreations",

and some amusing items are given: "Watching a sunset", "Golfing", "walking", "Travelling." Trivial as these may appear, it is a sound test of character, if one can trace how it works out in spare time and the use it makes of leisure. "Where a man's treasure is, there his heart is also." What do you turn to, when you have the choice of your own occupation? Let us think of some happy ways of spending leisure, on which we can reflect with pleasure afterwards. My choice would often be congenial society; a good friend with a noble mind is a precious influence and all good parents know this and dread that their children

might enjoy and choose the wrong friends. Kind thoughts resulting in kind actions are a good investment of leisure, and bring in great dividends of friendship and satisfaction. A hobby has often proved to be the starting-point of great success in one's working life, and big inventions have often been the result of hobbies pursued during leisure moments. Above all, leisure enables man to leave time outside and enter into the eternal truth of Life and there to calm his spirit, drop all that poisons his thinking, all hatred, malice, envy and in the silence and the immensity to lie in peace at the feet of God.

TWO DEFINITIONS OF THE MODERN GIRL.

(SELECTED)

"She, with her eccentric air of being able to look after herself, was a new type to me—a crystallization of the post-war girl with whose development absence from England had denied me the opportunity of becoming acquainted. Here was something more than the racy 'you-be-damned,' 'take it or leave it,' self-confident, if self-sufficient, girl of the 1917-19 brand. The intervening years had refined the type, which had come into existence through an alchemy of hospital wards, munition works, and ambulance services. This was a more finished product altogether; self-contained rather than self-confident, less strapping and man-to-mannish—less slangy, oathy and startling—and oddly enough, more essentially feminine."

ROLAND PERTWEE.

"You think of a girl as a perpendicular biological phenomenon in short skirts. How do you know that she is not an oval mass of bent space being thrown off like electrons from swiftly-rotating Nitholwatts with all the speed of an Idzol?"

EINSTEIN.

Clubs for Indian Women.

By

P. Sathianadhan.

Indian women are still apt to take their lives too seriously, in spite of all the rapid progress they are making. There is not as much fun and frivolity among them, as there should be, because their progress is mostly concerned in bettering back-ward conditions and old-world superstitions, in passing examinations, and in helping their country in the present political crisis. They do not indulge in meeting each other as much as they should do, for the mere pleasure of having cosy chats, playing games, and forgetting all other weighty matters for the time-being.

True, life is too serious these days to think about the lighter side of social life, and to waste one's precious time in developing such a life; but India will never progress, as it should, if Indian women do not realise that recreation is an essential part of the life of every averagely-happy, ordinary, human being.

I do not advocate the excessive craving for adventure and excitement, which some European modern women seem to want these days. To be bored with one's life, and to wish ever to be on the move, is dangerous and unwomanly. I shall repeat the much-used platitude here, that the woman's duty is to love her home; but this does not mean that she should debar all recreation. Most Indian women either look after their homes, or work the whole day, without anything to look forward to in the evenings, with the result that life becomes a dreary monotonous round of mere days and nights. The brighter side of social life must be developed among Indian women, and the best

preliminary move towards encouraging recreation, is by starting clubs.

True, there are many clubs for Indian women already, and in some big towns, these clubs really afford evenings of light-hearted pleasure. Such large clubs, however, are inclined to be run by the European members of the Institution, who are no doubt more capable for this kind of work than their inexperienced Indian sisters, with the result that the clubs are not often made particularly to suit the very orthodox members, who come and sit there silently, or talk to one or two other orthodox women, and then go home again. Indian women do hold important positions on the committees of such clubs, but they are there sometimes as figure-heads, and in most cases, agree unconditionally to whatever a European member may suggest. How can they ever learn efficiently to run institutions, if they merely say "Yes" to everything that is suggested by those who are more enterprising? It is the duty of Indian women to assert themselves a little more and give suggestions that will be valuable to orthodox women, and help them to have a more homely and pleasurable time in the club.

It is also very often the habit, in the more popular clubs, for the educated Westernised Indian women to join together, and leave the shy, back-ward ones to look after themselves, with the result that cliques are formed, which is rather a pity, as the motive of a club is that everyone should meet on friendly terms. How can the shy ones ever



A REMARKABLE INDIAN GIRL

MISS RAMABAI DALMIA, aged 14, has passed the entrance examination of the Benares Hindu University. This talented Marwari girl is credited with having memorised the entire Bhagwat Gita at 5 and passed the Vidyabinodini Examination in the Allahabad Vidyapith at 9. She began to learn English at 11 and in the short period of 3 years she managed to pass the entrance examination to the University in English. She is the first girl in the Agarwal community to achieve this distinction. She is a linguist of some repute, having read a considerable amount of Bengali and Gujarati literature. Neither is she behind-hand in modern sportsmanlike accomplishments such as riding, driving a car, to say nothing of cycling and swimming. When she was 11, she surprised a distinguished gathering in the 1928 session of the Agarwal Mahasabha held in Bombay, by delivering an extempore lecture on "Woman's Education," and she was awarded a gold medal. She has made up her mind to go in for higher education and devote herself to the service of her motherland.

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



MRS. JOSEPHINE SWARIS, Retired Inspectress of Schools, Cochin, has been nominated as a member of the Cochin Legislative Council.

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

progress if the bolder ones religiously leave them alone? This same attitude prevails in games as well, for those, who are good at Tennis, Badminton, Ping-pong, Billiards, etc., try to escape playing with those who are not good. Of course, it is correct that good players should have a game among themselves as often as possible, but to make a practice of always leaving the bad ones out seems unfriendly. A club is there to make every one happy, and not meant merely to entertain those that are popular, ignoring those that are unpopular.

In most mofussil stations, clubs for Indian women are in a tottering condition, which is partly due to the fact that those, who go there at all, do so more as a duty than as a pleasure, and partly because hardly anyone else ever goes there.

The result is that the evenings are boring and stilted and badly attended, and very often clubs have to be closed down.

No, the lighter side of social life in India is not as much appreciated as it should be. Indian women should give up their prejudices, castes and creeds and mix more with one another, and understand each other better. After a heavy day's work, healthy exercise, fun and laughter, and light conversation should be indulged in. How else can the cobwebs that clog one's brain be swept aside? After all, life is short. Why not laugh and be happy?

Note.—Suggestions for the bettering of clubs for Indian women will be welcomed for publication in this Magazine.

EDITOR, I. L. M.

"You may never in your life have said a word false to fact, and yet all your life, by timidity and paltering with essential truth, have been playing false before men."

"Let us steadily remember that the true test of genius lies in its durability; in its strength to withstand age and weather, to outlive fashion, circumstance, and vicissitudes of taste, to emerge from disrepute and neglect, to submit to the touch of time, yet abide ineffaceably itself."

QUILLER-BOUCH.

LIGHT.

By Herbert Porter

What an inestimable power is light! How mighty and unfailing is its source! How ineffable is its beauty! Blazing in depths of intensity, the great sun sheds its burning beams, which, as the earth spins upon its imaginary axis, constantly bring dawn and twilight upon the fair lands and waters of our homogeneous globe.

At a speed of, approximately, one hundred and eighty-six thousand, four hundred and twenty-seven miles per second, Light flows from that flaming gaseous mass, the sun, the separating distance being a slight variation of ninety-three millions of miles, as the earth approaches or recedes from the sun, in its elliptical progress about it.

We may well be amazed at man's conceit in conceiving the Geocentric theory, but should we blame him for having conceived the Heliocentric theory, or can we wonder that, in his ignorance, man was a one-time sun-worshipper?

Life, health, beauty, joy, follow the path of the sunbeam. Great, darting, luminous shafts leap, with triumphal glory, after the first faint gleams have heralded the break of day. Nature responds with life and song. Anon, upon a sovereign march, the giant sun mounts the sky, adorning earth and sea with shimmering loveliness, looking with golden gleams upon mountain, valley, lake and hill, laughing at noon above the mighty expanse of land and water, casting a silvery glamour of film-like delight upon the fairy-like, dancing waters of this Elysian globe, elevating for a little while the human senses to a faint conception of the glories of the heavenly worlds, which, as the Angels inform us, are as "Earth-made perfect."

Myriads of light beams flow through space from suns so far distant, that an eternity of time would be required for them to reach our tiny planet. Many

beams never reach us through all the æons.

So dependent is all physical life upon light and its sequent heat for preservation, that, if the sun, which lights and warms our little Universe (Mercury, Mars, Venus, Earth, Uranus, Neptune, Jupiter, Saturn and the Asteroids), were to cease shining for about one half-hour, all life would perish, at any rate, upon our own planet. We quickly learn the evil effects from a protracted cloud-obscuration of the sun. It, therefore, needs but a frail stretch of the imagination to perceive the swift perishing of life, which would simultaneously arrive with the extinguishing of the sun.

From the aspect of physical light, let us turn for a moment to that of mental light. Through the ages of earth's history, mental light has grown in power and intensity, though many have been the periods when the lamp of knowledge burnt low, and even threatened to flicker to death. But did not these periods of deep and depressing darkness pass? And the lamp, being again trimmed, burnt with a brighter flame following each period of its glimmering.

Through all time, knowledge shall grow, leading mankind ever onward and upward to the perception of the highest spiritual light; for the highest intellectuality and the highest spirituality must eventually dwell together in each Ego, as they now dwell in the Deity, and His hierarchs, so that The Light of Universes, THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE, may be seen, comprehended and celestialized in the semi-developed atoms of Life, we call Human Beings.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,

But more of reverence in us dwell;

That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music, as before."

TENNYSON.

"Light, more light!" shouts Goethe.
FIAT LUX!

Our Distinguished Indian Women Series:

LADY DORAB TATA.



LADY DORAB TATA.

(By courtesy of the Times of India Press, Bombay)

LADY Tata was a well-known figure in Bombay society and was associated with numerous public movements started in connection with the advancement of women. She was born on October 10, 1879, and was educated at Mysore, where her father was Inspector-General of education. After passing her Matriculation examination, she joined the Maharaja's College at Mysore, which she left in a short time and continued her studies at home. At Mysore she became acquainted with Sir Dorab Tata, during his visits to Mysore, and they were married in 1898. She then made Bombay her home. Here she found many opportunities to take part in welfare-work for women. One of her first acts of that kind was to help in starting the Princess Victoria Mary Gymkhana and Gymnasium, an institution, which has grown into great importance during recent years. Some years later, she founded the Ladies' Club at Poona. Another important movement, in which she took a leading part, was the formation

of the National Council of Women in India, of which she was President. She was connected with other women's movements in Bombay, and off and on presided at women's meetings held in the city. She was a member of the Indian Red Cross Society, to which she presented an ambulance and made handsome donations, and she identified herself with the welfare movements that came into existence on the termination of the War. In appreciation of her services to the women of India, she was invited to attend the meetings of the Executive Committee of the International Council of Women held at Geneva in May 1929, and her contribution to the work of the conference was greatly appreciated by other representatives of the world of women. She was also well-known in the field of sports, particularly tennis, and won a number of cups and prizes at some of the tennis tournaments held in Bombay and elsewhere. Her public services were rewarded by Government by the bestowal of a C. B. E.—(Selected.)

DEVI and HARIDAS

By

T. Balakrishnan.

THERE are different versions as to how the feud arose between the two great families T— and K—. Some say it began in a silly quarrel; but others there are who pretend to trace its origin to the disgrace of a beautiful girl, and the cruel vengeance that followed. Be that as it may, at the time our story opens, the quarrel had lost its vindictive nature. True, the two families still kept themselves rigidly apart. But there was no active display of ill-feeling. Indeed, to the people of the village, the quarrel was the means of providing some enjoyment every year.

It was in this wise. Every year, on the day of Vishu, a boat race was held, in which the two families were the principal competitors. From far and near, people flocked to the scene of the race. But now, for six or seven years successively, the race had been won by the K— family, and people ceased to expect anything great from the other side.

In these circumstances, the little village was surprised and considerably excited on learning that Kannan, the well-known pilot of the T— boat, had been dismissed. It was true. Haridas, the young heir of the family, had suspected that something was wrong somewhere, and had set himself to find it out. He had soon learned that Kannan was a drunkard of the worst type. The story of his life was tragic. Fair dreams and pure aspirations had once been his. But drink had made havoc of all. Indeed the timely discovery of his weakness had saved him from the infamy of treachery towards his employers.

Haridas quietly dismissed the dishonest servant and tried to get another competent man. But he could find no one in the village; and, as he firmly refused to have an imported pilot, he was placed in a difficult position, especially because the eventful day was very near. Finally he determined to be the helmsman himself.

Of course, people laughed at him. But he knew that he was not taking any great risk. From his childhood he had practised rowing. His tall, slender form was perfectly well-knit; and the strength that was his was really surprising. Above all, he plainly showed his men that he meant to win: and in their two weeks of training, they became his most enthusiastic admirers.

At last, the eventful day came. In the bright sunlight, the calm river glistened like a stretch of molten metal. The banks were lined with a gay crowd of men and women and children. Two platforms had been erected, near each other and jutting into the river, so as to afford a better view of the boats. The one on the north side was occupied by members of the T—, and the other by those of the K—, family.

Now, people were straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the boats, which might appear at any moment. And from the north came the white T— boat, long and slender and graceful, manned by white-uniformed rowers; and from the south came the green K— boat, equipped with men in green uniforms. Each set gave a display of their skill, and then the race began.

But the issue was not in doubt for a single moment. From the very start, the white boat was winning. Under the measured strokes of its men, it thrilled like a thing alive. On and on it leaped, its course straight as the path of an arrow, affording throughout a perfect display of the finest team work. And involuntarily, the spectators broke out into a tremendous shout of applause. It covered the one mile and back in an incredibly short time, and people almost ceased to remember the existence of the green boat. Again and again, shouts rang out, and a wild scene ensued as the men stepped out on to the platform. By immemorial custom,—to add a sting to the humiliation, perhaps—the victors disembarked on the platform of their rivals. But, in the perfect courtesy of their behaviour, men thought they saw the influence of the new captain.

There were but eight or nine members of the K— family there. A middle-aged man, who was evidently the chief, sat in a large chair almost at the edge of the platform. His only daughter Devi stood behind him, resting her hands on the back of the chair. She had followed the progress of the race with the keenest interest, and grieved at the defeat of their boat. But she knew that victory had come to the deserving, and joined in the applause with childish whole-heartedness. Her father was glad to see her enjoying herself so thoroughly; but he chided her gently: "Nay Devi, to see you there, laughing and applauding, one would think that we had won the race." It was then that Haridas stepped out of the boat, and he heard her say: "But sure, father, they deserve to win. Why, envy itself must concede that much. I could look gaily on such another defeat, for another performance like that."

Haridas turned sharply and looked at her. Their eyes met. Devi suddenly remembered that her long hair had fallen in loose, disobedient curls about her,

and she gathered it up. It was a pity, though, that such curls had to be restrained, thought Haridas. The young heir of T— had won the race, and lost his heart.

CHAPTER II.

Ah, a wonderful thing is love!—curious its ways, and its possibilities tremendous. Aye, a potent spell, the most potent on earth, beyond earth too, perhaps! Bliss as well as tragedy follow in its wake. It can lead up to heaven, or down, down into the deepest abysses of our nature. It has gleams of the most glorious dawn, and gloom as of the darkest night of winter;—brave boy, and giddy girl, hold your breath, and let your manner be full of reverence, when the winged god approaches!

The soul of Devi was hushed, her innocent heart gushed, and her fair cheeks flushed, when she shyly thought of the love that had come to her. She was happy, for she felt instinctively that her love was returned. Whatever, therefore, fate had in store for her, she would bear like a brave girl, she felt.

Meanwhile, Haridas was not idle. It had been a new experience to him to be in love, and he knew it was in vain to fight against it. But would a child of K— forget herself so far as to be his wife? He cursed the ancient folly of their houses, which had kept up for so long the remembrance of a silly quarrel.

Daily now, he took an evening walk along a little-used path near the K— house. About a week after he began to do so, he met Devi there as by chance. And then events proceeded quickly. In a week more, the lovers met every day at sunset, and would sit talking for a few precious minutes, under the spreading branches of a young banyan tree, near a ruined and deserted temple.

One evening, as usual, they were sitting there, deep in lovers' talk. One lonely little star looked down on their conference, and twinkled again with a purer radiance. A bat flew whirring

past their heads; an owl hooted from the temple. They did not know that a sinister figure was close by, watching them.

"I wonder, Devi," said Haridas, "how we can obtain the consent of your father and my uncle. They will be dead against our marriage."

"You don't know my father, then," she replied, with a pretty toss of her head. "Why, he has told me himself that he never cared about this quarrel. That is why I fell in love with you, that, and, of course something in you, too," she concluded, in the manner of a judge.

Haridas smiled. But he said gravely: "My uncle, I am afraid, is not like that. You can't imagine how he used to take those defeats to heart. If he had lived some generations ago, I believe he would have revived the quarrel in all its bloody nature. Well, but let us not anticipate difficulties. The 'living present' is ours, and let us live it so as to deserve well of the future."

"Then," said she rising, "let us go home, as well-behaved people should have done before now." She stood behind him, and almost unconsciously, her fingers wandered over his curly head. He took the unresisting hand in his, and looking up into her dimly-seen eyes, said: "You are a wonderful girl, goddess of my heart....but why are you in such a hurry?"

"Come, let us go, dear, it is late," she pleaded, and her innocent love made her voice so soft and tender that he held her only the faster;—"Let go my hand, Sir, and follow me!"

He took her very near her house, and then stood and watched her, as she tripped off gaily from his side. Then, with a smile on his lips, and a song in his heart, he retraced his steps and walked quickly home.

And the man, who had been watching, came out of his hiding place, and revolving many memories and thoughts in his mind, most of them unpleasant and

malicious, he too went away, to drown himself in drink. He was none other than Kannan.

CHAPTER III.

Govindan, the chief of the T-family, was astounded, when Kannan carried to him the tale of the misplaced love of his hopeful nephew. "The shameless wretch", he fumed. "How he could have been such a fool after winning that race passes me. As if there were no other girl in the land!"

"Devi is very beautiful," the ex-pilot reminded him.

"Damn her beauty," the old man shrieked. "Damn the whole lot of them," he added, with impartial justice. "Ho, then, Sankaran, go and call my nephew here—I will tell him he can't trifle with our family name." He walked up and down impatiently till Haridas came; then he began, with neither preface nor introduction. "You besotted fool, are you mad to think of marrying that Devi? Upon my word, you are anxious about our family honour! But I am master here, and I thank God I am old-fashioned. Does the cat mate with the dog?"

"But you know, uncle—"

"Yes, I know what I want to know... come, Haridas, say it was done but in idle sport, and I will gladly forgive you, and say I am sorry for being angry with you."

"No, uncle, I cannot say that," Haridas felt the hot blood, tingling in his veins, but he controlled his tongue with an effort.

"Oh, you can't, can't you? Well then, I will teach you how it can be done. Take my warning, you fool, and be wise. If you meet her again, it will be the worse for you, and for her too."

Prophetic words, these—pity they did not know how prophetic! Haridas went to his room, and the old man turned to Kannan; "Keep an eye on that young fool, be discreet and faithful, and your services will be rewarded." Aye, a fit

reward when the day of reckoning came! And it came sooner than they expected.

CHAPTER IV.

The season of heavy rain had arrived. Ordinary men found it most inconvenient to stir out. But young Haridas was not of that sort. He began matters as he intended to end them. In spite of his uncle's anger, he had decided to marry Devi, or no one else; and so, as he argued, there was no sense in keeping away from her for a week or two.

It was one of those rare sunsets of the rainy season, which are more glorious than any we get in the heart of spring. Said Devi that evening: "The river has flooded. Come, Hari, I would like to look at it with you."

"But won't you be missed at home, little girl?"

"No, big boy, father is not at home, and will be back only very late."

"Come along, then."

When she stood by the river-side, she asked, "Is the river very dangerous now, dear?"

"Not if you know how to manage your boat. But it is hard work to make way against the tide."

"But, of course, you know how to manage a boat! Come, Sir, can you muster up sufficient courage to take me on the river now?"

If the fact must be told, Haridas was glad of the opportunity. He wanted to show her how skillful he was. So they launched a small boat, and he rowed it—very swiftly, she thought, with pride in her lover's strength—against the current.

Meanwhile, Kannan was holding a secret conference with Govindan, "Go," the latter said harshly, "go and tell him that I demand his instant return. Oh, if someone were to see him with that girl! I believe he will be the ruin of our family name."

Kannan was willing to do mischief. But ever since the day of his disgrace, he

had shrunk from encountering the keen glance of the young heir of T—. So he took a long draught of toddy to buoy up his sinking courage, and set out on his errand, with unsteady steps and a whirling brain.

He launched his boat further up the river than Haridas had done, and so he had the current in his favour. Soon he came alongside the other boat, and caught its side.

"Let go, you fool," cried Haridas.

"Presently, Sir," the man answered coolly.

"Master wants you to return instantly, and not ruin the honour of your family for the sake of a shameless girl." Haridas struck off the man's hold from his boat. The angry blow must have pained the man, for he gave vent to a loud shriek, and turned round on him like a wounded tiger. Haridas looked at Devi, seated there so quietly, and knew that it was a dangerous game they were playing. But, before he could do anything, he felt a heavy blow on his head and fell senseless into the river.

Kannan was sober enough now. He jumped out of his boat, and was no more seen alive.

For a moment Devi sat powerless to do anything. Then with a heart-broken cry, she leapt into the river, and clutched at the sinking body of her lover. It was too heavy for her poor strength. She struggled heroically to reach the boat, but it drifted and drifted away. Her wet sari was a heavy encumbrance, too, and she felt her strength was ebbing fast.

"Oh God, give me strength," she prayed.

Consciousness returned to Haridas. But he was too weak and dazed to be helpful. "What a cruel fate!" he murmured, with bitter anguish. "Darling," she whispered faintly, "it was a kind fate that gave us each other's love. And their lips met in a long, last kiss.



For children and sweet silken-
petalled flowers
Are the gifts which God
Almighty freely dours
To this sad earth. They're
Both the mystic powers
Of Innocence, that lighten our
dark hours.



The Happy Child.

[BY PADMINI SATTIANADHAN]

A happy child amidst sweet
scented flowers!
What inner force is it that so
empowers
Her soul, as she beside them
wondering lingers,
And touches silken leaves with
gentle fingers?
Is it because they are so frail
and tender,
And such pure odours and
sweet colours render?
Nay, these sylph-like blossoms
are appealing,
Because they touch her child-
like inner feeling.

Our Serial Story.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE

By K. S.

(Gauri, Sankar and Mallika are the three children of a fine Indian Christian couple. Gauri, who seems to have suffered some misfortune in her early youth, and who seems moreover to have been cured of blindness, is persuaded by her father to consent to marry Arjuna Narayana Rao. A day after they meet, the father dies of heart-disease. The mother follows him; but before her death she gets Gauri married to her suitor. The two are happy. Arjuna takes charge of Gauri's brother and sister, who are both studying. A little rift comes between them, when Gauri does not show Arjuna a letter from her sister, Mallika, in which the latter talks of a suitor to herself, Mr. Mathuram about whom she asks Gauri not to speak to Arjuna yet. But the difference is soon made up, and they go to Ennore for a happy holiday. On their last night there, Gauri suddenly faints, because of somebody's voice which she hears. Arjuna had been informed of her early misfortune. He knew that she had been married to a man called Prakash; but that the marriage, immediately after the ceremony, had been proved illegal, owing to the fact that Prakash already had a wife living. Arjuna finds out from Gauri that it was Prakash's voice she had heard at Ennore. They had thought he was dead. But why faint because of him, since he has no hold on her? She cannot explain; and he becomes jealous, imagining that she is sorry she cannot go back to Prakash, especially since his first wife is now dead and he is free. On her side, Gauri is jealous of Arjuna's affection for his cousin, Pushpam.)

Suddenly, one day Gauri hears the voice of Mathuram, Mallika's suitor, and thinks at first that it is the voice of Prakash her first husband, but comes to the conclusion that she must be mistaken. She meets Mathuram, and Mallika is allowed to be quietly engaged to him.

Arjuna and Gauri become better friends. Suddenly, Gauri who, having been blind at the time, had never seen Prakash, unearths a photograph of him from her mother's box, and finds to her horror that he is really Mathuram. Had he then come for her, as he had threatened he would; and was he victimising poor Mallika as the medium? Her impulse is to tell her husband everything; but Mallika, who is faithful to Mathuram, begs her to wait sometime. In the meanwhile Gauri can write to Mathuram, or Prakash, and ask for his explanation. So matters stand, and Gauri begins her first lesson in deception, when she manages to satisfy the jealous Arjuna about Prakash.)

CHAPTER XI

THE Subramania temple in N— was perched like a fort on the top of a little hill. It looked like a fort also with its low long walls, its arches and wide portals. A worn stair-case of stone led to it in zigzags round two sides of the hill.

At the bottom was a half-dilapidated building, which did duty as a sort of rest-house. The whole structure stood in the midst of green fields, red expanses, and clumps of palmyra and cocoanut palms, beyond which rose a blue range of hills, fading away in the distance into the clouds; and it stood like a young scout keeping unwinking watch and ward over the souls of India around it. It was indeed rather an inspiring sight, and today, it looked really what it was—an epitome of the spiritual destinies of India—a magnet towards which were drawn all the religions of that fair land—an emblem of the mystery, towards which all fates seemed to lead.

Under the brilliant sunshine, a brilliant throng toiled up the hill, many-hued, scintillating here and there with the gleam of jewels, and gay with parasols and umbrellas, which swayed on that bare hill-side, like bright flowers waving in the strong breeze. People from all parts of the district were thronging to the temple to see the great festival, which was held but once a year, some from curiosity, some from interest, some from devotion. There were groups of officials and police, come to keep order; there were Europeans from the club come to see the humour hidden under the childishness and the mystery of the institutions of India; there were a few missionaries, some of them come to make observations and gather true materials, wherewith to forge arguments to confound the Hindus, others to distribute pamphlets and perhaps say a few words in season for their Master; there were groups of Indian Christians, looking what they were, mere hybrid productions, come also to see the fun; there were groups of Hindus of all sects and positions come to worship.

Arjuna, his wife, and her brother, formed units of the chattering, gesticulating noisy crowd. With them were most of the Indian Christians. Mrs. Sitaram would fain have led the group, for, was she not the leading Indian Christian of

the district? but poor lady, age and corpulence forbade her; she had indeed to fall often behind, and be helped forward by her stalwart nephew. Pushpam was with her, not pushing and patronising like her mother, but showing the same tendency to hold herself rather aloof from humbler folk. She was smartly dressed and looked quite pretty. By her side walked Mrs. Williams with Sankar in attendance. Gauri walked along soberly. Ordinarily, she would have liked to run like a deer up the steps, but she had learnt sense enough not to attract attention to herself; besides, she was feeling very unhappy with dread and anticipation, for it was more than two weeks since she had written to Prakash, or perhaps Mathuram, she ought to call him; and no reply had been received; besides, again, she was feeling somewhat ostracised today. People seemed to look askance at her and fight shy of her, and would break off rather self-consciously as soon as they caught her eye. They must have heard that Prakash was alive, and were laughing at her. But, after all, she consoled herself, she had done nothing wrong.

Arrived at the top, the crowd dispersed. People tried to settle themselves in the most advantageous positions. The Indian Christians bunched together, Mrs. Sitaram leading the way to sit as near as possible to the group of Europeans, some of whom took occasional and perfunctory notice of herself and her daughter. There were some, however, who took more notice than she liked of Gauri. The latter also, she noticed, had many friends among the Hindus.

What happened after a while was a grand spectacle.

The God Subramania sat propped up on his peacock vehicle, which was beautifully decorated with costly jewels and fragrant flowers. All around him were the Temple priests and Devadasis (Temple girls), all ready to celebrate the great episode of the killing of the demon Padmasura, by the God. And this was how

it was done. Padmasura appeared first in his normal, human form, going round Subramania three times. Then, without turning his back on the God, the Demon went backwards a few yards and stopped. A few of the Brahmin priests of the Temple known as *Mukkanis*, dressed for the occasion as Subramania's soldiers with swords and belts, marched towards the demon, and made a semblance of cutting off his head. After that, Padmasura appeared again, but with a mythical lion's head and went round Subramania three times, as he had done on the first occasion. Subramania's soldiers again repeated their performance of removing the giant's head. Padmasura for the third time appeared, this time with the head of a cock and was again overpowered in the same manner. Thus Padmasura, the demon king, was finally vanquished.

Then Subramania was removed from his peacock *vahanam* and placed in a nicely decorated *vimanam*, the Sanskrit word for an aeroplane. After that, the priests went through their worship, which may be termed their even-song, and which consisted of various ceremonies of symbolical import.

Occasionally, strident bells clanged for worship, and trays with burning camphor on them were waved before the unseeing faces of the idols. Baskets and huge platters of offerings of cakes, cocoanuts, fruits, flowers, betel, stood before the God, and were distributed at intervals to the crowd as sacred gifts.

It was an occasion to fix the attention of all people, whether Christian, Mohammedan or Hindu, impressing all alien spectators with the simple and the trusting devotion of the vast heart of India. But, there were some, who preferred to cavil at, and ridicule, the devotion thus expressed. Among them was Mrs. Sitaram, who did so, more from the hope of being in the fashion than from any convictions felt.

"My dear," she said looking pompously round and speaking in a loud voice to

Mrs. Dayarant, who was sitting next to her, "How stupid they are! Why do they ring the bells? There is no use of pretending to catch the attention of that blind and deaf idol, is there?"

"No, no," said her crony showing unexpected perception, "not of the idol, but of the God behind the idol. You see he is busy about so many things, that his attention has to be drawn to his humble worshippers."

"The Hindu Swarga is full of luxuries, isn't it? Perhaps the God is drinking nectar, or eating ambrosia, or flirting with his beautiful nymphs."

"Or threatening the demons, or going out on excursions on white elephants and peacocks, or perhaps he is asleep."

Gauri, who had been looking for Sita and had not found her, was just behind.

Her fair face, flushed as it was with the heat, grew more pink still with annoyance. She edged nearer to her aunt-in-law, in spite of Arjuna's protests.

"Aunt," she said in a loud whisper, "They are ringing the bell, to attract the worshippers and fix their attention, not to call the God."

"Indeed, my dear, how do you know? They are stupid enough to do what I said."

"Indeed, they are not," said Gauri warmly.

"Their religion is so childish; yet they claim so much mystery for it, and do all sorts of silly things to attract the attention of the people. Look at those worshippers now, falling down before the stone images."

"What else do we do? We also fall down in worship. Isn't that the right attitude towards God?"

"Yes, but not before idols."

"They don't know to do better; but with all that, their hearts are as full of real worship, as ours are, and they pray really to the Unseen God, of whom the idol is a mere representation."

"I am very sorry, Gauri, to see you talking sides with the Hindus. You are

not a true Christian. This comes of being friends with too many Hindus. They undermine your faith, you know. I warned you before, did I not."

"Christianity, Aunt, is a noble religion; but that does not mean that all Christians are noble. There are Hindus, who are nobler than Christians; but there are Christians, who use Christianity to cloak a number of sins."

"Do you dare to say that to me, you, a Christian?"

"I do; but it is not the fault of a religion, if the professors of that religion fail to follow its ideals. A religion must not appear in the mere 'professing', but must be carried in real life."

"Really? I hope your life is full of great ideals."

"It is no use taking my life, or yours. None of us can claim to be perfect."

"Christians can hope to be perfect."

"I wonder! For my part, I think there is no use in forcing people to become Christians. Christianity means a Christian life, and it is by our life that we must show our friends, the Hindus, which religion is better."

Gauri had now started well on her subject, which was very dear to her; and, in spite of Arjuna's entreaties, she went on with her vehement whispers, which were quite audible to a number of people.

"And do you propose to show the Hindus what is right?" asked Mrs. Sitaram with a quizzical look. "you must have a good idea of yourself."

Gauri shrank back, but was not daunted.

"I try to," she said, "How far I succeed, I do not know. What I want to show you is that it is by mixing with the Hindus that we can influence them, not by keeping ourselves apart."

"You will soon come to believe all their silly ideas. They will lower you to their level."

"There are so many noble things in Hinduism, Aunt, which we do not know of. They have their noble heroes of

ancient mythology, Harischandra, the truth-teller, Yudhishtira the just, Rama, who was their Sir Galahad."

"Sir Galahad, indeed, with his unkind behaviour to Sita!"

"Never mind that point. The chief thing is that Hinduism has many good points which we must pick out, and on that build our Indian Christianity, and not hang it to a Westernized version of what after all was an Oriental religion."

"Compromise is no good, Gauri. Once we compromise, we are done," said Mrs. James, who was near.

"Not compromise of vital principles, Mrs. James; but there is no use of being rigid in unnecessary details."

"Where can you draw the line?"

"I am not clever enough to say that; but I think usually instinct will show us what is right. And I think it is right not to run down Hinduism, as if it is the cult of the devil. After all, we all worship the same God."

"Yes, but our Indians do not understand the real principles of a religion, or of morality at all. Where can we find good people like among the English? Self-government indeed! Look what our India is coming to now! It will soon be in ruins, if our Indians are allowed to govern themselves."

"Now, we are going on to politics, Aunt; so let us stop. But I am glad you are calling Hindus and Indian Christians, all Indians. That is what one wants, union and not separation. After all, we are all Indians, loving our own India. There is no use of aping foreigners, and abusing India."

A sudden clamour arose. The God had been taken off his pedestal and lifted on to the shoulders of several people. He was coming out to be dressed and ornamented. As the procession passed, Gauri looked round; but, exasperated by her insisting on arguing so publicly with his aunt, Arjuna had moved away, and she could not see him anywhere near. So she sat where she was quietly. She

knew instinctively why he had left her, and felt a bit resentful, though she was rather ashamed of herself for having been so vehement.

When all was over, began the downward migration. Gauri was still separated from Arjuna; but she could not wait for him. The crowd was rather dense, and she went along with it. But here and there her feet began to slip. So, she edged herself close to the railings, and began to descend, clinging to them with one hand. The sun was very hot, but she was forced to close her umbrella, for the wind was blowing high, and with her other hand she had to hold her sari, which otherwise threatened to blow all about her. Again and again, she looked round for her husband. At last, she saw him, some distance above her; and he also saw her, and waved his hand cheerily to her and began threading his way down to her. But, suddenly, there was a commotion just below him, a series of small shrieks, a slither and slide of shoes, finally a small thud. The crowd parted for a minute, allowing Gauri to see that it was the slim Mrs. Williams who had fallen down. Then, it closed again, and through it Gauri heard exclamations and excited remarks. Then, she saw Arjuna reach the spot and stoop down. Evidently, his presence vitally aided the work of rescue, for he soon stood up, supporting somebody. Gauri stood still to watch. The crowd again parted, leaving a path for Arjuna and the fair rescued, who was clinging closely to him, limping and walking with great effort. On her other side, walked Sankar, looking very cross, for evidently his help was not needed at all.

As the group passed by Gauri, Arjuna waved his hand to her, and Mrs. Williams tried to smile at her.

"Been in the wars, you see," she called out, "I am so sorry I have taken away your husband. But he is so strong, you know; and there was nobody like him to help me," and she looked up at her

stalwart helper with a look, which to Gauri appeared somehow proprietary. It made the girl vaguely jealous, which, added to her weariness and her feeling of being under criticism, made her very unhappy. Indeed, it was with difficulty she restrained her tears.

As she was stumbling along, she felt a sudden support under her arm. Looking up with alarm, she saw the face of Prakash! Her first instinct was to release herself, after which she sat down rather suddenly on a step.

"Where—where—did you come from?" she gasped.

"From Heaven or Hell, or wherever you like," he returned with a smile, "but just in time to help you, Gauri."

"Don't call me 'Gauri'," she retorted. "What right have you to do that?"

"Shall I not be soon having the right? I hope to be your brother-in-law." She looked at him queerly. Why was he still bluffing? Did he not know that she had found him out? She would wait and see.

"I had your letter asking me to come and see you here," he went on. "I cannot tell you how proud and pleased I am. Is it about Mallika you want to talk to me?"

She suddenly lost patience.

"Yes, it is about Mallika, and about yourself too," she said. "I know who you are."

"Who I am? Who am I?"

"Is it necessary for me to say it? I wish to ask you, why you are persecuting me like this?"

"My dear lady, how can I persecute you, when—when I would do anything to help you. I—would do anything in the world for you." A dog-like devotion came into his eyes, and in spite of herself she was touched.

"I only ask to be near you always, Gauri," he whispered.

"Then you should not marry Mallika."

"That is the only way I could get near you, dear."

"So—so—you admit you are—you are—"

"Prakash—your first husband, dear."

"My husband?—no—no—I will have nothing to do with you."

"Ay, a better husband than your present one. See, how he has left you here. He is having a good time with that designing young woman, while you, you, my poor darling—"

"You should not blame him. He was asked for his help, and he gave it."

"Oh, really? But I can tell you he liked giving it. I have been watching you both for a long time. I saw how disgusted he was with you for speaking up for the Hindus—while I—while I—"

"You?"

"Admired you and worshipped you, dearest."

"Don't call me such names, Mr. Prakash. Do you know you can be taken up for bigamy?"

"So I can; but then you will also get into trouble as an accessory. You had better 'let sleeping dogs lie,' my lady."

"I suppose it is best. But—but—I want to ask you one thing. Do not introduce yourself by any other name than Mathuram."

A look of triumph came into his face. "Of course, of course," he said eagerly; "I shall be Prakash only to you, eh?"

She felt disgusted, but, before she could say anything further, her aunt's shrill voice startled her.

"What are you doing here, Gauri? Where is your husband? And who is this gentleman?"

"A friend of ours—Mr. Mathuram, Aunty. I knew him in Madras."

"When did he come here? I did not see him before."

"I was a few minutes after you, dear lady, when you went up the hill. I—I came to help Mrs. Narayan Rao, as she was slipping on these stairs."

"Really? And where is my nephew?"

"Gone on in front with Mrs. Williams, who has hurt her foot."

"Come on then, Gauri. It is getting late."

Gauri looked appealingly at Prakash, for she wished to talk to him alone, and he rose to the occasion.

"You go on in front, dear lady," he said seductively "and we shall follow you very soon. Mrs. Narayan Rao must rest a little."

Pursing up her lips, Mrs. Sitaram went on. Prakash settled himself again in front of Gauri, ready for his interrupted talk, but Gauri got up after a few moments and prepared to descend.

"You are going on so soon?" he asked, "and what about taking my arm?"

"I don't need it," said the girl stiffly.

But she did need it, for in her hurry and anger she slipped more than once, and in the end she did a fine slither down a few steps. The shock made her look up piteously at the man, and he looked down fondly at her.

"Take the gifts the Gods give you, dearest. Here I am, ready to help you and be your dog even, and you fly from me. Come, take my arm."

Thereafter they went down in silence, which but accentuated the intimacy of their position. Gauri disliked the man's closeness; but, though he held her firmly, he was not familiar. They did not speak much. Once he said that he was so glad that she had got her sight.

"And such beautiful eyes, dear, you have," he said. "In the olden days, your eyes were my chief attraction, even though they were blind, so pure and gentle and kind, so——"

"Hush, hush," she said.

"How did you come to know my face?" he asked.

"I saw a picture left by my mother!"

"Ah, yes," he said, "I remember giving it to her, poor lady! I was so sorry to hear that she and your father had passed away. My poor girl, how you must have suffered."

At that, Gauri rounded on him. "I am not your girl," she said, "and you

must not talk to me like that. But I do wish to have a good talk with you. When will you see me?"

"When is that husband of yours out of the way?"

Feeling unspeakably guilty, Gauri murmured, "After ten."

"Very well, I shall come tomorrow at that time. Take my arm again. You must."

She had to. So they descended some more steps; then round a corner they met Arjuna coming up. He looked greatly surprised at the sight of Mathuram. The latter, however, told him that he had taken two months leave and was spending part of it in their town.

"Where are you staying?" asked Arjuna.

"In the travellers' bungalow at present."

"Why not come and stay with us?"

Behind her husband's back, Gauri looked imploringly at Mathuram, hoping he would refuse. But he only grinned at her and accepted the invitation. Then she nudged her husband's arm:

"There isn't much room," she whispered. "Sankar is staying with us."

Arjuna looked surprised at his wife's lack of hospitality. "But, he can share Sankar's room," he said. "It is a big one." Then, turning to Mathuram he asked him if he would mind that arrangement. The latter, of course, did not object.

And so they went on down, Gauri now between the two men. But, it was her husband's arm she held this time.

(To be continued.)

From the Editor's Table

I. INDIAN FILMS

IT is a great thing to note that India is going as fast ahead in that most Western of all spheres, the cinema world, as in more indigenous matters. Indian stories, by Indian actors, on Indian ground, are being produced and presented to an admiring world. And yet, one feels that all is not well. There is a serious omission. In their haste, our Indian film-producers are forgetting the Indian spirit. I hope I shall be forgiven, if I point out a few discrepancies, as they appear to me, in Indian films.

As a matter of fact, we have not yet properly adapted the cinema to India. It is a Western production, and as such the temptation it offers to Westernise everything in it. We have not escaped that; on the contrary, in our impatience to be in the forefront, we have pandered too much to the tendency.

Take the actions and the gestures for instance. The other day, I saw an Indian film, which is supposed to be good. But I was much disappointed to see that the leading actress, though moving in an Indian atmosphere, yet modelled her actions on Western methods. She walked like the Englishwoman, with her shoulders, instead of with her hips. She acted like the Westerners in too much of a hurry; she even set her face indeed on Western lines.

The love-making too is Western; and there is too much of it. As a matter of fact, there should be none of it in an Indian story. In ancient times, even a kiss was not a kiss, but just a caress to the head. When love-making is shown in an English film indiscriminately to an Indian public, it is often met by ribald hooting. Not only is it much more so in Indian stories; but it even distorts the

truth and does harm ; for then it is usually associated with illicit and unlawful love.

The Indian costume again is too Westernised, in that it is too scanty. It has always, alas, been the Western custom to represent the Indian dancer or the Indian actress as half-clad. This is very unjust, for it indicates in a way the idea that love in India is thought to be merely passion and the attraction of sex, which it is certainly not. There is no one more modest or decent than a good Indian woman. The only extenuation, which can be made for the Western method is that, first, the Indian woman, who usually dances or acts, is usually not of a good class, at least in South India; secondly, love in India is different from love in England. Otherwise, it is absurd that Indian women should, in an Indian play, imitate the straps and bands and wisps, which in an English stage costume are sometimes the mere apology for dress.

The pity of it is that, while imitating Western ideas on the Indian stage, enough trouble is not taken to make a good imitation. Very often, the reproduction is merely superficial, and flimsily tawdry; the mixture is unfinished; moreover, the English used for explanations is most incorrect, ungrammatical, ill-spelt and haphazard, which certainly gives one a shock of disgust.

I think it is time, that our Indian filmers should pause to consider more calmly their methods of procedure. To take details first, they should be careful not to be too hurried in their action, or too complicated. I have often taken my servants to the cinema, and found that they understand very little of the story. The plot should be worked out quietly and calmly, and not with many side-issues; and even then the side-issues should be properly indicated. There is no need to complicate the story by intricate action, on the pretext that it promotes interest and excitement.

Sometimes, Indian characters are

shown taking too short steps, and making too trivial gestures. Why? Is not the Indian usually very dignified and stately? Why make him waddle like a clumsy goose in a hurry?

Again, in a laudable attempt to make the Indian film Indian in appeal, too much stress is laid upon trivial Indian customs, so much so indeed that they often invite ridicule and distaste from the foreigner; e. g. the custom of eating food from leaves with the fingers, should not be made into a farce, as it often is; also, there should be more solemnity and decorum introduced into temple-worship.

Talking of temples reminds me that, when such are introduced into the story, it is often thought unnecessary to introduce other than temple scenery into the other sections. Sometime, even "un-temple"—if I may use such a word—activities are done in temple precincts. Why? Probably, because it is too much trouble and expense to get other adjuncts. Whatever the reason may be, the injunction should not be forgotten that everything must be in its own place. As a matter of fact, in the case of Indian films, more trouble should be taken, as is done in the West, to get a more complete layout than now, and not to shirk expense, or inconvenience, or worry. At the same time, the artistic ideals of India should be kept in mind.

In fact, our cinema actors, when producing ancient or modern stories of India, should enter thoroughly into the Indian spirit and tradition. The Indian ideals of modesty, chastity and devotion, on the part of the women, should ever be kept in view. Dignity and delicacy should not be thrown aside for flippancy and so-called smartness. Much depends on expression indeed; and it must be kept in mind that the Indian look is often different in this way from the Western one, and has to have its own standards.

And too much sex-attraction should not be made a special point of, as is sometimes done. No doubt, there is a good

deal of it in Indian myths! but it should not be forgotten that much of it is allegorical, as well as religious.

One thing has to be remembered. I think, in the effect to teach, too much instruction should not be given. The moment that idea becomes too apparent, the effort becomes stultified.

As a matter of fact, some comic relief should be given on our Indian stage; but this should not be over-done, so that the purpose becomes evident. The appeal of the comic actor must be found universal. Take Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. How irresistibly comic are their actions, even in the most ordinary situations. As I read somewhere, it is in the element of subtlety and the unexpected that comedy lies; moreover all depends on rhythm, each actor having exactly to fit his movements to those of another. Here is what I read: "The scenes in a comic film by themselves are not very comic, but the full force of it is shown only on the screen in its entirety; and it is for this reason that in the Hollywood studios, the film-producing companies have set up a standard to judge whether a film is really comic, and that is, to see whether at the first trade show, it succeeds in registering the required number of laughs. This is a tip the Indian producers of comic films might well take with advantage and good profit."

2. Our Children's Serial Story.

I hope Miss Kaveri Bai, who is so kindly writing our Children's Serial for us, will forgive me, if I emphasise something in her story; In her charming narrative, and the pretty incidents which have taken place so naturally in *Dr. Vikram's Children*, mention is sometimes made of the complaints carried to their parents by the young ones. Now, it is a difficult question whether glaring faults and spiteful mischief should be left to be detected naturally by the parents, or should be reported. I think, the balance should weigh more on the former side. When

actions are too unkind, they will more or less be found out naturally. In any case, children should not make it a habit to sneak to their parents, or carry too many complaints to them. The parents should be wise enough, and find time enough, to find out the faults of their children and check them; but certainly should not encourage the latter to carry tales to them.

The children should fight out questions among themselves. Then, there will be too much quarrelling and fighting, I hear you say. Well, let there be. If there is too much, it must come to the notice of the parents. If not, a little will not do much harm. It will teach the young ones some independence and initiative and decision. It will improve their character. At the same time it must be remembered that reprisals and revenges should not be vindictive, or of the "tit-for-tat" variety. If one child does evil, why should another do the same? Rather, teach by the contrary.

It is interesting to note that, even when the children complain about each other to their parents, they are yet affectionate towards each other. There is a strong spirit of cooperation between them. It is also pleasant to note the way in which they are taught to be independent, and to do things for themselves, going to their parents for help in difficult matters. The girls also are taught the domestic arts of cookery, needlework, dress-making etc.

One other point; as Miss Kaveri Bai teaches, innocent pleasantry should be encouraged, but not revengefully spiteful, or wantonly injurious, or harmful, mischief. At the same time, as our authoress points out, parents should not be too drastic in their punishments, but should do as Dr. and Mrs. Vikram did:—study the temperaments of the young ones, suit their punishments to their needs; even while making the punishments, not too physical, nor too severe, but such as will teach the juvenile offender, rather

harmlessly, yet in an unmistakable manner that he has done wrong, and must not do so again. e. g., the deprivation to a youngster of a long-enjoyed and under-

stood privilege, or of a luxury, or of a pleasure, common with his sisters and brothers, is often enough to teach him sense.

In Man's Realm

THE LIFE OF A GREAT MAN.

MAHARSHI DEVENDRANATH TAGORE AND THE EVOLUTION OF THE BRAHMA SAMAJ IN ITS FIRST STAGE.

[FROM HIS AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.]

THE biography of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, the father of the poet-philosopher Rabindranath Tagore, is co-eval and co-extensive with the development of the Brahma Samaj of India from the stage at which it was left by its founder, Rajah Ram Mohan Roy. Devendranath was born in May 1817.

The Brahma Samaj was founded on the 28th of August, 1828. The reason why it became necessary to bring it into being was that the Hindus of that period had clean forgotten the pure and lofty religious culture of their forefathers and had lapsed into superstitious and gross forms of idolatry and degrading social usages.

The fate of the Brahma Samaj was left, after the demise of Raj Ram Mohan Roy, in the hands of slippery followers, and its membership went down to vanishing point. Only the loyalty of a couple of members kept it alive, until Devendranath Tagore became a convert to it in 1838.

His conversion to the Brahma Samaj faith was a providential one. His father Dwarkanath Tagore, had the reputation of being the Croesus of Bengal. As

usual in a rich family, the boy was bred up in luxury, and in his early years he was a wilful young man. He was the pet of his grandmother. She was a pious and orthodox woman. Through constant association with her, he came to believe that the Goddess Kali had in some inscrutable way, power over his destiny, and bowed to her image whenever he passed it. Thus the religion of idolatry was planted in his soul. But within the seed of it was the potentiality of God-preception.

When he was 18 years old, his grandmother died. During her last days, she had been taken, according to custom to the banks of the river Ganges, and kept in a temporary shed there for three nights.

The scenes at her death-bed created in Devendra an aversion to worldly pleasures, coupled with ecstatic joy in God. The aversion to worldly pleasures continued, but the ecstasy was evanescent. His soul was distressed, but the distress awakened in him a love of God, and he realized that God alone was his Guru or Teacher, and his Father.

Hereafter to know the truth about the

Godhead was his sole endeavour. With this end in view, he began to learn Sanskrit, the language of the Scriptures of the Hindus. He also read many English works of philosophy. But he felt no inward satisfaction. His struggle and his agony increased from day to day. Suddenly, a flash of light broke through this darkness of his mind, and he realised that the knowledge of the objective material world through the senses, implied a knowledge of his own self; as with the knowledge of the body comes the knowledge of the spirit within. This led to the inward perception of the Universal Self, operating as an intelligent and beneficent Being in nature. He found behind Nature, Nature's God.

He realised that God was neither the Kali of the Kalighat, nor the family deity, Shaligram. Thus was laid the axe at the root of idolatry in his mind. In this mood, his association in childhood and early youth with Raja Ram Mohan Roy, came back to his mind with freshness. He had the impression that all the Hindu Shastras taught idolatry; and to him that was a painful thought. Then one day, he noticed a stray leaf of some book flying past him in the wind. Some one told him that it was a portion of the Upanishads. He got it interpreted. It was the opening verse of *Ishopnishad*, which read "God is immanent in all things, in whatever lives and moves in the universe. Enjoy, therefore, without being attached; covet not wealth belonging to others."

To Devendranath this appealed as a message from on high. He found God everywhere. "If the whole world could be encompassed by God, where would impurity be? The world would be full of sweetness." From that day forward, he read the Upanishads with his Pandit, and the divine light that he received from them illumined his soul more and more.

After a long continuous struggle, his mind realised that God was the Father, Protector, and Friend of man; that

He was dearer than son, dearer than riches, dearer than everything else; that he who worshipped Brahma (God) became possessed of Brahma; that God was the Life of our life, and the Soul of our soul; that He was a constant, changeless soul; that He was the Creator of innumerable finite souls; that He was the Master, and every human being His Servant.

Naturally, therefore, he felt a strong desire to spread the light of the true religion abroad. With this end in view, he founded the Tatwa Rangini Sabha (the Association for delight in the first principles), which was subsequently changed into Tatwa Bodhini Sabha (the Association for the knowledge of the first principles of life). This was on the 6th of August 1839. In 1842, Devendranath joined the Brahma Samaj, and the Tatwa Bodhini Sabha was amalgamated with it in the same year.

In 1843, he began the publication of a paper, called Tatwa Bodhini Patrika, for propagation of the knowledge of the Vedas and the Vedanta, and the worship of Par-Brahma (supreme God), and appointed as its editor, Aksya Kumar Dutt, who was a graceful writer of Bengali prose. In this paper came out his commentary of the Upanishads part by part. The pity of it was that he could not read the Vedanta in his own house, as his father wished his son to attend to business, and not to give himself up to Brahma. But Devendranath was too far imbued with the teachings of the Upanishads, to be dragged into the world any more.

He found that the work of the Brahma Samaj was not carried on properly at that time. There was no fraternity of fellow-believers; there was no organization, no constitution, no membership, no covenant and no pledge. To remedy these defects, he drew up a declaration, and introduced a regular worship. Soon 21 men underwent the ceremony of initiation into Brahma Dharma.

Within 2 years, the number had swelled into five hundred. There grew a wonderful brotherly feeling. To cement this further, and to provide for an interchange of ideas on the subject of religion, Devendranath held a Mela, i. e. a gathering of the Brahmas in his garden house, which was a great success.

Devendranath could trace the teachings of the Upanishads regarding the idea of God to the hymns of the Vedas. He therefore could easily have the faith that the Vedas were the revelations of God, and as such were infallible.

But, on the investigations of his disciples, who studied the Vedas at Benares, and on his own personal searching, the conviction grew on him that the Vedas contained inferior teachings, besides the lofty conceptions of God. This was sufficient to shake his belief in them. Thus the basis of the Brahma Dharma was shifted from the Vedas to the Upanishads. On further research, he found that besides the teachings of the Eternal Verities, there were other Upanishads of a spurious nature. That led him to shift the Brahma Dharma from the Upanishads to a different basis. Finally, he found the foundation of the Brahma Dharma to be the intuitive knowledge of God, vouchsafed to a pure unsophisticated heart, with the aid of whatever in the sacred books agreed with it. This was the final basis of Brahma Dharma, which he arrived at when he was thirty-one years of age.

It should be noticed that the Brahma Dharma Scriptures had two sections, one the Brahmi Upanishat for the knowledge of Brahma, and the other the moral code. The latter was based on the commandments of ancient works, especially Manusmriti, Gita, Mahabharat etc. Each section consisted of sixteen sub-sections, and there were laid down the duties of a family man in relation to God, the duties of children towards parents, and towards one another, the duties of husband and wife, and also several virtues of

life. This compilation was made in 1850.

Henceforth, the prayer of the Brahmos was "Lead me from untruth to Truth. Lead me from darkness into light. Lead me from death into immortality. Oh Thou Self-effulgent, reveal thyself to me. Oh Thou dread God, may Thy benign countenance protect me for ever and ever."

At this time, Devendra's father was in England, hence the task of managing his affairs devolved upon him. But he had no heart in it. He started to go up the Ganges in the rainy season; but on the news of his father's death, he had to return to Calcutta. He was then twenty-nine years old. His father's obsequies were performed in Calcutta. Devendranath found himself in a sore dilemma. On the one hand, there was his vow which forbade any idol worship, and on the other hand, there was the urge of brothers, relations and friends to perform the Sradha in the usual orthodox way with idolatrous rites. His conscience finally triumphed, and he went through the essential part of the Sradha without idol worship, which was the first instance of the kind ever done. Friends and relatives forsook him, but he drew nearer to God.

Devendranath Tagore had another trial in another field in his thirtieth year. The firm of Tagore & Co., failed. There was a deficit of thirty lakhs. A meeting of the creditors was called, and they were asked to take over the assets of the firm, and also their Zemindari rights to meet their dues. There was a trust-property, which could not be legally claimed by them, but Devendranath did not like the reservation. With the consent of his brothers, he offered up the trust-property also. The creditors were moved by this free offer and in recognition of the surrender, they agreed to give an annual allowance of Rs. 25,000 out of the estate for the family maintenance. To the ascetic heart of Devendra, this was a matter of joy, for his soul then felt itself free from the things of the world.

Subsequently, the management of the property was entrusted to his brothers by the creditors, and within ten years all the debt was cleared off.

Devendra came into intimate contact with the Rajah of Burdwan and of Krishnagar, who became great sympathisers with the Brahmo movement, and Brahma Samajes were founded at Burdwan and Krishnagar.

From 1849 he travelled to many places. In 1851, he returned home, summoned by domestic affairs. In 1854, his brother Girindranath died. His other brothers, after their debts had been cleared, incurred heavy debts for their own expenses. He disagreed with them, and they left him. To these domestic troubles was added the distress of mind caused by the absence of the true religious spirit among his followers.

He resolved again to leave home, and go to Benares and the Himalayas, never to return. He underwent many privations and met with many troubles. He had to travel often by precarious ways, and several times he narrowly escaped bad accidents. Yet his courage and his faith never wavered. And always he recognised the glory of the supreme God in the wild, fierce and grand aspects of nature he met with, even while its beauty and peace calmed his tired mind.

From Benares to Calcutta; from Allahabad to Agra and Delhi, then to Lahore and Amritsar, he travelled. He visited ancient shrines and temples, but declined to worship idols, or observe special ceremonies. Finally, he reached Simla, but had to leave it after a while on account of the Goorkha scare in the Indian mutiny. As soon as Simla was safe, he returned there; but a week later started on his travels further north.

Across broken bridges, and along precipitous ascents, he journeyed, often in the utmost danger; sometimes he went by dooly, but more often on foot; the cold was great, and the food scarce. Yet, no thought of turning back occurred to him.

On the other hand, his journey up the high mountains enchanted his poetic mind. The thick forest was a place of beauty. Red, yellow, blue and gold blossoms peeped all around. White roses bloomed in bunches, and made the forest land fragrant with perfume. In the grace and beauty of these flowers, and their stainless purity, he saw the mark of God's most skilful hand, and realised His love and mercy for man. The great rivers, glittering like leaves of silver in the sun, or foaming and thundering along the huge rocky boulders; the lovely valleys with their charming hanging bridges; the fairy waterfalls, the wonderful scenic views, enthralled his soul, even while chastening, strengthening and broadening his outlook on life.

After twenty days of mountaineering, he returned to Simla, from where he visited the Rajah of Bhajji whose capital was Sohini, on the banks of the Sutlej down the valley.

One day after two years in Simla, he was standing on the bridge of a river, wondering at the all-conquering force and playful whirls of the current, and at the crystalline purity of its water, when a puzzling thought crossed his mind. Why did these pure waters go down to the plains, with the certainty of defilement by the dust of the earth? Immediately the idea flashed through, that they did so because the All-Ruling One commanded them to humble themselves, and take a downward course, and fertilize the land. Then, an inward voice gave him this solemn commandment, "Give up thy pride, and be lowly like this river." This agitated his soul for a while; but finally he made up his mind to return home.

With the return of Devendranath from the Himalayas, his autobiography ends, but not his career. He devoted himself from then to the quiet construction and consolidation of the Brahma Samaj. Within 12 years he had established Samajes in Midnapur, Burdwan, Dacca, Ranji-

par, Krishnagar and other places. And there he poured forth his inspired utterances in a series of sermons, which made a profound impression on his congregations.

In 1858, Keshub C. Sen became a Brahmo. A deep friendship grew between the old Devendranath and the young Keshub. Devendranath conferred on the latter the title of *Brahmanand* and made him the *Acharya* of the Samaj, himself retaining the title of *Pradham Acharya*.

But the temperaments of the two men were as apart as the poles. Devendranath was a conservative. His religion was Indian in origin and expression, though purely Theistic. Regarding social reforms, he was for a policy of conciliation. He would leave them to the influence of time, and to the effect of the teaching of a pure religion. Keshub was a cosmopolitan drawing his spiritual inspiration from Christian literature. He was out for radical reforms. A struggle between two such temperaments and opposite ideals was bound to end in disruption. In 1865, Keshub withdrew from the parent Church and in 1868 established the Brahma Samaj of India. Devendranath gave the parent church the name of the Adi Brahma Samaj. In spite of this separation, however, Keshub continued to cherish the utmost reverence and regard for Devendranath, and the latter treated him with paternal affection to the last.

After this, Devendranath practically retired from active work in the Samaj, though he continued his supervision and guidance. He had trained up ministers for conducting services, and appointed a managing Committee for its affairs. He himself retired into the retreat of Shanti Niketan (Abode of peace) at Bolpur, a few miles from Calcutta. He was thenceforth the common patriarch of all the Samajes; and a *Maharshi* for all Hindus.

Several years elapsed between the time of his retirement and his death. A portion of this period was spent in further travels. His health gave way in the latter part of 1902. During his last days, a favourite Stanza of Hafiz was always on his lips. It was as follows: "The bell is tolling; I have heard the call, and am ready to depart with all my luggage." At last, the call came, and he passed away at 1-55 p.m. on the 19th of January, 1905.

His autobiography shows the struggle of a noble soul against early association, conventionality, and family ties; and the struggle of a spirit to rise from empty idolatrous ceremonies to the true worship of the One Living God, who is the Brahma of the Upanishads, and the Eternal Spirit immanent in the world and in the soul of man. Thus, it reveals the strength of character which a life in God is bound to give.

T. P. K.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

Noble Love.

"Love", it has been said, "in the common acceptance of the term, is folly; but it is not only a consequence, but a proof, of our moral excellence. The sensibility to moral beauty, the forgetfulness of self in the admiration engendered by it,

all prove its claim to a high moral influence. It is the triumph of the unselfish over the selfish part of our nature. Love, in the real sense of the word, is fixed, unchangeable, and constant as the northern star of whose true-fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament".

Shakespeare says,

"Love is not Love
Which alters when it alteration
finds."

He wants to make us understand what true and noble love is, telling us what it is not.

Love that changes according to circumstances does not deserve the name. On the other hand it is a feeling that remains unchanged in a person's heart in any place and at any time. Death cannot efface it, time cannot lessen its intensity, but the greater the adverse fortune of danger, the more it exhibits itself.

This true love exists in two forms; the affection that exists between two members of the same sex, and the affection that exists between a man and a woman. In the first case it is friendship, in the other it is harmony in marriage. It is by means of this divine passion that the world is kept ever fresh and young. The love, which is the outcome of esteem and admiration, has a purifying character. It inspires gentleness, sympathy, mutual faith, and confidence. "All love renders wise in a degree," says Browning, and the most gifted minds have been the sincerest lovers. Love is to be tested always

by its effect upon the will and through the will upon conduct

Love at its highest is a commanding emotion. It dominates the will, turning it into channels leading in the direction of the object. It holds the thought and purpose of its subject contributing to the welfare and happiness of its object, not for moments of unusual enthusiasm, but as the steady purpose of an aroused life. The husband who loves his wife, or the person who loves his friend, does not find it difficult to meet the requirements of true devotion, but is animated by his tender emotion to put forth all his energy and gladly to sacrifice personal comfort, that he may minister to the joy of the one who fills the eye of his aroused idealism.

Noble love is unselfish. In every stage of man's development, unselfish love plays a most important part. It is the basis of all contentment within one's own soul, of all happiness in family life, of all friendship in the social world, of all patriotism in the national relation, of all right understanding of world-order and religious contemplation. It is the ruling emotion of life, and it lifts us into supernal being and God-like action.

K. V. SWAMINADHAN.

Our Fashion Suggestions.

[By SISTER SUSIE.]

Tennis Dress.

It is pleasant to note that colours are being introduced into Western tennis costume. I was told, by one tennis player, that one of the reasons why white was advocated was that colours hurt the eyes of the opponent, and divert his aim. That this is wrong is evidenced by the present vogue to wear colours; and certainly no harm can be done if light shades are used. Colours are specially

suitable to the Indian Sari; I can think of no better simile than that of moving blossoms, for a party of Indian lady players in coloured draperies. Coloured embroideries or border-trimmings for the white sari will be fine. As a matter of fact, they are being used now. "Lemon and almond green, powder blue, willow-green, and peach", pale-pink, daffodil and blue, are pleasant colours. A blouse and sari of the same colour will be rather *chic*.

Another idea is to have coloured racquets to match the dress. I feel that there is a sort of incongruity here. Must a tennis-star have only one colour of tennis costume to wear always. Or, must she provide a racquet for every new costume? I hope none of the two. I leave it to our young people to work out the problem.

Divided Skirts:

We are told that this is the new form

for tennis and that sometimes it means nothing, for, "the legs are so loosely pleated that one is scarcely aware of trousers at all." Well then, it is all right, if it does not go beyond that; but I am afraid it will, if we can judge by isolated examples. Even then, there may be nothing wrong; but one deprecates the passing of the woman's dress, and its approximation to the manly costume. I hope our Indian ladies will never give up their skirts.

Society Snaps.

By Herbert Porter.

The Duck and the Worm.

A duck, enjoying a fine swim in a rain-filled pond, was splashing and quacking as if the whole earth had been created for her especial benefit. Upon the rippling surface she floated, looking proudly about, and, occasionally, did nose dives in search of food. As she came near the edge of the pond, she suddenly espied a fat, juicy worm wriggling away from the water. So the duck made after it, and, coming upon the worm, was about to gobble it up when the poor creature cried "Spare me, mistress duck, for I have done nothing to offend you. I was just about to tunnel my way through this hard clod, because it is a duty I owe to the earth." "Oh is it?" replied the duck. "And it is a duty I owe to my stomach to put you in it." Whereupon she swallowed the worm, and laughed at her own sagacity.

Moral: Even the meanest creature will plead for its own life.

The Accountant and the Auditor.

A well-known and reputed firm of manufacturers, being in need of an accountant to keep in order the Affairs of the Company, engaged a man with a great reputation in the art of Book-keeping. He was skilled in the Theory of the Ledger-in-Banking-Property and Depreciation-consignments and Joint Accounts and the like. One thing he lacked, however, and that was character, for he was a great gambler. Having no moral stability (after some heavy losses on the turf and ill-timed investments), he decided on subterfuge in the Accounts of the Firm, as an easy way out of his financial distress. Like many others before him, he thought to pay back the money by staking all on a 'surety'. Of course he lost again, and the term for audit having come, the Auditors discovered the falsified Accounts, and the Accountant spent several years in jail.

Moral: Skill and character do not always live in the same house.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

[BY PUNKAJAM.]

The Lady Doctor.

The lady doctor was standing in the dispensing room of her own private Nursing Home, with her nurses and patients all around her. She looked clean and fresh in her white saree, and her cheerful smile seemed to hearten all those who had come to her for treatment. In spite of hard work and little sleep, she always looked happy and contented, for she had given up her life to the service of her country, and did all she could to help the women in the town. She had built a private Nursing Home out of her own

funds, with the help of generous donations from those, who were willing to help her. In this home, she treated the poor free, and gave them lodgings there until they were well again. Everything looked so clean and hygienic in this Nursing Home, from the spotless white operating room, to the little rooms set apart for poor patients, and the tiny kitchen which she had had built, so that patients could have a place for their food to be cooked in.

With capable, efficient, kind-hearted women such as these India is bound to advance in rapid strides.

Our Children's Pages.

(1) Our Serial Story

Dr. Vikram's Children

[Dr. Vikram has six children, who have grown up happily together under the care of efficient parents. The children's names are Mohini, Rukmini, Seeta, Vasant, Raji and Babu. The girls make grand preparations for a doll's marriage, which are somewhat spoilt by their brother.]

Chapter IX.

THE FEAST.

The children's original plan was to spread the feast in the bower. But that did not prove feasible, the accommodation being inadequate and the sharp ends of branches and twigs sticking out, threatening to knock out one's eyes. Another spot was hit upon and small rugs and screw-pine mats arranged for seats. Seeta came with a bundle of broad green plantain leaves and laid one in front of each

seat. Dr. and Mrs. Vikram occupied the centre of a semicircle. Next to her father sat Raji on one side of the curve, which was completed by Mohun and Vasant. Next to his mother on the other side sat Babu, with the empty seats of the two eldest girls towards his right.

"Father, is it a rule that doctors have many children?" asked Mohun.

"Why?" asked Dr. Vikram smiling as his wife laughed.

"A fellow in school said that last evening, when being asked I told him how

many we were. He seems to have had an argument with another boy and came to ask me to add another proof to his theory."

"But that is no theory at all. The other boy might have produced a larger number of facts, proving his own theory". Dr. Vikram was interrupted by Vasant's complaint that there was no water.

"I am sure sister has used plenty of spices for her *pulihar* rice," he added.

"Run Vasant, do," pleaded Seeta, "Please fill some tumblers from the goglet and place them here. Raji, if you tear your leaf like that, it won't hold anything."

Dr. Vikram laid his hand on Raji's in reproof, and as soon as Seeta's back was turned asked his wife.

"What is the matter with that child?"

"She has made a mess of her pudding."

"Really? How?" he exclaimed, but answered his own question in a matter-of-fact way, "It is just like Seeta to make a mess."

Mohun, with great resolution having restrained himself after the interview with his father, could no longer resist the impulse to laugh. He had either to let out steam or burst. After a violent fit which amused every-body else, he explained Seeta's blunder to his father.

"Hush, there she is coming," cautioned his mother. "Don't remind her of the disaster. She has already cried too much today."

As Seeta appeared with the *pulihar* rice, Dr. Vikram changed the subject and said,

"Water is flowing in the river now, but it is all muddy. Would you like to come for a drive there?"

"Mother, I saw it this morning," put in Mohun. The dhobies are already washing there, for I counted ten stones, and there are frogs too."

"I think I should like to see the scenery when the river is full," Mrs. Vikram answered her husband, and went on as he watched his daughter. "I shall be ready

by half-past four for the drive. Before that, it will be too sunny."

"It is not exactly full, Komala," spoke her husband. "Instead of having pools of water here and there, it is now one continuous stream of running water. When the rains set in properly, the bed might be full and the river might even overflow its banks."

Dr. Vikram broke his speech here to look at Mohun, hearing the latter exclaim,

"Is this all for me?" in his usual greedy way.

Seeta piled a little more on his leaf and proceeded to serve the others. When she approached the two empty seats, there was scarcely a saucerful of rice left for herself and Rukmini.

"Mother, look at Babu," she complained forgetting the *pulihar* rice for a while.

All looked at the little fellow and he looked at each in turn from the centre of his plantain leaf, for which seat he had exchanged his rug.

"Get up, Babu," cried Mohun, "and eat rice from your leaf."

"I no get up, I no want rice," was the decisive reply.

As the girl passed him, and tried to divide the remaining portion of the contents of the dish, she blinked and cast a glance over her shoulder at Mohun's leaf, in which she had served a very liberal quantity.

"Come child," cried Dr. Vikram to her, "do take our shares and have your fill."

Observing hesitation on Seeta's part, her mother seconded Dr. Vikram and added,

"You know quite well that we are here not to disappoint you. But it will not please us, if you two children, taking all the trouble to cook, should do without your proper shares. Here child, add to your leaves from these."

"No, certainly not, mother," replied Seeta. "Rook and I don't want much. This will do for us."

"Look here, sister," shouted Vasant,

"I have already filled my tummy with water, and there is no room in it for anything else. Take all this if you want."

"Humph", growled Mohun, "who wants war-time rations at wedding banquets? No ghee, no curds—"

"Stop, I shall get both," replied Seeta and bounded into the house.

"You should not be such a pig, Mohun," observed his mother; "Your manners at home will not forsake you in company. Remember, manners like charity, must begin at home."

Seeta returned with a load of salt, ghee and butter-milk, which she stooped to deposit in front of her parents. Unluckily, the loose end of her faded blue Benares saree came in the way and down came the butter-milk bowl on Dr. Vikram's lap and settled down there, with the bottom upturned to gaze at the roof, heedless of what happened to the liquid. The poor victim, with a start and a cry having tried to avert the danger, stared at the girl half in anger and half in pity. Then, when he arose and went in-doors, it was expected that the feast would have to be ended unbegun, but fortunately for the two cooks he came back having changed his dhoti. Seeta gave a sigh of relief and, as she turned to go back on some other errand, he gazed at the receding figure through his oval-shaped glasses with laughter in his eyes and a slight puckering of the mouth.

"Mad dreamer," he muttered to himself.

Rukmini now turned up with a dish of steaming spinage. After this was served and the two girls took their own seats, the feast began. Dr. Vikram was the first to taste the *pulihar* rice. The very first mouthful made him groan and swallow it up, after which he cried aloud,

"Stop, don't eat that stuff. It will set your teeth on edge."

His own teeth were chattering and he looked very much like a martyr as he laid his hand on Raji's to prevent her taking a ball to her little mouth.

Mohun, who had already tasted the

pulihar rice was making grimaces and performing the most exaggerated facial contortions with loud "a-a-a-s" and "o-o-o-os-" in accompaniment.

After the first fit of laughter at Mohun's farce subsided, Mrs. Vikram asked Rukmini how many limes she had used for the rice, and the answer came mournfully.

"Why, mother, only nine, according to the recipe."

"Only nine!" her mother exclaimed with as much emphasis as she could lay on those two words, and in the same tone also repeated, "according to the recipe, let me see which recipe says nine limes for a seer of rice."

"No ma, it does not say a seer of rice. No quantity is mentioned at all. As for limes, it is stated, half-anna worth is the right number."

"Komala," Dr. Vikram said turning and addressing his wife, "you had better not follow any printed recipes for your dishes. They are excellent without any such help. You can make the girls learn a bit practically from you."

Mrs. Vikram's mind still dwelt on the "nine limes" and the "recipe" and all the answer she gave was a short burst of laughter.

"Rukmini," began her father addressing the maiden, "do you get the same number of limes for half-anna in all places and in all seasons? Don't you think you could have consulted your mother about the recipe?"

The girl hung her head in silence. In fact the two sisters had made up their minds to give a surprise to everybody by an unaided demonstration of their culinary powers and had blundered.

"Why dear," Mrs. Vikram said to her husband, "failures are stepping stones to success. This is a bit of experience they will never forget, and which will do them more good, than if they had been dictated how much should be used for any particular dish. Rook and Seeta, try your cooking once again next month,

and dears, instead of a party like this, prepare our own dinner and give me a holiday."

Vasant was found giggling and when questioned said that they had bought twelve small limes for half-anna that morning, and that Mohun and he had used up three for lime-juice.

"Sister might have used all twelve, if she had had them," was his final remark, as he grinned at Rukmini.

The spinage was next tasted by all but Mohun, who could not possibly chew anything after the lime juice and the *pulihar* rice had set his teeth on edge. This dish was quite good and worthy of Mrs. Vikram's skill. The praise bestowed on it revived the spirits of the two girls. Dessert was then called for. Vasant tittered, but a significant glance from his brother made him count his own shirt buttons.

The two sisters made a bustle again, Rukmini to clear away everything and Seeta to serve the fruit. When the big salver piled with grapes, pomegranates, wood-apples, plantains and pan, went round, beginning from Dr. Vikram, it was found that the plantains collapsed at a touch losing their entire shape. It was soon clear that the pulp was gone and the skins shaped to look like fruit. Nothing seemed wrong with the other fruit, but when the children broke the wood-apples sand came out. They had been so cleverly excavated from the top and the holes plugged with clay that no trick had been noticed at first. Everybody looked at Mohun for an explanation, but he was eating away blue grapes, pretending as if nothing had happened.

"Mohun did it this morning, father, and threatened to beat me if I gave him out," Vasant answered for his brother.

"I did it only for fun, father," Mohun began his explanation, when it could no longer be withheld. "You eat only the pulp and not shells and skins. Now Vasant, fetch the fruit from the cupboard," he said turning to his brother as

Raji and Babu were clamouring for the fruit.

"But Mohun," said his father in a tone that he did not often use. "I am not a bit satisfied with your explanation. Why did you threaten to beat your brother? You know I strictly forbid children threatening and striking each other? I am thoroughly ashamed of my eldest boy, who ought to be a pattern to the younger children. Have you so soon scattered to the winds your solemn promise to me?"

"Father," replied Mohun with wide-open eyes looking straight into Dr. Vikram's face, "that was done before you called me upstairs. Ask Vasant."

"Very well, I take your word without Vasant's evidence. Only remember, you must be a gentleman."

(To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Study your Vernacular when you are young. You do not know how hard it will be, if you neglect it now, and think, you can study it later, for once you make English your most familiar language, the Vernacular becomes hard, and your accent will be Anglicised and foreign. Therefore, take pains at excelling at it; when you are still young. I know that in school, more attention is paid to your learning English, than your own mother tongue; but this should not make you careless about the latter. Do not, however, neglect your English, just because you wish to be thoroughly Indian, for English at present is the common language of India, and also it is one of the most useful languages in the world, and has a beautiful literature. Therefore, learn both your mother tongue and English, and if possible, try to speak to your parents in both, so that you get perfectly familiar in both. When speaking at home, however, you should concentrate a little more on your own Vernacular.

Also, get interested in reading books of your own language. Do not always read English books and despise your own literature. India has beautiful literature in its various Vernaculars, and the more they are read, the better will her future generation be; but, unless you start reading young, you will not appreciate the more difficult books later on. Perhaps, if you are really earnest, you may be able to write books in your Vernacular, when you grow up. I know it is the tendency for many of our Indian Christian children to neglect things that are Indian, and take up foreign things, such as European music, lessons in elocution, English ways

of behaviour, etc. Of course these are good in their own way, and will come in very useful later on, but after all, we must not forget that we are Indians, and must not be too Anglicised. I know of many Indian women who are quite ashamed of themselves, because they neglected their mother tongue when young, and now cannot speak it properly.

Therefore, ask your parents to talk to you in your own language, and, while learning other kinds of things, try to be interested in India's own culture and art.

Yours sincerely,

Padmini.

Common Ailments of Children.

By D. Kirubaimani.

CHAPTER 38.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.

By asthma is meant a fit of dyspnoea (difficulty of breathing) associated with wheezing respiration. A noteworthy feature in this condition is that children are in perfect health during other times.

This disease seems to run in families and certain children of these families seem to have a pre-disposition to the attack. Among them, local conditions of climate and atmosphere may bring on an attack. Besides, many children suffering from affections of the nose and throat such as adenoids, enlarged tonsils, etc., very frequently get attacks of cough which resemble asthma. Sometimes, we find eczema existing at the same time, or alternating with attacks of asthma. Digestive disturbances also may precipitate an attack.

Symptoms are well-known. The shortness of breath comes on without much warning, most frequently at nights and in cold months. The distress will be often

very great. The face assumes an anxious expression; the eyes are prominent and the nostrils become widely dilated. A cold sweat is usually present, indicating a suffocated condition. The respirations are loud and wheezing, but are not increased in number. The inspiration (the act of breathing in) is free, whereas the expiration (the act of breathing out) is *prolonged and laborious*. There is generally no fever. An attack may last from several hours to several days.

Diagnosis of the condition is quite easy. It should be distinguished from Bronchitis, Broncho-Pneumonia and other inflammatory affections of the chest, by the absence of fever.

Treatment. This condition demands prompt attention and effective treatment. One should not go about trying on the little patient various drugs which are of doubtful value. In many cases experience alone will teach which is the best medicine for a particular child, and it will be advisable to keep such a medicine

always handy. Fresh air is likely to be ignored, but it is absolutely necessary to compensate for the suffocated condition of the system. Do not use steam inhalations in pure asthmatic attacks.

The intense spasm can be relieved by the application of two or three dry cups over the front or over the back of the chest, on the middle line. If there is relief it may be repeated after 6—12 hours. Surprising relief will also be afforded by washing the bowels with one pint of warm water in which $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of powdered *gorochanam*² is mixed. It will empty the bowels of gas and matter, and also relieve the mechanical pressure on the diaphragm.

By way of medicine, the indigenous drug known as the *Sassurea Lappa*³ is a capital remedy. Its root, well-powdered

and passed through a cloth, can be administered in doses of 5 grains, three times a day in honey. The same drug is sold in the name of liquor kuth compound and it can also be administered in doses of 10 to 30 drops.

After the acute symptoms have subsided Iodide of sodium⁴ in 1 to 5 grain doses per day should be administered for at least one month. The bowels should be kept loose and this is an important element in the treatment. The actual causative factor of the attack should be investigated in each case and the child be taken to a specialist to have the nose and throat examined.

The diet during the attack should consist of warm drinks, milk and fruit juices. All starchy foods, such as potatoes, bread and cereals should be avoided.

Foot Note : 1. For dry cupping, small cups about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 ounce capacity made of strong glass, at least two in number, are required. Sprinkle a few drops of methylated spirit into the cups & set fire to them by means of a lighted match; and when the flame is dying out invest them on to the chest of the patient in the middle, one a little above the other, and apply gentle pressure over the cups, so that no air enters them. If this is properly done and if the cups fit well to the skin (which may be ascertained before the process is begun), they will stick & may be left in position for several minutes.

2. *Gorochanam*. The Indian *gorochanam*, or the allopathic oxgall purified, can be used.

3. *Sassurea Lappa*: Sanskrit: *Kushtha*; Tamil: *Gostan*; Telugu: *Kustam*; Malayalam: *Seppudday*.

4. Iodide of sodium: if this is not available, Iodide of potassium can be substituted. It is put up in 1 grain, 3 grain & 5 grain tablets by Burroughs Wellcome & Co.

Thanksgiving

My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

(From the *Woman's Outlook*.)

Our London Letter.

By S. M. Telkar

THE HIKING MANIA:—London girls are very much in love with that new word called Hiking. It comes from the other side of the Atlantic. Hiking is another name for wandering or tramping. To go out hiking is the fashion of the day. English girls go out hiking during the week-end, or when they are on their holidays. Now that England is bathed in radiant sunshine, the call of the country side is great. Hikers love to tramp along the hills and dales. A stick, a bundle strapped on to the back, are the sole requisites of a girl hiker. You see her dressed in khaki shorts and a shirt. She wears thick-soled shoes. And off she goes away from the hum-drum and riotous life of a city in to Nature's bosom. When she goes out, she can meditate and enjoy the sweet bliss of Divine Nature. And nature smiles on English country lanes, farms and villages. I think going out hiking like this does a great deal of good to young women tied in business, or in domestic service. I wish our young women will take to this hiking habit. Tramping is the best form of exercise. Our young girls need it. They will learn to think anew. They will be curious to discover some mysterious romantic abode somewhere near their homes. Nature will educate them. And these are no small benefits. Now sisters, off to hiking!

FILM STARS:—English, American and European women are now-a-days entering the film studios more than ever before. To be a professional screen star is the growing ambition among the rich and poor alike. Film stars are paid handsomely and are honoured and respected everywhere. It is due to these reasons that we find women of the West swelling

the ranks of film actresses. There are many reasons why women here are passionately fond of acting in film studios. I believe they are adventurous and love to be so. They want money and fine clothes to wear. They like to wander if possible all over the world. And this is only possible by hard work, perseverance and grit. The successful screen actresses possess these qualities. It is a great pity that we have no Indian film actress of international fame, no one to compare with Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer or Dolores del Rio. Why not some of our educated young women take up film acting as a career. The number of Indian actresses is hopelessly insignificant. We want thousands of our women, who are of an artistic turn of mind, to go on the screen. Film industry is yet in its infancy in India. The profession will demand more and more actresses in the near future. It is advisable that those, who can afford to come over to England to learn and study the science of film acting, should do so at their earliest opportunity. I think in the United States of America there is more scope to learn this unique art than here. I think the Hindustan Association of America in New York will be able to throw more light on this subject to those who need information.

THE FUTURE OF WOMEN:—"The Evening news" is publishing a controversial series of articles by prominent women. It says: "Woman in the last twenty years has taken on infinitely more in the world than she ever did in past generations. Today she is a large part of business, which means hard work; she is the home manager, with political responsibility to boot: she rivals men in the

professions; and all this apart from her motherhood of the race. Can she stand the strain? Are we to see in the comparatively early future "weak woman" returning to the position, in which she was when Mrs. Despard and the pioneers of emancipation began to clamour for the vote for her? Or will she go on encircling cheerfully taking on more and more work, until society approximates to Matriarchy—that "monstrous rule of women" of which one notable modern thinker has written? Mary Borden, the American novelist wife of General E. L. Spears, C. B., writing on "the future of women," believes that women can, if they choose, war against men, impose a matriarchal system: "they have the advantage of numbers and are stronger than men," she says. The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, another contributor to the series, writes: "All this emancipation is a shallow thing if you are a slave to your cook instead of your husband."

Miss Sylvia Faulkhurst, the daughter of the famous emancipator of womanhood says: "It is absurd to regard the professional woman as a run-away charwoman likely to suffer physical breakdown for her unnatural behaviour." Miss May Edginton, the novelist and playwright, says defiantly: "Let us face this tide of masculine dismay. What is it about? It is the thought of plain women having bank balances which they have earned." After reading the views of these renowned women, I ponder over the future of our Indian women. I am confident that the future of our women is in the hands of our patriotic youthful maidens. English women are concerned about their future. Let our Indian women look to their future too! Let us not forget for a moment that the glorious future of Young India means happiness and peace to the world. So, women of India, go ahead!

Our Furnishing Suggestions:

BOOK-SHELVES.

It may not be the fashion, as I was told some time ago to have shelves of books in the living-room; but I don't care. I like to have the books to look at, and to pick out from. In America, it seems to be the fashion in many families to have a library in the general room.

But it will be good, in more ways than one, if old books are looked over carefully, when a young family begins its residence. In the first place, it is "the honest way"; for it lays claim to just as much culture as the family has. No doubt, it is considered grand and "genteel" and conducive to "an atmosphere of culture"; to possess an array of imposing books; but it certainly does not induce frequency of reading. Then again,

it is more convenient to have books one likes to read, not books, which one ought to read, for the sake of learning. Again, what is the use of having old family books, as a tribute to memory? They are but rusty and full of germs. They are apt to impose an old and worn-out culture on us. This does not of course mean that old books are altogether to be thrown out. Not at all; there are classics in literature, which are forever young. I am but pointing at stale and unprofitable literature, "unread and unreadable". Let us therefore, pick out the best of the old culture and add new books for ourselves.

I know many people go by bindings. Good bindings and good editions are worth possessing; but one should not lay too much store on them.

So weed out the unread books, and the old family books, and the too heavy books, and the trashy books. Pack them away if you like into the store-room. "Pick out the nuts from the stale cake, and throw out the crumbs." Keep the good ones; empty the shelves as much as you can with profit; and try intelligently and gradually, to buy new books for yourself, remembering that nothing "so conduces to the forming of a real library as getting rid of a bad one." The weeding-out process should be done once a year at least.

Closed book-shelves for valued books no doubt are advisable; but sometimes I like open shelves also; only these must be constantly attended to and dusted and cleaned. There are people sometimes, who are very irreverent to books; but I don't think this is right; for somehow,

as receptacles for great thoughts, books must be treated *greatly*.

If one can afford a library room, where one's books can be kept, well and good; but if not, there is no harm in having shelves of books all over the sitting-room in convenient places. These books, however, have to be arranged in their proper order and classification; poets, prose-writers, biographies, fiction, etc. As soon as a new book comes, classify it and put it away in its own shelf, in its own niche. It means labour, but can be made into a labour of love.

And then, made one's own, by familiarity as if it were, and not objects for contempt, as the proverb avers, books become precious possessions, which the happy owners can dip into at will.

HOME-DECORATOR.

Household Hints:

CHAIR-BACKS

As most Indians use oil for their hair, chairs are apt to have oil stains at the part, where the head rests on the chair. These oil-stains make the furniture look very dilapidated and old and dirty, and put many people off from wanting to sit on such chairs. It is a pity that there are actually many Indian house-wives at present, who do not take the trouble to prevent their chairs from being stained, especially as it is so easy to keep chairs clean, by having chair-backs. These chair-backs can be made either as cases to fit the top part of the chair, or as triangular or oblong or square pieces, neatly tied on to the chair. Many houses in India do have chair-backs, but I have

noticed that the house-wife, in a number of cases does not take the trouble to have them washed often enough, with the result that they took very oily and dirty. Chair-backs thrown on the chair without being fastened, should not be used, for the moment there is a breeze they fly about the room, and cause a great deal of inconvenience. A good idea will be to have the chair-backs the same material as the curtains in the room. In any case, chair-backs should be of such colour that they will agree with the tone of the room, and not a violent contrast. Many house-holds use hand-made crochet pieces as chair-backs, but these, however, do not look very artistic or tasteful.

PADDY.

Our Gramophone Notes.

By Leland J. Berry (England.)

MORE STRAVINSKY!

The question of whether Igor Stravinsky and his modern music is an affliction or a blessing seems to be the general topic of to-day, and, in order that we shall have plenty to think and talk about, Columbia have issued in their April list Stravinsky's "most revolutionary work," *LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS*, played by the Orchestre Symphonique of Paris and conducted by himself, on five twelve inch light-blue label records at 6/6 each. There is not the least doubt that Stravinsky is treading on ground that is absolutely strange to the average concert goer or gramophile, and therefore, needs understanding.

Composers for many years and, perhaps, rightly too, have been apt to gild the pill of musical expression; they have coated and covered their composition with extra layers of melody and harmony, in order that their works will have an easy and pleasantly direct appeal to the critical public. Not so with Stravinsky, he hides no passion or thought. In *Le Sacre* there is a brutal barbarity, great rhythmic verve, and sensational technique that calls for the best in any conductor who should take on the handling of such a complicated score; and if you don't believe me that the score is complicated, get one from Messrs J. & W. Chester of Great Marlborough Street, London, and if you have the Stravinsky records mentioned above you'll have the time of your life, following a composer through the vastness of a new world of musical thought.

Le Sacre is a vivid tone-picture of pagan Russia, the savage yet terror-ridden land of the Old Regime. It was first performed in 1913, and caused one

of the biggest sensations among musicians that had happened for years. Few could understand, still less tried, the motive underlying the production of such music. Stravinsky is essentially a 'show-man' as well as a musician; brimming with rhythm and colour, he weaves together the most amazing music.

Anyhow, these five records are worth having and keeping, for they bring with them a new experience. The work is in two parts, *Adoration of the Earth*, and *The Sacrifice*, and is divided up as follows: Part I (a) Introduction; (b) Spring's Auguries—Dance of the Adolescents; (c) The Abduction; (d) Spring's Roundelay; (e) Scene of the Rival Cities; (f) Processions of the Sage; (g) Adoration of the Earth—the Sage; (h) Dance of the Earth. Part 2, (a) Introduction; (b) The Mystic Circle of the Adolescents; (c) Glorification of the Bride Elect; (d) Evocation of the Ancestors; (e) Ritual of the Ancestors' (f) and (g) Sacrificial Dance—The Bride Elect.

There are evidently quite a few eminent folk who do not like Stravinsky's music, as witness the following extract from the editorial of the leading Gramophone Journal of America, "Anyone who has labored to any degree to further the cause of phonography and to help in any way to pave the way for such recordings as this Stravinski Capriccio, must share my impatience, over such lamentable and wholly inexcusable blindness on the part of men, who should—and who in other ways so admirably do—lead public opinion and further the understanding appreciation of music".

The *Capriccio* mentioned in the above extract is that for piano and orchestra played by Igor Stravinsky and the Orchestra

estra of the Concerts Straram, Paris, conducted by Ernest Ansermet. It is also a Columbia production, on three records LXII6—LXII7—LXII8, 12 inch, Light-Blue Label, 6/6 each, and is listed as being written and first performed in 1929. As can be expected, Stravinsky is allowed plenty of license in a caprice, and takes full measure of the aforementioned license. Neither does Compton Mackenzie express a deal of love for Stravinsky's compositions, judging from his excellent editorial in the April number of *The Gramophone*.

In a way, I cannot help but have great admiration for Stravinsky; he is fighting, and has fought, a clean battle in the teeth of almost overwhelming opposition and (in some cases) ridicule. But, today, irrespective of whether his

music is good or bad, popular or unpopular, he holds a proud position in the world of music, and as long as he battles he will hold that position, but immediately he ceases to fight, I venture to say his music will die a natural death. It is far too difficult, in many ways, for an Orchestra of even moderate abilities to perform with any distinction; and without immaculate handling and the most skilled of playing Stravinsky is horrible, to say the very least.

The public are prone to demand music that is easily understood and digested; they always have, and they always will. I'll warrant Stravinsky would be the proudest and happiest man in the whole wide world, if the sale of his discs was as great as those of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, and as greatly enjoyed.

Cookery Notes.

(TRANSLATED.)

KUL BAPAT CAKE, (or Pori-vilankai, balls.)

Melt 2½ palams of ghee, in a broad-mouthed iron pan coated with tin.

Put 12 palams of rolong (wheat flour) into the boiling ghee and fry well. Remove the fried flour to another vessel.

Heat 3 palams of milk in the same pan.

As soon as the milk boils, put 12 palams of white sugar into it, until the two form a paste (which when drawn between the fingers gets long and thin).

Mix 3 palams of fine cocoanut chippings with the fried wheat flour and sugar paste mentioned above, and stir well with a spoon.

Remove the vessel from the oven and add ¼ palam of cardamom powder to the mixture. Before it gets cooled, make small round balls thereof, of the size required, sprinkling a small quantity of milk over the palm. The round balls thus prepared are called KUL BAPAT CAKES.

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER.

EXTRACTS FROM

The Convocation Address.

By

MISS ELEANOR McDOUGALL, M. A., D. Litt.,

Principal, Women's Christian College, Madras.

The ceremony of today is the only occasion of the year when our University comes together to perform a common act, assembling for a common purpose this great and greatly varied multitude. It looks to the future, and centres round this vast throng of young people here assembled, who have this very hour entered into the great fellowship of the University of Madras. The ceremony of today assures them that their relation to their Alma Mater has not ended—in some senses it has only just begun.

Graduates of the year,

The university welcomes you into the fellowship of its alumni. We do not doubt that your promise to bear yourselves worthy of your name as graduates of Madras is a serious matter to you, and that you will keep it in all gratitude and loyalty. As members of a University, whose function it is to send forth year by year "a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God in Church and State," you will bear in your turn the responsibility of the well-being of South India in all its higher aspects and functions.

The duty of the University is twofold: to increase knowledge in itself and to increase the number of those who can receive and make fruitful use of knowledge. In this richly endowed land and people of South India, there are vast possibilities of knowledge and enlightenment still unexplored, and not yet made available for the benefit of mankind. The University is the natural and appoin-

ted channel for these streams of new truth, and though it has hardly entered yet on its great task, still an encouraging start has been made in these last years, and we can begin to see more clearly the outlines of that goodly land which it will one day invade and possess.

To give oneself to such work is indeed a noble ambition. But this call can come to only a few. To most of you the University is rather an Alma Mater than a heroic leader in a life-long service of knowledge, and your part has been rather to receive than to give. But on you also the University makes a claim through the other part of its function—the training of men and women to serve their country in the path of action rather than of study. The State must be governed and administered, public life must be guided, the liberal professions must be carried on, the higher forms of trade and commerce must be maintained. There is no surer test of the healthy or unhealthy condition of a state than the tone and temper of its professional classes, and as the University claims the responsibility of the training of these, she looks with eager concern and hope upon her graduates, whose fidelity to her training must so soon be tried.

A liberal profession is one worthy of a free man, a profession which no slave could or would adopt, the occupation of a person who is free from bondage to absorbing personal desires and ambitions. There is no slavery so abject as bondage

to one's own undisciplined passions and caprices, and if the object which we serve is high enough, "service is perfect freedom." From that bondage the University has sought to free you, in that service she seeks to enlist you. By opening to you many regions of absorbing interest, by teaching you to find a pure and lasting pleasure in books, by giving you access to at least two great literatures, by bringing you into stimulating contact with older and more learned people, your teachers and professors, by affording you intimacy with fellow-students in many delightful friendships, above all, by the mental and intellectual training of hard and exacting study, she has sought to set you free from crippling self-regard, from stultifying pride and prejudice, from the vague miseries of mental vacuity, from the ineffectiveness of a desultory habit of mind, from a craven fear of criticism or blame, from subjection to the tyranny of custom, and from all the pettiness, which brings about more pain and distress than the grave deep tragedies of life.

Every graduate here present will be called on for such service, but there are some whose responsibility will have a special as well as a general significance. To you who have been trained for the legal profession, the country will commit the sacred charge of her laws, and her honour at home and abroad, trusting that you will render justice accessible to the lowliest and most helpless, that you will maintain every man in his right, that you will defend the cause of the widow and the fatherless, that no thought of personal gain will tempt you to foster strife and multiply litigation, nor any yearning for fame induce you to make the worse appear the better cause.

To the medical men and women about to enter on their compassionate ministry of reducing the sum of human pain and anguish, there is little to say. The medical tradition is so beautiful and high, that the doctor has with justice

been called "the fine flower of our modern civilisation." Some of you by definite choice and all of you in some degree, will be engaged in the prevention as well as in the cure of disease, a far more rewarding effort. For disease must be cured in the individual, but it may be prevented in the multitude, and the discoverer of a new prophylaxis may avert suffering from millions.

Many of you also will enter upon a yet more sacred vocation, the training of children and young people in school and college education. The secret of welfare in any State is that each citizen should have his suitable and recognized function and be able and willing to fulfil it, and such is the aim of the educational system of a country. But systems, curricula, and examinations, however ably devised, buildings, equipment, and text-books, however lavishly provided, are useless and futile without the one essential of education, the teacher with the divine spark of inspiration and devotion. In education there is no corpus vile, no cheap substance, on which to experiment; we have to handle the most costly and sensitive material known to man—the mind and soul of a child.

Some of those who teach will be engaged in College education, and you will sooner or later take part in the life of this University of Madras, to which you owe so much, and will carry on its work and share in its counsels. There is always the steady drag of importunity from without, to lower standards, to slacken the discipline of hard study, to discard thoroughness, to blunt the edge of accuracy, in the vain attempt to reduce the proportion of the unsuccessful. It will be your duty to resist this demand, to insist on sound learning, and to keep the entrance of the University shut to immaturity and incapacity.

Some of you will enter upon the less perilous and responsible, but equally difficult, work of educating older people through *authorship*. A country looks to

to its University men and women to create literature which shall add to the beauty and glory of its language,—which may indeed avert the death of that language. The demand for a common language for the human race, whether it be Hindi, Chinese, English, Spanish, or some other tongue, is sure to become more and more insistent, and this will inevitably lead to the gradual disappearance of many languages now in wide use. The one thing that will save a language is the creation in it of literature so beautiful that men will be ready to go through the toil of learning to read it.

May it be granted to some of you to ennoble your mother-tongue by writing deathless poetry; but the power and inspiration for this can be given to few. Yet on all graduates lies something of a responsibility for the poetry of their country. It is true that the University cannot make poets, but the University supplies something which is quite essential to the growth of great poetry. It prepares an audience for the poet, imparts the literary taste that can understand and enjoy his work; gives him the circle of friendly readers without which the best poetry does not come into being, and the trained and disciplined criticism which will inspire him to put forth his very best. It has been said that the test of education is its power to impart delight in reading good literature. If you are leaving your College without a taste for reading, if you prefer magazines to books, and selections and abridgements to the real thing, your education has been a failure, however great your academic success may appear to be. You are in a large measure responsible for the level of the current literature of your country.

This responsibility will in a special degree lie on those of you who make journalism your field of service. An irresponsible Press is almost the most baleful curse that a country can suffer under. Yet the responsibility is not with the journalist alone. Every nation, it has

been said, gets the Press it deserves. University graduates can render service to both these reciprocal influences.

To many of our graduates life does not offer an academic career or entrance to one of the liberal professions, but a field of work in *public administration* or in *business*. Many of you will enter the service of Government or some public body. Your responsibility is very great. The true servant of the public is he who administers his office with the same interest, care and solicitude that he devotes to the management of his family concerns.

Some of you, graduates in *agriculture* and *engineering*, will devote yourselves to increasing the material resources of the country, promoting its fertility, and rendering traffic and transport more swift and safe. For these and other similar indispensable services graduates are needed who will bring to their task the technical proficiency, resourcefulness, and alertness which the University has sought to foster in them.

Many will have control over large numbers of workmen, and will not forget the lessons of brotherhood and human sympathy learnt in the crowded intercourse of their college days, or be unmindful of the doctrine of the University that all privilege entails duty.

Year by year an increasing number of graduates take up *commercial* pursuits, and this is not in any way to be deplored. Men, whose minds have been widened and strengthened by University education, can understand the theory as well as the practice of commerce and look beyond immediate profits to remoter gain; they can realise that exclusive devotion to self-interest and ruthless disregard of the welfare of others are as unrewarding in commerce as in all other human concerns.

Into most of these professions and occupations, though not yet into all, *women* graduates as well as men will find entrance, and it is with great satisfaction

that the University sees from year to year an ever larger band of women taking part in the ceremony of graduation. Women have entered on the fruits of the labours of men in which they had little share, and further they have been treated by the University with greater generosity than any public body has accorded to women—the generosity of impartial justice. Not by special treatment has the University helped us, nor by humiliating and weakening privileges, but by a frank welcome to meet its ordeals and stand its tests. Opportunity has been the great gift of the University to women, and the service which you, women graduates, will render to your country will be the reward of the University. All will gain by it, but there is a special service to your own sex which only you can give. This is the devising of a suitable education for the women of this land, a problem of especial urgency, now that the demand for the education of girls has in this last year taken a new strength and insistency. It cannot be solved with complete success by men or by foreigners, but awaits its solution by Indian women. By treating you for the time being as if you were men, the University has given you the mental training of which women have stood so greatly in need, strengthening the will and clearing the mind, teaching lucidity, candour and courage, and conferring a wide outlook and balanced judgment. The time will come when women will not only receive from the University, but will give gifts in return, attaining to a full share in its teaching and administration.

But all of you graduates, men and women alike, have other functions than the practice of a profession or business; you are *citizens* and members of a *nation*. It is not for University men and women to stand apart from the national life for which their education has been preparing them, nor would any wish to do so. All parties need men and women who possess

the ability to see both sides of a question and yet hold steadily the view which seems to them the truest, who can discriminate between important and trivial issues and discern what is the real heart of a problem, who can balance the good and evil of a measure or movement, and who are willing to give the adversary credit for a worthy motive. The presence and influence of such in each of our parties would go far to solve the painful problems which India and many other countries are facing to-day. University men and women have passed beyond the blind patriotism which can see no good in another nation, beyond the weak patriotism which cannot endure to recognize any lack of perfection in the motherland, and have come to the faith, hope and love which belong to the true patriotism.

University graduates are often called to leadership in the public life of their country, but our main thought to-day should be of the nobler call to *service*. One of the great gains of our modern times is the changed concept of public leadership. The desire to attract attention to oneself, to be personally conspicuous, is felt by University people to be childish. A University graduate has put away childish things, and is so deeply interested in the service he is trying to do and the cause he is trying to advance, that he has no time or attention to spare for speculating whether he is being duly appreciated, or fretting because not very much notice is being taken of him.

Few graduates, who are honest with themselves, can look back on their four years of University life without some arousal of regret for opportunities ignored, time and talents wasted, training unused. Perhaps we feel that the University has not perfectly had its way with us. But let us take courage. Failure in any worthy aim is always weakening, and therefore regrettable, but it is not irretrievable if one derives from it knowledge which may lead to strength worthy

of the cost. The most momentous time of life is not that spent at College, but the years which follow graduation, when we either work the training and teachings of the University into the fabric of our character or let them insensibly drop away from us.

Graduates of the year, your families and friends, often at the cost of great sacrifice, have given you four years of opportunity on the training ground of

the University. The University has given you whatever you have been willing to receive of its best. Such gifts cannot be paid back, they can only be passed on. It is reward enough if you in your turn do for others what has been done for you, that as you have entered into the labours of others, so other men may enter into your labours. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

A Chess Page.

[By Bharadwaja.]

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From this month onwards, "Bharadwaja" care of The Editor, Indian Ladies' Magazine, Cannanore, will be contributing a series of articles on this fascinating Indian game.

The aim in opening a Chess Page is to interest the ladies of India in this game.

A problem section will soon be opened, and as progress is made, annotated games will be made a special feature.

There is a National Chess League with its Secretary, at Chidambaram. Ladies are admitted free to membership, and all lovers of chess are requested to enlist in large numbers.

All correspondence and queries relating to chess should be addressed to "Bharadwaja", Care of Indian Ladies' Magazine, Cannanore. Answers to queries will appear in the pages of the I.L.M., and, where stamps are enclosed, replies are also sent direct.

Chess has been described as the prince of indoor games, and most of its exponents were Oriental monarchs. The origin of the game is shrouded in obscurity, and each nation claims for itself the parentage, which at this distance of time it is

not worth our while to investigate. It is enough for our purpose to know that the names of the pieces on the Chess board correspond to the fighting units of the monarchs we hear about in the two great epic poems, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*.

Chess is called "*Chaturanga*" by the Hindus, and the four fighting elements *Ratha*, *Gaja*, *Thurtga*, *Pathathies*—Chariot, elephant, horse and men,—are represented on the board by three major pieces and eight minor pieces. There are two armies, represented in two different colours. The names of the pieces are in keeping with the best traditions of the Hindu army. First, there is the King, who being the supreme master claiming the divine right, cannot be captured; for, the moment he is captured, the territory over which he holds sway passes into the hands of the opponent. To assist the King, there is the minister, the most important man in the state. He is essentially a man of action, and his power can be seen wielded on the chess board in all directions. The stately King can move only one square, but the minister can threaten the op-

ponents from end to end, diagonally, vertically and horizontally.

Though the loss of the minister is considered a great calamity, the majestic King can still bring round his demoralised army, by assembling the lesser pieces to greater action.

The army is strengthened by the two elephants at either corners of the board, by the two horses to support the stately gait of the big animals, and by the two chariots which are intended to be used by the King and his minister.

The English system, which is now almost universal, comprises two sets of sixteen pieces. The major pieces of Rooks or castles, knights or horses, the bishops to support the King and his consort the Queen, assisted by the eight pawns or chessmen, compose the real modern army. The game has been standardised and chess has been recognised as one of the master games of international celebrity.

When chess passed into the land of the Persians, the name of the King was transformed into *Shah*, and sometimes we hear of the capture of the King as "*Shah Masth*" i. e. the king is captured. Philologists find in the *Shah Masth* the ancestry of the English word "*Checkmate*!" The word *Arasu* in Tamil signifies that the king is in danger, and its Persian and English equivalents are "*Shah*" and "*Check*". There is also some foundation, not wholly wild, in tracing "*Shatranj*" to its original "*Chaturanga*," and to the later European development "*Les echecs*" and "*Chess*".

It is not a far cry from Persia to Arabia, and the Sultans were not slow in taking up this interesting hobby. The name of the major pieces underwent slight modifications. The *ratha* or *chariot*, not suiting a Moslem army, and being an unwieldy appendage in the deserts of Arabia became the *camel*; and we find the Arabic name of the bishop, *al-fil*.

From Arabia, Chess passed on very

early to Europe. The earliest activities of chess are known in Spain, and the same was due to the Moorish invasion. Chess achieved something of a popularity in Europe in Mediaeval times. Europe was then under the sway of the Arthurian legends, about the knights of the Round Table rescuing fair damsels in affliction from real and imaginary castles; and the names of the chess pieces bear a striking resemblance to this passing mood. Thus, we see the *Elephant* transforming itself into the *Rook* or the *Castle*, the *Horse* into the *Knight*, and the *Chariot* into the *Bishop*. The minister had probably no place in Knight Errantry and he was promptly replaced by the fair lady, the *Queen*, who in the early days of the game moving only one square diagonally, not desiring to be superior to the Pawn, soon regained the prestige of the 'Indian Minister', and moved in a sphere wholly compatible with the spirit of the times.

The castling of the King is a European invention, and not sanctioned by the Indian masters of the art. The King in the Indian game has a single move of the Knight when not in 'Check' at the earlier stage of the game. In the English game, the *castling* is intended to afford a protection necessary to Royalty. Chess is played by two persons, each having a little army of sixteen men on a chess board, which is divided into 64 chequered squares. The squares are coloured white and black alternately and each player has a white square at his right-hand corner.

Each player has eight superior pieces or officers, and eight minor pieces or pawns. The armies are coloured red and yellow (according to the Indian system) and white and black according to the English system.

The positions are here shown:—

BLACK..

Rook (R), Knight (Kt), Bishop (B), Queen (Q), King (K), Bishop (B), Knight (Kt), Rook (R).

Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn

(P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P).

Blank Four rows:—

Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P), Pawn (P).

Rook, Knight, Bishop, Queen, King, Bishop, Knight, Rook.

WHITE.

The Rooks, knights, and the bishops on the queen's side are called queen-rooks, queen-knights, and queen-bishops, and those on the King's side are called king-bishops, king-knights, and king-rooks.

It will be seen that in the universally-accepted standard games, the queens are on their own colours; i.e. the white queen on the white square, and the black queen on the black square. To be more precise, the white king is on the player's right side, and the black king is on the player's left, in contrast to the Indian game, where the kings and queens are on their opposite squares.

It is certainly very difficult to describe in writing all the moves and places in the game, without the aid of a standard notation and an elaborate exposition of the principles governing the same. The learner can very easily master the first principles through one who knows the game.

It is proposed to deal with the Indian, Continental, and English system of notation, after describing the nature and value of the several pieces.

THE PAWN.

There are eight pawns, or men, with each of the players. Four of them occupy the white squares; and four the black squares. They can move only one square forwards at a time, the square opposite to them being named after the major

piece above which it is placed. While capturing an adversary, the pawn moves only one square, and that diagonally, either to the right or to the left. The pawn continues to travel on the square occupied after the capture of the adverse piece. In the standard English game, it is permissible to move the pawn to two squares as its first move, provided there is no hostile pawn over which it leaps. When a pawn, in moving its first two moves, happens to pass a square where an opponent's pawn in position can capture it, it is 'en passant', and can be taken by the opposite player if he wishes to. The pawn is the only one piece which goes out of its normal course to capture an adversary. A pawn which has advanced once cannot retrace its steps. It has one remarkable privilege, which is invaluable whenever it reaches the extreme square of the file on which it travels; for it is invested with the title, and assumes the power, of any superior piece, except the king, which the player chooses. A skilled player can successfully manage to promote the pawn and thus secure two or three queens on the board, a combination of forces very often too irresistible for the adversary.

In the Indian game, the pawn can move only one square at a time. It was however usual in the beginning of the game to allow the opener to have three moves simultaneously, to give more liberty to the major pieces to be in the field of operations as early as possible. The value of the pawn on the chess board is about 1/10th of the Queen's. It is the least valuable of all the pieces. Three pawns are calculated to be equal to a knight. On occasions, however, it is difficult to estimate the value of the pawn.

(To be continued.)

Needlework Notes.

A baby's shawl

Make a chain of the required length. The shawl should be about 3 or 4 yards square.

1st row: Miss 6 chain from the beginning, put in 4 long treble (the wool must be thrown twice round the hook for each); miss 5 chain; 1 double crochet and 4 long treble, with 5 chain between the double crochet and the treble, into

the next chain; miss 5 chain, 1 double crochet into the next; continue in same way to end of line.

2nd row: 7 chain; 4 long trebles into the last double crochet; 1 double crochet 5 chain and 4 long treble into the next loop of 5 chain; repeat.

For the border, start with one double crochet into a loop; 1 long treble into next loop; 4 chain, 1 double crochet into the next loop, repeat.

Health Notes.

SELECTED.

Hindu Hygiene.

One would hardly think of turning to India for instruction in domestic hygiene, yet Dr. Sengupta, in the *Medical Review of Reviews* published in this country, contends that many of the ancient social customs have done much to preserve the health of the people.

The immemorial custom of rubbing infants with oil and exposing them to the sun's rays is in striking accord with the modern practice of sun-bathing and is regarded by him as the reason for the comparative immunity of the Indians to rickets.

Then, too, the practice of boiling household milk is very ancient and may account for the low incidence of gastro-intestinal diseases in children.

The ancient scriptures of the Hindus inculcate habits of cleanliness which, though perhaps not stringently carried out to-day are in advance of the practice of many Westerners. For example, insistence is placed upon the early morning bath, the habitual use of a fresh tooth-brush (twig of the neem tree), careful

washing of the hands before and after meals, and after-visits to the toilet.

Dr. Sengupta further maintains that the deterioration of health amongst Hindu people of late years is due largely to the introduction by Europeans of unhealthful foods, such as refined and vitamin-deficient rice and other products—*Good Health*.

The Value of Fasting.

In order fully to comprehend the value of fasting as a therapeutic agent, it is very essential to have a clear conception of the true nature of "disease". Disease is not an entity, nor an enemy to the animal organism, but is simply an effort to restore the normal functional equilibrium of the organs of the body; and when this healing and cleansing effort comes on suddenly, and only runs a short course, it is called an acute disease. A sub-acute disease is one coming between an acute and a chronic condition.

Disease of all kinds is caused either by a direct, or an indirect, violation of natural health laws. One of the first manifestations of an acute disease is invariably some derangement of the organs

of digestion and assimilation; and, as Nature prescribes a fast in almost all these cases, whether in animals or men, by taking away the desire for food, it would be logical to infer, in accordance with the law: "Nature never makes any mistakes," that a fast would, other things considered, be the best form of treatment in all sub-acute and chronic diseases.

The value of fasting as a curative agent is mainly two-fold: First, it purifies the system by increasing the activity of all the eliminating organs, and secondly, it gives a complete rest to the digestive and assimilative organs. During the rest, the body repairs itself, as is illustrated by the recuperative power of sleep, and, as stated before, the stomach and intestines, as the organs of digestion and assimilation, are always more or less affected in all kinds of disease. It is obvious that the rest a fast will give to these organs will give Nature a chance to repair any pathologi-

cal condition that may be present. As the injury to the alimentary tract generally takes the form of some defect in the inner mucous lining, we may say, after a fast of sufficient duration, that we have a new lining to this tract, which means better digestion and absorption, and a return to a normal healthy condition of the whole body.—*Health for All.*

Cold Bath.

"Much of the vigour of the ancient Romans was due to the important place the bath occupied in the every-day employments of life amongst them." Thus spoke a medical man, when giving advice regarding the importance of daily bathing, especially cold water bathing. He went on to say that, as a means of fortifying the entire system, there was little, if anything, to equal the application of cold water to the entire surface of the body, provided that it was done in a manner suitable to the individual constitution.

News and Notes.

(SELECTED.)

WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN BENGAL

The demand for collegiate and university education for women has increased, with the result that several men's colleges have made arrangements for admitting women students. The Calcutta University also admits women students to the post-graduate classes. At such a time, Bethune College (for women), could have got a satisfactory accession of students by improving its accommodation. We are not, of course, in favour of over-crowded classes. We refer to the fact that, though for several decades we have been hearing of proposed improvements in that College, practically little has been done. This woman's college, the only government College for

women affiliated to the Calcutta University, will compare unfavourably with every other Government College for young men in the province, as regards class rooms, common rooms, professors' rooms, hostels, etc. The missionary colleges for men are also certainly better in these respects. And some of the private unaided colleges for men are also better.

Perhaps at present Government would say, education being a transferred subject, the Minister in charge of education must be held responsible. That may be technically true, and for recent years. But what had the Government been doing before?

Our M. L. C.'s are also much to blame.

They do not take any interest in the higher education of women. Perhaps, to excuse their indifference, some of them would trot out the theory that the kind of education which may be good for men is not good for women. Let us assume that that is so. Even then, the question would remain, what these arbiters of the destiny of the province have done to promote what may be the right kind of education for women in their opinion. Perhaps the truth is that, in their opinion, no-education is the right kind of education for women.—*Modern Review.*

The Bombay Government "Gazette" announces that Miss Amy B. H. J. Rustonji M. A., (Cantab), Lecturer in English, Secondary Training College, Bombay, has been appointed Professor of English Literature, Elphinstone College, Bombay, in the Bombay Educational Service, Class I, on probation.

LONDON DIPLOMA FOR INDIAN LADY.

News has been received that Sreemathi U. Abhayambal, M. A. Hons., of the Maharani's Women's College, Mysore, who has been deputed to London for higher studies in Economics by the Government of Mysore, has passed the Ph. D. degree examination in Economics of the London University.

BOMBAY UNIVERSITY AND WOMEN STUDENTS.

The Senate of the Bombay University cannot be congratulated on the cursory manner, in which it dealt with the serious problem of hostel accommodation for women students in Bombay city. The main argument advanced against the University providing such accommodation, was that that was the duty of the colleges. But there are no women's colleges in Bombay and women students are distributed among half-a-dozen Arts and professional colleges in such a way, that there are not enough in any single college to encourage investment in this direction. Nevertheless, we are glad to know that Wilson College is making a beginning. But Wilson College is a denominational college and the position of such colleges in a national system of education, will call early for consideration and possibly revision. Another difficulty peculiar to Bombay is, that of finding suitable sites for hostels in the vicinity of the colleges. For these two reasons, among others, a central hostel maintained and managed by the University seems to be the best solution to the problem which, we repeat, is a very serious one in the conditions prevailing in the city. The matter cannot be allowed to rest in the indeterminate stage, at which the Senate's resolution has left.

—*The Indian Social Reformer.*

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No. 2

An Indian's Toast.

By P. B. Fitzroy Bronte

Land of great glory,
Of ancient chivalry and love,
Land of God's graces,
Sent from Heaven above;

Of kind tender-hearted folk,
In dresses of picturesque hue;
Land of fascinating faces—
Oh India, here's to you!

Land of merry laughter,
Where soft fountains play,
Land of love and beauty,
Where hearts are always gay :—

And all, who wander,
When friends are few;
Find a help in thee—
Oh India, here's to you!

Land of majestic mountains,
Whose pinnacles reach the skies;
Land of green velvet vales,
Where the magic fire-fly nightly flies;—

Thy rivers flow to the ocean,
Their waters my love strew;
Land of golden memories—
Oh India, here's to you!

Land of rich temples,
And palm trees green and tall,
Land of my birth and breeding,
May God's blessing fall,

On thee and thine;
To thee I shall be true;
Land of my only love—
Oh India, here's to you!

Pippa Passes.

By Padmini Sathianadhan.

Often, when we think of the immensity of the universe, we feel insignificant and lost, and the futility of having to live and move in a world, which hardly takes any notice of us, makes us depressed and lonely. Is there any use in having a personality and individuality of our own, we ask ourselves. What does it matter what we do, or what we say? Today we live, tomorrow we are dead, and Eternal Time stands by, watching us, and smiling at our efforts to leave a lasting name on its ever-increasing pages.

Browning, however, in his *Pippa Passes*, proves to us that all human beings are placed on earth with a purpose, and that their influence on the lives of others is great, whether they are conscious of it or not. It is said that one day, while Robert Browning was walking in Dulwich, "the image flashed upon him of one walking thus alone through life, one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting, though unconscious, influence at every step of it, and the image shaped itself into the little silk-winder of Asolo, Felippa, or Pippa."

It is significant that Browning chose one of the poorest and loneliest of God's creatures as the heroine of his exquisite little idyllic drama, to show us that it is not only those gifted with wealth, worldly position or other particular gifts, who leave a trace behind them, but also those who are apparently ignored by their fellow human beings.

The idea of Pippa is that of an insignificant human being becoming the instrument of a power no less than Divine, to affect others' lives for good. This same humanitarian idea is shown in Browning's earlier figure of Pompilia in

the Ring and the Book, which shows us how he believed in the power of innocent goodness, and loved to illustrate his faith artistically. He often stressed on the incidents that developed a soul; but both in *Sordello* and *Pippa Passes*, he shows a desire to better mankind.

Pippa is a little silk-winder, who is allowed but one day's leave a year; and the poem opens with a beautiful passage in which Pippa expresses her thoughts on the dawn of her great holiday. Pippa's character is that of a pure innocent girl, with no touch of introspective morbidity in it. In spite of her loneliness and friendless condition, she is happy, because the beauty of the world has entered into her soul, and her healthy imagination accompanies her wherever she goes, and takes the place of friends and loved ones.

At the beginning of the poem, we hear her saying;

"Oh Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to, or

gifts above measure),
One of thy choices, or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee, or
freaks at thy pleasure),
—My Day, if I squander such labour

or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief
on me!

Thy long blue solemn hours, serenely
flowing,
Whence earth, we feel, gets steady help
and good,
Thy fitful sunshine-minutes, coming,
going,

As if earth turned from work in game—
some mood—
All shall be mine!"

And so, little Pippa, full of her own beautiful thoughts, wanders the whole day in Asolo, going from place to place, lonely and happy, unconsciously turning the dire fates of the people, whom she thinks are far above her in every way.

The first part of *Pippa Passes*, is the most powerful. It is poignant and forceful, and almost as superb as Shakespeare's presentation. There is an Elizabethan quality in the situation, when Ottima and Sebald, enjoying life "magnificently in Sin", suddenly hear Pippa's song as she passes by;

"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Sebald changes his whole course of life.

Jules and Phene, in the second part, have a stillness when contrasted with the throbbing passions of life that are presented in the first episode. In the third part, we have a glimpse of Browning's interest in the Italian struggle for liberty, and, in the fourth, a contrast between matter-of-fact substance and the passions and idealisms of the first three.

Browning wishes to show that Pippa's cheerful subordination of self to the Divine will gives her a miraculous power; but it is not so much her philosophy that is attractive, but she herself—for she presents an ideal type of womanhood, as maidenly as Miranda, as innocent as Marina, and as abandoned to fate as Perdita, while she combines the subtle purity and a knowledge of the sins of the world and a contempt of them, like Shakespeare's superb masterpiece of womanhood, Imogen.

Pippa, at one time of her musings, expresses her desires to be loved by some one, but she comes to the conclusion that, "Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate

their wives,
And only parent's love can last our lives."

But, a little later, she decides that even the love of a mother for her child is not satisfying enough, and she says, "Nay, if you come to that, best love of all is God's".

At the close of her holiday, she returns once more to her lonely little room; and, unconscious of what she has done that day, she feels depressed and murmurs, "Oh what a drear, dark close to my

poor day!
How could that red sun drop in that
black cloud!
Ah, Pippa, morning's rule is moved away,
Dispensed with, never more to be allowed!
Day's turn is over: now arrives the
night's".

Now, one thing I should like to really
know;
How near I ever might approach all
these,

I only fancied being, this long day!
—Approach, I mean, so as to touch
them, so
As to...in some way...move them—
if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way."

Little does she imagine, that she has turned the very course of their lives; and in her altruistic love for the whole world, she utters her simple prayer for the night, "God bless me! I can pray no more

tonight,
No doubt, some way or other hymns
say right.

All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first."

God plays his incalculable part in response to Pippa's love. "The Divine plays at once a powerful and inscrutable part in human affairs"; and Pippa is identified with the proof of Divine humanitarianism.

Music and the Dance in India

BY KAMALA.

IN an interesting article in *The Orient*, these arts are discussed in connection with the fine exhibitions given by the artists, Uday Shankar and Timir Baran in Europe. The distinctive features of the Indian expression are brought out clearly, as differing from those of the West. In the West, the *Shakti* or the spirit, through which the harmonies of life manifest themselves, "is born out of the restlessness of life and soon exhausts itself; in Hindu art, it emerges out of the spiritual sources and enriches itself, as it finds itself expressed in dance and music."

From personal experience, one can heartily endorse this opinion, especially when one watches the modern English dances, where the enjoyment of the joy of life, as expressed in concerted movements, in rhythmic form and in the excitement of contact, seems to be much more heeded than anything else, and, however graceful and spontaneous and innocent, yet falls short of the true ideal. The same may be said to apply in a way to music. An art critic in Paris writes:

"This splendid concert creates an atmosphere, surcharged with inimitable tonal vibrations. The Indian musical instruments are more in consonance with nature than ours. Their sonorous creations seem to invite the mainsprings of elemental music to join into a rhythmic flow along its course, ultimately developing into wave-crested floods, which drown the soul in ecstatic raptures. Now it resounds like thunder, now it becomes evanescent, turning into fragile elemental tones, to be drowned ultimately into the frail weeping tunes of the faint-

est breeze, as if they have tamed the music of nature within their little instruments. Those, who have created such superb music and have invented these fine subtleties in tune, rhythm and sound, deserve our gratitude." "It is music made of reflection and shadows, music neighbouring silence, which humiliates the prosaic and brutal instrumentations of the Occident."

"For after all, when the soul has struggled with the elements, it needs must find that its own home is the higher self in man. This home-coming of the self can be evoked at any moment, either by the grace of a sunset-glow, or the grace of a smile, or the rhythm of a melody. Hindu music evokes it all at once and with a peculiar strength of beauty. Words often fail to describe the beauty of its deep long drawn-out melodies, seeming to emerge out of the fathomless sources of the self's worship of the Eternal Self."

It is from such music that Hindu dancing finds its best expression. The movements of the form work out the idea of the music; the impressive ideal behind the sonorous sound; the religious mystery behind the sacred song; the artistic conception of the Soul motive; the "emotional atmosphere" of the "racial consciousness and the ancient glory of a nation."

In all ages and in every country, music has been, and must be, the accompaniment to the dance; the difference lies in the quality of it. The correct ideal seems to be, of course, that music must be the real motive, and yet keep itself in the background; the controlling power, and yet the under-current. It

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MRS. HANSA MEHTA

should be restrained and yet not monotonous or dull, disciplined yet not unnecessarily subtle; free, yet not unconventional; simple and beautiful and yet true and dignified. And then alone will it express the wonderful and vital mystery involved in the dance, which yet must rest upon a definite scientific technique derived indeed from the ancient religion.

There are many old dances, in India, which can be correctly represented to the modern public. *The Orient* mentions the *Peasant's dance*, in which are shewn "all the freshness of the countryside, all the youth of day and the break of dawn." Then there is the classic and intellectual *Wedding Dance*. The *Sword dance*, expressing strength, "wins our sympathy; far more than elsewhere; one senses here the suffering of humanity." The *Krishna* and *Radha* dance represent the flute-playing of Krishna and "reveal an astonishing depth of feeling." The *Shiva-Parvathi* dance expresses with great beauty and simplicity and vigour the ideals of Shiva the Destroyer, and "reveal to the spectator the soul of the people."

Mention must be made of the *Garba*, which, though peculiar to Gujarat and Kathiawar, yet seems to coincide with some of our South Indian dances. The word is derived from the *garbo* or earthen pot with holes, in which a small ghee-light is burnt, in honour of the Goddess Kali, during the *Navarathri* or *Dasra* festival. The *Garba*, therefore, is sung

by women in houses, where the Goddess is installed. The hostess leads, while the others move round with the pots on their heads, singing and gracefully bending their bodies to rhythmic measure. Sometimes, it is sung in the streets, and is always more or less a public function. In some places, men have corresponding dances, in which they move round with small wooden sticks with balls attached, called "dandies". Another common form of the *Garba* is the love song of Krishna, in which devotion and love are strangely mingled. Originally, the *Garba* songs were handed down orally from generation to generation; but now several poets compose and write them. Nowadays also, educated women are taking part in the dance, especially in its rustic form, which is more charming to sing than to read. Some new innovations have heightened the charm of the dance, which is peculiarly beautified by the lovely costumes of the women, which are specially prepared and coloured in Rajputana and Kathiawar. "In the *Garba*," says the *Modern Review*, "there is colour and music, grace and sweetness. It is a beautiful-art-form and a unique mode of culture and self-expression of a people. It is common to the classes and the masses; a folk-dance, no less than a dance of the educated and leisured classes. It is one of the joys of life, individual and collective, and one of the finest contributions of Gujarat to the artistic heritage of India."

3 - OCT 1931

Whom God Hath Joined

II. Leonatus and Imogen:

By T. Sivaramasetu Pillai.

THE hollowness of a man's love and the suddenness of maids in choosing husbands, have been to a certain extent illustrated in the story of Viola and the Duke, and Olivia and Viola's brother. The central point in the story of Imogen and Leonatus is the vital difference in the reactions of the woman and the man, as soon as she or he hears about the disloyalty of the other.

Imogen, as is well known, chooses as her husband Leonatus, a man discarded by the King and Queen, but one "to seek through the regions of the earth, for one his like, there would be something failing in him that should compare". The King promptly approves her choice by banishing her husband out of England. Farewells and mutual promises follow; Imogen gives a ring with the words "Look here, love; this diamond was my mother's; take it, heart; but keep it till you woo another wife, when Imogen is dead". Take another wife? How can Leonatus hear of it? "How, how! Another? You gentle gods, give me but this I have. And sear up my embracements from a next with bonds of death". And thus the married couple part. A clever rascal manages to weave a story to indicate the disloyalty of Imogen. How does this "man worth any woman", whom Imogen thinks "overbuys her almost the sum he pays", take in this wicked story? He raves:—

"Is there no way for men to be, but
Must be half workers? we are all
bastards
..... Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there
is no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part".

Then he writes promptly, first, a deceitful letter to Imogen, and second a death warrant enjoining his friend to strike off her head, invoking him to the terrible deed by the curse "if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal". A despicable fool, but yet, a man,—“so fair an outward and such stuff within, endows a man but he”.

In contrast to this, the treatment by Imogen of slanders on her lord is striking: Iachimo, the scheming rascal, is introduced to her by her own lord. He speaks lightly, swears himself a knight-errant, and suggests that she should seek revenge. In all innocence, she questions, "how should I be revenged"? She assures herself that she has such a heart that "both mine ears, must not in haste abuse". The adventurer is too adroit; he dedicates himself to her sweet pleasure; swears close and sure affection, and ends his peroration by "Let me my service tender on your lips." The chaste maid flashes out in righteous indignation, "Away! I do condemn mine ears that have so long attended thee". The grandeur of womanly devotion is revealed by the quick response to forgive the saucy Iachimo, as soon as he turns to praise her lord.

Again, note her attitude when she finds herself condemned by the easily-deceived Leonatus. Her faithful servant, true to the commands of his master, delivers the letter that contains the terrible indict-

ment. The fear of death does not haunt her; the cruelty of her lord does not shock her; but his accusation stuns her,—"strumpet to his bed, ah! False to his bed! I false! Thy conscience witness". Even under this false and unjust charge; the utmost retort she can permit herself is this: "Iachimo, thou didst accuse him of incontinency; thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks thy favour's good enough". The aim to live does not exist. She is a "garment out of fashion," and invites the servant to pierce her heart, the innocent mansion of her love, which is now empty of all things but grief. But, when the faithful man unfolds to her a way out, the strong plea that she can be near Leonatus and hear about his movements, decides her resolve to live, and she moves on to another scene.

The second stage of the story is shortly stated. Leonatus, after despatching from his mind the great disloyalty of his wife, determines, as desperate characters do, to fight against his own country; and at the critical moment turns, characteristically enough, against the power under whose protection he is, surrenders himself as a prisoner and chooses to repent. "For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though it is not so dear, yet it is a life; you coined it". A trifle artificial? No, he is sin-

cere. About this, one need not doubt. To die after all does not require much courage; and in some moments to live needs ultimately more courage, since the crown of martyrdom has too much lure for the cowards of the world.

Imogen, on the other hand, steadily watches opportunities for all to forgive and to live. Given the chance to be of service, her first request is to get an explanation of the jewel in the possession of Iachimo, an attempt to prove her honour and thus regain her position with her lord so as to save him from his fall. She vindicates every one, saves all, and throws out the anchor of protection, that angelic gift in the possession of all women,—“Think that you are upon a rock, and now throw me again”. A rock, that is it; a woman is that; and, if Leonatus had not that to protect him, he would have been effaced by self-abasement. The cancer of jealousy eats into the vitals of all, and the tragedies of many, whom God has joined, are the results of this fell disease. It is not gifted to all to possess an Imogen; and at times, the absence of courage and adroitness alike fail to save the misguided.

In the next issue, Desdemona's sacrifice at this altar will be described, in order to expound this point.

A Recipe.

Take equal parts of Kindness,
Unselfishness, and Thoughtfulness;
Mix in an atmosphere of love;
Add a spice of Usefulness,
Scatter a few grains of Cheerfulness,
Season with smiles,
Stir with a hearty laugh, and
Dispense to everybody.

—The Treasure Chest.

THE ORIENT.

By Manjeri Krishnan

THE world is undergoing changes day by day, passing through varied stages of growth and relaxation. It is never constant. There is a sudden rise in the tide, the next moment there is an ebb. Everything that is worldly is transitory, visionary and fleeting. Yet we live on, thinking that the world will last for ever, that life itself is eternal.

Whenever this world of ours, on account of growth, on account of accumulated circumstances, sways to one side, whether spiritual or material, it requires a new adjustment. On the one side is Europe, and on the other, Asia. Today, when material pursuits have become the prime object and pursuit of the human mind, when man is likely to forget his divine nature through his growing dependence on matter, and is likely to be reduced to a mere money-making machine, adjustment is necessary to drive away the gathering clouds of menacing materialism.

It is vanity, simple frivolity, to say that one man can possess everything. Yet, how childish we are. The baby in its ignorance thinks that the doll is the only possession that is to be coveted in the whole universe. So also a nation in the possession of material power thinks that that is all that is to be coveted, and is all progress, civilisation and glory. It does not, however, stop there. It goes even so far as to think that those nations, which do not care for conquests and possessions, are not even fit to exist.

On the other hand, another nation may think that mere material civilisation is utterly useless, that enjoyment alone of the so-called luxuries of this world is not the end and aim of human

existence, that there is something higher and nobler than the lust of self, namely spiritual enlightenment, which results in the realisation of the self and its secret.

Each of these types has its grandeur, each has its glory. To the one, the world of the spirit is as real, as to the other is the world of the senses. It is in the spiritual that the one finds everything that he hopes or yearns for. In spirituality, he seeks the end of all his natural aspirations. To him, the other is a dreamer playing with ephemeral toys and he laughs to think that grown-up men and women should make so much of a handful of matter, which they will have to leave sooner or later. In fact, machines never can make mankind truly happy. Happiness is always in the mind and not in the machine. Man is said to have invented electricity etc., and therefore he is called great. But does not nature accomplish things a million times more great than this? Then, why not bow down before nature and worship her? We may conquer every atom in the universe, but that can never make us happy, unless and until we have conquered ourselves. Man is of course born to conquer nature. But by nature one must not mean only external or physical nature, which is of course majestic with its sky-scraping mountains, its limitless oceans and its rivers of illimitable length. Yet there is a more majestic nature, i.e., the internal nature of man, which transcends the little transitory lives of ours and which soars higher than the highest mountains in the universe. It is in this field of study that the East, I think, has excelled the West



Mrs. Kamalam Samuel, who has passed the Librarian's Training Examination held by the Madras University Summer School of Librarianship. She is on the staff of the University Library and was the first lady to be selected by the Staff Selection Board. Here she is seen with her 2 young children.

Photo:- R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam



JAYANTI DEVI (daughter of Babu Kashinath of Kunjgali, Benares) aged 5 years, recently exhibited excellent feats of fancy-swimming in the Ganges at the All-India Aquatic Tournament, 1931, held at Benares. She received two silver medals and a gold brooch.

Photo:- R. Venkoba Rao.
Srirangam.

and it is through this line of research that India has become the land of spirituality.

This glorious land has been sanctified through centuries after centuries by those mighty Rishies of the past, who lived not for themselves but for the good of others. Each race, each nation, seems to possess a particular ideal—a prominent ideal running all through its national life, and this ideal is the backbone of its mission. Our sacred motherland is a land of religion and philosophy—the birth-place of spiritual giants—the land of renunciation and self-sacrifice. Not politics nor military power, not commercial speculation nor mechanical genius furnished the backbone of India, but it was religion and religion alone that formed the highest ideal of her national life.

Of course, great indeed are the manifestations of muscular power, and marvelous the manifestations of intellect, expressing themselves through machines by the appliance of science, yet none of

these are more potent than the influence which spirit exerts upon the world. In this land, religion and spirituality are still the fountains which will have to overflow and flood the world, and bring in new life and new vitality to the nations which seem to be crippled by political ambitions and social scheming. From out of the many voices, consonant and dissident, from out of the medley of sounds filling the Indian atmosphere, rises up supreme, striking, and full, one note, and that is faith and renunciation: Give up! That is the watch-word of the Orient. This world is a delusion of two days. The present life is for five minutes. Beyond is the infinite. Let us seek that, says the Orient. This universe is only a mud-puddle and all that is worldly is mere abracadabra magic, says the San-yasin. All talks of politics, of social regeneration, of money-making and commercialism will roll off like water from a duck's back. Awake! Arise! and stop not till the goal is reached.

MORNING.

When noxious Night hath lain in sleep, about
The rosy ankles of the golden Dawn,
And all the cool, allodial air shakes off
The fetters of the deep and silent dark,
Then doth the lark, on wings of fire, ascend,
Beating the blue of Heaven with sparkling song.

HERBERT PORTER.

After the Storm.

By Mathru Hridaya.

ALL through the night, the tempest raged over the earth; and the elements waged a fierce war against her and hers. Dreadful gusts of wind swept through her, uprooting the strongest of trees, mercilessly bending in double the tenderest of saplings. The goddess of night wore the blackest of her veils, as if eager to shut out the terrible scene from her sight. But, blinding flashes of lightning penetrated even through its thickest folds, and roaring peals of thunder deafened her ears. At last, unable to bear the strain any longer, she burst into a torrent of tears. Her pent-up agony was thus relieved—agony at sight of the cruel treatment, which the fierce elements had meted out to her bosom friend, the earth.

Ah, the melting power of tears! Who can withstand their softening effect! Truly, tears are thrice blessed; they bless the heart that sheds them by ridding it of its burden; they bless the heart that witnesses them by melting it into sympathy and love; they bless the heart for whom it is shed by sharing and lightening its heavy weight.

Drawn into sympathy at sight of the torrential tears, the elements softened themselves and stopped their fight. Calmed at the riddance of the unequal combat, cooled and consoled by the sympathy of a kindred soul, the earth began to heave many a sigh of relief in gentle wisps of balmy breeze. By the peep of

dawn, through the chinks of fast-retreating clouds, her face began to brighten into smiles. Lending her ears to the sweet babble of her dear young ones—the warble and chirrup of waking birds—she began to shake down her tear-drops over her green mantle. Soon, the morning sun rose into view and spread his

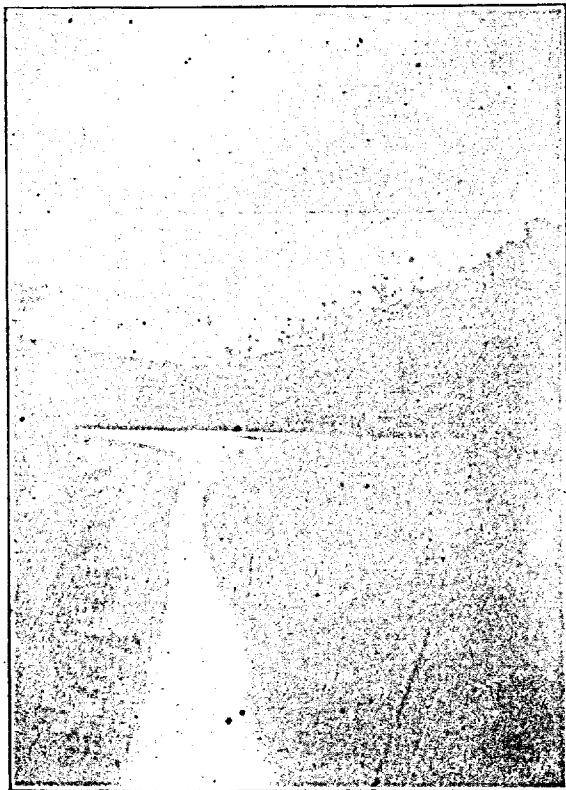
glorious splendour over all, tinting in rosy hues even the gloomiest corners. What a wonderful change! Storm and stress, sorrow and tears, soon giving place to calm and peace, smiles and hopes. Magical transformation indeed!

But reader, lift up the rosy curtain and search behind it for the truth. Have the storms and torrents not left any trace? of their late sways? Have they not caused some havoc, however little? Look reader, search! Oh, there lies the undeniable truth revealed! The tempests and torrents have carried away the lighter and softer particles from the bosom of the earth, leaving crevices and unpatchable holes.

* * * *

"After the storm."

The softly cool and balmy-breeze carries
A note of sad refrain,
The rosy smile of the dawn itself
Hardly hides the gloom within,
The babbling chirp of the winged creation
Bespeaks the loss of tender passion.
When hearts do break, the wounds may heal,
But scars remain to disfigure and pain.



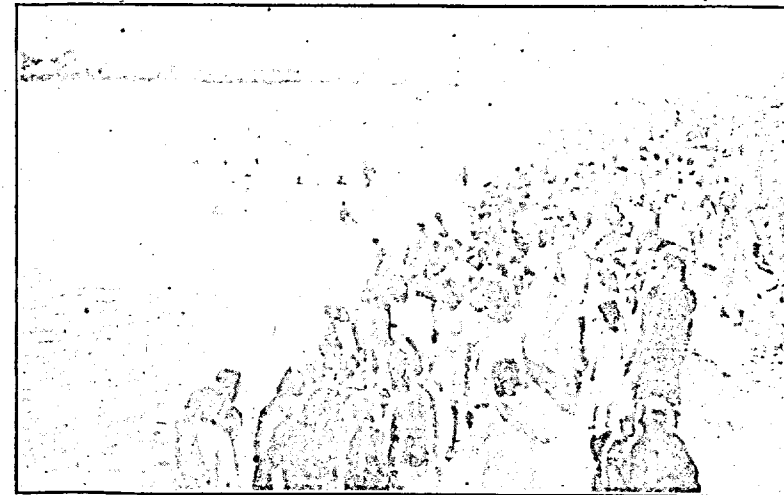
Vishnu and the Goddess of the Cauvery.

By Rajammal.

THE 18th of Adi is a gala day with the South Indian Women, especially Hindu Women. There is a grand feast in every household of every village. A festival in the local Vishnu temple begins early in the morning and the God is taken to the river or to any big tank. Towards

the evening, the people of the village flock to the river or tank, where the image of the God is waiting for them. The women dress themselves in

grand arrangements are made for this purpose. Rose garlands, gold *thalis*, and rich cakes are brought from the temple, in many places on the backs of the temple elephants, and, after some *mantrams* pronounced by the temple priests, these things are thrown into the water.



People rush to catch at least the smallest bit of these *prasadam*s and keep them as talismans. Believing that the possession or use of such lengthens their life and frees them from all

evils. their richest and gaudiest, take the remnants of the morning feast and have their evening dinner on the banks of the river or the tank opposite the image of the God.

During the evening Vishnu is supposed to marry the Goddess of the Cauvery and

evils.

The image of the God is then taken back to the temple and people return to their respective homes, leaving the married Cauvery to run her lovely course.

Memories of the late G. Kinnaird: a friend of India

GERTRUDE Kinnaird lived a life of untiring service for others. When the East End of London became too rapidly an industrial centre, when the responsibility of Industrial magnates was not recognised by them, when capital and labour were at variance, Gertrude Kinnaird and C. T. Studd worked together in the Charington Assembly Hall of East End London and in the great Moody and Sankey revival which, with other Christian Agencies, brought East and West together. They recognised that in addition to housing, emigration, and education, which received their attention, the true solution to a right understanding and national advance was to bring men and women to a personal consecration to Jesus Christ and to accept His motive for life, which these movements of that time were designed to promote. When India ceased to be an unknown country of the far East, Gertrude Kinnaird, among other visits to Indian homes, stayed in the well-known house of Mrs. Sorabji in Poona. She and Susie Sorabji formed a lasting friendship, and both devoted their lives to promote education for the youth of India. The Kinnaird School at Lahore (to which is added the Kinnaird College), the Queen Mary School in Bombay, the Kimmings Memorial School at Panchgani, all working under the auspices of the Z.B.M.M.M. (33, Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.), owe a great deal to Miss Kinnaird's constant and unflagging attention to their interests on the Committee; and it was an interesting fact that the representatives of these Institutions visited her home, as if by prophetic instinct, to be able to consult her as to future development, during the last weeks of her life. Miss McNair arrived from the Punjab on Saturday, June 27th, and every morning and evening sat by her bedside discussing the growth and exten-

sion of the College, which has the warm support of so many of Gertrude Kinnaird's Indian friends in Lahore, for whom she maintained so great an affection as to keep up constant correspondence with them. Miss MacDonald, Principal of Kinnaird School, stayed with her some weeks before and was able to tell her of the increasing and widening influence of old pupils.

A friend writes to her sister of Miss Kinnaird's death: "When I received the memorial card, I for the first time realised what a lot of men and women had lost a great friend and a kind influence. I will always remember her as the kindest and the most hospitable person I have ever met and one whose first thought was the welfare and happiness of others. Her zeal was enormous and her hard work in spite of years must have alarmed many a friend. For you, the gap must be specially wide and may God grant you strength for your redoubled responsibility. But I can assure you that you do not mourn alone. There must be thousands, for whom the loss is irreparable and who have consolation in the fact that your sister lived a life full of usefulness, the fruit of which will be reaped by generations, and that her influence will work for good, like leaven, for years to come. As for the deceased herself, there can be nothing but a well-earned peace and happiness, in return for a life of righteousness and self-sacrifice and this is the silver lining in the cloud of thought of all who feel her loss."

An important Branch of the Kinnaird School's influence is the Training Class, which owing to shortage of funds the Committee wished to close. With characteristic energy Gertrude Kinnaird set to work to raise money and unite missionary effort to maintain it in efficiency; and, as I was in Lahore to represent her

at the Jubilee of the Kinnaird School, she wired me to do what I could. Together we agreed to guarantee a sum to continue it and it is now in a flourishing condition, sending out teachers all over the Punjab. It was a great pleasure to her during the meeting of the Round Table to meet "old girls" coming to London as secretaries, or as wives to influential members. At that time and every time they have been welcomed at her home at 4, Duke Street.

Inheriting from her mother, the late Lady Kinnaird, a profound love for India, her life-work was undoubtedly on behalf of its women and children; and this loving service was largely expressed through the medium of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. Her ardent spirit longed to see Indian womanhood in the enjoyment of true freedom; and this freedom she firmly believed could only be attained through Christianity. But not only to this society, and its Committees and Missionaries did she give of her

time and strength, but also to hundreds of Indian men and women in London; and her home, with its generous hospitality, was always open to them. In countless ways she was their counsellor and friend, but best of all she created a meeting-place where Indian and British could establish mutual understanding.

No one can have been present at the Memorial Service on Tuesday, July 14th, when the area of the Marylebone Presbyterian Church was completely filled, without realising that the loss of Gertrude Kinnaird brings a deep sorrow, not only to the members of her family, but to hundreds of people all over the world who love and revere her name; and save to a public character, it is rare indeed that such a representative gathering of people, drawn from many spheres of life, should have met together at this service of remembrance. As one remarked, the immense number of Indians and young girls present was a most striking feature.

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 early youth, and who seems moreover to have been cured of blindness, is persuaded by her father, to consent to marry Arjuna Narayana Rao. A day after they meet, the father dies of heart-disease. The mother follows him; but before her death she gets Gauri married to her suitor. The two are happy. Arjuna takes charge of Gauri's brother and sister, who are both studying. A little rift comes between them, when Gauri does not show Arjuna a letter from her sister, Mallika, in which the latter talks of a suitor to herself, Mr. Mathuram, about whom she asks Gauri not to speak to Arjuna yet. But the difference is soon made up, and they go to Ennore for a happy holiday. On their last night there, Gauri suddenly faints, because of somebody's voice which she hears. Arjuna had been informed of her early misfortune. He knew that she had been married to a man called Prakash; but that the marriage, immediately after the ceremony, had been proved illegal, owing to the fact that Prakash already had a wife living. Arjuna finds out from Gauri that it was Prakash's voice she had heard at Ennore. They had thought he was dead. But why faint because of him, since he has no hold on her? She cannot explain; and he becomes jealous, imagining that she is sorry she cannot go back to Prakash, especially since his first wife is now dead and he is free. On her side, Gauri is jealous of Arjuna's affection for his cousin, Pushpan.)

Suddenly, one day Gauri hears the voice of Mathuram, Mallika's suitor, and thinks at first that it is the voice of Prakash her first husband, but comes to the conclusion that she must be mistaken. She meets Mathuram, and Mallika is allowed to be quietly engaged to him.

Arjuna and Gauri become better friends. Suddenly, Gauri who, having been blind at the time, had never seen Prakash, unearths a photograph of him from her mother's box, and finds to her horror that he is really Mathuram. Had he then come for her, as he had threatened he would; and was he victimising poor Mallika as the medium? Her impulse is to tell her husband everything; but Mallika, who is faithful to Mathuram, begs her to wait sometime. In the meanwhile, Gauri can write to Mathuram, or Prakash, and ask for his explanation. So matters stand, and Gauri begins her first lesson in deception, when she manages to satisfy the jealous Arjuna about Prakash. Gauri soon meets Prakash, but does not tell her husband that he is Mathuram.)

CHAPTER XIV

"GAURI," said Arjuna, "you are looking thin and peaked. Are you hiding anything from me? You are not the same Gauri as before. Tell me what is the matter with you, dear. Do you

miss Mallika? It is a pity she has to go away so often."

The kindness of his tone was nearly too much for her self-control. "Nothing," she stammered.

"Look me in the eyes, and say so.

There now, you cannot look at me. Oh, Gauri, are you hiding anything from me? I couldn't bear it if you did. Are you now?"

She could not answer.

"I am sure you are keeping something from me. You have lost your spirits and energy and, I must say, the very frankness of your look."

Still she said nothing and he tried a new tack.

"Gauri," he remarked, "you find Mathuram's company very pleasant, don't you? Perhaps, you are kind to him for the sake of Mallika?"

Gauri looked up.

Arjuna walked up and down the room, purposely not looking at her. "And you think him such a good match for Mallika, just the man suited to her somewhat exacting temperament?"

Gauri, we have seen, was nothing if not honest. So now, she hesitated, and said, "No."

"Why?" he asked sharply.

"I don't know."

"Humph," muttered Arjuna. "Anyhow, you are finding out by experience what sort of man he is. I do not approve of the engagement, for I like people to know each other well before they marry. And, since Mallika herself cannot do it, you are sampling the man for her, eh Gauri?"

Getting no answer, Arjuna went on, "When is he going? He has been here a long time."

"Very soon, I think. He wants to go to T——— in a day or two."

"I am glad, for I want to go to camp soon. I have been asked to audit the estate of the Zamindar of S———"

There was a silence, which neither of them tried to break. Then, Gauri got up to go to her room. Arjuna followed her, rather stealthily, she thought. At the door, he suddenly took her hand and held it.

"Gauri," he said eagerly, "you will come with me to camp, won't you?"

The Zamindar has offered me some sort of a house to live in, in his village, but I am going to camp outside. It will be very pleasant."

"Why, yes," she said, "I'd love to."

"You are not getting tired of me, are you, dear? You are not—not—forgetting me—for the sake of—others?"

"Of course not, Arjuna."

"For the sake of Mathuram?"

"No."

"May I tell you something, Gauri? Let Mathuram go soon. I don't like him very much now, and I don't know if he will suit your sister. After all, we know so little of him. Don't you think it is better to break off that engagement?"

"Yes—yes; but Mallika will not listen to us."

"Tell him to go away, at least."

"How can I, Arjuna?"

"Anyhow, I hear people are all talking of the way you both—go—about—together. And, you know, there is that other talk too about your first marriage with Prakash. We were just living it down, but now this has come."

Gauri was taken aback for a moment, thinking that he knew Mathuram was Prakash. But, seeing that he did not mean that, she recovered somewhat, and managed to say,

"Your aunt has spoken to you, I suppose."

"Well, yes. But, dash it all, Gauri, she has a right to tell us things, hasn't she?"

"A little. But she wants Mathuram for Pushpan."

"Does she, indeed, does she? For Pushpan? Why, he isn't worth her little finger."

"Really?" said Gauri jealously. "Pushpan is high up in your estimation, I see. You were not so upset about my sister."

"I told you he wasn't good enough for her, but I did not wish to offend you, dear, by insistence. Besides, you resent criticisms about your people."

"You are always too critical of my

people. After all, I have only two of them left. But you treat Pushpam as if she were your own property."

"Tut, tut, Gauri, don't be cross with me. I like Pushpam, yes, and I think she is a good girl, who isn't looked after properly by that narrow-minded aunt of mine."

"So you must care for her?"

"Why not, dear? She is my cousin."

"And—and—must you care—for Mrs. Williams also?"

"She is a widow, and she wants my help in some business matters. Besides, I don't think, she is very well. She—she—is so hysterical at times."

"That is only pretence."

"This is not like you, my Gauri. Come, what have you against her?"

"Nothing; but people are talking of you both also, you know. Mrs. Sitaram has spoken to me."

"Has she, indeed? The meddlesome creature. Well, well."

There is some story behind Mrs. Williams. I believe you know all about it. She has hinted as much to other people."

"She is rather hysterical, as I told you."

"There is a story, is there not?"

"Well—ye—yes."

"Can't you tell it to me?"

"I cannot Gauri, for her sake; she has made me promise to keep it secret. And after all, it is her secret, not mine."

"Anyhow, I can't understand Mrs. Williams, and I do want to say something more in this connection. Sankar is very unhappy, Arjuna."

"Why? On account of Mrs. Williams? What business has he with her? I must really speak to you about him. The boy has no business to fool round her. She does not want him there. Besides, he is much too young even to hope to marry her."

"But, when you are not there, she encourages him. She says she likes him; and he of course, is very foolish."

"He thinks she does, I suppose. In any case, he is wasting his time in foolishness. He ought to work up for his scholarship examination. If you wish me to help him to go to England, he must work hard, you know. What is the matter now, child?"

"I am so sorry my people have to worry you so much, Arjuna, for money and everything else. I wish they had some money of their own. And you do not like them too."

"I do like them, dear, though they have plenty of faults. Your people are mine, Gauri. I promised to look after them, you know. By the way, are you going to the picnic arranged by Mrs. Dayaram?"

"Yes; can't you really come?"

"I shall try; but I cannot leave office till late that day. Who is going with you?"

"Sankar and Mathuram."

"Humph."

"What can I do Arjuna? It was you, who asked him here."

"True, but I did not ask you to be so kind to him. Why, he treats you as if you were his property. There, there, never mind, little girl. Don't mind me. I know you are a wise creature."

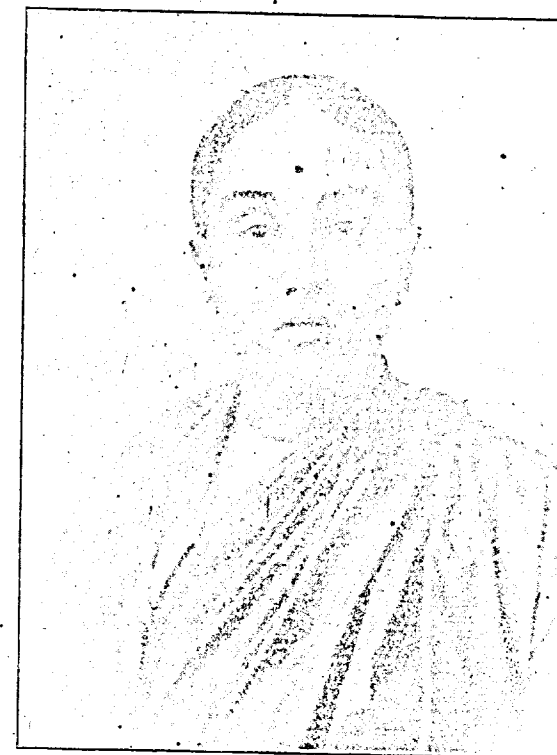
Gauri went up to her room, and stood staring out of the window with wild eyes. "How long, O Lord, how long am I to suffer?" she murmured to herself. Then, she squared her shoulders. She would thresh that matter out that day. But, she felt afraid; for she sensed that there was something more serious in the affair than her obligation to Mallica.

So, after *tiffin*, when Arjuna had departed to office, and Sankar had disappeared on some business of his own, Gauri waited for Mathuram in the drawing room.

"Well, my elusive angel," he said, "you have relented towards me then? I am so glad to find you here today. When is Sankar coming back?"

"Very soon, I hope. He has to study."

"Let me hold your wool for you then."



Srimathi U. Abhayambal, M. A., (Hons) of the Maharani's Women's College, Mysore was to London for higher studies in Economics by the Government of Mysore and has passed the Ph. D. degree examination in economics of the London University.

Photo:- R. Venkoba, Rao, Srirangam.



INDIAN SCHOLARS IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

Dr. Maitreyee Bose, M. B. (Calcutta) House Surgeon, Chitranjan Seva-Sadan Women's Hospital, Calcutta, who has been awarded a scholarship by a German University to prosecute her higher studies in Medicine in that University.

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

With the wool between them, he stood rather close to her, his bold eyes staring at her. Gauri was again thrilled by his personality, but she pulled herself together.

"How long is this to go on, Mr. Mathuram?" she asked.

"What? Oh, you mean me. What do you wish me to do?"

"Go away, give up Mallika and have nothing more to do with us."

"Indeed, and what reward do I get for my self-denial? Nothing, of course. Well then, I will not do it."

"What is it you want?"

"You," he said with a laugh.

"Me, what do you mean?"

"Listen quietly," he said. "You know your sister's character. If I beg her not to let me go, do you think she will free me from the engagement?"

"I have told her everything."

He looked triumphant. "There you are, you see. Even then, was she not sorry for me? And, I shall excite her pity further. I shall pose as the victim. Nothing was my fault. I was forced into my first marriage; now my wife is dead. I have fallen in love with Mallika. I shall marry her."

"But—but—you say you have come for me."

"True, but who will believe that?"

"I shall tell my husband everything. I hate keeping secrets from him. I promised Mallika at first to keep the secret; and I kept it. Now, after this behaviour from you, I have written to her that she must free me from my promise. She must consent. After all, Arjuna can only be angry with me; he will dislike my deception. But I must risk that. Anything will be better than this keeping of secrets from him, and acting in collusion with you to keep him in darkness. He is so open and frank himself."

"If he is like that, he will be very vexed with you."

"He may, but I cannot help that. Be-

sides, I have been thinking that he must be told about this sometime. How long can I hope to keep the secret?"

"What if the necessity for its disclosure does not arise?"

"You mean I must not tell him at all, and let you go on, like this? I cannot do that. I cannot hide such a thing from him, and be happy with him. I must tell it to him and that as soon as I hear from Mallika."

"You ought to have done that long ago. Now it's too late."

"W—Why?"

"You wrote to me without his knowledge. You know I am your first husband, but you asked me to pose as Mathuram. It was you, who allowed me to be engaged to your sister, wasn't it?"

Gauri nodded and thought of the doubt which had troubled her.

"I have been here so many days, and yet nobody knows who I really am, but you. Who is to believe that you are innocent?"

"Arjuna, of course."

"Will he?"

"Of course."

"Try him, my dear lady. I have been here in the house with you, alone, several days; and you have shown a distinct preference for my company."

"You have forced me to."

"Hasn't he already rebuked you for that? Yes. I know he must have. What will he say then, if he knows everything?"

She answered nothing, and he went on.

"Probably, he will set about divorcing you."

"Divorcing—me? Really? I hadn't thought," she said sadly, "it would be so bad."

"Of course you didn't, you simple-minded girl. But now you know."

"Yes, now I know, thanks to you. So, you think he will divorce me?"

"And glad enough to do it. It will leave him free to marry Pushpam, or Mrs. Williams. I hear—"

"You have heard all wrong then. He has explained to me." She tried to speak carelessly, but her ingenuous face expressed some uneasiness, which Mathuram noticed.

"Has he?" he laughed. "So you really are jealous? You have heard the rumours; then keep your eyes open and you will see things. And you will be kind to me as usual, Gauri? By the way come for a walk with me in the moon-light, Gauri."

"No."

"Perhaps, we had better not. Anyhow, there is the picnic tomorrow."

"And how long is this to go on?"

"As long as I wish."

"Never—never," she said. "I shall go to Arjuna now and tell him everything." He saw he had gone too far. "I was

really joking," he edged. "Don't be alarmed. Wait a few days and then you can do what you like."

"Why should I?"

"Because I swear I shall make things right for you, if you will only wait. If not, I cannot answer for consequences."

"Will you promise me that faithfully?"

"I will, and will you promise to await any consent before you tell him?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. Oh, don't weep like that, dearest. I am a brute to treat you like this. Forgive me, forgive me."

"Go away, I hate you. And don't go down on your knees to me."

"Forgive me."

"There—there—is Sankar's bell. Go. I tell you, go."

(To be continued.)

"One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near; the light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this, not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of heaven—a flowing light fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness;—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood for a while."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Editorial Notes.

(I) REFORMS.

We commend the Women's Indian Association and the leading women of Madras for their incessant efforts to restrain child-marriages. It is a great pity that orthodox Hindus should seek to evade the Sarda Act, under the guise of the sanction of religion; it is a greater pity that Government should seek to modify the stringency of the measure. It is a different question with regard to those, who have not themselves evaded the act, but who have known of others doing so. It is always hard to betray one's friends, and so one has to hedge. Besides, the betrayal savours of what I consider one of the greatest sins in the world, viz: sneaking and treachery. And yet, one feels a very justifiable satisfaction when such evasions are punished, as in Calcutta the other day when the fathers of a below-age couple were punished, this being the first time such a thing had happened in that place.

Instead of asking people to betray one another, I think it will be better for Government to have a band of vigilance-workers, whose duty it is to ferret out and report delinquencies. For this, a band of women Police will be very welcome; and, as Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddy pleaded the other day, it is high time that such officers are appointed in India. But we would suggest that they should not be put on as Police officers on duty every where, like men. Rather, should they be put on in welfare and special enquiry work, in which they are sure to do very well.

With regard to the brothels question, we are glad to see the resolution passed, that "this meeting calls upon the Madras Government to enforce the Madras Act for the closure of brothels, and the suppression of immoral traffic in women and

children". One is surprised in a way that in this Presidency the act should be amended to apply only to the City. No doubt, there are not enough organisations to carry out the act in all the outside areas; but steps should be taken to put such into practice. No doubt there are not enough rescue homes to receive unfortunate girls; but such again must be provided. Already there are some in existence, and others are to be provided, notably one by the Women's Indian Association, if a suitable grant is given by Government. And why should not such a grant be given in Madras, when it is already done in Bombay?

Again, the same attention should be paid to boys as well as girls in this question. Why should there be such a difference as one girl to ten boys in certified schools? As the Women's Indian Association resolved:

"We feel that the Government, that looks after 800 boys in the certified schools, should pay similar attention to the destitute girls also, who are themselves not offenders, but are the victims of others' lust, greed and wickedness, and as such they deserve a more sympathetic consideration at the hands of the public and the authorities...the State being the guardian of all destitutes, whether boys or girls."

In all these things, it is important that the co-operation of women should be called for:

"Therefore the Committee is of opinion that the management, preferably of women, should be given perfect autonomy, subject no doubt to periodical inspection and guidance from qualified women-inspecting officers, as it obtains in other hostels and schools for girls.

"The enforcement of the Act should never be entrusted to men alone. At the

initial stage it is perfectly easy to employ a certain number of Anglo-Indian or Indian Christian nurses and health visitors, to help the Police in the entry and investigation of brothels. These women officers should be made responsible to a woman chief in the department—a medical graduate of experience and standing, who would directly work under the Police Commissioner. The women officers should be entrusted with the duties of removing girls to places of safe custody, accompanying them to the court, preparing the history-sheet of those girls, taking the girls to the hospitals for medical treatment and thus be real women probation officers. Moreover, the inmates of the brothels are more likely to confide their secrets to a woman rather than to a man, and, also, the employment of women for this work would do away with the Police abuses likely to arise, when men only are entrusted with these duties. These women probation officers may be linked with the Children's Courts, the Madras Children's Aid Society and the Rescue Homes, so as to secure coordination of several rescue and reform activities in the city, and co-operation among the workers themselves."

(2) BRAVE WOMEN.

Can women be as brave as men? And that, not merely in the ordinary positions of life, when a little bravery is enough, but in the great crises of required action?

How one was thrilled to read of the action of that great hero, Augustine Courtauld, who kept himself alive by heroic measures when imprisoned alone in an absolutely snow-covered tent.

And yet the same thing happened only lately, when a nurse employed in the Saskatchewan public health Service, kept herself and two Indian guides alive for a week on mere sugar-candy; and after that fought her way out to safety on an ice-covered track. The same nurse, we are told, kept herself alive with her patients for a week, in a train held up by

snow-drifts. And we hear further of a woman, who penetrated her way into dense forests, in order to find material to fight against sugar-cane pests.

Yes, women can be brave; but not many of them. Therein lies the difference; I think, between them and men. And this is partly due to the difference in physical capacity. The spirit is strong enough, but the flesh is weak; but, where the flesh can hold out, the spirit also can. Certainly, in dogged endurance and uncomplainingness and often in sheer pluck and grit, women can beat men. This is seen in mere mundane matters. Take the case of the woman, who, as it was reported, waited the whole night in the open air, in the cold, to be in time the next day to head the queue for a Gilbert and Sullivan play. Take the women reported to have slept on the payment the whole night just to be first on the scene at the bargain-counter! Take again the women, who go in for the slimming craze and fight so hard to be in the fashion. Think of the women, who have bravely endured and never murmured in the perfect nursing of others, in the endurance of privation and poverty, in drastic domestic troubles, in immense grief and anxiety, in the loss of dear ones, in sickness, in agonising crippled weakness. Think of the women, who have stood up with courage before blustering tribunals. Think of the women, who have unquestionably braved public opinion when they thought they were right. Think of the women, who have shown heroic devotion and constancy, where even men have failed. Think of those, who deny themselves daily. Think of those who have sacrificed their all for the comfort of loved ones. Remember that many of them never even think of telling others of what they have done. There is never any thought of medals, or Victoria Crosses in their heads; and yet what a band of noble unknown martyrs they make. Think of all those; and wonder

if a man could have done the same! I wonder, indeed, I wonder!

What is bravery and what is timidity? As one of the Illustrated Weekly anagrams had it the other day, the woman who tops man in waiting for and killing bandits, may shriek and run away when she sees a mouse. I think the whole question is one of nerves. Poor weak woman with her unstable nerves and her weak body! How can she help being

sometimes "as variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made"? How can she stop going off into a burst of hysterics after some strenuous action, or some exhausting feat of endurance?

Be it remembered, that mere brute courage, when courage is natural, is of much less account than the forced courage of natural weakness. And so all honour to brave women!

A Happy Hoax.

By J. Balakrishnan.

I.

SIX times he had tried to fall in love, and it had always ended, as he complained, "in smoke, with never a spark of fire". Everybody talked so highly of love, and found it so easy too! "O thou winged God," he prayed, "make my heart capable of love. Am I such a monster that thou fleest thus my company?" Well, no; Appu was not exactly a monster, or anything like that. He was somewhat too short for his breadth, but his face was pleasant to look at. But it is a fact that love never came to him.

He remembered how he had once saved a pretty girl from a watery grave. The circumstances were rather exciting, but his heart was not excited. It went on at such an exasperatingly placid rate, and was so unconcerned that he swore at it. There was that other girl, whom he had known rather intimately. He had decided to tell her that he loved her with all his heart and all his soul. The risk was great; for he did not recognise in his heart the symptoms of the divine passion. But it was an experiment, and he hoped that love would follow in due course. Alas, he was doomed to disappointment.

For, soon after, the girl confided to him that her heart was given to a young man, whom she had met two weeks before. "I may as well shut up shop," he mused gloomily. "I am sure my heart is chemically and intrinsically different from all other hearts."

Fortunately, he remembered the story of Bruce and the Spider, and decided to try again. But he had sore misgivings. He was a most profound sleeper and somehow he had picked up a notion that deep love and sound sleep could not go together. His dreams too were characteristic. No vision of a fair face had ever enlivened those dull hours of unconsciousness, though for a whole month he had kept rosebuds beneath his pillow. He was reminded of the law of waste, that reigns inscrutably in nature, when he thought how full his heart was of chivalry and delicacy.

II

Two friends decided to play a joke on Appu.....

Lakshmi was a proud girl. Some said she had inherited the trait from her mother. Her father was a hardworking man who had made his money in Ceylon,

and come home only for a few weeks every year. Thus the responsibility of bringing up their only child fell to the lot of his capable wife, Madhavi. She gave the girl a good education, and thought highly of her accomplishments. The one dream of her heart now was to find a suitable husband for her.

Her light household duties over, Madhavi was sitting on the verandah, the 'pansupari-box' by her side. She was in a cheerful frame of mind. "Lakshmi," she called aloud, "bring me some more betle leaves. You will find them in the cupboard." It was then that a well-known personage came in, and created a flutter in the mother's heart.

It was Sankaran. He knew the history of most families for miles around; and, especially in Ramapuram, he was on the most friendly terms with all. A widower of long standing, he was a common uncle to all and sundry, a standing argument for the 'nephewhood of man'. Mothers with marriageable daughters held his person in awe and reverence, for he was a professional match-maker. Madhavi knew that his visit could mean only one thing—something connected with her daughter.

She greeted him with profuse courtesy. The very gods must have dilated their nostrils at the savoury scents that went up from her kitchen that day. The rice was as white as a fresh jasmine flower. Everything was of the best.

Sankaran had the genius of appreciating a good meal. He could talk with distinction of *pappadams* and *payasams*. Indeed, Madhavi wondered whether he would or could talk of something else. But she wisely held her breath, and had the satisfaction of feeling that her efforts to please her guest were completely successful.

It was only after the evening tea that he revealed to her the object of his visit. "Your Lakshmi is nineteen now, isn't she?"

"Yes, nineteen, come next Thulam",

assented the mother.

"Yes, I know... I need not tell you that it is always wisest to delay marriage as little as possible. What do you say to our Appu—yes, the eldest son of Mr. Gopalan—as a husband for her?"

What *had* she to say? Everyone knew that Appu was a most agreeable young fellow, and was not his father one of the richest men of those parts? He was a good catch in every way—But it was wise to hesitate just a little, and so she said, "But should we not ask Lakshmi's father first?"

"Really now, it is quite unnecessary. Why should he object? After all, if you are willing, he will surely consent." There was the suggestion of a hidden meaning in that last sentence. He must have known that she preferred that peculiar, but somewhat common, relation of husband and wife, wherein the latter has the last and the loudest word. But she ignored the hint politically. "Appu is quite suitable, as far as I know," she said.

"In that case, let me have Lakshmi's horoscope. I suppose in these days it is just a matter of form. I will have it returned soon."

It was curious Sankaran did not take the horoscope to Appu's people at all. He just kept it with himself for a few days, and then took it back to Madhavi. He told her that the horoscopes were agreeable, and assured her that the official enquiry would be forthcoming in a day or two. The glad mother treated him with even more profuse courtesy and hospitality than on the previous occasion. It was noted that he was not seen out for some days after that; and the village humorist remarked, somewhat unkindly, that Sankaran never spared himself when confronted with delicate victuals, if these could be consumed free of cost.

III

Madhavi smiled broadly when she saw Appu. That young man was, to say the least, puzzled. He took a rather unceremonious leave, and hastened home. A

greater surprise was waiting for him.

"My son", said his father, "I am glad you have decided to marry. But why didn't you tell me, or your mother?"

Gopalan had proceeded thus far, when he stopped short at the expression on his son's face. "Marry? Why, father, I don't understand what you mean," said Appu.

"You don't understand?" repeated his father. "Did you not send Sankaran to Madhavi's house? Did he not bring you Lakshmi's horoscope?"

Appu thought of that smile on Madhavi's face, and then he became a bit confused. His father, who was watching him, said, "Come, Appu, why should you deny it?"

"Surely, father, you don't believe this story?" asked the young man earnestly. "I send Sankaran, that old glutton! Why, it is ridiculous!"

Gopalan was puzzled. His son's surprise was evidently genuine. He thought for a moment, and then said, "Will you call someone and send for Sankaran?"

Meanwhile, Madhavi was growing anxious. It was a week now since Sankaran had returned the horoscope. Why had nobody come to settle matters? Had they dropped the idea? When she accidentally met Appu that day, she had hoped to gain some information from him. But his behaviour was rather disappointing for a would-be son-in-law. There was her daughter going about the house with a gloomy face, and she guessed that that young maiden was not quite so ignorant of the state of affairs as she pretended to be. For once in her life, she thought of her husband's anger with a feeling approaching to fear. She wondered whether it would be proper to send for Sankaran. People might talk, and she had no desire to bring their name into a scandal.

The match-maker, too, was feeling decidedly uncomfortable. "I was a fool to have done it," he told himself a hundred times. It is probable that if he

could have prophetically foreseen the result of his foolish action, he would have withstood the temptation of a dozen dinners. Not even that small consideration which they had slipped into his hand would have induced him to do it. But it was done, and what was the use of idle regrets? There was Gopalan's servant waiting for him at the door of his cottage. Yes, the time for regrets was past.

As soon as he was ushered in, he began a hurried and somewhat incoherent explanation. The man was under the impression that everything was known, and lied only where he thought it absolutely indispensable to extenuate his own share of the offence. "Oh, it was all the work of" He mentioned two names, and Appu smiled in spite of himself. "What could a poor man do? They asked me to do it, and ...well, I have ever been a fool. Sir.... For the sake of a dinner? Well, no, Sir, but, as I say, what could a poor man do?" Then, seeing that they were not quite so angry, as he had expected them to be, he added, in an insinuating tone: "It was but a joke, Sir, but if I might be so bold, I would say that it would be a fit punishment for those infernal mischief-makers to carry the joke to its proper end. Excuse my boldness, Sir, but cannot the young master marry Lakshmi, who is such a nice girl? I swear upon Vishnu that she will be a most befitting wife for him."

He was almost carried away by his own eloquence; his enthusiasm grew as he saw a way of safety opening before him. The father and son exchanged significant glances. "What do you say, Appu?" asked the former.

The young man felt that it was the crisis of his life. But, as has been already hinted at, he was beginning to suspect that, for him, there could be no love before marriage. But, would it come after? Or was this much-talked-of love just a fig of the poet's imagination? He felt as if he were

gambling in what many people considered to be life's most precious possession. He felt the risk, the uncertainty, the hidden hope. But gambler like, he hoped that for him the red would turn up. "I am willing, father," he said, in a low voice; they thought he was feeling shy and awkward.

The marriage took place soon afterwards. But people had come to know of the part that Sankaran had played, and conceived towards him what he called un-

reasonable prejudice. He lost much of his popularity; and dinners became few and far between. In fact, the decline and fall of the match-maker's profession began with that foolish action!

Appu enjoyed in an eminent degree what Doctor Johnson has somewhere talked of as conjugal felicity; I am not certain that his prayer for love was granted. But, who can say that he was not better off than many a man who married for love?

The Crow

BY

Dr. H. W. B. Moreno M. A.; Ph.D.; D Litt. etc., Calcutta.

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Cawing, callous, carrion crow,
Perched upon the window sill,
Eyes alert, with head bent low,
Flapping wing and open bill;—

Here, there and everywhere
Within sight of human dwelling,
Thou thy nest will build so bare,
Sticks and straw, thy beak compelling.

Dainty morsels thou wilt steal,
Remnants on the pathway thrown,
Even the school-boy's midday meal,—
Wondering where the rogue has gone.

All thy pranks who can foretell?
Wild excursions, sudden raid,
Snatching as the booty fell,—
When 'tis o'er how calm and staid!

Birds, that wander o'er the skies,
Shun thy wild marauding bands,
Save the hawk that darting flies,
Or the eagle, when it stands.

When thine own is stricken low,
Fast arise those raucous cries,
Louder, louder, still they grow,
Piercing even to the skies.

But, when twilight shades abound,
Thou wilt seek the top-most tree,
Feathers spread, in slumber sound,
Silent, till the shadows flee.

Till once more the dawn will peep,
See thee soar with hideous cry,
Telling man and beast asleep
Night is gone and day is nigh.

Soon if danger thou dost spy,
To thy nestlings huddling close,
Thou wilt rush and hover nigh,
Yielding self, to ward the blows.

Splendid plumaged bird of prey,
What the lesson dost thou show?
"Love thy neighbour, day by day,
Like the cautious, cunning crow!"

(PER K. P. P. TAMPY.)

In Man's Realm

THE LIFE OF SAINT PAUL— A GREAT MAN.

ST. Paul was a great pioneer Missionary of Christ. His field of work, which was principally among the Gentiles, i. e. the Non-Jewish people, embraced the whole of the Mediterranean world of the Roman Empire, from Mesopotamia in the East to Spain in the West.

He was born at Tarsus, in Cilicia, in a rich and noble family of the Israelite tribe of Benjamin. He had two names, viz. Saul, and its Greek equivalent, Paulos, or its Romanised form, Paul. By his Jewish companions he was called Saul and by his Greek ones Paul. He had the benefit of a strict home and school education in the very early years of his life.

From early life, St. Paul was in contact with Hellenic culture, of which Tarsus was a centre. He learnt both Aramaic, i. e. Hebrew, and Greek. He had the heritage of Roman citizenship from birth. Moreover, the physical environment of Tarsus, viz. the neighbourhood of high snow-clad mountains and the rolling waves of the Western sea, had its influence on him, and gave him an exalted and large view of life.

It was customary in those days for every Jew boy to learn a trade, especially in the case of those, who aspired to become teachers or Rabbis. St. Paul learnt the trade of tent-making, which he followed in his after-life. He suffered from some obscure physical trouble, which was probably epilepsy. He was liable to mystical trances, and at intervals saw visions and heard voices in them.

After studying in the Synagogue school, he went to Jerusalem and was put under the tuition of Rabbi Gamaliel, whose broad-mindedness and unflinching courage

of conviction he imbibed. St. Paul was the contemporary of Jesus. Both were probably together in Jerusalem at times, but evidently had no personal contact with each other at any time.

The question whether he married is a doubtful one. The conclusion from his exhortations is that he led a married life for some time, but subsequently became a widower.

St. Paul was a Pharisee of Pharisees. He believed that the Jews were the elect of God, and that from God they received their law. He had, therefore, a great respect for law. With the Pharisees, he believed that Jesus was an imposter; and, being of a fiery temperament, he took a leading part in persecuting the Christian disciples. Indeed, his impetuosity and virulence made him an object of dread among them. He was a consenting party in the stoning of Stephen to death, and was present at his martyrdom. He saw the angelic look of Stephen and heard his heart-melting prayer to the Lord Jesus not to lay the sin of murder to the charge of those that killed him. The sight and the words made a deep and painful effect upon him for the time, but were not sufficient to abate his fury against the Nazarenes. He got the permission of the Sanhadren to go to Damascus to work against them and to bring them in bondage to Jerusalem. He started on his journey northward towards Damascus with a few companions. When he was near the town of Damascus, on a hot and sultry afternoon, there suddenly shone a light round about him, and he fell upon the earth and a voice said, "Saul, Saul, why perse-

cuteth thou me?" Further, the same voice said: "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." He was told to rise and go into the city and receive further instructions there. He got up, but he was blind. His companions led him by the hand into the town into the house of one Judas, in the street called *Straight*. Here he remained for three days without sight, and without food, or drink, ruminating over his experience and possibly praying.

Under the inspiration of Jesus, Ananias, a devout disciple of Christ, went to Saul and told him that he had had instruction in a vision to restore Paul's sight by laying hands on him. So Paul's sight was restored. He arose, and was baptised. He took food and received strength. He was filled with the Holy Ghost.

After this, Paul went to a retired spot in Arabia to adjust himself to the new situation of leadership of the Mission of Christ. It meant a serious break with his parents and family, with his friends, with his planned career, with his previous life, and with the Jewish Church. He spent nearly three years in retirement.

Was this change from one extremity of life to another absolutely sudden? No. There were pre-existing influences that had been slowly and imperceptibly moulding him. His emotional mind and his quick grasping intellect, his early life as a student in the Synagogue school at Tarsus and at the feet of his teacher, Gamaliel, at Jerusalem, his profound study of the Old Testament and the Mosaic Law and traditions, had the dynamic force of urging him to be as near God as possible. The Israelites, forming a separate community more or less isolated from the rest of the world, were closely united among themselves. At the beginning, a great emphasis was put on individuals keeping fit and ennobling society and the world. In course of time, however, this lofty standard of religion, morality and social life, degenerated into narrow exclusiveness

and refusal of fellowship of worship and food with the non-Israelites. Among the Israelites themselves, the motivating principle of life behind laws was neglected; and the oral traditions and legal interpretations of the men of learning among the Pharisees, Scribes and Sadducees introduced a cobweb of ceremonial observances, so that the life of an ordinary Jew became a round of mere external doings. The moral sense and moral life suffered in consequence.

The keen intellect of St. Paul saw all this; and so an under-current of dissatisfaction with the unspiritual teachings of the Pharisees worked in him, even when furiously persecuting the Nazarenes. Moreover, the contrasting lives of the small bands of the Nazarenes, their purity and brotherliness, their steadfastness of faith, patience, resignation and forgiveness under direct persecution, and their martyrdom, had their effect on him.

Then the spirit of Jesus spoke to him and the Pharisee in him was killed. It dawned on him that Stephen was right and the crucified Jesus was the promised Messiah.

St. Paul, living in the essentially Greek world, which was the world of the Stoics, identified himself so much with liberal Judaism, that he saved the Apostles from the fury of the Sanhadren by his wise words of logical persuasion. He believed that Jesus, besides being the Messiah and rising after death and coming soon to judge, lives in union with God. His spirit comes and dwells in those, who have faith in HIM. Faith means loyal union with Christ. The evidence of this union is manifested when we crucify the flesh, with the lusts and passions thereof; in suffering and self-sacrifice, after we have received a new spirit into ourselves. The death to self is symbolized by baptism and the receiving of the new life through the Lord's supper. This new life makes us sons of God. Salvation does not absolutely mean

transfer to another world. Heaven and earth become one; the indwelling spirit is the internal compass for the right conduct of the ship of life, and manifests itself in the small still voice of Conscience. It frees men from the bondage of the flesh. It ennobles the soul. This spirit of Christ is independent of time and space. It is international, universal and eternal. It is both with God and man.

It consists of truth, uprightness and integrity, temperance and self-control, purity of sexual life, the harmony of home life, the harmony of social life, unity and fellowship and a corporate life among the followers of Christ, service recognising the Christian fraternity as the body of Christ, lawful obedience to Government and those in authority, discreet fellowship with the non-Christian members of the world, and brotherliness with all.

It was to bring the world to this life of spirituality that St. Paul undertook his Mission.

St. Paul was, as we have seen, by temperament, fiery. He was a man full of nervous energy and cast in a heroic mould; in his career after conviction, he was indifferent to criticism and calumny. He set his heart to achieve the spiritual conquest of the world. And it was his indomitable courage of conviction, his complete self-sacrifice, his single-minded devotion and consecration of life to a magnificently-conscious purpose that constituted the greatness of St. Paul's life.

Physically he was made of stern and tough fibre, in spite of his epilepsy. He endured well the hardships of the travel of those days. He bore the cruelties that fanaticism inflicted on him. He received five times the maximum number of lashes from Jewish tribunals, three scourgings from the Roman Judiciary, and one stoning at Lystra. He had a ship-wreck, and battled with the waves for one night and day. He bore the privations of poverty, which his self-elected life brought on him. All these would have been more than

sufficient for the break-down of an ordinary constitution, but his nervous energy sustained him, and kept intact the warm, tender and loving heart shewn in his Epistles.

St. Paul's conversion naturally excited the hostility of the Jews, as it threatened their religious supremacy and their prerogatives. They plotted to kill him, but he was able to escape his assassins and take his way to Jerusalem. When he arrived there, the Christian disciples distrusted his *bona fides*. But a Jew named Barnabas had a talk with him and believed in his earnestness and took him to see Peter and other Christian leaders. He stayed with Peter (Cephas) for 15 days. He made acquaintance with James, the brother of Jesus. But he did not see any other apostle. His visit to Jerusalem at that time was not for instructions from the Apostles; for his gospel was not according to man.

At Jerusalem, he preached boldly among the people, whom he had excited against Stephen. They were amazed and became angry and sought to kill him. His disciples, however, sent him off to Tarsus in a ship. Paul had a vision of his Lord in a trance, saying: "Make haste, get thee quickly out of Jerusalem and depart, for I will send thee forth from hence unto the Gentiles." He went on preaching tours to Syria and Cilicia. He had a backing of the Christian churches in his work.

Paul and Barnabas went to Antioch, and worked there for a year with great success. Here the Nazarenes were first called *Christians*, which was a name of Gentile origin. Then, on hearing of a prophecy of famine in Jerusalem, Paul and Barnabas collected means of relief, and Barnabas took them to Jerusalem. After that, Barnabas and Paul and another man called Mark sailed from Antioch for Cyprus, a voyage of 140 miles. At Paphos, the Western extremity of the island, Paul worked a miracle in the sight of the Pro-Consul, who became his

convert. Luke in his acts, called him Paul for the first time after that.

Then, Paul and his company set sail and arrived at Perga, the capital of Pamphylia, after a voyage of 175 miles. Mark left them there and went to Jerusalem.

Barnabas and Paul did not stay long at Perga; perhaps the reason was that Paul took ill with fever. They left Perga, and arrived at Antioch of Pisidia situated at a height of 3600 feet from the sea level. They went to the Synagogues as usual and were asked to speak to the worshippers. So impressive was Paul's address that on the next Sabbath day the whole city congregated to hear him. But the Jews opposed him and railed at him. Upon this, Paul and Barnabas left them and turned to the Gentiles; but the Jews stirred up persecution against the new circle of converts and expelled Paul and Barnabas from the city.

They went on, creating circles of believers, which went on widening. At Lystra, where they cured a cripple, the people took them for Gods, calling Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Mercury. Again, mob fury was raised against them by the Jews. Paul was stoned and left for dead; but he arose, and went into the city with his disciples. It was at Lystra that Paul met Timothy, who afterwards became his helper and after his death his successor in the Mission. In this journey they covered 1400 miles and spent one year perhaps.

A conference between Paul and the Apostles took place at Jerusalem. This was the first council of the 1st Century. The account of this conference is given both in the Acts, and in the Epistles to the Galatians. The accounts differ. The Epistle to the Galatians was written only 2 or 3 years after the conference, and is the more correct of the two.

Paul, on his return from Jerusalem to Antioch, preached freedom and brotherhood so effectively that Jews and Gentiles freely associated at meals. When Peter came to Antioch, he too partook of this

fellowship. The Legalists at Jerusalem came to know of this freedom and sent brethren to make inquiries. They came and protested against Peter's conduct. Peter yielded, with him also Barnabas and other Jewish Christians. But Paul's spirit was aroused and he publicly rebuked Peter for the divorce of his outward conduct from his inward conviction. After the Peter incident, Paul took a radical stand for freedom from the Mosaic laws. The whole Jewish law was replaced by faith in Christ. After these events at Jerusalem and Antioch, Paul proposed to Barnabas to revisit the churches already established. Barnabas wanted to take Mark with him. Paul declined to do so, as he considered that Mark had shown fickleness during the last tour. This disagreement resulted in a division of labour between the two, Barnabas taking charge of Cyprus and Paul of the churches of the mainland. He took Silas with him, and founded many churches. The Galatian letter was addressed to these churches.

They marched to Phillippi, a Roman colony. Here it was that they met Lydia. She and her household were baptised. Another incident at Phillippi is that of the slave girl, who had a spirit of divination. She was a ventriloquist and through her art, she had gained much money for her master. The preaching of St. Paul and his companions appealed to her and she cried out after them that they were true men of God. But she could not break with her master, until one day Paul turned to her and released her mind from its bondage. Her masters prosecuted Paul and Silas, who were taken to Court, scourged and thrown into prison.

In the prison they prayed and preached. An earthquake took place, which shook the foundations of the prison and opened its doors. The Jailor thought that the prisoners had escaped and were about to commit suicide; but Paul cried out that they were there. The Jailor and his household were converted through

his preaching. The officials, learning of their Roman citizenship, released them.

It is interesting to note that Philippi was Paul's most loyal church. In his letter to the Philippians, he expressed his appreciation of their services, and his warm regard for them. From Philippi, Paul went to Thessalonica, a free city under Rome. St. Paul's epistle to the Thessalonians shows that most of the Thessalonian Christians were devout Greeks, not Jews, and he refers to their endurance and speaks of them as an example to all believers.

Paul next turned his attention to Corinth, which, being on the main route between Rome and Asia Minor and Syria, was a strategic centre of commerce and industry. He stayed with Aquilla and Priscilla, who were also tent-makers. With them he plied his trade for his living. Silas and Timothy joined him from Macedonia and they preached every Sunday to the Jews and the Greeks. Corinth was the personification of vice. The contrast between the actual life of the Corinthians and the nobility of the ideal preached by Paul, was as between earth and heaven. From Corinth, Paul sailed with Priscilla and Aquilla for Syria. He stopped for a short while at Ephesus, where he had a warm welcome. He left Priscilla and Aquilla at Ephesus and went to Antioch. This completed his second missionary journey of more than 2000 miles and of nearly three years duration, in which he had founded three important strategic centres at Phillippi, Thessalonica and Corinth.

He wrote his letter to the Galatians at Antioch. Then he departed from Antioch on his 3rd missionary journey. He went to Tarsus, then to the Phrygian cities of Antioch, and then to Ephesus, where he stopped for three years. It was here that he recruited Apollos, a follower of the teachings of John the Baptist. Paul made Ephesus the centre from which the Gospel spread through all the provinces of Asia Minor. Possibly, all the seven

churches of Asia Minor were founded at this time. During his stay at Ephesus, St. Paul became known as the friend of the people, the sick, and the mentally distressed. He confounded a party of exorcists, who were making money at Ephesus actually in the name of Jesus. The result was that there was a great stir and fear among the people. Paul wrote the first Epistle to the Corinthians at Ephesus. The shaking of faith in the Goddess Diana in this city brought about a decline of the trade of the silversmiths, who wrought the images of Diana. Demetrius, the chief one of them; stirred up a riot, which was quieted with much trouble.

Before Paul left Ephesus, he had news that Corinth was about to repudiate him. But he had, later, the good news of the church having been brought round into harmony and loyalty to him. This revived his spirit, and he wrote a letter of joy, and went through the cities of Macedonia. Then he went to Corinth, and wrote his letter to the Romans. He returned via Macedonia, accompanied by official carriers of constitutions for the churches. At Troas, Paul gave a discourse up to midnight. A young lad fell from a window on the third story, and died. Paul restored him to life. The whole party then broke bread and ate, and after talking up to day-break Paul departed. When the ship arrived at Miletus, he called the elders of Ephesus to meet him and bade them a touching farewell.

Then they sailed to Tyre, and stayed there seven days. The disciples at Tyre, fearing the dangers at Jerusalem, tried to dissuade Paul from going to Jerusalem, but with no effect. Paul's object in making the trip to Jerusalem was the unity of Christendom. But there was a serious clash. The orthodox Jews angered the Jerusalem Jews by spreading rumours. A riot ensued. Paul was dragged outside the temple, and would have been killed, had not the Roman

guard arrived in time to his rescue. The commander had him taken to the castle. The mob followed. Paul was allowed by the commander to address it. He retailed his previous life, his vision at Damascus, his conversion, his appointment for work among the Gentiles. On hearing the last part of the speech, the mob became uproarious again. Upon this, the commander had him taken into the castle and ordered him to be scourged, which was countermanded, as he was a born Roman. The next day, he was brought up before the chief Priests and the Council. He made his defence before them. When he said: "I have lived before God in all good conscience until this day," the High Priest gave command to smite him on the face. A division was caused between the Pharisees and Sadducees in the Council, and an uproar arose, whereupon the commander had him brought back to the castle. On the same night, Paul had a vision saying: "Be of good cheer; as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so thou must bear witness at Rome."

The Jews took a vow to kill him and made a plan for that purpose. However, Paul came to know of it and told the centurion. The latter decided upon his removal to the Roman Governor's residence at Cesaria, under an efficient escort. Felix was the Governor. After five days, a trial was held. But the case was kept dragging on for two years.

Felix was succeeded by Festus. This was in 58 A. D. He held the trial, and Paul appealed to Caesar. Festus granted the appeal.

Agrippa, the ruler of the neighbouring country, came to Cesaria at that time, and by his advice, Paul was sent to Rome. On account of the North-eastern wind, the ship sailed northward along the coast of Asia Minor, and then westward. At Myra, the whole company transhipped

into a ship sailing for Italy. Paul thought that it was dangerous to proceed further, as the season was advanced; but his advice was not heeded, and they sailed along Crete; then the south wind blew and a storm came on. For two months, they saw neither the sun by day nor the stars by night. The ship struck on the island of Malta and was wrecked. All the people, however, were saved. The barbarians of the place treated the wrecked men kindly and kindled a fire for them. Paul put some sticks into the fire, when a viper came out of them and twined round his hand. He shook it off into the fire. Paul cured the father of the chief of the neighbourhood of fever and dysentery. Hearing of this, many went to him for cures. The party remained there for three months and then set sail for the port of Rome.

Paul was two years in Rome. He first preached among the Jews. When he found them non-receptive, he turned to the Gentiles. He lived in his hired house, guarded only by a soldier. He had projected a visit to Spain. Some say he was acquitted at Rome, and went to Spain, but this is very doubtful. It is clear that Paul died in Rome, during the reign of Nero, probably not long after 61 A. D. His death was that of a martyr, as he was probably beheaded. The words of II Timothy 4-7-8 express his spirit, maintained up to the end.

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day, not to me alone, but also to all that have loved his appearing."

At his conversion, Christianity was a Jewish sect. At his death it was a world religion, and an international brotherhood.

T. P. K.

The Birth of Spring.

Urged by the light from overhead,
And the fond whisper of the breeze,
The little leaves that softly spread
Like pale green gauze upon the trees,
Their sweet, mysterious tales confess,
And lisp their new-found happiness.

For Spring has come; and in its wake
The perfumed breezes softly pass,
And with their swaying rhythm make
Deep ripples on the emerald grass,
On which the dewdrops seem to be
Like foam upon a sun-kissed sea.

And wide-eyed flowers gently raise
Their piquant heads all crowned with dew,
And with a rapturous wonder gaze,
At this bright world of beauties new;
And all the birds come out to sing
A cradle-song to the new-born Spring.

NURGESH KOTHAWALA,
BRUSSELS.

Friendly Talks

You have but to look within yourself.

WHAT are you searching for so anxiously, poor girl? You look for the usual marks of wheels and foot-prints on the sand, do you?

What are you listening to with rapt attention like this, my dear? You sharpen your ears to catch the dear sweet melody, do you?

Why do you weave now this garland with fresh flowers? Say, is it to worship Him as usual?

For whom have you kept your door wide open, with the lamp burning bright in the room? Is it to welcome Him when He would come?

For whom do you keep this vigil at night? Gazing with unwinking eyes, you wait in hope for Him, do you?

But it is all in vain, in vain, poor girl; for now He is gone, gone from you away.

In vain you try to find the marks of his visit; in vain you listen to catch the

sweet melody; in vain you weave your garland fresh; in vain you keep your door wide open; in vain you make your lamp burn bright;—in vain, in vain, these offerings fresh; for He is gone, gone from you now.

But why these deep-drawn sighs and flow of tears, my poor afflicted girl? Bewail not like this, my child; for "the seed of death was sown when man was born."

He came but to light this torch for

you, to rouse tender feelings in your bosom. His work is done and He is gone. He is gone to lighten the burden of others elsewhere.

You have but to look within yourself, poor girl; for there, by the help of the torch he has kindled, you will find your Lord in you and you in Him. Yes! for your longed-for goal of union, of peace and rest, you have but to look within yourself.

T. BHARATHI AMMA.

TUBERCULOSIS.

TUBERCULOSIS of the lungs is commonly known as consumption. This disease is caused by a specific organism called the *Tubercle bacillus*, which invades the lungs.

The tubercle bacilli attack not only the lungs, but also various other parts of the body such as the glands, the joints, the bones, the intestines; sometimes they give rise to abscesses.

Consumption is the commonest form of disease prevalent all over the world and especially in crowded cities; and it infects, not only human beings, but also cattle, parrots, chickens, and some kinds of turtle and fish.

The disease is spread by persons who suffer from it. The sputum of these individuals contains from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 millions (in 24 hours) of germs, which enter into the bodies of other persons, through the inhalation of air containing the dust of the dried sputum. The tubercle bacilli resist drying and therefore are found to be very active in the dust of rooms, railway carriages, public halls and streets, where people are in the habit of spitting. This type of the disease is called the human type. Milk is also a source of

infection. The milk of tuberculous cows contains a large number of germs, and the disease is transmitted to human beings especially to children, by the ingestion of the milk. This type of the disease is called the bovine type. 6 to 10 per cent of deaths in children are due to it.

The conditions, which favour the development of this disease, are of various kinds. One is predisposition resulting from local or general influences, which lower the powers of resistance of the whole human organism or of individual organs, and increase the probability of infection on exposure, by diminishing the natural resistance of the normal system. Among the general diseases thus acting are diabetes, infectious fevers such as typhoid, pneumonia etc., rheumatic fever, malarial fever, gonorrhoea, syphilis etc. Other depressive influences are certain injuries caused by falls and railway accidents, grief, disappointment, fear, shame, anxiety and unfavourable climate. Another group of causes, which can be included under the head of privation, are want of proper food, air, light, space, cleanliness of clothing, and recre-

ation. The third group of causes is included under the heading of excesses, such as over-eating, over-drinking, over-exercising, exhausting labour either physical or mental, leading to bodily or mental overstrain and over-fatigue, and too-frequent and rapidly-succeeding pregnancies.

The symptoms of this disease are:

1. Loss of strength, 2. indigestion, 3. loss of appetite, 4. anaemia, 5. fever generally at nights, 6. cough, very troublesome during the night and especially during the early hours of the morning, 7. expectoration of large quantities of sputum containing tubercle bacilli, 8. coughing of blood, 9. hoarseness of voice, 10. pain which can be referred to the lungs, 11. night-sweats, a common symptom of pulmonary tuberculosis, which, when present with the above symptoms always suggests the disease, 12. emaciation, which is a characteristic symptom from which tuberculosis derives its popular names of *consumption* and *phthisis*, 13. loss of weight even in the early stages of the disease.

The part of the lungs that is mostly affected is the apex. The right lung is more affected than the left. The tubercle bacilli generally settle at the apex of the lungs, because it is there that air cannot pass freely in ordinary breathing, and so the change that is produced passes easily from simple ulceration to cavity-formation. The disease is very common between the ages of 15 and 30, and the maximum number of deaths occur between the ages of 20 and 30 years.

Prevention is better than cure. But, before I come to this portion of the subject I should like to remind you of some of the old healthy customs, now dubbed orthodoxy, prevalent in India at one time. In the early morning, our ancestors were wont to clean their teeth and have a refreshing bath, after which they used to perform *suryanamaskaram* (sun-worship) before taking any food.

After their breakfast, which was nothing more than rice-gruel, without any of the present-day tea and coffee, they used to go out to attend to their daily work. On their return, they could not enter the house without cleaning their hands and feet, or even having another bath. The clothes that were used, when out of the house, were kept apart, and fresh clothes were used inside the house. And, the garments used during those days were so simple that the whole body enjoyed the benefits derived from the open air, the heat of the sun etc. Twice a month people fasted during the Ekadeshi days. All these customs were given religious significance, so that at least the fear of religion might make one and all observe them.

But alas, now we have given up all these, and their place is taken up by some foreign customs. Some of us now want bed-tea before cleaning our teeth. The house floors are covered with coir or rattan matting, under which gathers all the dust brought from outside by shoes or bare feet. Out-door clothes are not changed, the whole body is imprisoned within a cell of fashionable garments all the twenty-four hours, and so on.

Coming back to our subject, the patients who suffer from the disease should try to avoid infecting others. Inasmuch as the spray from the mouth may contain bacilli, when patients cough, they should hold in front of their mouth a cloth, which should be burnt subsequently. They should expectorate into paper-napkins or pocket-spittoons containing a disinfectant, and they should have their own eating utensils, which must be washed separately. They should avoid hand-shaking and kissing.

Persons, who are susceptible to the disease, or who come from tuberculous families, should pay strict attention to personal hygiene, by which is meant proper air, proper and timely food, proper bathing, proper exercise and rest, and avoidance of excess of all kinds. By

building up one's resistive powers and increasing the protective substances of the body, one renders less likely the occurrence of tuberculous disease, following a chance of tuberculous infection.

The most important general prophylactic measure is the education of the public, one of the great causes of consumption being the ignorance of the general public as to the nature and extent of the disease and its prevention and treatment. Campaigns of education should consequently be carried on by public Health Officials, anti-tuberculous societies and insurance companies. The distribution of suitable literature in the form of leaflets in different languages, to the public in general and to individual cases in particular, is necessary. The utilization of posters or bill-boards in public places all the year round, the employment of photographs and cinema films should be carried out by Government.

The administrative control of tuberculosis with compulsory notifications, enables health authorities to protect the public from tuberculosis. Tuberculous patients should be properly segregated in separate hospitals and sanatoria, while the fumigation and disinfection of rooms, that have been occupied by con-

sumptives is very necessary. Of equal importance is the demanding of hygienic conditions in houses, factories, workshops, stores, with reference to lighting, and ventilation etc.

The proper arrangement of a city with regard to the relative width of streets and the height of buildings, the laying-out of small parks, open spaces and children's playgrounds, are quite essential.

Finally, attention should be paid to the purity of food supplies, especially milk, the supervision of slaughter-houses, the regulation of the hours and conditions of labour; attention to school hygiene and establishment of open air schools and classes; the proper sweeping of streets, not only during Health Week Celebrations, but at all times, and the proper disposal of the refuse; the destruction of the fly; the cleaning daily of railway carriages, cars, and other vehicles used by the public. This dreaded disease of tuberculosis, the *white plague* as it is called, is proving itself a terrible menace to the world. It is the duty, therefore, of every sentient human being to do all that is possible to combat it and check its ravages.

SREENIVASA BHANDARKAR.

Society Snaps.

By Herbert Porter.

(1) *The Climbers and the Fog.*

A party of tourists set out one bright morning, to climb a very high and noted mountain. They had great hopes of reaching the summit before nightfall, so that they might have the satisfaction of the commanding view obtainable from the top, when the sun should rise the

following morning. After a long and weary climb, they were all within reach of their destination, when a thick fog set in and completely enveloped the whole party in impenetrable blackness, so that they dared not to move another yard for fear of accident, for the ascent was precipitous and treacherous. So they spent the night

cold and shivering, and, when, the fog lifted, they discovered that the sun had already risen.

Moral: What Bacon said to the fishermen is very applicable here. Saith he, "Well, my masters, then I'll tell you, hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper."

(2) *The Farmer and the Donkey.*

One fine mornidg, a farmer, strolling along a country lane, met a fellow driving a donkey to market. "How much for the beast?" asked the farmer. "Three pounds is my selling price," said the man. Whereupon the farmer, thinking he had struck a good bargain, wrote out a cheque for the amount demanded, and, handing it to the fellow, proceeded to drive the animal home. When at their destination—having a good field full of rich pasture, the farmer turned the donkey in and left it to enjoy the fodder. In half-an-hour, the purchaser returned with a farmer friend, to discuss the donkey's meritorious points of build and its capacity for work,

On arrival, they found that the donkey had jumped the hedge, and was solemnly staring at them from the next field. Together, they drove it back; but, immediately, it gave several high kicks and again jumped the hedge. This process was repeated many times, but, despite coaxings and latherings, the donkey still leapt over the hedge. Then the farmer harnessed it, and yoked it into the cart, and sent his lad with it round the village, selling fruits and vegetables. "Fine worker!" said the lad on his return, leading the donkey into the field. But immediately it was released, it again jumped into the next field. So the farmer left it there, and, the following day, after its labours were finished, put it into the wrong field. Whereupon, the donkey jumped into the right one. Thus the farmer's dilemma was solved.

Moral: Stupidity is a fine worker; but, though you batter out its brains, it will not be conquered. You can be master of it by tact alone.

Children's Pages

(1) *Our Serial Story.*

Dr. Vikram's Children.

[Dr. Vikram has six children, who have grown up happily together under the care of efficient parents. The children's names are Mohini, Rukmini, Secta, Vasant, Raji and Babu. The girls had a grand doll's marriage, which was somewhat spoilt by their brother.]

CHAPTER X.

THE SPARROW ROOM.

"Mohun; Mohun" shouted Vasant running and out of breath in search of his brother, "there is a sparrow in the Sparrow Room; come quickly".

The Sparrow Room was at the farthest extremity of a long verandah. As it was in a somewhat dilapidated condition, with great cracks in the walls and mortar coming off in patches, with the pavement of the floor all broken, and the roof full of holes, it was not much used by the Vik-

ram family, though a first-rate view could be commanded through its bamboo latticed windows, of far-off gardens and tree-embowered cottages. This room, however, was the haunt of sparrows which lived on the trees that grew in the compound. One particular tree, an *albizzia lebbek*, growing close to one of the windows, through which some of its green tufted twigs peeped, rocked on its boughs not less than half-a-dozen noisy sparrows. But the sparrow club or rendezvous was the antique room, on the window-sills of which these little dandies hopped, making their way through the lattice. There they set up such a chatter and clamour that one was forced to wonder whether sparrow club affairs could not be discussed without wrangling. Nor did the members of this society seem to be satisfied with one decent perch at a time, as was clearly evident by the way they tried each window sill a number of times. The lattice work was coated with filth and slime, and heaps of small downy feathers lay scattered all about. Sometimes, a pert little sparrow's ambition soared so high that the individual in question would be satisfied with nothing less elevated than a broken rafter in the ceiling. The feathery intruders were seldom disturbed, save when the children's interest in bird science caused them to conduct research work in the Sparrow Room from time to time. So was it this particular afternoon.

Mohun rushed into the room with a towel in his hand calling on Vasant to follow him and bursting into an impatient, "What a duffer you are, Vasant. Surely you ought to have been born a girl," when his brother displayed his usual timidity and nervousness.

Banging the door behind him, Mohun found himself alone in the room. He chased the sparrow from perch to perch, flapping the towel at it. The little bird fluttered round and round the room and tried to dart through the lattice for escape, but its hunter was upon it quick and sent it back into the room to make ano-

ther struggle for liberty. At last, utterly exhausted, the poor bird sank on the ground, making no greater efforts to fly than a feeble flapping of wings, and hopping a few inches languidly. Mohun easily caught it. He tenderly stroked its feathers and bore off the prize, all flushed with triumph to show to his sisters and brothers.

The girls made a cosy nest for their little pet in a wicker basket, lined with cotton straw and feathers. They placed a few grains of rice before the sparrow for its dinner, but the bird refused to eat. Then, the children gently opened its beak and fed it, afterwards letting down some drops of water into its throat and getting frightened whenever the bird shook its head, seeming to be struggling for breath. When night came, the children put the sparrow to bed in a snug nest, which they suspended from a lantern hook in the roof for fear of some cat making a meal of the little prisoner.

The next morning the children took the basket down to give a feed to their little guest, but what was their remorse when they found the poor bird quite dead?

A rectangular piece of dealwood plank, which had once formed a side of a small package box, was now hit upon for serving the purpose of a bier, for the children had decided upon full burial honours for the dead captive. The bird was laid on this plank and covered with a pall, strewn profusely with flowers, and the funeral procession headed for the *albizzia lebbek*. Vasant, who was chief undertaker, had dug a grave under the window at the foot of the tree. After the body was lowered into the pit and covered with earth, he raised a mound over it. The two big sisters plastered the tomb with ornamental red clay and decorated it with gleaming white *kolams*. Little Babu and his favourite sister Raji laid floral tributes on the mound. Mohun built a monument, bearing a card-board epitaph with these words inscribed,

"Here rests a little cock-sparrow who

departed this life suddenly on account of heart-failure."

A something small, whitish and oval in shape fell at Vasant's feet and broke, and the mourners immediately forgot their grief.

"Dear me, what can this thing be!" exclaimed the boy shrinking away from the object.

"Pick it up and see, Vasant," instructed Rukmini.

"You had better do it yourself please," replied the boy as a slight shiver passed through his frame. "Ugh," it makes my flesh creep."

"I won't touch it for my life," said Rukmini and shuddered.

"Nor will I," cried Seeta.

Raji and Babu came scampering to the spot with unhesitating intention, not only to pick up the object, but likewise prepared to examine, analyse and subject it to various other processes. Mohun peremptorily waved them off and kneeling close to the object he put his eyes as near it as possible and shouted.

"Why it is nothing worse than a sparrow's egg. I can see the chick half formed. But, of course, it is dead."

Rukmini turned the egg over with a dry twig and everybody could now make it out clearly. Then the children instinctively looked up. Vasant's sharp eye caught sight of a few blades of straw sticking out from a hole near the eaves.

"There lies a sparrow's nest. I have discovered it," cried he, clapping his hands in glee.

Mohun ran for a ladder.

"Mohun, Mohun, don't destroy the nest or the fledglings," cried Rukmini. "It would be such a sin."

With the recent tragedy fresh in his mind, her brother answered,

"I am not going to meddle with it. I only want to see how the nest looks inside."

When the ladder came, Mohun and Seeta climbed up, one after another. Rukmini was too much of a lady to follow

the example of a tomboy like her sister, and Vasant too nervous and timid. Raji and Babu tried one or two rungs, but they had to reckon with their eldest brother and give up the task.

(To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) *Gathering Flowers in May.*

The month of May is in;
Children flock between
The daisies blooming blithe,
And the lilies tall and lithe.
We hear their voices ring,
And posies they do bring;
They praise the month of May
For it brings them joy and play.

A little stream runs by,
With fairies dancing high,
Where the lazy poppies grow,
Laughing as they blow.

MRINAL COOMARI GHOSE.

(3) *Our Letter to our young people.*

DEAR CHILDREN,—I wonder how many of you have read the 13th Chapter of the First book of Corinthians in the Bible? It is a beautiful chapter, and I have just been reading a book called *The greatest thing in the world* by Henry Drummond, in which this chapter of St. Paul's is explained, and the author shows us how the Apostle contrasted, analysed and defended Love. In the first part, Love is contrasted with eloquence. Of what use are the most inspired words to us, if there is no love behind them? Next, it is compared to prophecy and faith, which are both useless without love; then with charity and sacrifice, which can do no good, without a basis of love beneath good deeds.

Then, Love is analysed, and is said to be patient, kind, generous, humble, courteous, unselfish, good-tempered, guileless and sincere.

Lastly, love is defined, and is said to last above everything else, for "love never faileth."

It will be a good idea for you to read this beautiful chapter of St. Paul's, often, think over it, and realise its meaning fully. Henry Drummond says that a man read it once a week for three months and it changed his whole life. It will help you a great deal in your daily conduct, for, if you learn to love, you will have achieved the chief thing in life, "For God is Love."

Now, I must talk about something else. We intend starting a new competition corner for you, children; and if we have enough satisfactory answers to the one we are publishing this month, we may think of offering a prize later.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

(4) Our Competition corner for Children.

Each series of letters in the following *Anagram* competition makes up the name of a town in India. Write your answers clearly, and send them to the Editor, *The Indian Ladies' Magazine*, Cannanore. No Prizes are offered for this competition; but if enough answers are received, we think of offering a Prize for later competitions. The closing date for answers is October 15th. They must be worked out by children under 15 alone; and must be so guaranteed by an adult relation.

Indian Town Anagram competition

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. TUALCCAT | 4. LEDIH |
| 2. ROSMEY | 5. ANDHIAUL |
| 3. DBAAHAALL | 6. RDSAAM |

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

BY PUNKAJAM

The Woman Speaker

THE audience was hushed and silent, as it listened to the Indian Lady on the platform, who spoke in a clear voice. She seemed to have a message to give to them. She was entirely unconscious of herself, for she was thoroughly absorbed in what she was saying. Dressed in her pale blue and silver sari, she looked beautiful, as she stood there, earnestly talking to the uplifted faces below her; but it was not her beauty that attracted the audience so much, as the sincerity and truth that was so evident in her manner of speaking and in her clear sparkling eyes. Yes, she spoke with her heart and soul; and knew no such thing as nervousness, for she thought not of herself, but of others.

Such Indian women speakers are not rare in the India of today; for it is a time of transition, when the old order is

changing to a new order of liberty and freedom for women, and India's daughters feel inspired to speak for their rights. There are some women, however, who speak merely because they wish to be prominent and make a name, women who leave their homes, and go from town to town, speaking platitudes and common generalities. Such women do not inspire their audiences, because they are not sincere or true. Such women have not been gifted with the power to be able to speak. They merely force themselves to utter a few words. It is better for such women, I feel, to keep in the back-ground, and not undertake a thing they cannot do well.

Let us hope, however, that the number of good Indian women speakers will rapidly increase, for, what better method is there for the uneducated to learn, than to listen to an educated inspired sister?

A Chess Page.

By Bharadwaja.

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The Pawn. The pawn has been said to be the least valuable of the pieces, but at times, in the course of the game, it assumes such an air of importance that even the Queen and the major pieces seem literally to crumble before the organised onslaught of a series of pawns on the opposing king. The pawn has been known to have saved situations, and, like the Indian Marwadi, exemplifies the Tamil proverb. "Even the small straw is useful as a tooth-pick."

A few phrases about the pawn have been adopted in the International Chess code.

Doubled Pawn. Sometimes by the capture of an adversary, a pawn may go over a pawn of the same colour on the same file. The pawn in front is called a doubled pawn. A doubled pawn is not always disadvantageous, if a series of links are created to protect it. It is not wise, however, to have a doubled pawn in front of a rook, but the King's file can be so strengthened.

A passed Pawn. If a pawn has an uninterrupted march on its file without meeting an adversary, it is called a passed pawn.

An isolated Pawn is a pawn standing alone unsupported or protected by other pawns.

Marked Pawn or Pion Coiffe. This has been the favourite of Indian players from time immemorial. It is almost a challenge thrown by an expert to checkmate the adversary with a pawn which has been named by the player. The

marked pawn cannot be promoted and if it is captured the adversary loses the game to the opponent. The King Knight's Pawn is usually so used.

Taking a Pawn *en passant*, or in passing. This is a privilege as we have seen, possessed by any of the pawns under some circumstances:—If a pawn, say of the white colour, stands upon a fifth square, say King's fifth file counting from the white side, and a black pawn moves from the black side to the Queen's fourth square, or the King Bishop's fourth square, counting from the black side, the white pawn can take the black pawn *en passant*. For the purpose of such capture, the latter is dealt with as though it had only moved to the Queen's third file, or King Bishop's third, and the white pawn taking it diagonally occupies the square the captured pawn would have reached, had it moved but one square. The capture can be made only on the move immediately succeeding that of the pawn to be captured.

Notes about chess. All Chess lovers are invited to join the "National Chess League". The subscription is a nominal 4 annas per annum or 3/- for life. The secretary, Mr R. C. S. Iyer, Orientalist, Chidambaram will be glad to furnish all information and will send the league papers to all who join.

The International Chess code may be had for a nominal price of two annas from him. Ladies are admitted free as members. Correspondence game charts can be had free from Bharadwaja, or from the Secretary. In all cases, apply with the coupon attached to *My Magazine*.

The earliest known writer on Chess was the Spaniard, Ruy Lopez de Segura. In the middle of the 18th century, Francois Andre Danican Philidor inaugurated a new era in chess. He travelled much, published a book *Analyse des echecs* which went through many editions and was translated into several languages, and revived the blind-fold chess play, which was in vogue in Persia and Arabia in the 11th century.

The English School of Chess began about the beginning of the 19th century, and Sarrat was its first leader. The next prominent player and author is Howard Staunton.

Paul Murphy, the American, has seldom been surpassed as a chess player in his own time.

All the leading countries of Europe and America have organised Chess Associ-

ations, and are holding titles to world-fame and celebrity. The great universities of Oxford and Cambridge have been holding Chess Matches annually between them, since 1873. The literature on the game has grown enormously, and shows on signs of abatement.

What then is the fascination of Chess?

The answer lies in the intrinsic merit of the game itself. The Great War was said to have been fought by Generals sitting in the confines of their rooms, with the map of Europe in front of them, and issuing instructions to the army in the field. To them, the vast army was but the pieces on a chess-board; and their fortunes rose and fell according to correct and faulty moves, while the whole world watched and waited.

(To be continued)

Our London Letter.

By S. M. Telkar.

MAHATMA GANDHI AND MISS MURIEL LESTER:—Mahatma Gandhi will be the guest of Miss Muriel Lester at Kingsley Hall. It will be remembered that recently Lester stayed with Mahatmaji in his Indian home, where she had an opportunity to gather material for her book, "My Host, the Hindu" (Williams and Norgate) which deals with social conditions in India today and gives a restrained and sympathetic account of Gandhi as a private individual and also of his political aims and ideals. Miss Lester is a well-known Christian social worker of the East End of London. Kingsley Hall is in the East End and, in it, India's reverend Leader, the Mahatma, will reside not only as the guest of Miss Lester, but

also as an honoured guest of the poorer class.

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU AS A DELEGATE TO THE R. T. C:—As I was just turning the pages of Yesterday's "News-Chronicle", I was surprised to notice in it a very charming and happy photograph of India's Nightingale. The "News-Chronicle" gives a very graphic account of this talented singer. I do not think personally that there is one English woman to compare with our Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in her own sphere. England has intellectual women. She has orators and politicians; musicians and singers; writers and stage stars; nay she has cultured women working efficiently in every department of human life. But I cannot see one

woman fully endowed with all the gifts of Mrs. Sarojini. I say this because I feel that it is high time for us to set the world ablaze with the news of the intellectual and moral power of India's daughters. Catherine Mayo's silly book on India has done great harm to the pure and chaste name of India and her daughters and the honourable pride and glory of ancient Hindustan. Mrs. Sarojini is capable of bringing home to the English people India's true sense of duty and her glorious traditions. England needs a spiritual messenger from the East. Mrs. Naidu, I am confident, is fit to be such a one.

LADY TATA MEMORIAL IN CANTON HALL:—Recently there was a meeting held in the Canton Hall, London, in memory of Lady Tata. Among those present were: The Sahibzada Basalat Jah of Hyderabad, Lord Sinha, Sir Dinsha and Lady Mulla, Mrs Howard Ferguson, Sir Thomas and Lady Strangman, Sir Edward and Lady Boyle, the Dowager Lady Boyle, Mr and Mrs W. J. Prendergast, Lady Ratan Tata, Lady Tristram Eve, Lady Hartog, Lady Ramsay, Alice Lady Hayes, Miss Norah Green, Mrs F. T. Boyce (representing the National Council of Women of the U. S. A.), the Hon. Mrs Franklin, and Major and Mrs. Lockwood Stevens.

Lady Aberdeen, who presided on this occasion, paid a glowing tribute to one who had made a universal name as a true daughter of MOTHER INDIA. Lady Tata had been an active worker in the International Council of Women. As a founder of the National Council of Women in India, Lady Tata had been well-known. She had attended the meetings of the International Council, at Geneva, London, Vienna and elsewhere, as the leader of a delegation of Indian women.

Sir M. M. Bhavnaga read tributes from the Maharaja of Kapurthala, Mr. Benn, Lady Sykes (wife of the governor of Bombay), the Dowager Maharanee of Cooch

Behar, Lord Sydenham, Lady Simon, Sir Stanley Reed, and Sir Benjamin Robertson. Lt. Col. Sir Leslie Wilson moved a resolution expressing sorrow at the untimely death of Lady Dorab Tata. The Maharaja of Burdwan seconded the motion.

TIT-BITS FROM THE WORLD'S CORNERS: In the King's Cup race (flying) Miss S. J. Crossley, was the only one of the six women entered to complete the course.

Mlle. Maryse Bastie broke the light Plane record of 2,655 Km. held by the U. S. A., with her flight of 2,889 Km. from Le. Bourget to Prino, near Nizhni Novgorod.

Lady Buxton, presiding over a meeting of women from all over the Empire, in connection with the British Social Hygiene Council, said, "the future of civilisation rests with us". She considered that every woman going to the outer parts of the Empire should think it part of her responsibility, not only to keep house, but to take an intelligent interest in the native women, with "whom we have really a great deal in common."

A London policewoman on point duty caused surprise at King's-Cross. She suddenly took up her position at the busy crossing, and, although motorists were taken aback to see a woman directing the lines of traffic, they found she did so efficiently.

Fraulein Erika von Thellmann, the Berlin opera dancer, has been granted a patent entitling her to describe herself as "Official dancer to the President."

The "Daily Herald" reports that Madame Krynin, wife of professor Dmitri Krynin, of Yale University, is living in a "drab little room on the fourth floor" of "a large, bleak lodging house in the heart of Moscow" She is not allowed to leave Moscow to join her husband. Lady Astor, it is believed, is trying to secure her liberation in order that she may join her husband in America.

Miss M. Orpen, a London clerk, was

awarded £5000 by the Court in the recent action brought by her, against Sunday Cinemas. Later, she completely renounced this sum.

Our Fashion Suggestions:

Some of the latest fashions can well be adapted into our Indian costumes. The new colour mixtures for instance can sometimes be used; it seems to be the fashion to have three-colour, or two-colour details, in everything. This can well be adapted into the blouse and *sari* scheme, as we have several times pointed out; only it will be better to have the details perfect. Black with colours like pale pink, blue or biscuit; all shades of white, with different colours; different colours mixed up in prints, all will be charming. We have an instance in the shot-silk *saris* of two colours, with a border of a different neutral shade, now in fashion.

It will be pleasant, I think, to vary the neck-line sometimes in our blouses. The high collar, coming closely round the throat, will suit the slender neck. The cowl line may not be quite suitable to

the *sari*; but sometimes a well-fitting flat collar will look well. Trimmings can be greatly varied, seeing so many new stitchings are coming in. Rows of stitching in plain stitch will do well for borders, or for sleeve-ends. Sometimes crochet insertions in fancy stitches and in different colours can be introduced. Little tucks also, either done horizontally or vertically, will be fine as a border, the former especially, if the *sari* cloth is more than usually wide. Trimmings are often done in three colours. Red, white and blue; brown, yellow and orange; green, red and blue; purple, mauve and grey; pink, grey and mauve, can all be used. The only point to remember is that the best effect can be produced more by quiet harmonious *matching*, in colours as well as in all details, than by gorgeous dressing and flaunting fashion.

SISTER SUSIE.

Household Hints.

Many houses in India, are infested with flies, and housewives take them as inevitable, and do not exert themselves to fight these little obnoxious creatures. Some houses, however, are most extraordinarily free from them, because of the eternal battle which is fought against them. This fact shows that human beings, when they use their intelligence and energy, can be victorious over most things. It is mere carelessness and slackness on the part of the housewife to allow house flies to get the upper hand. That flies are the cause of innumerable infectious diseases has now become a well-known fact, and still, they are allowed in some houses to rest on eatables. The

sooner every Indian woman, poor or rich married or unmarried, learns to war against flies, the better will it be for the nation.

The other day, I came across some interesting hints to get rid of flies in the *Madras Mail*, and I thought it would be a good idea to repeat them here. It says that dust bins should be particularly taken care of. They should be washed carefully with hot-water every week, and when dry, they should be lined with news-paper and sprinkled with carbolic powder. All dust-bins should have lids to fit them, and servants should be told that these lids must be always replaced, after rubbish is thrown into the bin. The

safest way of keeping off flies is to burn vegetable and food waste before throwing it into the dust-bin.

Chloride of lime should be sprinkled on manure or garbage in the garden.

Flies can also be kept out by sprinkling lavender water occasionally in a room, or spraying a few drops of oil of lavender near a window.

Paddy

Our Furnishing Suggestions:

We have been considering hitherto the houses of more or less the well-to-do classes of India. It is they, who can usually afford several rooms, each of which can be put to its own particular use. Those, who are poorer, can have usually only one or two rooms and perhaps a verandah. Everything has to be done in just one room or two; and it is a miracle to see sometimes how well-arranged and clean and neat everything can be in a cramped space. But sometimes it happens that, even in well-to-do houses, our people don't know how to manage. The Indian's habit is usually not to divide up rooms for their proper uses. So, we find one or two rooms doing the duty of several. We find clothes hung all over the house to air or dry. This leaves a peculiar aroma of old clothes in the air, as well as giving an idea of untidiness. A friend of mine and I were talking over this matter one day, and she told me with great pride that she had made special arrangements in her own house for drying clothes. I was all agog to see them. But, what was my surprise when I found that these meant just wire lines hung neatly all round the principal room, something like a picture-rail, only

well away from the wall. One often sees also men shaving everywhere, sometimes bringing out their shaving things from their special rooms. Then also, cooking is sometimes done in the house itself, though there may be separate kitchen quarters. I have seen actually smoke coming out of the roof of the chief room of nice English designed houses; and very often walls are unnecessarily blackened by smoke. Then again, rolls of bedding are kept anywhere and everywhere; of course, it is pleasant in India to sleep out in the verandah, but then the bedding can be kept away. Then again, very seldom is a guest provided with separate accommodation, but is expected to share the general arrangements, and the guest usually thinks this is quite right. All this is good in a way and traditionally right in India. It is also nice to be together in one's various avocations; moreover, too much conventionality in one's household is not desirable. But still, for those who can afford it, it will be pleasant to observe the maxim to have everything in its own place and time. System and order can be combined with comfort and friendliness. Can't it?

HOME DECORATOR.

Correspondence Columns.

(1) Scholarships for Women.

Dear Madam:

I shall be grateful if you will please insert the enclosed notice in your esteemed journal for the benefit of the public. I am anxious that these scholarships should be known as widely as possible, and I shall appreciate your co-operation in this matter.

Yours faithfully,
V. M. Ilahibaksh,

Mrs. V. M. Ilahibaksh, Chairman,
Barbour Scholarship Advisory Committee
in India.

LEVI BARBOUR SCHOLARSHIPS FOR ORIENTAL WOMEN.

The Barbour Scholarships, yielding \$800 each per annum, plus University fees, are awarded annually upon a basis of merit by a committee of the Michigan University. The character of the candidate, her physical fitness, her scholastic attainment, her fitness for university work, including the ability to use the English language for study and classroom purposes, marked ability in some special field, and her desire to return to her native land for service after suitable preparation shall have been made, are the chief factors considered by the committee in making appointments. Preference is given to applicants, who are graduates of Oriental Colleges. The awards are made annually, about December, to take effect at the beginning of the autumn term in September. The Scholarships are renewable at the discretion of the committee, whose policy has been to reappoint scholars doing creditable work, until their selected courses are completed.

All courses of instruction offered at the University of Michigan are open to women students, and the Barbour Scholarships are not limited to women pursuing any particular course of study.

The scholarships are open to women of any Oriental nationality, no definite number being allotted to any one country. No race restrictions, nor religious requirements, are imposed. Married women are not eligible, except by special action of the committee.

Further information and application forms can be secured from Mrs. V. M. Ilahibaksh, Chairman, Barbour Scholarship Advisory Committee in India, Y. M. C. A., Naini Tal, U. P.

(2) Does India Approve of Cruelty to Monkeys?

Dear Mrs. Satthiahathan,

Circumstances have brought me into direct contact with a harrowing section of India's export trade, which needs to be brought to the notice of Indian people, so that public action may be taken thereon which will put an end to untold cruelty and suffering.

Various reasons caused me to choose a cargo ship of a reputable American firm, on which to travel direct to New York. It caters comfortably for about a dozen passengers. When I joined the ship at Colombo in the last days of May, I found two Indian young men among my fellow passengers. Conversation at dinner the first night brought to light the fact that a large number of monkeys and small birds have been dying daily on the ship between Calcutta and Colombo. I found that part of the cargo was a consignment (in charge of one of the Indian young men) of over 300 monkeys and 5,000 pretty small birds. There had also been two tiger cubs and a full-sized Hanuman monkey, but these had died the previous day. The consignment had been sent by a dealer in animals in Karachi, who had secured the capture of five hundred (500) monkeys from the jungle country near Lucknow. During their transit

to the dock in Calcutta, two of the crated carts got broken and two hundred (200) of the monkeys escaped.

The sufferings of the remaining 300 must have been terrible during a heavy storm encountered between Calcutta and Ceylon. Each monkey is allotted only one cubic foot of space. Eighteen are crowded into each crated cage. Over fifty died, partly owing to sea sickness, partly owing to lack of their usual food and of sufficient fresh air. As many as two thousand five hundred of the little birds also died. Their conditions were somewhat improved at Colombo and the mortality rate decreased, but when I saw them the cruelty of huddling these innocent wild creatures together in practical darkness for almost two months, in addition to all their other sufferings, wrung my heart.

I learnt that there is a regular traffic in monkeys between India and America, and that sometimes the conditions of their transit are even worse than what I personally saw. On one trip, I was informed that 87 (eighty-seven) monkeys died in one day in the scorching heat of the Red Sea. Action had been successfully taken against the dealers in certain instances, by the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to animals, because of unhygienic conditions at docks connected with the consignments. But, while this export trade is allowed at all, the infliction of intense suffering and death on these wild, tropical creatures is inseparable from it.

This however is but one aspect of the case. It is only to meet a worse fate that the monkeys go through all this suffering. They have been bought by New York dealers as victims for the laboratories of vivisection and for the supply of monkey

glands for the new fashion in medicine connected with thyroid glands.

Will India allow the tribe of Hanuman to be so exploited and tortured, in order to put money into the pockets of a few callous or unthinking business men? Do Indian men and women want this murderous traffic to stain the good name of non-violent, "ahimsa" India?

A Law, which will make the export of such creatures illegal, is the only method of preventing the continuance of these cruelties. All India applauded when Her Royal Highness the Maharani of Travancore passed a law prohibiting the sacrifice of animals in any of the temples of her State. Will not some one thoroughly investigate into this heartless sacrifice of monkeys, birds and other creatures on the altars of commerce, and secure its abolition?

I appeal to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; I appeal to followers of the Hindu religion, which acknowledges with gratitude the help of Hanuman and his tribe to Rama and Sita; I appeal to the All-India Women's Conference for Social Reform and other Women's Societies; I appeal to humane-spirited Members of the Legislative Assembly and Legislative Councils; and I appeal to the gentle, kindly Indian public, all to combine and work to get a new Law passed, which will prohibit the export of monkeys and birds for commercial purposes, because of the intense suffering inseparable from their transit and later fate.

Yours faithfully,

Margaret E. Cousins,

International Representative of the
Women's Indian Association.

Book Reviews.

1. *Personal Hygiene*, by Shri Yogen-dra—Scientific Yoga series, Post Box 481, Bombay, Price Rs. 10.

The book is a valuable one and claims to tell us "exactly how to live in conformity with the laws of Nature. It aims to keep you well and make you physically and mentally more efficient." It contains some valuable chapters; and has 31 illustrations. Critics have voted that it has "successfully met the challenge of chemical and laboratory tests". In this connection, one must note what was said in *Health* about Yoga physical culture:

"Yoga the ancient Oriental system of Physical Culture has been used by the Indians since ages. The *yogi*, whose sole aim is spiritual advancement, realised that it was impossible without a firm foundation of perfect health. They also realized that development of the external muscles does not warrant perfect health, but that it was the strength of the internal musculature which accounts for it. So they evolved a system to that end and the

yogic system of physical culture was the result."

An American physical instructor says of the same:

"The perfection of internal development is best achieved by the East Indian student of body-building. They build those smooth silky muscles, which for all-round efficiency are far superior to the knotty, highly contracted type. We know internal strength is responsible for external strength, but we also know that external strength is no guarantee for internal strength."

2. *Books about Germany.*

Mr. K. P. P. Tamov of Trivandrum has recently been sent some beautifully-illustrated booklets about Germany, published by the Reichsbahnzentrale für den Deutschen Reiseverkehr, Potsdamer Privatstrasse 121 b, Berlin W. 35. The series about *Artists and art* and *All about music* are most instructive and interesting. There are also fine guide books, such as *Along the Rhine to the Alps*.

Cookery Notes

(TRANSLATED)

(1) BAESAN LADU

Take 12 palams of ghee and heat in a clean iron pot placed in an oven. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ measure of Bengal-gram flour into the melted ghee and stir well until it gets thoroughly fried. Then take $\frac{1}{8}$ measure of good milk and mix little by little, with the fried flour, stirring at the same time with a spoon. By this process, the flour in the iron pot becomes soft and loose. Remove the pot from the oven. Finally add;—

- (a) 24 palams of white sugar.
- (b) $2\frac{1}{2}$ palams of almond, blanched and cut into small pieces.
- (c) $2\frac{1}{2}$ palams of sugar-candy and (d) $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of cardamom-powder, and mix them all well with a spoon. With this mixture, prepare the round cakes or Ladus of the size required.

(2) DONGER-FLOUR CURD PACHCHADI
Donger-flour is prepared (1) by drying in the hot sun some quantity of split, black gram after removing the outer layer

and then (2) by grinding the above into fine flour. Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ measure of good curds in a tin-coated brass vessel with a broad mouth, and churn well. Add $\frac{3}{8}$ palam of powdered common salt, take $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of green chilies and cut them into small pieces after removing the stems and squeeze the chilies gently into the curds. Add the lime-juice of one big lime. Add 1 palam of donger-flour to the above solu-

tion and stir well with a spoon.

Lastly take $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of ghee in an iron spoon and put into it, $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of chilies cut into small pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of mustard seed, $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of black gram split, and $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of Bengal gram split, and heat until the hissing noises subside. Then pour the same into the curd preparation mentioned above.

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER.

Health Notes

Why White Bread is Harmful.

It is not what white flour contains that makes it less valuable than whole wheat flour, but what it does not contain. White flour contains only one-fourth or one-fifth as much iron as whole wheat, it has been robbed of nearly all of its phosphorus, so necessary for bones and nerves, and most of the iodine in the wheat fails to appear in the white flour. In short, about seventy-five per cent. of the precious mineral content of the wheat is missing in the white flour, and most of the vitamins have disappeared. And the whiter the flour the more complete has been the removal of the bran, the cellulose, so necessary for the best functioning of the bowels.

It is declared that deficiencies of white flour can be met by the use of protective foods—whole milk, fruits, vegetables. And this is true if one doesn't eat too much white bread and eats enough of the protective foods—and is able to digest and assimilate all.

But when one-third of the diet consists of white bread, in addition to other foods that need to be balanced with protective foods, many families can't afford to buy enough good milk, fruit and vegetables to balance all their white bread, white sugar, and other devitalized foods

that form so large a part of their diet. And besides, the human digestive organs are not always able to handle such quantities of food.

White bread is a kind of dog-in-the-manger: it displaces foods that can do the work that white bread cannot do. And, so long as we make such a large use of bread, the robbing it of its vitality is, to say the least, a great mistake. The better way is to let our bread be a real staff of life by using the delicious whole wheat bread, with all its life-giving elements, along with other natural health-building foods.

When white bread forms a large part of a people's diet, it creates a real problem; for pellagra is caused by a deficient diet such as denatured cereals, sugars, and fats.—*Good Health*.

Fighting Air Germs with Sunlight.

Some years ago the editor of *Good Health* called attention to the importance attached to the color of the walls of living rooms. The views presented were based upon experiments in raising plants in different-colored rooms. It was found that plants grew well in rooms painted white or in light colors and had plenty of green chlorophyll in their leaves, whereas plants grown in rooms with

walls painted black or in dark-colors, produced leaves almost colourless.—*Health.*

Reading—A Form of Medicine.

Some patients, who have never formed reading habits, learn to enjoy books when they are ill. It takes tact and perseverance to overcome the non-reading complex. In a Middle-West hospital, a doctor made out a blank prescription recommend-

ing for John Jones "light reading, one-half hour three times daily, after meals." And this patient was induced to read in this way. The plan would not work, however, with a morose, self-contained individual, who has read all his life but is now too depressed to open a book. A more indirect method is required to seek out his pet interests and inveigle him into taking them up.—*Good Health.*

Needlework Notes.

(Selected.)



From the *Parents' Magazine.*

News and Notes

(SELECTED.)

DIVORCE ACT IN INDIA

It is understood that an amendment of the Indian Divorce Act is under contemplation and that the views of various Christian communities and leaders are being ascertained.

The proposals are intended to bring the Indian Act in conformity with English Law, especially the amendment of Section 10, so as to give the wife the right to sue a husband of Indian domicile for divorce on the ground of misconduct alone.

It is understood that leaders of the Anglo-Indian community in the United Provinces support the proposals, and that they further urge amendment of Section 57, to enable the remarriage of divorced parties immediately after confirmation of a *decree nisi*, or after it is made absolute, instead of waiting for six months more, as under the present law.

The Y. W. C. A. of London is to be congratulated in having secured the services of Miss Kenny for ten years in the Lahore Y. W. C. A. She is head of the St. John's Hostel, Great Western Road, Westbourne Park, London, W. 9., founded by the late Lady Knnaird and now under the management of the London Association. The Hostel has suitable rooms for friends returning from India, and they will receive a warm welcome from Miss Kenny.

SHORTAGE OF NURSES IN ENGLAND

A picture of the conditions in which nurses in British hospitals pass their working lives is given in an interim report of the Lancet Commission on Nursing, appointed under the Chairmanship of Lord Crawford, to consider the shortage of hospital nurses and suggest ways of making the service more attractive.

The report consists of a summary com-

piled by the Statistician, Mr. Bradford Hill, of the replies of 686 institutions employing 40,000 nurses, to a questionnaire sent to representative hospitals in England and Wales.

Mr. Hill finds that roughly one-fifth of all hospitals fail to secure suitable candidates as Sisters, and over half fail to secure the staff nurses and probationers they require.

The age at which probationers are accepted is 18 or 19 and as regards educational qualifications, nearly two-thirds of the hospitals demand secondary education, about one-third accept a slightly lower standard and some say they must be content if the candidates can read, write and spell.

The working day, including time off duty, extends over 12½ to 13½ hours in half of the hospitals, and in nearly two-thirds of the voluntary hospitals it lasts 13½ to 14½ hours, while the actual daily hours of work range from 9 to 11.

The first pay of probationers varies from £12 to £18 annually. Staff nurses receive generally £50 to £65, and Sisters £70 to £85.

Mr. Hill gives particulars of the provision for recreation. Sixteen per cent, of nurses in children's hospitals have none at all.

Three-quarters of the hospitals allow smoking in some part of the nurse's home. About 40 per cent, of the Municipal hospitals prohibit it entirely.

The wider sphere of employment open to women, including better salaries and prospects, in other occupations, also the greater freedom and social amenities, is the chief reason put forward for the shortage of nurses, but there is no agreement regarding a solution.

The Commission reserves its own comments and recommendations for the final report, which is expected this year.

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- 7 G. R. Josyer Esq., Madras.
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- 10 Dr. Joanna Lyons, Rawalpindi.
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- 13 Mrs. K. G. Menon, S. Africa. Rs. 11/-
- 14 Miss G. Owen, Singapore.
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THE SECRETARY,

The Women & Children Welfare League,

ROSHANPURA, DELHI.

THE EDITOR,

"The Indian Ladies' Magazine",

CANNANORE.

Dear Sir,—We shall be highly obliged by your very kindly publishing the following brief note in the columns of your esteemed paper.

"The Women and children's Welfare League, Roshanpura, Delhi, will award decent prizes to Indian girl students and non-students, between the ages of 14 to 20 years, for the best essays or compositions, on subjects pertaining to their welfare, in English or a vernacular language, in order to encourage them to cultivate reading and writing. The essays and articles should be brief and to the point and should be forwarded to the secretary, Women's and children's Welfare League, Roshanpura, Delhi, preferably with a photograph of the writer. The prizes will vary from Rs. 10/- to Rs. 25/- according to the merits of the contributions!

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