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A Basket of Babies.
Photo: Klein & Peyerl, Madras.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Vol. V.

OCTOBER 1931

No. 3

A Picture

BY HERBERT PORTER.

The fleecy clouds, like fairy boats,
Sailed in a cobalt sky; pale gold
Rose in the misty east, and shone
Like burning brass new-flamed; the stars--
Pure, paling candles, quenched their

lights,

As spirits fade into the sphere
And mystic silence of dim Heav'n.
The horned moon, her lantern white,
Hung in the far, enchanted dome;
The wrinkled sea, beneath chalk cliffs,
Spread out her foamy crests, all flecked

With silver from the Orient.

Pale beauty dim, of airy art,
Stood shimm'ring on the gauzy world,
And swept the soul unto strange quest
Of magic depths of Spirit's sense
In fire of cryptic majesty.
Above the cliffs, a castle fair,
Of veined marble, stood aloft—
White in a blaze of dancing light,
Whose towers pierced the vaulted sky,
And smote Heav'n's princely highway lost
In hazy heights of tranquil blue!

Gandhari—A Heroine of India.

By Manjeri R. Krishnan.

WERE we to ransack the contents of the epics of ancient India, we would find in them most outstanding and noble personalities of Indian womanhood, such as Sita, Savitri, Damayanti and Gandhari. Never in the annals of ancient history do we come across such great and brilliant women as those of the epic age, who, though brought up in the lap of luxury and amidst princely environments, never forgot their duties, and lived not for themselves but for the good of humanity. Their purity, divine simplicity, unalloyed chastity, love of duty and extreme devotion, still serve as the beacon lights that are to guide the modern womanhood of India from plunging head-long into the dark abysses of blind fashion and indiscriminate imitation. One feels oneself elevated to a higher and a more subtle region of thought and action, as one is brought into closer contact with the mighty heroines of the past. As we know, the real test of a nation is the woman. She is not a toy, a chattel, or an instrument of pleasure and amusement, as the ill-educated or the half-educated often think of her. But she is the omniscient mother, the wife divine and the inspirer of the spirit within. The powers of self-surrender and self-realisation have been the typical characteristics of Indian women, and the dual capacity of the personal and impersonal in their relation to man has always been their glory. Even centuries ago, Indian women were very learned. They stood on a par with the wise men of those days, and taking a prominent part in debates and disputations, they had full freedom to develop their intellectual calibre in all branches of arts, aesthetics and science. This

equality of status was later handicapped by stringent and iniquitous social laws, and Indian women retired to the seclusion of their domestic spheres.

In that great epic story, the Mahabharata, we come across Gandhari, the mother of the Kauravas. She is a most out-standing personality in the Mahabharata and is justly admired as one of the ideals of Indian womanhood. She was the incarnation, we are told, of the goddess Mati. She was the daughter of Suvala, King of the Gandhavas, and the wife of Dhritarashtra the blind Kaurava king. She bore 101 children, of whom 100 were sons, the eldest being the mighty Duryodhana. Her one daughter was named Dushala. Gandhari was a good woman in every phase of her life. Like a true wife of ancient India, she participated in the blindness of her husband by usually bandaging her eyes with a cloth. Her unaffected devotion to her husband and the purity of mind that she possessed made her so proverbially chaste that a curse from her lips meant utter destruction to him on whom it chanced to fall. Loving mother as she was, she hated the vices and evil characteristics of her children. Even from the very beginning, she tried all she could to change the bad feelings of the Kauravas towards the Pandavas. She advised her sons not to entangle themselves in an unhappy and unjust fratricidal war. She denounced in terms of downright condemnation the intrigues of Sakuni and the ruin that he was causing to the whole race by his wicked, treacherous and underhand dealings. But, all her patient and persistent pleas for peace and good-will were rejected by her hot-blooded sons, who finally had to reap the fruit

of their folly on the fatal field of Kurukshetra.

Just on the eve of the battle of Kurukshetra, when Duryodhana approached with a request to bless him with victory, Gandhari replied: "Victory is there where righteousness is." This reveals the true nature of Gandhari. She never nurtured any ill-feeling towards the Pandavas, nor did she wish that they should all die. She knew fully well that the duty of protecting the Pandavas lay as much with her, their step-mother, as with Kunti, their own mother. Yet, that dear mother's heart was overwhelmed with agony when she heard of the fatal results of the battle. In a sense of course, she was not grieved, because the Kauravas had died as a result of their pride, arrogance and irresistible greed. But she could not suppress the grief that surged within her and exclaimed: "Oh mighty Bhima! why have you killed all the sons of this blind old King? Why did you not spare, even one child of this old couple? Why did not you leave even one crutch for this blind couple?" As she gave vent to these words, anger flamed within her and she would have cursed everyone of the Pandavas to eternal destruction. But she calmed down, sighed heavily and shaking off her anger comforted them with maternal affection.

Wishing to have a last sight of her dear ones who had fallen, she started for the bloody field of Kurukshetra followed by a train of women. Of course, the scene was terrible to look at.

The wide plain was strewn with bones, distorted limbs, headless trunks and trunkless heads, and the place was "slippery with blood and piled with the dead." The ominous moaning of the wind, combined with the groans of the wounded and dying warriors, the frantic shrieks of wailing women, the yells of jackals and the screech of vultures, filled the atmosphere with unwholesome and awful echoes. Gandhari gazed with speechless

awe at that scene of universal death and destruction. At last, overcome by grief, she thus addressed the lotus-eyed Lord Krishna.

"Behold, Oh Madhava, Oh thou foremost of Vishnu's race, Oh Janardhana, see how my children have been all ruthlessly killed. Behold, how my daughters-in-law are all bereft of their husbands and widowed in the bloom of life. Look, Oh Madhusudana, how the vultures and other beasts of prey are tearing to pieces those fair and beautiful forms that once reposed on beds of roses. Oh Kesava, is there a more sorrowful, a more heart rending sight than this? I must, forsooth, have perpetrated great sins in my previous existence, since I am beholding all these terrible sights."

As she was addressing Sree Krishna in this strain, she suddenly caught sight of the dead body of her eldest son Duryodhana and fell down unconscious. When she regained consciousness, she burst into bitter tears. Yet her sorrow was more for her husband than herself.

"I feel sorry for the blind old king, who is left without friends or kinsmen. See the reverses brought about by the march of time. Ah! dear son, why dost thou lie so low?"

Then came the revulsion of feeling. As her eyes fell upon the dead bodies of the mighty heroes, Karna, Bhishma and Drona, her pity and grief changed to anger. The fire began to flame within her and she burst forth thus to Lord Krishna.

"Why Oh Lord! hast thou brought about all this calamity? You are the root cause of all this evil. You are endowed with divine power. You are the preserver and the protector of this Universe, and why have you, Oh Lord, brought about such universal destruction? Therefore, Oh mighty-armed one, by the little merit I have acquired by serving my husband dutifully, by that merit so difficult to attain, I shall curse you. Since you were indifferent

to the Kauravas and the Pandavas when they killed each other, you will also be the destroyer of your own kinsmen. On the thirty-sixth year from this, you will, after bringing about the death of your kinsmen, perish in the forest. The ladies of your family, deprived of sons, kinsmen and friends, shall weep and cry, even as these ladies of the Bharata family now."

Hearing her, Lord Krishna said:

"Oh thou, who art the very embodiment of chastity, I appreciate thy devotion. Yet, through your fault, this huge destruction has taken place. Your son Duryodhana was wicked, envious and highly arrogant. He was ruthless, hostile and disobedient to the commands of old. Therefore, grieve not for the loss of such a son. Grieving increases grief twofold. As regards the curse that has fallen from your lips, I say there is none in this world who can exterminate my race. I know this well. When virtue subsides and vice prevails among mortals, then will I take my birth in some form and root out evil from the face of the earth. So, by cursing me, Oh you of excellent vows, you are helping me in the accomplishment of my work."

Gandhari was stupefied to hear these words. After that, she and the other ladies went to the holy Ganga. Conversant with religious rites, they performed the obsequies of the departed souls. Then she went back to her husband and lived with him under the protection of her nephew Yudhistira, feeling the same amount of love and affection towards him and the other Pandavas as she had had for her own children. The last years of her life, she spent in austerity, penance and service.

As days passed on, the old King Dhritarashtra began practising the austere penances, more or less living the life of

a wandering hermit, and Gandhari, like the true wife she ever had been, followed in his footsteps. She lived on water alone. The old King had no fixed dwelling and Gandhari like a shadow followed him wherever he went. One day, he went to a spot on the banks of the holy Ganga, and after taking his bath and performing his usual Puja turned back to his hermitage. Suddenly a wind rose high; and a fierce wild fire spread, consuming everything that came in its way. Wild animals on all sides ran in terror to save their lives. The feeble king could not even move. Gandhari herself, being very exhausted, was unable to render help. All hope of life was lost. Facing the east, the old king sat down along with his wife, who still remained unperturbed. Controlling her senses, she sat on like a piece of wood by the side of her lord. Very soon, the wild fire overtook them and the devoted couple were enabled to leave their miserable earthly existence.

The life of Gandhari is an example for all time. It is said in the Sastras: "Where women are respected, there the Goddesses are pleased." And so let us pay our respects to the heroines of the past, who were mighty indeed mentally and morally. May their lives serve as the guiding stars for the women of today! In India, as well as in other parts of the civilised world, the modern age is bringing about a complete revolution in the gradual emancipation of women and their complete deliverance from social and intellectual bondage; yet it cannot but be that the lives of the great women, who pace the corridors of India's past, will be a source of inspiration for the greater achievements that are yet to be made, in shaping the destiny of our motherland. As a great poet tells us:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

OUR DISTINGUISHED WOMEN SERIES.



Mrs. Subbarayan, one of the women delegates to the R. T. C.

The inclusion of Mrs. Subbarayan as one of the three Indian woman delegates is a matter for especial congratulation, since in addition to her culture and learning, she is not unacquainted with public life and is conversant with the English women's attitude towards the "women's question."

A graduate of Madras University, she has the distinction of being the first woman to be elected by the graduates to its Senate and by the Senate to the Syndicate. Then, too, she served for two years on the Council of Queen Mary's College for Women in Madras, as well as on other educational bodies. In addition to this, she presided at the Madras Women's Conference in 1928, and last year was a distinguished member of the Indian Franchise Sub-Committee of the Indian Round

Table Conference.

With regard to her experience of English life, Mrs. Subbarayan has read at Somerville College, has been a frequent visitor to England and has for some time been living at Oxford with her husband who was the Chief Minister in the late Ministry in Madras.

From all of which we see that it is a mistake to regard the women of the upper classes of India as necessarily less learned than the English. Less versed in the ways of the world they must be by reason of their centuries of seclusion; but not necessarily less well-educated. As a matter of fact, the pioneer women of India are keenly alert to the value of education for women, and are stressing it as an integral part of any reforms to come.

—The Madras Mail



The women delegates of the R. T. C., in England.

On the Nature of the Tragic.

By J. Balakrishnan

I HAVE always preferred works of tragedy to works of comedy, and I believe I share this feeling in common with many men and women. I am not, of course, referring simply to the way in which a tale terminates. By a judicious twist of events, a novelist can give a happy or an unhappy end to his novel, and we may be sure that, in whatever manner the story concludes, there will always be critics to maintain that "the sequel of events has been admirable." And the critics will be right, too; for, like a pack of cards, life can be shuffled into a million different hands, and, however fantastic the trend of events might be, it is really unreasonable to criticise a story on the score of what one may be permitted to term "pseudo-sequence."

Most readers have an uncomfortable feeling when they think of the fate of Rebecca in Scott's *Ivanhoe*. It is evident that the author himself was somewhat oppressed by this feeling, for, if I remember rightly, he has put forward a sort of defence by stating that good people do not always have their actions rewarded. The plea is absolutely sufficient, yet the uneasiness remains. The critic is ready with too high talk of "poetic justice," as if the injustices and caprices of life were to take wings and disappear at the mere mention of it!

But, to return to our point, what I mean when I say I like tragedy is that I like the tragic element, which has in it the possibility of a mournful end—not the end itself. I might cite as examples some half a dozen scenes from *Ivanhoe*—the interviews between Rebecca and the Templar, Cedric and Ulrica, Isaac and Front-de-Bœuf, to mention a few. Impe-

tuous passions, unhappy coincidences, strength of character, the waste and ruin of great powers, these are some of the ingredients which generally go to make up the effect. We are not greatly affected when we see an ordinary man, a man without much backbone, going down in the struggle for existence. It is a pity; and there generally the matter ends. But not so when circumstances conspire in tragic array against a "master-man"; for with our pity is blended that admiration for the stalwart fighter, which Carlyle extolled into "Hero-worship". Whether the hero wins or loses is not the main question; it is the spirit with which he fights, that is important. Literature is full of the stories of these heroes.

Can't you imagine these giants of our world say as so many motion-picture heroes? There is Scott, who makes an early mistake, but redeems it splendidly with the precious blood of his old, unconquered heart. There is Heine, stretched on his death-bed, with but two rooms to himself in all the world, "the one he dies in, and his grave;" but from that "mattress-grave" his clear voice is raised in the song of the immortals. But how can we represent that frosty night of memories, in which Burns writes *To Mary in Heaven*? Verily, the anguish of those pathetic lines re-echoes in the vaults of heaven! How can we represent the tragedy of the life of Shelley, the man who never left childhood, the bud which was not allowed to bloom?

After all, it is this element of tragedy which brings human interest into the story. Macaulay had great strength and simplicity of character and uncommon goodness of heart. But one does not love him, as one loves, say for example, Scott.

But, suppose Scott's life had been one unbroken chain of prosperity; suppose the firm of Ballantyne had not failed; suppose the "moving finger" had written the story of those last unhappy years in brighter and gayer colours. I believe that Scott himself would then have been the loser; and what a loss! We would have been forced to confess that Carlyle's estimate of his character was just and impartial. Or, imagine that MacLay's life had not been one unbroken chain of success and applause; that his heart had known some tragedy such as generally comes to the brethren of his trade; that he had suffered, and yet toiled on to a bitter end; would he not then be more lovable than now?

Heine has said somewhere that the song-motive of the true poet is the divine heart-ache, without which, he says, the singer cannot sing "sweetliest". On the force of it, the remark seems to be rather exaggerated. But on a closer examination of facts, it will be found that it is profoundly true. Take any volume of popular short poems; how few are the really gay pieces! Take the case of any lyric poet; the sadder pieces are generally, if not always, the most popular. Most of the more famous sonnets have an atmosphere of sadness about them. You remember Shelley's touching line: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought"? If I might be permitted the liberty of a digression, I would remark that almost all the best known poems in our own language are tragic in character. But it is not wise to speak of that. I can imagine the cultivated sneer, which is the compliment generally paid to Malayalam literature! People seem to think that the very name is a contradiction in terms. I hasten to pass on to safer discussions.

The fact is that, in the all-revealing search-light of tragedy, the hidden strings of character are made conspicuously manifest. I am not forgetting that wise saying that for ten men who can bear

calamity well, there will scarcely be one who can bear prosperity with equal equanimity. With most men success goes to the head like wine, and is in itself a source of tragedy. Character may sometimes be revealed more truly in times of prosperity than in times of disaster. But it seems to us that men, who have passed through the scorching, but also purifying, flames of error and suffering, are more lovable, like the fair face of the sun after a disastrous eclipse. Perhaps there never can be summer, and the song of birds, and "the sight of vernal bloom", without the prelude of winter.

Why is it that people like tragic tales? The fact recalls to my mind a characteristic saying by Chesterton (somewhere, I think in the contentious pages of *the Everlasting Man*) that one branch of the beautiful is the ugly. Can it be that one part of the pleasant is the painful, that the comic can merge insensibly into the tragic? Who has not heard the laughter that jars on one's nerves, and is more piercing than a cruel stab? Who has not heard the wit that causes tears? "Weeping for joy" is a favourite stock-in-trade with most novelists. Herein lies, perhaps, the explanation of this deep-rooted liking for the tragic. Dickens shed bitter tears when the sequel of events led to the death of the fair innocent girl in *Dombey and Son* (if my memory is not mistaken). Lockhart tells us that, while dictating some parts of *Ivanhoe*, Scott grew so excited that he rose up from his sick-bed, and walked to and fro in the room, wildly gesticulating with his hands. But in spite of the evident pain, they carried on.

I can well remember the first time I read a tragedy. It was Scott's *Kenilworth*, and was, I think, the third or fourth novel that had ever come in my way. I did not know that the story was going to end so painfully. I was very young then, and had read on into the small hours of the night. How hopefully I was expecting the re-union of the lovely Amy with her

husband, worthless though he was! As I neared the end, I felt that my hand was trembling, and, when I had finished, my whole frame was shivering with uncontrollable excitement. I wondered in a despairing sort of way whether I would ever be able to forget the figure of Amy, as she lay there in a white, quivering heap—oh, the horror of it! But with it all, there was a delicious—pleasure shall I call it?—such as I have never felt afterwards. I lay there in an ecstasy of indescribable feelings, and I envy now the thrill of those long lonely minutes. I felt the tragedy of that death very keenly indeed; for I had loved Amy with all the ardour of a fresh heart. Yet.....poor girl, why was fate so cruel to her?

The death of Amy brings us naturally to the consideration of an important

aspect of tragedy. In dying, these great heroes and heroines triumphed over death. Amy might have said something similar to what Jesus said on a like occasion: "Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" It was through her innocent love that she was trapped;—you remember Varney's whistle? Many illustrations might be given of this ultimate defeat of death; like Nelson passing away in the arms of victory. I will content myself with recalling to your mind just one instance, the greatest that this world of ours ever witnessed. No novelist ever imagined anything equalling that awful scene in dramatic interest, in the sheer force of the element of tragedy, or in the spiritual hope that survives material dissolution. I refer, of course, to the death of Christ. But I dare not call that a tragedy, which so completely fulfils a living purpose

My Offering.

If my hands could reach the silent sky
I would gather the stars of night,
And with their million gleams of gold
I would make thee a crown of light.

And of all the countless suns that have

I would pray for the tints that have
set
been,

For I would mingle both colour and light
In thy starry coronal's sheen.

If the fairest flowers of earth could hear
I would sing of thee to them,
And hearing my songs they would long
to be

Part of thy luminous diadem.

E. H. d'ALWIS.

LAUGHTER.

WHERE is the being that really laughs a sunny, merry and cheerful laugh? A single sight of him will cause him to be taken for ever as a sweet companion in life. Laughter! Enchanting laughter! enrapturing laughter! Who will not like it and exchange it for all the wealth, pomp and luxury of this world? Who will not yearn for the enhancing charm of its rhythmical note, the reverberations that echo from its pleasant sounds? As the glorious bright morn dispels the gloom of night, the "black stage for tragedies and murders fell, dark harbours of defame," so also the sun of laughter dispels mental gloom and brings light and hope to the sick and weary soul. Laughter indeed can be a panacea for all ills and the harbinger of new and fresh joys.

The world will be in misery without laughter, a grave-yard, with men in it as ghosts. Laughter is the supreme sign of contentment and happiness, the ever-full reservoir of all earthly felicity and rejoicing. God in His mercy created this world, so that His children might not brood over their troubles; but live and yet laugh. The choleric man, who frets and fumes and wastes his lungs in mad ravings, can find peace in its tender caress. The weary soul, the aching head and the careworn spirit can gain fresh vigour from its bubbling fountain. The crying child, whose obstinacy can wear out all human patience, can be soothed by its honied drops. The weary official finds life freshened by its welcome sounds from the lips of a loved one. The man at the counter, maddened by the monotony of the day, awaits its luring call at every step. Laughter indeed is an asset to eternal happiness. To live with it, nay to live in it, should be the aim of all. Yet, it must be remembered that with laughter go other things; true laughter

really being the outcome of a rare combination of happy qualities.

Of all poetic creations, none have ever been so endeared to us as the immortal Falstaff, the "King of Clowns", invoked by that "immortal bard of Avon," Shakespeare. How enchanting, and how lively his wit is! How simple and how crisp! Falstaff seems to be the embodiment of all humour and laughter. Falstaff is a type for all times, a rare specimen of human felicity, rid of all the complicated fabric of intellectual monstrosities and ethical incongruities. With his wonderful gift of ready and harmless humour, his power of expression as harmless and appealing too, his manner curiously winning and endearing, he is indeed a most pleasing creation of the immortal poet's imagination. A friend like Falstaff, free from Philistine sentiments and bovine stupidity, may prove a friend indeed!

But unfortunately enough, Shakespeare has cast a gloom upon the lively career of Falstaff by the sad aspect he has given to the end of the big "horse-back-breaker." Quite contrary to the optimistic expectations of the reader, Falstaff dies of a broken heart, indeed a most sad end for such a merry soul. It is indeed most painful that a whole career spent in Wassail-revelry, in drinking and bottle-emptying, in lively wit and vociferous laughter, should end in this manner.

When his dear chum, his loved Prince Hal, assumed sovereignty, and put on feigned appearance to be rid of his old play-fellow and his boon companion, Falstaff should have laughed first and then given up the ghost. Indeed, he ought to have laughed and laughed and laughed, till the vapour of life passed out of his huge carcass!

M. R. K.

THE SEA.

BY H. KAVERI BAI

Lo, I behold the white flecked waves
arise and fall.

And lash upon the shore,
With driving spray,
In ceaseless sullen roar
And violent play,
With restless swell and break, with
little calm or lull.

We tire to watch the wild convulsions
of the deep.

Unchanged with changing times;
Not so the sea,
That keeps a booming chime
Eternally;
The ocean wearies not, nor do the
surges sleep.

Deep in man's bosom lies an urn of
mortal clay.

A thing so small and slight,
One little shock,
May put the soul to flight,
And knowledge mock,
That triumphs in its own achievements
of the day.

Within this little urn, we call the
human heart,

An unseen ocean lies,
Whose depth and bourn
No mortal can surmise;
Whose billows moan,
And fierce commotion make, in life's
tempestuous part.

Not all the stormy seas, that stretch
from pole to pole.

Such tortures undergo;
Nor can their breast,
Such agitation know;
As when distressed,
In human hearts, the foaming passions
seethe and roll.

As day by day, at sunset, on the beach I sit,
And gaze upon the sea,
I wildly dream,

Of floating onward free,—
The wild wave's hymn,
My burning brain to assuaging with
oblivion sweet.

How restful, to repose, face upturned
to the skies,

Upon the briny bed,
Heart calm, eyes shut,
To feel as from the dead,
A spirit brought
To cross Death's mighty flood for Paradise.
Upon the blue-green billows, rocked
for ever more;—

A boundless sea to rove,
A far-off sail,
Sun, moon and stars above,
The shark, the whale,
The coral reefs around, and the ocean's
gem-lit store.

Perhaps some radiant eve, a pearly
streak of sand,
Gleams out with rose-flushed towers
And minarets white
(Of marble, midst green bowers,
In golden light
Of orange groves and apple gardens
of the land.

Celestial Beings, dwell in yon fair
city's homes,

From care and passion free;
Oh, such a shore,
My haven blest to be,
I would adore;
Those azure waves, those verdant trees,
those sun-kissed domes.

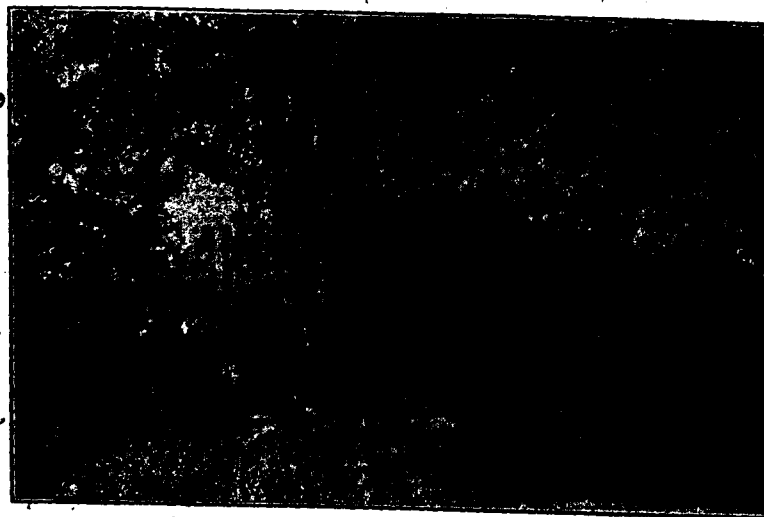
Enough, oh sea:—such dreams, though
mad, are fancies free

To touch with healing balm,
The worn-out mind,
The troubled heart to calm;

Awhile to find
Relief from life's destructive passions'
fiery heat.

Serpent-Worship.

SERPENT-worship, has to be traced to pre-historic times, when savage people had a tendency to worship natural phenomena and those that created awe in their minds. There is an Italian



superstition that serpents brought good luck; and instances are not wanting in the Bible that the ancient Jews were also addicted to this superstition. They were considered to have the knowledge of a root whose juice, when administered to people bitten by snakes, was supposed to bring them back to life even after death. There was an old popular belief in the Jewish country that medical skill could be attained by eating some part of a serpent. This belief was also current in some parts of Egypt.

In South Africa, it is believed that snake-worship cures madness and eye-sores. In Persia, the rainbow is considered to be a celestial serpent. The ancient Romans lodged and fed household snakes in vast numbers as guardian spirits of men and families, believing that the safety of human life depended upon the safety of these reptiles.

There is a superstition in some parts of India that the use of walking sticks from a species of cane in the neighbourhood of a serpent shrine protects people from snake-bite.

The Milky way is believed to be the path of a serpent, and eclipses of the Sun are supposed to be caused by the celestial serpents, *Rahu* and *Kathu*, periodically crossing the paths of these heavenly bodies.

There is also a belief that barrenness is the result of having killed a serpent in former existence. Snakes are supposed to give children to the childless, and people especially women, do special ceremonies to please the serpent-god; and for his purpose, on every Friday especially in the month of *Adi*, the women-folk of villages group round an ant-

hill infested with serpents, particularly that beneath an *Arasu* and a *casaurina* tree, smear *Kunkum* on these hills and pour milk through the holes so that the serpents inside may have a merry meal.

There is also a belief popular here that people should not kill a serpent, especially a cobra. *Naga-prathista* is a ceremony performed by women to appease the serpent God. This ceremony is done in the holy town of Rameswaram to avert any curse that might have been pronounced by the King of serpents in a former existence, for consciously or unconsciously hurting any of His Majesty's subjects. In many countries, tribes and clans are named after serpents to keep the members from snake-bite. In the Punjab, the snake-tribes clothe and bury a dead serpent; and in other parts of India, when a serpent is killed in a village, a copper coin is placed in its mouth and the body ceremoniously burnt to avert evil.

RAJAMMAL.

Clubs for Indian Women.

By M. S. Murthy

IN the August issue of the "*Indian Ladies' Magazine*" there was an article on this subject, in which was depicted the sad state of some clubs that are in existence now. It is true that Indian women are very backward when compared to their sisters in other countries. But that should not stand in the way of their improving; nay, it is all the more necessary that they should come forward and strive hard to raise the standard.

The old notions of orthodoxy still prevail among most of our women. Recently talking to a lady who was a member of the Ladies' club at B—, I asked her how she liked that Institution. I was rather surprised when she said that she was fed up with it. On being asked to give her reasons, she narrated at length how some members objected to a lady joining their club because they were against widow-marriages! The lady in question had become a widow when she was a mere girl, and being afterwards educated had married again. The secretary of the club, though a cultured and educated lady, could not do anything in the matter, as the president of the club was an uneducated and orthodox woman, though, being a bit liberal with regard to her purse, she had been elected to the presidentship, so that the club might be well-off financially. The club would have been much benefited, if only the disallowed lady had been allowed to join, for she was very good at tennis and would have helped to improve the game of the members. And how much must she have been hurt by being turned down! But she was not the losers for she soon joined the men's club. When such things go on in our clubs, is

it any wonder that there is not much cheer in them?

Many of the clubs, which are existing now, do not lack either in out-door or in-door games. Yet, the most pitiable aspect about them is that our women do not care to make much use of them and thus try to enjoy a pleasant evening. They often prefer to waste their time in idle talk to having some recreation. Such is the mentality of our older ladies. And naturally, the younger generation does not like to associate with them much.

Our Indian ladies can improve matters very much by taking some interest in the management of their club. They should not have the idea that, as soon as they pay up their subscriptions—even that some members do not do regularly—their responsibility is over. It is their duty to see that the evenings are made more lively and that the members do get some recreation, by being induced to take interest in some game or other, instead of remaining aloof to talk about their worries throughout the evening. Let them remember the following lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough,
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those, to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain."

Every club should have a decent library and maintain also a reading room with English as well as vernacular newspapers and magazines. This will be a good

diversion for those who are tired after playing games. Besides, this keeps women in touch with the outside world and they can have some ideas as to how women are progressing in other countries.

The club should conduct lectures on topics of general interest to women. The secretaries should take every opportunity of meeting all those distinguished persons, who visit their town and try to

arrange lectures by them. This will make the evenings more lively and help the members to increase their knowledge.

Before closing this article, I cannot help saying that our educated girls will be the best workers in this cause. They should always take the lead and by their good example try to improve the status of their more backward sisters.

To My Baby.

Mrs. Edith, F. Sutton, America.

Happy, sunny smiles,
Little dimpled face,
Hands so full of action,
Body full of grace.

Oh! what perfect moulding,
Every limb complete,
Head and arms and body,
And the tiny feet!

And within thy body
Is the best of all!
'Tis the SOUL of baby
Big within the small.

All thy life, my baby,
Lies before thee yet;

And a mighty background
Spreads its wondrous net.

'Tis the background, baby,
Of the lives long past,
Wherein thou wast faithful
From the first to last.

All those lives, my baby,
Opened up the way
For the glorious freedom
Of this perfect day!

Deep within me, baby,
Shines REALITY!
And I read thy future
In IMMORTALITY.

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(Per K. P. P. TAMPI.)



Miss MONICA DUTT, B. A., B. T., daughter of the late Mr. Anil Chandra Dutt. She is a teacher in the Victoria Institution for girls, and a very active member of the Y.W.C.A. and the Cosmopolitan Club for ladies in Calcutta. She has been specially selected this year and offered a scholarship by the All India Educational Women's Association for a course of study in England. She has just sailed for England and is expected to join St. Maria Grey Training College. She is the first graduate in the famous Dutt family of Ram Bagan, and the great niece of the late Miss Toru Dutt, the poetess. We wish her success in her career.

From the Editor's Table.

1. Private Enterprise in social Service.

IT is an undoubted fact that the interest of the well-to-do people of India in social service and public welfare is increasing rapidly. We see the evidence of this fact, not only in the more important cities, but also in the little mofussil towns of India. Rich people have hitherto not taken too much trouble to better the conditions of their poorer brethren; but now, there is no doubt that they are showing a better spirit, probably due to the spread, partly of education, and partly of the spirit of Nationalism, which makes every true-hearted Indian wish to improve his country. Leaving aside the recognised social service organisations, such as the Red Cross, the child welfare and the Youth Movements, we find that individual citizens are taking it upon themselves to do their best for their country, with the result that various private institutions are springing up everywhere.

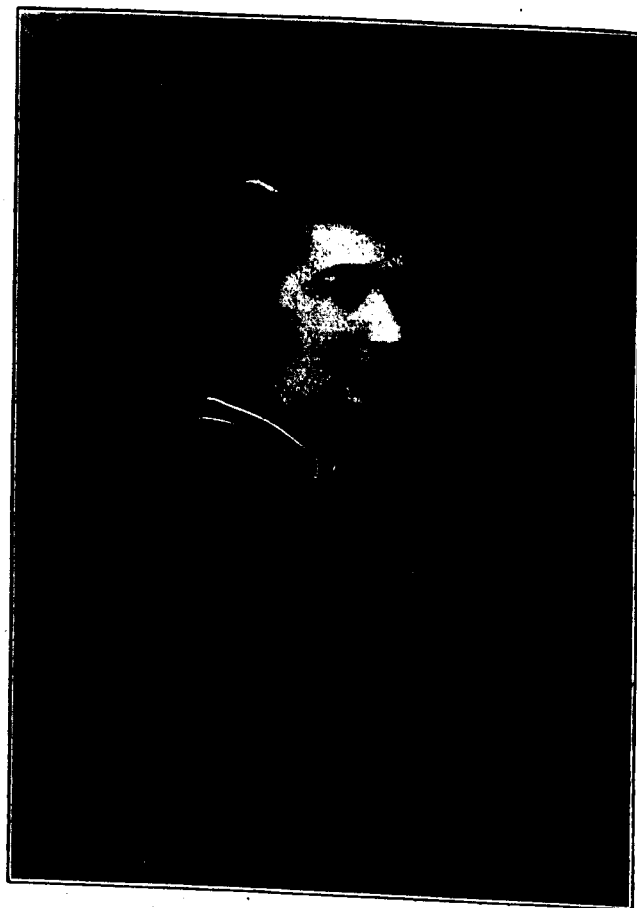
It very often happens, however, that philanthropic ventures are started by individuals with great enthusiasm, but very often dwindle to nothing, because the organisers find it impossible to meet the expenses. The person, who starts his social work, often feels at first that his countrymen are sure to help him; but, as time goes on and the drain on his purse becomes heavier and heavier, and no help comes to him from his friends, he finds he has to give up his venture, because no one will help him. Many are the instances, one can quote, where institutions started thus have had to be abandoned.

India, therefore, in spite of the rapid progress she is making in social welfare, has still to become united in her efforts. Individuals, by themselves, however enterprising with their ideas and money,

cannot often succeed unless others help them by co operating with them.

And yet, individuals can do much, if they will; for it is not only money that is required to keep up such enterprises. Faithful and devoted service is also needed, as well as efficient organisation and capable management. For this, we require especially the services of women. Social work indeed is the special field of women. With their proverbial tact, their ever-ready sympathy and kind heartedness, they can succeed, where men with their brusque straight manners will often fail. Moreover, they have more leisure than men to spend on others. Of course, very often our Indian women cannot lead; but they can surely follow. Let Indian men then start and organise reforms; and the women can carry on, quietly, carefully, kindly. It may happen that their services are not recognised or rewarded; but what does that matter? India will gain; and for her profit many of us can lose, if sacrifice is required. Very often, however, such drastic service is not needed; but just ordinary devotion, persistency and sincerity.

Take the Health problem, for instance. In the first place, Nursing Homes, where besides rich patients' poor people are treated free and given bed and nourishment until they recover their health, have been greatly needed in India, because of the prevalence of many diseases, and the wide incidence of poverty. In response to this demand, many Nursing Homes, it is true, have been and are being started and managed throughout India by kind-hearted philanthropic doctors; and it is indeed a refreshing sight to come across them, especially in mofussil towns, and see how cleanly and efficiently they are run. But, in addition to the doctors, it is needed that our



Mrs. ROSA GINGBERG, the wife of the Registrar of the Hebrew University, who fought 7 years for the right of women to practise in the Palestine Courts, has after all come out successful in her attempt. She has thus opened the way for women to practise in the Palestine Courts. She is now practising there herself.

Photo : R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

women should interest themselves in this work, not intruding of course unnecessarily, where they are not wanted, but helping where they can. For instance, what about enlisting themselves in more numbers as nurses? College and school education is all very well and answers a great demand and satisfies a great need; moreover, it can stand as a true basis for real service. Graduates can make very good nurses. Of course, some of them may think it beneath their dignity to take up such a profession as nursing which has won rather a poor name in India. But we must remember that such a reputation is on a par with many other difficulties in India, which yet have been surmounted and conquered. Let us hope then that more of our educated and well-born Indian women will take to nursing. They need not affiliate themselves always to hospitals or nursing institutions; but they can study nursing, get diplomas, and be ready to assist, whether at home, whether in serious neglected cases in their towns, or whether in hospitals even, when in emergencies available nursing help is not enough.

In addition to this work, women can do much in other branches of health work. There are the recognised organisations such as the Red Cross and the Child welfare. There is sanitary supervision, health inspection and hospital visiting. And here it is apparent that much more can be done by practical example than by theoretical talk. Setting right their own homes first as examples, Indian women can proceed to do as much for the homes of their neighbours, friends and dependants, not in a high-handed, *Meddlesome-Matty* manner, but with tact and kindness. Another and very important branch of health work is physical exercise organisation, at home, in society, in schools and in clubs. Very often it happens that such a service does not continue, owing to the want of initiative, and to the excess of shy conservative inertia on the part of older people. But, if examples can be

brought forward from the latter, much can be done, and it is up to the youthful hearts of India to stress this reform.

(Another very encouraging aspect of social work is the number of private schools that are being started by rich individuals for poor children, asking for no fees, but being run at the cost of much personal trouble and expense.)

The sad part, however, about these schools, as of many other private institutions, is that the management find it hard to meet expenses, with the result that the schools are carried on as cheaply as possible, in small buildings, with no scope for the pupils to have play-grounds for healthy out-door exercise. It is a pity that such institutions often fail, merely because other influential members of the town do not come forward to help and take an interest in them.

Cannot our ladies help here? Of course they can, not only by legitimate methods of work, but in many unrecognised ways. They can, for instance, start work for the uplift and encouragement of teachers, that vast body of pathetic workers, from whom so much is expected, but who are yet so ill-equipped for their service. Then, there can be service for mothers, teaching, practical work and social encouragement. There can be industrial teaching, by which I mean training in easy industrial work, such as carpet-making, embroidery, lace-making and needlework, basket-work, mat-making, weaving and spinning, among which must be honourably included *Charka* work. Much can be achieved here by precept, by example, by encouragement, through examinations, competitions and so on.

There are so many other things, in which women can take an interest. A whole section can be devoted to work in villages and rural areas, where women are so backward. There is work to be done among factory and mill-employees. There is relief work in famine and epidemic times. There are political and social reform measures to be interested and

participated in. There are clubs and associations to be encouraged. There are musical, dramatic and reading circles to be pushed forward. Last, but not least there is work to be done at home, in the correct ordering and settling of domestic concerns, in the comradeship of husband, in the training of children, in the supervision of servants, and in entertaining and being entertained, especially if the ladies belong to important officials and people of position. Oh, there is much to be done and there are not many to do it. The field is vast and the workers few. But everybody can help, even ignorant women, backward women, shy women, purdah women, conservative women. May there be a general uplift and uprise, therefore, of the women of India as soon as possible!

POLYGAMY.

'Terms like the above are apt to give gentle natures a shock and cause them to wonder whether such things can be in modern and progressive India. And yet, there is no doubt, not only that such things do exist, but also that they seem to be more encouraged now than they were a short while before. Polygamy, for instance, though allowed in India, was yet supposed only a short time ago to be tabooed in educated circles. And yet, there are not wanting signs, not many it is true, but some, that it seems to be coming to the fore again. Sometime, we do hear of cases where an educated woman is not averse to becoming the second wife, even while the first is alive. Such a fact is indeed sad, but true.

Economists, of course, there are who can defend such action, on the score of there being more women than men in this world. Well, what if so? Have there not been thrown open now more avocations than before for single women? Then, there are those who say that such things are happening everywhere, but under a different name! Even in England, it is not rare to see a man keeping up a

second home surreptitiously, unknown to the lady of his rightful establishment. Why not legitimise such things and make them more open then? Then again, a second wife may be necessary for the begetting of sons. But, cannot sons be adopted, even though perhaps they cannot be loved as much as one's own children?

Then again, the plea is advanced that such a situation is but natural in India. I was surprised to hear one educated refined Indian lady saying, "My dear friend, I would not object if my husband had other wives besides myself, provided he looked upon me as his chief wife. I know the feeling he has for them will be different from what he has for me. Passion may exist for the others, but not respect. And after all, what is married love in India, if not chiefly made up of respectful admiration, homely-comradeship and accustomed faithfulness, which is the result of life together? No, no, there can be worse things than polygamy in conjugal relationship".

Now, we know that polygamy existed in the mythological India of ancient, prosperous days. In olden dramas such as *Vasavadatta*, *Malavikagnimitra*, *Ratnavati*; in legendary tales of earthly marriages contracted by divine personages; in the stories of great monarchs; we come across systematised polygamy. Why then should it not be allowed in modern life?

We hear of other arguments in favour of it. A wife would like to look after her own sister as co-wife; moreover the latter can help with the children, who will be her own nephews and nieces. But, cannot sisters be taken care of in other ways? And is not sisterhood often a very dangerous factor in co-wiveship? It is well-known that jealousy among sisters is sometimes more severe than among unrelated women.

Again, it is argued by a few people that such an arrangement argues a very good feeling on the woman's part. Does it not show that she is a good wife, who seeks to augment the happiness of her

husband, by giving him a second wife, because he desires her? Does it not show self-abnegation on her part, a marvellous sisterly feeling for another woman, and a wonderful accommodation for the sake of others? Well, it shows all this, no doubt, but it shows also other things. It shows that in India a man can be too indulged and considered by his women-folk. It shows that he is allowed to be as selfish as he pleases. Besides this, what of the woman herself? Is it fair to set her aside after her influence is over. What again of the other woman? Is it fair to use her as a mere convenience, or even as a second string?

Modern standards should not admit such an arrangement. It is an absurd and unnatural one. In the first place, love between a man and a woman cannot always be the Platonic one that such a thing suggests. Somehow the very nature of a great conjugal love seems different; that wonderful love, which makes

marriage such a holy sacrament, that sacred love which is the glory of humanity; that ideal love of which one dreams of as divine and unsurpassable, that love which Christ spoke of when he compared the tie of marriage to the relationship between himself and the church, and when he condemned divorce: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife. Whosoever shall put away his life and marry another committeth adultery against her."

When polygamy and divorce for men are allowed, none can wonder, as has often been said, that women are claiming the same rights for themselves. But, what will the world come to in such a case? No, what we want is not the getting of the same rights for both sexes, but the cutting-off of the extra rights of men, so that an equal moral law is obtainable for both.

I went to meet the Sun.

I went to meet the sun

One day:

He rose all round and dun—

'T was May.

He lit a foaming sea

Of white:

Spray-dashed in glittering glee

Flew light.

Wings flashed like scimitars

For him:

He made the dying stars

Droop dim.

Joy played a matin on

Life's flute:

The eagle carrion

Dropt mute.

HERBERT PORTER.

Our Serial Story.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

(Gauri, Sankar and Mallika are the three children of a fine Indian Christian couple. Gauri, who seems to have suffered some misfortune in her 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. Gauri soon meets Prakash, but does not tell her husband that he is Mathuram. Arjuna becomes jealous of Mathuram, who attaches himself too closely to Gauri. Mathuram, on his part, threatens to make things worse for Gauri, if she betrays him. On the other hand, if she promises to be silent about him for a while, he will soon make matters right for her. Poor Gauri, of course, chooses the latter alternative.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE only bright spot in the expected picnic party for Gauri was that somehow she and Pushpam managed to bridge the little rift between them and become friends. Gauri was made to understand that Arjuna had never been really in love with his cousin. Apart from that, however, the party proved, as Gauri half-expected, rather an unhappy affair to her. In the first place, Arjuna, as he had told her, did not appear till late; when he did do so, he was with Mrs. Williams and thereafter devoted himself wholly to her. Then secondly, Mathuram attached himself principally to herself, and would not be shaken off, so that Arjuna became more jealous than ever.

Later, however, Mathuram, reiterating his promise that he would make everything right for Gauri very soon, went off to his College in the North, and the atmosphere cleared a little. Gauri and Arjuna went off to their camp in Tirnoor; and their long drive there was a fairly happy one.

Gauri loved the tent-life, and would have been very happy in it, had her state of mind been normal. But now, she felt the pricks of conscience more than ever. With everything so simple and natural around her, the unsophisticated rustics so quaintly anxious to please, the friendly domestics so willing to help, the countryside all around her so quiet and unconventional, with no fear of being invaded by society bonds, Gauri wished to be in a position to be happy and enjoy it all. How she wished she could get rid of her secret and be free!

The feeling of regret was stronger than ever one day, as she sat in the moonlight in a long chair by the side of her husband, who was working at his accounts. She was reading "Bars of Iron," one of Ethel M Dell's books; and she had come to the part, where the hero is advised by his friend to tell his secret to the girl he intends to marry. "It'll hurt you worse,

lad, it'll wring your very soul, if you keep it a secret between you and the woman you love. It's a big temptation, but—if I know you—you're going to stand up to it. It'll be a shadow over both your lives, if you don't tell her. And there are some things, that even a woman might find it too hard to forgive."

"Oh," moaned Gauri to herself. "I wish I had told it him at once. It was such a simple thing; there was nothing wrong about it then and surely Arjuna would have known how to manage affairs. And now—and now, even he might find it too hard to forgive."

Arjuna's remark to her at that moment accentuated her feelings. "These accounts are all wrong," he grumbled, "the manager seems to be a terrible rogue. He has been mis-managing the estate for years. He will get no mercy from me or from anyone, I am afraid. How I hate deceivers!"

It seemed to her he looked at her rather strangely then.

After their simple dinner, she wandered out a little way into the moonlight, but not far, because she was afraid of snakes. Arjuna followed her, and they stood for a while together, looking at the silvery sheen of the moonlight on the leaves and glistening tree-tops, as they swayed in the gentle breeze. Gauri's heart melted within her. She was so glad she had two more days in camp.

"Oh," she said, "we need moonlight in our lives, do we not? Something to gloss over our faults and hide our imperfections under a gentle splendour of large-hearted magnanimity and complete understanding; and yet something that will be able to light up our lives with its pale radiance and lead us on our way onward."

"Would you like imperfections to be hidden, Gauri? Would you not, on the other hand, strive towards perfection?"

"Of course, I would," she answered, "but who can be perfect? Therefore, it is better for imperfection to be glossed over and be forgiven."

"That might lead to more imperfection."

"On the other hand, that might lead to more perfection."

"That depends on the character," Arjuna said, "Some people respond nobly to forgiveness, and some simply are spoiled by it. But, don't you think that mistakes ought to be acknowledged before they are forgiven?"

"Yes, how otherwise could they be forgiven?"

"And they ought to be repented for."

"Yes."

"Which means that there should be no secrets between people, Gauri," he said, "I don't mean at all that this conversation applies to you. It was you, who started it, not I. I don't think at all you have any wrong to hide. But there is a secret between you and me, dear. Tell it to me," he begged, coming closer to her.

"I can't, I can't, Arjuna. It—it is not my secret. You yourself said we must respect other people's secrets."

"Whose is yours?" he asked jealously. "Is it Mathuram's?"

"Partly."

"What business have you to keep secrets for him from your husband?"

"Wait, Arjuna, wait."

"Only a few days more."

"Be kind to me, Arjuna. Remember I am your wife. Remember Portia's words about mercy, which goes above justice."

He turned round and looked at her squarely. "What have you done?" he asked, "that you should desire mercy? Eh, what?"

"Nothing much."

"Nothing much? Then, it is something little. But I am sure you can have no guilty secret to hide, dear, not with that face of yours."

"You don't know how wicked I am."

"Wicked! Never. Don't talk such nonsense. But tell me one thing. Do you miss Mathuram? Are you feeling lonely without him?"

"No, I have you," she murmured,

snuggling close to him with one of her rare attempts at demonstrativeness.

"Then, I am satisfied, Gauri. But you will tell me your secret soon, won't you?"

"You do believe I have a secret?" she asked,

"Why, Gauri, you yourself admitted it a while ago."

"Then, how can you like me still?"

"Because, as I said before, it can be no guilty secret. You have your own reasons for keeping a secret, and they must be good reasons in your opinion. But, if you will tell me everything, Gauri, I shall try my best to help you."

"Thank you, Arjuna. And whatever happens, you won't think unkindly of me, will you? You will not begin to hate me, and you will not despise me?"

He laughed and tried to turn the matter away with a joke. "How can I promise?" he said, "when I don't know the nature of your secret?"

"But you said—you said—"

"Yes," he said, taking her by the shoulders, and looking into her eyes, "I did say that you could have nothing evil to hide; but, by Heavens, Gauri, you are talking so strangely that I am beginning to be afraid. Well, don't cry. Never mind secrets now; go to bed and sleep like a good child. You look very tired."

"And you?"

"I have got so much work to do. I shall probably work till one or two o'clock. What? I shall be tired? Nothing of the sort. I must go to the Zamindar at 10 a. m. tomorrow, and you know I like to sleep late in the mornings in camp. So it is better to finish all the accounts today."

So, he escorted her to the sleeping tent, and left her there; and, in spite of his tender goodnight, her heart felt full of foreboding and regret.

For a long time, through the window of her tent, she stared at the moon, scudding through masses of fleecy clouds, obstructed yet triumphant, pale yet radiant. Her love and Arjuna's should

be like that, she dreamily thought, forging victorious through all obstacles, sailing supreme at last into a happy world, as the moon sailed now in a clear sky. But, why was the moon laughing at her, nay, leering at her? Was she rebuking her for daring to compare her divine orb with their humble lives? Was she mocking at her, saying, that she would never be happy again on earth? Alas! it would be better then to die and pass away. Perhaps, in the next life,—but what was she thinking of? Was she a Hindu, with faith in the transmigration of souls? In any case, would the love of one generation survive into another? Christianity spoke of resurrection, and of reunion with loved ones. But the love of that reunion would be of a different kind altogether to human love. Gone would be the dear domestic ties, lost in a greater, and a lovelier love, it was true, but gone for ever. She could be never bound to Arjuna again, as she was now. And she had never yet tasted the full happiness of complete comradeship with him, as she had dreamt of it when she was young. Alas, alas! what had she not lost on earth, lost never to find again! What a miserable girl was she indeed!

With tears running down her cheeks, Gauri woke from the brief half-dose she had fallen into. She began to sob from sheer self-pity.

But suddenly she checked herself. Someone was whispering her name outside. Who was it? Who? Oh Heavens, it was Mathuram. He had come back. How dared he? How dared he? And why should he whisper to her like a thief? She could not listen to him, she could not.

With a quickly-stifled gasp, she fell back on her pillows. She did not know if Mathuram could see her, but she would, at all events, try to pretend she was still asleep. She lay quiet for a while; but the insistent whisper continued. A dread began to possess her. Suppose Arjuna came back and found Mathuram outside.

Suppose Mathuram came into the tent. She got up, twisted a sheet round her, and going close to the window peered out. There stood Mathuram in the shadow, peeping at her and laughing.

"How dare you come here?" she muttered fiercely. "Suppose my husband should see you like this. Why not come openly?"

"I do not want him, but only you."

"Why have you come?"

"Because I couldn't keep away from you, my Queen, till I had said a proper 'goodbye' to you. You hardly even shook my hand in farewell, you know. Come out, I have something to say to you."

"What?"

"Don't you remember that I told you I would soon set you free to tell your husband everything? Perhaps, the time has come now."

Gauri gasped with excitement.

"What, what?" she said, "Have you come to set me free at last, even before the time arranged? Oh, thank you, thank you."

He drew back a little. "Wait," he murmured. "Don't thank me yet. I shall set you free only on condition that you come out to talk to me."

"Suppose he should see us? Suppose the servants—"

"No fear," he said, "most of them are on the other side of the office tent, and there are only two here, and they are fast asleep among those trees, wrapped up in their sheets. And Arjuna is still very busy. It is only 11 o'clock, you know. Come out quickly, Gauri. Get it over, my dear. Be brave, and you shall have your reward."

Under his insistence, she slipped out, and he led the way stealthily to a dense clump of trees a little distance away. The moon had become obscured by a heavy cloud, and hardly anything could be seen. Once there Mathuram stared at Gauri for a second or two, then he literally pounced on her and dragged her close into his arms.

"Oh," gasped Gauri, struggling hard like the fine healthy girl she was. "Oh, let me go, let me go. You promised me. You said you had changed and repented. And now—and now—"

"Now—now—you are mine. Oh," he said drawing away a little, but still holding her close and looking down into her convulsed face. "How I love you, how I hunger for you! I swear I tried to leave you, but I could not, I could not. My Queen, my Queen—"

Then, he drew her close again and stifled the cry on her lips with his own. He covered her face, her hair, her throat, with hot hungry caresses. Would it never end, never end, thought the poor victim, and at last, spent and weary, she lay quiet in his arms with closed eyes. It almost looked, and anyone might have been excused for thinking so, that she liked it.

When she felt herself partly released and opened her eyes, which seemed to her after an interval of hours, but which was really only after a few minutes, the moon was bright again. She felt so afraid that they might have been seen.

Suddenly, she heard approaching footsteps, and tried to draw herself away. But, he still held her. "Lie still, lie still," he said, "there is no use struggling now. He has seen us. Yes, it is your husband. Let him see us better," and, as if inadvertently, he drew her outside the clump of trees, but still in his arms.

"There," he murmured happily, "let him see us. What can he do now, my dearest, what can he do?" Again, he bent over her and laid his lips on her own.

What could she do? She tried to struggle again, but having no strength left collapsed once more.

"Now you can tell him everything, my Gauri," whispered Mathuram into her ear.

"Now?" she whispered bitterly. "What use now? He can but believe the worst of me. Oh! you villain, you villain! Was

it for this you brought me here?"

"Yes," he said triumphantly. "It was for this I brought you here. When I hurried you here, I knew he would soon finish his work, for I had been watching him for some time. I knew he would soon come to look for you; and in all my madness I was careful to show him a glimpse of ourselves among these trees. Now the worst must happen. I could win you in no other way. There he comes. Pull yourself together, dear."

Then, he turned suddenly, pretended to catch sight of the husband and pushed away the girl. "You—you—" he stuttered, as if taken aback. "I didn't expect you here."

Arjuna came close up to them and laughed softly as he looked at them.

"I—I suppose, we shall have the devil to pay now," stammered the other man.

"It is only a laughing devil, as you see," said the husband. "I am really so sorry to disturb you," he continued. "You both looked so happy and contented, billing and cooing like two turtle doves. Suppose the servants had seen you?"

"They did not see us coming here and from a distance like this, they would think we had gone out for a walk, especially now that your lordship has joined us. Besides, I really would like a bit of scandal about us. It would precipitate matters."

"Would it now, would it?" asked Arjuna reflectively. "But everything pleasant must have an end, you know. Well, what have you to say for yourselves?"

Gauri stood silent, but Mathuram smiled happily. "Is there anything to say?" he observed.

"I agree with you, Sir, there is nothing further to say indeed. I shall try to give you your Gauri as soon as I can."

"Oh Arjuna, oh Arjuna," murmured the heart-broken girl, but he looked at her as if he hardly saw her.

"Oh Arjuna," she cried, gaining strength, "I can explain everything."

"Can you?" he asked, rather eagerly turning to her; but Mathuram hastened to step in and prevent developments.

"Yes," he said, "she can, and so can I. Do you know who I am?"

"The man affianced to Mallika, and now making guilty love to my wife."

"And have I not the right to do that? It is you who really ought to have no right to her. I am Prakash, her first husband. Now, what can you say to me, you fool?"

Arjuna fell back and stared at them with open mouth.

"Yes, stare away," cried Mathuram. "I am Prakash, whom evil fortune reft from her at the very doors of bliss. And now, curse you, you have got her. But I mean to have her back, for she is mine. She chose me before she chose you, and now she loves me and wants me. You have seen for yourself how matters stand."

"No, no," gasped Gauri.

"Yes, yes," he grinned. "You have seen her in my arms. Ask her to explain herself. She may make excuses, for it is in the nature of all women to pretend to be innocent. But, can you believe her after this?"

Arjuna stood silent, while Gauri wept.

"She knew about it long ago. She wrote to me of her own accord to come here and meet her. She had me engaged to Mallika, to be near her always. She has met me again and again."

"Oh, oh," gasped the girl.

"She loves me and wants to be with me. What can you do but set her free? Surely, you don't want a woman, who doesn't want you, eh? Are you not man enough to let her go?"

Arjuna turned and stared at his wife, whom Mathuram had taken by the hand. "In the meanwhile," he said deliberately, "she is not your wife but still mine. Will you let her go, please. I cannot see you tomorrow, as we are leaving camp in the afternoon, and before that I shall be busy. If you come to me at

headquarters, we can talk over matters. If you come back here again either to-night or tomorrow, I shall thrash you within an inch of your life, perhaps kill you."

"Will you? I should like you to try. But I shall not offend you, my lord. I can afford to wait, you know."

Arjuna merely stared at him and then turned to go.

Gauri had been surprised at Arjuna's sudden change of plans; but she rather approved of it. Just now, she was very eager to end their council. As Mathuram observed her anxiety to leave him, he laughed. "Oh-ho-ho," he called out softly behind them. "What a gallant lover the husband makes! So ready to let her go, and so ready to console himself with the sweet widow! Good-bye, Gauri, we shall meet again, and soon, we shall never part."

The evil words followed them as they went back. But it was a slow progress they made, for Gauri was giddy, and staggered and was not able to walk straight. At last Arjuna put his arm round her and led her on.

"Come on," he said briefly.

Arrived inside their tent, she collapsed against him. "Oh Arjuna," she whispered, catching him close. "Forgive me. It was not my fault at all. You promised to believe in me, whatever happened."

"But not like this, not like this."

"Hear me, I can explain everything."

"Be still," he muttered. "If you talk any more, I do not know what I shall do to you. There, sit on that chair. I don't want you hanging on me. I know what a deceiver you are, how you can coax and cajole a man, and all the time be as false as hell."

"Believe me, believe me," she gasped, slipping off her chair and falling at his feet. "I have been true to you always."

"Get up," he cried fiercely. "There, sit down again and keep off me. Do you know, I feel like Othello now. I can imagine how he felt. Oh," he said, rather

melodramatically grinding his teeth "that you should be so sweet and yet so false. so fair, and yet so foul!"

"I—I—am not fair. Never was fair," she giggled hysterically.

"Yes, you are not fair," he said slowly, "but I did think you fair."

"I haven't deceived you, Arjuna."

"How do I know that? I can say like Othello again; that having deceived once, you can deceive me again. It was that night you knew about Prakash, wasn't it, that night you nearly fell off the parapet?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't I let you fall down there and die? You—you—wicked girl! There, excuse me. I feel utterly over-wrought. Try and sleep, Gauri, and tomorrow, I shall talk to you. Goodnight, I shall sleep in the other tent," he said, rolling up together his mattress, pillows and rug.

"There is no bed there," she cried, starting forward.

"There is a mat there. I shall be quite all right. I do not wish to wake up the servants. I shall tell them tomorrow I had to work late, and didn't wish to disturb you. Good night. No, don't touch me. By the way, you will not be frightened here, will you? I think two peons are sleeping somewhere near; let me see," he said moving forward into the space outside the tent. "Yes. There are two long white bundles there which I think are the peons. It is better not to wake them though. Besides, I shall be quite close. If you want me, shout for me."

"Very well, goodnight."

"Goodnight."

K. S.

(To be continued.)

Your Child's Friends.

FRIENDSHIP is a human necessity, the individual cannot exist without it. The child's craving for companionship has come to him from the race; it must be satisfied if he is to be normal and happy. Parents should encourage children in their friendships, using their desire for group or gang association for the good that is in it and eliminating as far as possible those parts which are not desirable. Parents must realize that the home cannot supply all the child's desires in the way of friendship and they must open its doors to their children's friends, for in this way they can keep the child under home influences for a longer time than would otherwise be possible and it gives the home the chance to know the child's friends and counteract the evil or supplement the good that they may be doing.—*The Parents' Magazine.*

The Super-Veena.

BY N. RAMABHADRAN.

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Somewhere in the last decade, Mr. Fox Strangways remarked that Indian music followed time-honoured methods, that the science of it remained where it had been for several generations, and that Indians were apt to follow classic musicians with blind faith, and carry on their vocation from generation to generation, either preserving the spirit of the masters, or jealously guarding any of the secrets which they imparted to them. Such criticisms, however, were sometimes exaggerated, or were made without reference to the conditions prevailing in the country. For, there were no patrons of music then, and talents of a high order were allowed to wither in barren soil.

"This is he for whom the world could find no fitter business than gauging ale barrels" so wrote Carlyle, estimating the genius of Robert Burns. It is almost a truism that men with ideas suffer in their own days for want of timely help.

It is a pleasurable surprise to find an inventive mind in the Indian musical world, where instruments are still being constructed by old methods.

Stepping into the studio of Mr. Joseph Jayaraj, a music teacher of the old and historical town of Vellore, one will be agreeably surprised to see a superb Super-veena lying majestically in a finely-varnished wooden box, velvet-cushioned and measuring 54" x 12".

The Super-veena, as it is called, is a vast improvement on the old time-honoured one and constructed on modern scientific principles. It requires courage to introduce a new type in shape and

form in a conservative and orthodox-ridden India. The Veena, being supposed to be patronised by the Goddess Saraswati, is held in high esteem as the queen of all musical instruments. Veena-playing is certainly a difficult art, and a mastery of it gives infinite pleasure to hearers.

The common Veena does not produce that richness of sound, which is essential for a crowded audience. Its low tonal effects, therefore, can be appreciated only by the musically-inclined few; and a big audience can have but a careless and indifferent appreciation of its merits. The Super-veena seeks to obviate this handicap. It is constructed on the sympathetic vibration theory. Our illustration gives a clear idea of the instrument.

The Super-veena is made from a single piece of finely-seasoned, scientifically-tested, tough jackwood. The selection of the material has been made after elaborate experiments, jackwood being preferred on account of its toughness and flexibility. The ordinary Veena has ornamented ivory borders, imbedded in the wood, and musicians complain that the ivory on account of its hard surface, often interferes with high musical effects. Now the ivory is dispensed with, and the ornamental decorations are made in the wood itself.

The ordinary Veena has only seven strings, while this has 23 strings. The form is kept intact, and the seven *swaras* are held as usual by the seven major strings running along the length of the Veena. Four strings run on the top, while three run on the side nearest to



Srimathi K. SUBHADRA AMMA, who is reported to be the only lady in the Travancore State to pass the Ayurvedic Vydhya Kalanidhi examination in the first class, and to receive a Gold Medal at the hands of Her Highness the Maharani Regent of Travancore in recognition of her distinction. She is the recipient of a State Scholarship both for the Vydhya-Satri and Kalanidhi Tests. She is the proprietor of the Sarasvathi Vilas Dispensary at Manakand, Trivandrum, where numbers of patients are treated free.

Photo: R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



The Super-Veena.

the player. Underneath the frets are 16 additional wires. The design leaves nothing to be desired. It is artistically worked out, and will stand comparison with the finest factory production. In the sound box (Kudam) are the two presiding deities Saraswati and Gaja Lakshmi beautifully carved. The borders are ornamentally-decorated with a design of parrots, flowers and leaves. On the sides are carved the *Masi patram*, vine twigs, and flags, and the crown of the sound box contains a beautiful *kodibillai*, much loved by Indian women.

The usual gourd shell is dispensed with, and a finely-shaped wooden substitute is screwed on to the shaft of the instrument. This can be easily removed from the Veena, and the gourd shell may be substituted quite easily, just to please those having an orthodox view of the matter.

The Yali, or the face of the new Veena, is turned upwards, as if to listen to the music emanating from the instrument. It rises in a graceful curve out of the main body of the instrument, and its sparkling eyes inspire the player, quite unlike in the ordinary Veena, where the Yali faces down. In the curve, are two small boxes, fancifully concealed, for the musicians to keep their strings, spare parts etc in. The peacock, the bull, the goat, the paddy bird, the koil, the horse, and the elephant, the prime beings that are supposed to symbolise the seven notes, are finely chiselled round the neck of the Yali. The shaft portion of the Yali accommodates eight of the bigger screws (*birudais*), which are intended to keep the strings in position.

Below the seven major strings, and concealed under the Melam with suitable air-escapes, is the second set of sixteen wires, which impart sympathetic vibrations to their mother strings. They are of varying lengths and are kept in position by the several big screws found in the side of the instrument. When a

note is struck on the major string, the lower strings automatically respond, keeping the sound vibrating for sometime, even though the mother strings have ceased to vibrate. The Mela is opened by a simple contrivance, after releasing the four major upper strings running above the frets. The wires are self-tuned, according to the *Prakriti* or the *Vikruti* swaras of the parent strings. The sixteen strings are not intended to be tuned, and are inserted to amplify and enrich the *Madhima* and the *Thara Sthayees*, by producing the harmonies of each parent note. Each of the sixteen wires represents the *Sudha* and *Shadsruti* *Rishaba*, the *Sadharana* and the *Anthara Gandhara*, the *Sudha* and the *Pratimadhima*, the *Sudha* and the *Shadsruti* *Daivata*, the *Kousika* and the *Kakali* *Nishada*, of the *Madhima Sthayee*, and the *Sudha* and *Shadsruti* *Rishaba*, the *Sudha* and the *Anthara Gandhara*, the *Sudha* and *Pratimadhima* of the *Thara Sthayee* or the higher octave. The different notes of the scale produced by the vibrations of the main strings resonate through these minor strings for some time.

The *Langar*, or the screw arrangement on the top of the sound box, is a vast improvement over the common type of the instrument. Instead of the usual beads for maintaining the proper tension, there are twenty-three minor screws made of rolled gold to impart tightness, rigidity and stability. The top bridge accommodates the four major strings, while the lower bridge supports the sixteen lower strings. On the sides run the three other wires. All these wires are attached to the fine and delicate twenty-three screws in four rows. While the big screws on the shaft of the Super-Veena adjust the wires to their proper tension, the screws at the *Langar* are used for tightening, and permanently fixing them to the required tension while playing on the instrument. Each of the screws has capacity for about seven wind-

ings, before the final limit of endurance for the wire is reached, and each winding raises the pitch by a higher note. The elaborate arrangement at the *Langar* is to adjust the tune of the several strings by a mere turn of the screw. Listeners of music are often irritated by the adjustment of the bends by the musicians to get the proper tune, and sometimes the tunes are not to the satisfaction of the player for several minutes, and even hours. The beads often slip, and the tunes once set require still further setting at the beginning of every new song, and the listener's patience is tried beyond the limits of endurance. The new mechanical contrivance is the final word on the proper tunes, and it is but just a fraction of a second for the practised Veena player to have the instrument set to the required pitch.

The Super-veena is from every point of view an improvement on the time-honoured, never-changing Indian Veena. It belies the charge that Indians are not inventive. The instrument, when played, gives a richer and fuller note than the old one. In the hands of a practised player, the instrument is bound to give such rich modulations of the human voice, as probably to raise Saint Manicka Vachagar from his grave, once more to sing ("Innisai Veepayil Isaindon Kanga") in praise of the supreme Being as seen dwelling in the sweet strains of that queen of musical instruments, the Super-veena.

Mr. Joseph Jayaraj is arranging to demonstrate the merits of the Super-veena to the public. He is sanguine of success, and is spending his time perfecting and making Veenas on a large scale.

The Solution of the Problem—

By N. P. Damodaran. *A Story.*

"THANGAM, what are you so deeply thinking about? I have seen that you are always meditating. At this rate, I am afraid your constitution will soon go to decay," said Nanikutty Amma, seating herself in a chair near Thangam in the sitting room, and smoothly passing her hand over her own carelessly-combed hair.

"Mother, surely you are wishing to drag me back to that old dreadful matter. In the name of your love for me, I beseech you, please leave me alone," murmured the girl, knowing well however that her mother was very difficult to be moved.

"Do not be incorrigible, dear. You children are incapable of viewing things

rightly. You live in a theoretical world. We too had the same disease. But bitter experiences in life have taught us how to be practical. Beautiful theories won't get you food. A woman's case especially is bad. You have to be cunning, or you will never be able to shape your future."

"Mother, I understand you; but why be in a hurry to marry me to a big purse? For this purpose, you took me away from school. You seem to forget that I too have the right of a voice in the question of my marriage. I mean to say, I wish to marry whom I love. I...." Here she was interrupted by Nanikutty Amma. "Oh! nonsense! Did I not tell you that your blessed theories will get

you nothing? Don't be childish. I know, there are young men whose sweet words and well-sounding promises attract poor, innocent girls towards their carnal nets. Once you fall a prey to their evil designs—believe me, there is nothing deeper in them—you lose yourself for ever. Come, dear. Be reasonable. Whatever is there on earth, which money cannot get you? Mr. Raja..."

"Please, don't continue, mother," interrupted Thangam, "I hate that name."

The girl's eyes began to get wet and Nanikutty Amma began to get heated. "Foolish child that you are! This is all the work of that wanton crack of a boy, I know. You have no business to make friendships with young men of his type. Let me tell you once for all, that he is worth nothing in this world."

"Mother, you are doing injustice to one who has in no way done any harm to any of us. He is not as you think. Was it not but yesterday, that you were so very profuse to him in your compliments? You must at least grant him the high place he deserves in the literary world. Did not father appreciate his poetry the other day?"

"May his poetry be burnt!" cried Nanikutty Amma in a harsh voice. "I don't want to be deceived by non-paying stuff of that kind. I always believed that ordinary young men were dangerous. When they are poets in addition, they become regular plagues. Whenever Sukumar comes here, I have my own suspicions. His high talk of independence, his disrespectful manners and what not, are worthless."

"What do you mean by all these unwarranted censures, mother?" asked Thangam, controlling herself with difficulty.

"I mean, I am not going to give my daughter to a penniless beggar like your Sukumar. My suspicion has not proved wrong. He has by his cunning contrived to influence my daughter and...."

"I tell you, mother once for all, that I can never cease to like him. He doesn't care for anybody in this world, so long as he acts according to his convictions. That cannot be a fault. Let him be poor or rich. He has merits and that is enough for him. I...."

Both Nanikutty Amma and Thangam would have spoken more and there is no saying what the talk would have led to. But the timely appearance of Mr. Krishna Menon prevented the probable consequences.

Nanikutty Amma immediately went to the kitchen. Mr. Menon placed the day's paper, that he held in his hand, on the table, took off his coat and seated himself in a chair by the side of his daughter, who as a mark of respect for her father, had remained standing. Thangam took up the paper, which her father had brought with him.

"Oh, there is an article by your friend, Sukumar, in the paper. I went through it in the office. He has cleverly dealt with his subject", said he, while loosening his neck-tie and settling himself in his chair in an easier posture.

When Nanikutty Amma returned to the sitting-room with tea, Mr. Krishna Menon was engaged in a discussion with his beloved Thangam. He very well appreciated the growing literary taste of his daughter. Unfortunately, he was a hen-pecked husband. It had been the persistent persuasion of his wife, that had forced him to consent to the withdrawal of Thangam from the school. He was otherwise a broad-minded, smooth-going gentleman, who could easily have agreed to what the time demanded.

After Mr. Menon's tea, Thangam went to the kitchen to give instructions and assistance to the cook. The evening drew to a close. The room was lighted and Krishnan Menon changed into his home apparel and got ready to enjoy a homely chat with his wife. It was usual with him to spend an hour or two thus with her, discussing domestic problems and

family details. He would then have a hot bath, take his dinner and peacefully retire to his own room, with the day's paper in his hand.

"You are growing careless now-a-days", began Nanikutty Amma, "Nothing further has yet been done towards drawing Mr. Raja nearer to the matrimonial question. Thangam is day by day growing in age. It is dangerous to keep marriageable daughters unmarried. Before their fanciful brains get time to occupy themselves with the shaping of unwholesome images, we have to hurry up things, that are vital to the well-being of their future."

"I don't remember to have ever been intentionally indifferent to anything, that directly or indirectly concerns us or our children," lovingly responded Mr. Menon. "I thought we could improve matters by consulting the wish of Thangam. Moreover, I have written to Balan in Madras, wishing to know how he likes the idea of Mr Raja marrying his sister. It will be better to wait until his vacation."

"Ah, there you are! Even now, I am afraid, you have given too much freedom to Thangam, which has spoilt her already. I have my suspicions about that Sukumar. Thangam seems to tickle her imagination with the personality of that penniless boy. We can't afford to wait any longer. Before the crisis comes, we have to finish her marriage with Mr. Raja. Rest assured my Balan is not the type to stand in the way of his parents. He too will certainly wish to see his sister befittingly married at an early date."

Krishna Menon thought a while or rather seemed to think.

"But would it not be wiser to consult the wishes of Thangam?" he asked, though in all humility.

"Believe me, girls of her age and type are never able to shape anything definite for themselves. Their ideas are ever changing", reasoned Nanikutty

Amma. "Don't be silly enough to give credit to what they think. To postpone the marriage even for a short period is to set the future of our daughter at a great disadvantage."

"Well then, let it be as you say. I shall apply for a week's leave and arrange things without wasting more time."

At this juncture, a servant interrupted them. Mr. Krishna Menon rose and Nanikutty Amma hurried to the kitchen to supervise the dishing of his dinner.

II

Mr. Sukumar was a young man of four and twenty years of age. He was an active member of the Social Reform League. Even during his college career he had been noted for his wide reading and public spirit. His brilliant intelligence and burning enthusiasm had been well-recognised by his Professors. Due regard therefore should be given to his literary abilities and independent nature. Unfearing in his ways, candid to the extreme, and sincere in his opinions, he possessed a strong character and a clear conscience, which commanded respect from his acquaintances. Even the press as well as the public, never lagged behind in paying him the creditable compliments, which he rightly deserved. He was the eternal enemy of orthodoxy, and so older people viewed him with disgust and even tried to put obstructions in his way. He was for a social revolution, which was the very thing that was abhorrent to conservatives. Sukumar could never tolerate the inequality that existed between man and woman and he was a staunch advocate of women's freedom and rights in society.

He had left College before completing his course and joined the Social Reform League. He never cared to earn money. According to him, money was for necessities and not for deposits in banks. He could never connect marriage with money. He believed a man and a woman in mutual love would be able to pull on smoothly with limited resources.

Love was the essential thing and he believed that other things would then adjust themselves.

Balan, Thangam's brother, was very intimate with Sukumar. They had been classmates for years together. Theirs was a friendship formed on mutual understanding and unselfish regard for each other. Balan was now at Madras in the Engineering College, preparing for the final year examination. It was he, who had first introduced Sukumar to Thangam. Sukumar was a frequent visitor and guest of Balan. Thangam thereby had ample opportunities to attend to the spirited but learned discussions that usually took place between him and her brother. In course of time, therefore, Sukumar obtained a firm place in her pure heart; and, as she knew him better and better, her love and respect grew stronger and stronger. Sukumar, though he was certain he could marry none except Thangam, did not dare speak out his one desire to her, owing to the vast financial difference that existed between them. But lovers cannot for long, remain ignorant of each other's heart.

Thangam was now in her nineteenth year. She had an attractive face, which fully reflected the goodness of her heart. She had been compelled to discontinue her studies from the Sixth Form. But, instead of sitting idle, she had made good use of her time by adding to her knowledge and bringing herself up to date. Her only brother, Balan, helped her, and did everything he could in supplying healthy food for her growing imagination. But he had no idea that she loved Sukumar, though in such a case he would have been heartily prepared to grant his consent and approval to the same.

It was in such a situation that Mr. Rama Varma Raja proposed to marry Thangam. Mr. Raja was extremely rich and that was enough reason for Nanikutty Amma immediately to consent to

the proposal. Krishna Menon, of course, left everything in the hands of his wife and he sincerely believed she was clever and capable. Mr. Raja was known not to be a bad man on the whole, though he was quite twenty years older than Thangam. He was, moreover, a degree-holder of the University.

When Thangam came to know of the proposal,—not that anybody seriously cared to consult her—she managed immediately to convey the particulars to Sukumar. The latter knew that Thangam was helpless and that the conservative parents would not hesitate to hurry on a forced marriage, though he was sure that the girl would fight to the last. Anyway, Sukumar resolved to behave like a brave boy.

He wrote a letter to Mr. Krishna Menon, intimating his desire to marry Thangam with her full consent. But it carried no weight, since Nanikutty Amma could never appreciate anything that was not directly concerned with rupees, annas and pies. Yet he did not give up all hope. The only question now was how to save Thangam. She was actually a prisoner in the house, after her love affair had leaked out.

III

The marriage day dawned. It was a beautiful day in the month of October. The world did not in the least seem to be concerned with the cares and worries of individuals.

As hours passed, Thangam grew more restless, though she felt sure Sukumar would do something to save her. Her heart beat fast. Yet she resolved to hope to the very last.

The evening drew near. Invitations had been freely sent to friends and relatives. Guests began pouring in. Mr. Krishna Menon was everywhere, busy attending to the decorations in the pandal here, supervising the work in the house there, and receiving guests in addition, without forgetting to introduce them to each other when necessary. He

had a hurried smile for everybody. Eight o'clock was the appointed hour for the ceremony. The bride-groom and party were expected a little before eight.

It was past seven-thirty. Expectation rose high in the *pandal*. The gramophone played. But attention was centred elsewhere. Ah there! Horns were sounding. The cars of the bride-groom and party had arrived. There was a bustle. A host of young ladies went to the gate to receive the party. Every eye followed them.

The front car stopped at the gate. Andwhat? Balan and Sukumar alighted! The bus behind also stopped. Mr. Raja and others got down from it. Balan directly ran to the room of his sister Thangam. A moment, and then he appeared again in the *pandal* with her. Amidst wondering eyes, Sukumar stepped forward. Himself and Thangam garlanded each other and exchanged rings, while Balan stood happily viewing the sacred function, with a youthful smile of success playing on his manly face.

There was confusion and Nanikutty Amma swooned in the midst of it.

"No father, it was all for the best," explained Balan. "I got a detailed telegram from Sukumar. I lost no time, but started and went at once to Mr. Raja. He is a good man. When I placed the details of the whole affair before him, he readily agreed to withdraw honourably. I could easily make him realise that he had no right to marry a girl, who had never wanted him. In order to prevent any more catastrophes of the kind, Sukumar was made the bridegroom, and Mr. Raja and others kindly consented to form a party to the affair. Never mind what others may say. Let us not be too sensitive to public opinion. I cannot bring myself to believe I have served you wrong. In fact, I like to be told that I have rendered a timely service to you and to society in general."

Mr. Krishna Menon smiled and thanked God that matters had run as they did.

In Man's Realm

The Preceptor of Poland

By J. D. Thangaswami

IN the last quarter of the eighteenth century, three states partitioned among themselves a tiny kingdom which, for four hundred years, had held a prominent place among the powers of Europe. Austria, Russia and Prussia resolved in 1772 that they should improve the condition of Poland, by taking away a large slice of the Polish territory! In 1793, Prussia and Russia effected the second partition; and two years later when the Poles rose in rebellion against foreign domination, their kingdom was wholly devoured, Austria

obtaining a share this time. The pitifulness of it was that when their kingdom was thus ruthlessly dismembered, the Poles had shaken off their illness and were well on the way to settling their affairs in order. The regeneration of the country on the eve of the partition was remarkable. In a thesis offered a few years ago to the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Cracow, the credit for this regeneration is attributed in the main to Stanislaus Konarski who is to this day considered "the wisest of the Poles." With a number of his public-spirited

fellow-countrymen, Konarski set about a thorough reformation of the basis of public education and devised a scheme which stood foremost in Europe for its breadth and humanism.

Konarski was born on the last day of September 1700 of a middle class family, which had an honourable record of service both at home and abroad. He had his early education in a school run by a religious order known as the Piarists. Education in Poland was then in the hands of two religious orders, the Jesuits and the Piarists, between whom there was hardly any love lost. Frequently, violent and open encounters happened between the pupils of the rival schools in which even masters took part! While in school, Konarski as a piarist developed a hatred for the Jesuit order which became a passion in his later life.

It was likely that when Konarski went to school, he had heard of the greatness of his country in days of yore and the daring feats performed by his ancestors in the defence of their homes and hearths. But the atmosphere of the school was not calculated to help the boy much. The very first requisites of education, inspiration to a love of knowledge and understanding of the growth of mind and spirit, were absent and the teachers made no attempt to help their pupils "to find themselves."

When he was seventeen years of age, Konarski joined the order of Piarists and took to teaching. He distinguished himself in the study of philosophy and verse-making in the style of Horace. History, philosophy and the classics had a fascination for him as monuments of the human spirit and as a source of inspiration. After occupying for four years the chair of Poetry and Eloquence in the Warsaw College which was the oldest of the Piarist institutions, he went abroad for a graduate course. He proceeded to Rome and then to Paris, which was then a rival of Rome as a centre of power and learning. His contact with Rome and

the culture of the West made him a new man altogether and, when he returned to Poland, it was as a man mentally reborn. "His time abroad converted him from heavenly to earthly interests, taught him to see in his own people something more than just a congregation of the faithful, fitted him to understand human society and the great part education must play in its welfare, independent of religious beliefs of this or that church. It gave him a layman's mind, which at once became a light in his own land."

For a decade after his return, Konarski engaged his time and energy in politics and diplomacy; but at the end of that period he was made to feel by the state of his country that he had turned away from his natural activities. Changes in politics and society the like of which had never been, began to creep over Europe at the dawn of the eighteenth century. The grandeur and influence acquired by France, during the long reign of Louis XIV, were being laid in ashes, and a period of economic and social crisis had set in. The genius and energy of Peter the Great was rearing the fabric of Modern Russia, on the severe defeat inflicted by him on Charles XII of Sweden at Pultowa. The coronation of the Elector of Brandenburg as King of Prussia gave rise to a new power which was soon to become a menace to the liberties of the states around it. In the midst of these, lay Poland in a condition standing at the lowest point, socially and politically. There was no peace among the upper classes; and the discord was such as to make the country a victim to the fantastically-complicated diplomacy of the powers around it. Both in the town and country, there was a sad lack of prosperity. The people were possessed of a mental and moral apathy, which resulted in their internal questions being decided by other powers. Their country had no army of their own and foreign troops marched up and down it, making it a dancing ground for the "God of battles".

In these circumstances, Konarski saw clearly that the salvation of Poland lay in the education of its youth on right lines. He made up his mind to confine his activities to the cloister, where he could serve his country effectively by spending all his powers to bring about a change in education.

Now began Konarski's life-work, which lasted for thirty-three years until his death. He founded a College in Warsaw for the sons of gentlemen, on the model of the Collegium Nazarenum in Rome, an institution created for the sons of the well-to-do and supported by the state. The purpose of this College was to glorify God and to render the needed service to the nation, by offering a home with tutilage to the rising generation, along with an education as good as could be had. Konarski attended minutely to everything concerning the students in the college, down to their meals and recreation, for the success of a school depended as much on good food as on good books. The college grew famous and like all good institutions in the world had to combat with jealousy. But the intrepid professor braved all the difficulties he encountered, and even his worst enemies, the Jesuits, subsequently established similar institutions. By 1762, Konarski had become a spokesman of the Polish nation and a fighter for a great idea. He wrote enormously, going over the same ground again and again until his readers were almost weary and thought he had no more than two or three ideas. Of his voluminous works, two at least stand pre-eminent. In his treatise on the correct use of speech for use in the higher classes, he ridiculed fine speaking which was a cult in the schools of those days, run especially by the Jesuits, and urged that speech must be sound, clear, well-dressed, duly-conformed to nature and judgment, rich in learning of every kind, healthy, bright and genuine, neither rapid nor puffed up, neither obscure nor affected, and not brist-

ling with foreign phrases. His second remarkable book dealt with the art of right thinking. In it, he insisted that no man could write well if he did not think clearly. The habit of learning by rote defeated all the true ends of learning, and Konarski's books contributed to its removal. He was particularly anxious that young minds should be kept from that most hateful of all evils to a rising generation—extravagance and exaggeration in expression.

Konarski did not busy himself in his professorship to the extent of ignorance of what was going on outside the four walls of his study. From 1760 to 1763, he issued anonymously four stout volumes, condemning the Government of Poland as a foolish and iniquitous institution produced by time and usage. It was indeed extraordinarily courageous of him to denounce as a monster what had become a golden calf to the gentry of his country. He was hailed by some as a Daniel come to Judgment, while others would gladly have flung him into the lion's den. In the four volumes, he diagnosed correctly the disease that Poland was suffering from politically, and suggested remedies without fear or favour. Although not a single suggestion made by him was accepted at the time, there was not one which did not come in for adoption a generation later.

People flocked to Konarski as to a sage for advice. Leaders in church and state and in the fashionable field of science and letters sought his counsels. He was a veritable Socrates among his countrymen. But this popularity, he was not destined to enjoy for long. The tide of nationalism entered from the West into Poland and spent its full force there, undermining the faith of not a few. Konarski came in for blame and had to defend himself. His last days were not all sunshine. Yet, when he died in 1773, the year after the first partition of Poland, a united people honoured him as their most distinguished son. The

funeral service was conducted by the rival order of the Jesuits, the ablest preacher of them paying the most glowing tribute to the departed soul.

In the black years which followed the partition, Konarski's system of education shone out as a beacon, and his example was a source of inspiration to public

workers in Poland for many a generation. His writings have survived all the forces that have flooded in to overwhelm the kingdom; and upon them is being built the life of the Poland of today, restored to its independence by the good sense of Europe at the end of the Great War of 1914-18.

Dasara or Durga Puja.

This month, all over India from the Himalayas to the Cape, Sarasvathi or Durga, the Goddess of learning, rises to the highest worship of Indians. The orthodox Hindu wholly abandons himself to prayer for one day. The world of books ceases to be, and children are at their happiest.

Every Hindu house becomes an altar. All available pieces of wisdom such as books, scripts, prints, all toys and pretty knick-knacks, are collected and built into a shrine. In it, the Goddess comes and dwells for a day, while lights are burnt, and incense waved, before it. Fruits, cakes and puddings are offered to fair visitors, and to children is added joy upon joy on this happy day.

Learning is the boon of Durga. Teachers try in vain to impart knowledge, and children try in vain to take it in. Centuries and centuries ago, the wisdom of the Aryans grasped the vanity of education and asked aspirers to learning to erect a temple in their hearts. Men, they said, cannot become wise without

heaven's grace.

Tradition is a wise talker, though sciences may often look askance at her. Tradition tells us that Kalidasa, the greatest poet of India, was a shepherd first, and that he became a poet only after Durga had written letters of gold on his tongue. The word *Kalidasa* means the *servant of Durga*. It is not from schools only that the wisest have risen. The boon of knowledge comes to the elect of the Goddess, whether they study in schools, or learn wisdom in fields. That is why a day of prayer is set absolutely apart for the mistress of all knowledge.

But, the day after that, the sleeping learning of today, will wake and parents will try to write the alphabet with golden pens on their children's tongues. And then the three R's, refreshed from rest, will hurl their conceits from end to end of the land. Thus the wisdom of the race will grow from more to more, born as it is in prayer, and nurtured by the efforts of men.

N. K. V.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

The Ideal Aspect of Marriage.

MARRIAGE", says Auguste Comte, "is the simplest and most perfect mode of man's social life: the only society we can ever form, where entire identity of interest obtains. It is a union wherein each is necessary to the moral development of the other; the woman surpassing the man in tenderness, even as the man excels the woman in strength." The marriage bond is the only one in which none can share and which none can put asunder; and so it outlasts death itself. Time, which tends to weaken all other domestic ties, does but cement more closely this one—the only human union of which we can say "these two shall be one." (True marriage is the eternal devotion of one man to one woman.)

Wedlock should never be confined within the limits of any caste, sect or opinion. Men and women ought to be free to marry into or out of any community or caste. Besides, a great danger which besets marriage at the present time is the increasing tendency of women to forsake the moral direction of the family and of the home for vain competition in the practical labour of man. This tendency is fatal to true marriage, and it breaks down with deplorable results. Though man and woman are companions and equals in the journey of life, yet, as regards the measure of their powers, they are unequal. Man is stronger and muscular; woman is more delicate and sensitive. The one excels in brain, the other in heart. Humanity needs both for the purposes of the race, and in every consideration of social progress both must necessarily be included, but in no case should one try to do the work of the other.

As we all know or rather some of us know, the most important step in life is

marriage, and love, which beautifies and inspires nature, is the essence of it. Simonides says that a man cannot have any greater blessing than a good wife or any greater curse than a bad one. And Jeremy Taylor, discussing marriage, once said, that marriage is divine in its institution, sacred in its union, holy in its mystery, sacramental in its signification, honourable in its appellation, religious in its employment; it is an advantage to the societies of men and it is holiness to the Lord.

The true aspect of marriage is where the husband and wife, figuratively speaking, are one in soul and two in body. They should fulfil their mission in this world with one aim and one object. Together they should pray, together fast, together endure difficulties, together share prosperity, together go through life amidst pain and pleasure. They never should hide anything from the other or be a burden to the other. God joys when he sees such pairs. To them He sends peace.

A happy marriage is the beginning of new life; it is a great opportunity where once for all we leave the past, with its follies and faults, and look forward with new hope, new courage and greater strength into the future which opens before us. A happy home presided by a loving couple is the best likeness to heaven; a home where husband and wife, child and parent, each, in his own loving way, helps the other.

Such are the characteristics of a true and happy marriage, and he undertakes no light task who ventures to give counsel in a relationship so ancient and so intimate as that of husband and wife. First, regarding the selection of a wife,—tenderness and purity are prime requi-

sites, and no gifts of speculative intellect or practical ability can compensate for their absence. She should be able
"To soothe thy sickness, watch
thy health,

Partake but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty."
Nextly, do not marry for money. Above all, rather love first and marry the girl of your choice, than marry first and then try to love. The latter oftentimes proves risky and very rarely breeds a happy home.

Now, what about the choice of a husband? Sound sense is an indispensable quality which a young lady should require in the man who is to be her lifelong companion. For, brilliant mental gifts, without the balancing power of sound sense, will not secure her domestic happiness.

There is one counsel that is applicable to both man and woman who are contemplating marriage, and that is to have regard to approximate equality in birth

and station, age and education, in the choice of a partner. Gross inequality in any of the points mentioned is sure to be visited with penalties, more or less severe in some form or other. No view of marriage is good that does not regard it as a tender and respectful friendship "embellished by an incomparable mutual possession". Want of unity of aim is another prolific source of domestic failure. They should see "eye to eye" upon the ratio to be maintained between the serious and the recreative portions of existence. "Union is strength" is an old adage; but in married life it is more; it is peace and comfort.

To sum up all that I have said;—the secret of domestic happiness lies in the exercise of mutual forbearance, gentleness, and courteous demeanour, the desire to please and be pleased, the willingness to express pleasure when felt, the opportune demonstration of affection, and the determination to be one in aim and action in all that pertains to a common and co-operative life.

K. V. SWAMINADHAN.

SOCIETY SNAPS.

By Herbert Porter.

THE SCULPTOR AND THE STATUE

An ugly block of marble stood in the studio of a great Sculptor. The Sculptor stood before the marble, mallet and chisel in hand. With great dexterity of movement and fineness of mind, he gradually bewed out of the solid block, a figure of exquisite beauty—a veritable Venus of Milo! Day after day he

laboured at his beloved task, until the perfect thing stood forth—a glory to all succeeding generations; for, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Moral: Out of ugliness, the spirit of the great artist can shape a thing of perfect grace and grandeur. The creative faculty is the greatest gift which Heaven can bestow upon a man.

Our Fashion Suggestions.

MOST Indian women do not wear thin gauzy saris, and yet, transparent saris look very pretty indeed, especially for evening wear. I expect thin saris are unpopular, because really good ones cannot be bought unless a very high price is paid for them, and the cheaper ones look too inexpensive and common for good occasions. Also, middle-aged women dislike wearing them, because they think them frivolous. Thin saris, however, should be indulged in more than they are at present. After all, it will not be so expensive to buy a gauzy Benares sari; if the purchaser makes up her mind to buy one such garment, instead of two of a thicker material. Sometimes, Georgette saris, with Benares borders sewn on, look very effective and the whole make-up works out quite cheap.

I have often noticed that princesses and purdah ladies are very fond of wearing thin saris, and they look very charming indeed.

The beauty about wearing thin saris, is that colour schemes can be worked out much more easily and effectively. With

a thick sari, a colour scheme does not look half so beautiful. When the sari is transparent, the colour and material of the skirt below should be thought about, so that it combines with the sari. Here is a colour scheme which I think will be very charming for an evening occasion.

A princess petticoat reaching right down to the ankles, of a rich flame colour, and a blouse made of thin material to match the petticoat, with a thin edging of gold on the short sleeves;—over these, a sari of lighter flame of very gauzy make, and of soft material that will drape well, should be worn. The sari should have a broad gold border, with tiny lines of deeper flame running in parallel lines through the gold tissue. Little flame and gold slippers, and flowers to match on coils of hair done neatly at the back of the head, will complete the picture. Not too many jewels should be worn. A few gold bracelets, a thin gold chain and delicate pearl and ruby earrings, would be quite sufficient.

SISTER SUSIE.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

The Poor Housewife.

Women of the lower classes are usually despised and looked down upon as ignorant, insanitary and superstitious primitives. No doubt, this opinion of them is just in many ways, and, when compared with the habits of the civilised and rich, the customs of the poor women of India seem childish and futile. Are they, however, as inefficient as people think them

to be? Is it not due more to the fact that richer people have not taken enough trouble to teach them better ways, that they are so ignorant and unhygienic? Surely, if they are taught better ways, they will soon improve! I say this with conviction, because we lately came across an instance, where a poor housewife surprised us with her efficient ways and quick intelligence. A poor man fell ill,

and a rich woman, being brought to know the precarious condition in which the poor man lay, asked her doctor to attend on him. The man's state, however, being dangerous, the doctor could not do much to help him, and one day, the rich lady thought it her duty to attend the sick house, and see if she could help the women of the household. She was surprised, however, when she went there, to find the house cleanly swept and fresh in appearance, and the patient lying on a clean bed. An old woman, his mother-in-law, was in direct charge of the invalid,

and her capability and efficient intelligence astonished the rich woman. The old woman saw that the doctor's orders were implicitly carried out, and when asked to prepare *whey*, she did it promptly and very well indeed. In spite of the dangerous condition of her son-in-law, she was not worried and over-distressed but calm and collected. In short, she proved to be a splendid *nusre*, and the rich lady, thoroughly satisfied with the care the poor sick man was receiving, came home feeling much relieved.

PUNKAJAM.

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 XI BASIN BRIDGE.

IT is quite unnecessary to follow the preparations, the plans and the excitement of Rukmini and Seeta when the trip to Madras was fast approaching, nor is it kind to describe Mohun's secret longing and chagrin. The journey itself was for the most part performed in the night, so that there was not much that the girls could do, except starting from bed when bridges were crossed, and looking through the carriage windows imagining an abyss yawning below. They likewise took a delight in counting the number of stations, at which the mail halted and in remembering which side of the line they came. But, in the morn-

ing, when Basin Bridge was approached they were all eyes and ears and questions then flowed faster than during any other part of that long journey.

"That's the light-house; those domes and turrets belong to the High Court buildings and those four masts—"

"Oh, father, there lies the sea near the horizon," interrupted Rukmini. "I should never have guessed I would know it. Now what are those things?"

"They are salt pans," replied Mr. Vikram. "Brine from the sea is let into them and allowed to evaporate. Those lumbering bullock waggons are no longer used in the decent parts of the city for carrying rubbish. There is a sort of motor lorry for that. Those are the kerosine tanks which burst into flames

when the Englishmen threw bombs on them, thinking of destroying the wireless station. Look to your things, girls, we must get ready with our tickets."

Seeta had a head-ache as a bit of coal from the engine had fallen into her eye and irritated it continually.

"Are we getting down at Basin Bridge, father?" she asked.

"No, but since the train does not go farther than the Central Station our tickets are checked at Basin Bridge. We have only to alight and clear out at the Central Station."

"But, won't they ask us for our tickets at the Central Station?" again queried Seeta.

"It is not necessary," answered her father, "you will see, when we are returning, that they check the tickets when passengers are getting into trains and not when alighting. Only for out-going trains we have to show our tickets."

"Dear me, look there, father," this came from Rukmini—"which-ever of them is the Bridge? what a number of bridges!"

Dr. Vikram said, "It is that one over the Buckingham canal there."

Before many seconds the mail stopped at Basin Bridge. The scene there was to the inexperienced minds of the two girls something like the moving pictures they had loved to see; only here the noise, the heat, the glare, and the odours, kept them in touch with the living reality of the whole.

First of all, there were to be seen several trains besides their own on both sides of the railing. There were crowds of busy people and there were also many idlers. A host of railway officials, and numbers of coolies and menials, all seemingly Tamilians, were as active as they could be at the different trains. They were going to and fro, running hither and thither, examining the coaches and waggons, loading and unloading, making notes in pocket diaries, checking tickets and doing several con-

fusing tasks, all the while, talking, laughing, joking, whistling, besides which the officers were issuing commands and reprimanding the coolies, who in their turn were protesting, and quarrelling among themselves. More interesting than this bewildering hustle and bustle were the screaming and hissing of engines, the clanging of buffers, the rumbling of trains and the greatest master-piece, the passengers and sight-seers.

Men, women and children of all ages, presenting a variety in costume, complexion and language;—what a sight it was! There were shy Muslim ladies in bright-coloured dresses almost hidden by plain cloaks or magnificent mantles and shawls, their heads covered with veils which obscured their features as well. Parsi ladies moved about like walking lilies, in gorgeous costumes and showing no signs of being ill at ease in the midst of crowds of men. Brahmin dames in costly but not very elegant Kornat sarees were there, unveiled and exposing the calves of their legs. There were a few people from other parts of India besides, representing Bengalis, Gujaratis, Orissas and so on. There were also a handful of Europeans to complete the variety of that motley crowd.

It seemed hours to the girls at Basin Bridge Junction. There was an over-bridge quite close to their carriage for people to go to the opposite sides of the platform without crossing the rails. At the two extremities of the over-bridge were two opposite flights of steps leading up. People were continually going up and down or walking across. Not infrequently, the same parties appeared and reappeared so many times as to attract special attention, but making it difficult for anybody to guess their purpose.

Surely there was enough to be seen and while away the time. The girls were not left undisturbed in their enjoyment at sight-seeing, for scarcely had the mail stopped at Basin Bridge than one of

the ticket collectors boarded their coach to check tickets and examine the luggage. One passenger had an enormous black steel trunk, large enough not only to accommodate all his belongings, but himself and family as well—such was Dr. Vikram's exaggerated interpretation, when he alluded to this passenger later on. The ticket collector demanded to see the pass, but none was forth coming, except protests from the owner of the box, so that the trunk was carried off to be weighed. When it came back, the passenger was called upon to pay not only for the excess, but also for the free allowance.

The glare was intolerable and so also the odours. Rukmini felt that she was going in for a headache too. At last the whistle gave the welcome signal that the train would start and the girls knew that they were about to do the last bit of the journey. No open country was traversed. It was all one station yard from Basin Bridge, and almost before the girls were aware of it the mail had steamed into Central Station.

(To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAI

(2) The First Grief

A little boy planted a rose tree beneath his window, and gave it all the love of his young heart. Before going to sleep, he would open the window, and seeing that all was well with his silent play-fellow, he would murmur a prayer and a thanksgiving. In his dreams, he often saw a rose that could walk and talk and join him in his childish games. When morning came, with the cool East wind, and the song of birds, he would creep away from his mother's side, and run to the poor plant that had spent the long hours in the cold night, and had no tender mother to wrap a blanket round its slender body.

The little boy had a squirrel which his father had given him. One day, it lay idly curled up in a warm hole in its bed, and did not come out when its young

friend called. The milk and plantaine remained untouched in a corner. All his attempt to feed it were futile, and before noon the squirrel died.

The boy made a grave beside the rose bush, and lined the sides with soft, white cotton. He then put flowers in it, and placed on them the lifeless body. There was a vague, intense pain in his heart, and tears in his eyes, as he closed up the grave. But there was consolation in the thought that now his two play-fellows were near each other, and would have to part no more. Only children can feel the silent sympathy of inanimate objects.

From that day the child loved his rose tree with a deeper love than ever. Then the first green bud came, and he felt as a young husband might, who looks on his delicate darling, and thrills to know that she is going to be the mother of the first pledge of their love. Rocked in that airy cradle, with the murmur of the leaves for lullaby, thriving on the milky moonlight under starry skies, soon, beneath the green, the tip of a red petal was seen, as if the bud had blushed for joy.

Then the false beetle came, with his eternal song of love, to betray that heart of honey. But the little boy kept a vigilant watch. That night he slept well, the sleep of a happy child: for he knew that in the morning a fair flower would be waiting on the rose tree, to welcome him with a smile! But, when he came in the morning, no flower was seen,—and the bud too had disappeared!

Some thoughtless hand had plucked that flower: Ah, how thoughtless!.....A strange look came into the child's eyes, and his lips took that pathetic curve which is the precursor of tears.....His rose-tree bore many a flower in the days that followed; but, with what a difference!

T. BALAKRISHNAN.

(3) Our letter to our young people.

Dear Children,

I am sure you would like to know the origin of a pearl, and how it is really

formed. Of course, you all know that it is found in the oyster, but how and why are these exquisite gems hidden away in such crude obscure animals of the sea? I did not know myself, until I suddenly came across an article on the origin of the pearl, in an old volume of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

In the South sea there are thousands and thousands of tiny creatures, about as big as a grain of sand, whirling about in the warm water, by means of *cilia*, or hair, which form a fringe around their small bodies. After a time, the baby oyster, tired of its endless roaming in the sea, settles down to a quiet life, by losing its *cilia*, and attaching itself to a rock. In order to protect its body, it secretes a hard substance, which forms its shell, which are made up of two valves. Besides protecting the tender fleshy part of the oyster, this shell also makes the organism attach itself more firmly to the rock, because of some hairy fibres which come out of it. The oyster, moored thus to its home, stays there serenely for about six or seven years. It is not as lonely however, as you may think it to be, for there are hundreds of other oysters attached in a similar way beside it, and no doubt, they have many cosy comfortable talks with each other.

Eventually, however, a diver finds them and plucks them away from their comfortable home, and when he opens the shells he finds a beautiful pearl within, exquisite and gleaming.

Is it not a wonderful piece of work on Nature's part, to install such a beautiful gem within the rude rough shell of an oyster? How did this pearl hide itself there?

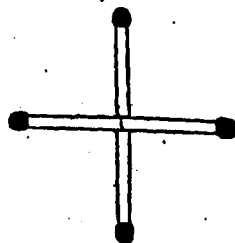
It seems, there are tiny parasites, which find their way into the oyster's shell, and cause great irritation in the folds of the oyster's tender body within. The oyster tries its best to get rid of this troublesome creature, but all in vain. It only manages to secure a firmer footing within, until the oyster, in desperation, secretes some-

thing soft and white to surround and trap the parasite within. Gradually, this secretion becomes smoother and larger, until the parasite can no longer hurt the "mantle" of the oyster. The white secretion is the priceless pearl, which has been discovered by man.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

(4) Our Children's Competition Corner.

1. Can you mention the name of a plant which makes up the number four?
2. Can you tell us how the half of twelve can be seven? It sounds rather impossible, does it not, but still the half of twelve can easily be made seven.
3. Here are four match sticks placed together in a certain way, as shown in the diagram. Can you form a perfect square by moving just one of these match sticks once?



Send in your answers to the Editor, the Indian Ladies' Magazine, Cannanore, by 15th November.

Answers to last month's competition:

INDIAN TOWN ANAGRAMS

1. Calcutta.
2. Mysore.
3. Allahabad.
4. Delhi.
5. Ludhiana.
6. Madras.

The following girls have answered this competition correctly:

1. Miss Mona Erasmus, Cawnpore.
2. Miss Sneholata Ananda Rao, Madras.

A Chess Page.

By Bharadwaja

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THE KNIGHT.

BY far the most interesting piece on the Chess board is the knight. The movements of this piece have not undergone any change throughout the career of Chess. Quite a lot of literature has grown over this interesting piece, and Western savants claim that they have explored all its possible moves. The transformation of the horse to the knight was not revolutionary, as the spirited animal was invested with a rider during the period of knight-errantry in Europe.

The knight is called *Cavalier* in French, and *Springer* in German. The symbol *S* in Forsyth notation denotes knight, following the initial letter of the German word *Springer*. The movement of the knight is as eccentric as it is peculiar, and it is not easy to describe it. It is the only piece which has the privilege of leaping over another man. It has the advantage of coming into the field of operation at once. Its move is one square in a straight line, and one in an oblique direction; or in other words, it moves two squares in a straight line, and one in a side direction. It has the possibility of moving to a third square formed by a single vertical and a single diagonal square. Thus, a knight in a black square can jump only to a white square, and *vice versa*.

A knight in the centre of the board has the power of taking any one of the men stationed in any one of the eight squares, which it can command. If a straight line is drawn from the centre of the board to all the eight squares it com-

mands, it will correspond to the spokes of a wheel. If all the eight spokes are operative, we have a complete Knight's Wheel.

The knight is valuable in crowded positions, and its circular wheel is never dependent on open files or diagonals. It is a short stepping piece, and cannot move from wing to wing in quick time. The bishops and the knights are practically considered of equal value, and mathematicians have set up the value 3.50 to the bishop, and 3.07 to the knight. In ordinary play, the knight is freely exchanged for a bishop, and *vice versa*.

The knight is the favourite piece of leading players in every country. Its assault is more subtle and dangerous than that of any other piece, because it attacks without putting itself *en prise* and its attack can never be resisted by the interposition of another man. The best place for a king knight is its king's bishop third square. A knight with three or four pawns at the end of a game has an advantage over a bishop with an equal number of pawns, because it can leap from white to black.

A king and two knights cannot mate, if the opponent plays correctly. Two knights without pawns become valueless as no checkmate can really be effected by them. The best way to avoid the knight is to move the piece that is threatened to the third diagonal square.

The following ingenious numerical table in Chess was invented by His Highness Maharaja KRISHNA RAJAH WODAYAR BAHADOOR of Mysore, in 1852.

On this board of 64 squares termed POORNA TARA KALPA TARU, the figures are placed according to the movements of the knight, and will give a total of 260 in 116 different ways by adding the figures horizontally, perpendicularly, and in a variety of other ways, taking at a time 8 spaces that bear the same relative position to each other.

11	46	21	52	13	44	19	54
22	49	12	45	20	53	16	43
47	10	51	24	41	14	55	18
50	23	48	9	56	17	42	15
35	8	25	64	29	40	57	2
26	63	36	5	60	1	30	39
7	34	61	28	37	32	3	58
62	27	6	33	4	59	38	31

It rests with the ingenious to obtain the same singular numerical property on this board of 64 squares, in which the knight is made to move: as for instance, 130 if 4 spaces, 260 if 8 spaces, 520 if 16 spaces, 1040 if 32 spaces, and 2080 if 64 spaces are added together.

Leaving aside the numerical calculations, we shall follow the knight's course from the orthodox first move Kt to B 3. We have the following result:—f3, h4, g6, h8, f6, d8, b7, a5, b3, a1, c2, e1, g2, f4, h5, g7, e8, c7, a8, b6, a4, b2, d1, f2, h1, g3, f5, h6, g8, e7, c8, a7, b5, a3, b1, d2, f1, h2, g4, f6, h7, f8, d7, b8, a6, b4, a2, c1, e2, g1, h3, g5, e6, d4, c6, e5, d3, c5, e4, c3, d5, e3, c4, d6.

Now these moves do not give the same numerical results as the Maharaja's.

Nevertheless this is a successful attempt at covering all the squares by a knight travelling on its uninterrupted course. But the first two vertical rows give the same total, 216.

Following the knight's course geometrically for every complete circuit of 16 moves, we have some interesting specimens of polygons. The same may be drawn to scale, and compared with advantage.

To those who are wishing to take up Chess as an interesting hobby, we give this month a chess problem by S. Lloyd, "White; K on KB 2, Rooks on Q2 and Q8, P on KR2. Black: K on KR 8, Bishop on QR5, P on KB6. White to move and mate in three."

Mr. George Parbury of Singapore has written the following parable on this problem:

THE UNWILLING MURDERER.

"In the bad old days when the laws of hospitality were not always respected, King Noir pays a visit to King Blanc accompanied only by his own family priest and a single youthful page.

King Blanc decides to take the opportunity of paying off an old grudge and sets about it with guile. "Let us change pages for the nonce," says he planting himself firmly in front of the black page. At the same time, he instructs his own page to turn his back on King Noir, in the hope that the latter will resent the indignity and take such strong measures as will give him an excuse for carrying out his vengeance.

However, King Noir is loth to do this; and he is ably assisted by his old confessor, who skips about the courtyard with what agility he possesses, and seems to be able to circumvent the machinations of King Blanc's two officers of the guard, nearly but not quite. Alas! There is one line point of vantage against which he is helpless, and the white officer moves to Kt 2. How King Blanc and his supporters chuckle! If the holy man moves to

Q8, Officer No. 1 pins him down by a backward step to Knight 1. If he moves to B, this officer makes the same move and aims directly at King Noir. If the poor old priest moves anywhere else, either one or the other of the officers lay him low."

Every picture tells a story, and every chess problem can be recast into a parable or a fable.

Mr. Parbury is to be congratulated on his parables for many chess problems presented to the world. For our own part, we would like to see Panchtantra stories cleverly woven into the solutions.

N. B.—Bharadwaja offers a prize for an original problem with a solution. The offer is limited to the subscribers of the I. L. M. only. The latest time for submission is 15th November, 1931.

Our Furniture Suggestions

Curtains:

Curtains over outside windows can be made of the net sold in furniture shops; or a double mesh of rough mosquito netting can be used; or even a thin muslin. Dark green is a nice colour to soothe the eyes against the sun-glare. The curtains should be sewn at regular intervals to many small rings, which should run over a stiff iron rod, firmly fixed on the window framework. I would advise invisible short weights stitched to the bottom ends of the curtains; also neat loops should be attached, which can be fixed, when in use, to nails placed in the right position. It should be remembered, however, that these loops and the weights should be sewn on to a hem of two or three folds of the same material, or a false hem of another material of the same colour. When the curtains are drawn off, they can be held in position by a sash of the same colour, tied to a window-bar.

Door curtains can be of the *Suadeshi* kind, printed with soft designs and colours. What are called *Palampoosh*

or *Kalankari* curtains, which can be obtained in Masulipatam, will be suitable; or the black and red printed cloths of Jummahadugu (London Mission); or just ordinary Khaddar cloth, worked with a pretty border in cross-stitch (this can be done through a strip of canvas, the threads of which can be drawn away), or in any other stitch desired, can be used. The curtains can be held down, if necessary by loops fixed to nails.

I would not advise too many curtains. None are necessary on front doors, except to guard against glare or draughts. None are necessary on inside windows or doors, unless needed to screen off the interiors. If something is desired to give a softening effect to door-frames, a light fringe of material can be used for the top.

In any case, all curtains should be placed correctly, regularly, and in as straight and symmetrical a manner as possible. And they should be made of washable stuff, and be often dusted and cleaned.

HOME-DECORATOR.

House-Hold Hints.

In many houses, a definite colour scheme is worked out in the sitting room, and sometimes, even in the dining and other rooms. I know of people who coloured the walls of each room in their house, in a different colour, and spoke of the rooms as the green room, the red room, the blue room and so on. Of course, they were careful to see that the furniture, curtains, etc., matched the particular colour of that room. Whether this is a good scheme to follow out in India or not, I cannot say. But in England, it seems to be the custom in old country houses to have different coloured rooms; for, do we not often read in novels of house-parties being given in large country seats, where one guest is allotted the blue room, and another the yellow room and so on?

I do not, however, wish to speak of rooms this month but of the garden. Why should we not have colour schemes in the garden, as we have in rooms?

I remember reading in a book of a man, who prepared a paradise of a yellow garden in readiness to welcome his dream girl. Colour schemes can easily be worked out in gardens in India. Here is an idea for a golden patch in your garden. The flowers are all common, and can be easily grown. A square plot can be chosen, and edged with yellow cannas.

Little paths should be made to run within the plot, with beds of Campions, yellow Cosmos, Sun-flowers and Marigolds and groups of yellow Dahlias in pots. In the middle, within a neat circle, a few pots of yellow roses can be placed, and here and there, interspersed beside the beds, Cassia can be planted, of which beautiful yellow flowers, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has written a poem:

"O brilliant blossoms that strew my way,
You are only woodland flowers they say.
But, I sometimes think that perchance

you are
Fragments of some new-fallen star;
Or golden lamps for a fairy shrine,
Or golden pitchers for fairy wine.
Perchance you are, O frail and sweet,
Bright anklet bells from the wild spring's

feet,
Or the gleaming tears that some fair bride
shed

Remembering her lost maidenhead.
But now, in memoried dusk you seem
The glimmering ghosts of a bygone
dream."

In a little corner, it will be a good idea to have a small bower trailed with honeysuckle; but this is not so easy to grow.

Colour schemes of various other colours can also be worked out in the garden, according to the taste of the house-wife.

Paddy.

Cookery Notes.

1. Curd Pachchadi otherwise called

Dainsa.

Pour 1/4 measure of good curds into a tin-coated brass vessel and churn well. Add 3/8 palam of powdered common salt.

Take 2 palams of green chillies with stems removed, and 1 palam of green coriander leaves, grind well and mix with the curds. Add the juice, of one big lime fruit. Then put one palam of ghee into an iron pan and melt; put in 1/8 palam

NEEDLEWORK NOTES

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chillies, (cut into small pieces) 1/4 palam of black-gram split, 1/4 palam of Bengal-gram split, and 1/8 palam of mustard seed and fry well with an iron spoon. As soon as the hissing noise of the mustard seed subsides, pour the contents into the curds.

Lastly, dissolve a very small piece of asafoetida in a small quantity of water and pour into the curds.

2. Flat Boli.

Mix 1/2 measure of rolong (wheat flour) with an equal quantity of rice-flour.

Take 2 coconuts, scrape the kernel into fine chippings and mix with the flour. Add 40 palams of white sugar and 1/2

palam of cardamom powder and knead well, until the mixture becomes a thick paste of dough, using, if necessary, a little quantity of milk or water.

Pour 2 1/2 palams of melted ghee into a broad-mouthed vessel (coated with tin) and put in the prepared dough, and gently press evenly, so that it takes the shape of a thin flat round cake. Place the vessel on a slow fire and cover with another flat vessel containing water. As soon as the flat round cake is cooked, remove it from the vessel, and cut it into small square pieces of the size required. These flat cakes are called *flat bolis*.

(Translation).

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER.

Needlework Notes

A crochet border

Crochet trimmings are now the fashion; and crochet borders for saris in silk thread or glossy cotton, can well be worked. Innumerable can be the patterns adopted. Here is a star-pattern.

Make a length of 13 chain.

1st row: Insert hook into 2nd chain, draw through, keeping loop; insert again into the next 3 chain, keeping the loops, so that there are now 5 loops on the hook; throw over and draw through all the loops at once; 1 chain, insert hook into that chain, again into last stitch of 1st star, keeping loop, then into next 2 chain, so that there are 5 loops, draw through all and continue till there are 5.

stars; turn with 3 chain.

2nd row: Trebles into the stars, two into each, taking the thread next to you. There will be 9 trebles and the first length of 3 chain, which should be considered as 1 treble.

3rd row: (Same as 1st row) Then turn with 3 chain, leave 1 chain, start the first star taking loops into the next 2 chain, then into the first threads of the next 2 trebles, so that there are 5 loops, draw through all. Continue now, as in 1st row.

Continue these alternate rows.

The trimming can be made as wide as required.

K. S.

Health Notes

(SELECTED.)

CIGARETTES NOT HARMFUL TO WOMEN?

Male and female rats were tried out on nicotine by doctors at the University of Southern California, and it was found that the males lost in weight, while the females were unaffected; and the United Press adds that rats injected with nicotine showed no retardation in growth or loss of appetite. If these experiments can finally prove anything regarding humans—cigarette sales will take another jump in feminine consumption.

—American Medicine.

SOY BEAN MILK SUBSTITUTE.

It is generally recognised that human milk is the best food for infants and that, in the absence of human milk, the best substitute is cow's milk in some form, modified usually by the addition of various ingredients, such as sugar, water, or egg. There are, however, some diseases in infancy in which cow's milk is not desirable, and there are some infants who react severely to milk, breaking out with eruptions and developing symptoms like those of asthma. It is believed that some cases of severe eczema in infants are due to such sensitization.

In case an infant is unable to take cow's milk, it is necessary to have another substitute for human milk. In an attempt to find such a mixture, experiments were conducted with a preparation of the soy bean (as reported in *Scientific American*). This has been used in one form or another in China as a supplementary infant food for many years. Using a soy bean flour as the basis of a preparation, it has been found that infants, sensitive to cow's milk, can be kept in a good state of nutrition by a

preparation containing soy bean, calcium carbonate, and salt. The soy bean flour already contains some magnesium, potassium, and phosphorus. In order to raise the amount of fat, olive oil was added to the mixture.—*Scientific Indian*.

WHEN TO USE HONEY.

Dr. John Campbell, one of the New Health Society's technical advisers, urges that in training for sport and athletics honey should form part of the sweetening agent of the daily diet, and before athletic effort honey should be taken in moderate quantity.

He has seen remarkable results in boxing and racing over and over again, while acting as scientific adviser to a famous football athletic association, and I am certain it is the one food that can be taken with certainty of results.

Sometimes honey disagrees—though this is very rare—then malt extract or brown cane sugar may be substituted.

—Health.

TREATMENT OF SKIN DISEASE.

In treating diseases of the skin, it is important to search for the cause. It is useless to apply a little of this or that lotion and to expect a cure, unless the underlying cause of the trouble be found and removed. Each disease must be considered separately according to whether general or local remedies are required. No one form of treatment will cure all kinds of skin disorders; hence "cure-alls" are not only worthless but often do harm.

There are a few points, however, which will be found useful in most skin troubles. First, the diet must be strictly regulated in conformity with hygienic rules.

Alcohol, coffee, and tea must be scrupulously avoided, as also pickles, pepper, and all condiments. Coffee and pepper are especially harmful. In fact, a patient suffering from any form of skin complaint should aim to live as much as possible on a fruit and grain diet, abstaining from all forms of rich and clogging foods. Milk and eggs may be taken in moderation. The chief points to be aimed at are that the diet shall be light, unstimulating, moderate and simple.

—The Indian Review.

NEW TREATMENT FOR ANAEMIA.

Dr. F. J. Wilkinson, director of research at the Manchester Royal Infirmary, has made a discovery of great importance for the treatment of pernicious anaemia, says the *Yorkshire Post*.

In recent years the use of liver as a diet for patients suffering from this complaint has been very successful, but Dr. Wilkinson's method concerns the use of hog's stomach. At first this was used in uncooked desiccated form, and it was found that this could be administered either in milk or chocolate or other cold foodstuffs. Later, in conjunction with a firm of chemists, the preparation was made in the form of a biscuit-coloured powder, insoluble and pleasant to take.

The discovery is of such importance, in the opinion of the Manchester Royal Infirmary and Manchester University, who have financed the experimental work, that they have undertaken to provide greater facilities and more accommodation.—*The Indian Review*.

THE SORROWS OF A PRIVATE DUTY NURSE.

She arrives on a case,
All primed to give service,

"My dear, don't do that,
Poor Johnny is nervous."

Thus fond mamas ever,
But wives are much worse—
They cause most the grey hair
That's worn by a nurse.

"I know just how he likes it,"
"Is it time for his pill?"
"I've made the bed *this* way
Ever since he's been ill."

"Oh, how can you do it?
You nurses are cruel!"
"I just want to watch you
Make father his gruel."

And thus it goes on...
Her actions are trammelled,
Her heart feels rebellious,
Her smile feels enamelled.

The patient is, well,
It is time to depart,
With a cheque in her purse
And joy in her heart.

"My dear, I can't thank you,
You've just been so kind—
I've never succeeded,
In making him mind.

"But nurses are clever,
They've many a quirk
And managing patients
Is part of their work."

Dear lady, you're ready
To give folks their due,
But you little suspect
She was managing you.

ANNA HUNT.

Pacific Coast Journal of Nursing.

News and Notes

MRS. SUBBAROYAN'S PLEA AT R. T. C.

The first speech of the only woman delegate in the Federal Structure Committee of the Round Table Conference was a plea for the recognition of women's right to equal constitutional status with men. Mrs. Subbaroyan urged that these could be effected by the insertion of a clause in the new constitution providing that sex should be no barrier to a citizen's rights in India.

Such a provision, she pointed out, was made in the most modern constitutions, notably those of the Irish Free State, Austria and Germany, and she commended the suggestion to the Committee as only fair and just, particularly in view of the important position which women were now beginning to occupy in India. Apart from their political activities they were taking an important share in the administrative work.

Mrs. Subbaroyan referred in this connexion to the Maharani Regent of Travancore, who, during her Regency, proved that women could be good "statesmen" and able administrators, while during his absence in England the Chief of Sangli had entrusted the full administration of his State to the Maharani. In less exalted walks of life, said Mrs. Subbaroyan, she could tell from personal knowledge in her own Province and by report in other Provinces of the remarkable public work which women were increasingly undertaking.

In Madras it was quite customary to find women Honorary Magistrates, members of Local Boards and Municipalities and educational and public health authorities. Women doctors were numerous and people were even becoming familiar with women lawyers.

Mrs. Subbaroyan, therefore, hoped that the Committee would support

women's claims to full civic rights and recommend a clause to this effect in the constitution.

—*The Madras Mail.*

47 YEARS OF MISSION WORK.

On October 1 Miss Eva May Swift retired after 47 years' association with the Madura Mission.

She first came to Madura in 1884, on appointment by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to take part in educational work among the girls of the city. In 1886, when a separate normal school department was established, she was placed in charge. While on furlough in 1890, Miss Swift conceived the idea of a training school for Bible-women, and on her return to the mission in 1892 she began to expend all her efforts toward making the idea an actuality. Her vision, unflinching effort, and unflinching faith have resulted in the realisation of her dream.

At Rachanyapuram (Place of Salvation) 1½ miles from Madura, she has founded a school dedicated to the help and spiritualisation of Indian womanhood. There have sprung up an assembly hall, two large school buildings, a bungalow, a nursing house, farm buildings, teachers' quarters, model cottages, and a quadrangle of Bible-women's homes. Where once was a barren waste, there are trees and flowers, wells of water and broad grain fields.

Miss Swift's original plan was to create a school for Bible-women only, but driven by the needs which pressed upon her, she established also an institution which trains in handcraft, a school for children, and a night school. The girls in the Missouri Home-Craft School imbibe, not only book knowledge, but also household

management, cooking, and the manual arts. They work in the 35 acres of rice-land, grind grain, and care for the premises. Far and wide, Miss Swift's school has attracted attention, and hundreds have visited the work to observe, admire, and learn from it. For her services on behalf of Indian women, Miss Swift was awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind medal.

WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

Srimathi P. Kameswaramma, member of the Standing Committee of the All-India Women's Conference, Rajahmundry, writes: The sixth annual session of the All-India Women's Conference will be held in Madras in December 1931. It is arranged to hold the Andhra Provincial Constituent Conference in the second week of November. The women of the various districts in the Andhra Province were requested to hold their respective conferences in October and send in their reports before the end of that month.

—*Madras Mail.*

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

The Tamil Nadu Women's conference concluded its sitting after passing a number of resolutions.

The Conference was of opinion that complete independence should be the goal of India. It expressed confidence in Mr. Gandhi and wished him success in his work at the Round Table Conference. The Conference urged on the authorities the desirability of introducing compulsory primary education for girls. It also asked for the introduction of industrial training in girls' schools and for more attention being paid to physical education.

The conference condemned polygamy. It demanded equal rights for women with men and was of opinion that women should be represented more largely in local bodies and the Legislative Council.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS.

The Working Committee of the Congress issued the following resolution this evening, after considering the report prepared by the Central Board of the Hindustan Seva Dal:

The Working Committee, having considered the report of the Member in charge and the Organising Secretary of Seva Dal on the organisation of the Women volunteers, accepts the recommendation made in the report that, pending the appointment of a Central Women's Committee for the making of other arrangements, a woman organiser be appointed to work in an advisory capacity on the lines suggested in the report. The Central Board is authorised to make this appointment, and to take all other necessary steps in this behalf. Such an organiser will act under the supervision of the Central Board.

In pursuance of this resolution of the Working Committee of the Congress, the Central Board of Hindustani Seva Dal decided to appoint Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya as organiser of the All-India Women "volunteer" Corps. She will work in cooperation with the Provincial Congress Committees.

The Board has decided to have a dark blue uniform for male "volunteers," and Kesari and green blouses for women "volunteers."

—*Madras Mail.*

LADY PROFESSOR IN MORRIS COLLEGE.

The C. P. Government have done the right thing by appointing Mrs. Kusumavati Deshpande a professor of English in the Morris College, Nagpur. This and some other colleges in the Central Provinces are attended by some lady students as well as by male students. It is but right that all such colleges, where there is co-education, should have some lady professors.

The post-graduate classes in the Calcutta University have some lady students.

Years ago, the late Miss Regina Guha was appointed a lecturer in English for these classes. But at present the Calcutta University has no Indian lady professor. Many men's colleges in Calcutta and some country towns in Bengal now admit lady students. Tagore's Visvabharati at Santiniketan has been co-educational all along in the school and college departments, and for some time a lady professor used to teach Sanskrit in the college classes there. In Calcutta, we believe Vidyasagar College has a lady vice-principal for the lady students, who are taught separately from the men students. So far as we know, no other men's college in Bengal has a lady among its staff.

WOMEN AND THE CHURCH.

The following letter from Dr. Walter Carroll appeared in the Manchester Guardian of August 27 :

I feel sure that a large number of your readers will be grateful to Sir Alfred Hopkinson for his stirring appeal for the admission of women to the ministry of the Church. Perhaps I may be permitted to give one example of the many advantages denied to the Church through the conventional attitude of many of the clergy towards the service of women.

The music of the Church, for its proper rendering, needs four-part harmony. Every musician knows that the right balance and proportion of these parts is an indispensable factor in the true expression of choral music. But one of the parts, the alto, which would naturally be sung by the beautiful voices of women contraltos, is given to a man—sometimes two men—and this results in a meagre and often unpleasant tone, which destroys the balance of the harmony. Some few churches have given equal status to men and women choristers, who, robed alike, enter together and sit side by side in the choir; but the narrower view usually prevails, and women are either excluded altogether, or, if tolerated, are

put in a front pew or tucked away in a side chapel. The music may suffer, but 'theological principles' are maintained. It should be noted that these principles exclude women from the choir stalls on Sunday, but permit of their entering the sanctuary, arranging the altar table, and even cleansing the sacred vessels on Saturday. Could anything be more inconsistent?

A change in the attitude of the Church towards women is long overdue.

WOMEN WANT SEPARATE REPRESENTATION IN BURMA.

At a Meeting of Burmese women held recently at the residence of Mrs. Hla Oung, it was decided to interview the Governor in connexion with separate representation for women at the Burma Round Table Conference.

A reply has been received by the Committee to the effect that the Governor, is at present unable to receive the deputation. The Committee is making further representation to the Governor in connexion with the same subject and held a meeting to-day for that purpose.

—Madras Mail.

SRI SARALADEVI & SRI INDRANI BALASUBRAMANYAM'S ADVICE TO WOMEN.

We congratulate both Saraladevi Choudarani and Mrs. Indrani Bala Subrahmanyam for their courageous address on the conditions of women in India. It is worthy of note that a woman in the South and a woman in the North voice forth similar views. Both of them complain that the majority of our men even this day ignore the views of women in matters political and social. We need not go far for an illustration. The attitude of the All-India Congress Committee, which met the other day in Bombay, towards women's demands is a convincing proof that women will have to

depend upon themselves for emancipating their sex and cannot expect much help from their men. Except a very few, the majority of the men seem to be reluctant to consider the claims of women as of primary importance in the body politic. Let us warn our sisters that the promises for equality and equal status for women will not do women much good, unless they are immediately followed by action whenever an opportunity arises for the same.

Stri-Dharma.

THE MOTHER CULT IN AMERICA.

Idolization of women, particularly of mothers, is a very marked trait of the American emotional outlook. Its causes and character are analysed in a very interesting article in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

The Mother cult in the United States, as part of the all-pervading woman worship which was long ago identified as a basic American trait, needs the caustic and corrective examination to which it has been subjected by the lighter satirists. This religious code maintains that every prize fighter goes into the ring thinking only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every bacteriologist glues his eye to the telescope through the weary years for the sake only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every aviator is out to break the 42,187-foot altitude record for the sake of the wife and the kiddies. Unmarried prize fighters, bacteriologists, and aviators are spurred on to effort and victory by the thought of the old mother back in the little white-washed cottage. If the Nobel-prize-winning bacteriologist forgets to mention his old mother, the reception committee in the old home town will remember her. If the reception committee should happen to forget, the committee's publicity agent will remember her. If the publicity agent should forget, the re-

porters will remind him of his mother. The hint has not been wanting in the press that Professor Einstein discovered Relativity for the sake chiefly of his women-folk.

Given these amiable lunacies in gyneolatry, there can be no quarrel with the newspaper humorist for suggesting that the cult of Mother's Day may have profited by the activities of the American florist: just as Father's Day is not altogether frowned upon by the neck-tie manufacturers: just as Apple Week is said to find some support among the apple growers of the Pacific Northwest Coast; just as Fire Prevention Week is said to encounter no undue hostility from the sprinkler and chemical manufacturers; just as Old Home Week finds no irreconcilable enemies among the railroad companies and the bus lines. The newspaper paragrapher is obviously useful as well as amusing when he makes his thrust at this particular bit of nonsense, and goes his way.

That the mother cult in America should be compared with the Frenchman's worship of his *maman* is obviously too much to ask. It is too much to ask of a social critic busy with the abnormalities of the American scene that he takes a look at other civilizations.

But it is not too much to ask that students of Mother's Day in America, and of the broader subject of woman worship in America, should occasionally give a moment to the thought that the cult may be not altogether an aberration, or at least something more than an aberration. Merely in idle curiosity, merely to take his mind off really serious questions, merely for a change, the observer of Mother's Day might say: "I wonder if there isn't something in American history and American statistics that will explain, to some extent, why Americans make so much more fuss about their mothers than other nations do."

Acknowledgments.

- 1 Mrs. G. W. Adiseshiah, Vellore
- 2 Mrs. V. A. Azariah, Tuticorin
- 3 Mrs. Susheela Anantan, Kotagiri
- 4 Mrs. E. W. Armstrong, Samalkot
- 5 Mrs. Sarabai Ambalal, Ahmedabad
- 6 Miss L. Brandt, Darjeeling
- 7 Mrs. T. A. Balm, Madras
- 8 Sreemathi Bhagirathi Anima
- 9 Dr. Viresinghe Chinnappa, Madras
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THE
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Vol. V

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 4

Love's Message.

We stretch the hand in sympathy,
We deeply feel,
And long to open wide our heart,
Its love, its yearning to reveal.

We murmur low the mundane word,
But long to speak
The language of our inner self;
But courage, at its best, is weak.

And fear, with voice unlovely to our heart,
Bids us, "Take care,—"
Lest thought or word of ours may be
Intrusive and unwanted there.

Self-consciously we bide, and draw,
The clinging gold
Of mute disguise, e'en closer round,
With blush that we are over-bold.

Long years of tender intercourse,
Of lives long shared,
Defy the guise, and friend sees friend,
With heart unmasked and bared.

Yet, somewhere in this heart of ours,
There rests unborn
A love that kindles into life
In time, short as a waking morn.

Then heart greets heart in quiet thought,
And hand clasps hand,
In ling'ring silence that is felt,
And each doth know, doth understand.

And eye meets eye and reads within
The hidden thought,
That tunes the voice to soft caress,
So gently, lovingly, upcaught.

And deep within the heart there stirs
An ans'ring glow,
For love has glimpsed the love, has
touched
The real, that fear had hidden below.

Above the fear, above the self,
Love urged her way,
Till, stronger than self-conscious thought,
Love drew the old disguise away.

HILDA L. EVERETT.

Napoleon's Mother.

TO those, who are familiar with the story told in Thomas Campbell's undying verse of Napoleon and the English sailor, it ought to be of great interest to know what kind of a mother Napoleon had.

Letitia Ramolini was the fairest and most brilliant maiden of Corsica when she married Carlo Bonaparte, a young lawyer of Italian extraction. The island of Corsica, then a province of Italy and Italian in its customs and language, had been invaded by the French. The Corsicans struggled against the invaders under the leadership of Paoli. When Carlo Bonaparte saw that the freedom of his island was at stake, he gave up his peaceful occupation of a lawyer and went out with sword in hand to share the fortunes of his fellow-islanders. Carlo, as the adjutant of Paoli, played a good part in the struggle for freedom. In his perilous and weary expeditions, Letitia would often be found following his fortunes on horseback and exposing herself fearlessly to danger. After a year's fight, the Corsicans surrendered and their island was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

To the Corsicans, children are "like as the arrows in the hand of a giant", and no man can be considered happy who hath not "his quiver full of them". Carlo Bonaparte died twenty years after his marriage, leaving eight children of whom Napoleon was the second. He had survived sixteen years the conquest of Corsica by the French, and, during that period, the nobility of his family and his own position and popularity had given him a prominent position in the government of the island. When he died in 1785, Letitia was in the prime of life, having a large family to support with very little property. In the interests of her children, she practised a severe economy in her tastes and habits,

which remained a striking characteristic of her life ever afterwards.

When the French Revolution broke out, the Bonapartes were on the side of the revolutionaries, and public opinion in Corsica approved of their attitude. But three years later, Paoli, now the Governor of Corsica, instigated the Corsicans to declare against "the sanguinary republic". The Bonapartes were the only family in Corsica to oppose Paoli and, in consequence, they had to fly from the island. Letitia's heroism, which had displayed itself when she accompanied her husband twenty-five years before, was not dead. She rose to the occasion and proved that she was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of herself and her children. The venerable Paoli had tried in vain to win her over to his side. "Resistance is hopeless", he said "and, by this perverse opposition, you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and your family". But Letitia replied "I know of but two laws which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honour and duty". As Letitia fled with her children, she saw flames rising high and thick; and, when told at the time that her house was burning, she remarked without perturbation "Ah! never mind, we will build it up again much better. 'Vive le France.'"

With hardly anything in her possession beyond the clothes she wore, Letitia landed in Marseilles with her children. Her poverty was now complete and she had to depend on the rations of bread, distributed by the municipality to the persecuted patriots. As proud as ever, she made no complaint and called into exercise all the powers of endurance that a noble soul could summon in dire adversity.

Letitia lived in Marseilles for six years

until 1799, when she finally removed to Paris. Events affecting her happiness moved rapidly during these six years. The capture of Toulon in 1793 revealed to the French nation the genius of Napoleon and raised him to the rank of Brigadier-general. This promotion conducted the family of Letitia into better days. But the fall of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror in August 1794 upset the fortunes of the Bonapartes by bringing about the ruin of Napoleon as a supposed adherent and partisan of Robespierre. So, Letitia had emerged from poverty only to be plunged into it again in a year! But she was destined to enter into prosperity once more in as much a period. The Directory established in August 1795 restored Napoleon to his military activities; and his promptness and energy came into play with the result that he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the French Army. Immediately upon obtaining this high office which promoted him to an immense fortune, Napoleon ran up to Marseilles to place his mother in comfort. He assigned a portion of his income to her, which raised her definitely from indigence to ease. From this time onward she rested in comfort till she quitted Marseilles for Paris.

On the ninth day of November 1799, the sun rose with unusual splendour over the city of Paris. A more brilliant day had not dawned. And yet, under the splendid sky, thousands of men and women hurried hither and thither violently disturbed in mind. The Directory was to be thrown into the melting pot. Would it melt? Or, would it jump out of the pot and fling Napoleon into it? None had a greater anxiety than Letitia. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow even if the others escaped. She was far from easy, but still she remained calm. If the Directory had triumphed, Napoleon would have been marched straight to the scaffold and, in all probability, his broth-

ers too would have shared his fate. Fortunately for Letitia, the Directory did not triumph. The revolution made Napoleon the first Consul of France. Letitia's anxiety ceased, but the fortune thrust upon her was borne meekly by her.

Letitia lived a very retired life in Paris. The severely economical habits, to which she had subjected herself in the dark days of her life, made her averse to the extravagant display of wealth by her children. She never hesitated to condemn the superfluous expenditure of the members of her family. At the first great parade, that Napoleon held as the Emperor of France, she appeared simply dressed and all in black, and still looked prouder than Josephine, Napoleon's wife, who stood by her "decked out in peacock array". Having been inured to the vicissitudes of life, she refused to be flattered when anyone tried to please her by singing the glory of her son's greatness and power. By an irony of fate, her relationship with some of the members of her family was unhappy, when the power and greatness of Napoleon were at their height. Josephine's conduct vexed her; and the quarrel between Napoleon and his younger brother, Lucien, was too much for her to bear.

The quarrel between Napoleon and Lucien, which grew out of the refusal of the latter to marry a German princess, led to Napoleon dismissing him. Letitia took the part of her younger son and when he retired with his family to Rome, she accompanied him. Napoleon charged her with an undue partiality for Lucien, and Letitia replied that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear. She was, however, induced to return to Paris by the tender solicitations of her great son, who now settled upon her an annual income of a million francs, assigned to her a separate court and gave her the title of "Madam Mere", equivalent to that of Empress Mother. She took up her residence in a gorgeously furnished palace, but would not deviate from the thrifty

habits she had formed in the days of her adversity. Her thrift baffled understanding; and some taunted her with miserliness. But she would say, "We Corsicans have experienced many revolutions; all this may come to an end. What will then happen to my children? It is better that they should come to their mother than go to strangers who might leave them in the lurch". She was far from happy as the Emperor's mother. When told that she was the happiest of mothers, she would remark, "In truth, I am always full of worry. Every news item makes me tremble lest the Emperor lie dead upon a battlefield."

During the days of her son's prosperity, Letitia took delight in doing good to others. She never asked anything for herself. But she would beg for help to the numerous Corsicans who came to visit her. It gave her great happiness when her petitions to her son were granted.

"All these things may come to an end". So said Letitia, when she lived as "Madame Mere" in a rich mansion in Paris. Eight years afterwards, her words came to pass. In May 1814, Napoleon was banished to the island of Elba by the allied sovereigns of Europe. Impelled by natural affection, Letitia shared her son's exile. Nearly eight months passed. Sitting one day under a fig tree, Napoleon confided to his mother that he would escape from Elba the next day and march to Paris. Letitia was not merely a proud woman. She was also a clever woman. She knew that dissuasion would only disturb her son's mind which, once made up, never wavered. So she replied "Follow your destiny. It cannot be God's will that you are to die from poison or after an inactive old age; though it may well be His will that you are to die sword in hand. Let us put our faith in Mother Mary".

In March 1815, Napoleon entered Paris and made himself the master of France, only to be beaten beyond repair four months later at Waterloo by the Iron Duke of England and banished to

the island of St. Helena. Letitia had now taken up her residence in Rome. During her son's captivity in St. Helena, she offered all that she had in the world to assist him. One of her daughters begged her to send money; she refused, replying, "All I have belongs to the Emperor from whom I have received all I possess". Napoleon himself recognised this gratitude and said that for his sake Letitia would not have hesitated to doom herself to live on black bread.

When the allied sovereigns assembled at Aix la Chapelle in October 1818, she appealed to them as a mother, on behalf of her son, whose life was dearer to her than her own. In the name of Him whose essence was goodness, she begged of them to restore her son to liberty and give her back her life. She wound up her appeal by saying, "Reasons of state have their limits; posterity which gives immortality adores above all things the generosity of conquerors". There was no answer to this fervent appeal. While yet she breathed, her son gave up his breath in May 1821. Nine years afterwards, the Bourbons were expelled from France and the Orlean monarchy was established. The new monarch ordered the statue of Napoleon to be set up again on the place from which it had been removed fifteen years before. This news was carried to Letitia, who was now blind and bed-ridden in Rome. With new strength, she got up from bed and walked into the drawing room, saying "Once again the Emperor lives in Paris".

Letitia lived for six years more. She died in February 1836 when she was eighty-six. "Her dust mingled with the imperial soil which holds the ashes of the mother of the Gracchi and half the heroes of the earth". Whatever be the judgment of history on Napoleon himself, his estimate of his mother, that "she had the energy of a man combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman," stands unquestioned by posterity.

I. D. TANGASWAMY.



Photo taken on the occasion of the visit of Seth Jannalal Bajaj to the Shiv Temple, newly built in the vicinity of the Holker Boarding House at Indore by Sidhanath Bua Ramdasi. The so called untouchables too went into the temple and offered 'Puja' to the idol.

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

The Child and the Home.

By "Rohini" '11 DEC 1931



Miss Sarah Paul, B. A., B. T., (1st class) T. D., (Lond.) has been appointed as Lecturer in English, Secondary Training College, Bombay.
Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

IN Europe and America, child-psychology is forming an important item of education in the life of almost every parent. I was lately reading a book entitled "The child and the Home," in which the author treats the child, not merely as born in order to be moulded by its parents into a good citizen, but as a personality from its very babyhood. The child, he says, should not be regarded as a mere "future citizen." It is that from the very time it is born, and it is as important a being in the world as an older man or woman. "I see in the boy or girl," he continues, "a man and a woman of 5 or 8, with their characters and their rights, which may differ from those of the adult, but which we should recognise and respect. We should strive to make these little men or women as happy as possible now, and not only to prepare them for later happiness, especially since in their mature years their lives may be filled with terrible struggles and suffering."

Hitherto, according to old-world ideas, parents have tried to force the character, beliefs, likes and dislikes of their children, forgetting that a child may have its own views on life, as admirable as, if not more commendable than, those of its parents. Old-fashioned fathers and mothers have been dogmatic and conservative in the upbringing of the child, forbidding it to find out anything for itself, and forgetting that it has a progressing and ever-curious mind, that wishes to probe into the mysterious and wonderful phenomena of the world in which it is to take so important a part.

The modern age, however, is revolutionising the theories of how a child should be brought up, and is realising

that the most important factor in child-education is "to make the child as happy as possible," to surround it with an atmosphere of freedom, truth and respect of its own individuality, and to recognise its importance, not as a "future citizen," but as a present citizen of the world. It studies the character of the child, and shapes its training in such a way, that it adapts itself to the personality with which it has to cope, and, without spoiling its individuality, guides its progress.

Unfortunately, however, the importance paid to child-psychology is more or less confined to the West, although efforts are being made here and there in India, especially in schools, to adapt the new method of child-training. The majority of parents out here, however, are still very conservative and dogmatic in the up-bringing of their children.

They do not realise that their child should be trained according to the present progressive ideas, which are prevalent in the country. On the contrary, they think that the old habits to which they have been accustomed all their lives must be the best for their children. One of the chief evils, which has resulted from this habit of parents to regulate and order the lives of their sons and daughters according to their own tastes, is child-marriage. The father and mother think that their children cannot decide for themselves and therefore they choose a husband or a wife, and command their children to marry, even before they are old enough to judge for themselves or realise the importance of the step they are forced to take. The parents' one idea is to give away their daughters to husbands, who have high positions or money, and who belong to

the same caste as themselves, for they are afraid that, if they allow the girl to remain unmarried until she is old enough to gauge a man's character, she will fall in love with some one who is neither rich nor of the same caste, and thus ruin their reputation and family-prestige. Another reason for the immense hurry, in which Indian parents are to have their daughters married, is no doubt the fact that they have so many children, that they cannot dare to risk leaving them unmarried, simply because they cannot afford to support them for any length of time. How can a father, with about half-a-dozen daughters to be disposed of, risk having them educated and forming a will of their own? "No," say the harassed man, "far better to get the child married before she realises what is happening. Love is sure to follow after marriage."

To be just, however, I must say that all Indian parents are not as selfish as I have made them out to be. Some are fast beginning to realise their faults, and soon, let us hope, child-marriage will be entirely abolished.

Many parents in India, do not strive to make a friend of their children. They wish more to be respected, than be treated as companions, and there is no doubt that there is hardly any other nation in the world, where parents, especially mothers, are so respected by their children as in India; and the strange part of it is that this feeling of reverence for their elders never dies, no matter how old the child may be. Parents, until their death, are looked upon with profound courtesy and respect, and an old father or mother is never left destitute. He or she always has a home, and a son always obeys his father or mother even though he may be a grown man himself. It can, therefore, be realised how arbitrary parents must be to their children when they are young. In fact, according to a phrase I came across in a Telugu book, parents are supposed to be "Gods to their children."

However admirable this point of view may be, and however refreshing to see young people being courteous and polite to their elders, it is a pity that a better comradeship is not established between the young and the old. Respect and affection are all very well, but how much more happy will it be on both sides if there is companionship and genuine friendship as well, especially as the fact of always having to be respectful makes children often hide things from their parents, this habit being very often carried on even when the children are grown up, so that a son fears to smoke before his father or mother, and surreptitiously puts out his cigarette when he or she enters the room. Very often, parents, in order to make their children respect them better, hide their own questionable habits from them, little knowing that the children know all about these weaknesses and laugh at them behind their backs. How much better will it be if there is absolute frankness between parents and children? Will they not develop into much more truthful and honest men and women?

Mothers in India are inclined to spoil their children, by keeping them too much in their company, and seldom leaving them alone. To be for ever telling them not to do this or that, hampers the freedom of a child too much. It must make mistakes and find out for itself what things are wrong and what are right. This constant watching over the child is no doubt due to the fact that an Indian mother likes naturally always to stay at home, and therefore cannot avoid the company of her little ones. This is a far better habit, undoubtedly, than leaving them wholly to the care of servants; but at the same time she should tactfully allow the child to do a little as it wills and not interfere with it too much. A child, from its very early years, should be taught to be independent. Many people think it is a correct thing to do everything for their children, but surely in their very un-

selfishness, they are selfish, for nothing irritates a child more than to be always interfered with.

The other day, I heard a man say, "A child is an intelligent human being, and should be treated as an equal in intellect to an older man. The moment a grown-up person tries to bring himself down to the level of a child's mentality, and consciously makes an effort to be childish and amusing, the child loses interest; but, when a man talks to a child naturally, and is himself interested in what he is saying, the child is enthralled". Many mothers, however, and fathers also, do not realise this truth. They always think that they have to abandon their own personality and speak to their children on a lower intellectual plane. In the same way, they answer the child's many questions untruthfully, thinking

that anything will do for one so young. But, when the child grows and understands things for itself, and realises that its parents have not been telling the truth, it is shocked, and its trust in the world is diminished. It is far better always to speak the truth.

Tagore says, "Our childhood should be given its full measures of life's draught, for which it has an endless thirst. The young mind should be saturated with the idea that it has been born in a human world which is in harmony with the world around it." Yes, our children are human beings, with delicate sensitive minds, that should be treated with kindness and human sympathy, and it is only when a parent is a great "pal" to the child besides a parent, that the child will be really happy, and grow up in a world of beauty and joy.

Gold for Earth's Paying.

Breezes are playing
In the tree-tops:
Earth is a-Maying,
Branches are swaying,
Sunlight is saying,
"Come to the copse!"
Skies are displaying
Vivid arraying;
Waters are spraying
Infinite drops:
Stars are delaying,
Clouds silver-fraying,
Heaven is laying
Gold for earth's paying,
Where the sea stops.

Whom God Hath Joined.

III. JEALOUSY AND DESDEMONA

By T. Sivaramasetu Pillai

FROM Imogen to Desdemona is a tragic transition. Imogen, the embodiment of the essential strength in true and noble womanhood, is a refreshing complement to the gentle and divine Desdemona, soft and docile, pure and sweet, but alas, out of tune in this passion-distraught world, and an easy prey to the wiles of the crafty.

Jealousy, the cancer that is responsible for several tragedies among those whom God hath joined, is a disease difficult to diagnose. It has baffled the doctors who are busy prescribing various specifics for the mind-diseased society of today, as well as the prophets, that are busier in prophesying an Utopia and the Superman. Shakespeare could only picture in his poetic frenzy, "Jealousy shapes faults that are not ;.....O! beware, my Lord, of jealousy. It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on. It is a monster begot upon itself, born on itself." Need one wonder then, that the gentle Desdemona, a maiden "of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself," shrivels to a tragic inanity before the ugly manifestations of this horrid monster.

Why should woman be the chief cause for such manifestations of the brute in man? Is it because from time immemorial she has been regarded as a chattel and a piece of property to be owned by man? When property was stolen, ancient law considered the offence so heinous as to prescribe capital punishment for it; yet, the aggrieved owner rarely felt himself touched to the quick in cases where the lost possessions were other than his wife. Or, is woman the chief incentive to

jealousy, because a man's proverbial sense of self-importance gets shocked, and he cannot bear the thought that another should find more favour with his wife than himself. Or again, is it due chiefly to such a feeling as Othello's: "I had rather be a toad and live upon the vapour of a dungeon, than keep the corner in the thing I love, for other's uses." I wonder!

An enquiry into this interesting line of thought will lead the present series much beyond their scope. Let us confine ourselves, therefore, to the part played by jealousy in the fortunes of Othello and Desdemona. Othello, as it is probably well-known to many of my readers, won the heart of the gentle Desdemona by the unfailing appeal to the generous and admiring emotions of any healthy and noble girl. Desdemona falls in love with what she feared to look on, and, braving her aged father's wrath, declared her unwavering allegiance to Othello,—"My heart's subdued even to the very quality of my lord: I saw Othello's visage in his mind, and to his honours and his valiant parts, did I my soul and fortunes consecrate." The consecration is accepted completely; no man can be more proud and happy, nor more confident in her discretion, than Othello. Note the trust in her shown by him when he makes his earnest plea to send her with him to the theatre of war. Note his outburst of exquisite happiness:

"O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have
waken'd death!

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.

167.

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high and duck again as low
As hills from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

The permanence of such a joy cannot last long. The cleverly directed plot of a consummate villain makes the most innocent courtesies appear monstrous, and a pure nature is corrupted to suspicion beyond repair. Desdemona's ordinary civilities to a soldier in trouble, and her admirable solicitude for the fallen are given a nasty turn, and the once adoring Moor now curses in impotent rage:

"O curse of marriage
That we can call these delicate creatures
ours,

And not their appetites!"
The brute is awakened; and a distraught brain pictures harrowing visions:—

"What? What? Handkerchief—confessions—nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus, Pish! noses, ears and lips.....
.....O devil!"

Clever villainy controls the future course

of events with an unerring certainty. Protests and assurances are of no avail, and after a great attempt at self-justification, which every devil from Satan downwards can make, we get the sacrifice: "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!"

It is the cause."

The greatest act of self-annihilation, which any woman in the history of erring humanity can have performed, is thrown to the wolves. Jealousy stomachs, to use the expressive phrase of Emilia, innocent love; and, before the latter can purify it by sheer force of spiritual fire, the cruel march of destiny, that always takes a step in advance, upsets the well-ordered execution of what great poets have taught us is Nature's holy plan; and the two whom God had joined burn themselves out of existence in the relentless volcano of jealousy.

Three factors in the relationship of man and woman joined in holy wedlock, as emphasised in three plays of Shakespeare, have so far been noted: man's susceptibility to change from one extreme to another, the 'protective' qualities in women, and the havoc of jealousy.

It may not be now out of place to try to sketch the part played by a few heroines in some of our greatest Tamil classics.

Sketches of Modern Women.

KANAKA'S JOURNAL

By an Indian Lady

FOREWORD.

IT was the old Girls' Day at the Government High School for girls at Raipur. It was also the last day at school for the sixth form. Some of us were friends and felt the parting from each other keenly; but we did not speak of it, because it was a day of sentimental farewells throughout the school. We watched the guests come in, bejewelled and gaudily dressed and thought that most of them looked prematurely careworn and aged. We found it difficult to believe that they had been in our places once, and that the school tradition of a high standard of proficiency in English Literature, practical jokes and games, had been upheld by them. We hardly listened to the Superintendent's long speech, in which she asked us to follow in the footsteps of the old students, keep in touch with the school, and remember we owed it to the education we had received there to do our duty well in every walk of life. We had a sense of personal loss and it weighed upon us.

"We must keep in touch with each other," said Maggie; the most mischievous and scatter-brained of the lot of us.

"Will you write often? A letter once in a way is not much good," Saroja said to Kanaka.

"I am going to my mother-in-law's house and I don't think it will be possible to write often. You had better keep writing and I shall keep a diary and send it on to you from my father's house, when I go there."

"Let us all keep diaries and circulate them about once a year," cried Maggie.

"We can each send it to Leela, since her address is permanent, and then she will start the circulation; is that all right, Kanaka?"

"Yes, we shall see," said Kanaka.

"I promise," I said. We ragged Maggie about her habit of telling fibs, and made her swear to write the truth only. But, unexpectedly, Saroja refused to support the scheme, saying that we were all bound to feel differently in a short time. I could see that she considered Kanaka's friendship a permanent link in her life, but was ready to drop the rest of us then and there. But I said nothing; we all loved Saroja, the prettiest, brightest girl in the school, and thought it only natural that she should be more loved than loving. She and Maggie were going on to College; I was to be married to my cousin that summer; Kanaka meant to discontinue and go to stay at her mother-in-law's.

No word from my friends reached me after that, except a greeting card from Maggie on the next New Year's Day; no one had, naturally, acted on the diary project. Then I heard that Kanaka had become a widow and had gone up to Bombay to continue her studies; later, that she was teaching near Masulipatam. Mischievous Maggie had become a nun; and when I heard of it, the news did not surprise me; I felt that all along I had known that the call of religion had been deeply felt by her, though she had had a very different reputation at school. Saroja had taken her degree and then married a very rich widower, with children by his first wife. Rumours said that

she was unhappy and that her husband treated her with abominable jealousy; but she kept a brave face to the world and no one ever spoke of any complaint from her. Last year, she had disappeared; that is, she had run away to Ceylon with a young man who was employed as her husband's clerk; he turned up some months later by himself, but she hadn't been heard of. It made a horrible scandal at the time, and I was shocked at the tragedy of her fate. I knew Kanaka once had written a poem about her, comparing her to "all bright and quick and venturesome things in life," that did not meet with a happy end, if I remember aright. But, I had had no presentiments of such a calamity overtaking the promise of her happy girlhood. About Kanaka herself, I made further enquiries at that time, and heard that she had died, just lately, after a short attack of fever.

Some weeks later, a roll of MSS., in a cover directed to Saroja, c/o my address, was forwarded to me. I opened it and saw it was a Journal of Kanaka's humdrum life; there were no dates in it; it was carelessly written and crossed out in many parts. I am publishing it as it stands; perhaps Saroja might read it and know that her friend had thought of her, sometimes if she does, I should like her to read this, and know that I am alive and also think of her and love her still.

THE JOURNAL

Dear Saroja,

I said I would keep a diary and send it to you. You were wiser when you refused to make any promise, because time seldom keeps the promises it makes to our hopes. We seem to have exchanged our parts. I am become the teacher, the lonely wage-earner. You have family cares upon you. (It is when life becomes a routine that people feel in the mood to write Journals, because their thoughts and feelings do not find full expression in their daily lives. I hope you do not scribble/

Not to do so is a sign, I am sure, that life is satisfying. That holds for most people, for all, except the few who are born with the "divine discontent" that creates art out of life. I look at the sunset and wish I could write a poem: I was more content in those days, when such glory but prompted me to the next thing to be done, viz. to light the lamps and kindle the kitchen fire.

Somebody buzzed a rumour that you were not happy. Rumours are generally false and I hope this is no exception. I am forgetting that I have neither the means for, nor the intention to, post this to you tomorrow. I have almost forgotten what the shock or pain of unhappiness can be like.

The evenings are dull here, because there is nothing pressing to be done. Sometimes, I go for a walk along the river-bund. Sometimes, neighbours call and talk of things that interest them, the doings of their sons and daughters-in-law, their daughters and sons-in-law. The Headmistress thinks I should turn these evening calls to profit, stop the gossip and discourse to the women on elementary science or social reform! I am told she acts up to her precepts and holds "uplifting" social gatherings in her house. The teaching profession has this danger, that it may reconcile us to the habit of monologue; the antidote is to learn and listen, whenever one can. I shall offer to take a married women's class, every other day if it can be arranged, and teach set subjects to those who come to learn them. I can teach from behind a desk. But I cannot and I will not try to educate my neighbours informally, or stop their pleasant chit-chat. Gossip is full of human interest, of comments on psychology and morals; it gives more information than biographies, and more relief than novels; generally, there is but little malice in it, just enough to add spice to the talk, and that evaporates in expression! More than anything else, it is neighbourly to gossip.

I am but a novice yet, and my appreciation is based more on principle than on practice; but, if I can gossip as wittily as Subbamma does, I shall indeed be pleased with myself.

Two events of interest to the school happened this week. They were the arrival of a new teacher, and a boating expedition to a village five miles off. I am afraid the new teacher won't fit in or stay with us long. Her name is Indra and she is a very attractive looking girl of about twenty years of age. She says she is the eldest girl in a large family and is unmarried. Her home is somewhere near Cape Comorin; she is a Tamilian and knows Malayalam, and English of course, being a graduate. This is her first job. She knows no Telugu and has no friends here. She is staying in the hostel for girls and finds it very difficult to eat any of the hot preparations offered there. I wonder, as she does, why the Government, with half of South India to choose from, has sent her to a place where her ignorance of the vernacular cuts her off from any real contact with the women and children and common folk of the place. "I must add Telugu to my other accomplishments", she said, pluckily enough; but she looks bewildered and miserable.

Indra joined us in the boating expedition. There must be an unsociable strain in my nature that I can never enjoy myself in a crowd. I do not mind a crowd of strangers, but the presence of a number of familiar faces makes it impossible for me to feel individually at all. The river was magnificent, with a swollen, brown, muddy driftwood-gathering current flowing through it, on account of rains somewhere higher up.

The boatmen sang some catchy tunes, and then some imp put it into the heads of the girls that they should contribute to the music. They sang in chorus, for the rest of the way, *Kirtans* in difficult melodies, out of beat and tune. Then we went ashore and opened the picnic baskets. We took the girls for a walk

to the temple and made them play round games in the meadow opposite. I could not imagine why we had taken an afternoon off, to spend it as nearly as possible like every other afternoon. We should be passive sometimes, to let outer impressions sink into our minds. The girls next day wrote essays on the previous day's excursion. They said practically nothing of the river or the boatmen's song, or the ruined architecture of the temple. "We sang, we ate, we enjoyed," was the theme of every essay. Some day, I shall fill a notebook with expressions *Pas Anglais*, that cannot be chased off the Indian student's pen. "*We enjoyed*" shall find a place of honour there. "*We enjoyed*,"—What? The music, the feast? Perhaps. "*We enjoyed ourselves*" cannot be translated into any vernacular and indeed sounds an absurd expression when we try to do so. The Indian child cannot bring herself to write it and lets the verb stand absolute. Why not? The same justification can be found for the wrong use of "*Will*". "The girls will return from school every evening at 5 o'clock." Wrong and un-English; but translate literally into the vernacular and the sentence is smooth and idiomatic. Nor can I find it in my heart to ridicule the romantic girl, who wrote: "Our new teacher came with us; she is pretty and walks as gracefully as a she-elephant." Indra was wild when I read out this bit, in spite of my proving to her that the simile was a classic one and had been applied by poets to the gait of Sita and Damayanti.

My cook was ill for a week and I did for myself. I rather liked it. It was some years since I had done any cooking. But I found my hand had not lost its cunning. There was, I found, a sense of achievement about a sauce well-prepared, which I could not get out of anything else! I had been indifferent about my housekeeping and allowed the cook to give me whatever she pleased. The poverty of her imagination struck me only



WINNER IN THE CALCUTTA SWIMMING COMPETITION

Miss Anupama Seal, who won most of the events in the 7th Annual Swimming Championship competition held recently at Calcutta. This is the first time that an Indian girl has taken part in an open competition. She is seen in the picture with her trainer Mr. B. K. Dev.

Photo:— Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



Miss Mahtab Najmud Deen, a Mahomedan resident of the Frontier province, who has been awarded by the Frontier Administration this year a scholarship of Rs. 40/- per mensem, tenable for 7 years, to enable her to undergo the M. B. B. S course in the Lady Harding Medical College, Delhi.

Photo :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

when I found myself in her place in the kitchen, planning different menus for each day. But the trouble really was not worth while when I had only myself to serve. I think I would do well as a matron for the girls' Hostel. I would see that the girls got nutriment and variety in their food, and teach them at least to know the taste of different preparations, with which to tempt the jaded palates of their husbands some day. We are supposed to teach some domestic science in the school, but as far as I know, it is not of much practical use. I proposed to Indra that we should keep house together; but she has arranged to board with a poor widow, and besides does not share my culinary enthusiasm at all. She is quick with her fingers, clever in needle-work, and is well-read in English; she is gentle with children, but is too shy to be happy in the class room or outside.

The Headmistress came down upon me, because I pitied Indra; why should I, when she was an educated girl and therefore fitted to look after herself wherever she was placed? I wish I could think out clearly and to a conclusion the validity of this claim, that is made for education, not by the Headmistress alone, but by the majority of our eminent men and women. As they hand us the school-leaving certificate, or with even more *eclat*, a diploma from the University, they seem to tell us in Johnson's grandiloquent phrase, "Here we distribute, not merely certificates of knowledge, but the passports to security beyond the dreams of hope."

There have been times, when learning gave people miraculous courage; when the new ideas were not merely added to the old, but were held independently of them, and thus had power to destroy or modify the old ideas, instead of being merged with them. That is what must have happened at the time of the Renaissance and the French Revolution in Europe. "Let each man love beauty and worship God in the way it seems to

him best." That idea was adopted in practice, with a hundred modifications, was fought against in its application to Puritans by Protestants and so on, in every walk of life, and is not approved by the majority even now, though it had power, as the history books tell us, to break up the old order of Christendom. Such a change is happening in India now; otherwise how could Xarina Bibi, brought up in Purdah until her twentieth year, find the courage to go to England alone? She has lived according to the maxim that a woman should be sheltered from every contact with outside life; she has imbibed the idea, however, that a woman may face the world alone; and with the courage, born of exaltation, the giddy sense of being above all limitations when you can say to yourself A is B, and A is not B, she has left for England, feeling herself equal to every new circumstance that may confront her. An English girl, coming out to the East, would, I am sure, have made some preparations before hand.

I have this sense of absolute freedom with reference to caste; the idea of caste was deeply-set in my nature somewhere, and then I came to believe that there was no sense in caste distinctions. I can barely see the naturalness of people objecting to a high caste man marrying a girl of a primitive hill tribe; and I cannot feel strongly against it. I know I shall not dislike a negress "because she is black", or ever feel humble towards a claim of racial superiority. The terrible, inflexible consistency of ideas that have overthrown tradition has power over me, in this one question. I admit no social gradations; I know they exist and serve certain purposes, but I cannot feel them as things that matter. This helps me to understand other people's enthusiasms, when they seem wilfully to shut their eyes to facts. Half the battle is won, if you can turn a blind eye to discouraging signals; and that is what our political enthusiasts are doing. "*India is fit for self-government*,"

the idea has exalted them to overlook such facts as communal hatred and disorganisation in the country. That women should be educated and serve in public life is another idea that has brought about revolutionary changes in the lives of some people. Mrs. Chelliah, who for forty years has never spoken to her husband's male relations, is now the first women Magistrate in her district. One cannot say at first sight that she fits the role, but then it required the greater courage in her to undertake it! We have courage enough; it is in us, or is given us; but we need more commonsense and charity in our social life, commonsense, not to ignore the difficulties in front of us, and charity, not to condemn those who fail in some way or another. It was a failure in commonsense when Indra's parents and the Headmistress supposed that, because a sensitive home-loving girl had taken a degree in History, her days were well-spent in teaching the subject for five hours a day in what was to her, a strange country; and that it was her own fault, if she ever felt unhappy. But it happened that Indra shrank more and more into her shell and did not shine in the school or at the Headmistress's parties; and now the Headmistress had had her transferred further up north. I suppose she was right in what she did, and knew the kind of stuff she wanted for the school: but I feel we might have helped Indra to settle down in the school, if the Headmistress had not been so exacting in her demand for breeziness in educated women.

Another change in the staff is due to the resignation, really the dismissal, of the widow, Mrs. Pattammal. An ugly rumour about her got about some months ago, and it must have been proved against her, for she has been sent away. She has, according to everybody, disgraced the education she has received. The Headmistress almost exhorted the rest of us in a veiled speech, to keep to the strait path, lest the public should be prejudiced against the cause, by

counting the number of those who had fallen from grace, in spite of the education they had received. This is enthusiasm if you like! Can you imagine any lonely professional woman, weighing her sense of honour, her responsibility to her loved ones, and the chances of detection and disgrace, against the passion that is driving her to a clandestine love affair, throwing in as a make-weight on the right side, the duty of an educated woman to lead a model life in public? The Headmistress was scandalised, when I told her it was a pity Mrs. Pattammal had not kept her secret better; but she admitted the worst consequence was the effect on the public mind, and that the disgraced woman was the cleverest and kindest teacher we have had in the school for years. We all liked her, professed ourselves her friends and admirers. We knew nothing of her case beyond what was public property, and there were no farewells. The two vacancies have not been filled up and every one has extra work to do.

The rainy days are depressing and I had a parcel of books sent from Madras to me. There were several volumes of Chesterton in it. Do you remember our copying at school this sentence quoted in a book, "Man is a biped, but fifty men do not make a centipede"! The man who wrote that is G. K. Chesterton, as I have just found out, and the sentence almost sums up the wisdom to be found in his pages. He throws off sentences like that in every line, and his style is stiff with brilliants. He is not, as I first thought, full of paradoxes, he is full of one paradox. It is applied in various ways to prove that the man who walks about in gaudy clothes is more humble at heart than the man who disdains rich dress to assert his pride, that the professed fool is wiser than the professed wise man, that drinking is better than teetotalism, that commonsense is a better guide sometimes than expert nonsense, etc., etc. The paradox is always the same, that reason tells us that it is un-

reasonable in human life, to go entirely by reason. "Man is a biped, but fifty men ——" I should prefer unreason justified in poetry and not in epigrammatical prose. I have no one to discuss books with here, since Indra left; I have some Tamil books also. One of them is a little masterpiece in prose called *Gnanaratnam*. It has made me realise keenly that I live among folk, who speak a different language from mine, that there is not one here to whom I could read out a paragraph of that lucid, delightful prose. The Puja holidays have come, and my evenings are spent in paying social calls. The widow is not entirely an out-caste in *Andhra Desa*, thanks to the good work of the early reformers, and I am welcome in the homes of many of my pupils. The girls wear a stiff gold collar with gold beads hanging loose from it, a gold belt of the same pattern, and silver anklets with tiny bells attached to them; a white or saffron Sari with a lace border, a close fitting velvet jacket, yellow chrysanthemums in the hair and thick dark painting under the eye-lashes, complete their toilet. I have seen a number of girls pass by this evening, all got up more or less in the same way; the people seem to care less for novelties in fashions here, than down South. I have never heard so much bad music in my life before, in one week: the best South Indian music is written in Telugu, but the natives here have no power of interpreting it.

The rains are coming down, not as occasional showers, but in steady downpour, that lasts six to eight hours, at a time. The attendance at school has dwindled down to less than half; the children are either laid up with colds, or their mothers don't care to send them walking a long way in the rain. Teaching is mostly a farce, since all the classes that used to be held in the verandahs

have been brought in and huddled into the rooms. And we have to shout against each other and the pelting rain. A child burst into tears yesterday because of a long roll of thunder; and the Headmistress came and soothed her. She continues teaching in spite of a sore throat, that makes it a trial for any one to hear her hoarse voice; and she has the Third Form in the same room, along with the Sixth. It must be said for her that she spares neither herself nor others.

Last night, a storm burst; all through the evening dark clouds had hung massed together over the river, and the sun had flashed crooked white signals on them. The air had been still and heavy with rain and yet not a drop had fallen; and the cloud-mass in the West had grown heavier and darker. Still the stars had been seen in the Eastern half. At 9 o'clock, however, a wind sprang up and scattered the dense clouds all over the sky, chasing them to the other horizon. Then loud peals of thunder rang out from the South, and I thought of the child from the hostel who was frightened of thunder, and hoped some elder girl would comfort her, because I knew the matron would not. Then came louder thunder and criss-cross lightnings flashed from South to East; the whole house rattled, though all the windows were fastened. Some rain fell; a stormy wind blew and carried the rain far aslant; there was more rain and wind; then the wind was hushed, the lightnings played occasionally and only a distant rumble of thunder was heard; and the rain fell in a steady, heavy downpour, from 11 o'clock at night to 10 o'clock the next morning. It was a fine sight, while it lasted; fifty huts collapsed under it in our town; and further down, the river washed away nearly a whole village situated on the bank.

(To be continued)

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 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. Gauri soon meets Prakash, but does not tell her husband that he is Mathuram. Arjuna becomes jealous of Mathuram, who attaches himself too closely to Gauri. Mathuram, on his part, threatens to make things worse for Gauri, if she betrays him. On the other hand, if she promises to be silent about him for a while he will soon make matters right for her. Poor Gauri, of course, chooses the latter alternative. Finally, however, he plays her false, and deliberately places her in a most questionable situation.)

CHAPTER XIV.

GAURI'S most coherent desire was not to see Arjuna the next morning. Whether the desire came through anger, vexation of spirit or a sense of shame, she did not stop to define, but there the feeling was. Yet she knew such a thing could not be managed.

Of one thing, she was sure. She would not stay on with him. What, stay with him, when he had insulted her so; worse still when she had given him cause for such insult. Gauri was a very fair-minded girl; and the latter thought prevented too much bitterness from searing her mind. But—but—she thought, he might have trusted her, especially when she had said she could have explained matters. He might have given her the benefit of the doubt. But, he had not even stopped to listen to her.

She made up her mind to go for a short time at least to her old nurse, who, she knew, lived with her Catechist son at Pallavaram near Madras. She could tell people that she needed a little change; besides her nurse was not keeping very well and wanted to see her. But, would her husband let her go? She did not care; she would go. She would not stay to be doubted at every turn. How could she live with him under such conditions?

Then a doubt came to her. Was it not the duty of every Indian woman to put up with any sort of treatment and live meekly under her husband's roof? She knew it was; but she did not care. She could not, and would not, be so subservient.

Arjuna, however, would raise objections. He would naturally not care for her to live in such simple, nay even poor, conditions, as would probably obtain at her nurse's house. But, he had doubted her; he had thought her false. Why should he care what happened to her, or where she went? She had now a right to order her own life.

He might object to her living with her nurse on the score of caste. But Gauri pursed up her lips here. She had often argued with her husband about this matter. He was for keeping caste even in Christianity; she was for no caste at all. Here was an opportunity, she felt triumphantly, for her to be true to her colours.

She would go, therefore, to her nurse. But she hated arguing with Arjuna. She knew she would not be able to control her sobs if she did, or conceal her pitiful state of mind. What could she do then?

Once, a thought came to her to get up in the early hours of the morning and slip away to the station; it was rather far from their camp, but she could pick up a cart somewhere. A train she knew, left at 5 a.m. for Madras. But then, what would the servants think of Arjuna for letting her go like that, and about herself for going away? No, she did not wish for any scandal like that. There would, of course, be scandal later. But time enough when it came, and she hoped—she hoped—she did not really know what she hoped for.

Suddenly, a thought came to her, and she acted on it at once. She lighted the candle, sat down at her table and wrote a letter to her husband, explaining her intentions and anticipating all the arguments she expected from him.

"Arjuna," she wrote, "a few words of explanation are in justice due to you. I did try to explain to you a little while ago, but you would not listen. If you had really loved me, I think you would have believed in me, in spite of the most adverse evidence to the contrary. But, let me not argue that point now. What I wish to say is that I have been to blame, but I have not done you any wrong. I did deceive you, especially that night after the Fete, when you were so kind to me. It was then that I found out that Mathuram and Prakash were the same, and I made up my mind to tell you straightway about it; but Mallika

got hold of me and, being afraid of your interference, made me promise to wait awhile. So, I wrote to Prakash to come and see me, hoping to persuade him to give up Mallika, in spite of herself. He came and he frightened me, saying that you would never forgive me for having, as it were, dallied with him. He begged me to wait a few days, and then he would set everything right. If not, he would put it all in a false light to you. So, much against my wish, I promised him. When he came tonight, I thought he had come to set me free to tell you; indeed he said something to that effect. So, I went with him. That is all, Arjuna. I have been very foolish indeed, but nothing more. I should have placed my trust in you, instead of which I was afraid of you. Please forgive me.

"And let me go away for a while," she begged. "This is the best way out of the tangle for you and me for a time, I am sure. I cannot bear to be here, with you looking suspiciously at me, and you cannot, I am sure, bear to live with me, whom you doubt. And—and—I am not sure, what you intend to do. Perhaps, you will soon be instituting proceedings for a—a—divorce. It is horrible to think of; but I do not wish to be a burden on you, not only unnecessary, not only unwanted, but even injurious to you, and a clog to your feet. Send me away, Arjuna, if you like; but, but—I beg of you to wait a little. Wait only a few months for—for—my sake. Nay, not for mine, for you will think I have no hold on you, but for my mother's. Do you not remember the promise you made her on her death-bed? You said you would look after me. You would not like to have me to look after for ever, I know. Arjuna, please wait. Oh, my heart is breaking, as I write, and I am afraid this paper is all spoilt with tears. There is no use of re-writing it, though, for I know it will again be spoilt.

"Please do not think I am writing like this to rouse your pity. Never,

never. I do not want your pity. I do not need it. I want your trust. If you doubt me, I shall not wish to stay with you again. If you do not want me, send me away; but never pretend to me. I do not want your pity or your patronage.

"But, let me go away for awhile, and you and I can think over matters. I do not know what Mathuram intends to do. If he forces matters by talking about us, things must take their course. If he keeps quiet, we can wait awhile. Anyhow, it is better not to let people talk too much. There will be scandal enough later of course, but that cannot be helped. Even if I do not go, but stay on here, our behaviour to each other will be so strange that the servants and our friends will think things.

"And please look after my people. I am ashamed to ask it; but you know you said my people will be yours. But—but—I forget, I am no longer yours.

"I know that you will be very angry with me if I ask you not to look after my brother and sister. You have a noble heart, Arjuna, and also we cannot help depending on your support. And I do not mind living on your money either. I know the fashion in English novels is that girls in any position should wish to be independent of their husbands. But, I am an Indian girl. Why should I be proud? And, when you married me, you made yourself my guardian in a way, did you not? It is rather pleasant to think of that. But, why should it be pleasant to belong to you? You might think, I am trying to flatter you. I—I—do not know, if after all I do like belonging to you.

"What a long letter I have written. Please excuse its length. What I really want is that you should wait for a few months. And, let me go now at once. I cannot stay here. You can send for me when you want me. Even if you forgive me and believe in me now, I must go for a time at least, to get back my poise and my composure. But, I know

you do not believe in me now.

"So 'goodbye' for the present. I could not bear to say it personally tomorrow, so I shall say it now. May God bless you and keep you safe for ever.

"May I beg of you not to talk to me tomorrow more than absolutely necessary. You can tell people that I had to go away, because my old nurse was ill. She is really not well, you know. The train leaves at 8 a.m. I shall send you your breakfast early, but this letter will reach you, I hope, earlier. I shall give it to your peon, saying what? yes, I shall mention that I have been copying some accounts for you. Oh, dear, I am getting quite a clever schemer, am I not? But you will think that such a thing is very natural to me, who have deceived you so badly. Well, I cannot blame you.

"Goodbye, Arjuna."

Gauri."

She felt rather ashamed of her outspokenness; but she was too tired to alter it then. She would do it in the morning. So she set her clock and threw herself on her bed, and, contrary to her expectations, dropped off into a sound sleep. The alarm woke her up at five; drowsily she stopped it and slept again. When she woke up next time, it was six o'clock, and the light was bright. A sick feeling that all was not right with her world assailed her, and she remembered her letter. She was still ashamed of it; but, if she wished Arjuna to have it early, there was no time to re-write it. So, she forced herself to send it, and began to pack and get ready for her journey. Her heart was in her mouth; for she did not know what Arjuna meant doing. Every minute she expected him to appear, whether angrily or forgivingly she did not know. But, the time passed, and nothing happened.

At last, just as it was time to start, Arjuna appeared in his car, ready to drive her to the station. She had to keep to her decision, therefore. With tears in her eyes she bade a silent 'goodbye' to

the beloved objects around her and left. The drive to the station was a silent one: the tumult and noise there made talking difficult; and Gauri left at last with a heavy heart, her only consolation being that, at the last, Arjuna mumbled something about "coming home soon," and asked her to write to him. Even with that, she felt very despondent, for she did not know what would happen. Perhaps, the divorce would be coming soon, and she would be relegated to a most lonely life; for alone she determined to be, if Arjuna sent her away. On no account, would she go to Mathuram.

She reached her nurse's house at last, and was warmly welcomed. It did not take her long to shake down into the simple life of her humble hostess. She did her best to make herself useful in her lonely surroundings, and soon became a favourite with everyone.

Time, therefore, passed quickly, and hardly gave leisure to Gauri to think, or to indulge in fears about the divorce probably preparing for her. At first, she had written once a week to her husband, rather formal letters describing the little incidents of her daily life. The yearning to return must have shown itself; but Arjuna did not respond to the unexpressed desire, though he never failed to reply to her letters. He did not again ask her to come back and gradually his missives became colder and colder. At last, Gauri could not bear to see them, though she felt that she could not really blame her husband for his estrangement. So, she gave up writing to him, except once perhaps in a month. Sometimes, a doubt obtruded itself. Perhaps, he was vexed with her for not taking him at his word and returning soon. He had asked her once; how could he go on asking her? Perhaps, he was waiting for her to say something. And she never really gave him a chance. Her letters were really so non-committal. Ought she to go back then? But then, how could she?

Another complication was that Mallika

refused absolutely to give up Prakash. Gauri had written everything to her; but Mallika refused to be shaken and the elder sister was touched, in spite of herself, by the sincere, trusting love the girl showed.

So a month passed. Then, two visitors arrived, Mrs. Sifaram and her crony, Mrs. Dayaram. They told her that Arjuna was thought to be consoling himself, during her absence, by constantly seeking the company of Mrs. Williams. Gauri, of course, refused to believe anything evil of her husband; but eventually she realised that it was necessary for her to go back, not only to preserve their good name in the eyes of an un-understanding world, but also because it was the duty of an Indian wife to stick to her husband, as much as possible.

This realization was confirmed by Prakash, who made her a visit after her aunt and her friend had left. He came osten-

sibly to try to reconcile her with Arjuna, by requesting her to return home soon, if she wished her husband not to be unconsciously led into wrong. The simple Gauri believed that he was trying to make amends for his wicked behaviour to her. But, what would she have thought if she had seen the grin on his face, or heard the words he whispered to himself? "I do not think she will be so ready to call him her husband, if she sees his behaviour with Mrs. Williams. I flatter myself that I have put a spoke in his lordship's wheel. I have deceived her, poor thing. She does not know that by sending her to her husband now I am but advancing my own cause. But, what a fool he is, to prefer that insipid woman to my glorious Gauri, to give up the gold for the brass, the false for the true!"

(To be continued.)

K. S.

THE GREATNESS OF ART.

I.
The office of pure Poetry is this,
To link material to the spiritual,
And draw bright simile from Nature's rule,
To deep adornment of our spirit's life—
To wake in others, feelings of our own,
And to diffuse the strength of thought

thro' men.
Such wise enchantments of the spirit rise
In springs of sweet-affection, that respond
To magic invitations of the mind
Of thinkers and creators of all Art.

II
To say, with power, what all men think
and prove,
Is to exalt the state of Poetry,
And move the world with rapture, in the

light
Of love, to blissful, blest beatitude.
Praised be the followings of the spirit—

praised
The chosen vessels of its trenchant power,
That touch the feelings, and do raise, in

joy,
The thoughts of men to glory's sunlit
heights.

Blest be the deep philosophers of life,
That wield the open pen in graceful,
awful task,
And set the world high standards in
pure Art.

III
Nor Poetry alone—for, with the brush—
In carvings of the stateliest magnitude—
Or where swift melody and harmony

climb
The mountains of the spirit—there doth
wake

The soul of Genius, unto majesty
Of winged imagination's soaring sense,
Whose arrows pierce the states elysian—
The dread, celestial courts of Elohim!

IV
Burn, blessed spirits, in the dim abyss—
Beyond the white and blue of cloud and
sky.

Inspire the souls of mortals from the bliss
And altitude of knowledge ye have

reached,
In fire of spirit that doth dim the suns!

HERBERT PORTER.

Editorial Notes.

(1) Women's Education in American Colleges.

A month or two ago, in the *Modern Review* I came across a system of education for women, which seems rather desirable for India. When women are on the look-out for fresh avenues of service; when they are ambitious enough to claim not to be afraid of hard work; when they desire to earn for themselves and become independent of men; when, in fact, they wish to become finer women in every sense—it is just as well to get them prepared for everything.

In America, there is a demand for women as "teachers of home economics, as directors of cafes and tea-rooms, as consultants in commercial firms, as dietitians in hospitals, or as experts in technical journalism." Therefore, there are divisions for teaching in different departments. But the most important one of them seems to be the Home Economics division, especially in the *Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic arts*. The attendance of girls is over a thousand every year, some coming from far-away states. The teachers are specialists, and the curriculum embraces all sides of domestic education: "applied art; foods and nutrition; institutional administration; physical education; textiles and women's clothing; household administration, which includes home management, child care, child training and household equipment." The pupils are taught, not only to administer a happy and healthy home, but also to take their proper place in society. They are educated in

"the knowledge and practice of health,
the ability to spend time and money

intelligently,
the ability to find and enjoy beauty
in everyday life.

the ability to maintain fine social and
spiritual
relationship with other people."

The whole management is under the charge of the *Dean of Women student affairs*. The college course is for four years. Besides the home courses, other studies are also inculcated, such as language and literature, history, psychology, science, journalism, oratory and mathematics. There are no final examinations; but there is a last test. The pupils, who have taken the full course, have to divide into groups of eight, and spend six weeks in what are known as "home management houses," of which there are four. In each home, there is an orphan child of under two years; the students have to tackle ordinary problems of domestic management and entertaining, and are tested by the results.

Some special features of the building are:

"The unit kitchens planned like very convenient home kitchens; the equipment laboratories stocked with all types of up-to-date home equipment; the institutional kitchen and tea room, where girls specializing in this department have opportunities to learn the correct methods of taking orders and serving, and where faculty members and students can obtain midday meals at a small cost; the hot-se-interior studios where problems in house furnishing are worked with actual materials; an experimental textiles laboratory; an animal laboratory for nutrition experiments with guinea-pigs and rabbits; and a large auditorium for public gatherings. The physical education department is housed in an adjacent building for want of room in the Home Economics Hall. The State Legislature has been asked to build a hundred thousand dollar structure for housing a complete gymnasium."

There is published by the senior students, a journal called the "Iowa Home-maker," which is very useful to women. There is also a Broadcasting Department.

There are some special features with regard to the housing of the girls. Those, who are not staying with their parents, live during the "freshman" year in the College dormitory, which is very attractive. Then, some of them can go to the Sorority House, which is a kind of club with board and lodging managed by the girls. Twice a week, social gatherings are held, when boy friends can be invited under special chaperonship. Sometimes, there are open houses, when outsiders are asked to dinner and to give informal talks.

Only some girls can join these houses, viz., girls who have a certain scholastic standing, a particular social position, or some good qualification in sports. The Sororities are sometimes of national standing, and correspond to similar houses of men, called "Fraternities".

It is interesting to note that there are a certain number of fellowships to girl graduates from foreign lands. In the Iowa State College, they can get the M.S. or Ph. D. degrees. Some of our Indian girls will surely do well to join. The training will help them to advance their country through the uplift of their women.

Better still, it will be, if institutions like this can be started in India; if not in solitary state, they can at least be attached to existing Colleges. When will our philanthropists be wise enough to start such whole-sale things, instead of frittering away their substance on smaller systems, which sometimes can only be of surface good? Consideration must be fully given by our wise men and women to this purpose, and due weight allowed to examples from every foreign land.

(2) Women Picketers.

It was a surprise to read of the action of London waitresses in imitating the

women picketers of India, in order to get some grievances removed.

"We believe in the Indian method of sweet persuasion," said one of the fair white-aproned picketers to a correspondent of the *Bombay Chronicle*, "and want to emulate our Indian sisters' way of peaceful picketing. We will not molest anybody but picket till our object is gained and go to jail if necessary."

It is interesting to note that no policeman was on the scene; and it seems fair to infer therefore that the purely Indian methods of non-violence are beginning to gain ground in the war-like West. How different they are from the wild conduct of the Suffragist!

Besides this peaceful method, there is something more to be learnt from our women picketers. Leaving aside the rights or the wrongs of their politics in question, disregarding also some obvious faults and shortcomings, one must certainly admire their courage which is so difficult of attainment, viz.: the courage, which overcomes the innate shrinking timidity and shyness of fragile women, nurtured into an inferior complex by ages of backward standing. With this goes the persistency which will take no denial, the tact which quietly cuts through stubborn opposition, the constant devotion and firm patriotism which are ready to sacrifice even beloved ones to the country's cause.

The women of India, who could brave and surmount dangerous opposition by peaceful methods, are worth encouraging. The country's future, one is inclined to think, will be fairly safe in their keeping.

We are very glad, therefore, that Western women are beginning to learn from us. It makes the balance more even and will be of use in obviating our inferiority complex and making us more ready to take our rightful places in the world.

(3) Personal retrenchment.

Our Indian sisters, as we have seen, emanate a force to be reckoned with in

modern India, and now they must take notice of other matters besides picketing. I refer to personal retrenchment. I was much interested to see in the *Madras Mail* some days ago, a letter from "a British housewife," suggesting some ways to economise and meet the cuts in pay. Our Indian sisters will do well to follow some of these suggestions.

They are doing much and are sacrificing much in the cause of *Khadder* and therefore of the Indian economic situation. But they can do more still. When everybody is sacrificing comforts and luxuries, they can help their husbands in household retrenchment. Our Indian housewives are fairly careful, and are not altogether in the position of British women, who have the difficulty of keeping up a forced status in a foreign country; yet even they can learn new things in this direction.

The first suggestion made by the *British Housewife* is to dismiss every domestic servant, who is not necessary, and effect reduction in the pay of the remainder. Now, this does not quite affect us. In the first place, we do not keep as many unnecessary servants as the Europeans, who, being foreigners, have somehow been imposed on by the servant population. Again, Indians know how to manage their servants, being of the same nationality. Then, in the third place, I do not think it is right to reduce the wages of servants, which are so small compared with the salaries of their masters. As it is, the pay of a servant is often not enough to provide even one good meal a day for a large family. How then can a cut be made in it? No, what our Indian women should do is to be careful not to follow foreign ways in increasing their servants as their needs increase, which means that their needs should not be allowed to increase too much. Of course, this does not mean that our housewives should not keep enough servants; there should certainly be a few

necessary ones, if one can afford them.

Another suggestion is to reduce hospitality. Now this applies evidently only to Europeans and to Anglicised Indians. Our ordinary Indians cannot afford to give up their ancient virtue of hospitality. Beggars and poor people must be helped occasionally, whether from a desire for 'Punyam,' or just because of a love of humanity. But, what should be guarded against is not to entertain too many rich people, or people of substance. They don't need our help; the poor do. Instead therefore, of feeding our well-to-do friends often, let us give more food to the poor than we do now, even though thereby we do not gain much fame, especially to the beggars, who often, through no fault of their own, are incapacitated from work, and yet for whom no provision for livelihood has been made by the public.

The third suggestion is to reduce payments for large and small services. This includes "tips" of course. Now, I rather like tips, because they mean just an additional meal perhaps to a poor man. It is lovely to give and to reward; but there must of course be moderation even here.

Then again, there must be economy in the buying of clothes and jewels, comforts and luxuries for personal use, or for the house. One should not perhaps frequent cinemas and theatres too much; but then where does one get one's recreations? Therefore, since one must have the latter, the plan will be to get them as cheaply as possible, which means to patronise cheap seats, even at the loss of so-called personal dignity. Finally, affectation, showing-off, and too conventional imitations of expensive standards, should be avoided.

In conclusion, what I mean is that retrenchment should be achieved, chiefly where personal comfort and convenience is concerned; but should be avoided as much as possible, where poor people are in question.

LINES.

To My Mother.

All day I've woven rich fantastic dreams,
 I've seen you in the quiet of the hills,
 And in the colours that the Sun-god
 spills
 Beyond the Western seas, and in their
 after gleams.
 In all God's ageless stars I've glimpsed
 your eyes,
 And in my loneliness I've often met
 You by some brooding stream, or
 lingering yet
 Upon the edge of dawn's dim-coloured
 skies.

Oh, I have caught your breath in
 wayside flowers!
 I've watched you in the stately clouds
 on high,
 And felt our softness as they glided by,
 And heard your voice in all their spow
 towers.—
 O idolized,—but my frail dreams must
 In all their wanderings hover round your
 dust.

E. H. d'ALWIS.

"Husband and wife are two distinct entities, no matter how devoted to one another. They cannot always hold the same views, or desire the same things. Yet it is a fact that many wives fret miserably and never recognise this common-sense distinction. Much of the disillusionment of the early years of married life arises from not realising that a husband must have time off. His wife, too, should get away from him sometimes. That's why they should not abandon old friends.

Volumes have been written on this aspect of life. If my daughter has listened to me she realises that, for her sake, her husband should keep as many friends as possible. They should be welcomed to the house. They afford a welcome change of Company, and keep staleness out of the home atmosphere. Two cabbages will stand together in a field for weeks without friction, but two normal human beings will find prolonged propinquity maddening after a time."—*The Madras Mail*

In Man's Realm.

(1) *Sartor Indica.*

SOME time ago, one or two articles appeared in this magazine discussing the styles of men's clothes in India. The writer criticised exhaustively men's dress in each province. The fashions of Bengal, Tamil Nadu, the Andhradesa and the Punjab were examined and found unsatisfactory. Towards the close of his discussion, the writer suggested a style which he thought best. The fashion advocated by him approximates to the dress of a Kashmiri curio shop-keeper.

When our civilization and culture are in a state of transition, it is very difficult to do any thing without being styled either an old-fashioned person or an Anglicised individual. Diet and dress are chiefly exposed to this criticism. Hence, as in all matters, our wisest course is to take the golden mean. Economy, simplicity and comfort should be the main considerations in discussing fashions. I don't see any reason why we should have one style for dinner, another for the evening and a third for other occasions. No purpose is served by adopting a new mode of dress for these occasions, except a feeling of satisfaction that we are closely following our Western friends.

At the outset, I must say that Western styles are not suited to India for more than one reason. We may try and see if the style of any one province with a few modifications would serve as the national dress of India. The *Pygamas* are not dignified enough to be worn in public. The Tamil and Malayali "*Mundu*" is not artistic enough to form a part of the public garb. The "*Dhoti*," worn by the Bengalees, Andhras, the Maratthas and the people of South Kanara, is quite a respectable garment. The *Dhoti* must be spacious, measuring 12 x 4 feet; and

needs a little skill to wear. *Dhoties* can be had with a variety of thin artistic borders.

The present Bengali *Shirt* with a low neck, side pockets and coat sleeves will serve as an appropriate upper garment for men. This garment is known to most people in almost all parts of India, under different names such as "*Kudtha*," "*Jibba*" and "*Lalchi*." The *Kudtha* must be about one yard in length and should be cut out of some good white material. The cut is very plain with an opening in front for two buttons.

An "*Angavasthrum*" or "*Uttariyam*" may be put on with this dress. It may be thrown over the shoulders covering the *Kudtha* partially, or like the Roman *Toga*. The *Shawl*, if we may so describe this garment, may or may not have borders. White or cream-coloured silk shawls, with very narrow borders, match very well with the *Kudtha*.

A head dress need not be compulsory. A cloth cap, however, made of some thick white material, something like the *Gandhi cap*, may be put on. It is desirable that the cap should be white and be capable of being washed and ironed from time to time. Like as in Poona, an embroidered cloth cap, sufficiently stiff, may be used. A cap is preferred to a turban, which needs to be tied every time it is taken off. It is obvious that we don't need to wear shoes. Ordinary sandals may be used with this costume.

The *Dhoti* is bound to be inconvenient when playing games, and when cycling and riding. On such occasions, *Jodhpur breeches* can be substituted. When sitting at a table for a meal, a *Kudtha* with tight-cuff sleeves will be found more advantageous than the coat-sleeve one. It is best not to go in for coloured garments. Cream-colour is allowable.

Anyone who has plenty of money can make a full suit of clothes in white or cream silk. The *Shawl*, though put on loosely, forms an integral part of a man's dress. Except in private, it ought to be worn at all times. This style of dress is simple and comfortable. A man need not spend much time over his dress if he takes to this style, which seems to suit our country better than any other.

E. SAMBAYYA.

(2) Men's attire

(SELECTED)

With that nice distinction in the choice of a word which befits a scientist, Sir Thomas Oliver declares that men are overclad, and their clothing, compared with women's, is cumbersome, heavy, and unhygienic.

Unfortunately no photograph is to hand portraying Sir Thomas Oliver addressing the Hygiene Institute. We do not doubt, however, that he wore the usual male attire. We cannot picture him dressed in the toga favoured by the beaus of the Dress Reform League, or the knee breeches, hot and uncomfortable and unfairly revealing, favoured by that League's less discerning members. The shorts and open-necked blouse favoured by hikers of both sexes, and approved by the dress reformers of Calcutta, would scarcely fit in with accepted ideas of what is fitting for scientists when deliv-

ring lectures, though the freer sartorial atmosphere of the garden colony at Letchworth may have tempted Sir Thomas to depart from the established customs of his tribe. And yet we may surely claim that before scientists gird at the attire of our males they should produce some satisfactory alternative. Politicians, so far, have done better than the scientists. Mr. Gandhi has set a sartorial standard which, whatever its defects from a social point of view, is at least admirably suited to the climate of India. But the scientists have been singularly unproductive. They may not be wholly to blame, however. The female sex, however prone to change its own attire, is most obstinately opposed to any change in the attire of the male, and the lack of sartorial enterprise in scientists, alluded to above may be due to strong, wifely disapproval of innovations. Who can say? What is certain is that the average man if he attempted to go to the theatre with the average wife in one of the fantastic alternatives to evening dress, hitherto produced by dress reformers would be told by his good lady to go and dress himself properly or go alone. Whether she had on the season's latest and most drastic fashion change or not, she would permit no unorthodoxy in her partner. And yet men are told that in matters of dress they are less sensible and less attractive than women. It's a hard world for the male.—(*The Madras Mail*)

Friendly Chats

Beggars in India.

WHY are there so many hundred thousand beggars in India? There are a good many reasons, and two are worth noting.

First, India is a poor country, and the number of people who live in want bear at no time a decent proportion to those who live above it. Poverty begets giving as well as begging, for the poor generally are more kind to the poor than the rich, who often and rightly or wrongly look upon importunity as a trouble. There are few countries in the world, where poverty is so acute and universal and charity so willing and esteemed as India.

Secondly, religion is a friendly counsellor to begging and to giving in India. Renunciation is a powerful ideal and is ever encouraging the increase of holy men, who, whatever their other virtues might be, are generally beggars from beginning to end. It is, moreover, a negation of right conduct to refuse charity to holy men, and the tendency, therefore, is for every beggar to play the holy man with varying pretension. This is less than fair to the really holy beggars, whom it is difficult to tell from their less exalted brethren.

We often think that beggars are idle fellows. The notion is nowhere quite true, and not true at all in India. Beggars in India are entirely dependent on the proverbial "many a little" to make their daily apologies for bread, for if charity is widespread in India the quantity is far too much restricted. Therefore, of necessity, they have to be very early birds and to overcome long distances, and also exhaust their speech in the interests of their trade. To say that beggars in India are idle is pure and simple falsehood.

Of course, much pity is owing to them, but they have their pride, which is that they do not work for wages. We work for fun and call it play. We work for joy and call it art. But, when we work for wages we call it the sweat of our brows. Work in this sense is work we do not want to do, but are obliged to do on account of our having to earn our livelihood. It is not difficult to imagine that the ideal of beggars in India must be to work as hard as they physically can, so that they may eat and live and have no need of wages. It is nearly the same thing as saying that they only beg for begging's sake. In this lies the secret of their tenacity, which is by no means small. In fact, they have their kinship with born poets, born artists, born singers.....

Not for this reason only are Indian beggars undeserving of contempt, if not deserving of more cordial feelings. They not only come to our houses ceaselessly, but also variously. One comes singing, another doling out excellent philosophy. One comes beating a little drum. Another comes peeping out from ashes. A gipsy woman comes, not unbeautiful if you care, offering to tell you your destiny. A performing cow comes into the courtyard like a careless queep, while her courtier-proprietor repeatedly calls her a wonderful creation; and like a sultana tired of the haem she gives you a melting glance, suiting the action to a conquering toss of her much-embellished horns. One might grow weary of putting one's mite into the stream, but the stream holds fast to its interesting character.

There are two ubiquitous things in India, one a trifle more ubiquitous than the other, crows and beggars, of which

the former avoid the Palni Hills in South India. Beggars, on the other hand, do not avoid even hospitals, whose melancholy atmosphere is not very conducive to the giving of alms. But a beggar in a hospital is a patient, and as he is not sick at all he does not lose his professional quality in the adaptation. The free milk and bread is a great point after all, and questions of honesty do not rise where they are not needed. Even if they rise, it can be remembered that the patient who is not sick generally helps the recovery of the more candid

folks, who are not ailing without being ill.

In running trains, the speed of the beggar's song competes with the pace of the journey, helping the passengers forget their big numerical strength in a small accommodation. It is a fine service.

Of course, one can, if one likes, draw up a formidable list of sins against Indian beggars and keep oneself clear of them. But, on the whole, their sins are not their fault.

N. K. V.

The Thayir-Seller.

WITHOUT the *Thayir*-seller, the people of South India would nearly not know how to live. It is he who somewhat literally ladles out every day the essence of food to them and keeps them going.

Thayir (curds) is buttermilk, not perhaps the real article, for *Thayir* is *Thayir* in much the same manner as men are men. Buttermilk is no longer buttermilk when its dilution with water has passed a certain point. *Thayir*, on the other hand, is always *Thayir*. You may buy *Thayir* in all stages of attenuation and still obtain the protein you need from it. Little care, for example, is taken to prevent a wayside tank from stealing into the *Thayir*-pot, or errant drops of rain from invading it. Whatever happens, the quality of the *Thayir* remains unimpaired. *Thayir* never becomes water. All the waters round may, if they like, become *Thayir*, the moment they come in contact with this wonderful article

Knowing this tireless self-preserving power of his commodity, the *Thayir*-vendor does not always hesitate to carry the same quantity on his head from house to house when an unexpected demand threatens to exhaust his stock sooner than he likes. This happens somewhat regularly on days in the Hindu calendar, which prescribe godliness and good cheer. On these days, the mistress of the house awaits his arrival with anxiety in her eyes. The cooking is done and the little ones and tiny tots gather round her knees clamouring for their joyous good time. It is then that she waits for him with especial concern. But on this day, the *Thayir*-seller makes it a point to arrive later than usual. He does it purposely. Once in a long while he likes to remind others of his importance in the scheme of things, and to show that without him the march of life can even come to a standstill.

V.

GENIUS.

By Herbert Porter

(1) Donizetti and the Coffee Habit.

Donizetti, the Italian composer of beautiful church music and excellent opera, is said to have been over-fond of black coffee. He drank it with great frequency, and, after being satiated therewith, poured the remainder from the coffee-jug upon his wrists, at the same time walking about his room. By reason of this habit, he spoiled many carpets and, consequently, was expelled from his lodging-places, by the furious proprietors.

Moral: Almost invariably, Genius has eccentricity in some direction. Psychological cracks are almost inevitable, where there is great over-balancing of the powers.

(2) Esop, Croesus and Cyrus.

Esop, the fabulist, was a Phrygian philosopher and a slave in Samos. He was sold by Xanthus to Iadmon, but his genius secured for him his liberty. In the

Court of Croesus, king of Lydia, he lived as honoured guest. Croesus was reproved by Solon for great riches and magnificence, but Esop took the part of his benefactor and patron. Later, when Croesus was conquered by the Persian Cyrus, the former was about to be burned to death, when the latter released him from so awful a fate, because he cried "O Solon!" remembering the warning of the law-giver.

Cyrus gave Croesus freedom, thinking that a similar fate might ultimately befall himself.

Moral: Great wit may gain even the slave his liberty. Genius may also give a man the key to the house of the rich, but fortune is fickle, and life is strange. The wise do not build upon foundations of gold, but upon the riches of the spirit.

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 XII

FROM CENTRAL STATION TO
PYCROFT ROAD.

IN profound alarm, Rukmini and Seeta observed a gang of blue-shirted, clamouring, shouting, grinning and swearing licensed coolies run alongside the train and jump on the foot-board, as soon as they could catch hold of the carriage railings. The moment the train stopped, they boarded the compartments, not only loudly offering their services, but actually seizing what articles they pleased, without the least attention to any right the owners might have to choose their own man. Heedless of the angry cries and shouts of the passengers, the coolies were removing things and mixing up luggage so that in the general confusion that prevailed it was all that one could do to watch who were taking their things and where they were scattered. At least, that was the bewildered idea of the two girls. True, the coolies, showing their *pan*—stained teeth, held up their wrists asking the passengers to note the numbers on the brass badges, but that was done in haste as if the rascals meant to give no time for their numbers to be taken, and it was not one man either, who handled the luggage without the owner's consent.

Oh, the confusion of sounds that distracted one's mind in the Metropolitan railway station! There were heard the deep-toned long-drawn groans of the tram cars, as every half-a-minute one drew up at the station or left it with the clinking-ding, clink-ding-ding bells that announced the arrival or departure. The red mail cars hurried to and fro, shrieking and clamouring by way of noisily asserting their official superiority over other vehicles. The shrill blasts of motor-hooters from taxis, buses and lorries, the bells of the carriages, the neighing and pawing of horses, and above all the medley of human voices, were continually in the air.

Over the general din rose the voices of the coolies wrangling and exerting their utmost to swindle strangers. Things may not impress themselves so deeply on the minds of people familiar with them! Nay, the pictures seen by the two sisters may even seem to be overdrawn and painted in colours too lurid, but what Rukmini and Seeta felt then they feel as vividly today.

After a considerable amount of arguing with an English-knowing cab-driver, the party got into a taxi and set off for Pycroft's Road. Mr. Mitra, their host, who had met the visitors at the station and arranged for the car, now assumed the role of mentor for pointing out the important buildings and telling their histories to the youngsters.

Just outside the station were drawn up lines of Jutkas, bullock-bandies and rickshas, the drivers lustily calling out to the people to patronize them.

"I could not read the name of that tram car—could you, Rook?" Seeta asked her sister.

"No, but here are the mail cars again. Where are they all going to, father?" said Rukmini.

"They are going to the Post Offices with the mails," replied the professor for his friend. "The trams, Seetamma, have no names. The boards only show the names of the places between which the cars are doing service. If you watch a car at its terminus, you will see how it changes the board. Chauffeur, stop, there's a parcel gone over-board."

The taxi stopped and the driver's assistant who was standing on the foot-board jumped nimbly down and ran to pick up the bundle.

"That red building is the Moore Market and yonder is the People's Park," went on the mentor.

"I shall take you both some day there," promised Dr. Vikram anticipating a request from both the children, and once more they were gliding on the smooth road.

"Oh, what a beauty," exclaimed both girls, as the car sped over the bridge lying across a small stream with grass-grown sloping banks and a vision of distant buildings.

"This is the Cooum river which has a bad reputation here," said Mr. Mitra. "Nobody drinks its water. We cross some more bridges over it; that white pile is the Ripon Building."

Dr. Vikram drew out his watch to regulate it by means of the time in the clock tower.

Rukmini and Seeta were much struck by the amount of traffic that rolled on every side and wondered how heavy the number of accidents would be, for as yet they had not seen a place where vehicles without number and without rest, were not madly careering in every direction, and throngs of foot passengers were picking their way among them, and all seemed to be a whirlpool of confusion.

Past the noble pile of the M. & S. M. R. offices, past many a club and hotel, they sped, and once more the Cooum came in view just before they came on Mount Road. The flower beds of Napier's Park were in bloom. Then came the view of Government house with the mounted sentries, and a number of statues and shops and offices, and more trams, more cars, coaches, rickshas and jutkas.

"How funny," giggled Rukmini, giving a nudge to Seeta with her elbow, "they are looking at us and we are looking at them."

A tramful of shaven, crowned and yellow-robed Singalese priests were seen in front of Pachayappa's College but were left far behind, while the girls remarked and laughed.

"Did you see a gentleman and two ladies strangely dressed and entering one of the shops?" asked Dr. Vikram.

"We did not notice, father," said Rukmini "who are they?"

"They are Europeans wearing dhotis and sarees, but of a peculiar colour,

something like orange red. They belong to the Salvation army."

"Oh, how I wish I had seen them," sighed Rukmini.

"I am sure I ought to have more eyes than two for seeing all the wonders of Madras," was Seeta's opinion.

"Why," spoke Mr. Mitra, "even as you are, you can see all that you wish to see, provided you can stay long enough here. When your car is flying, you are sure to miss a number of sights. Dr. Vikram must you really take your daughters back with you? If you could leave them with us at least for a fortnight, they would be satisfied with their visit."

Dr. Vikram with a glance checked signs of excitement and of appeal from the girls in support of their host's request, and answered with a decisive shake of the head.

"I am sorry it can't be done, thank you very much, friend, for kindly proposing it."

"That tram car is going as far as the Ice House Road, I know," declared Seeta proudly and asked her father whether she was wrong. The answer came in the negative, whereupon the girl cast a glance of triumph at her sister and became quite conceited of her own knowledge.

The glass panels of shop doors and windows reflecting the traffic caused some amusement to the girls, and so also some tram cars, here and there, going two and two one behind another.

After a little while of silence, Seeta burst out, "what on earth are those men doing there, father?"

"I smell tar," said Rukmini, "Are they doing anything with it?"

"You are right," replied Mr. Mitra for his friend. "Don't you see the road all black there? When the pavement is tarred, no dust flies into your eyes or chokes you. Such roads are called asphalt roads."

After a time came another bridge. They crossed it and found themselves on the famous Marina, now comparatively

quiet. The view of the sea, the park, the beach promenade, the line of casuarinas, made a singular land-scape.

The Senate House, the Secretariat and a few other buildings were passed and Presidency College came. The car took a turning and the visitors were landed at their destination in Pycroft's Road.

(To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) Our Letter to Our Young People.

Dear Children,

It is the characteristic of many boys and girls in India to take life too seriously. They do not laugh enough.

Compared to European children, they appear almost without life. I do not know the reason for this quiet behavior of our children, but I think it is because we Indians are too selfconscious of ourselves, and not spontaneous or child-like in our behaviour. When an English child goes to a party, it does not think of itself at all, but makes a noise, laughs, talks, and answers questions freely; whereas most Indian children sit in a corner, afraid to move, and more or less always sticking to their parents.

The sooner children in India behave in a care-free happy spirit, the better will it be for the nation, for it will rid us of that inferiority complex, which is so characteristic a feature of Indians as a whole. The thing for you, children, to do is not to try and be modest and well-behaved all the time. By this I do not mean that you should behave badly or forget your manners. I mean that you should enjoy life more in the presence of your elders. I know you all have a lovely time when you are on your own, but the moment anyone older comes on the scene, there is a certain restraint and reserve in your behaviour. But why not

be as natural and free in the presence of your elders as you are with children of your own age? Girls, especially, put down their heads, and barely answer a question, when anyone speaks to them. They think it is correct to behave thus, but in reality, it is much more correct to look the person, who is speaking to you, straight in the eye, and answer loudly and intelligently. There is no reason to be shy of grown-ups. They will like you much better if you are not. Laugh and talk and be happy. Also, be mischievous in the proper way, that is not by becoming a nuisance to your elders, but by being full of spirits and jolly.

If you take life happily when you are young, you will be able to tackle anything when you grow up, and overcome all difficulties.

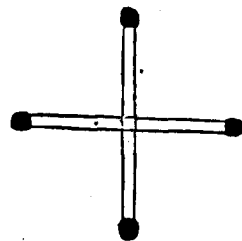
Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

(3) Our Competition Corner for Children.

Answers to last months competitions.

1. Ivy.
2. XII, for, when this is cut in half, it becomes VII.
- 3.



A perfect square is formed in the middle by moving one match.

November Competition.

A prize of Rs. 3/- or a book will be given to the first correct solution of the following cross-word puzzle, provided there are not less than six entries.

The Editor's decision is final. Send in your answers to The Editor, the Indian Ladies' Magazine, Cannanore, Malabar. Closing date for receiving entries is December 15th 1931.

1	2	3	4	5			6	7	8	9	10
11								12			
13					14				15		
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18				19	20	21	22		23		
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32								33			
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40							41				

CLUES

Horizontal.

- 1 A place where sports are held.
- 6 A big English house.
- 11 Not mad.
- 12 A good starchy food.
- 13 A shortened form of India.
- 14 An auxiliary verb.
- 15 A title for a lady.
- 16 Old.
- 17 A vowel repeated four times.
- 18 A shortened form of Edward.
- 19 A prison-house.
- 23 A consonant repeated three times.
- 24 The mother of Ishmael in the plural.
- 25 A valuable card.
- 28 A feature of the face.
- 29 To become loose.
- 32 A pointed bit.
- 33 The name of a girl (English).
- 34 An auxiliary verb.
- 35 A plural pronoun.
- 36 A point.
- 37 The plural of Adam's wife.

38 Comfort.

39 A geographical name.

40 Stupid animals.

Vertical

- 1 An inhabitant of an Eastern country.
- 2 To place in rows.
- 3 Finished.
- 4 A compass point.
- 7 A preposition.
- 8 Titles of persons.
- 9 Monsters.
- 10 Fragrant flowers.
- 19 A vessel.
- 20 Time before.
- 21 An elastic fluid.
- 22 Before.
- 25 Pained dully.
- 26 Long for.
- 27 A stand for drawing.
- 29 Gaseous drinks.
- 30 Got up.
- 31 Entrances.
- 38 A shortened name for a holy man.
- 39 A compass point.

Gramophone Notes.

THROUGH the courtesy of "His Master's Voice" Gramophone Company, who recently placed all their new lists of Indian Recordings in my hands, I am able to view, at some length, the immense amount of records which are available for the Indian Gramophonist. Whether you be interested in Tamil, Gurmukhi, Sinhalese, Marathi, Gujrati, Panjabi, Hindustani, Telugu, Canarese, Bengali, Burmese, Sindhi, Urdu or Marwari records, you will find them listed in the various H. M. V. or "Twin" catalogues, which are obtainable upon application to the company's offices or at a music stores. First, before I go on to remark about other records, let me strongly recommend the readers of these gramophone notes seriously to consider the purchase of the Royal Record number R. B. 3669, which contains the speech by His Majesty the King Emperor at the opening of the Indian Round Table Conference on November 12th, 1930. It is a ten-inch record and His Majesty's speech takes up both sides. The price is the usual Rs. 3-8. Such a record is, of course, of outstanding importance, and should be in every gramophonist's collection.

The Nagri Supplement for June 1931 contains such eminent names as Babban Jan, Jani Bai, Dost Mohd, Pearu Quawal, Master Rahit, Ali Hussain (the Blind Singer) Professor Narayan Rao Vyas, Professor Devdhar's Indian Orchestra, etc; whilst, listed in the back part of the catalogue, we have one or two English records—B 5697, Jack Hylton and his Orchestra playing "*The Pagan Love Song*," and, on the reverse side of the record, "*This is Heaven*". Record No. B 3287, has pretty and alluring Jeanette Macdonald singing the tuneful "*Dream Lover*" air from the Talkie-Film "*The*

Love Parade", and "*The March of the Grenadiers*" from the same Film.

The Concanim Recordanchem Supplement is chock full of interesting and enjoyable records, which are worthy of consideration.

It is practically a useless job for me to toil through each separate item listed in the twenty odd different record catalogues and lists that lie before me at the present time, but I will gladly give any information required to any reader who desires special information and advice before purchasing a record.

There are quite a number of good records listed in the new Gurmukhi Catalogue, foremost of which I must mention B 3330, where brilliant Fritz Kroeger plays on the Xylophone (orchestral accompaniment) two charming pieces "*The Black Forest Chiming Clock*" and "*Gold Fishes*". The Xylophone is a medium-sized instrument standing on four legs; to the top of these are fixed, horizontally, a series of tubes of varying lengths, which are struck with hammers held in each hand by the performer; the resultant sound is very sweet, but it calls for expert handling.

Most of you know Shakespeare's immortal plays, in which case you cannot fail to appreciate Henry Ainley's wonderful interpretations of "*O, that this too solid flesh*" from Hamlet Act I—scene II; and "*To be, or not to be*" also from Hamlet, Act III—scene IV, which are on record B 3492.

The Banjo is an instrument beloved of South American negroes which has, in the last few years, taken a permanent stand in correct Jazz or dance-band ensembles, chiefly on account of rhythmic properties that make it invaluable to accompaniments. Olly Oakley is a particularly brilliant performer on the banjo, and

his contribution to the catalogue "*Camp-town Carnival*" and "*Queen of the Burlesque*" on record B 1531 is distinctly good. I can recommend Rudy Wiedoeft's Saxophone record B2117, on which he plays "*Valse Vanite*" with his usual inimitable skill; this record is backed with a fox trot "*I miss my Swiss*", played by Paul White-mans Orchestra. Hawaiian guitar records are popular because of the langorous and soothing qualities of the music they give forth. "*Alabama Moon*" played by the Hawaiian Trio on record B1143, with "*Hawaiian Echoes*" played by Louise and Ferera on the reverse side, are two numbers typical of genuine Hawaiian music.

There are several well-known names in the Twin Record Supplement for June 1931, which contains a list of South Indian Records (Tamil, Telugu and Instrumental). In the Tamil section we have Kokilagana Miss Subbalakshmi, Madura, on record FT. 576. S. V. Subbiah Bhagavathar on record FT. 578. A fine record, with a certain amount of sentimental value is Ft. 582, by the late Tiruchendur Shanmuga Vadivoo. Whilst in the Telugu section Miss Subbalakshmi (Madura) appears again on record FT. 585.

The new Urdu "His Masters Voice" Catalogue, issued in January 1931, is chock full of really interesting records.

Starting off with a list of Hindustani Nursery Records (7 inch Double-sided) at Re. 1/- each; we pass on to the 10-inch Black Label Hindustani records, in which section Babban Jan and Miss Dulari play a prominent part with a large number of records to their credit. Next, we have a couple of pages devoted to the various types of H. M. V. needles, then follows a further series of pages devoted to 10" Hindustani records in which the name of Janaki Bai appears frequently. In quick succession, we have lists of Persian, Sanskrit and Mohamedan religious records. Towards the end of the catalogue, there is a list of a few interesting English records at the price of Rs. 3/8/- per record (Plum Label). I have been able to quote only a small percentage of the interesting reading contained in this New Urdu general Catalogue, so I strongly advise interested Gramophonists to procure a copy for themselves.

I hope to continue my notes on Indian records in the next number of this Journal, and in the meantime I should be grateful if readers will kindly write to the Editor stating the particular type of record they would like to see reviewed in these columns - whether instrumental, vocal, English or Indian.

LELAND J. BERRY.

Fashion Suggestions.

Some comments on fashion

One might, as every one admits, apply to Dame Fashion part of what Scott said of women:

"Oh Fashion, in thy hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

But, what about the other half?

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
a veritable Angel thou!"

How can fashion ever be likened to an angel? True, when humoured, fashion does please and charm and give a peculiar satisfaction both to the wearer and the

observer; but when does it help in other circumstances? When, for instance, we are afflicted by poverty, which, we may take it, Scott will admit to be one of the "pain and anguish" producing agencies, fashion, far from succouring, will drive to ruin. Be that as it may, since fashion is a veritable aspen in its mood, it is hard to find beings of the stronger sex striving to oritic,se it. They can but admire its vagaries; or at the utmost preserve a non-committal silence. Hence, the attitude of Sir Thomas Oliver, the

President of the Hygienic Institute, in one of his speeches sometime ago, was one that might have been expected. He liked the new fashion in dress, he averred as women thereby became stronger and healthier.

"Taken altogether", he said, "there is much in the modern dress of women to commend itself from both the health and aesthetic point of view. But there is nothing attractive about the male attire. Men are overclad, and their clothing, compared with women's, is cumbersome, heavy and unhygienic. It is not so long since women's dress was equally heavy and unhealthy."

A critic of this speech, thereupon, characterised modern women, as "over-dressed and under-clad". "In their search for novelty, they not infrequently overstep the sartorial boundary between the 'just right' and the 'too much'. Now this is rather drastic observation for being overdressed of course may be a mere mistake, but being under-clad can be an offence, especially in Indian eyes.

This quite agrees with what Sir Thamas Lodge says about women "dres-

ing specially to compete with each other, not to attract the opposite sex". This is why perhaps new aspects are shown in often such bewildering profusion. For instance, where it was once thought in very bad taste to use imitation jewellery, now it is thought quite expedient to do so. Of course, when the pretext for this is economy, the innovation is a good one; but otherwise it somehow grates. One is inclined to ask, why wear jewels at all, if you cannot afford real ones.

The same applies to faked complexions, faked eyebrows, faked features, and one may say now faked faces. Considering the wonders of modern surgery in removing wrinkles, moulding noses, cutting off superfluous flesh etc., one really does not know where one stands. One's pet aversion can easily become one's utmost desire, judging at least by outward appearances. Where is the inward worth then, the real 'you, and 'I'?

Therefore, I would say, to Indian women, beware of sham, of pretence, of camouflage!

SISTER SUSIE.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

WHEN a woman marries, her first duty is to be a companion to her husband. If not, there is no reason, why she should marry. To marry in order not to be called an old maid, or to merely have the protection of the husband's name, seems to be entirely against the aims and ideals of marriage at all. In modern times, however, marriage is very often becoming a mere convenience. Money, position, good looks, caste, and religion often make a woman accept a man, even though she may not love him. And during their married lives there is no true companionship, but merely a

formal acceptance of one another's company as a duty, with little pleasure in it. Such marriages of convenience often lead the woman to leave her home and carry on work which she thinks will better her country. She has nothing to attract her at home, and therefore, she leaves it and wanders about the world, doing her philanthropic work, and forgetting that "charity begins at home." I have known of cases where children complain,—“Our mother is never at home. We hardly know her. We cannot talk to her freely. We hardly see her. It is father whom we love. He

does everything for us." And again, I have known husbands say,—“My wife is always away. I have to do all the house-keeping. She only stays at home a few months in the year.”

No doubt, we want our women to come forward, and not be mere domestic drudges, but do they not go too far when they shirk all home responsibilities? They should not marry if they have no womanly feelings, but wish to be mascu-

line. It is far better to remain unmarried and free. But no, many of our women insist on marrying without love, so that they may have the honour of being married women. How much more courageous it will be for a woman to refuse to marry, if she is not in love with the man proposed. Marriages of convenience do not often turn out to be happy!

PUNKAJAM.

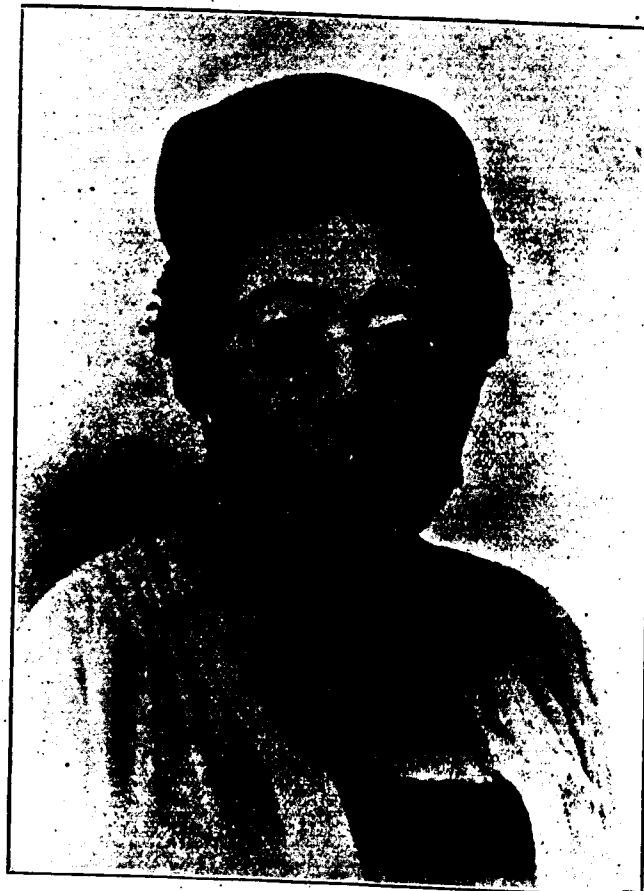
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Mrs. HLA OUNG, M. B. E., K. I. H., President of the Burma Women League, who presided at the 1st session of the All-Burma Women's Conference held recently.

Photo:— R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

Household Hints

Many houses in India have a general look of dustiness, because the floor, although perfectly clean, has no shine on it, and because the furniture has no polish. I came across the following recipes in the *Madras Mail* some time ago, for floor and furniture polishes, which I think will be rather useful for Indian housewives. Floor polish can be prepared with an ounce and a half of bee's wax, half an ounce of white wax, half a pint of turpentine, and half an ounce of soap. The soap should be mixed with a pint of water and boiled until the whole is melted. The wax

should be melted in another vessel and both should be mixed. Then the turpentine should be added, and left to cool. It is then ready to be used.

Wood polish for furniture can be made with Castile soap and olive or salad oil. The piece of furniture must first be cleaned of all dust, and then prepared for polish by rubbing with a mixture made from the shavings of half a cake of Castile soap dissolved in a gallon of warm water, to which an ounce of olive or salad oil is added.

PADDY.

Our Furniture Suggestions:

How to buy furniture.

The *Parents' Magazine* gives some hints about this, to which we can add our own suggestions. The first thing wanted, it seems to me, is *suitability*. The new articles should suit the house and its style of building. For instance, if a room is small, and its ceiling low, it is not good to buy heavy or large pieces. Then again, the new furniture must suit the *old stock*. We must use our discretion and taste in suiting our styles of furnishing to one another. The harmony of *colour* should also be considered. Again, every article should have its *complement* near it; for instance, a table should have its chair; a piano should have its stool; an arm-chair should have its little table, and so on. Then there is *suitability to climate*; for instance, personally I would not advise too much upholstery for hot India; nor too much of bright reds and greens in its

dazzling atmosphere. Another thing is *suitability to the people concerned*. For instance, if there are children in the house, costly pieces, or fragile pieces should not be too much indulged in, till the babies are grown-up. Then again different sorts of furniture must be provided for different ages and for varying occupations and interests.

The next thing is the *funds*. There is no use of buying anything till one is able to afford the expense for the best. And till then, it is best, if possible, not to insist on cheap, flimsy, tawdry articles. Of course, when necessary, one has to buy furniture of some sort; but even here some discrimination can be made in choosing solid things. The best, therefore, should be purchased, if there is money. If not, it is good to wait for it, if possible; for the best will last the longest.

The third thing is an *artistic* sense, and an attention to beauty. Surround yourselves and your children with all that is harmonious and pretty.

Then there should be some *necessity* for the new article. If not, it should be made to fit into some niche. Otherwise, it will be like fitting a square peg into a

round hole.

Lastly, never be in a *hurry* to buy furniture. It is best to study and think about what is required and what can be supplied. And it will be well to consult books and shops and people about articles and their prices.

HOME-DECORATOR.

Notes On Modern Cookery.

AS in all other departments of life, so in cookery, there is bound to come naturalism, reason and simplicity. But the incubus of tradition is sitting hard on cooking, as on other matters. With Indians cooking has become a static art. With the change in the fundamental bases of therapeutics and the science of dieting, there should be a corresponding widening of the field of culinary art.

One of the widely prevalent faults in our cooking is that we do not use vegetables properly in our curries; and thus our bodies do not get a sufficient supply of mineral salts and vitamins. Our people unknowingly throw away the water in which vegetables are boiled, in this way starving the body of much-needed calcium, iron, phosphorus, manganese, potassium and sodium. This deficiency of mineral salts and vitamins, with want of exercise, accounts for the anaemia, want of *pep*, nervousness, easy excitability, inability for sustained work bodily or mental, found among Indian ladies. The slogan should be "more of green leafy vegetables and plenty of raw salads." Articles containing plenty of organic iron should be eaten, such as onions, eggs, unsplit dhal, whole cereal grains, cucumber, water melons, tomatoes and spinach.

We do not also eat much food con-

stant constituent of the body, and its deficiency causes *goitre*, a disease of the thyroid gland. The thyroid is an extremely important *endocrine* gland, lying just above the breast-bone. Physiologists now find that the thyroid remarkably influences metabolism and increases the power of the blood. Thus, thyroid secretion is of the utmost use in human economy. "Iodine is a great gland-regulator which gives mental energy, originality, *pep* and confidence, and prevents *goitre*, insanity, auto-intoxication and nervous breakdown. It is a great protector of the brain and the nervous system from the body poisons. The best Iodine foods are onions, pine-apples, spinach, egg-yolk, lettuce and oysters. Those who need Iodine are the anaemic, the emotional, nervous, sentimental, easily-upset temperaments and those with *goitre* and tendency to nervous prostration." (Sir V. Ramesam). Cod-liver oil contains a very liberal supply of Iodine and is therefore a *sine qua non* for children and high-strung persons.

It is very important to remember that mineral salts like iron and Iodine are not utilised by the body, when in an inorganic form. The inorganic iron, which enters into many pharmaceutical preparations, is simply thrown out of the body. Hence the insistence on "plenty of green

which are not utilised by the housewife. Thus *Murungai*, pea leaf, asparagus, cabbage, *Chembu*, *Kanchori* etc. are very rarely used. They contain mineral salts and their frame-work of cellulose assists the free movement of the bowels, thus banishing the constipation which sometimes produces chlorosis, auto-intoxication, uterine displacement, migraine (one-sided head ache) and a host of other grave troubles.

During gestation, there is an increased drain on the calcium reserve in the body, and pregnant ladies are liable to suffer from diseases of the teeth and bones. This demand a very liberal intake of foods containing calcium, like milk, butter-milk, egg-yolk, nuts, dhal, green leafy vegetables and fruits of all kinds. Women require more calcium than men. If all these principles are carefully followed, child-birth will be rid of many of its present horrors. As Dr. Lindlahr says, "natural dieting makes child-birth easy, post-parturient women regain their health more quickly, and the children are well-nourished, healthy and escape many infants' maladies."

Rice, the staple South Indian food, is the poorest of all the cereal grains in calcium, phosphorous, sodium, iron and manganese and even the very small amount it contains of them is removed by polishing. Is it any wonder that, by the extensive use of rice, digestion is impaired, the muscular walls of the stomach lose their contractible power, the heart becomes weak and unable to pump the blood with the necessary vigor and frequency, the muscles controlling excretion become torpid, and constipation and intestinal stasis are the result.

A good deal of pioneer work has to be done in educating the rulers of our homes in the A B C of modern dietetics; and the unyielding bedrock of conservatism has to be shattered by vigorous educative propaganda, an arduous work to be sure, but one well worth the trouble. Food plays a not inconsiderable part in the raising of a nation of strong, virile, energetic, intelligent and active citizens; and woman, the shaper and life-giver of the coming generation has a very important work to do in this connection.

A. VAIDYANADHAN.

Needlework Notes.

Knitted Lace.

This can be done in coloured silks and used as a border directly on a *Sari*, or placed on a black velvet background for the same purpose.

Case on 9 stitches.

1st row: slip 2, knit 2, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, throw twice, knit 2.

2nd row: Slip 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit

4, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

3rd row: Slip 1, knit 2, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 6.

4th row: A chain of 2 stitches, by putting the needle into the last stitch and, without knitting it, slipping it on to the needle. Do the same with the second, knit 5, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. Repeat.

The Y. W. C. A. International Hostel In London.

IT has become a matter for common talk now that the West has something to learn from the East, as well as the East from the West, and I am afraid our Eastern sisters will get as fired of the question "What is Gandhi here for?" as those connected with the Round Table were of: "Where did you learn English? How well you speak!" If the remarks overheard are as flattering as this which one of the newly-arrived students overheard, — "There goes Gandhi's sister," a remark which made her feel very proud, these questions will be welcomed!

This has been a record year for the arrival of Indian women students, and many find their way now to that centre of International activity,

The International Hostel of the Y. W. C. A.

24, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, W. C., in which, since its removal to the vicinity of the London University, many have found a home, not only on arrival in London but during all their sojourn for study. The tears that have been shed on saying farewell this past month are an evidence of this.

Although at first one of the houses was set apart for Indians in order that they might cook their own "curry and rice," it was soon found that the students and visitors preferred mingling with girls of other Nationalities and getting in touch with visitors from almost every land;—two Chinese students, one learning to be architects, another to write for Newspapers; a Japanese teacher, a Hungarian musician, a Jamaican typist, an Anglo-Indian Headmistress, French, Scandinavian, Icelandic business women; with these useful friendships are formed.

Each boarder has a little room to herself, or can live cheaper in a cubicle-4/6 or 5/6 bed and breakfast, 6/- a day for residence.

In addition to Hostel accommodation for 60, there is the International club where outsiders can learn various useful occupations, to the European visitor not the least important being the classes to learn English.

Our first meeting this session was a "farewell" to Miss MacDonald, Principal, and Miss Lambert, of the Kinnaird School, Lahore, as they have a Student Y. W. C. A. Branch; and as a number of Kinnaird School girls are connected with members of the Round Table they found many friends. One, Miss Mullha, was secretary to her grandfather both for the Round Table and the Prime Ministers' Conference. I have been struck with the interest that the Punjab Round Table members took in being introduced to me, as I bore the name of the Kinnaird School in which their womenfolk had been trained. This meeting was also a "Welcome" to Miss Barker, who was unanimously elected Secretary to the Y. W. C. A. Indian Branch in London and has taken up work immediately, succeeding the Hon. Kinnaird in some of her social work in London.

Our second, and saddest "Farewell" was to Mrs. Chakravarti, our late Secretary, now Mrs. Werth, who has gone to live in Paris. She has taken introductions to the Students' Hostel, where Miss Annette Tritton works among students, and she hopes that any who go to Paris will find their way to her house there. (Student Hostel, Bailyard St. Michelle will find her.)

As is usual in all work among students,

many changes have occurred and it is difficult to carry on a consecutive work in London. Each year brings its own special interest, and of course this year the minds of all the students are on the Round Table, and the arrival of Mahatma

Gandhi, Mrs Naidu, and other delegates. As far as one can judge, the majority of students are glad that he has come to represent the Congress, but there are some whose idea of Nationalism is drastic and who desire very rapid changes.

Health Notes.

(SELECTED)

WHY BABIES LAUGH

The things that made one baby laugh were described at a recent meeting of the British Association by Prof. C. W. Valentine of the University of Birmingham:

This baby's first laugh appeared at the age of thirty-nine days and was caused by delight at the approach of food.

The second was at the age of ten weeks, and was in imitation of the laughter of mother or father. At this same age it was first noticed that tickling caused laughter. At twelve weeks, laughter was caused by sight of a bright, attractive object.

Six weeks later, when the baby was eighteen weeks old, there appeared for the first time what some psychologists consider the chief cause of adult laughter, a laugh at some simple, non-painful shock or surprise. At six months, the boy's laughter had become frequent, and could be invoked, Professor Valentine found, by imitating the child's own actions or by mere repetition of something, as when a stage comedian makes his audience laugh by repeating, again and again, some incongruous or meaningless phrase.

At seven months, the baby laughed for the first time at what might be called intellectual surprises, like the father speaking in a falsetto voice. At seven months, also there were uncertain signs

of laughter caused by mere recognition of a familiar person or thing. Between eight months and twelve months, appeared the laughter of accomplishment, induced, for example, by success in standing alone.

Finally when the child was almost a year old, the tenth cause of laughter was noticed, the mild discomfiture of embarrassment of others, a cause which many psychologists hold to be the chief one among adults.—*The Sanitarian*.

THE BODY LOUSE

The body louse is a dirty grey creature with a smooth, hard, chitinous protective shell. Its mouth is fitted with a sharp hollow sucker with which it punctures the skin and sucks blood. At the end of each of its six legs is a single claw, and it anchors itself by one or more of these claws to its victim's underclothing, while sucking his blood.

The male is smaller than the female which, under ideal conditions, may lay 300 eggs and have 4000 descendants during her life-time. The eggs or nits are deposited in the clothing. They hatch from 7 to 10 days, if the temperature suits them, and the larvae begin to feed at once on their host. Sucking blood at frequent intervals and moulting several times, the larvae grow to sexual maturity in about two weeks.

The average life of a louse is, from 35

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A Basket of Babies.
Photo: Klein & Peyerl, Madras.

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OCTOBER 1931

No. 3

A Picture

BY HERBERT PORTER.

The fleecy clouds, like fairy boats,
Sailed in a cobalt sky; pale gold
Rose in the misty east, and shone
Like burning brass, new-flamed; the stars--
Pure, paling candles, quenched their
lights,

As spirits fade into the sphere
And mystic silence of dim Heav'n.
The horned moon, her lantern white,
Hung in the far, enchanted dome;
The wrinkled sea, beneath chalk cliffs,
Spread out her foamy crests, all flecked

With silver from the Orient.
Pale beauty dim, of airy art,
Stood shimm'ring on the gauzy world,
And swept the soul unto strange quest
Of magic depths of Spirit's sense
In fire of cryptic majesty.
Above the cliffs, a castle fair,
Of veined marble, stood aloft--
White in a blaze of dancing light,
Whose towers pierced the vaulted sky,
And smote Heav'n's princely highway lost
In hazy heights of tranquil blue!

Gandhari—A Heroine of India.

By Manjeri R. Krishnan.

WERE we to ransack the contents of the epics of ancient India, we would find in them most outstanding and noble personalities of Indian womanhood, such as Sita, Savitri, Damayanti and Gandhari. Never in the annals of ancient history do we come across such great and brilliant women as those of the epic age, who, though brought up in the lap of luxury and amidst princely environments, never forgot their duties, and lived not for themselves but for the good of humanity. Their purity, divine simplicity, unalloyed chastity, love of duty and extreme devotion, still serve as the beacon lights that are to guide the modern womanhood of India from plunging head-long into the dark abysses of blind fashion and indiscriminate imitation. One feels oneself elevated to a higher and a more subtle region of thought and action, as one is brought into closer contact with the mighty heroines of the past. As we know, the real test of a nation is the woman. She is not a toy, a chattel, or an instrument of pleasure and amusement, as the ill-educated or the half-educated often think of her. But she is the omniscient mother, the wife divine and the inspirer of the spirit within. The powers of self-surrender and self-realisation have been the typical characteristics of Indian women, and the dual capacity of the personal and impersonal in their relation to man has always been their glory. Even centuries ago, Indian women were very learned. They stood on a par with the wise men of those days, and taking a prominent part in debates and disputations, they had full freedom to develop their intellectual calibre in all branches of arts, aesthetics and science. This

equality of status was later handicapped by stringent and iniquitous social laws, and Indian women retired to the seclusion of their domestic spheres.

In that great epic story, the Mahabharata, we come across Gandhari, the mother of the Kauravas. She is a most out-standing personality in the Mahabharata and is justly admired as one of the ideals of Indian womanhood. She was the incarnation, we are told, of the goddess Mati. She was the daughter of Suvala, King of the Gandhavas, and the wife of Dhritarashtra the blind Kaurava king. She bore 101 children, of whom 100 were sons, the eldest being the mighty Duryodhana. Her one daughter was named Dushala. Gandhari was a good woman in every phase of her life. Like a true wife of ancient India, she participated in the blindness of her husband by usually bandaging her eyes with a cloth. Her unaffected devotion to her husband and the purity of mind that she possessed made her so proverbially chaste that a curse from her lips meant utter destruction to him on whom it chanced to fall. Loving mother as she was, she hated the vices and evil characteristics of her children. Even from the very beginning, she tried all she could to change the bad feelings of the Kauravas towards the Pandavas. She advised her sons not to entangle themselves in an unhappy and unjust fratricidal war. She denounced in terms of downright condemnation the intrigues of Sakuni and the ruin that he was causing to the whole race by his wicked, treacherous and underhand dealings. But, all her patient and persistent pleas for peace and good-will were rejected by her hot-blooded sons, who finally had to reap the fruits

of their folly on the fatal field of Kurukshetra.

Just on the eve of the battle of Kurukshetra, when Duryodhana approached with a request to bless him with victory, Gandhari replied: "Victory is there where righteousness is." This reveals the true nature of Gandhari. She never nurtured any ill-feeling towards the Pandavas, nor did she wish that they should all die. She knew fully well that the duty of protecting the Pandavas lay as much with her, their step-mother, as with Kunti, their own mother. Yet, that dear mother's heart was overwhelmed with agony when she heard of the fatal results of the battle. In a sense of course, she was not grieved, because the Kauravas had died as a result of their pride, arrogance and irresistible greed. But she could not suppress the grief that surged within her and exclaimed: "Oh mighty Bhima! why have you killed all the sons of this blind old King? Why did you not spare, even one child of this old couple? Why did not you leave even one crutch for this blind couple?" As she gave vent to these words, anger flamed within her and she would have cursed everyone of the Pandavas to eternal destruction. But she calmed down, sighed heavily and shaking off her anger comforted them with maternal affection.

Wishing to have a last sight of her dear ones who had fallen, she started for the bloody field of Kurukshetra followed by a train of women. Of course, the scene was terrible to look at.

The wide plain was strewn with bones, distorted limbs, headless trunks and trunkless heads, and the place was "slippery with blood and piled with the dead." The ominous moaning of the wind, combined with the groans of the wounded and dying warriors, the frantic shrieks of wailing women, the yells of jackals and the screech of vultures, filled the atmosphere with unwholesome and awful echoes. Gandhari gazed with speechless

awe at that scene of universal death and destruction. At last, overcome by grief, she thus addressed the lotus-eyed Lord Krishna.

"Behold, Oh Madhava, Oh thou foremost of Vishnu's race, Oh Janardhana, see how my children have been all ruthlessly killed. Behold, how my daughters-in-law are all bereft of their husbands and widowed in the bloom of life. Look, Oh Madhusudana, how the vultures and other beasts of prey are tearing to pieces those fair and beautiful forms that once reposed on beds of roses. Oh Kesava, is there a more sorrowful, a more heart-rending sight than this? I must, forsooth, have perpetrated great sins in my previous existence, since I am beholding all these terrible sights."

As she was addressing Sree Krishna in this strain, she suddenly caught sight of the dead body of her eldest son Duryodhana and fell down unconscious. When she regained consciousness, she burst into bitter tears. Yet her sorrow was more for her husband than herself.

"I feel sorry for the blind old king, who is left without friends or kinsmen. See the reverses brought about by the march of time. Ah! dear son, why dost thou lie so low?"

Then came the revulsion of feeling. As her eyes fell upon the dead bodies of the mighty heroes, Karna, Bhishma and Drona, her pity and grief changed to anger. The fire began to flame within her and she burst forth thus to Lord Krishna.

"Why Oh Lord! hast thou brought about all this calamity? You are the root cause of all this evil. You are endowed with divine power. You are the preserver and the protector of this Universe, and why have you, Oh Lord, brought about such universal destruction? Therefore, Oh mighty-armed one, by the little merit I have acquired by serving my husband dutifully, by that merit so difficult to attain, I shall curse you. Since you were indifferent

to the Kauravas and the Pandavas when they killed each other, you will also be the destroyer of your own kinsmen. On the thirty-sixth year from this, you will, after bringing about the death of your kinsmen, perish in the forest. The ladies of your family, deprived of sons, kinsmen and friends, shall weep and cry, even as these ladies of the Bharata family now."

Hearing her, Lord Krishna said:

"Oh thou, who art the very embodiment of chastity, I appreciate thy devotion. Yet, through your fault, this huge destruction has taken place. Your son Duryodhana was wicked, envious and highly arrogant. He was ruthless, hostile and disobedient to the commands of old. Therefore, grieve not for the loss of such a son. Grieving increases grief twofold. As regards the curse that has fallen from your lips, I say there is none in this world who can exterminate my race. I know this well. When virtue subsides and vice prevails among mortals, then will I take my birth in some form and root out evil from the face of the earth. So, by cursing me, Oh you of excellent vows, you are helping me in the accomplishment of my work."

Gandhari was stupefied to hear these words. After that, she and the other ladies went to the holy Ganga. Conversant with religious rites, they performed the obsequies of the departed souls. Then she went back to her husband and lived with him under the protection of her nephew Yudhistira, feeling the same amount of love and affection towards him and the other Pandavas as she had had for her own children. The last years of her life, she spent in austerity, penance and service.

As days passed on, the old King Dhritarashtra began practising the austere penances, more or less living the life of

a wandering hermit, and Gandhari, like the true wife she ever had been, followed in his footsteps. She lived on water alone. The old King had no fixed dwelling and Gandhari like a shadow followed him wherever he went. One day, he went to a spot on the banks of the holy Ganga, and after taking his bath and performing his usual Puja turned back to his hermitage. Suddenly a wind rose high; and a fierce wild fire spread, consuming everything that came in its way. Wild animals on all sides ran in terror to save their lives. The feeble king could not even move. Gandhari herself, being very exhausted, was unable to render help. All hope of life was lost. Facing the east, the old king sat down along with his wife, who still remained unperturbed. Controlling her senses, she sat on like a piece of wood by the side of her lord. Very soon, the wild fire overtook them and the devoted couple were enabled to leave their miserable earthly existence.

The life of Gandhari is an example for all time. It is said in the Sastras: "Where women are respected, there the Goddesses are pleased." And so let us pay our respects to the heroines of the past, who were mighty indeed mentally and morally. May their lives serve as the guiding stars for the women of today! In India, as well as in other parts of the civilised world, the modern age is bringing about a complete revolution in the gradual emancipation of women and their complete deliverance from social and intellectual bondage; yet it cannot but be that the lives of the great women, who pace the corridors of India's past, will be a source of inspiration for the greater achievements that are yet to be made, in shaping the destiny of our motherland. As a great poet tells us:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

OUR DISTINGUISHED WOMEN SERIES.



Mrs. Subbaroyan, one of the women delegates to the R.T.C.

The inclusion of Mrs. Subbaroyan as one of the three Indian woman delegates is a matter for especial congratulation, since in addition to her culture and learning, she is not unacquainted with public life and is conversant with the English women's attitude towards the "women's question."

A graduate of Madras University, she has the distinction of being the first woman to be elected by the graduates to its Senate and by the Senate to the Syndicate. Then, too, she served for two years on the Council of Queen Mary's College for Women in Madras, as well as on other educational bodies. In addition to this, she presided at the Madras Women's Conference in 1928, and last year was a distinguished member of the Indian Franchise Sub-Committee of the Indian Round

Table Conference.

With regard to her experience of English life, Mrs. Subbaroyan has read at Somerville College, has been a frequent visitor to England and has for some time been living at Oxford with her husband, who was the Chief Minister in the last Ministry in Madras.

From all of which we see that it is a mistake to regard the women of the upper classes of India as necessarily less learned than the English. Less versed in the ways of the world they must be by reason of their centuries of seclusion; but not necessarily less well-educated. As a matter of fact, the pioneer women of India are keenly alert to the value of education for women, and are stressing it as an integral part of any reforms to come.

—The Madras Mail.

On the Nature of the Tragic.

By J. Balakrishnan



The women delegates of the R. T. O., in England.

I HAVE always preferred works of tragedy to works of comedy, and I believe I share this feeling in common with many men and women. I am not, of course, referring simply to the way in which a tale terminates. By a judicious twist of events, a novelist can give a happy or an unhappy end to his novel, and we may be sure that, in whatever manner the story concludes, there will always be critics to maintain that "the sequel of events has been admirable." And the critics will be right, too; for, like a pack of cards, life can be shuffled into a million different hands, and, however fantastic the trend of events might be, it is really unreasonable to criticise a story on the score of what one may be permitted to term "pseudo-sequence."

Most readers have an uncomfortable feeling when they think of the fate of Rebecca in Scott's *Ivanhoe*. It is evident that the author himself was somewhat oppressed by this feeling, for, if I remember rightly, he has put forward a sort of defence by stating that good people do not always have their actions rewarded. The plea is absolutely sufficient, yet the uneasiness remains. The critic is ready with too high talk of "poetic justice," as if the injustices and caprices of life were to take wings and disappear at the mere mention of it!

But, to return to our point, what I mean when I say I like tragedy is that I like the tragic element, which has in it the possibility of a mournful end—not the end itself. I might cite as examples some half a dozen scenes from *Ivanhoe*—the interviews between Rebecca and the Templar, Cedric and Ulrica, Isaac and Front-de-Beeuf, to mention a few. Impe-

tuous passions, unhappy coincidences, strength of character, the waste and ruin of great powers, these are some of the ingredients which generally go to make up the effect. We are not greatly affected when we see an ordinary man, a man without much backbone, going down in the struggle for existence. It is a pity; and there generally the matter ends. But not so when circumstances conspire in tragic array against a "master-man"; for with our pity is blended that admiration for the stalwart fighter, which Carlyle extolled into "Hero-worship". Whether the hero wins or loses is not the main question; it is the spirit with which he fights, that is important. Literature is full of the stories of these heroes.

Can't you imagine these giants of our world say as so many motion-picture heroes? There is Scott, who makes an early mistake, but redeems it splendidly with the precious blood of his old, unconquered heart. There is Heine, stretched on his death-bed, with but two rooms to himself in all the world, "the one he dies in, and his grave;" but from that "mattress-grave" his clear voice is raised in the song of the immortals. But how can we represent that frosty night of memories, in which Burns writes *To Mary in Heaven*? Verily, the awfulness of those pathetic lines re-echoes in the vaults of heaven! How can we represent the tragedy of the life of Shelley, the man who never left childhood, the bud which was not allowed to bloom?

After all, it is this element of tragedy which brings human interest into the story. Macaulay had great strength and simplicity of character and uncommon goodness of heart. But one does not love him, as one loves, say for example, Scott.

But, suppose Scott's life had been one unbroken chain of prosperity; suppose the firm of Ballantyne had not failed; suppose the "moving finger" had written the story of those last unhappy years in brighter and gayer colours. I believe that Scott himself would then have been the loser; and what a loss! We would have been forced to confess that Carlyle's estimate of his character was just and impartial. Or, imagine that Macquay's life had not been one unbroken chain of success and applause; that his heart had known some tragedy such as generally comes to the brethren of his trade; that he had suffered, and yet toiled on to a bitter end; would he not then be more lovable than now?

Heine has said somewhere that the song-motive of the true poet is the divine heart-ache, without which, he says, the singer cannot sing "sweetliest". On the force of it, the remark seems to be rather exaggerated. But on a closer examination of facts, it will be found that it is profoundly true. Take any volume of popular short poems; how few are the really gay pieces! Take the case of any lyric poet; the sadder pieces are generally, if not always, the most popular. Most of the more famous sonnets have an atmosphere of sadness about them. You remember Shelley's touching line: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought"? If I might be permitted the liberty of a digression, I would remark that almost all the best known poems in our own language are tragic in character. But it is not wise to speak of that. I can imagine the cultivated sneer, which is the compliment generally paid to Malayalam literature! People seem to think that the very name is a contradiction in terms. I hasten to pass on to safer discussions.

The fact is that, in the all-revealing search-light of tragedy, the hidden strings of character are made conspicuously manifest. I am not forgetting that wise saying that for ten men who can bear

calamity well, there will scarcely be one who can bear prosperity with equal equanimity. With most men success goes to the head like wine, and is in itself a source of tragedy. Character may sometimes be revealed more truly in times of prosperity than in times of disaster. But it seems to us that men, who have passed through the scorching, but also purifying, flames of error and suffering, are more lovable, like the fair face of the sun after a disastrous eclipse. Perhaps there never can be summer, and the song of birds, and "the sight of vernal bloom", without the prelude of winter.

Why is it that people like tragic tales? The fact recalls to my mind a characteristic saying by Chesterton (somewhere, I think in the contentious pages of *the Everlasting Man*) that one branch of the beautiful is the ugly. Can it be that one part of the pleasant is the painful, that the comic can merge insensibly into the tragic? Who has not heard the laughter that jars on one's nerves, and is more piercing than a cruel stab? Who has not heard the wit that causes tears? "Weeping for joy" is a favourite stock-in-trade with most novelists. Herein lies, perhaps, the explanation of this deep-rooted liking for the tragic. Dickens shed bitter tears when the sequel of events led to the death of the fair innocent girl in *Dombey and Son* (if my memory is not mistaken). Lockhart tells us that, while dictating some parts of *Ivanhoe*, Scott grew so excited that he rose up from his sick-bed, and walked to and fro in the room, wildly gesticulating with his hands. But in spite of the evident pain, they carried on.

I can well remember the first time I read a tragedy. It was Scott's *Kenilworth*, and was, I think, the third or fourth novel that had ever come in my way. I did not know that the story was going to end so painfully. I was very young then, and had read on into the small hours of the night. How hopefully I was expecting the re-union of the lovely Amy with her

husband, worthless though he was! As I neared the end, I felt that my hand was trembling, and, when I had finished, my whole frame was shivering with uncontrollable excitement. I wondered in a despairing sort of way whether I would ever be able to forget the figure of Amy, as she lay there in a white, quivering heap—oh, the horror of it! But with it all, there was a delicious—pleasure shall I call it?—such as I have never felt afterwards. I lay there in an ecstasy of indescribable feelings, and I envy now the thrill of those long, lonely minutes. I felt the tragedy of that death very keenly indeed; for I had loved Amy with all the ardour of a fresh heart. Yet....poor girl, why was fate so cruel to her?

The death of Amy brings us naturally to the consideration of an important

aspect of tragedy. In dying, these great heroes and heroines triumphed over death. Amy might have said something similar to what Jesus said on a like occasion: "Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" It was through her innocent love that she was trapped;—you remember Varney's whistle? Many illustrations might be given of this ultimate defeat of death; like Nelson passing away in the arms of victory. I will content myself with recalling to your mind just one instance, the greatest that this world of ours ever witnessed. No novelist ever imagined anything equalling that awful scene in dramatic interest, in the sheer force of the element of tragedy, or in the spiritual hope that survives material dissolution. I refer, of course, to the death of Christ. But I dare not call that a tragedy, which so completely fulfils a living purpose

My Offering.

If my hands could reach the silent sky
I would gather the stars of night,
And with their million gleams of gold
I would make thee a crown of light.

And of all the countless suns that have
set
I would pray for the tints that have
been,

For I would mingle both colour and light
In thy starry coronal's sheen.

If the fairest flowers of earth could hear
I would sing of thee to them,
And hearing my songs they would long
to be

Part of thy luminous diadem.

E. H. d'ALWIS.

LAUGHTER.

WHERE is the being that really laughs a sunny, merry and cheerful laugh? A single sight of him will cause him to be taken for ever as a sweet companion in life. Laughter! Enchanting laughter! enrapturing laughter! Who will not like it and exchange it for all the wealth, pomp and luxury of this world? Who will not yearn for the enhancing charm of its rhythmical note, the reverberations that echo from its pleasant sounds? As the glorious bright morn dispels the gloom of night, the "black stage for tragedies and murders fell, dark harbours of defame," so also the sun of laughter dispels mental gloom and brings light and hope to the sick and weary soul. Laughter indeed can be a panacea for all ills and the harbinger of new and fresh joys.

The world will be in misery without laughter, a grave-yard, with men in it as ghosts. Laughter is the supreme sign of contentment and happiness, the ever-full reservoir of all earthly felicity and rejoicing. God in His mercy created this world, so that His children might not brood over their troubles, but live and yet laugh. The choleric man, who frets and fumes and wastes his lungs in mad ravings, can find peace in its tender caress. The weary soul, the aching head and the careworn spirit can gain fresh vigour from its bubbling fountain. The crying child, whose obstinacy can wear out all human patience, can be soothed by its honied drops. The weary official finds life, freshened by its welcome sounds from the lips of a loved one. The man at the counter, maddened by the monotony of the day, awaits its luring call at every step. Laughter indeed is an asset to eternal happiness. To live with it, nay to live in it, should be the aim of all. Yet, it must be remembered that with laughter go other things; true laughter

really being the outcome of a rare combination of happy qualities.

Of all poetic creations, none have ever been so endeared to us as the immortal Falstaff, the "King of Clowns", invoked by that "immortal bard of Avon," Shakespeare. How enchanting, and how lively his wit is! How simple and how crisp! Falstaff seems to be the embodiment of all humour and laughter. Falstaff is a type for all times, a rare specimen of human felicity, rid of all the complicated fabric of intellectual monstrosities and ethical incongruities. With his wonderful gift of ready and harmless humour, his power of expression as harmless and appealing too, his manner curiously winning and endearing, he is indeed a most pleasing creation of the immortal poet's imagination. A friend like Falstaff, free from Philistine sentiments and bovine stupidity, may prove a friend indeed!

But unfortunately enough, Shakespeare has cast a gloom upon the lively career of Falstaff by the sad aspect he has given to the end of the big "horse-back-breaker." Quite contrary to the optimistic expectations of the reader, Falstaff dies of a broken heart, indeed a most sad end for such a merry soul. It is indeed most painful that a whole career spent in Wassail-revelry, in drinking and bottle-emptying, in lively wit and vociferous laughter, should end in this manner.

When his dear chum, his loved Prince Hal, assumed sovereignty, and put on feigned appearance to be rid of his old play-fellow and his boon companion, Falstaff should have laughed first and then given up the ghost. Indeed, he ought to have laughed and laughed and laughed, till the vapour of life passed out of his huge carcass!

M. B. K.

THE SEA.

BY H. KAVERI BAI

Lo, I behold the white flecked waves
arise and fall,
And lash upon the shore,
With driving spray,
In ceaseless sullen roar
And violent play,
With restless swell and break, with
little calm or lull.

We tire to watch the wild convulsions
of the deep,
Unchanged with changing times;
Not so the sea,
That keeps a booming chime
Eternally;
The ocean wearies not, nor do the
surges sleep.

Deep in man's bosom lies an urn of
mortal clay,
A thing so small and slight,
One little shock,
May put the soul to flight,
And knowledge mock,
That triumphs in its own achievements
of the day.

Within this little urn, we call the
human heart,

An unseen ocean lies,
Whose depth and bourne
No mortal can surmise;
Whose billows moan,
And fierce commotion make, in life's
tempestuous part.

Not all the stormy seas, that stretch
from pole to pole,

Such tortures undergo;
Nor can their breast,
Such agitation know;
As when distressed,
In human hearts, the foaming passions
seethe and roll.

As day by day, at sunset, on the beach I sit,
And gaze upon the sea,
I wildly dream,

Of floating onward free,—
The wild wave's hymn,
My burning brain to assuaging with
oblivion sweet.

How restful, to repose, face upturned
to the skies,

Upon the briny bed,
Heart calm, eyes shut,
To feel as from the dead,
A spirit brought
To cross Death's mighty flood for Paradise.
Upon the blue-green billows, rocked
for ever more;—

A boundless sea to rove,
A far-off sail,
Sun, moon and stars above,
The shark, the whale,
The coral reefs around, and the ocean's
gem-lit store.

Perhaps some radiant eve, a pearly
streak of sand,
Gleams out with rose-flushed towers
And minarets white
Of marble, midst green bowers,
In golden light
Of orange groves and apple gardens
of the land.

Celestial Beings, dwell in yon fair
city's homes,

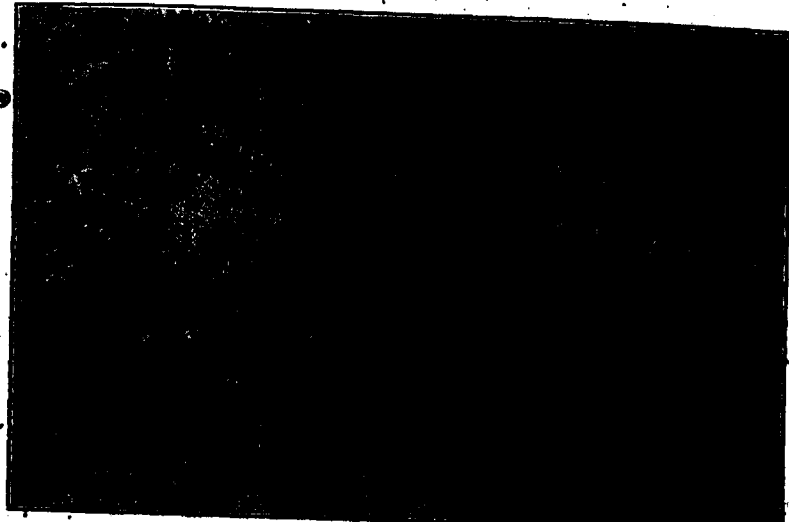
From care and passion free;
Oh, such a shore;
My haven blest to be,
I would adore;
Those azure waves, those verdant trees,
those sun-kissed domes.

Enough, oh sea;—such dreams, though
mad, are fancies free

To touch with healing balm,
The worn-out mind,
The troubled heart to calm;
Awhile to find
Relief from life's destructive passions
fiery heat.

Serpent-Worship.

SERPENT-worship, has to be traced to pre-historic times, when savage people had a tendency to worship natural phenomena and those that created awe in their minds. There is an Italian



The Milky way is believed to be the path of a serpent, and eclipses of the Sun are supposed to be caused by the celestial serpents, *Rahu and Kathu*, periodically crossing the paths of these heavenly bodies.

There is also a belief that barrenness is the result of having killed a serpent in former existence. Snakes are supposed to give children to the childless, and people, especially women, do special ceremonies to please the serpent-god; and for his purpose, on every Friday especially in the month of *Adi*, the women-folk of villages group round an ant-

superstition that serpents brought good luck; and instances are not wanting in the Bible that the ancient Jews were also addicted to this superstition. They were considered to have the knowledge of a root whose juice, when administered to people bitten by snakes, was supposed to bring them back to life even after death. There was an old popular belief in the Jewish country that medical skill could be attained by eating some part of a serpent. This belief was also current in some parts of *Egypt*.

In *South Africa*, it is believed that snake-worship cures madness and eye-sores. In *Persia*, the rainbow is considered to be a celestial serpent. The ancient *Romans* lodged and fed household snakes in vast numbers as guardian spirits of men and families, believing that the safety of human life depended upon the safety of these reptiles.

There is a superstition in some parts of *India* that the use of walking sticks from a species of cane in the neighbourhood of a serpent shrine protects people from snake-bite.

hill infested with serpents, particularly that beneath an *Arasu* and a *casaurina* tree, smear *Kunkum* on these hills and pour milk through the holes so that the serpents inside may have a merry meal.

There is also a belief popular here that people should not kill a serpent, especially a cobra. *Naga-prathista* is a ceremony performed by women to appease the serpent God. This ceremony is done in the holy town of *Rameswaram* to avert any curse that might have been pronounced by the King of serpents in a former existence, for consciously or unconsciously hurting any of His Majesty's subjects. In many countries, tribes and clans are named after serpents to keep the members from snake-bite. In the *Punjab*, the snake-tribes clothe and bury a dead serpent; and in other parts of *India*, when a serpent is killed in a village, a copper coin is placed in its mouth and the body ceremoniously burnt to avert evil.

RAJAMMAL.

Clubs for Indian Women.

By M. S. Murthy

IN the August issue of the "*Indian Ladies' Magazine*" there was an article on this subject, in which was depicted the sad state of some clubs that are in existence now. It is true that Indian women are very backward when compared to their sisters in other countries. But that should not stand in the way of their improving; nay, it is all the more necessary that they should come forward and strive hard to raise the standard.

The old notions of orthodoxy still prevail among most of our women. Recently talking to a lady who was a member of the Ladies' club at B—, I asked her how she liked that Institution. I was rather surprised when she said that she was fed up with it. On being asked to give her reasons, she narrated at length how some members objected to a lady joining their club because they were against widow-marriages! The lady in question had become a widow when she was a mere girl, and being afterwards educated had married again. The secretary of the club, though a cultured and educated lady, could not do anything in the matter, as the president of the club was an uneducated and orthodox woman, though, being a bit liberal with regard to her purse, she had been elected to the presidentship, so that the club might be well-off financially. The club would have been much benefited, if only the disallowed lady had been allowed to join, for she was very good at tennis and would have helped to improve the game of the members. And how much must she have been hurt by being turned down! But she was not the losers for she soon joined the men's club. When such things go on in our clubs, is

it any wonder that there is not much cheer in them?

Many of the clubs, which are existing now, do not lack either in out-door or in-door games. Yet, the most pitiable aspect about them is that our women do not care to make much use of them and thus try to enjoy a pleasant evening. They often prefer to waste their time in idle talk to having some recreation. Such is the mentality of our older ladies. And naturally, the younger generation do not like to associate with them much.

Our Indian ladies can improve matters very much by taking some interest in the management of their club. They should not have the idea that, as soon as they pay up their subscriptions—even that some members do not do regular—their responsibility is over. It is the duty to see that the evenings are made more lively and that the members do get some recreation, by being induced to take interest in some game or other, instead of remaining aloof to talk about their worries throughout the evening. Let them remember the following lines: Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly
rough
Look for the places that are smooth and
cle
And speak of those, to rest the weary
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strife
Of human discontent and grief and pain
Every club should have a decent library
and maintain also a reading room with
English as well as vernacular newspapers
and magazines. This will be a great

diversion for those who are tired after playing games. Besides, this keeps women in touch with the outside world and they can have some ideas as to how women are progressing in other countries.

The club should conduct lectures on topics of general interest to women. The secretaries should take every opportunity of meeting all those distinguished persons, who visit their town and try to

arrange lectures by them. This will make the evenings more lively and help the members to increase their knowledge.

Before closing this article, I cannot help saying that our educated girls will be the best workers in this cause. They should always take the lead and by their good example try to improve the status of their more backward sisters.

To My Baby.

Mrs. Edith, F. Sutton, America.

Happy, sunny smiles,
Little dimpled face,
Hands so full of action,
Body full of grace.

Oh! what perfect moulding,
Every limb complete,
Head and arms and body,
And the tiny feet!

And within thy body
Is the best of all!
'Tis the SOUL of baby
Big within the small.

All thy life, my baby,
Lies before thee yet;

And a mighty background
Spreads its wondrous net.

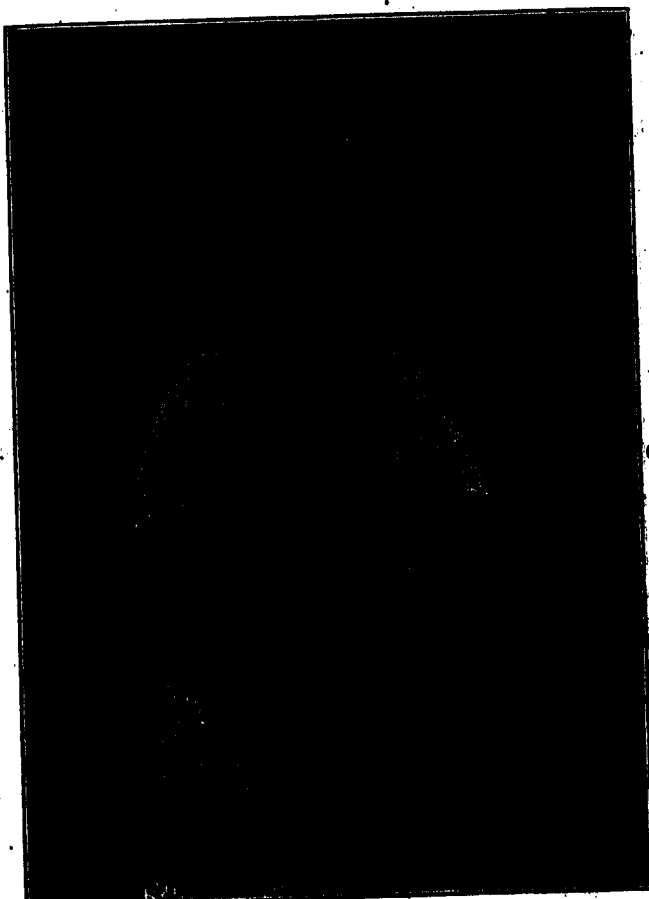
'Tis the background, baby,
Of the lives long past,
Wherein thou wast faithful
From the first to last.

All those lives, my baby,
Opened up the way
For the glorious freedom
Of this perfect day!

Deep within me, baby,
Shines REALITY!
And I read thy future
In IMMORTALITY.

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(Per K. P. P. TAMPL.)



Miss MONICA DUTT, B. A., B. T., daughter of the late Mr. Anil Chandra Dutt. She is a teacher in the Victoria Institution for girls, and a very active member of the Y.W.C.A. and the Cosmopolitan Club for ladies in Calcutta. She has been specially selected this year and offered a scholarship by the All India Educational Women's Association for a course of study in England. She has just sailed for England and is expected to join St. Maria Grey Training College. She is the first graduate in the famous Dutt family of Ram Bagan, and the great niece of the late Miss Toru Dutt, the poetess. We wish her success in her career.

From the Editor's Table.

1. Private Enterprise in social Service.

IT is an undoubted fact that the interest of the well-to-do people of India in social service and public welfare is increasing rapidly. We see the evidence of this fact, not only in the more important cities, but also in the little mofussil towns of India. Rich people have hitherto not taken too much trouble to better the conditions of their poorer brethren; but now, there is no doubt that they are showing a better spirit, probably due to the spread, partly of education, and partly of the spirit of Nationalism, which makes every true-hearted Indian wish to improve his country. Leaving aside the recognised social service organisations, such as the Red Cross, the child welfare and the Youth Movements, we find that individual citizens are taking it upon themselves to do their best for their country, with the result that various private institutions are springing up everywhere.

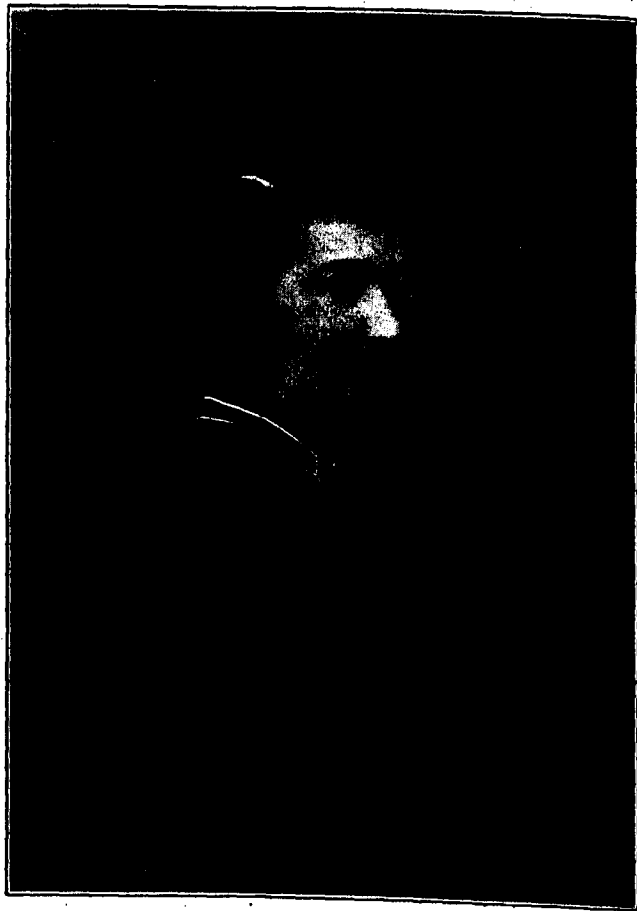
It very often happens, however, that philanthropic ventures are started by individuals with great enthusiasm, but very often dwindle to nothing, because the organisers find it impossible to meet the expenses. The person, who starts his social work, often feels at first that his countrymen are sure to help him; but, as time goes on and the drain on his purse becomes heavier and heavier, and no help comes to him from his friends, he finds he has to give up his venture, because no one will help him. Many are the instances, one can quote, where institutions started thus have had to be abandoned.

India, therefore, in spite of the rapid progress she is making in social welfare, has still to become united in her efforts. Individuals, by themselves, however enterprising with their ideas and money,

cannot often succeed unless others help them by co operating with them.

And yet, individuals can do much, if they will; for it is not only money that is required to keep up such enterprises. Faithful and devoted service is also needed, as well as efficient organisation and capable management. For this, we require especially the services of women. Social work indeed is the special field of women. With their proverbial tact, their ever-ready sympathy and kind heartedness, they can succeed, where men with their brusque straight manners will often fail. Moreover, they have more leisure than men to spend on others. Of course, very often our Indian women cannot lead; but they can surely follow. Let Indian men then start and organise reforms; and the women can carry on, quietly, carefully, kindly. It may happen that their services are not recognised or rewarded; but what does that matter? India will gain; and for her profit many of us can lose, if sacrifice is required. Very often, however, such drastic service is not needed; but just ordinary devotion, persistency and sincerity.

Take the Health problem, for instance. In the first place, Nursing Homes, where besides rich patients' poor people are treated free and given bed and nourishment until they recover their health, have been greatly needed in India, because of the prevalence of many diseases, and the wide incidence of poverty. In response to this demand, many Nursing Homes, it is true, have been and are being started and managed throughout India by kind-hearted philanthropic doctors; and it is indeed a refreshing sight to come across them, especially in mofussil towns, and see how cleanly and efficiently they are run. But, in addition to the doctors, it is needed that our



Mrs. ROSA GINGBERG, the wife of the Registrar of the Hebrew University, who fought 7 years for the right of women to practise in the Palestine Courts, has after all come out successful in her attempt. She has thus opened the way for women to practise in the Palestine Courts. She is now practising there herself.

Photo : R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

women should interest themselves in this work, not intruding of course unnecessarily, where they are not wanted, but helping where they can. For instance, what about enlisting themselves in more numbers as nurses? College and school education is all very well and answers a great demand and satisfies a great need; moreover, it can stand as a true basis for real service. Graduates can make very good nurses. Of course, some of them may think it beneath their dignity to take up such a profession as nursing which has won rather a poor name in India. But we must remember that such a reputation is on a par with many other difficulties in India, which yet have been surmounted and conquered. Let us hope then that more of our educated and well-born Indian women will take to nursing. They need not affiliate themselves always to hospitals or nursing institutions; but they can study nursing, get diplomas, and be ready to assist, whether at home, whether in serious neglected cases in their towns, or whether in hospitals even, when in emergencies available nursing help is not enough.

In addition to this work, women can do much in other branches of health work. There are the recognised organisations such as the Red Cross and the Child welfare. There is sanitary supervision, health inspection and hospital visiting. And here it is apparent that much more can be done by practical example than by theoretical talk. Setting right their own homes first as examples, Indian women can proceed to do as much for the homes of their neighbours, friends and dependants, not in a high-handed, *Meddlesome-Matty* manner, but with tact and kindness. Another and very important branch of Health work is physical exercise organisation, at home, in society, in schools and in clubs. Very often it happens that such a service does not continue, owing to the want of initiative, and to the excess of shy conservative inertia on the part of older people. But, if examples can be

brought forward from the latter, much can be done, and it is up to the youthful hearts of India to stress this reform.

Another very encouraging aspect of social work is the number of private schools that are being started by rich individuals for poor children, asking for no fees, but being run at the cost of much personal trouble and expense.

The sad part, however, about these schools, as of many other private institutions, is that the management find it hard to meet expenses, with the result that the schools are carried on as cheaply as possible, in small buildings, with no scope for the pupils to have play-grounds for healthy out-door exercise. It is a pity that such institutions often fail, merely because other influential members of the town do not come forward to help and take an interest in them.

Cannot our ladies help here? Of course they can, not only by legitimate methods of work, but in many unrecognised ways. They can, for instance, start work for the uplift and encouragement of teachers, that vast body of pathetic workers, from whom so much is expected, but who are yet so ill-equipped for their service. Then, there can be service for mothers, teaching, practical work and social encouragement. There can be industrial teaching, by which I mean training in easy industrial work, such as carpet-making, embroidery, lace-making and needlework, basket-work, mat-making, weaving and spinning, among which must be honourably included *Charka* work. Much can be achieved here by precept, by example, by encouragement, through examinations, competitions and so on.

There are so many other things, in which women can take an interest. A whole section can be devoted to work in villages and rural areas, where women are so backward. There is work to be done among factory and mill-employees. There is relief work in famine and epidemic times. There are political and social reform measures to be interested and

participated in. There are clubs and associations to be encouraged. There are musical, dramatic and reading circles to be pushed forward. Last, but not least there is work to be done at home, in the correct ordering and settling of domestic concerns, in the comradeship of husband, in the training of children, in the supervision of servants, and in entertaining and being entertained, especially if the ladies belong to important officials and people of position. Oh, there is much to be done and there are not many to do it. The field is vast and the workers few. But everybody can help, even ignorant women, backward women, shy women, purdah women, conservative women. May there be a general uplift and uprise, therefore, of the women of India as soon as possible!

POLYGAMY.

Terms like the above are apt to give gentle natures a shock and cause them to wonder whether such things can be in modern and progressive India. And yet, there is no doubt, not only that such things do exist, but also that they seem to be more encouraged now than they were a short while before. Polygamy, for instance, though allowed in India, was yet supposed only a short time ago to be tabooed in educated circles. And yet, there are not wanting signs, not many it is true, but some, that it seems to be coming to the fore again. Sometime, we do hear of cases where an educated woman is not averse to becoming the second wife, even while the first is alive. Such a fact is indeed sad, but true.

Economists, of course, there are who can defend such action, on the score of there being more women than men in this world. Well, what if so? Have there not been thrown open now more avocations than before for single women? Then, there are those who say that such things are happening everywhere, but under a different name. Even in England, it is not rare to see a man keeping up a

second home surreptitiously, unknown to the lady of his rightful establishment. Why not legitimise such things and make them more open then? Then again, a second wife may be necessary for the begetting of sons. But, cannot sons be adopted, even though perhaps they cannot be loved as much as one's own children?

Then again, the plea is advanced that such a situation is but natural in India. I was surprised to hear one educated refined Indian lady saying, "My dear friend, I would not object if my husband had other wives besides myself, provided he looked upon me as his chief wife. I know the feeling he has for them will be different from what he has for me. Passion may exist for the others, but not respect. And after all, what is married love in India, if not chiefly made up of respectful admiration, homely comradeship and accustomed faithfulness, which is the result of life together? No, no, there can be worse things than polygamy in conjugal relationship".

Now, we know that polygamy existed in the mythological India of ancient, prosperous days. In olden dramas such as *Vasavadatta*, *Malavikagnimitra*, *Ratnavati*; in legendary tales of earthly marriages contracted by divine personages; in the stories of great monarchs; we come across systematised polygamy. Why then should it not be allowed in modern life?

We hear of other arguments in favour of it. A wife would like to look after her own sister as co-wife; moreover the latter can help with the children, who will be her own nephews and nieces. But, cannot sisters be taken care of in other ways? And is not sisterhood often a very dangerous factor in co-wifery? It is well-known that jealousy among sisters is sometimes more severe than among unrelated women.

Again, it is argued by a few people that such an arrangement argues a very good feeling on the woman's part. Does it not show that she is a good wife, who seeks to augment the happiness of her

husband, by giving him a second wife, because he desires her? Does it not show self-abnegation on her part, a marvellous sisterly feeling for another woman, and a wonderful accommodation for the sake of others? Well, it shows all this, no doubt, but it shows also other things. It shows that in India a man can be too indulged and considered by his women-folk. It shows that he is allowed to be as selfish as he pleases. Besides this, what of the woman herself? Is it fair to set her aside after her influence is over. What again of the other woman? Is it fair to use her as a mere convenience, or even as a second string?

Modern standards should not admit such an arrangement. It is an absurd and unnatural one. In the first place, love between a man and a woman cannot always be the Platonic one that such a thing suggests. Somehow the very nature of a great conjugal love seems different; that wonderful love, which makes

marriage such a holy sacrament, that sacred love which is the glory of humanity; that ideal love of which one dreams of as divine and unsurpassable, that love which Christ spoke of when he compared the tie of marriage to the relationship between himself and the church, and when he condemned divorce: "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife. Whosoever shall put away his life and marry another committeth adultery against her."

When polygamy and divorce for men are allowed, none can wonder, as has often been said, that women are claiming the same rights for themselves. But, what will the world come to in such a case? No, what we want is not the getting of the same rights for both sexes, but the cutting-off of the extra rights of men, so that an equal moral law is obtainable for both.

I went to meet the Sun.

I went to meet the sun
One day:
He rose all round and dun—
'T was May.

He lit a foaming sea
Of white:
Spray-dashed in glittering glee
Flew light.

Wings flashed like scimitars
For him:
He made the dying stars
Droop dim.

Joy played a matin on
Life's flute:
The eagle carrion
Dropt mute.

HERBERT PORTER.

Our Serial Story.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

(Gauri, Sankar and Mallika are the three children of a fine Indian Christian couple. Gauri, who seems to have suffered some misfortune in her 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. Gauri soon meets Prakash, but does not tell her husband that he is Mathuram. Arjuna becomes jealous of Mathuram, who attaches himself too closely to Gauri. Mathuram, on his part, threatens to make things worse for Gauri, if she betrays him. On the other hand, if she promises to be silent about him for a while, he will soon make matters right for her. Poor Gauri, of course, chooses the latter alternative.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE only bright spot in the expected picnic party for Gauri was that somehow she and Pushpam managed to bridge the little rift between them and become friends. Gauri was made to understand that Arjuna had never been really in love with his cousin. Apart from that, however, the party proved, as Gauri half-expected, rather an unhappy affair to her. In the first place, Arjuna, as he had told her, did not appear till late; when he did do so, he was with Mrs. Williams and thereafter devoted himself wholly to her. Then secondly, Mathuram attached himself principally to herself, and would not be shaken off, so that Arjuna became more jealous than ever.

Later, however, Mathuram, reiterating his promise that he would make everything right for Gauri very soon, went off to his College in the North, and the atmosphere cleared a little. Gauri and Arjuna went off to their camp in Tirnoor; and their long drive there was a fairly happy one.

Gauri loved the tent-life, and would have been very happy in it, had her state of mind been normal. But now, she felt the pricks of conscience more than ever. With everything so simple and natural around her, the unsophisticated rustics so quaintly anxious to please, the friendly domestics so willing to help, the countryside all around her so quiet and unconventional, with no fear of being invaded by society bonds, Gauri wished to be in a position to be happy and enjoy it all. How she wished she could get rid of her secret and be free!

The feeling of regret was stronger than ever one day, as she sat in the moonlight in a long chair by the side of her husband, who was working at his accounts. She was reading "Bars of iron," one of Ethel M Dell's books; and she had come to the part, where the hero is advised by his friend to tell his secret to the girl he intends to marry. "It'll hurt you worse,

lad, it'll wring your very soul, if you keep it a secret between you and the woman you love. It's a big temptation, but—if I know you—you're going to stand up to it. It'll be a shadow over both your lives, if you don't tell her. And there are some things, that even a woman might find it too hard to forgive."

"Oh," moaned Gauri to herself. "I wish I had told it him at once. It was such a simple thing; there was nothing wrong about it then and surely Arjuna would have known how to manage affairs. And now—and now, even he might find it too hard to forgive."

Arjuna's remark to her at that moment accentuated her feelings. "These accounts are all wrong," he grumbled, "the manager seems to be a terrible rogue. He has been mis-managing the estate for years. He will get no mercy from me or from anyone, I am afraid. How I hate deceivers!"

It seemed to her he looked at her rather strangely then.

After their simple dinner, she wandered out a little way into the moonlight, but not far, because she was afraid of snakes. Arjuna followed her, and they stood for a while together, looking at the silvery sheen of the moonlight on the leaves and glistening tree-tops, as they swayed in the gentle breeze. Gauri's heart melted within her. She was so glad she had two more days in camp.

"Oh," she said, "we need moonlight in our lives, do we not? Something to gloss over our faults and hide our imperfections under a gentle splendour of large-hearted magnanimity and complete understanding; and yet something that will be able to light up our lives with its pale radiance and lead us on our way onward."

"Would you like imperfections to be hidden, Gauri? Would you not, on the other hand, strive towards perfection?"

"Of course, I would," she answered, "but who can be perfect? Therefore, it is better for imperfection to be glossed over and be forgiven."

"That might lead to more imperfection."

"On the other hand, that might lead to more perfection."

"That depends on the character," Arjuna said, "Some people respond nobly to forgiveness, and some simply are spoilt by it. But, don't you think that mistakes ought to be acknowledged before they are forgiven?"

"Yes, how otherwise could they be forgiven?"

"And they ought to be repented for."

"Yes."

"Which means that there should be no secrets between people, Gauri," he said, "I don't mean at all that this conversation applies to you. It was you, who started it, not I. I don't think at all you have any wrong to hide. But there is a secret between you and me, dear. Tell it to me," he begged, coming closer to her.

"I can't, I can't, Arjuna. It—it is not my secret. You yourself said we must respect other people's secrets."

"Whose is yours?" he asked jealously. "Is it Mathuram's?"

"Partly."

"What business have you to keep secrets for him from your husband?"

"Wait, Arjuna, wait."

"Only a few days more?"

"Be kind to me, Arjuna. Remember I am your wife. Remember Portia's words about mercy, which goes above justice."

He turned round and looked at her squarely. "What have you done?" he asked, "that you should desire mercy? Eh, what?"

"Nothing much."

"Nothing much? Then, it is something little. But I am sure you can have no guilty secret to hide, dear, not with that face of yours."

"You don't know how wicked I am."

"Wicked! Never. Don't talk such nonsense. But tell me one thing. Do you miss Mathuram? Are you feeling lonely without him?"

"No, I have you," she murmured,

snuggling close to him with one of her rare attempts at demonstrativeness.

"Then, I am satisfied, Gauri. But you will tell me your secret soon, won't you?"

"You do believe I have a secret?" she asked,

"Why, Gauri, you yourself admitted it a while ago."

"Then, how can you like me still?"

"Because, as I said before, it can be no guilty secret. You have your own reasons for keeping a secret, and they must be good reasons in your opinion. But, if you will tell me everything, Gauri, I shall try my best to help you."

"Thank you, Arjuna. And whatever happens, you won't think unkindly of me, will you? You will not begin to hate me, and you will not despise me?"

He laughed and tried to turn the matter away with a joke. "How can I promise?" he said, "when I don't know the nature of your secret?"

"But you said—you said—"

"Yes," he said, taking her by the shoulders, and looking into her eyes, "I did say that you could have nothing evil to hide; but, by Heavens, Gauri, you are talking so strangely that I am beginning to be afraid. Well, don't cry. Never mind secrets now; go to bed and sleep like a good child. You look very tired."

"And you?"

"I have got so much work to do. I shall probably work till one or two o'clock. What? I shall be tired? Nothing of the sort. I must go to the Zamindar at 10 a. m. tomorrow, and you know I like to sleep late in the mornings in camp. So it is better to finish all the accounts today."

So, he escorted her to the sleeping tent, and left her there; and, in spite of his tender goodnight, her heart felt full of foreboding and regret.

For a long time, through the window of her tent, she stared at the moon, scudding through masses of fleecy clouds, obstructed yet triumphant, pale yet radiant. Her love and Arjuna's should

be like that, she dreamily thought, forging victorious through all obstacles, sailing supreme at last into a happy world, as the moon sailed now in a clear sky. But, why was the moon laughing at her, nay, leering at her? Was she rebuking her for daring to compare her divine orb with their humble lives? Was she mocking at her, saying, that she would never be happy again on earth? Alas! it would be better then to die and pass away. Perhaps, in the next life,—but what was she thinking of? Was she a Hindu, with faith in the transmigration of souls? In any case, would the love of one generation survive into another? Christianity spoke of resurrection, and of reunion with loved ones. But the love of that reunion would be of a different kind altogether to human love. Gone would be the dear domestic ties, lost in a greater, and a lovelier love, it was true, but gone for ever. She could be never bound to Arjuna again, as she was now. And she had never yet tasted the full happiness of complete comradeship with him, as she had dreamt of it when she was young. Alas, alas! what had she not lost on earth, lost never to find again! What a miserable girl was she indeed!

With tears running down her cheeks, Gauri woke from the brief, half-dose she had fallen into. She began to sob from sheer self-pity.

But suddenly she checked herself. Someone was whispering her name outside. Who was it? Who? Oh Heavens, it was Mathuram. He had come back. How dared he? How dared he? And why should he whisper to her like a thief? She could not listen to him, she could not.

With a quickly-stifled gasp, she fell back on her pillows. She did not know if Mathuram could see her, but she would, at all events, try to pretend she was still asleep. She lay quiet for a while; but the insistent whisper continued. A dread began to possess her. Suppose Arjuna came back and found Mathuram outside.

Suppose Mathuram came into the tent. She got up, twisted a sheet round her, and going close to the window peered out. There stood Mathuram in the shadow, peeping at her and laughing.

"How dare you come here?" she muttered fiercely. "Suppose my husband should see you like this. Why not come openly?"

"I do not want him, but only you."

"Why have you come?"

"Because I couldn't keep away from you, my Queen, till I had said a proper 'goodbye' to you. You hardly even shook my hand in farewell, you know. Come out, I have something to say to you."

"What?"

"Don't you remember that I told you I would soon set you free to tell your husband everything? Perhaps, the time has come now."

Gauri gasped with excitement.

"What, what?" she said, "Have you come to set me free at last, even before the time arranged? Oh, thank you, thank you."

He drew back a little. "Wait," he murmured, "Don't thank me yet. I shall set you free only on condition that you come out to talk to me."

"Suppose he should see us? Suppose the servants—"

"No fear," he said, "most of them are on the other side of the office tent, and there are only two here, and they are fast asleep among those trees, wrapped up in their sheets. And Arjuna is still very busy. It is only 11 o'clock, you know. Come out quickly, Gauri. Get it over, my dear. Be brave, and you shall have your reward."

Under his insistence, she slipped out, and he led the way stealthily to a dense clump of trees a little distance away. The moon had become obscured by a heavy cloud, and hardly anything could be seen. Once there Mathuram stared at Gauri for a second or two, then he literally pounced on her and dragged her close into his arms.

"Oh," gasped Gauri, struggling hard like the fine healthy girl she was. "Oh, let me go, let me go. You promised me. You said you had changed and repented. And now—and now—"

"Now—now—you are mine. Oh," he said drawing away a little, but still holding her close and looking down into her convulsed face. "How I love you, how I hunger for you! I swear I tried to leave you, but I could not. I could not. My Queen, my Queen—"

Then, he drew her close again and stifled the cry on her lips with his own. He covered her face, her hair, her throat, with hot hungry caresses. Would it never end, never end, thought the poor victim, and at last, spent and weary, she lay quiet in his arms with closed eyes. It almost looked, and anyone might have been excused for thinking so, that she liked it.

When she felt herself partly released and opened her eyes, which seemed to her after an interval of hours, but which was really only after a few minutes, the moon was bright again. She felt so afraid that they might have been seen.

Suddenly, she heard approaching footsteps, and tried to draw herself away. But, he still held her. "Lie still, lie still," he said, "there is no use struggling now. He has seen us. Yes, it is your husband. Let him see us better," and, as if inadvertently, he drew her outside the clump of trees, but still in his arms.

"There," he murmured happily, "let him see us. What can he do now, my dearest, what can he do?" Again, he bent over her and laid his lips on her own.

What could she do? She tried to struggle again, but having no strength left collapsed once more.

"Now you can tell him everything, my Gauri," whispered Mathuram into her ear.

"Now?" she whispered bitterly. "What use now? He can but believe the worst of me. Oh! you villain, you villain! Was

it for this you brought me here?"

"Yes," he said triumphantly. "It was for this I brought you here. When I hurried you here, I knew he would soon finish his work, for I had been watching him for some time. I knew he would soon come to look for you; and in all my madness I was careful to show him a glimpse of ourselves among these trees. Now the worst must happen. I could win you in no other way. There he comes. Pull yourself together, dear."

Then, he turned suddenly, pretended to catch sight of the husband and pushed away the girl. "You—you—" he stuttered, as if taken aback. "I didn't expect you here."

Arjuna came close up to them and laughed softly as he looked at them.

"I—I suppose, we shall have the devil to pay now," stammered the other man.

"It is only a laughing devil, as you see," said the husband. "I am really so sorry to disturb you," he continued. "You both looked so happy and contented, billing and cooing like two turtle doves. Suppose the servants had seen you?"

"They did not see us coming here and from a distance like this, they would think we had gone out for a walk, especially now that your lordship has joined us. Besides, I really would like a bit of scandal about us. It would precipitate matters."

"Would it now, would it?" asked Arjuna reflectively. "But everything pleasant must have an end, you know. Well, what have you to say for yourselves?"

Gauri stood silent, but Mathuram smiled happily. "Is there anything to say?" he observed.

"I agree with you, Sir, there is nothing further to say indeed. I shall try to give you your Gauri as soon as I can."

"Oh Arjuna, oh Arjuna" murmured the heart-broken girl, but he looked at her as if he hardly saw her.

"Oh Arjuna," she cried, gaining strength, "I can explain everything."

"Can you?" he asked, rather eagerly turning to her; but Mathuram hastened to step in and prevent developments.

"Yes," he said, "she can, and so can I. Do you know who I am?"

"The man affianced to Mallika, and now making guilty love to my wife."

"And have I not the right to do that? It is you who really ought to have no right to her. I am Prakash, her first husband. Now, what can you say to me, you fool?"

Arjuna fell back and stared at them with open mouth.

"Yes, stare away," cried Mathuram. "I am Prakash, whom evil fortune reft from her at the very doors of bliss. And now, curse you, you have got her. But I mean to have her back, for she is mine. She chose me before she chose you, and now she loves me and wants me. You have seen for yourself how matters stand."

"No, no," gasped Gauri.

"Yes, yes," he grinned. "You have seen her in my arms. Ask her to explain herself. She may make excuses, for it is in the nature of all women to pretend to be innocent. But, can you believe her after this?"

Arjuna stood silent, while Gauri wept.

"She knew about it long ago. She wrote to me of her own accord to come here and meet her. She had me engaged to Mallika, to be near her always. She has met me again and again."

"Oh, oh," gasped the girl.

"She loves me and wants to be with me. What can you do but set her free? Surely, you don't want a woman, who doesn't want you, eh? Are you not man enough to let her go?"

Arjuna turned and stared at his wife, whom Mathuram had taken by the hand. "In the meanwhile," he said deliberately, "she is not your wife but still mine. Will you let her go, please. I cannot see you tomorrow, as we are leaving camp in the afternoon, and before that I shall be busy. If you come to me at

headquarters, we can talk over matters. If you come back here again either to-night or tomorrow, I shall thrash you within an inch of your life, perhaps kill you."

"Will you? I should like you to try. But I shall not offend you, my lord. I can afford to wait, you know."

Arjuna merely stared at him and then turned to go.

Gauri had been surprised at Arjuna's sudden change of plans; but she rather approved of it. Just now, she was very eager to end their council. As Mathuram observed her anxiety to leave him, he laughed. "Oh-ho-ho," he called out softly behind them. "What a gallant lover the husband makes! So ready to let her go, and so ready to console himself with the sweet widow! Good-bye, Gauri, we shall meet again, and soon, we shall never part."

The evil words followed them as they went back. But it was a slow progress they made, for Gauri was giddy, and staggered and was not able to walk straight. At last Arjuna put his arm round her and led her on.

"Come on," he said briefly.

Arrived inside their tent, she collapsed against him. "Oh Arjuna," she whispered, catching him close. "Forgive me. It was not my fault at all. You promised to believe in me, whatever happened."

"But not like this, not like this."

"Hear me, I can explain everything."

"Be still," he muttered. "If you talk any more, I do not know what I shall do to you. There, sit on that chair. I don't want you hanging on me. I know what a deceiver you are, how you can coax and cajole a man, and all the time be as false as hell."

"Believe me, believe me," she gasped, slipping off her chair and falling at his feet. "I have been true to you always."

"Get up," he cried fiercely. "There, sit down again and keep off me. Do you know, I feel like Othello now. I can imagine how he felt. Oh," he said, rather

melodramatically grinding his teeth "that you should be so sweet and yet so false, so fair, and yet so foul!"

"I—I—am not fair. Never was fair," she giggled hysterically.

"Yes, you are not fair," he said slowly, "but I did think you fair."

"I haven't deceived you, Arjuna."

"How do I know that? I can say like Othello again, that having deceived once, you can deceive me again. It was that night you knew about Prakash, wasn't it, that night you nearly fell off the parapet?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't I let you fall down there and die? You—you—wicked girl! There, excuse me. I feel utterly over-wrought. Try and sleep, Gauri, and tomorrow, I shall talk to you. Goodnight, I shall sleep in the other tent," he said, rolling up together his mattress, pillows and rug.

"There is no bed there," she cried, starting forward.

"There is a mat there. I shall be quite all right. I do not wish to wake up the servants. I shall tell them tomorrow I had to work late, and didn't wish to disturb you. Good night. No, don't touch me. By the way, you will not be frightened here, will you? I think two peons are sleeping somewhere near; let me see," he said moving forward into the space outside the tent. "Yes. There are two long white bundles there which I think are the peons. It is better not to wake them though. Besides, I shall be quite close. If you want me, shout for me."

"Very well, goodnight."

"Goodnight."

K. S.

(To be continued.)

Your Child's Friends.

FRIENDSHIP is a human necessity, the individual cannot exist without it. The child's craving for companionship has come to him from the race; it must be satisfied if he is to be normal and happy. Parents should encourage children in their friendships, using their desire for group or gang association for the good that is in it and eliminating as far as possible those parts which are not desirable. Parents must realize that the home cannot supply all the child's desires in the way of friendship and they must open its doors to their children's friends, for in this way they can keep the child under home influences for a longer time than would otherwise be possible and it gives the home the chance to know the child's friends and counteract the evil or supplement the good that they may be doing.—*The Parents' Magazine.*

The Super-Veena.

BY N. RAMABHADRAN.

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Somewhere in the last decade, Mr. Fox Strangways remarked that Indian music followed time-honoured methods, that the science of it remained where it had been for several generations, and that Indians were apt to follow classic musicians with blind faith, and carry on their vocation from generation to generation, either preserving the spirit of the masters, or jealously guarding any of the secrets which they imparted to them. Such criticisms, however, were sometimes exaggerated, or were made without reference to the conditions prevailing in the country. For, there were no patrons of music then, and talents of a high order were allowed to wither in barren soil.

"This is he for whom the world could find no fitter business than gauging ale barrels" so wrote Carlyle, estimating the genius of Robert Burns. It is almost a truism that men with ideas suffer in their own days for want of timely help.

It is a pleasurable surprise to find an inventive mind in the Indian musical world, where instruments are still being constructed by old methods.

Stepping into the studio of Mr. Joseph Jayaraj, a music teacher of the old and historical town of Vellore, one will be agreeably surprised to see a superb Super-veena lying majestically in a finely-varnished wooden box, velvet-cushioned and measuring 54" x 12".

The Super-veena, as it is called, is a vast improvement on the old time-honoured one and constructed on modern scientific principles. It requires courage to introduce a new type in shape and

form in a conservative and orthodox-ridden India. The Veena, being supposed to be patronised by the Goddess Saraswati, is held in high esteem as the queen of all musical instruments. Veena-playing is certainly a difficult art, and a mastery of it gives infinite pleasure to hearers.

The common Veena does not produce that richness of sound, which is essential for a crowded audience. Its low tonal effects, therefore, can be appreciated only by the musically-inclined few; and a big audience can have but a careless and indifferent appreciation of its merits. The Super-veena seeks to obviate this handicap. It is constructed on the sympathetic-vibration theory. Our illustration gives a clear idea of the instrument.

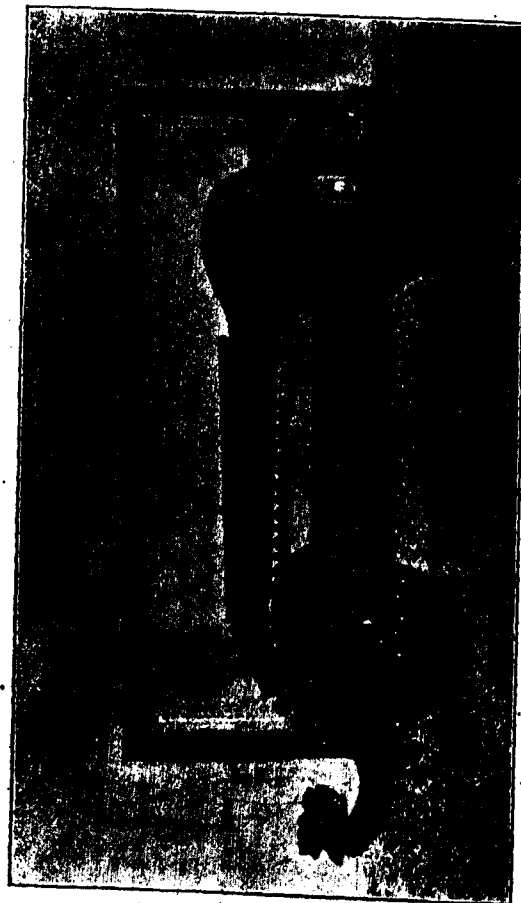
The Super-veena is made from a single piece of finely-seasoned, scientifically-tested, tough jackwood. The selection of the material has been made after elaborate experiments, jackwood being preferred on account of its toughness and flexibility. The ordinary Veena has ornamented ivory borders, imbedded in the wood, and musicians complain that the ivory on account of its hard surface, often interferes with high musical effects. Now the ivory is dispensed with, and the ornamental decorations are made in the wood itself.

The ordinary Veena has only seven strings, while this has 23 strings. The form is kept intact, and the seven *swaras* are held as usual by the seven major strings running along the length of the Veena. Four strings run on the top, while three run on the side nearest to



Srinathi K. SUBHADRA AMMA, who is reported to be the only lady in the Travancore State to pass the Ayurvedic Vydhya Kalanidhi examination in the first class, and to receive a Gold Medal at the hands of Her Highness the Maharani Regent of Travancore in recognition of her distinction. She is the recipient of a State Scholarship both for the Vydhya-Satri and Kalanidhi Tests. She is the proprietor of the Sarasvathi Vilas Dispensary at Manakand, Trivandrum, where numbers of patients are treated free.

Photo : R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



The Super-Veena.

the player. Underneath the frets are 16 additional wires. The design leaves nothing to be desired. It is artistically worked out, and will stand comparison with the finest factory production. In the sound box (Kudam) are the two presiding deities Saraswati and Gaja Lakshmi beautifully carved. The borders are ornamentally-decorated with a design of parrots, flowers and leaves. On the sides are carved the *Masi patram*, vine twigs, and flags, and the crown of the sound box contains a beautiful *kodibillai*, much loved by Indian women.

The usual gourd shell is dispensed with, and a finely-shaped wooden substitute is screwed on to the shaft of the instrument. This can be easily removed from the Veena, and the gourd shell may be substituted quite easily, just to please those having an orthodox view of the matter.

The Yali, or the face of the new Veena, is turned upwards, as if to listen to the music emanating from the instrument. It rises in a graceful curve out of the main body of the instrument, and its sparkling eyes inspire the player, quite unlike in the ordinary Veena, where the Yali faces down. In the curve, are two small boxes, fancifully concealed, for the musicians to keep their strings, spare parts etc in. The peacock, the bull, the goat, the paddy, bird, the koil, the horse, and the elephant, the prime beings that are supposed to symbolise the seven notes, are finely chiselled round the neck of the Yali. The shaft portion of the Yali accommodates eight of the bigger screws (*birudais*), which are intended to keep the strings in position.

Below the seven major strings, and concealed under the Melam with suitable air-escapes, is the second set of sixteen wires, which impart sympathetic vibrations to their mother strings. They are of varying lengths and are kept in position by the several big screws found in the side of the instrument. When a

note is struck on the major string, the lower strings automatically respond, keeping the sound vibrating for sometime, even though the mother strings have ceased to vibrate. The Mela is opened by a simple contrivance, after releasing the four major upper strings running above the frets. The wires are self-tuned, according to the *Prakriti* or the *Vikruti* swaras of the parent strings. The sixteen strings are not intended to be tuned, and are inserted to amplify and enrich the *Madhima* and the *Thara Sthayees*, by producing the harmonies of each parent note. Each of the sixteen wires represents the *Sudha* and *Shadsruti* *Rishaba*, the *Sadharana* and the *Anthara Gandhara*, the *Sudha* and the *Pratimadhima*, the *Sudha* and the *Shadsruti Daivata*, the *Kousika* and the *Kakali Nishada*, of the *Madhima Sthayee*, and the *Sudha* and *Shadsruti Rishaba*, the *Sudha* and the *Anthara Gandhara*, the *Sudha* and *Pratimadhima* of the *Thara Sthayee* or the higher octave. The different notes of the scale produced by the vibrations of the main strings resonate through these minor strings for some time.

The *Langar*, or the screw arrangement on the top of the sound box, is a vast improvement over the common type of the instrument. Instead of the usual beads for maintaining the proper tension, there are twenty-three minor screws made of rolled gold to impart tightness, rigidity and stability. The top bridge accommodates the four major strings, while the lower bridge supports the sixteen lower strings. On the sides run the three other wires. All these wires are attached to the fine and delicate twenty-three screws in four rows. While the big screws on the shaft of the Super-Veena adjust the wires to their proper tension, the screws at the *Langar* are used for tightening, and permanently fixing them to the required tension while playing on the instrument. Each of the screws has capacity for about seven wind-

ings, before the final limit of endurance for the wire is reached, and each winding raises the pitch by a higher note. The elaborate arrangement at the *Langar* is to adjust the tune of the several strings by a mere turn of the screw. Listeners of music are often irritated by the adjustment of the bends by the musicians to get the proper tune, and sometimes the tunes are not to the satisfaction of the player for several minutes, and even hours. The beads often slip, and the tunes once set require still further setting at the beginning of every new song, and the listener's patience is tried beyond the limits of endurance. The new mechanical contrivance is the final word on the proper tunes, and it is but just a fraction of a second for the practised Veena player to have the instrument set to the required pitch.

The Super-veena is from every point of view an improvement on the time-honoured, never-changing Indian Veena. It belies the charge that Indians are not inventive. The instrument, when played, gives a richer and fuller note than the old one. In the hands of a practised player, the instrument is bound to give such rich modulations of the human voice, as probably to raise Saint Manicka Vachagar from his grave, once more to sing ("Innisai Veepayil Isaindon Kanga") in praise of the supreme Being as seen dwelling in the sweet strains of that queen of musical instruments, the Super-veena.

Mr. Joseph Jayaraj is arranging to demonstrate the merits of the Super-veena to the public. He is sanguine of success, and is spending his time perfecting and making Veenas on a large scale.

The Solution of the Problem—

A Story.
By N. P. Damodaran.

"THANGAM, what are you so deeply thinking about? I have seen that you are always meditating. At this rate, I am afraid your constitution will soon go to decay," said Nanikutty Amma, seating herself in a chair near Thangam in the sitting room, and smoothly passing her hand over her own carelessly-combed hair.

"Mother, surely you are wishing to drag me back to that old dreadful matter. In the name of your love for me, I beseech you, please leave me alone," murmured the girl, knowing well however that her mother was very difficult to be moved.

"Do not be incorrigible, dear. You children are incapable of viewing things

rightly. You live in a theoretical world. We too had the same disease. But bitter experiences in life have taught us how to be practical. Beautiful theories won't get you food. A woman's case especially is bad. You have to be cunning, or you will never be able to shape your future."

"Mother, I understand you; but why be in a hurry to marry me to a big purse? For this purpose, you took me away from school. You seem to forget that I too have the right of a voice in the question of my marriage. I mean to say, I wish to marry whom I love. I..." Here she was interrupted by Nanikutty Amma. "Oh! nonsense! Did I not tell you that your blessed theories will get

you nothing? Don't be childish. I know, there are young men whose sweet words and well-sounding promises attract poor, innocent girls towards their carnal nets. Once you fall a prey to their evil designs—believe me, there is nothing deeper in them—you lose yourself for ever. Come, dear. Be reasonable. Whatever is there on earth, which money cannot get you? Mr. Raja..."

"Please, don't continue, mother," interrupted Thangam, "I hate that name."

The girl's eyes began to get wet and Nanikutty Amma began to get heated. "Foolish child that you are! This is all the work of that wanton crack of a boy, I know. You have no business to make friendships with young men of his type. Let me tell you once for all, that he is worth nothing in this world."

"Mother, you are doing injustice to one who has in no way done any harm to any of us. He is not as you think. Was it not but yesterday, that you were so very profuse to him in your compliments? You must at least grant him the high place he deserves in the literary world. Did not father appreciate his poetry the other day?"

"May his poetry be burnt!" cried Nanikutty Amma in a harsh voice. "I don't want to be deceived by non-paying stuff of that kind. I always believed that ordinary young men were dangerous. When they are poets in addition, they become regular plagues. Whenever Sukumar comes here, I have my own suspicions. His high talk of independence, his disrespectful manners and what not, are worthless."

"What do you mean by all these unwarranted censures, mother?" asked Thangam, controlling herself with difficulty.

"I mean, I am not going to give my daughter to a penniless beggar like your Sukumar. My suspicion has not proved wrong. He has by his cunning contrived to influence my daughter and....."

"I tell you, mother once for all, that I can never cease to like him. He doesn't care for anybody in this world, so long as he acts according to his convictions. That cannot be a fault. Let him be poor or rich. He has merits and that is enough for him. I....."

Both Nanikutty Amma and Thangam would have spoken more and there is no saying what the talk would have led to. But the timely appearance of Mr. Krishna Menon prevented the probable consequences.

Nanikutty Amma immediately went to the kitchen. Mr. Menon placed the day's paper, that he held in his hand, on the table, took off his coat and seated himself in a chair by the side of his daughter, who as a mark of respect for her father, had remained standing. Thangam took up the paper, which her father had brought with him.

"Oh, there is an article by your friend, Sukumar, in the paper. I went through it in the office. He has cleverly dealt with his subject", said he, while loosening his neck-tie and settling himself in his chair in an easier posture.

When Nanikutty Amma returned to the sitting-room with tea, Mr. Krishna Menon was engaged in a discussion with his beloved Thangam. He very well appreciated the growing literary taste of his daughter. Unfortunately, he was a hen-pecked husband. It had been the persistent persuasion of his wife, that had forced him to consent to the withdrawal of Thangam from the school. He was otherwise a broad-minded, smooth-going gentleman, who could easily have agreed to what the time demanded.

After Mr. Menon's tea, Thangam went to the kitchen to give instructions and assistance to the cook. The evening drew to a close. The room was lighted and Krishnan Menon changed into his home apparel and got ready to enjoy a homely chat with his wife. It was usual with him to spend an hour or two thus with her, discussing domestic problems and

family details. He would then have a hot bath, take his dinner and peacefully retire to his own room, with the day's paper in his hand.

"You are growing careless now-a-days", began Nanikutty Amma, "Nothing further has yet been done towards drawing Mr. Raja nearer to the matrimonial question. Thangam is day by day growing in age. It is dangerous to keep marriageable daughters unmarried. Before their fanciful brains get time to occupy themselves with the shaping of unwholesome images, we have to hurry up things, that are vital to the well-being of their future."

"I don't remember to have ever been intentionally indifferent to anything, that directly or indirectly concerns us or our children," lovingly responded Mr. Menon. "I thought we could improve matters by consulting the wish of Thangam. Moreover, I have written to Balan in Madras, wishing to know how he likes the idea of Mr. Raja marrying his sister. It will be better to wait until his vacation."

"Ah, there you are! Even now, I am afraid, you have given too much freedom to Thangam, which has spoilt her already. I have my suspicions about that Sukumar. Thangam seems to tickle her imagination with the personality of that penniless boy. We can't afford to wait any longer. Before the crisis comes, we have to finish her marriage with Mr. Raja. Rest assured my Balan is not the type to stand in the way of his parents. He too will certainly wish to see his sister befittingly married at an early date."

Krishna Menon thought a while or rather seemed to think.

"But would it not be wiser to consult the wishes of Thangam?" he asked, though in all humility.

"Believe me, girls of her age and type are never able to shape anything definite for themselves. Their ideas are ever changing", reasoned Nanikutty

Amma. "Don't be silly enough to give credit to what they think. To postpone the marriage even for a short period is to set the future of our daughter at a great disadvantage."

"Well then, let it be as you say. I shall apply for a week's leave and arrange things without wasting more time."

At this juncture, a servant interrupted them. Mr. Krishna Menon rose and Nanikutty Amma hurried to the kitchen to supervise the dishing of his dinner.

II

Mr. Sukumar was a young man of four and twenty years of age. He was an active member of the Social Reform League. Even during his college career he had been noted for his wide reading and public spirit. His brilliant intelligence and burning enthusiasm had been well-recognised by his Professors. Due regard therefore should be given to his literary abilities and independent nature. Unfearing in his ways, candid to the extreme, and sincere in his opinions, he possessed a strong character and a clear conscience, which commanded respect from his acquaintances. Even the press as well as the public, never lagged behind in paying him the creditable compliments, which he rightly deserved. He was the eternal enemy of orthodoxy, and so older people viewed him with disgust and even tried to put obstructions in his way. He was for a social revolution, which was the very thing that was abhorrent to conservatives. Sukumar could never tolerate the inequality that existed between man and woman and he was a staunch advocate of women's freedom and rights in society.

He had left College before completing his course and joined the Social Reform League. He never cared to earn money. According to him, money was for necessities and not for deposits in banks. He could never connect marriage with money. He believed a man and a woman in mutual love would be able to pull on smoothly with limited resources.

Love was the essential thing and he believed that other things would then adjust themselves.

Balan, Thangam's brother, was very intimate with Sukumar. They had been classmates for years together. Theirs was a friendship formed on mutual understanding and unselfish regard for each other. Balan was now at Madras in the Engineering College, preparing for the final year examination. It was he, who had first introduced Sukumar to Thangam. Sukumar was a frequent visitor and guest of Balan. Thangam thereby had ample opportunities to attend to the spirited but learned discussions that usually took place between him and her brother. In course of time, therefore, Sukumar obtained a firm place in her pure heart; and, as she knew him better and better, her love and respect grew stronger and stronger. Sukumar, though he was certain he could marry none except Thangam, did not dare speak out his one desire to her, owing to the vast financial difference that existed between them. But lovers cannot for long, remain ignorant of each other's heart.

Thangam was now in her nineteenth year. She had an attractive face, which fully reflected the goodness of her heart. She had been compelled, to discontinue her studies from the Sixth Form. But, instead of sitting idle, she had made good use of her time by adding to her knowledge and bringing herself up to date. Her only brother, Balan, helped her, and did everything he could in supplying healthy food for her growing imagination. But he had no idea that she loved Sukumar, though in such a case he would have been heartily prepared to grant his consent and approval to the same.

It was in such a situation that Mr. Rama Varma Raja proposed to marry Thangam. Mr. Raja was extremely rich and that was enough reason for Nanikutty Amma immediately to consent to

the proposal. Krishna Menon, of course, left everything in the hands of his wife and he sincerely believed she was clever and capable. Mr. Raja was known not to be a bad man on the whole, though he was quite twenty years older than Thangam. He was, moreover, a degree-holder of the University.

When Thangam came to know of the proposal,—not that anybody seriously cared to consult her—she managed immediately to convey the particulars to Sukumar. The latter knew that Thangam was helpless and that the conservative parents would not hesitate to hurry on a forced marriage, though he was sure that the girl would fight to the last. Anyway, Sukumar resolved to behave like a brave boy.

He wrote a letter to Mr. Krishna Menon, intimating his desire to marry Thangam with her full consent. But it carried no weight, since Nanikutty Amma could never appreciate anything that was not directly concerned with rupees, annas and pies. Yet he did not give up all hope. The only question now was how to save Thangam. She was actually a prisoner in the house, after her love affair had leaked out.

III

The marriage day dawned. It was a beautiful day in the month of October. The world did not in the least seem to be concerned with the cares and worries of individuals.

As hours passed, Thangam grew more restless, though she felt sure Sukumar would do something to save her. Her heart beat fast. Yet she resolved to hope to the very last.

The evening drew near. Invitations had been freely sent to friends and relatives. Guests began pouring in. Mr. Krishna Menon was everywhere, busy attending to the decorations in the pandal here, supervising the work in the house there, and receiving guests in addition, without forgetting to introduce them to each other when necessary. He

had a hurried smile for everybody. Eight o'clock was the appointed hour for the ceremony. The bride-groom and party were expected a little before eight.

It was past seven-thirty. Expectation rose high in the *pandal*. The gramophone played. But attention was centred elsewhere. Ah there! Horns were sounding. The cars of the bride-groom and party had arrived. There was a bustle. A host of young ladies went to the gate to receive the party. Every eye followed them.

The front car stopped at the gate. Andwhat? Balan and Sukumar alighted! The bus behind also stopped. Mr. Raja and others got down from it. Balan directly ran to the room of his sister Thangam. A moment, and then he appeared again in the *pandal* with her. Amidst wondering eyes, Sukumar stepped forward. Himself and Thangam garlanded each other and exchanged rings, while Balan stood happily viewing the sacred function, with a youthful smile of success playing on his manly face.

There was confusion and Nanikutty Amma swooned in the midst of it.

"No father, it was all for the best," explained Balan. "I got a detailed telegram from Sukumar. I lost no time, but started and went at once to Mr. Raja. He is a good man. When I placed the details of the whole affair before him, he readily agreed to withdraw honourably. I could easily make him realise that he had no right to marry a girl, who had never wanted him. In order to prevent any more catastrophes of the kind, Sukumar was made the bridegroom, and Mr. Raja and others kindly consented to form a party to the affair. Never mind what others may say. Let us not be too sensitive to public opinion. I cannot bring myself to believe I have served you wrong. In fact, I like to be told that I have rendered a timely service to you and to society in general."

Mr. Krishna Menon smiled and thanked God that matters had run as they did.

In Man's Realm

The Preceptor of Poland

By J. D. Thangaswami.

IN the last quarter of the eighteenth century, three states partitioned among themselves a tiny kingdom which, for four hundred years, had held a prominent place among the powers of Europe. Austria, Russia and Prussia resolved in 1772 that they should improve the condition of Poland, by taking away a large slice of the Polish territory! In 1793, Prussia and Russia effected the second partition; and two years later when the Poles rose in rebellion against foreign domination, their kingdom was wholly devoured, Austria

obtaining a share this time. The pitifulness of it was that when their kingdom was thus ruthlessly dismembered, the Poles had shaken off their illness and were well on the way to settling their affairs in order. The regeneration of the country on the eve of the partition was remarkable. In a thesis offered a few years ago to the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Cracon, the credit for this regeneration is attributed in the main to Stanislaus Konarski who is to this day considered "the wisest of the Poles." With a number of his public-spirited

fellow-countrymen, Konarski set about a thorough reformation of the basis of public education and devised a scheme which stood foremost in Europe for its breadth and humanism.

Konarski was born on the last day of September 1700 of a middle class family, which had an honourable record of service both at home and abroad. He had his early education in a school run by a religious order known as the Piarists. Education in Poland was then in the hands of two religious orders, the Jesuits and the Piarists, between whom there was hardly any love lost. Frequently, violent and open encounters happened between the pupils of the rival schools in which even masters took part! While in school, Konarski as a piarist developed a hatred for the Jesuit order which became a passion in his later life.

It was likely that when Konarski went to school, he had heard of the greatness of his country in days of yore and the daring feats performed by his ancestors in the defence of their homes and hearths. But the atmosphere of the school was not calculated to help the boy much. The very first requisites of education, inspiration to a love of knowledge and understanding of the growth of mind and spirit, were absent and the teachers made no attempt to help their pupils "to find themselves."

When he was seventeen years of age, Konarski joined the order of Piarists and took to teaching. He distinguished himself in the study of philosophy and verse-making in the style of Horace. History, philosophy and the classics had a fascination for him as monuments of the human spirit and as a source of inspiration. After occupying for four years the chair of Poetry and Eloquence in the Warsaw College which was the oldest of the Piarist institutions, he went abroad for a graduate course. He proceeded to Rome and then to Paris, which was then a rival of Rome as a centre of power and learning. His contact with Rome and

the culture of the West made him a new man altogether and, when he returned to Poland, it was as a man mentally reborn. "His time abroad converted him from heavenly to earthly interests, taught him to see in his own people something more than just a congregation of the faithful, fitted him to understand human society and the great part education must play in its welfare, independent of religious beliefs of this or that church. It gave him a layman's mind, which at once became a light in his own land."

For a decade after his return, Konarski engaged his time and energy in politics and diplomacy; but at the end of that period he was made to feel by the state of his country that he had turned away from his natural activities. Changes in politics and society the like of which had never been, began to creep over Europe at the dawn of the eighteenth century. The grandeur and influence acquired by France, during the long reign of Louis XIV, were being laid in ashes, and a period of economic and social crisis had set in. The genius and energy of Peter the Great was rearing the fabric of Modern Russia, on the severe defeat inflicted by him on Charles XII of Sweden at Pultowa. The coronation of the Elector of Brandenburg as King of Prussia gave rise to a new power which was soon to become a menace to the liberties of the states around it. In the midst of these, lay Poland in a condition standing at the lowest point, socially and politically. There was no peace among the upper classes; and the discord was such as to make the country a victim to the fantastically-complicated diplomacy of the powers around it. Both in the town and country, there was a sad lack of prosperity. The people were possessed of a mental and moral apathy, which resulted in their internal questions being decided by other powers. Their country had no army of their own and foreign troops marched up and down it, making it a dancing ground for the "God of battles".

In these circumstances, Konarski saw clearly that the salvation of Poland lay in the education of its youth on right lines. He made up his mind to confine his activities to the cloister, where he could serve his country effectively by spending all his powers to bring about a change in education.

Now began Konarski's life-work, which lasted for thirty-three years until his death. He founded a College in Warsaw for the sons of gentlemen, on the model of the Collegium Nazarenum in Rome, an institution created for the sons of the well-to-do and supported by the state. The purpose of this College was to glorify God and to render the needed service to the nation, by offering a home with tutilage to the rising generation, along with an education as good as could be had. Konarski attended minutely to everything concerning the students in the college, down to their meals and recreation, for the success of a school depended as much on good food as on good books. The college grew famous and like all good institutions in the world had to combat with jealousy. But the intrepid professor braved all the difficulties he encountered, and even his worst enemies, the Jesuits, subsequently established similar institutions. By 1762, Konarski had become a spokesman of the Polish nation and a fighter for a great idea. He wrote enormously, going over the same ground again and again until his readers were almost weary and thought he had no more than two or three ideas. Of his voluminous works, two at least stand pre-eminent. In his treatise on the correct use of speech for use in the higher classes, he ridiculed fine speaking which was a cult in the schools of those days, run especially by the Jesuits, and urged that speech must be sound, clear, well-dressed, duly-conformed to nature and judgment, rich in learning of every kind, healthy, bright and genuine, neither rapid nor puffed up, neither obscure nor affected, and not brist-

ling with foreign phrases. His second remarkable book dealt with the art of right thinking. In it, he insisted that no man could write well if he did not think clearly. The habit of learning by rote defeated all the true ends of learning, and Konarski's books contributed to its removal. He was particularly anxious that young minds should be kept from that most hateful of all evils to a rising generation—extravagance and exaggeration in expression.

Konarski did not busy himself in his professorship to the extent of ignorance of what was going on outside the four walls of his study. From 1760 to 1763, he issued anonymously four stout volumes, condemning the Government of Poland as a foolish and iniquitous institution produced by time and usage. It was indeed extraordinarily courageous of him to denounce as a monster what had become a golden calf to the gentry of his country. He was hailed by some as a Daniel come to Judgment, while others would gladly have flung him into the lion's den. In the four volumes, he diagnosed correctly the disease that Poland was suffering from politically, and suggested remedies without fear or favour. Although not a single suggestion made by him was accepted at the time, there was not one which did not come in for adoption a generation later.

People flocked to Konarski as to a sage for advice. Leaders in church and state, and in the fashionable field of science and letters sought his counsels. He was a veritable Socrates among his countrymen. But this popularity, he was not destined to enjoy for long. The tide of nationalism entered from the West into Poland and spent its full force there, undermining the faith of not a few. Konarski came in for blame and had to defend himself. His last days were not all sunshine. Yet, when he died in 1773, the year after the first partition of Poland, a united people honoured him as their most distinguished son. The

funeral service was conducted by the rival order of the Jesuits, the ablest preacher of them paying the most glowing tribute to the departed soul.

In the black years which followed the partition, Konarski's system of education shone out as a beacon, and his example was a source of inspiration to public

workers in Poland for many a generation. His writings have survived all the forces that have flooded in to overwhelm the kingdom; and upon them is being built the life of the Poland of today, restored to its independence by the good sense of Europe at the end of the Great War of 1914-18.

Dasara or Durga Puja.

This month, all over India from the Himalayas to the Cape, Sarasvathi or Durga, the Goddess of learning, rises to the highest worship of Indians. The orthodox Hindu wholly abandons himself to prayer for one day. The world of books ceases to be, and children are at their happiest.

Every Hindu house becomes an altar. All available pieces of wisdom such as books, scripts, prints, all toys and pretty knick-knacks, are collected and built into a shrine. In it, the Goddess comes and dwells for a day, while lights are burnt, and incense waved, before it. Fruits, cakes and puddings are offered to fair visitors, and to children is added joy upon joy on this happy day.

Learning is the boon of Durga. Teachers try in vain to impart knowledge, and children try in vain to take it in. Centuries and centuries ago, the wisdom of the Aryans grasped the vanity of education and asked aspirers to learning to erect a temple in their hearts. Men, they said, cannot become wise without

heaven's grace.

Tradition is a wise talker, though sciences may often look askance at her. Tradition tells us that Kalidasa, the greatest poet of India, was a shepherd first, and that he became a poet only after Durga had written letters of gold on his tongue. The word *Kalidasa* means the *servant of Durga*. It is not from schools only that the wisest have risen. The boon of knowledge comes to the elect of the Goddess, whether they study in schools, or learn wisdom in fields. That is why a day of prayer is set absolutely apart for the mistress of all knowledge.

But, the day after that, the sleeping learning of today will wake and parents will try to write the alphabet with golden pens on their children's tongues. And then the three R's, refreshed from rest, will hurl their conceits from end to end of the land. Thus the wisdom of the race will grow from more to more, born as it is in prayer, and nurtured by the efforts of men.

N. K. V.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

The Ideal Aspect of Marriage.

MARRIAGE", says Auguste Comte, "is the simplest and most perfect mode of man's social life: the only society we can ever form, where entire identity of interest obtains. It is a union wherein each is necessary to the moral development of the other; the woman surpassing the man in tenderness, even as the man excels the woman in strength." The marriage bond is the only one in which none can share and which none can put asunder; and so it outlasts death itself. Time, which tends to weaken all other domestic ties, does but cement more closely this one—the only human union of which we can say "these two shall be one." (True marriage is the eternal devotion of one man to one woman.) Wedlock should never be confined within the limits of any caste, sect or opinion. Men and women ought to be free to marry into or out of any community or caste.) Besides, a great danger which besets marriage at the present time is the increasing tendency of women to forsake the moral direction of the family and of the home for vain competition in the practical labour of man. This tendency is fatal to true marriage, and it breaks down with deplorable results. Though man and woman are companions and equals in the journey of life, yet, as regards the measure of their powers, they are unequal. Man is stronger and muscular; woman is more delicate and sensitive. The one excels in brain, the other in heart. Humanity needs both for the purposes of the race, and in every consideration of social progress both must necessarily be included, but in no case should one try to do the work of the other.

As we all know or rather some of us know, the most important step in life is

marriage, and love; which beautifies and inspires nature, is the essence of it. Simonides says that a man cannot have any greater blessing than a good wife or any greater curse than a bad one. And Jeremy Taylor, discussing marriage, once said, that marriage is divine in its institution, sacred in its union, holy in its mystery, sacramental in its signification, honourable in its appellation, religious in its employment; it is an advantage to the societies of men and it is holiness to the Lord.

The true aspect of marriage is where the husband and wife, figuratively speaking, are one in soul and two in body. They should fulfil their mission in this world with one aim and one object. Together they should pray, together fast, together endure difficulties, together share prosperity, together go through life amidst pain and pleasure. They never should hide anything from the other or be a burden to the other. God joys when he sees such pairs. To them He sends peace.

A happy marriage is the beginning of new life; it is a great opportunity where once for all we leave the past, with its follies and faults, and look forward with new hope, new courage and greater strength into the future which opens before us. A happy home presided by a loving couple is the best likeness to heaven; a home where husband and wife, child and parent, each, in his own loving way, helps the other.

Such are the characteristics of a true and happy marriage, and he undertakes no light task who ventures to give counsel in a relationship so ancient and so intimate as that of husband and wife. First, regarding the selection of a wife, tenderness and purity are prime requi-

sites, and no gifts of speculative intellect or practical ability can compensate for their absence. She should be able "To soothe thy sickness, watch

thy health, Partake but never waste thy wealth, Or stand with smiles un murmuring by, And lighten half thy poverty."

Nextly, do not marry for money. Above all, rather love first and marry the girl of your choice, than marry first and then try to love. The latter oftentimes proves risky and very rarely breeds a happy home.

Now, what about the choice of a husband? Sound sense is an indispensable quality which a young lady should require in the man who is to be her lifelong companion. For, brilliant mental gifts, without the balancing power of sound sense, will not secure her domestic happiness.

There is one counsel that is applicable to both man and woman who are contemplating marriage, and that is to have regard to approximate equality in birth

and station, age and education, in the choice of a partner. Gross inequality in any of the points mentioned is sure to be visited with penalties, more or less severe in some form or other. No view of marriage is good that does not regard it as a tender and respectful friendship "embellished by an incomparable mutual possession". Want of unity of aim is another prolific source of domestic failure. They should see "eye to eye" upon the ratio to be maintained between the serious and the recreative portions of existence. "Union is strength" is an old adage; but in married life it is more; it is peace and comfort.

To sum up all that I have said;—the secret of domestic happiness lies in the exercise of mutual forbearance, gentleness, and courteous demeanour, the desire to please and be pleased, the willingness to express pleasure when felt, the opportune demonstration of affection, and the determination to be one in aim and action in all that pertains to a common and co-operative life.

K. V. SWAMINADHAN.

SOCIETY SNAPS.

By Herbert Porter.

THE SCULPTOR AND THE STATUE

An ugly block of marble stood in the studio of a great Sculptor. The Sculptor stood before the marble, mallet and chisel in hand. With great dexterity of movement and keenness of mind, he gradually hewed out of the solid block, a figure of exquisite beauty—a veritable Venus of Milo! Day after day he

laboured at his beloved task, until the perfect thing stood forth—a glory to all succeeding generations; for, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Moral: Out of ugliness, the spirit of the great artist can shape a thing of perfect grace and grandeur. The creative faculty is the greatest gift which Heaven can bestow upon a man.

Our Fashion Suggestions.

MOST Indian women do not wear thin gauzy saris, and yet, transparent saris look very pretty indeed, especially for evening wear. I expect thin saris are unpopular, because really good ones cannot be bought unless a very high price is paid for them, and the cheaper ones look too inexpensive and common for good occasions. Also, middle-aged women dislike wearing them, because they think them frivolous. Thin saris, however, should be indulged in more than they are at present. After all, it will not be so expensive to buy a gauzy Benares sari; if the purchaser makes up her mind to buy one such garment, instead of two of a thicker material. Sometimes, Georgette saris, with Benares borders sewn on, look very effective and the whole make-up works out quite cheap.

I have often noticed that princesses and purdah ladies are very fond of wearing thin saris, and they look very charming indeed.

The beauty about wearing thin saris, is that colour schemes can be worked out much more easily and effectively. With

a thick sari, a colour scheme does not look half so beautiful. When the sari is transparent, the colour and material of the skirt below should be thought about, so that it combines with the sari. Here is a colour scheme which I think will be very charming for an evening occasion.

A princess petticoat reaching right down to the ankles, of a rich flame colour, and a blouse made of thin material to match the petticoat, with a thin edging of gold on the short sleeves;—over these, a sari of lighter flame of very gauzy make, and of soft material that will drape well, should be worn. The sari should have a broad gold border, with tiny lines of deeper flame running in parallel lines through the gold tissue. Little flame and gold slippers, and flowers to match on coils of hair done neatly at the back of the head, will complete the picture. Not too many jewels should be worn. A few gold bracelets, a thin gold chain and delicate pearl and ruby earrings, would be quite sufficient.

SISTER SUSIE.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

The Poor Housewife.

Women of the lower classes are usually despised and looked down upon as ignorant, insanitary and superstitious primitives. No doubt, this opinion of them is just in many ways, and, when compared with the habits of the civilised and rich, the customs of the poor women of India seem childish and futile. Are they, however, as inefficient as people think them

to be? Is it not due more to the fact that richer people have not taken enough trouble to teach them better ways, that they are so ignorant and unhygienic? Surely, if they are taught better ways, they will soon improve! I say this with conviction, because we lately came across an instance, where a poor housewife surprised us with her efficient ways and quick intelligence. A poor man fell ill,

and a rich woman, being brought to know the precarious condition in which the poor man lay, asked her doctor to attend on him. The man's state, however, being dangerous, the doctor could not do much to help him, and one day, the rich lady thought it her duty to attend the sick house, and see if she could help the women of the household. She was surprised, however, when she went there, to find the house cleanly swept and fresh in appearance, and the patient lying on a clean bed. An old woman, his mother-in-law, was in direct charge of the invalid,

and her capability and efficient intelligence astonished the rich woman. The old woman saw that the doctor's orders were implicitly carried out, and when asked to prepare *whey*, she did it promptly and very well indeed. In spite of the dangerous condition of her son-in-law, she was not worried and over-distressed but calm and collected. In short, she proved to be a splendid *nusre*, and the rich lady, thoroughly satisfied with the care the poor sick man was receiving, came home feeling much relieved.

PUNKAJAM.

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 XI

BASIN BRIDGE.

IT is quite unnecessary to follow the preparations, the plans and the excitement of Rukmini and Seeta when the trip to Madras was fast approaching, nor is it kind to describe Mohun's secret longing and chagrin. The journey itself was for the most part performed in the night, so that there was not much that the girls could do, except starting from bed when bridges were crossed, and looking through the carriage windows imagine an abyss yawning below. They likewise took a delight in counting the number of stations, at which the mail halted and in remembering which side of the line they came. But, in the morn-

ing, when Basin Bridge was approached they were all eyes and ears and questions then flowed faster than during any other part of that long journey.

"That's the light-house; those domes and turrets belong to the High Court buildings and those four masts—"

"Oh, father, there lies the sea near the horizon," interrupted Rukmini. "I should never have guessed I would know it. Now what are those things?"

"They are salt pans," replied Mr. Vikram. "Brine from the sea is let into them and allowed to evaporate. Those lumbering bullock waggons are no longer used in the decent parts of the city for carrying rubbish. There is a sort of motor lorry for that. Those are the kerosine tanks which burst into flames

when the Englishmen threw bombs on them, thinking of destroying the wireless station. Look to your things, girls, we must get ready with our tickets."

Seeta had a head-ache as a bit of coal from the engine had fallen into her eye and irritated it continually.

"Are we getting down at Basin Bridge, father?" she asked.

"No, but since the train does not go farther than the Central Station our tickets are checked at Basin Bridge. We have only to alight and clear out at the Central Station."

"But, won't they ask us for our tickets at the Central Station?" again queried Seeta.

"It is not necessary," answered her father, "you will see, when we are returning, that they check the tickets when passengers are getting into trains and not when alighting. Only for out-going trains we have to show our tickets."

"Dear me, look there, father," this came from Rukmini—"which-ever of them is the Bridge? what a number of bridges!"

Dr. Vikram said. "It is that one over the Buckingham canal there."

Before many seconds the mail stopped at Basin Bridge. The scene there was to the inexperienced minds of the two girls something like the moving pictures they had loved to see; only here the noise, the heat, the glare, and the odours, kept them in touch with the living reality of the whole.

First of all, there were to be seen several trains besides their own on both sides of the railing. There were crowds of busy people and there were also many idlers. A host of railway officials, and numbers of coolies and menials, all seemingly Tamilians, were as active as they could be at the different trains. They were going to and fro, running hither and thither, examining the coaches and waggons, loading and unloading, making notes in pocket diaries, checking tickets and doing several con-

fusing tasks, all the while, talking, laughing, joking, whistling, besides which the officers were issuing commands and reprimanding the coolies, who in their turn were protesting, and quarrelling among themselves. More interesting than this bewildering hustle and bustle were the screaming and hissing of engines, the clanging of buffers, the rumbling of trains and the greatest master-piece, the passengers and sight-seers.

Men, women and children of all ages, presenting a variety in costume, complexion and language;—what a sight it was! There were shy Muslim ladies in bright-coloured dresses almost hidden by plain cloaks or magnificent mantles and shawls, their heads covered with veils which obscured their features as well. Parsi ladies moved about like walking lilies, in gorgeous costumes and showing no signs of being ill at ease in the midst of crowds of men. Brahmin dames in costly but not very elegant Kornat sarees were there, unveiled and exposing the calves of their legs. There were a few people from other parts of India besides, representing Bengalis, Gujaratis, Oriyas and so on. There were also a handful of Europeans to complete the variety of that motley crowd.

It seemed hours to the girls at Basin Bridge Junction. There was an over-bridge quite close to their carriage for people to go to the opposite sides of the platform without crossing the rails. At the two extremities of the over-bridge were two opposite flights of steps leading up. People were continually going up and down or walking across. Not infrequently, the same parties appeared and reappeared so many times as to attract special attention, but making it difficult for anybody to guess their purpose.

Surely there was enough to be seen and while away the time. The girls were not left undisturbed in their enjoyment at sight-seeing, for scarcely had the mail stopped at Basin Bridge than one of

the ticket collectors boarded their coach to check tickets and examine the luggage. One passenger had an enormous black steel trunk, large enough not only to accommodate all his belongings, but himself and family as well—such was Dr. Vikram's exaggerated interpretation, when he alluded to this passenger later on. The ticket collector demanded to see the pass, but none was forth coming, except protests from the owner of the box, so that the trunk was carried off to be weighed. When it came back, the passenger was called upon to pay not only for the excess, but also for the free allowance.

The glare was intolerable and so also the odours. Rukmini felt that she was going in for a headache too. At last the whistle gave the welcome signal that the train would start and the girls knew that they were about to do the last bit of the journey. No open country was traversed. It was all one station yard from Basin Bridge, and almost before the girls were aware of it the mail had steamed into Central Station.

(To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAI

(2) The First Grief

A little boy planted a rose tree beneath his window, and gave it all the love of his young heart. Before going to sleep, he would open the window, and seeing that all was well with his silent play-fellow, he would murmur a prayer and a thanksgiving. In his dreams, he often saw a rose that could walk and talk and join him in his childish games. When morning came, with the cool East wind, and the song of birds, he would creep away from his mother's side, and run to the poor plant that had spent the long hours in the cold night, and had no tender mother to wrap a blanket round its slender body.

The little boy had a squirrel which his father had given him. One day, it lay idly curled up in a warm hole in its bed, and did not come out when its young

friend called. The milk and plantaine remained untouched in a corner. All his attempt to feed it were futile, and before noon the squirrel died.

The boy made a grave beside the rose bush, and lined the sides with soft, white cotton. He then put flowers in it, and placed on them the lifeless body. There was a vague, intense pain in his heart, and tears in his eyes, as he closed up the grave. But there was consolation in the thought that now his two play-fellows were near each other, and would have to part no more. Only children can feel the silent sympathy of inanimate objects.

From that day the child loved his rose tree with a deeper love than ever. Then the first green bud came, and he felt as a young husband might, who looks on his delicate darling, and thrills to know that she is going to be the mother of the first pledge of their love. Rocked in that airy cradle, with the murmur of the leaves for lullaby, thriving on the milky moonlight under starry skies, soon, beneath the green, the tip of a red petal was seen, as if the bud had blushed for joy.

Then the false beetle came, with his eternal song of love, to betray that heart of honey. But the little boy kept a vigilant watch. That night he slept well, the sleep of a happy child: for he knew that in the morning a fair flower would be waiting on the rose tree, to welcome him with a smile! But, when he came in the morning, no flower was seen,—and the bud too had disappeared!

Some thoughtless hand had plucked that flower; Ah, how thoughtless!.....A strange look came into the child's eyes, and his lips took that pathetic curve which is the precursor of tears.....His rose-tree bore many a flower in the days that followed; but, with what a difference!

T. BALAKRISHNAN.

(3) Our letter to our young people.

Dear Children,

I am sure you would like to know the origin of a pearl, and how it is really

formed. Of course, you all know that it is found in the oyster, but how and why are these exquisite gems hidden away in such crude obscure animals of the sea? I did not know myself, until I suddenly came across an article on the origin of the pearl, in an old volume of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

In the South sea there are thousands and thousands of tiny creatures, about as big as a grain of sand, whirling about in the warm water, by means of *cilia*, or hair, which form a fringe around their small bodies. After a time, the baby oyster, tired of its endless roaming in the sea, settles down to a quiet life, by losing its *cilia*, and attaching itself to a rock. In order to protect its body, it secretes a hard substance, which forms its shell, which are made up of two valves. Besides protecting the tender fleshy part of the oyster, this shell also makes the organism attach itself more firmly to the rock, because of some hairy fibres which come out of it. The oyster, moored thus to its home, stays there serenely for about six or seven years. It is not as lonely however, as you may think it to be, for there are hundreds of other oysters attached in a similar way beside it, and no doubt, they have many cosy comfortable talks with each other.

Eventually, however, a diver finds them and plucks them away from their comfortable home, and when he opens the shells he finds a beautiful pearl within, exquisite and gleaming.

Is it not a wonderful piece of work on Nature's part, to install such a beautiful gem within the rude rough shell of an oyster? How did this pearl hide itself there?

It seems, there are tiny parasites, which find their way into the oyster's shell, and cause great irritation in the folds of the oyster's tender body within. The oyster tries its best to get rid of this troublesome creature, but all in vain. It only manages to secure a firmer footing within, until the oyster, in desperation, secretes some-

thing soft and white to surround and trap the parasite within. Gradually, this secretion becomes smoother and larger, until the parasite can no longer hurt the "mantle" of the oyster. The white secretion is the priceless pearl, which has been discovered by man.

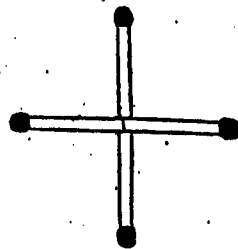
Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

(4) Our Children's Competition Corner.

1. Can you mention the name of a plant which makes up the number four?

2. Can you tell us how the half of twelve can be seven? It sounds rather impossible, does it not, but still the half of twelve can easily be made seven.

3. Here are four match sticks placed together in a certain way, as shown in the diagram. Can you form a perfect square by moving just one of these match sticks once?



Send in your answers to the Editor, the Indian Ladies' Magazine, Cannanore, by 15th November.

Answers to last months competition:

INDIAN TOWN ANAGRAMS

1. Calcutta.
2. Mysore.
3. Allahabad.
4. Delhi.
5. Ludhiana.
6. Madras.

The following girls have answered this competition correctly:

1. Miss Mona Erasmus, Cawnpore.
2. Miss Sneholata Ananda Rao, Madras.

A Chess Page.

By Bharadwaja

(Copyright with the Author.)

THE KNIGHT.

BY far the most interesting piece on the Chess board is the knight. The movements of this piece have not undergone any change throughout the career of Chess. Quite a lot of literature has grown over this interesting piece, and Western savants claim that they have explored all its possible moves. The transformation of the horse to the knight was not revolutionary, as the spirited animal was invested with a rider during the period of knight-errantry in Europe.

The knight is called *Cavalier* in French, and *Springer* in German. The symbol *S* in Forsyth notation denotes knight, following the initial letter of the German word *Springer*. The movement of the knight is as eccentric as it is peculiar, and it is not easy to describe it. It is the only piece which has the privilege of leaping over another man. It has the advantage of coming into the field of operation at once. Its move is one square in a straight line, and one in an oblique direction; or in other words, it moves two squares in a straight line, and one in a side direction. It has the possibility of moving to a third square formed by a single vertical and a single diagonal square. Thus, a knight in a black square can jump only to a white square, and *vice versa*.

A knight in the centre of the board has the power of taking any one of the men stationed in any one of the eight squares, which it can command. If a straight line is drawn from the centre of the board to all the eight squares it com-

mands, it will correspond to the spokes of a wheel. If all the eight spokes are operative, we have a complete Knight's Wheel.

The knight is valuable in crowded positions, and its circular wheel is never dependent on open files or diagonals. It is a short stepping piece, and cannot move from wing to wing in quick time. The bishops and the knights are practically considered of equal value, and mathematicians have set up the value 3.50 to the bishop, and 3.07 to the knight. In ordinary play, the knight is freely exchanged for a bishop, and *vice versa*.

The knight is the favourite piece of leading players in every country. Its assault is more subtle and dangerous than that of any other piece, because it attacks without putting itself *en prise* and its attack can never be resisted by the interposition of another man. The best place for a king knight is its king's bishop third square. A knight with three or four pawns at the end of a game has an advantage over a bishop with an equal number of pawns, because it can leap from white to black.

A king and two knights cannot mate, if the opponent plays correctly. Two knights without pawns become valueless as no checkmate can really be effected by them. The best way to avoid the knight is to move the piece that is threatened to the third diagonal square.

The following ingenious numerical table in Chess was invented by His Highness Maharaja KRISHNA RAJAH WODAYAR BAHADOOR of Mysore in 1852.

On this board of 64 squares termed POORNA TARA KALPA TARU, the figures are placed according to the movements of the knight, and will give a total of 260 in 116 different ways by adding the figures horizontally, perpendicularly, and in a variety of other ways, taking at a time 8 spaces that bear the same relative position to each other.

11	46	21	52	13	44	19	54
22	49	12	45	20	53	16	43
47	10	51	24	41	14	55	18
50	23	48	9	56	17	42	15
35	8	25	64	29	40	57	2
26	63	36	5	60	1	30	39
7	34	61	28	37	32	3	58
62	27	6	33	4	59	38	31

It rests with the ingenious to obtain the same singular numerical property on this board of 64 squares, in which the knight is made to move; as for instance, 130 if 4 spaces, 260 if 8 spaces, 520 if 16 spaces, 1040 if 32 spaces, and 2080 if 64 spaces are added together.

Leaving aside the numerical calculations, we shall follow the knight's course from the orthodox first move Kt to B 3. We have the following result:—f3, h4, g6, h8, f6, d8, b7, a5, b3, a1, c2, e1, g2, f4, h5, g7, e8, c7, a8, b6, a4, b2, d1, f2, h1, g3, f5, h6, g8, e7, c8, a7, b5, a3, b1, d2, f1, h2, g4, f6, h7, f8, d7, b8, a6, b4, a2, c1, e2, g1, h3, g5, e6, d4, c6, e5, d3, c5, e4, c3, d5, e3, c4, d6.

Now these moves do not give the same numerical results as the Maharaja's.

Nevertheless this is a successful attempt at covering all the squares by a knight travelling on its uninterrupted course. But the first two vertical rows give the same total, 216.

Following the knight's course geometrically for every complete circuit of 16 moves, we have some interesting specimens of polygons. The same may be drawn to scale, and compared with advantage.

To those who are wishing to take up Chess as an interesting hobby, we give this month a chess problem by S. Loyd, "White; K on KB 2, Rooks on Q2 and Q8, P on KR2. Black; K on KR 8, Bishop on QR5, P on KB6. White to move and mate in three."

Mr. George Parbury of Singapore has written the following parable on this problem:

THE UNWILLING MURDERER.

"In the bad old days when the laws of hospitality were not always respected, King Noir pays a visit to King Blanc accompanied only by his own family priest and a single youthful page.

King Blanc decides to take the opportunity of paying off an old grudge and sets about it with guile. "Let us change pages for the nonce," says he planting himself firmly in front of the black page. At the same time, he instructs his own page to turn his back on King Noir, in the hope that the latter will resent the indignity and take such strong measures as will give him an excuse for carrying out his vengeance.

However, King Noir is loth to do this; and he is ably assisted by his old confessor, who skips about the courtyard with what agility he possesses, and seems to be able to circumvent the machinations of King Blanc's two officers of the guard, nearly but not quite. Alas! There is one line point of vantage against which he is helpless, and the white officer moves to Kt 2. How King Blanc and his supporters chuckle! If the holy man moves to

Q8, Officer No. 1 pins him down by a backward step to Knight 1. If he moves to B, this officer makes the same move and aims directly at King Noir. If the poor old priest moves anywhere else, either one or the other of the officers lay him low."

Every picture tells a story, and every chess problem can be recast into a parable or a fable.

Mr. Parbury is to be congratulated on his parables for many chess problems presented to the world. For our own part, we would like to see Panchtantra stories cleverly woven into the solutions.

N. B.—Bharadwaja offers a prize for an original problem with a solution. The offer is limited to the subscribers of the I. L. M. only. The latest time for submission is 15th November, 1931.

Our Furniture Suggestions

Curtains:

Curtains over outside windows can be made of the net sold in furniture shops; or a double mesh of rough mosquito netting can be used; or even a thin muslin. Dark green is a nice colour to soothe the eyes against the sun-glare. The curtains should be sewn at regular intervals to many small rings, which should run over a stiff iron rod, firmly fixed on the window framework. I would advise invisible short weights, stitched to the bottom ends of the curtains; also neat loops should be attached, which can be fixed, when in use, to nails placed in the right position. It should be remembered, however, that these loops and the weights should be sewn on to a hem of two or three folds of the same material, or a false hem of another material of the same colour. When the curtains are drawn off, they can be held in position by a sash of the same colour, tied to a window-bar.

Door curtains can be of the *Swadeshi* kind, printed with soft designs and colours. What are called *Palampoosh*

or *Kalankari* curtains, which can be obtained in Masulipatam, will be suitable; or the black and red printed cloths of Jummalmadugu (London Mission); or just ordinary Khaddar cloth, worked with a pretty border in cross-stitch (this can be done through a strip of canvas, the threads of which can be drawn away), or in any other stitch desired, can be used. The curtains can be held down, if necessary by loops fixed to nails.

I would not advise too many curtains. None are necessary on front doors, except to guard against glare or draughts. None are necessary on inside windows or doors, unless needed to screen off the interiors. If something is desired to give a softening effect to door-frames, a light fringe of material can be used for the top.

In any case, all curtains should be placed correctly, regularly, and in as straight and symmetrical a manner as possible. And they should be made of washable stuff, and be often dusted and cleaned.

HOME-DECORATOR.

House-Hold Hints.

In many houses, a definite colour scheme is worked out in the sitting room, and sometimes, even in the dining and other rooms. I know of people who coloured the walls of each room in their house, in a different colour, and spoke of the rooms as the green room, the red room, the blue room and so on. Of course, they were careful to see that the furniture, curtains, etc., matched the particular colour of that room. Whether this is a good scheme to follow out in India or not, I cannot say. But in England, it seems to be the custom in old country houses to have different coloured rooms; for, do we not often read in novels of house-parties being given in large country seats, where one guest is allotted the blue room, and another the yellow room and so on?

I do not, however, wish to speak of rooms this month but of the garden. Why should we not have colour schemes in the garden, as we have in rooms?

I remember reading in a book of a man, who prepared a paradise of a yellow garden in readiness to welcome his dream girl. Colour schemes can easily be worked out in gardens in India. Here is an idea for a golden patch in your garden. The flowers are all common, and can be easily grown. A square plot can be chosen, and edged with yellow canna.

Little paths should be made to run within the plot, with beds of *Cariopses*, yellow *Cosmos*, Sun-flowers and Marigolds and groups of yellow Dahlias in pots. In the middle, within a neat circle, a few pots of yellow roses can be placed, and here and there, interspersed beside the beds, *Cassia* can be planted, of which beautiful yellow flowers, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has written a poem:

"O brilliant blossoms that strew my way,
You are only woodland flowers they say.
But, I sometimes think that perchance
you are

Fragments of some new-fallen star;
Or golden lamps for a fairy shrine,
Or golden pitchers for fairy wine.
Perchance you are, O frail and sweet,
Bright anklet bells from the wild spring's
feet,
Or the gleaming tears that some fair bride
shed

Remembering her lost maidenhead.
But now, in memoried dusk you seem
The glimmering ghosts of a bygone
dream."

In a little corner, it will be a good idea to have a small bower trailed with honey-suckle; but this is not so easy to grow.

Colour schemes of various other colours can also be worked out in the garden, according to the taste of the house-wife.

Paddy.

Cookery Notes.

1. *Curd Pachchadi* otherwise called

Dainsa.

Pour 1/4 measure of good curds into a tin-coated brass vessel and churn well. Add 3/8 palam of powdered common salt.

Take 2 palams of green chillies with stems removed, and 1 palam of green coriander leaves, grind well and mix with the curds. Add the juice, of one big lime fruit. Then put one palam of ghee into an iron pan and melt; put in 1/8 palam

chillies, (cut into small pieces) 1/4 palam of black-gram split, 1/4 palam of Bengal-gram split, and 1/8 palam of mustard seed and fry well with an iron spoon. As soon as the hissing noise of the mustard seed subsides, pour the contents into the curds.

Lastly, dissolve a very small piece of asafoetida in a small quantity of water and pour into the curds.

2. *Flat Boli.*

Mix 1/2 measure of rolong (wheat flour) with an equal quantity of rice-flour.

Take 2 cocoanuts, scrape the kernel into fine chippings and mix with the flour. Add 40 palams of white sugar and 1/2

palam of cardamom powder and knead well, until the mixture becomes a thick paste of dough, using, if necessary, a little quantity of milk or water.

Pour 2 1/2 palams of melted ghee into a broad-mouthed vessel (coated with tin) and put in the prepared dough, and gently press evenly, so that it takes the shape of a thin flat round cake. Place the vessel on a slow fire and cover with another flat vessel containing water. As soon as the flat round cake is cooked, remove it from the vessel, and cut it into small square pieces of the size required. These flat cakes are called *flat bolis*.

(Translation).

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER.

Needlework Notes

A *crochet border*

Crochet trimmings are now the fashion; and crochet borders for saris in silk thread or glossy cotton, can well be worked. Innumerable can be the patterns adopted. Here is a star-pattern.

Make a length of 13 chain.

1st row: Insert hook into 2nd chain, draw through, keeping loop; insert again into the next 3 chain, keeping the loops, so that there are now 5 loops on the hook; throw over and draw through all the loops at once; 1 chain, insert hook into that chain, again into last stitch of 1st star, keeping loop, then into next 2 chain, so that there are 5 loops, draw through all and continue till there are 5.

stars; turn with 3 chain.

2nd row: Trebles into the stars, two into each, taking the thread next to you. There will be 9 trebles and the first length of 3 chain, which should be considered as 1 treble.

3rd row: (Same as 1st row) Then turn with 3 chain, leave 1 chain, start the first star taking loops into the next 2 chain, then into the first threads of the next 2 trebles, so that there are 5 loops, draw through all. Continue now, as in 1st row.

Continue these alternate rows.

The trimming can be made as wide as required.

K. S.

Health Notes

(SELECTED.)

CIGARETTES NOT HARMFUL TO WOMEN?

Male and female rats were tried out on nicotine by doctors at the University of Southern California, and it was found that the males lost in weight, while the females were unaffected; and the United Press adds that rats injected with nicotine showed no retardation in growth or loss of appetite. If these experiments can finally prove anything regarding humans—cigarette sales will take another jump in feminine consumption.

—American Medicine.

SOY BEAN MILK SUBSTITUTE.

It is generally recognised that human milk is the best food for infants and that, in the absence of human milk, the best substitute is cow's milk in some form, modified usually by the addition of various ingredients, such as sugar, water, or egg. There are, however, some diseases in infancy in which cow's milk is not desirable, and there are some infants who react severely to milk, breaking out with eruptions and developing symptoms like those of asthma. It is believed that some cases of severe eczema in infants are due to such sensitization.

In case an infant is unable to take cow's milk, it is necessary to have another substitute for human milk. In an attempt to find such a mixture, experiments were conducted with a preparation of the soy bean (as reported in *Scientific American*). This has been used in one form or another in China as a supplementary infant food for many years. Using a soy bean flour as the basis of a preparation, it has been found that infants, sensitive to cow's milk, can be kept in a good state of nutrition by a

preparation containing soy bean, calcium carbonate, and salt. The soy bean flour already contains some magnesium, potassium, and phosphorus. In order to raise the amount of fat, olive oil was added to the mixture.—*Scientific Indian*.

WHEN TO USE HONEY.

Dr. John Campbell, one of the New Health Society's technical advisers, urges that in training for sport and athletics honey should form part of the sweetening agent of the daily diet, and before athletic effort honey should be taken in moderate quantity.

He has seen remarkable results in boxing and racing over and over again, while acting as scientific adviser to a famous football athletic association, and I am certain it is the one food that can be taken with certainty of results.

Sometimes honey disagrees—though this is very rare—then malt extract or brown cane sugar may be substituted.

—Health.

TREATMENT OF SKIN DISEASE.

In treating diseases of the skin, it is important to search for the cause. It is useless to apply a little of this or that lotion and to expect a cure, unless the underlying cause of the trouble be found and removed. Each disease must be considered separately according to whether general or local remedies are required. No one form of treatment will cure all kinds of skin disorders; hence "cure-alls" are not only worthless but often do harm.

There are a few points, however, which will be found useful in most skin troubles. First, the diet must be strictly regulated in conformity with hygienic rules.

Alcohol, coffee, and tea must be scrupulously avoided, as also pickles, pepper, and all condiments. Coffee and pepper are especially harmful. In fact, a patient suffering from any form of skin complaint should aim to live as much as possible on a fruit and grain diet, abstaining from all forms of rich and clogging foods. Milk and eggs may be taken in moderation. The chief points to be aimed at are that the diet shall be light, unstimulating, moderate and simple.

—The Indian Review.

NEW TREATMENT FOR ANAEMIA.

Dr. F. J. Wilkinson, director of research at the Manchester Royal Infirmary, has made a discovery of great importance for the treatment of pernicious anaemia, says the *Yorkshire Post*.

In recent years the use of liver as a diet for patients suffering from this complaint has been very successful, but Dr. Wilkinson's method concerns the use of hog's stomach. At first this was used in uncooked desiccated form, and it was found that this could be administered either in milk or chocolate or other cold foodstuffs. Later, in conjunction with a firm of chemists, the preparation was made in the form of a biscuit-coloured powder, insoluble and pleasant to take.

The discovery is of such importance, in the opinion of the Manchester Royal Infirmary and Manchester University, who have financed the experimental work, that they have undertaken to provide greater facilities and more accommodation.—*The Indian Review*.

THE SORROWS OF A PRIVATE DUTY NURSE.

She arrives on a case,
All primed to give service,

"My dear, don't do that,
Poor Johnny is nervous."

Thus fond mamas ever,
But wives are much worse—
They cause most the grey hair
That's worn by a nurse.

"I know just how he likes it,"
"Is it time for his pill?"
"I've made the bed this way
Ever since he's been ill."

"Oh, how can you do it?
You nurses are cruel!"
"I just want to watch you
Make father his gruel."

And thus it goes on...
Her actions are trammelled,
Her heart feels rebellious,
Her smile feels enamelled.

The patient is well,
It is time to depart,
With a cheque in her purse
And joy in her heart.

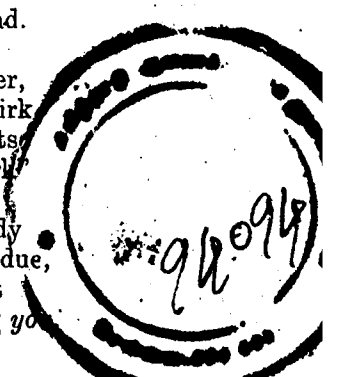
"My dear, I can't thank you,
You've just been so kind—
I've never succeeded,
In making him mind."

"But nurses are clever,
They've many a quirk
And managing patients
Is part of their work."

Dear lady, you're ready
To give folks their due,
But you little suspect
She was managing you.

ANNA HUNT.

Pacific Coast Journal of Nursing.



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News and Notes

MRS. SUBBAROYAN'S PLEA AT R. T. C.

The first speech of the only woman delegate in the Federal Structure Committee of the Round Table Conference was a plea for the recognition of women's right to equal constitutional status with men. Mrs. Subbaroyan urged that these could be effected by the insertion of a clause in the new constitution providing that sex should be no barrier to a citizen's rights in India.

Such a provision, she pointed out, was made in the most modern constitutions, notably those of the Irish Free State, Austria and Germany, and she commended the suggestion to the Committee as only fair and just, particularly in view of the important position which women were now beginning to occupy in India. Apart from their political activities they were taking an important share in the administrative work.

Mrs. Subbaroyan referred in this connexion to the Maharani Regent of Travancore, who, during her Regency, proved that women could be good "statesmen" and able administrators, while during his absence in England the Chief of Sangli had entrusted the full administration of his State to the Maharani. In less exalted walks of life, said Mrs. Subbaroyan, she could tell from personal knowledge in her own Province and by report in other Provinces of the remarkable public work which women were increasingly undertaking.

In Madras it was quite customary to find women Honorary Magistrates, members of Local Boards and Municipalities and educational and public health authorities. Women doctors were numerous and people were even becoming familiar with women lawyers.

Mrs. Subbaroyan, therefore, hoped that the Committee would support

women's claims to full civic rights and recommend a clause to this effect in the constitution.

—*The Madras Mail.*

47 YEARS OF MISSION WORK.

On October 1 Miss Eva May Swift retired after 47 years' association with the Madura Mission.

She first came to Madura in 1884, on appointment by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to take part in educational work among the girls of the city. In 1886, when a separate normal school department was established, she was placed in charge. While on furlough in 1890, Miss Swift conceived the idea of a training school for Bible-women, and on her return to the mission in 1892 she began to expend all her efforts toward making the idea an actuality. Her vision, unflinching effort, and unfaltering faith have resulted in the realisation of her dream.

At Rachanyapuram (Place of Salvation) 1½ miles from Madura, she has founded a school dedicated to the help and spiritualisation of Indian womanhood. There have sprung up an assembly hall, two large school buildings, a bungalow, a nursing house, farm buildings, teachers' quarters, model cottages, and a quadrangle of Bible-women's homes. Where once was a barren waste, there are trees and flowers, wells of water and broad grain fields.

Miss Swift's original plan was to create a school for Bible-women only, but driven by the needs which pressed upon her, she established also an institution which trains in handicraft, a school for children, and a night school. The girls in the Missouri Home-Craft School imbibe, not only book knowledge, but also household

management, cooking, and the manual arts. They work in the 35 acres of rice-land, grind grain, and care for the premises. Far and wide, Miss Swift's school has attracted attention, and hundreds have visited the work, to observe, admire, and learn from it. For her services on behalf of Indian women, Miss Swift was awarded the Kaiser-i-Hind medal.

WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

Srimathi P. Kameswaramma, member of the Standing Committee of the All-India Women's Conference, Rajahmundry, writes: The sixth annual session of the All-India Women's Conference will be held in Madras in December 1931. It is arranged to hold the Andhra Provincial Constituent Conference in the second week of November. The women of the various districts in the Andhra Province were requested to hold their respective conferences in October and send in their reports before the end of that month.

—*Madras Mail.*

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

The Tamil Nadu Women's conference concluded its sitting after passing a number of resolutions.

The Conference was of opinion that complete independence should be the goal of India. It expressed confidence in Mr. Gandhi and wished him success in his work at the Round Table Conference. The Conference urged on the authorities the desirability of introducing compulsory primary education for girls. It also asked for the introduction of industrial training in girls' schools and for more attention being paid to physical education.

The conference condemned polygamy. It demanded equal rights for women with men and was of opinion that women should be represented more largely in local bodies and the Legislative Council.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS.

The Working Committee of the Congress issued the following resolution this evening, after considering the report prepared by the Central Board of the Hindustan Seva Dal:

The Working Committee, having considered the report of the Member in charge and the Organising Secretary of Seva Dal on the organisation of the Women volunteers, accepts the recommendation made in the report that, pending the appointment of a Central Women's Committee for the making of other arrangements, a woman organiser be appointed to work in an advisory capacity on the lines suggested in the report. The Central Board is authorised to make this appointment, and to take all other necessary steps in this behalf. Such an organiser will act under the supervision of the Central Board.

In pursuance of this resolution of the Working Committee of the Congress, the Central Board of Hindustani Seva Dal decided to appoint Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya as organiser of the All-India Women "volunteer" Corps. She will work in cooperation with the Provincial Congress Committees.

The Board has decided to have a dark blue uniform for male "volunteers," and Kesari and green blouses for women "volunteers."

—*Madras Mail.*

LADY PROFESSOR IN MORRIS COLLEGE.

The C. P. Government have done the right thing by appointing Mrs. Kusumavati Deshpande a professor of English in the Morris College, Nagpur. This and some other colleges in the Central Provinces are attended by some lady students as well as by male students. It is but right that all such colleges, where there is co-education, should have some lady professors.

The post-graduate classes in the Calcutta University have some lady students.

Years ago, the late Miss Regina Guha was appointed a lecturer in English for these classes. But at present the Calcutta University has no Indian lady professor. Many men's colleges in Calcutta and some country towns in Bengal now admit lady students. Tagore's Visvabharati at Santiniketan has been co-educational all along in the school and college departments, and for some time a lady professor used to teach Sanskrit in the college classes there. In Calcutta, we believe Vidyasagar College has a lady vice-principal for the lady students, who are taught separately from the men students. So far as we know, no other men's college in Bengal has a lady among its staff.

WOMEN AND THE CHURCH.

The following letter from Dr. Walter Carroll appeared in the Manchester Guardian of August 27:

I feel sure that a large number of your readers will be grateful to Sir Alfred Hopkinson for his stirring appeal for the admission of women to the ministry of the Church. Perhaps I may be permitted to give one example of the many advantages denied to the Church through the conventional attitude of many of the clergy towards the service of women.

The music of the Church, for its proper rendering, needs four-part harmony. Every musician knows that the right balance and proportion of these parts is an indispensable factor in the true expression of choral music. But one of the parts, the alto, which would naturally be sung by the beautiful voices of women contraltos, is given to a man—sometimes two men—and this results in a meagre and often unpleasant tone, which destroys the balance of the harmony. Some few churches have given equal status to men and women choristers, who, robed alike, enter together and sit side by side in the choir; but the narrower view usually prevails, and women are either excluded altogether, or, if tolerated, are

put in a front pew or tucked away in a side chapel. The music may suffer, but 'theological principles' are maintained. It should be noted that these principles exclude women from the choir stalls on Sunday, but permit of their entering the sanctuary, arranging the altar table, and even cleansing the sacred vessels on Saturday. Could anything be more inconsistent?

A change in the attitude of the Church towards women is long overdue.

WOMEN WANT SEPARATE REPRESENTATION IN BURMA.

At a Meeting of Burmese women held recently at the residence of Mrs. Hla Oung, it was decided to interview the Governor in connexion with separate representation for women at the Burma Round Table Conference.

A reply has been received by the Committee to the effect that the Governor, is at present unable to receive the deputation. The Committee is making further representation to the Governor in connexion with the same subject and held a meeting to-day for that purpose.

—Madras Mail.

SRI SARALADEVI & SRI INDRANI BALASUBRAMANYAM'S ADVICE TO WOMEN.

We congratulate both Saraladevi Choudarani and Mrs. Indrani Bala Subrahmanyam for their courageous address on the conditions of women in India. It is worthy of note that a woman in the South and a woman in the North voice forth similar views. Both of them complain that the majority of our men even this day ignore the views of women in matters political and social. We need not go far for an illustration. The attitude of the All-India Congress Committee, which met the other day in Bombay, towards women's demands is a convincing proof that women will have to

depend upon themselves for emancipating their sex and cannot expect much help from their men. Except a very few, the majority of the men seem to be reluctant to consider the claims of women as of primary importance in the body politic. Let us warn our sisters that the promises for equality and equal status for women will not do women much good, unless they are immediately followed by action whenever an opportunity arises for the same.

Stri-Dharma.

THE MOTHER CULT IN AMERICA.

Idolization of women, particularly of mothers, is a very marked trait of the American emotional outlook. Its causes and character are analysed in a very interesting article in *The Atlantic Monthly*:

The Mother cult in the United States, as part of the all-pervading woman worship which was long ago identified as a basic American trait, needs the caustic and corrective examination to which it has been subjected by the lighter satirists. This religious code maintains that every prize fighter goes into the ring thinking only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every bacteriologist glues his eye to the telescope through the weary years for the sake only of the little woman and the kiddies. Every aviator is out to break the 42,187-foot altitude record for the sake of the wife and the kiddies. Unmarried prize fighters, bacteriologists, and aviators are spurred on to effort and victory by the thought of the old mother back in the little white-washed cottage. If the Nobel-prize-winning bacteriologist forgets to mention his old mother, the reception committee in the old home town will remember her. If the reception committee should happen to forget, the committee's publicity agent will remember her. If the publicity agent should forget, the re-

porters will remind him of his mother. The hint has not been wanting in the press that Professor Einstein discovered Relativity for the sake chiefly of his women-folk.

Given these amiable lunacies in gynolatry, there can be no quarrel with the newspaper humorist for suggesting that the cult of Mother's Day may have profited by the activities of the American florist: just as Father's Day is not altogether frowned upon by the neck-tie manufacturers: just as Apple Week is said to find some support among the apple growers of the Pacific Northwest; just as Fire Prevention Week is said to encounter no undue hostility from the sprinkler and chemical manufacturers; just as Old Home Week finds no irreconcilable enemies among the railroad companies and the bus lines. The newspaper paragrapher is obviously useful as well as amusing when he makes his thrust at this particular bit of nonsense, and goes his way.

That the mother cult in America should be compared with the Frenchman's worship of his *maman* is obvious too much to ask. It is too much to ask of a social critic busy with the abnormalities of the American scene that it takes a look at other civilizations.

But it is not too much to ask the students of Mother's Day in America and of the broader subject of woman worship in America, should occasionally give a moment to the thought that the cult may be not altogether an aberration or at least something more than an aberration. Merely in idle curiosity merely to take his mind off really serious questions, merely for a change, the observer of Mother's Day might say: wonder if there isn't something in American history and American statistics that will explain, to some extent, why Americans make so much more fuss about their mothers than other nations do."

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PAIN BALM.



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Vol. V

NOVEMBER 1931

No. 4

Love's Message.

We stretch the hand in sympathy,
We deeply feel,
And long to open wide our heart,
Its love, its yearning to reveal.

We murmur low the mundane word,
But long to speak
The language of our inner self;
But courage, at its best, is weak.

And fear, with voice unlovely to our heart,
Bids us, "Take care,—"
Lest thought or word of ours may be
Intrusive and unwanted there.

Self-consciously we bide, and draw,
The clinging gold
Of mute disguise, e'en closer round,
With blush that we are over-bold.

Long years of tender intercourse,
Of lives long shared,
Defy the guise, and friend sees friend,
With heart unmasked and bared.

Yet, somewhere in this heart of ours,
There rests unborn
A love that kindles into life
In time, short as a waking morn.

Then heart greets heart in quiet thought,
And hand clasps hand,
In ling'ring silence that is felt,
And each doth know, doth understand.

And eye meets eye and reads within
The hidden thought,
That tunes the voice to soft caress,
So gently, lovingly, uncaught.

And deep within the heart there stirs
An answering glow,
For love has glimpsed the love, has
touched

The real, that fear had hidden below.

Above the fear, above the self,
Love urged her way,
Till, stronger than self-conscious thought,
Love drew the old disguise away.

HILDA L. EVERETT.

Napoleon's Mother.

TO those, who are familiar with the story told in Thomas Campbell's undying verse of Napoleon and the English sailor, it ought to be of great interest to know what kind of a mother Napoleon had.

Letitia Ramolini was the fairest and most brilliant maiden of Corsica when she married Carlo Bonaparte, a young lawyer of Italian extraction. The island of Corsica, then a province of Italy and Italian in its customs and language, had been invaded by the French. The Corsicans struggled against the invaders under the leadership of Paoli. When Carlo Bonaparte saw that the freedom of his island was at stake, he gave up his peaceful occupation of a lawyer and went out with sword in hand to share the fortunes of his fellow-islanders. Carlo, as the adjutant of Paoli, played a good part in the struggle for freedom. In his perilous and weary expeditions, Letitia would often be found following his fortunes on horseback and exposing herself fearlessly to danger. After a year's fight, the Corsicans surrendered and their island was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

To the Corsicans, children are "like as the arrows in the hand of a giant", and no man can be considered happy who hath not "his quiver full of them". Carlo Bonaparte died twenty years after his marriage, leaving eight children of whom Napoleon was the second. He had survived sixteen years the conquest of Corsica by the French, and, during that period, the nobility of his family and his own position and popularity had given him a prominent position in the government of the island. When he died in 1785, Letitia was in the prime of life, having a large family to support with very little property. In the interests of her children, she practised a severe economy in her tastes and habits,

which remained a striking characteristic of her life ever afterwards.

When the French Revolution broke out, the Bonapartes were on the side of the revolutionaries, and public opinion in Corsica approved of their attitude. But three years later, Paoli, now the Governor of Corsica, instigated the Corsicans to declare against "the sanguinary republic". The Bonapartes were the only family in Corsica to oppose Paoli and, in consequence, they had to fly from the island. Letitia's heroism, which had displayed itself when she accompanied her husband twenty-five years before, was not dead. She rose to the occasion and proved that she was fully equal to the task of providing for the safety of herself and her children. The venerable Paoli had tried in vain to win her over to his side. "Resistance is hopeless", he said "and, by this perverse opposition, you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and your family". But Letitia replied "I know of but two laws which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honour and duty". As Letitia fled with her children, she saw flames rising high and thick; and, when told at the time that her house was burning, she remarked without perturbation "Ah! never mind, we will build it up again much better. 'Vive le France.'"

With hardly anything in her possession beyond the clothes she wore, Letitia landed in Marseilles with her children. Her poverty was now complete and she had to depend on the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to the persecuted patriots. As proud as ever, she made no complaint and called into exercise all the powers of endurance that a noble soul could summon in dire adversity.

Letitia lived in Marseilles for six years

until 1799, when she finally removed to Paris. Events affecting her happiness moved rapidly during these six years. The capture of Toulon in 1793 revealed to the French nation the genius of Napoleon and raised him to the rank of Brigadier-general. This promotion conducted the family of Letitia into better days. But the fall of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror in August 1794 upset the fortunes of the Bonapartes by bringing about the ruin of Napoleon as a supposed adherent and partisan of Robespierre. So, Letitia had emerged from poverty only to be plunged into it again in a year! But she was destined to enter into prosperity once more in as much a period. The Directory established in August 1795 restored Napoleon to his military activities; and his promptness and energy came into play with the result that he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the French Army. Immediately upon obtaining this high office which promoted him to an immense fortune, Napoleon ran up to Marseilles to place his mother in comfort. He assigned a portion of his income to her, which raised her definitely from indigence to ease. From this time onward she rested in comfort till she quitted Marseilles for Paris.

On the ninth day of November 1799, the sun rose with unusual splendour over the city of Paris. A more brilliant day had not dawned. And yet, under the splendid sky, thousands of men and women hurried hither and thither violently disturbed in mind. The Directory was to be thrown into the melting pot. Would it melt? Or, would it jump out of the pot and fling Napoleon into it? None had a greater anxiety than Letitia. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow even if the others escaped. She was far from easy, but still she remained calm. If the Directory had triumphed, Napoleon would have been marched straight to the scaffold and, in all probability, his broth-

ers too would have shared his fate. Fortunately for Letitia, the Directory did not triumph. The revolution made Napoleon the first Consul of France. Letitia's anxiety ceased, but the fortune thrust upon her was borne meekly by her.

Letitia lived a very retired life in Paris. The severely economical habits, to which she had subjected herself in the dark days of her life, made her averse to the extravagant display of wealth by her children. She never hesitated to condemn the superfluous expenditure of the members of her family. At the first great parade, that Napoleon held as the Emperor of France, she appeared simply dressed and all in black, and still looked prouder than Josephine, Napoleon's wife, who stood by her "decked out in peacock array". Having been inured to the vicissitudes of life, she refused to be flattered when anyone tried to please her by singing the glory of her son's greatness and power. By an irony of fate, her relationship with some of the members of her family was unhappy, when the power and greatness of Napoleon were at their height. Josephine's conduct vexed her; and the quarrel between Napoleon and his younger brother, Lucien, was too much for her to bear.

The quarrel between Napoleon and Lucien, which grew out of the refusal of the latter to marry a German princess, led to Napoleon dismissing him. Letitia took the part of her younger son and when he retired with his family to Rome, she accompanied him. Napoleon charged her with an undue partiality for Lucien, and Letitia replied that an unfortunate son would always be the most dear. She was, however, induced to return to Paris by the tender solicitations of her great son, who now settled upon her an annual income of a million francs, assigned to her a separate court and gave her the title of "Madam Mere", equivalent to that of Empress Mother. She took up her residence in a gorgeously furnished palace, but would not deviate from the thrifty

habits she had formed in the days of her adversity. Her thrift baffled understanding; and some taunted her with miserliness. But she would say, "We Corsicans have experienced many revolutions; all this may come to an end. What will then happen to my children? It is better that they should come to their mother than go to strangers who might leave them in the lurch". She was far from happy as the Emperor's mother. When told that she was the happiest of mothers, she would remark, "In truth, I am always full of worry. Every news item makes me tremble lest the Emperor lie dead upon a battlefield."

During the days of her son's prosperity, Letitia took delight in doing good to others. She never asked anything for herself. But she would beg for help to the numerous Corsicans who came to visit her. It gave her great happiness when her petitions to her son were granted.

"All these things may come to an end". So said Letitia, when she lived as "Madame Mere" in a rich mansion in Paris. Eight years afterwards, her words came to pass. In May 1814, Napoleon was banished to the island of Elba by the allied sovereigns of Europe. Impelled by natural affection, Letitia shared her son's exile. Nearly eight months passed. Sitting one day under a fig tree, Napoleon confided to his mother that he would escape from Elba the next day and march to Paris. Letitia was not merely a proud woman. She was also a clever woman. She knew that dissuasion would only disturb her son's mind which, once made up, never wavered. So she replied "Follow your destiny. It cannot be God's will that you are to die from poison or after an inactive old age; though it may well be His will that you are to die sword in hand. Let us put our faith in Mother Mary".

In March 1815, Napoleon entered Paris and made himself the master of France, only to be beaten beyond repair four months later at Waterloo by the Iron Duke of England and banished to

the island of St. Helena. Letitia had now taken up her residence in Rome. During her son's captivity in St. Helena, she offered all that she had in the world to assist him. One of her daughters begged her to send money; she refused, replying, "All I have belongs to the Emperor from whom I have received all I possess". Napoleon himself recognised this gratitude and said that for his sake Letitia would not have hesitated to doom herself to live on black bread.

When the allied sovereigns assembled at Aix la Chapelle in October 1818, she appealed to them as a mother, on behalf of her son, whose life was dearer to her than her own. In the name of Him whose essence was goodness, she begged of them to restore her son to liberty and give her back her life. She wound up her appeal by saying, "Reasons of state have their limits; posterity which gives immortality adores above all things the generosity of conquerors". There was no answer to this fervent appeal. While yet she breathed, her son gave up his breath in May 1821. Nine years afterwards, the Bourbons were expelled from France and the Orlean monarchy was established. The new monarch ordered the statue of Napoleon to be set up again on the place from which it had been removed fifteen years before. This news was carried to Letitia, who was now blind and bed-ridden in Rome. With new strength, she got up from bed and walked into the drawing room, saying "Once again the Emperor lives in Paris".

Letitia lived for six years more. She died in February 1836 when she was eighty-six. "Her dust mingled with the imperial soil which holds the ashes of the mother of the Gracchi and half the heroes of the earth". Whatever be the judgment of history on Napoleon himself, his estimate of his mother, that "she had the energy of a man combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman," stands unquestioned by posterity.

I. D. TANGASWAMY.

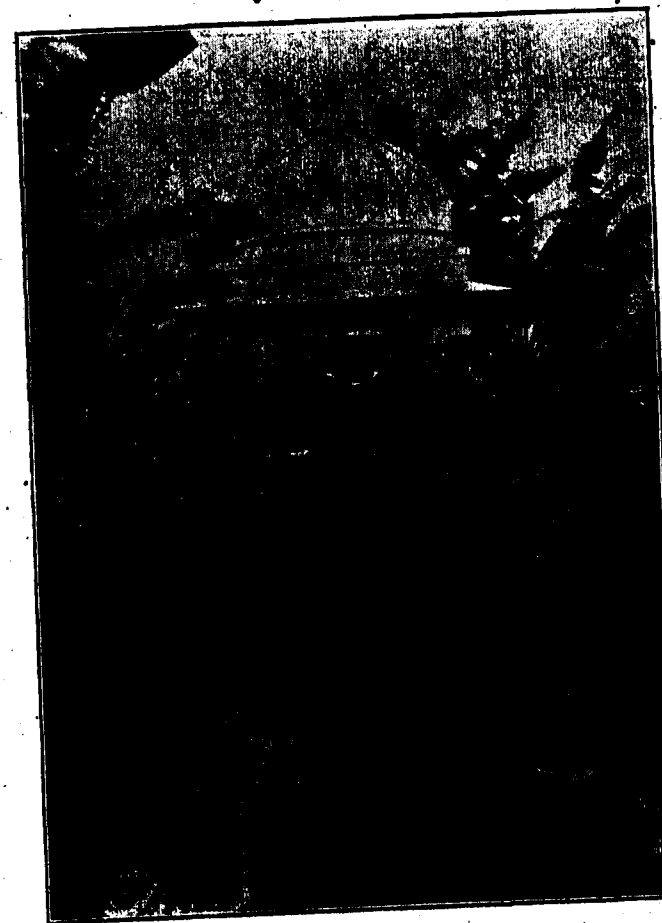


Photo taken on the occasion of the visit of Seth Jammalal Bajaj to the Shiv Temple, newly built in the vicinity of the Holker Boarding House at Indore by Sidhanath Bua Ramdasi. The so called untouchables too went into the temple and offered 'Puja' to the idol. Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



Miss Sarah Paul, B. A., B. T., (1st class) T. D., (Lond.)
has been appointed as Lecturer in English, Secondary
Training College, Bombay.
Photo :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

The Child and the Home.

By "Rohini" 11 DEC 1931

IN Europe and America, child-psychology is forming an important item of education in the life of almost every parent. I was lately reading a book entitled "The child and the Home," in which the author treats the child, not merely as born in order to be moulded by its parents into a good citizen, but as a personality from its very babyhood. The child, he says, should not be regarded as a mere "future citizen." It is that from the very time it is born, and it is as important a being in the world as an older man or woman. "I see in the boy or girl," he continues, "a man and a woman of 5 or 8, with their characters and their rights, which may differ from those of the adult, but which we should recognise and respect. We should strive to make these little men or women as happy as possible now, and not only to prepare them for later happiness, especially since in their mature years their lives may be filled with terrible struggles and suffering."

Hitherto, according to old-world ideas, parents have tried to force the character, beliefs, likes and dislikes of their children, forgetting that a child may have its own views on life, as admirable as, if not more commendable than, those of its parents. Old-fashioned fathers and mothers have been dogmatic and conservative in the up-bringing of the child, forbidding it to find out anything for itself, and forgetting that it has a progressing and ever-curious mind, that wishes to probe into the mysterious and wonderful phenomena of the world in which it is to take so important a part.

The modern age, however, is revolutionising the theories of how a child should be brought up, and is realising

that the most important factor in child-education is "to make the child as happy as possible," to surround it with an atmosphere of freedom, truth and respect of its own individuality, and to recognise its importance, not as a "future citizen," but as a present citizen of the world. It studies the character of the child, and shapes its training in such a way, that it adapts itself to the personality with which it has to cope, and, without spoiling its individuality, guides its progress.

Unfortunately, however, the importance paid to child-psychology is more or less confined to the West, although efforts are being made here and there in India, especially in schools, to adapt the new method of child-training. The majority of parents out here, however, are still very conservative and dogmatic in the up-bringing of their children.

They do not realise that their child should be trained according to the present progressive ideas, which are prevalent in the country. On the contrary, they think that the old habits to which they have been accustomed all their lives must be the best for their children. One of the chief evils, which has resulted from this habit of parents to regulate and order the lives of their sons and daughters according to their own tastes, is child-marriage. The father and mother think that their children cannot decide for themselves and therefore they choose a husband or a wife, and command their children to marry, even before they are old enough to judge for themselves or realise the importance of the step they are forced to take. The parents' one idea is to give away their daughters to husbands, who have high positions or money, and who belong to

the same caste as themselves, for they are afraid that, if they allow the girl to remain unmarried until she is old enough to gauge a man's character, she will fall in love with some one who is neither rich nor of the same caste, and thus ruin their reputation and family-prestige. Another reason for the immense hurry, in which Indian parents are to have their daughters married, is no doubt the fact that they have so many children, that they cannot dare to risk leaving them unmarried, simply because they cannot afford to support them for any length of time. How can a father, with about half-a-dozen daughters to be disposed of, risk having them educated and forming a will of their own? "No," say the harassed man, "far better to get the child married before she realises what is happening. Love is sure to follow after marriage."

To be just, however, I must say that all Indian parents are not as selfish as I have made them out to be. Some are fast beginning to realise their faults, and soon, let us hope, child-marriage will be entirely abolished.

Many parents in India, do not strive to make a friend of their children. They wish more to be respected, than be treated as companions, and there is no doubt that there is hardly any other nation in the world, where parents, especially mothers, are so respected by their children as in India; and the strange part of it is that this feeling of reverence for their elders never dies, no matter how old the child may be. Parents, until their death, are looked upon with profound courtesy and respect, and an old father or mother is never left destitute. He or she always has a home, and a son always obeys his father or mother even though he may be a grown man himself. It can, therefore, be realised how arbitrary parents must be to their children when they are young. In fact, according to a phrase I came across in a Telugu book, parents are supposed to be "Gods to their children."

However admirable this point of view may be, and however refreshing to see young people being courteous and polite to their elders, it is a pity that a better comradeship is not established between the young and the old. Respect and affection are all very well, but how much more happy will it be on both sides if there is companionship and genuine friendship as well, especially as the fact of always having to be respectful makes children often hide things from their parents, this habit being very often carried on even when the children are grown up, so that a son fears to smoke before his father or mother, and surreptitiously puts out his cigarette when he or she enters the room. Very often, parents, in order to make their children respect them better, hide their own questionable habits from them, little knowing that the children know all about these weaknesses and laugh at them behind their backs. How much better will it be if there is absolute frankness between parents and children? Will they not develop into much more truthful and honest men and women?

Mothers in India are inclined to spoil their children, by keeping them too much in their company, and seldom leaving them alone. To be for ever telling them not to do this or that, hampers the freedom of a child too much. It must make mistakes and find out for itself what things are wrong and what are right. This constant watching over the child is no doubt due to the fact that an Indian mother likes naturally always to stay at home, and therefore cannot avoid the company of her little ones. This is a far better habit, undoubtedly, than leaving them wholly to the care of servants; but at the same time she should tactfully allow the child to do a little as it wills and not interfere with it too much. A child, from its very early years, should be taught to be independent. Many people think it is a correct thing to do everything for their children, but surely in their very un-

selfishness, they are selfish, for nothing irritates a child more than to be always interfered with.

The other day, I heard a man say, "A child is an intelligent human being, and should be treated as an equal in intellect to an older man. The moment a grown-up person tries to bring himself down to the level of a child's mentality, and consciously makes an effort to be childish and amusing, the child loses interest; but, when a man talks to a child naturally, and is himself interested in what he is saying, the child is enthralled". Many mothers, however, and fathers also, do not realise this truth. They always think that they have to abandon their own personality and speak to their children on a lower intellectual plane. In the same way, they answer the child's many questions untruthfully, thinking

that anything will do for one so young. But, when the child grows and understands things for itself, and realises that its parents have not been telling the truth, it is shocked, and its trust in the world is diminished. It is far better always to speak the truth.

Tagore says, "Our childhood should be given its full measures of life's draught, for which it has an endless thirst. The young mind should be saturated with the idea that it has been born in a human world which is in harmony with the world around it." Yes, our children are human beings, with delicate sensitive minds, that should be treated with kindness and human sympathy, and it is only when a parent is a great "pal" to the child besides a parent, that the child will be really happy, and grow up in a world of beauty and joy.

Gold for Earth's Paying.

Breezes are playing
In the tree-tops:
Earth is a-Maying,
Branches are swaying,
Sunlight is saying,
"Come to the copse!"
Skies are displaying
Vivid arraying;
Waters are spraying
Infinite drops:
Stars are delaying,
Clouds silver-fraying,
Heaven is laying
Gold for earth's paying,
Where the sea stops.

Whom God Hath Joined.

III. JEALOUSY AND DESDEMONA

By T. Sivaramasetu Pillai

FROM Imogen to Desdemona is a tragic transition. Imogen, the embodiment of the essential strength in true and noble womanhood, is a refreshing complement to the gentle and divine Desdemona, soft and docile, pure and sweet, but alas, out of tune in this passion-distraught world, and an easy prey to the wiles of the crafty.

Jealousy, the cancer that is responsible for several tragedies among those whom God hath joined, is a disease difficult to diagnose. It has baffled the doctors who are busy prescribing various specifics for the mind-diseased society of today, as well as the prophets, that are busier in prophesying an Utopia and the Superman. Shakespeare could only picture in his poetic frenzy, "Jealousy shapes faults that are not ;.....O! beware, my Lord, of jealousy. It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on. It is a monster begot upon itself, born on itself." Need one wonder then, that the gentle Desdemona, a maiden "of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself," shrivels to a tragic inanity before the ugly manifestations of this horrid monster.

Why should woman be the chief cause for such manifestations of the brute in man? Is it because from time immemorial she has been regarded as a chattel and a piece of property to be owned by man? When property was stolen, ancient law considered the offence so heinous as to prescribe capital punishment for it; yet, the aggrieved owner rarely felt himself touched to the quick in cases where the lost possessions were other than his wife. Or, is woman the chief incentive to

jealousy, because a man's proverbial sense of self-importance gets shocked, and he cannot bear the thought that another should find more favour with his wife than himself. Or again, is it due chiefly to such a feeling as Othello's: "I had rather be a toad and live upon the vapour of a dungeon, than keep the corner in the thing I love, for other's uses." I wonder!

An enquiry into this interesting line of thought will lead the present series much beyond their scope. Let us confine ourselves, therefore, to the part played by jealousy in the fortunes of Othello and Desdemona. Othello, as it is probably well-known to many of my readers, won the heart of the gentle Desdemona by the unfailing appeal to the generous and admiring emotions of any healthy and noble girl. Desdemona falls in love with what she feared to look on, and, braving her aged father's wrath, declared her unwavering allegiance to Othello,— "My heart's subdued even to the very quality of my lord: I saw Othello's visage in his mind, and to his honours and his valiant parts, did I my soul and fortunes consecrate." The consecration is accepted completely; no man can be more proud and happy, nor more confident in her discretion, than Othello. Note the trust in her shown by him when he makes his earnest plea to send her with him to the theatre of war. Note his outburst of exquisite happiness:

"O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.

167.

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high and duck again as low
As hills from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

The permanence of such a joy cannot last long. The cleverly directed plot of a consummate villain makes the most innocent courtesies appear monstrous, and a pure nature is corrupted to suspicion beyond repair. Desdemona's ordinary civilities to a soldier in trouble, and her admirable solicitude for the fallen are given a nasty turn; and the once adoring Moor now curses in impotent rage:

"O curse of marriage
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites!"
The brute is awakened; and a distraught brain pictures harrowing visions:—

"What? What? Handkerchief—confessions—nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus, Pish! noses, ears and lips.....O devil!"

Clever villainy controls the future course

of events with an unerring certainty. Protests and assurances are of no avail, and after a great attempt at self-justification, which every devil from Satan downwards can make, we get the sacrifice: "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!"

It is the cause."

The greatest act of self-annihilation, which any woman in the history of erring humanity can have performed, is thrown to the wolves. Jealousy stomachs, to use the expressive phrase of Emilia, innocent love; and, before the latter can purify it by sheer force of spiritual fire, the cruel march of destiny, that always takes a step in advance, upsets the well-ordered execution of what great poets have taught us is Nature's holy plan; and the two whom God had joined burn themselves out of existence in the relentless volcano of jealousy.

Three factors in the relationship of man and woman joined in holy wedlock, as emphasised in three plays of Shakespeare, have so far been noted: man's susceptibility to change from one extreme to another, the 'protective' qualities in women, and the havoc of jealousy.

It may not be now out of place to try to sketch the part played by a few heroines in some of our greatest Tamil classics.

Sketches of Modern Women.

KANAKA'S JOURNAL

By an Indian Lady

FOREWORD.

IT was the old Girls' Day at the Government High School for girls at Raipur. It was also the last day at school for the sixth form. Some of us were friends and felt the parting from each other keenly; but we did not speak of it, because it was a day of sentimental farewells throughout the school. We watched the guests come in, bejewelled and gaudily dressed and thought that most of them looked prematurely careworn and aged. We found it difficult to believe that they had been in our places once, and that the school tradition of a high standard of proficiency in English Literature, practical jokes and games, had been upheld by them. We hardly listened to the Superintendent's long speech, in which she asked us to follow in the footsteps of the old students, keep in touch with the school, and remember we owed it to the education we had received there to do our duty well in every walk of life. We had a sense of personal loss and it weighed upon us.

"We must keep in touch with each other," said Maggie; the most mischievous and scatter-brained of the lot of us.

"Will you write often? A letter once in a way is not much good," Saroja said to Kanaka.

"I am going to my mother-in-law's house and I don't think it will be possible to write often. You had better keep writing and I shall keep a diary and send it on to you from my father's house, when I go there."

"Let us all keep diaries and circulate them about once a year," cried Maggie.

"We can each send it to Leela, since her address is permanent, and then she will start the circulation; is that all right, Kanaka?"

"Yes, we shall see," said Kanaka.

"I promise," I said. We ragged Maggie about her habit of telling fibs, and made her swear to write the truth only. But, unexpectedly, Saroja refused to support the scheme, saying that we were all bound to feel differently in a short time. I could see that she considered Kanaka's friendship a permanent link in her life, but was ready to drop the rest of us then and there. But I said nothing; we all loved Saroja, the prettiest, brightest girl in the school, and thought it only natural that she should be more loved than loving. She and Maggie were going on to College; I was to be married to my cousin that summer; Kanaka meant to discontinue and go to stay at her mother-in-law's.

No word from my friends reached me after that, except a greeting card from Maggie on the next New Year's Day; no one had, naturally, acted on the diary project. Then I heard that Kanaka had become a widow and had gone up to Bombay to continue her studies; later, that she was teaching near Masulipatam. Mischievous Maggie had become a nun; and when I heard of it, the news did not surprise me; I felt that all along I had known that the call of religion had been deeply felt by her, though she had had a very different reputation at school. Saroja had taken her degree and then married a very rich widower, with children by his first wife. Rumours said that

she was unhappy and that her husband treated her with abominable jealousy; but she kept a brave face to the world and no one ever spoke of any complaint from her. Last year, she had disappeared; that is, she had run away to Ceylon with a young man who was employed as her husband's clerk; he turned up some months later by himself, but she hadn't been heard of. It made a horrible scandal at the time, and I was shocked at the tragedy of her fate. I knew Kanaka once had written a poem about her, comparing her to "all bright and quick and venturesome things in life," that did not meet with a happy end, if I remember aright. But, I had had no presentiments of such a calamity overtaking the promise of her happy girlhood. About Kanaka herself, I made further enquiries at that time, and heard that she had died, just lately, after a short attack of fever.

Some weeks later, a roll of MSS., in a cover directed to Saroja, c/o my address, was forwarded to me. I opened it and saw it was a Journal of Kanaka's humdrum life; there were no dates in it; it was carelessly written and crossed out in many parts. I am publishing it as it stands; perhaps Saroja might read it and know that her friend had thought of her, sometimes if she does, I should like her to read this, and know that I am alive and also think of her and love her still.

THE JOURNAL

Dear Saroja,

I said I would keep a diary and send it to you. You were wiser when you refused to make any promise, because time seldom keeps the promises it makes to our hopes. We seem to have exchanged our parts. I am become the teacher, the lonely wage-earner. You have family cares upon you. (It is when life becomes a routine that people feel in the mood to write Journals, because their thoughts and feelings do not find full expression in their daily lives. I hope you do not scribble!

Not to do so is a sign, I am sure, that life is satisfying. That holds for most people, for all, except (the few who are born with the "divine discontent" that creates art out of life). I look at the sunset and wish I could write a poem: I was more content in those days, when such glory but prompted me to the next thing to be done, viz. to light the lamps and kindle the kitchen fire.

Somebody buzzed a rumour that you were not happy. Rumours are generally false and I hope this is no exception. I am forgetting that I have neither the means for, nor the intention to, post this to you tomorrow. I have almost forgotten what the shock or pain of unhappiness can be like.

The evenings are dull here, because there is nothing pressing to be done. Sometimes, I go for a walk along the river-bund. Sometimes, neighbours call and talk of things that interest them, the doings of their sons and daughters-in-law, their daughters and sons-in-law. The Headmistress thinks I should turn these evening calls to profit, stop the gossip and discourse to the women on elementary science or social reform! I am told she acts up to her precepts and holds "uplifting" social gatherings in her house. The teaching profession has this danger, that it may reconcile us to the habit of monologue; the antidote is to learn and listen, whenever one can. I shall offer to take a married women's class, every other day if it can be arranged, and teach set subjects to those who come to learn them. I can teach from behind a desk. But I cannot and I will not try to educate my neighbours informally, or stop their pleasant chit-chat. Gossip is full of human interest, of comments on psychology and morals; it gives more information than biographies, and more relief than novels; generally, there is but little malice in it, just enough to add spice to the talk, and that evaporates in expression! More than anything else, it is neighbourly to gossip.

I am but a novice yet, and my appreciation is based more on principle than on practice; but, if I can gossip as wittily as Subbamma does, I shall indeed be pleased with myself.

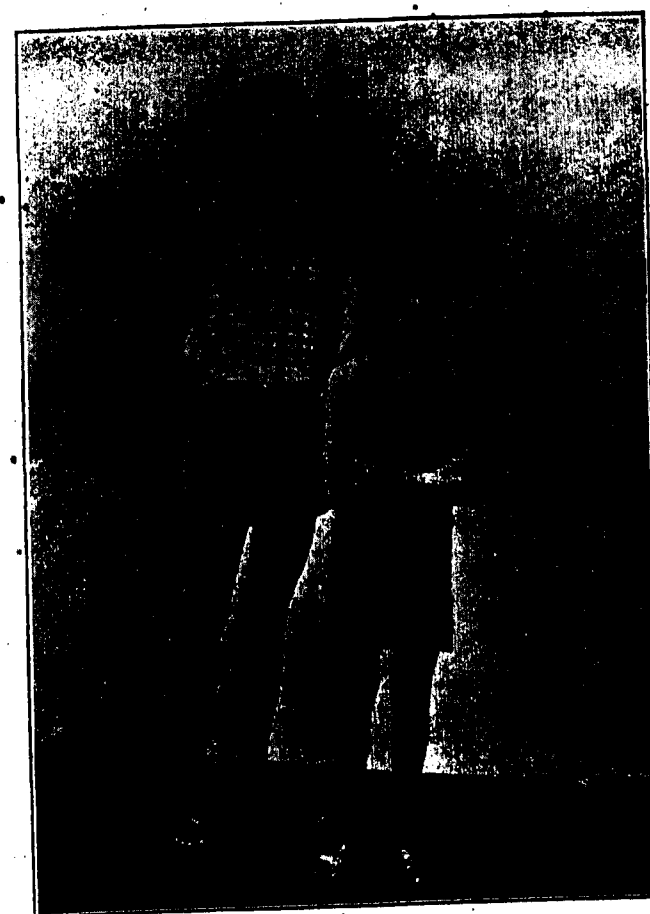
Two events of interest to the school happened this week. They were the arrival of a new teacher, and a boating expedition to a village five miles off. I am afraid the new teacher won't fit in or stay with us long. Her name is Indra and she is a very attractive looking girl of about twenty years of age. She says she is the eldest girl in a large family and is unmarried. Her home is somewhere near Cape Comorin; she is a Tamilian and knows Malayalam, and English of course, being a graduate. This is her first job. She knows no Telugu and has no friends here. She is staying in the hostel for girls and finds it very difficult to eat any of the hot preparations offered there. I wonder, as she does, why the Government, with half of South India to choose from, has sent her to a place where her ignorance of the vernacular cuts her off from any real contact with the women and children and common folk of the place. "I must add Telugu to my other accomplishments", she said, pluckily enough; but she looks bewildered and miserable.

Indra joined us in the boating expedition. There must be an unsociable strain in my nature that I can never enjoy myself in a crowd. I do not mind a crowd of strangers, but the presence of a number of familiar faces makes it impossible for me to feel individually at all. The river was magnificent, with a swollen, brown, muddy driftwood-gathering current flowing through it, on account of rains somewhere higher up.

The boatmen sang some catchy tunes, and then some imp put it into the heads of the girls that they should contribute to the music. They sang in chorus, for the rest of the way, *Kirtans* in difficult melodies, out of beat and tune. Then we went ashore and opened the picnic baskets. We took the girls for a walk

to the temple and made them play round games in the meadow opposite. I could not imagine why we had taken an afternoon off, to spend it as nearly as possible like every other afternoon. We should be passive sometimes, to let outer impressions sink into our minds. The girls next day wrote essays on the previous day's excursion. They said practically nothing of the river or the boatmen's song, or the ruined architecture of the temple. "We sang, we ate, we enjoyed," was the theme of every essay. Some day, I shall fill a notebook with expressions *Pas Anglais*, that cannot be chased off the Indian student's pen. "*We enjoyed*" shall find a place of honour there. "*We enjoyed*,"—What? The music, the feast? Perhaps. "*We enjoyed ourselves*" cannot be translated into any vernacular and indeed sounds an absurd expression when we try to do so. The Indian child cannot bring herself to write it and lets the verb stand absolute. Why not? The same justification can be found for the wrong use of "*Will*". "The girls will return from school every evening at 5 o'clock." Wrong and un-English; but translate literally into the vernacular and the sentence is smooth and idiomatic. Nor can I find it in my heart to ridicule the romantic girl, who wrote: "Our new teacher came with us; she is pretty and walks as gracefully as a she-elephant." Indra was wild when I read out this bit, in spite of my proving to her that the simile was a classic one and had been applied by poets to the gait of Sita and Damayanti.

My cook was ill for a week and I did for myself. I rather liked it. It was some years since I had done any cooking. But I found my hand had not lost its cunning. There was, I found, a sense of achievement about a sauce well-prepared, which I could not get out of anything else! I had been indifferent about my housekeeping and allowed the cook to give me whatever she pleased. The poverty of her imagination struck me only



WINNER IN THE CALCUTTA SWIMMING COMPETITION

Miss Anupama Seal, who won most of the events in the 7th Annual Swimming Championship competition held recently at Calcutta. This is the first time that an Indian girl has taken part in an open competition. She is seen in the picture with her trainer Mr. B. K. Dev. Photo:— Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



Miss Mahtab Najmud Deen, a Mahomedan resident of the Frontier province, who has been awarded by the Frontier Administration this year a scholarship of Rs. 40/- per mensem, tenable for 7 years, to enable her to undergo the M. B. B. S course in the Lady Harding Medical College, Delhi.

Photo :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

when I found myself in her place in the kitchen, planning different menus for each day. But the trouble really was not worth while when I had only myself to serve. I think I would do well as a matron for the girls' Hostel. I would see that the girls got nutriment and variety in their food, and teach them at least to know the taste of different preparations, with which to tempt the jaded palates of their husbands some day. We are supposed to teach some domestic science in the school, but as far as I know, it is not of much practical use. I proposed to Indra that we should keep house together; but she has arranged to board with a poor widow, and besides does not share my culinary enthusiasm at all. She is quick with her fingers, clever in needle-work, and is well-read in English; she is gentle with children, but is too shy to be happy in the class room or outside.

The Headmistress came down upon me, because I pitied Indra; why should I, when she was an educated girl and therefore fitted to look after herself wherever she was placed? I wish I could think out clearly and to a conclusion the validity of this claim that is made for education, not by the Headmistress alone, but by the majority of our eminent men and women. As they hand us the school-leaving certificate, or with even more éclat, a diploma from the University, they seem to tell us in Johnson's grandiloquent phrase, "Here we distribute, not merely certificates of knowledge, but the passports to security, beyond the dreams of hope."

There have been times, when learning gave people miraculous courage; when the new ideas were not merely added to the old, but were held independently of them, and thus had power to destroy or modify the old ideas, instead of being merged with them. That is what must have happened at the time of the Renaissance and the French Revolution in Europe. "Let each man love beauty and worship God in the way it seems to

him best." That idea was adopted in practice, with a hundred modifications, was fought against in its application to Puritans by Protestants and so on, in every walk of life, and is not approved by the majority even now, though it had power, as the history books tell us, to break up the old order of Christendom. Such a change is happening in India now; otherwise how could Xarina Bibi, brought up in Purdah until her twentieth year, find the courage to go to England alone? She has lived according to the maxim that a woman should be sheltered from every contact with outside life; she has imbibed the idea, however, that a woman may face the world alone; and with the courage, born of exaltation, the giddy sense of being above all limitations when you can say to yourself A is B, and A is not B, she has left for England, feeling herself equal to every new circumstance that may confront her. An English girl, coming out to the East, would, I am sure, have made some preparations before hand.

I have this sense of absolute freedom with reference to caste; the idea of caste was deeply-set in my nature somewhere, and then I came to believe that there was no sense in caste distinctions. I can barely see the naturalness of people objecting to a high caste man marrying a girl of a primitive hill tribe; and I cannot feel strongly against it. I know I shall not dislike a negress "because she is black", or ever feel humble towards a claim of racial superiority. The terrible, inflexible consistency of ideas that have overthrown tradition has power over me, in this one question. I admit no social gradations; I know they exist and serve certain purposes, but I cannot feel them as things that matter. This helps me to understand other people's enthusiasms, when they seem wilfully to shut their eyes to facts. Half the battle is won, if you can turn a blind eye to discouraging signals; and that is what our political enthusiasts are doing. "India is fit for self-government,"

the idea has exalted them to overlook such facts as communal hatred and disorganisation in the country. That women should be educated and serve in public life is another idea that has brought about revolutionary changes in the lives of some people. Mrs. Chelliah, who for forty years has never spoken to her husband's male relations, is now the first women Magistrate in her district. One cannot say at first sight that she fits the role, but then it required the greater courage in her to undertake it! We have courage enough; it is in us, or is given us; but we need more commonsense and charity in our social life, commonsense, not to ignore the difficulties in front of us, and charity, not to condemn those who fail in some way or another. It was a failure in commonsense when Indra's parents and the Headmistress supposed that, because a sensitive home-loving girl had taken a degree in History, her days were well-spent in teaching the subject for five hours a day in what was to her, a strange country; and that it was her own fault, if she ever felt unhappy. But it happened that Indra shrank more and more into her shell and did not shine in the school or at the Headmistress's parties; and now the Headmistress had had her transferred further up north. I suppose she was right in what she did, and knew the kind of stuff she wanted for the school: but I feel we might have helped Indra to settle down in the school, if the Headmistress had not been so exacting in her demand for breeziness in educated women.

Another change in the staff is due to the resignation, really the dismissal, of the widow, Mrs. Pattammal. An ugly rumour about her got about some months ago, and it must have been proved against her, for she has been sent away. She has, according to everybody, disgraced the education she has received. The Headmistress almost exhorted the rest of us in a veiled speech, to keep to the strait path, lest the public should be prejudiced against the cause, by

counting the number of those who had fallen from grace, in spite of the education they had received. This is enthusiasm if you like! Can you imagine any lonely professional woman, weighing her sense of honour, her responsibility to her loved ones, and the chances of detection and disgrace, against the passion that is driving her to a clandestine love affair, throwing in as a make-weight on the right side, the duty of an educated woman to lead a model life in public? The Headmistress was scandalised, when I told her it was a pity Mrs. Pattammal had not kept her secret better; but she admitted the worst consequence was the effect on the public mind, and that the disgraced woman was the cleverest and kindest teacher we have had in the school for years. We all liked her, professed ourselves her friends and admirers. We knew nothing of her case beyond what was public property, and there were no farewells. The two vacancies have not been filled up and every one has extra work to do.

The rainy days are depressing and I had a parcel of books sent from Madras to me. There were several volumes of Chesterton in it. Do you remember our copying at school this sentence quoted in a book, "Man is a biped, but fifty men do not make a centipede"? The man who wrote that is G. K. Chesterton, as I have just found out, and the sentence almost sums up the wisdom to be found in his pages. He throws off sentences like that in every line, and his style is stiff with brilliants. He is not, as I first thought, full of paradoxes, he is full of one paradox. It is applied in various ways to prove that the man who walks about in gaudy clothes is more humble at heart than the man who disdains rich dress to assert his pride, that the professed fool is wiser than the professed wise man, that drinking is better than teetotalism, that commonsense is a better guide sometimes than expert nonsense, etc., etc. The paradox is always the same, that reason tells us that it is un-

reasonable in human life, to go entirely by reason. "Man is a biped, but fifty men — —" I should prefer unreason justified in poetry and not in epigrammatical prose. I have no one to discuss books with here, since Indra left; I have some Tamil books also. One of them is a little masterpiece in prose called *Gnanaratnam*. It has made me realise keenly that I live among folk, who speak a different language from mine, that there is not one here to whom I could read out a paragraph of that lucid, delightful prose. The Puja holidays have come, and my evenings are spent in paying social calls. The widow is not entirely an out-caste in *Andhra Desa*, thanks to the good work of the early reformers, and I am welcome in the homes of many of my pupils. The girls wear a stiff gold collar with gold beads hanging loose from it, a gold belt of the same pattern, and silver anklets with tiny bells attached to them; a white or saffron Sari with a lace border, a close fitting velvet jacket, yellow chrysanthemums in the hair and thick dark painting under the eye-lashes, complete their toilet. I have seen a number of girls pass by this evening, all got up more or less in the same way; the people seem to care less for novelties in fashions here, than down South. I have never heard so much bad music in my life before, in one week; the best South Indian music is written in Telugu, but the natives here have no power of interpreting it.

The rains are coming down, not as occasional showers, but in steady downpour, that lasts six to eight hours, at a time. The attendance at school has dwindled down to less than half; the children are either laid up with colds, or their mothers don't care to send them walking a long way in the rain. Teaching is mostly a farce, since all the classes that used to be held in the verandahs

have been brought in and huddled into the rooms. And we have to shout against each other and the pelting rain. A child burst into tears yesterday because of a long roll of thunder; and the Headmistress came and soothed her. She continues teaching in spite of a sore throat, that makes it a trial for any one to hear her hoarse voice; and she has the Third Form in the same room, along with the Sixth. It must be said for her that she spares neither herself nor others.

Last night, a storm burst; all through the evening dark clouds had hung massed together over the river, and the sun had flashed crooked white signals on them. The air had been still and heavy with rain and yet not a drop had fallen; and the cloud-mass in the West had grown heavier and darker. Still the stars had been seen in the Eastern half. At 9 o'clock, however, a wind sprang up and scattered the dense clouds all over the sky, chasing them to the other horizon. Then loud peals of thunder rang out from the South, and I thought of the child from the hostel who was frightened of thunder, and hoped some elder girl would comfort her, because I knew the matron would not. Then came louder thunder and criss-cross lightnings flashed from South to East; the whole house rattled, though all the windows were fastened. Some rain fell; a stormy wind blew and carried the rain far aslant; there was more rain and wind; then the wind was hushed, the lightnings played occasionally and only a distant rumble of thunder was heard; and the rain fell in a steady, heavy downpour, from 11 o'clock at night to 10 o'clock the next morning. It was a fine sight, while it lasted; fifty huts collapsed under it in our town; and further down, the river washed away nearly a whole village situated on the bank.

(To be continued)

*Our Serial Story***GAURI'S MARRIAGE.**

(Gauri, Sankar and Mallika are the three children of a fine Indian Christian couple. Gauri, who seems to have suffered some misfortune in her 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. Gauri soon meets Prakash, but does not tell her husband that he is Mathuram. Arjuna becomes jealous of Mathuram, who attaches himself too closely to Gauri. Mathuram, on his part, threatens to make things worse for Gauri, if she betrays him. On the other hand, if she promises to be silent about him for a while he will soon make matters right for her. Poor Gauri, of course, chooses the latter alternative. Finally, however, he plays her false, and deliberately places her in a most questionable situation.)

CHAPTER XIV.

GAURI'S most coherent desire was not to see Arjuna the next morning. Whether the desire came through anger, vexation of spirit or a sense of shame, she did not stop to define, but there the feeling was. Yet she knew such a thing could not be managed.

Of one thing, she was sure. She would not stay on with him. What, stay with him, when he had insulted her so; worse still when she had given him cause for such insult. Gauri was a very fair-minded girl; and the latter thought prevented too much bitterness from searing her mind. But—but—she thought, he might have trusted her, especially when she had said she could have explained matters. He might have given her the benefit of the doubt. But, he had not even stopped to listen to her.

She made up her mind to go for a short time at least to her old nurse, who, she knew, lived with her Catechist son at Pallavaram near Madras. She could tell people that she needed a little change; besides her nurse was not keeping very well and wanted to see her. But, would her husband let her go? She did not care; she would go. She would not stay to be doubted at every turn. How could she live with him under such conditions?

Then a doubt came to her. Was it not the duty of every Indian woman to put up with any sort of treatment and live meekly under her husband's roof? She knew it was; but she did not care. She could not, and would not, be so subservient.

Arjuna, however, would raise objections. He would naturally not care for her to live in such simple, nay even poor, conditions, as would probably obtain at her nurse's house. But, he had doubted her; he had thought her false. Why should he care what happened to her, or where she went? She had now a right to order her own life.

He might object to her living with her nurse on the score of caste. But Gauri pursed up her lips here. She had often argued with her husband about this matter. He was for keeping caste even in Christianity; she was for no caste at all. Here was an opportunity, she felt triumphantly, for her to be true to her colours.

She would go, therefore, to her nurse. But she hated arguing with Arjuna. She knew she would not be able to control her sobs if she did, or conceal her pitiful state of mind. What could she do then?

Once, a thought came to her to get up in the early hours of the morning and slip away to the station; it was rather far from their camp, but she could pick up a cart somewhere. A train she knew, left at 5 a.m. for Madras. But then, what would the servants think of Arjuna for letting her go like that, and about herself for going away? No, she did not wish for any scandal like that. There would, of course, be scandal later. But time enough when it came, and she hoped—she hoped—she did not really know what she hoped for.

Suddenly, a thought came to her, and she acted on it at once. She lighted the candle, sat down at her table and wrote a letter to her husband, explaining her intentions and anticipating all the arguments she expected from him.

"Arjuna," she wrote, "a few words of explanation are in justice due to you. I did try to explain to you a little while ago, but you would not listen. If you had really loved me, I think you would have believed in me, in spite of the most adverse evidence to the contrary. But, let me not argue that point now. What I wish to say is that I have been to blame, but I have not done you any wrong. I did deceive you, especially that night after the Fete, when you were so kind to me. It was then that I found out that Mathuram and Prakash were the same, and I made up my mind to tell you straightway about it; but Mallika

got hold of me and, being afraid of your interference, made me promise to wait awhile. So, I wrote to Prakash to come and see me, hoping to persuade him to give up Mallika, in spite of herself. He came and he frightened me, saying that you would never forgive me for having, as it were, dallied with him. He begged me to wait a few days, and then he would set everything right. If not, he would put it all in a false light to you. So, much against my wish, I promised him. When he came tonight, I thought he had come to set me free to tell you; indeed he said something to that effect. So, I went with him. That is all, Arjuna. I have been very foolish indeed, but nothing more. I should have placed my trust in you, instead of which I was afraid of you. Please forgive me.

"And let me go away for a while," she begged. "This is the best way out of the tangle for you and me for a time, I am sure. I cannot bear to be here, with you looking suspiciously at me, and you cannot, I am sure, bear to live with me, whom you doubt. And—and—I am not sure, what you intend to do. Perhaps, you will soon be instituting proceedings for a—divorce. It is horrible to think of; but I do not wish to be a burden on you, not only unnecessary, not only unwanted, but even injurious to you, and a clog to your feet. Send me away, Arjuna, if you like; but, but—I beg of you to wait a little. Wait only a few months for—for—my sake nay, not for mine, for you will think I have no hold on you, but for my mother's. Do you not remember the promise you made her on her death-bed? You said you would look after me. You would not like to have me to look after for ever, I know. Arjuna, please wait. Oh, my heart is breaking, as I write, and I am afraid this paper is all spoilt with tears. There is no use of re-writing it, though, for I know it will again be spoilt.

"Please do not think I am writing like this to rouse your pity. Never,

never. I do not want your pity. I do not need it. I want your trust. If you doubt me, I shall not wish to stay with you again. If you do not want me, send me away; but never pretend to me. I do not want your pity or your patronage.

"But, let me go away for awhile, and you and I can think over matters. I do not know what Mathuram intends to do. If he forces matters by talking about us, things must take their course. If he keeps quiet, we can wait awhile. Anyhow, it is better not to let people talk too much. There will be scandal enough later of course, but that cannot be helped. Even if I do not go, but stay on here, our behaviour to each other will be so strange that the servants and our friends will think things.

"And please look after my people. I am ashamed to ask it; but you know you said my people will be yours. But—but—I forget, I am no longer yours.

"I know that you will be very angry with me if I ask you not to look after my brother and sister. You have a noble heart, Arjuna, and also we cannot help depending on your support. And I do not mind living on your money either. I know the fashion in English novels is that girls in any position should wish to be independent of their husbands. But, I am an Indian girl. Why should I be proud? And, when you married me, you made yourself my guardian in a way, did you not? It is rather pleasant to think of that. But, why should it be pleasant to belong to you? You might think, I am trying to flatter you. I—I—do not know, if after all I do like belonging to you.

"What a long letter I have written. Please excuse its length. What I really want is that you should wait for a few months. And, let me go now at once. I cannot stay here. You can send for me when you want me. Even if you forgive me and believe in me now, I must go for a time at least, to get back my poise and my composure. But, I know

you do not believe in me now.

"So 'goodbye' for the present. I could not bear to say it personally tomorrow, so I shall say it now. May God bless you and keep you safe for ever.

"May I beg of you not to talk to me tomorrow more than absolutely necessary. You can tell people that I had to go away, because my old nurse was ill. She is really not well, you know. The train leaves at 8 a.m. I shall send you your breakfast early, but this letter will reach you, I hope, earlier. I shall give it to your peon, saying what? yes, I shall mention that I have been copying some accounts for you. Oh, dear, I am getting quite a clever schemer, am I not? But you will think that such a thing is very natural to me, who have deceived you so badly. Well, I cannot blame you.

"Goodbye, Arjuna."

Gauri."

She felt rather ashamed of her outspokenness; but she was too tired to alter it then. She would do it in the morning. So she set her clock and threw herself on her bed, and, contrary to her expectations, dropped off into a sound sleep. The alarm woke her up at five; drowsily she stopped it and slept again. When she woke up next time, it was six o'clock, and the light was bright. A sick feeling that all was not right with her world assailed her, and she remembered her letter. She was still ashamed of it; but, if she wished Arjuna to have it early, there was no time to re-write it. So, she forced herself to send it, and began to pack and get ready for her journey. Her heart was in her mouth; for she did not know what Arjuna meant doing. Every minute she expected him to appear, whether angrily or forgivingly she did not know. But, the time passed, and nothing happened.

At last, just as it was time to start, Arjuna appeared in his car, ready to drive her to the station. She had to keep to her decision, therefore. With tears in her eyes she bade a silent 'goodbye' to

the beloved objects around her and left. The drive to the station was a silent one: the tumult and noise there made talking difficult; and Gauri left at last with a heavy heart, her only consolation being that, at the last, Arjuna mumbled something about "coming home soon," and asked her to write to him. Even with that, she felt very despondent, for she did not know what would happen. Perhaps, the divorce would be coming soon, and she would be relegated to a most lonely life; for alone she determined to be, if Arjuna sent her away. On no account, would she go to Mathuram.

She reached her nurse's house at last, and was warmly welcomed. It did not take her long to shake down into the simple life of her humble hostess. She did her best to make herself useful in her lonely surroundings, and soon became a favourite with everyone.

Time, therefore, passed quickly, and hardly gave leisure to Gauri to think, or to indulge in fears about the divorce probably preparing for her. At first, she had written once a week to her husband, rather formal letters describing the little incidents of her daily life. The yearning to return must have shown itself; but Arjuna did not respond to the unexpressed desire, though he never failed to reply to her letters. He did not again ask her to come back and gradually his missives became colder and colder. At last, Gauri could not bear to see them, though she felt that she could not really blame her husband for his estrangement. So, she gave up writing to him, except once perhaps in a month. Sometimes, a doubt obtruded itself. Perhaps, he was vexed with her for not taking him at his word and returning soon. He had asked her once; how could he go on asking her? Perhaps, he was waiting for her to say something. And she never really gave him a chance. Her letters were really so non-committal. Ought she to go back then? But then, how could she?

Another complication was that Mallika

refused absolutely to give up Prakash. Gauri had written everything to her; but Mallika refused to be shaken and the elder sister was touched, in spite of herself, by the sincere, trusting love the girl showed.

So a month passed. Then, two visitors arrived, Mrs. Sitaram and her crony, Mrs. Dayaram. They told her that Arjuna was thought to be consoling himself, during her absence, by constantly seeking the company of Mrs. Williams. Gauri, of course, refused to believe anything evil of her husband; but eventually she realised that it was necessary for her to go back, not only to preserve their good name in the eyes of an un-understanding world, but also because it was the duty of an Indian wife to stick to her husband, as much as possible.

This realization was confirmed by Prakash, who made her a visit after her aunt and her friend had left. He came osten-

sibly to try to reconcile her with Arjuna, by requesting her to return home soon, if she wished her husband not to be unconsciously led into wrong. The simple Gauri believed that he was trying to make amends for his wicked behaviour to her. But, what would she have thought if she had seen the grin on his face, or heard the words he whispered to himself? "I do not think she will be so ready to call him her husband, if she sees his behaviour with Mrs. Williams. I flatter myself that I have put a spoke in his lordship's wheel. I have deceived her, poor thing. She does not know that by sending her to her husband now I am but advancing my own cause. But, what a fool he is, to prefer that insipid woman to my glorious Gauri, to give up the gold for the brass, the false for the true!"

(To be continued.)

K. S.

THE GREATNESS OF ART.

I.

The office of pure Poetry is this,
To link material to the spiritual,
And draw bright simile from Nature's rule,
To deep adornment of our spirit's life—
To wake in others, feelings of our own,
And to diffuse the strength of thought

thro' men.

Such wise enchantments of the spirit rise
In springs of sweet-affection, that respond
To magic invitations of the mind
Of thinkers and creators of all Art.

II

To say, with power, what all men think
and prove,
Is to exalt the state of Poetry,
And move the world with rapture, in the

light

Of love, to blissful, blest beatitude.
Praised be the followings of the spirit—

praised

The chosen vessels of its trenchant power,
That touch the feelings, and do raise, in

joy,

The thoughts of men to glory's sunlit
heights.

Blest be the deep philosophers of life,
That wield the open pen in graceful,

awful task,

And set the world high standards in
pure Art.

III

Nor Poetry alone—for, with the brush—
In carvings of the stateliest magnitude—
Or where swift melody and harmony

climb

The mountains of the spirit—there doth
wake

The soul of Genius, unto majesty
Of winged imagination's soaring sense,
Whose arrows pierce the states Elysian—
The dread, celestial courts of Elohim!

IV

Burn, blessed spirits, in the dim abyss—
Beyond the white and blue of cloud and

sky,

Inspire the souls of mortals from the bliss
And altitude of knowledge ye have

reached,

In fire of spirit that doth dim the suns!

HERBERT PORTER.

Editorial Notes.

(1) Women's Education in American Colleges.

A month or two ago, in the *Modern Review* I came across a system of education for women, which seems rather desirable for India. When women are on the look-out for fresh avenues of service; when they are ambitious enough to claim not to be afraid of hard work; when they desire to earn for themselves and become independent of men; when, in fact, they wish to become finer women in every sense;—it is just as well to get them prepared for everything.

In America, there is a demand for women as "teachers of home economics, as directors of cafes and tea-rooms, as consultants in commercial firms, as dietitians in hospitals, or as experts in technical journalism." Therefore, there are divisions for teaching in different departments. But the most important one of them seems to be the Home Economics division, especially in the *Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic arts*. The attendance of girls is over a thousand every year, some coming from far-away states. The teachers are specialists, and the curriculum embraces all sides of domestic education: "applied art; foods and nutrition; institutional administration; physical education; textiles and women's clothing; household administration, which includes home management, child care, child training and household equipment." The pupils are taught, not only to administer a happy and healthy home, but also to take their proper place in society. They are educated in

"the knowledge and practice of health,
the ability to spend time and money
intelligently,

"the ability to find and enjoy beauty
in everyday life,

the ability to maintain fine social and
spiritual
relationship with other people."

The whole management is under the charge of the *Dean of Women student affairs*. The college course is for four years. Besides the home courses, other studies are also inculcated, such as language and literature, history, psychology, science, journalism, oratory and mathematics. There are no final examinations; but there is a last test. The pupils, who have taken the full course, have to divide into groups of eight, and spend six weeks in what are known as "home management houses," of which there are four. In each home, there is an orphan child of under two years; the students have to tackle ordinary problems of domestic management and entertaining, and are tested by the results.

Some special features of the building are:

"The unit kitchens planned like very convenient home kitchens; the equipment laboratories stocked with all types of up-to-date home equipment; the institutional kitchen and tea room, where girls specializing in this department have opportunities to learn the correct methods of taking orders and serving, and where faculty members and students can obtain midday meals at a small cost; the hotse-interior studios where problems in house furnishing are worked with actual materials; an experimental textiles laboratory; an animal laboratory for nutrition experiments with guinea-pigs and rabbits; and a large auditorium for public gatherings. The physical education department is housed in an adjacent building for want of room in the Home Economics Hall. The State Legislature has been asked to build a hundred thousand dollar structure for housing a complete gymnasium."

There is published by the senior students, a journal called the "Iowa Home-maker," which is very useful to women. There is also a Broadcasting Department.

There are some special features with regard to the housing of the girls. Those, who are not staying with their parents, live during the "freshman" year in the College dormitory, which is very attractive. Then, some of them can go to the Sorority House, which is a kind of club with board and lodging managed by the girls. Twice a week, social gatherings are held, when boy friends can be invited under special chaperonship. Sometimes, there are open houses, when outsiders are asked to dinner and to give informal talks.

Only some girls can join these houses, viz., girls who have a certain scholastic standing, a particular social position, or some good qualification in sports. The Sororities are sometimes of national standing, and correspond to similar houses of men, called "Fraternities".

It is interesting to note that there are a certain number of fellowships to girl graduates from foreign lands. In the Iowa State College, they can get the M.S. or Ph. D. degrees. Some of our Indian girls will surely do well to join. The training will help them to advance their country through the uplift of their women.

Better still, it will be, if institutions like this can be started in India; if not in solitary state, they can at least be attached to existing Colleges. When will our philanthropists be wise enough to start such whole-sale things, instead of frittering away their substance on smaller systems, which sometimes can only be of surface good? Consideration must be fully given by our wise men and women to this purpose, and due weight allowed to examples from every foreign land.

(2) Women Picketers.

It was a surprise to read of the action of London waitresses in imitating the

women picketers of India, in order to get some grievances removed.

"We believe in the Indian method of sweet persuasion," said one of the fair white-aproned picketers to a correspondent of the *Bombay Chronicle*, "and want to emulate our Indian sisters' way of peaceful picketing. We will not molest anybody but picket till our object is gained and go to jail if necessary."

It is interesting to note that no policeman was on the scene; and it seems fair to infer therefore that the purely Indian methods of non-violence are beginning to gain ground in the war-like West. How different they are from the wild conduct of the Suffragist!

Besides this peaceful method, there is something more to be learnt from our women picketers. Leaving aside the rights or the wrongs of their politics in question, disregarding also some obvious faults and shortcoming, one must certainly admire their courage which is so difficult of attainment, viz.: the courage, which overcomes the innate shrinking timidity and shyness of fragile women, nurtured into an inferior complex by ages of backward standing. With this goes the persistency which will take no denial, the tact which quietly cuts through stubborn opposition, the constant devotion and firm patriotism which are ready to sacrifice even beloved ones to the country's cause.

The women of India, who could brave and surmount dangerous opposition by peaceful methods, are worth encouraging. The country's future, one is inclined to think, will be fairly safe in their keeping.

We are very glad, therefore, that Western women are beginning to learn from us. It makes the balance more even and will be of use in obviating our inferiority complex and making us more ready to take our rightful places in the world.

(3) Personal retrenchment.

Our Indian sisters, as we have seen, emanate a force to be reckoned with in

modern India, and now they must take notice of other matters besides picketing. I refer to personal retrenchment. I was much interested to see in the *Madras Mail*, some days ago, a letter from "a British housewife," suggesting some ways to economise and meet the cuts in pay. Our Indian sisters will do well to follow some of these suggestions.

They are doing much and are sacrificing much in the cause of *Khaddar* and therefore of the Indian economic situation. But they can do more still. When everybody is sacrificing comforts and luxuries, they can help their husbands in household retrenchment. Our Indian housewives are fairly careful, and are not altogether in the position of British women, who have the difficulty of keeping up a forced status in a foreign country; yet even they can learn new things in this direction.

The first suggestion made by the *British Housewife* is to dismiss every domestic servant, who is not necessary, and effect reduction in the pay of the remainder. Now, this does not quite affect us. In the first place, we do not keep as many unnecessary servants as the Europeans, who, being foreigners, have somehow been imposed on by the servant population. Again, Indians know how to manage their servants, being of the same nationality. Then, in the third place, I do not think it is right to reduce the wages of servants, which are so small compared with the salaries of their masters. As it is, the pay of a servant is often not enough to provide even one good meal a day for a large family. How then can a cut be made in it? No, what our Indian women should do is to be careful not to follow foreign ways in increasing their servants as their needs increase, which means that their needs should not be allowed to increase too much. Of course, this does not mean that our housewives should not keep enough servants; there should certainly be a few

necessary ones, if one can afford them.

Another suggestion is to reduce hospitality. Now this applies evidently only to Europeans and to Anglicised Indians. Our ordinary Indians cannot afford to give up their ancient virtue of hospitality. Beggars and poor people must be helped occasionally, whether from a desire for 'Punyam,' or just because of a love of humanity. But, what should be guarded against is not to entertain too many rich people, or people of substance. They don't need our help; the poor do. Instead therefore, of feeding our well-to-do friends often, let us give more food to the poor than we do now, even though thereby we do not gain much fame, especially to the beggars, who often, through no fault of their own, are incapacitated from work, and yet for whom no provision for livelihood has been made by the public.

The third suggestion is to reduce payments for large and small services. This includes "tips" of course. Now, I rather like tips, because they mean just an additional meal perhaps to a poor man. It is lovely to give and to reward; but there must of course be moderation even here.

Then again, there must be economy in the buying of clothes and jewels, comforts and luxuries for personal use, or for the house. One should not perhaps frequent cinemas and theatres too much; but then where does one get one's recreations? Therefore, since one must have the latter, the plan will be to get them as cheaply as possible, which means to patronise cheap seats, even at the loss of so-called personal dignity. Finally, affectation, showing-off, and too conventional imitations of expensive standards, should be avoided.

In conclusion, what I mean is that retrenchment should be achieved, chiefly where personal comfort and convenience is concerned; but should be avoided as much as possible, where poor people are in question.

LINES.

To My Mother.

All day I've woven rich fantastic dreams,	Oh, I have caught your breath in
I've seen you in the quiet of the hills,	wayside flowers!
And in the colours that the Sun-god	I've watched you in the stately clouds
spills	on high,
Beyond the Western seas, and in their	And felt our softness as they glided by,
after gleams.	And heard your voice in all their spowy
	towers,—
In all God's ageless stars I've glimpsed	O idolized,—but my frail dreams must
your eyes,	In all their wanderings hover round your
And in my loneliness I've often met	dust.
You by some brooding stream, or	
lingering yet	
Upon the edge of dawn's dim-coloured	
skies.	

M. H. d'ALWIS.

"Husband and wife are two distinct entities, no matter how devoted to one another. They cannot always hold the same views, or desire the same things. Yet it is a fact that many wives fret miserably and never recognise this common-sense distinction. Much of the disillusionment of the early years of married life arises from not realising that a husband must have time off. His wife, too, should get away from him sometimes. That's why they should not abandon old friends.

Volumes have been written on this aspect of life. If my daughter has listened to me she realises that, for her sake, her husband should keep as many friends as possible. They should be welcomed to the house. They afford a welcome change of Company, and keep staleness out of the home atmosphere. Two cabbages will stand together in a field for weeks without friction, but two normal human beings will find prolonged propinquity maddening after a time."—*The Madras Mail*

In Man's Realm.

(1) Sartor Indica.

SOME time ago, one or two articles appeared in this magazine discussing the styles of men's clothes in India. The writer criticised exhaustively men's dress in each province. The fashions of Bengal, Tamil Nadu, the Andhradesa and the Punjab were examined and found unsatisfactory. Towards the close of his discussion, the writer suggested a style which he thought best. The fashion advocated by him approximates to the dress of a Kashmiri curio shop-keeper.

When our civilization and culture are in a state of transition, it is very difficult to do any thing without being styled either an old-fashioned person or an Anglicised individual. Diet and dress are chiefly exposed to this criticism. Hence, as in all matters, our wisest course is to take the golden mean. Economy, simplicity and comfort should be the main considerations in discussing fashions. I don't see any reason why we should have one style for dinner, another for the evening and a third for other occasions. No purpose is served by adopting a new mode of dress for these occasions, except a feeling of satisfaction that we are closely following our Western friends.

At the outset, I must say that Western styles are not suited to India for more than one reason. We may try and see if the style of any one province with a few modifications would serve as the national dress of India. The *Pygamas* are not dignified enough to be worn in public. The Tamil and Malayali "*Mundu*" is not artistic enough to form a part of the public garb. The "*Dhoti*," worn by the Bengalees, Andhras, the Maratthas and the people of South Kanara, is quite a respectable garment. The *Dhoti* must be spacious, measuring 12 x 4 feet; and

needs a little skill to wear. *Dhoties* can be had with a variety of thin artistic borders.

The present Bengali *Shirt* with a low neck, side pockets and coat sleeves will serve as an appropriate upper garment for men. This garment is known to most people in almost all parts of India, under different names such as "*Kudtha*," "*Jibba*" and "*Lalchi*." The *Kudtha* must be about one yard in length and should be cut out of some good white material. The cut is very plain with an opening in front for two buttons.

An "*Angavasthrum*" or "*Uttariyam*" may be put on with this dress. It may be thrown over the shoulders covering the *Kudtha* partially, or like the Roman *Toga*. The *Shawl*, if we may so describe this garment, may or may not have borders. White or cream-coloured silk shawls, with very narrow borders, match very well with the *Kudtha*.

A head dress need not be compulsory. A cloth cap, however, made of some thick white material, something like the *Gandhi cap*, may be put on. It is desirable that the cap should be white and be capable of being washed and ironed from time to time. Like as in Poona, an embroidered cloth cap, sufficiently stiff, may be used. A cap is preferred to a turban, which needs to be tied every time it is taken off. It is obvious that we don't need to wear shoes. Ordinary sandals may be used with this costume.

The *Dhoti* is bound to be inconvenient when playing games, and when cycling and riding. On such occasions, *Jodhpur breeches* can be substituted. When sitting at a table for a meal, a *Kudtha* with tight-cuff sleeves will be found more advantageous than the coat-sleeve one. It is best not to go in for coloured garments. Cream-colour is allowable.

Anyone who has plenty of money can make a full suit of clothes in white or cream silk. The *Shawl*, though put on loosely, forms an integral part of a man's dress. Except in private, it ought to be worn at all times. This style of dress is simple and comfortable. A man need not spend much time over his dress if he takes to this style, which seems to suit our country better than any other.

E. SAMBAYYA.

(2) Men's attire

(SELECTED)

With that nice distinction in the choice of a word which befits a scientist, Sir Thomas Oliver declares that men are overclad, and their clothing, compared with women's, is cumbersome, heavy, and unhygienic.

Unfortunately no photograph is to hand portraying Sir Thomas Oliver addressing the Hygiene Institute. We do not doubt, however, that he wore the usual male attire. We cannot picture him dressed in the toga favoured by the beaus of the Dress Reform League, or the knee breeches, hot and uncomfortable and unfairly revealing, favoured by that League's less discerning members. The shorts and open-necked blouse favoured by hikers of both sexes, and approved by the dress reformers of Calcutta, would scarcely fit in with accepted ideas of what is fitting for scientists when deliv-

ring lectures, though the freer sartorial atmosphere of the garden colony at Letchworth may have tempted Sir Thomas to depart from the established customs of his tribe. And yet we may surely claim that before scientists gird at the attire of our males they should produce some satisfactory alternative. Politicians, so far, have done better than the scientists. Mr. Gandhi has set a sartorial standard which, whatever its defects from a social point of view, is at least admirably suited to the climate of India. But the scientists have been singularly unproductive. They may not be wholly to blame, however. The female sex, however prone to change its own attire, is most obstinately opposed to any change in the attire of the male, and the lack of sartorial enterprise in scientists, alluded to above may be due to strong, wifely disapproval of innovations. Who can say? What is certain is that the average man if he attempted to go to the theatre with the average wife in one of the fantastic alternatives to evening dress, hitherto produced by dress reformers would be told by his good lady to go and dress himself properly or go alone. Whether she had on the season's latest and most drastic fashion change or not, she would permit no unorthodoxy in her partner. And yet men are told that in matters of dress they are less sensible and less attractive than women. It's a hard world for the male.—(*The Madras Mail*)

Friendly Chats

Beggars in India.

WHY are there so many hundred thousand beggars in India? There are a good many reasons, and two are worth noting.

First, India is a poor country, and the number of people who live in want bear at no time a decent proportion to those who live above it. Poverty begets giving as well as begging, for the poor generally are more kind to the poor than the rich, who often and rightly or wrongly look upon importunity as a trouble. There are few countries in the world, where poverty is so acute and universal and charity so willing and esteemed as India.

Secondly, religion is a friendly counsellor to begging and to giving in India. Renunciation is a powerful ideal and is ever encouraging the increase of holy men, who, whatever their other virtues might be, are generally beggars from beginning to end. It is, moreover, a negation of right conduct to refuse charity to holy men, and the tendency, therefore, is for every beggar to play the holy man with varying pretension. This is less than fair to the really holy beggars, whom it is difficult to tell from their less exalted brethren.

We often think that beggars are idle fellows. The notion is nowhere quite true, and not true at all in India. Beggars in India are entirely dependent on the proverbial "many a little" to make their daily apologies for bread, for if charity is widespread in India the quantity is far too much restricted. Therefore, of necessity, they have to be very early birds and to overcome long distances, and also exhaust their speech in the interests of their trade. To say that beggars in India are idle is pure and simple falsehood.

Of course, much pity is owing to them, but they have their pride, which is that they do not work for wages. We work for fun and call it play. We work for joy and call it art. But, when we work for wages we call it the sweat of our brows. Work in this sense is work we do not want to do, but are obliged to do on account of our having to earn our livelihood. It is not difficult to imagine that the ideal of beggars in India must be to work as hard as they physically can, so that they may eat and live and have no need of wages. It is nearly the same thing as saying that they only beg for begging's sake. In this lies the secret of their tenacity, which is by no means small. In fact, they have their kinship with born poets, born artists, born singers....

Not for this reason only are Indian beggars undeserving of contempt, if not deserving of more cordial feelings. They not only come to our houses ceaselessly, but also variously. One comes singing, another doling out excellent philosophy. One comes beating a little drum. Another comes peeping out from ashes. A gipsy woman comes, not unbeautiful if you care, offering to tell you your destiny. A performing cow comes into the courtyard like a careless queep, while her courtier-proprietor repeatedly calls her a wonderful creation; and like a sultana tired of the harem she gives you a melting glance, suiting the action to a conquering toss of her much-embellished horns. One might grow weary of putting one's mite into the stream, but the stream holds fast to its interesting character.

There are two ubiquitous things in India, one a trifle more ubiquitous than the other, crows and beggars, of which

the former avoid the Palni Hills in South India. Beggars, on the other hand, do not avoid even hospitals, whose melancholy atmosphere is not very conducive to the giving of alms. But a beggar in a hospital is a patient, and as he is not sick at all he does not lose his professional quality in the adaptation. The free milk and bread is a great point after all, and questions of honesty do not rise where they are not needed. Even if they rise, it can be remembered that the patient who is not sick generally helps the recovery of the more candid

folks, who are not ailing without being ill.

In running trains, the speed of the beggar's song competes with the pace of the journey, helping the passengers forget their big numerical strength in a small accommodation. It is a fine service.

Of course, one can, if one likes, draw up a formidable list of sins against Indian beggars and keep oneself clear of them. But, on the whole, their sins are not their fault.

N. K. V.

The Thayir-Seller.

WITHOUT the *Thayir*-seller, the people of South India would nearly not know how to live. It is he who somewhat literally ladles out every day the essence of food to them and keeps them going.

Thayir (curds) is buttermilk, not perhaps the real article, for *Thayir* is *Thayir* in much the same manner as men are men. Buttermilk is no longer buttermilk when its dilution with water has passed a certain point. *Thayir*, on the other hand, is always *Thayir*. You may buy *Thayir* in all stages of attenuation and still obtain the protein you need from it. Little care, for example, is taken to prevent a wayside tank from stealing into the *Thayir*-pot, or errant drops of rain from invading it. Whatever happens, the quality of the *Thayir* remains unimpaired. *Thayir* never becomes water. All the waters round may, if they like, become *Thayir*, the moment they come in contact with this wonderful article

Knowing this tireless self-preserving power of his commodity, the *Thayir*-vendor does not always hesitate to carry the same quantity on his head from house to house when an unexpected demand threatens to exhaust his stock sooner than he likes. This happens somewhat regularly on days in the Hindu calendar, which prescribe godliness and good cheer. On these days, the mistress of the house awaits his arrival with anxiety in her eyes. The cooking is done and the little ones and tiny tots gather round her knees clamouring for their joyous good time. It is then that she waits for him with especial concern. But on this day, the *Thayir*-seller makes it a point to arrive later than usual. He does it purposely. Once in a long while he likes to remind others of his importance in the scheme of things, and to show that without him the march of life can even come to a standstill.

V.

GENIUS.

By Herbert Porter

(1) Donizetti and the Coffee Habit.

Donizetti, the Italian composer of beautiful church music and excellent opera, is said to have been over-fond of black coffee. He drank it with great frequency, and, after being satiated therewith, poured the remainder from the coffee-jug upon his wrists, at the same time walking about his room. By reason of this habit, he spoiled many carpets and, consequently, was expelled from his lodging-places, by the furious proprietors.

Moral: Almost invariably, Genius has eccentricity in some direction. Psychological cracks are almost inevitable, where there is great overbalancing of the powers.

(2) Esop, Croesus and Cyrus.

Esop, the fabulist, was a Phrygian philosopher and a slave in Samos. He was sold by Xanthus to Iadmon, but his genius secured for him his liberty. In the

Court of Croesus, king of Lydia, he lived as honoured guest. Croesus was reproved by Solon for great riches and magnificence but Esop took the part of his benefactor and patron. Later, when Croesus was conquered by the Persian Cyrus, the former was about to be burned to death, when the latter released him from so awful fate, because he cried "O Solon!" remembering the warning of the law-giver.

Cyrus gave Croesus freedom, thinking that a similar fate might ultimately befall himself.

Moral: Great wit may gain even the slave his liberty. Genius may also give man the key to the house of the rich, but fortune is fickle, and life is strange. Therefore do not build up foundations of gold, but upon the riches of the spirit.

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, Vasa, Raji and Babu. The girls make grand preparations for a doll's marriage, which is somewhat spoilt by their brother.]

CHAPTER XII.

FROM CENTRAL STATION TO
PYCROFT ROAD.

IN profound alarm, Rukmini and Seeta observed a gang of blue-shirted, clamouring, shouting, grinning and swearing licensed coolies run alongside the train and jump on the foot-board, as soon as they could catch hold of the carriage railings. The moment the train stopped, they boarded the compartments, not only loudly offering their services, but actually seizing what articles they pleased, without the least attention to any right the owners might have to choose their own man. Heedless of the angry cries and shouts of the passengers, the coolies were removing things and mixing up luggage so that in the general confusion that prevailed it was all that one could do to watch who were taking their things and where they were scattered. At least, that was the bewildered idea of the two girls. True, the coolies, showing their *pan*-stained teeth, held up their wrists asking the passengers to note the numbers on the brass badges, but that was done in haste as if the rascals meant to give no time for their numbers to be taken, and it was not one man either, who handled the luggage without the owner's consent.

Oh, the confusion of sounds that distracted one's mind in the Metropolitan railway station! There were heard the deep-toned long-drawn groans of the tram cars, as every half-a-minute one drew up at the station or left it with the clinking-ding, clink-ding-ding bells that announced the arrival or departure. The red mail cars hurried to and fro, shrieking and clamouring by way of noisily asserting their official superiority over other vehicles. The shrill blasts of motor-hooters from taxis, buses and lorries, the bells of the carriages, the neighing and pawing of horses, and above all the medley of human voices, were continually in the air.

Over the general din rose the voices of the coolies wrangling and exerting their utmost to swindle strangers. Things may not impress themselves so deeply on the minds of people familiar with them! Nay, the pictures seen by the two sisters may even seem to be overdrawn and painted in colours too lurid, but what Rukmini and Seeta felt then they feel as vividly today.

After a considerable amount of arguing with an English-knowing cab-driver, the party got into a taxi and set off for Pycroft's Road. Mr. Mitra, their host, who had met the visitors at the station and arranged for the car, now assumed the role of mentor for pointing out the important buildings and telling their histories to the youngsters.

Just outside the station were drawn up lines of Jutkas, bullock-bandies and rickshas, the drivers lustily calling out to the people to partonize them.

"I could not read the name of that tram car—could you, Rook?" Seeta asked her sister.

"No, but here are the mail cars again. Where are they all going to, 'father?" said Rukmini.

"They are going to the Post Offices with the mails," replied the professor for his friend. "The trams, Seetamma, have no names. The boards only show the names of the places between which the cars are doing service. If you watch a car at its terminus, you will see how it changes the board. Chauffeur, stop, there's a parcel gone over-board."

The taxi stopped and the driver's assistant who was standing on the foot-board jumped nimbly down and ran to pick up the bundle.

"That red building is the Moore Market and yonder is the People's Park," went on the mentor.

"I shall take you both some day there," promised Dr. Vikram anticipating a request from both the children, and once more they were gliding on the smooth road.

"Oh, what a beauty," exclaimed both girls, as the car sped over the bridge lying across a small stream with grass-grown sloping banks and a vision of distant buildings.

"This is the Cooum river which has a bad reputation here," said Mr. Mitra. "Nobody drinks its water. We cross some more bridges over it; that white pile is the Ripon Building."

Dr. Vikram drew out his watch to regulate it by means of the time in the clock tower.

Rukmini and Seeta were much struck by the amount of traffic that rolled on every side and wondered how heavy the number of accidents would be, for as yet they had not seen a place where vehicles without number and without rest, were not madly careering in every direction, and throngs of foot passengers were picking their way among them, and all seemed to be a whirlpool of confusion.

Past the noble pile of the M. & S. M. R. offices, past many a club and hotel, they sped, and once more the Cooum came in view just before they came on Mount Road. The flower beds of Napier's Park were in bloom. Then came the view of Government house with the mounted sentries, and a number of statues and shops and offices, and more trams, more cars, coaches, rickshas and jutkas.

"How funny," giggled Rukmini, giving a nudge to Seeta with her elbow, "they are looking at us and we are looking at them."

A tramful of shaven, crowned and yellow-robed Singalese priests were seen in front of Pachayappa's College but were left far behind, while the girls remarked and laughed.

"Did you see a gentleman and two ladies strangely dressed and entering one of the shops?" asked Dr. Vikram.

"We did not notice, father," said Rukmini "who are they?"

"They are Europeans wearing dhotis and sarees, but of a peculiar colour,

something like orange red. They belong to the Salvation army."

"Oh, how I wish I had seen them," sighed Rukmini.

"I am sure I ought to have more eyes than two for seeing all the wonders of Madras," was Seeta's opinion.

"Why," spoke Mr. Mitra, "even as you are, you can see all that you wish to see, provided you can stay long enough here. When your car is flying, you are sure to miss a number of sights. Dr. Vikram must you really take your daughters back with you? If you could leave them with us at least for a fortnight, they would be satisfied with their visit."

Dr. Vikram with a glance checked signs of excitement and of appeal from the girls in support of their host's request, and answered with a decisive shake of the head.

"I am sorry it can't be done, thank you very much, friend, for kindly proposing it."

"That tram car is going as far as the Ice House Road, I know," declared Seeta proudly and asked her father whether she was wrong. The answer came in the negative, whereupon the girl cast a glance of triumph at her sister and became quite conceited of her own knowledge.

The glass panels of shop doors and windows reflecting the traffic caused some amusement to the girls, and so also some tram cars, here and there, going two and two, one behind another.

After a little while of silence, Seeta burst out, "what on earth are those men doing there, father?"

"I smell tar," said Rukmini, "Are they doing anything with it?"

"You are right," replied Mr. Mitra for his friend. "Don't you see the road all black there? When the pavement is tarred, no dust flies into your eyes or chokes you. Such roads are called asphalt roads."

After a time came another bridge. They crossed it and found themselves on the famous Marina, now comparatively

quiet. The view of the sea, the park, the beach promenade, the line of casurinas, made a singular land-scape.

The Senate House, the Secretariat and a few other buildings were passed and Presidency College came. The car took a turning and the visitors were landed at their destination in Pycroft's Road.

(To be continued)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) Our Letter to Our Young People.

Dear Children,

It is the characteristic of many boys and girls in India to take life too seriously. They do not laugh enough.

Compared to European children, they appear almost without life. I do not know the reason for this quiet behavior of our children, but I think it is because we Indians are too self-conscious of ourselves, and not spontaneous or child-like in our behaviour. When an English child goes to a party, it does not think of itself at all, but makes a noise, laughs, talks, and answers questions freely; whereas most Indian children sit in a corner, afraid to move, and more or less always sticking to their parents.

The sooner children in India behave in a care-free happy spirit, the better will it be for the nation, for it will rid us of that inferiority complex, which is so characteristic a feature of Indians as a whole. The thing for you, children, to do is not to try and be modest and well-behaved all the time. By this I do not mean that you should behave badly or forget your manners. I mean that you should enjoy life more in the presence of your elders. I know you all have a lovely time when you are on your own, but the moment anyone older comes on the scene, there is a certain restraint and reserve in your behaviour. But why not

be as natural and free in the presence of your elders as you are with children of your own age? Girls, especially, put down their heads, and barely answer a question, when anyone speaks to them. They think it is correct to behave thus, but in reality, it is much more correct to look the person, who is speaking to you, straight in the eye, and answer loudly and intelligently. There is no reason to be shy of grown-ups. They will like you much better if you are not. Laugh and talk and be happy. Also, be mischievous in the proper way, that is not by becoming a nuisance to your elders, but by being full of spirits and jolly.

If you take life happily when you are young, you will be able to tackle anything when you grow up, and overcome all difficulties.

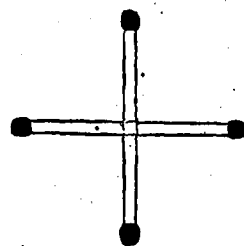
Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

(3) Our Competition Corner for Children.

Answers to last months competitions.

1. Ivy.
2. XII, for, when this is cut in half, it becomes VII.
- 3.



A perfect square is formed in the middle by moving one match.

November Competition.

A prize of Rs. 3/- or a book will be given to the first correct solution of the following cross-word puzzle, provided there are not less than six entries.

The Editor's decision is final. Send in your answers to The Editor, the Indian Ladies' Magazine, Cannanore, Malabar. Closing date for receiving entries is December 15th 1931.

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CLUES

Horizontal.

- 1 A place where sports are held.
- 6 A big English house.
- 11 Not mad. 12 A good starchy food.
- 13 A shortened form of India.
- 14 An auxiliary verb. 15. A title for a lady.
- 16 Old. 17. A vowel repeated four times.
- 18 A shortened form of Edward.
- 19 A prison-house.
- 23 A consonant repeated three times.
- 24 The mother of Ishmael in the plural.
- 25 A valuable card.
- 28 A feature of the face.
- 29 To become loose.
- 32 A pointed bit.
- 33 The name of a girl (English).
- 34 An auxiliary verb.
- 35 A plural pronoun.
- 36 A point.
- 37 The plural of Adam's wife.

- 38 Comfort.
- 39 A geographical name.
- 40 Stupid animals.

Vertical

- 1 An inhabitant of an Eastern country.
- 2 To place in rows.
- 3 Finished. 4. A compass point.
- 7 A preposition. 8. Titles of persons.
- 9 Monsters. 10. Fragrant flowers.
- 19 A vessel.
- 20 Time before.
- 21 An elastic fluid.
- 22 Before.
- 25 Pained dully.
- 26 Long for.
- 27 A stand for drawing.
- 29 Gaseous drinks.
- 30 Got up.
- 31 Entrances.
- 38 A shortened name for a holy man.
- 39 A compass point.

Gramophone Notes.

THROUGH the courtesy of "His Master's Voice" Gramophone Company, who recently placed all their new lists of Indian Recordings in my hands, I am able to view, at some length, the immense amount of records which are available for the Indian Gramophonist. Whether you be interested in Tamil, Gurmukhi, Sinhalese, Marathi, Gujarati, Panjabi, Hindustani, Telugu, Canarese, Bengali, Burmese, Sindhi, Urdu or Marwari records, you will find them listed in the various H. M. V. or "Twin" catalogues, which are obtainable upon application to the company's offices or at a music stores. First, before I go on to remark about other records, let me strongly recommend the readers of these gramophone notes seriously to consider the purchase of the Royal Record number R. B. 3669, which contains the speech by His Majesty the King Emperor at the opening of the Indian Round Table Conference on November 12th, 1930. It is a ten-inch record and His Majesty's speech takes up both sides. The price is the usual Rs. 3-8. Such a record is, of course, of outstanding importance, and should be in every gramophonist's collection.

The Nagri Supplement for June 1931 contains such eminent names as Babban Jan, Jani Bai, Dost Mohd, Pearu Quawal, Master Rahit, Ali Hussain (the Blind Singer) Professor Narayan Rao Vyas, Professor Devdhar's Indian Orchestra, etc; whilst, listed in the back part of the catalogue, we have one or two English records—B 5697, Jack Hylton and his Orchestra playing "*The Pagan Love Song*," and, on the reverse side of the record, "*This is Heaven*". Record No. B 3287, has pretty and alluring Jeanette Macdonald singing the tuneful "*Dream Lover*" air from the Talkie-Film "*The*

Love Parade", and "*The March of the Grenadiers*" from the same Film.

The Concanim Recordanchem Supplement is chock full of interesting and enjoyable records, which are worthy of consideration.

It is practically a useless job for me to toil through each separate item listed in the twenty odd different record catalogues and lists that lie before me at the present time, but I will gladly give any information required to any reader who desires special information and advice before purchasing a record.

There are quite a number of good records listed in the new Gurmukhi Catalogue, foremost of which I must mention B 3330, where brilliant Fritz Kroeger plays on the Xylophone (orchestral accompaniment) two charming pieces "*The Black Forest Chiming Clock*" and "*Gold Fishes*". The Xylophone is a medium-sized instrument standing on four legs; to the top of these are fixed, horizontally, a series of tubes of varying lengths, which are struck with hammers held in each hand by the performer; the resultant sound is very sweet, but it calls for expert handling.

Most of you know Shakespeare's immortal plays, in which case you cannot fail to appreciate Henry Ainley's wonderful interpretations of "*O, that this too solid flesh*" from Hamlet Act I—scene II; and "*To be, or not to be*" also from Hamlet, Act III—scene IV, which are on record B 3492.

The Banjo is an instrument beloved of South American negroes which has, in the last few years, taken a permanent stand in correct Jazz or dance-band ensembles, chiefly on account of rhythmic properties that make it invaluable to accompaniments. Olly Oakley is a particularly brilliant performer on the banjo, and

his contribution to the catalogue "*Camp-town Carnival*" and "*Queen of the Burlesque*" on record B 1531 is distinctly good. I can recommend Rudy Wiedoeft's Saxophone record B2117, on which he plays "*Valse Vanite*" with his usual inimitable skill; this record is backed with a fox trot "*I miss my Swiss*", played by Paul White-mans Orchestra. Hawaiian guitar records are popular because of the langorous and soothing qualities of the music they give forth. "*Alabama Moon*" played by the Hawaiian Trio on record B1143, with "*Hawaiian Echoes*" played by Louise and Ferera on the reverse side, are two numbers typical of genuine Hawaiian music.

There are several well-known names in the Twin Record Supplement for June 1931, which contains a list of South Indian Records (Tamil, Telugu and Instrumental). In the Tamil section we have Kokilagana Miss Subbalakshmi, Madura, on record F.T. 576. S. V. Subbiah Bhagavathar on record F.T. 578. A fine record, with a certain amount of sentimental value is F.T. 582, by the late Tiruchendur Shanmuga Vadivoo. Whilst in the Telugu section Miss Subbalakshmi (Madura) appears again on record F.T. 585.

The new Urdu "His Masters Voice" Catalogue, issued in January 1931, is chock full of really interesting records.

Starting off with a list of Hindustani Nursery Records (7 inch Double-sided) at Re. 1/- each; we pass on to the 10-inch Black Label Hindustani records, in which section Babban Jan and Miss Dulari play a prominent part with a large number of records to their credit. Next, we have a couple of pages devoted to the various types of H. M. V. needles, then follows a further series of pages devoted to 10" Hindustani records in which the name of Janaki Bai appears frequently. In quick succession, we have lists of Persian, Sanskrit and Mohamedan religious records. Towards the end of the catalogue, there is a list of a few interesting English records at the price of Rs. 3/8/- per record (Plum Label). I have been able to quote only a small percentage of the interesting reading contained in this New Urdu general Catalogue, so I strongly advise interested Gramophonists to procure a copy for themselves.

I hope to continue my notes on Indian records in the next number of this Journal, and in the meantime I should be grateful if readers will kindly write to the Editor stating the particular type of record they would like to see reviewed in these columns - whether instrumental, vocal, English or Indian.

LELAND J. BERRY.

Fashion Suggestions.

Some comments on fashion

One might, as every one admits, apply to Dame Fashion part of what Scott said of women:

"Oh Fashion, in thy hours of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

But, what about the other half?

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
a veritable Angel thou!"

How can fashion ever be likened to an angel? True, when humoured, fashion does please and charm and give a peculiar satisfaction both to the wearer and the

observer; but when does it help in other circumstances? When, for instance, we are afflicted by poverty, which, we may take it, Scott will admit to be one of the "pain and anguish" producing agencies, fashion, far from succouring, will drive to ruin. Be that as it may, since fashion is a veritable aspen in its mood, it is hard to find beings of the stronger sex striving to oritice it. They can but admire its vagaries; or at the utmost preserve a non-committal silence. Hence, the attitude of Sir Thomas Oliver, the

President of the Hygienic Institute, in one of his speeches sometime ago, was one that might have been expected. He liked the new fashion in dress, he averred as women thereby became stronger and healthier.

"Taken altogether", he said, "there is much in the modern dress of women to commend itself from both the health and aesthetic point of view. But there is nothing attractive about the male attire. Men are overclad, and their clothing, compared with women's, is cumbersome, heavy and unhygienic. It is not so long since women's dress was equally heavy and unhealthy."

A critic of this speech, thereupon, characterised modern women, as "over-dressed and under-clad". "In their search for novelty, they not infrequently overstep the sartorial boundary between the 'just right' and the 'too much'. Now this is rather drastic observation for being overdressed of course may be a mere mistake, but being under-clad can be an offence, especially in Indian eyes.

This quite agrees with what Sir Thomas Lodge says about women "dres-

ing specially to compete with each other, not to attract the opposite sex". This is why perhaps new aspects are shown in often such bewildering profusion. For instance, where it was once thought in very bad taste to use imitation jewellery, now it is thought quite expedient to do so. Of course, when the pretext for this is economy, the innovation is a good one; but otherwise it somehow grates. One is inclined to ask, why wear jewels at all, if you cannot afford real ones.

The same applies to faked complexions, faked eyebrows, faked features, and one may say now faked faces. Considering the wonders of modern surgery in removing wrinkles, moulding noses, cutting off superfluous flesh etc., one really does not know where one stands. One's pet aversion can easily become one's utmost desire, judging at least by outward appearances. Where is the inward worth then, the real 'you, and 'I'?

Therefore, I would say, to Indian women, beware of sham, of pretence, of camouflage!

SISTER SUSIE.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

WHEN a woman marries, her first duty is to be a companion to her husband. If not, there is no reason, why she should marry. To marry in order not to be called an old maid, or to merely have the protection of the husband's name, seems to be entirely against the aims and ideals of marriage at all. In modern times, however, marriage is very often becoming a mere convenience. Money, position, good looks, caste, and religion often make a woman accept a man, even though she may not love him. And during their married lives there is no true companionship, but merely a

formal acceptance of one another's company as a duty, with little pleasure in it. Such marriages of convenience often lead the woman to leave her home and carry on work which she thinks will better her country. She has nothing to attract her at home, and therefore, she leaves it and wanders about the world, doing her philanthropic work, and forgetting that "charity begins at home." I have known of cases where children complain,—“Our mother is never at home. We hardly know her. We cannot talk to her freely. We hardly see her. It is father whom we love. He

does everything for us." And again, I have known husbands say,—“My wife is always away. I have to do all the house-keeping. She only stays at home a few months in the year.”

No doubt, we want our women to come forward, and not be mere domestic drudges, but do they not go too far when they shirk all home responsibilities? They should not marry if they have no womanly feelings, but wish to be mascu-

line. It is far better to remain unmarried and free. But no, many of our women insist on marrying without love, so that they may have the honour of being married women. How much more courageous it will be for a woman to refuse to marry, if she is not in love with the man proposed. Marriages of convenience do not often turn out to be happy!

PUNKAJAM.

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Mrs. HLA OUNG, M.B.E., K.I.H., President of the Burma Women League, who presided at the 1st session of the All-Burma Women's Conference held recently.

Photo:— R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

Household Hints

Many houses in India have a general look of dustiness, because the floor, although perfectly clean, has no shine on it, and because the furniture has no polish. I came across the following recipes in the *Madras Mail* some time ago, for floor and furniture polishes, which I think will be rather useful for Indian housewives. Floor polish can be prepared with an ounce and a half of bee's wax, half an ounce of white wax, half a pint of turpentine, and half an ounce of soap. The soap should be mixed with a pint of water and boiled until the whole is melted. The wax

should be melted in another vessel and both should be mixed. Then the turpentine should be added, and left to cool. It is then ready to be used.

Wood polish for furniture can be made with Castile soap and olive or salad oil. The piece of furniture must first be cleared of all dust, and then prepared for polish by rubbing with a mixture made from the shavings of half a cake of Castile soap dissolved in a gallon of warm water, to which an ounce of olive or salad oil is added.

PADDY.

Our Furniture Suggestions:

How to buy furniture.

The *Parents' Magazine* gives some hints about this, to which we can add our own suggestions. The first thing wanted, it seems to me, is *suitability*. The new articles should suit the house and its style of building. For instance, if a room is small, and its ceiling low, it is not good to buy heavy or large pieces. Then again, the new furniture must suit the *old stock*. We must use our discretion and taste in suiting our styles of furnishing to one another. The harmony of *colour* should also be considered. Again, every article should have its *complement* near it; for instance, a table should have its chair; a piano should have its stool; an arm-chair should have its little table, and so on. Then there is *suitability to climate*; for instance, personally I would not advise too much upholstery for hot India; nor too much of bright reds and greens in its

dazzling atmosphere. Another thing is *suitability to the people concerned*. For instance, if there are children in the house, costly pieces, or fragile pieces should not be too much indulged in, till the babies are grown-up. Then again different sorts of furniture must be provided for different ages and for varying occupations and interests.

The next thing is the *funds*. There is no use of buying anything till one is able to afford the expense for the best. And till then, it is best, if possible, not to insist on cheap, flimsy, tawdry articles. Of course, when necessary, one has to buy furniture of some sort; but even here some discrimination can be made in choosing solid things. The best, therefore, should be purchased, if there is money. If not, it is good to wait for it, if possible; for the best will last the longest.

The third thing is an *artistic* sense, and an attention to beauty. Surround yourselves and your children with all that is harmonious and pretty.

Then there should be some *necessity* for the new article. If not, it should be made to fit into some niche. Otherwise, it will be like fitting a square peg into a

round hole.

Lastly, never be in a *hurry* to buy furniture. It is best to study and think about what is required and what can be supplied. And it will be well to consult books and shops and people about articles and their prices.

HOME-DECORATOR.

Notes On Modern Cookery.

AS in all other departments of life, so in cookery, there is bound to come naturalism, reason and simplicity. But the incubus of tradition is sitting hard on cooking, as on other matters. With Indians cooking has become a static art. With the change in the fundamental bases of therapeutics and the science of dieting, there should be a corresponding widening of the field of culinary art.

One of the widely prevalent faults in our cooking is that we do not use vegetables properly in our curries; and thus our bodies do not get a sufficient supply of mineral salts and vitamins. Our people unknowingly throw away the water in which vegetables are boiled, in this way starving the body of much-needed calcium, iron, phosphorus, manganese, potassium and sodium. This deficiency of mineral salts and vitamins, with want of exercise, accounts for the anaemia, want of *pep*, nervousness, easy excitability, inability for sustained work bodily or mental, found among Indian ladies. The slogan should be "more of green leafy vegetables and plenty of raw salads." Articles containing plenty of organic iron should be eaten, such as onions, eggs, unsplit dhal, whole cereal grains, cucumber, water melons, tomatoes and spinach.

We do not also eat much food containing Iodine; yet Iodine is an impor-

tant constituent of the body, and its deficiency causes *goitre*, a disease of the thyroid gland. The thyroid is an extremely important *endocrine* gland, lying just above the breast-bone. Physiologists now find that the thyroid remarkably influences metabolism and increases the power of the blood. Thus, thyroid secretion is of the utmost use in human economy. "Iodine is a great gland-regulator which gives mental energy, originality, *pep* and confidence, and prevents goitre, insanity, auto-intoxication and nervous breakdown. It is a great protector of the brain and the nervous system from the body poisons. The best Iodine foods are onions, pine-apples, spinach, egg-yolk, lettuce and oysters. Those who need Iodine are the anaemic, the emotional, nervous, sentimental, easily-upset temperaments and those with goitre and tendency to nervous prostration." (Sir V. Ramesam). Cod-liver oil contains a very liberal supply of Iodine and is therefore a *sine qua non* for children and high-strung persons.

It is very important to remember that mineral salts like iron and Iodine are not utilised by the body, when in an inorganic form. The inorganic iron, which enters into many pharmaceutical preparations, is simply thrown out of the body. Hence the insistence on "plenty of green leafy vegetables." There are many such

which are not utilised by the housewife. Thus *Murungai*, pea leaf, asparagus, cabbage, *Chembu*, *Kanchori* etc. are very rarely used. They contain mineral salts and their frame-work of cellulose assists the free movement of the bowels, thus banishing the constipation which sometimes produces chlorosis, auto-intoxication, uterine displacement, migraine (one-sided head ache) and a host of other grave troubles.

During gestation, there is an increased drain on the calcium reserve in the body, and pregnant ladies are liable to suffer from diseases of the teeth and bones. This demand a very liberal intake of foods containing calcium, like milk, butter-milk, egg-yolk, nuts, dhal, green leafy vegetables and fruits of all kinds. Women require more calcium than men. If all these principles are carefully followed, child-birth will be rid of many of its present horrors. As Dr. Lindlahr says, "natural dieting makes child-birth easy, post-parturient women regain their health more quickly, and the children are well-nourished, healthy and escape many infants' maladies."

Rice, the staple South Indian food, is the poorest of all the cereal grains in calcium, phosphorous, sodium, iron and manganese and even the very small amount it contains of them is removed by polishing. Is it any wonder that, by the extensive use of rice, digestion is impaired, the muscular walls of the stomach lose their contractile power, the heart becomes weak and unable to pump the blood with the necessary vigor and frequency, the muscles controlling excretion become torpid, and constipation and intestinal stasis are the result.

A good deal of pioneer work has to be done in educating the rulers of our homes in the A B C of modern dietetics; and the unyielding bedrock of conservatism has to be shattered by vigorous educative propaganda, an arduous work to be sure, but one well worth the trouble. Food plays a not inconsiderable part in the raising of a nation of strong, virile, energetic, intelligent and active citizens; and woman, the shaper and life-giver of the coming generation has a very important work to do in this connection.

A. VAIDYANADHAN.

Needlework Notes.

Knitted Lace.

This can be done in coloured silks and used as a border directly on a *Sari*, or placed on a black velvet background for the same purpose.

Case on 9 stitches.

1st row: slip 2, knit 2, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, throw twice, knit 2.

2nd row: Slip 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit

4, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

3rd row: Slip 1, knit 2, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 6.

4th row: A chain of 2 stitches, by putting the needle into the last stitch and, without knitting it, slipping it on to the needle. Do the same with the second, knit 5, throw 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. Repeat.

The Y. W. C. A. International Hostel In London.

IT has become a matter for common talk now that the West has something to learn from the East, as well as the East from the West, and I am afraid our Eastern sisters will get as fired of the question "What is Gandhi here for?" as those connected with the Round Table were of: "Where did you learn English? How well you speak!" If the remarks overheard are as flattering as this which one of the newly-arrived students overheard, — "There goes Gandhi's sister," a remark which made her feel very proud, these questions will be welcomed!

This has been a record year for the arrival of Indian women students, and many find their way now to that centre of International activity,

The International Hostel of the Y. W. C. A.

24, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, W. C., in which, since its removal to the vicinity of the London University, many have found a home, not only on arrival in London but during all their sojourn for study. The tears that have been shed on saying farewell this past month are an evidence of this.

Although at first one of the houses was set apart for Indians in order that they might cook their own "curry and rice," it was soon found that the students and visitors preferred mingling with girls of other Nationalities and getting in touch with visitors from almost every land;—two Chinese students, one learning to be architects, another to write for Newspapers; a Japanese teacher, a Hungarian musician, a Jamaican typist, an Anglo-Indian Headmistress, French, Scandinavian, Icelandic business women; with these useful friendships are formed.

Each boarder has a little room to herself, or can live cheaper in a cubicle-4/6 or 5/6 bed and breakfast, 6/- a day for residence.

In addition to Hostel accommodation for 60, there is the International club where outsiders can learn various useful occupations, to the European visitor not the least important being the classes to learn English.

Our first meeting this session was a "farewell" to Miss MacDonald, Principal, and Miss Lambert, of the Kinnaird School, Lahore, as they have a Student Y. W. C. A. Branch; and as a number of Kinnaird School girls are connected with members of the Round Table they found many friends. One, Miss Mullha, was secretary to her grandfather both for the Round Table and the Prime Ministers' Conference. I have been struck with the interest that the Punjab Round Table members took in being introduced to me, as I bore the name of the Kinnaird School in which their womenfolk had been trained. This meeting was also a "Welcome" to Miss Barker, who was unanimously elected Secretary to the Y. W. C. A. Indian Branch in London and has taken up work immediately, succeeding the Hon. Kinnaird in some of her social work in London.

Our second, and saddest "Farewell" was to Mrs. Chakravarti, our late Secretary, now Mrs. Werth, who has gone to live in Paris. She has taken introductions to the Students' Hostel, where Miss Annette Tritton works among students, and she hopes that any who go to Paris will find their way to her house there. (Student Hostel, Bailvard St. Michelle will find her.)

As is usual in all work among students,

many changes have occurred and it is difficult to carry on a consecutive work in London. Each year brings its own special interest, and of course this year the minds of all the students are on the Round Table, and the arrival of Mahatma

Gandhi, Mrs Naidu, and other delegates. As far as one can judge, the majority of students are glad that he has come to represent the Congress, but there are some whose idea of Nationalism is drastic and who desire very rapid changes.

Health Notes.

(SELECTED)

WHY BABIES LAUGH

The things that made one baby laugh were described at a recent meeting of the British Association by Prof. C. W. Valentine of the University of Birmingham:

This baby's first laugh appeared at the age of thirty-nine days and was caused by delight at the approach of food.

The second was at the age of ten weeks, and was in imitation of the laughter of mother or father. At this same age it was first noticed that tickling caused laughter. At twelve weeks, laughter was caused by sight of a bright, attractive object.

Six weeks later, when the baby was eighteen weeks old, there appeared for the first time what some psychologists consider the chief cause of adult laughter, a laugh at some simple, non-painful shock or surprise. At six months, the boy's laughter had become frequent, and could be invoked, Professor Valentine found, by imitating the child's own actions or by mere repetition of something, as when a stage comedian makes his audience laugh by repeating again and again, some incongruous or meaningless phrase.

At seven months, the baby laughed for the first time at what might be called intellectual surprises, like the father speaking in a falsetto voice. At seven months, also there were uncertain signs

of laughter caused by mere recognition of a familiar person or thing. Between eight months and twelve months, appeared the laughter of accomplishment, induced, for example, by success in standing alone.

Finally when the child was almost a year old, the tenth cause of laughter was noticed, the mild discomfiture of embarrassment of others, a cause, which many psychologists hold to be the chief one among adults.—*The Sanitarian*.

THE BODY LOUSE

The body louse is a dirty grey creature with a smooth, hard, chitinous protective shell. Its mouth is fitted with a sharp hollow sucker with which it punctures the skin and sucks blood. At the end of each of its six legs is a single claw, and it anchors itself by one or more of these claws to its victim's underclothing, while sucking his blood.

The male is smaller than the female which, under ideal conditions, may lay 300 eggs and have 4000 descendants during her life-time. The eggs or nits are deposited in the clothing. They hatch from 7 to 10 days, if the temperature suits them, and the larvae begin to feed at once on their host. Sucking blood at frequent intervals and moulting several times, the larvae grow to sexual maturity in about two weeks.

The average life of a louse is from 35

to 40 days. Lice seldom roam freely about on the body, preferring the comparative safety of folds in underclothing. It is usually at night that they feed on their host, whom they desert when he is feverish or dead, disliking a temperature which is a little above or below what they are used to.

The diseases which lice convey are typhus or gaol fever, relapsing or recurrent fever, and trench fever. Typhus is carried by lice alone; without them, this disease would be non-existent. Infection occurs not so much at the time of biting, as afterwards when the victim is liable to scratch the bitten skin and rub infected matter from the louse into the body. So dangerous is the typhus-infected louse, that its excreta when rubbed into the intact skin will infect the person concerned with typhus. Many skin troubles are due to lice. There is also the loss of sleep from which lice-infested persons suffer.

Lice and nits are killed by a jet of steam or a hot flat-iron passed over clothing. Petrol or paraffin also kills them. While his clothing is being disinfected, the host

should take a hot bath, for a stray louse left at liberty on his body may nullify all the good effects of wholesale sterilization of his clothing.

Lice cannot living long without food, and, if infested clothing is stored for 30 to 40 days, not only the lice but the nits in it will die. Numerous insect powders have been recommended and, though some of them may perhaps kill the adult louse, the nit is apt to survive. (Communicated by the Secretariat of the League of Red Cross Societies, 2, Avenue Velasquez, Paris. VIII).

A USE FOR HAIR

When oils are extracted from vegetable seeds, enormous pressure must be used. Hydraulic presses crush the seeds, and squeeze out the oil. A filter cloth is used in the press to separate the oil from the seeds. Best for this purpose is cloth woven from human hair. The hair of a Chinaman seems much more suitable for the purpose than any other. Last year more than 1,500 tons of human hair were imported from China.—*Treasure Chest*.

News and Notes.

(SELECTED)

IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD UNDER ISLAM.

The Islamic view of woman is the grandest and highest. Islam designates woman as the dearest of friends, a safeguard against sin, a counterpart of man susceptible to all healthy and salutary influences, the fountain of love and affection mixed with guidance and teaching for the young world. Woman is the most exquisite and finished product of Nature, whose one kiss accompanied

by a pure and faithful heart brings a treasure of happiness to man, and seals the two hearts into one. According to the Book of Islam, woman is a rocky fortress against Satan, a lighthouse of virtue and continence, one who can alone save man from shipwreck, while tossing among the strong waves of passion; and, in the words of princess Karadjé, one whose pure love transforms the brute into an angel.—*Stri Dharma*.

GANDHIJI ON WOMEN LEGISLATORS

When speaking on the franchise and election at the Federal Committee in London, Gandhiji expressed: "There should be a clause in the constitution providing that if the constituencies failed to elect representatives of certain classes, as for instance, women, Europeans and representatives of commerce, they should be selected or nominated by the legislature." Replying to Mrs. Subbaroyan Mr. Gandhi said "He would boycott any legislature which did not elect women freely." —(*The Hindu*.)

ENGLISH GIRL'S FLYING FEAT

The nineteen-year old English girl, Miss Peggy Salaman, with Mr. Gordon Store as Navigator and Deputy Pilot, landed at Cape Town at 7.37 this morning, having established a new record for the flight from England. They left at 11 p. m. last Friday and beat by more than one day the record of 6½ days set up by the late Commander Kidston and his companion some months ago.

Miss Salaman and Mr. Store were using a British Puss Moth machine. They reached Kimberly yesterday evening and completed the final stage of 550 miles earlier than expected, so that few people were present to greet them.

Although they covered well over 7,000 miles in 5½ days and last night was the first occasion on which a full night's sleep was possible, the previous night had been spent in a bush when it was necessary to keep guard against prowling animals. Miss Salaman did not appear tired when she reached Cape Town this morning. She said the flight had not been a strain and that when she had had a bath she would be willing to do it again.—*The Hindu*.

INDIAN WOMEN IN ENGLAND

"If I believed in transition, and I thought I was going to be re-born an Indian, I would pray to be a labourer's

wife," declared Miss Cecile Matheson, addressing a luncheon party of the Croydon Women's Citizens' Association.

Speaking on the position of women in India to-day, Miss Matheson said: "How many years ago is it since it would have been thought impossible for the British Government in India to single out women and send them to England in connexion with this new government for Indian movement? We hear so much of the privations of Indian women, and yet here are three of these women—all of them magnificent orators—in England now.

"I suppose that one of the most wonderful movements of the century has been the awakening of the Eastern woman. In India the movement is progressing rapidly. There are many men of education in India who are asking their wives to come out of purdah and help them in their work, but there are always shy women who hang back."

DELHI WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

A resolution advocating continuance of the Sarda Act and protesting against any reactionary amendments, was adopted at the annual session of the Delhi Constituent Conference of the All-India Women's Conference.

Resolutions were also passed calling the attention of the Municipality of Delhi to the deplorable state of sanitation of the city, requesting the Chief Commissioner to accord his sanction to the by-law relating to the enfranchisement of women, favouring steps for the introduction of a similar provision in the District Boards, asking the local bodies to be more liberal in the matter of granting franchise to women, and drawing the attention of the Local Government to the urgent necessity for adequate medical aid in the villages. The Conference further pledged its support for any legislative measure, which might be designed to recognize and enforce the right of Hindu women to

private inheritance.

The lady, who presided, said that at a time when the country was passing through a crisis it was necessary that women should rouse themselves. It was workers they needed, more than talkers. They had in India a considerable body of women who had talent for public work, and were well fitted to take share in the activities of municipal bodies and of even Legislative Councils.

MADRAS WOMEN IN CONFERENCE

The sixth session of the Madras Annual Constituent Conference of the All-India Women's Conference on Educational and Social Reform was held at the Women's Christian College, Madras.

Miss E. McDougall, Principal, Women's Christian College, presided and there was a large gathering of ladies, representing various communities.

Mrs. Ammu Swaminadhan, Secretary of the Madras Constituent Conference presented the report for the year 1930-31. She stated that at a committee meeting of the Conference on April 4, 1931, the Standing Committee member was asked to send the following message to Mr. Gandhi on the fundamental rights of women in the new constitution of India:

"While acknowledging the sympathy with which clauses 5 of the new constitution drawn up by the Congress was introduced, we consider it would not meet the best interest of women, and we would prefer that maternity benefits should be covered by ordinary law on the subject and that the whole clause should be deleted and the substance of it introduced, when necessary, in the Factory law."

In conclusion, the Secretary stated: "As you all know the annual conference this year will be held in Madras. Our responsibilities are great. It is our turn now to welcome the women delegates from all parts of India and make the conference a success, so that the expectations of our guests that the Madras

Conference will be a brilliant success may be fulfilled.

Resolutions were then taken up and the following, which was moved from the chair, was unanimously adopted:

"This Conference desires to emphasise the importance of women's work in schools, on committees, governing bodies, welfare activities, Legislative bodies, conferences and Commissions and calls upon the public to realise the value of women's cooperation in all matters connected with women and children."

Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulakshmi Reddy moved:

"(a) The women of this Conference, realising the vital importance of disarmament for the peace and the happiness of the world, urge the women of India to give their whole-hearted support and sympathy to the World Disarmament Conference to be held in Geneva in February, 1932.

"(b) This Conference calls upon the Hindus and Muslims and all communities in India to live together in love and peace and to work in harmony one with another for the common welfare of the country."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

The Conference passed a resolution emphasising the need for educating public opinion in favour of the Sarda Act and calling upon the Central and Local Governments to enforce the provisions of the Act strictly. The resolution also appealed to H. E. the Viceroy and the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State to "keep the Act intact."

Among the other resolutions was one giving support to Rai Bahadur Haribilas Sarda's Bill to secure a share for Hindu widows in the family property of their husbands. The Conference also emphasised the need for a larger number of trained midwives being appointed in the Presidency and urged "that no retrenchment be made in the field of public health."—*The Madras Mail*.

AN INDIAN INTERLUDE

Indian influence has given an interlude of wondrous beauty to London. It came about through a lecture on Angkor arranged by the India Society when Miss Loucille Douglass, the American artist and lecturer, who has spent so much time since 1920 in the Far East, entranced the Indian and Anglo-Indian community here. Her "Far Eastern Gardens Through An American Artist's Eyes" is a lecture much commented on in the United States.

All the glory of Indian art and archaeology is revealed in her lecture on Angkor and the mysterious Khmer civilisation attributed to migrants from the South of India. Not only was it given before the Royal Asiatic Society recently, but also at Oxford University presented to a group of learned professors.

A large audience including many delegates of the Round Table Conference sat entranced in the Royal Geographical Society's Hall opposite Kensington Gardens, as Miss Douglass took us with her through Cambodia, visiting the palace of Phnom Penh with its marvellous glittering floor in the Temple of the Silver Floor by the great lake, Tonle Sap, to the wonders of Angkor Thom and finally Angkor

Vat, that temple which covered three and a half square miles and once housed over 79,000 people. All around is the captivating sea of the jungle flowing in waves of green across illimitable space and seeming only to await its opportunity to engulf in its depths once again the ruins excavated with such skill by the French archaeologists, to whom the lecturer paid high tribute.

As Mrs. Sirojini Naidu said, when called upon by Sir Francis Younghusband for a few words, "I was alive a little while ago in a living land of beauty and now I find myself awake in the dead land of reality. It is not possible to express one's self in mere English words. We of the Round Table Conference, confronted with the rather gloomy pictures of the future, all realise how beautiful was the past of India. It was brave adventurers from the south India who made possible what the lecturer called "the greatest triumph of architectural art."

"It was in shape and form and beauty," she continued, "the aspiring soul of India that never dies, whether in London or in far, off Indo-China. I feel once again that she has performed the immemorial function of being the revealer of life."

The Madras Mail.

Women's Christian Temperance Union Convention at Ootacamund.

The 23rd Annual Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Madras Division, was held in Ootacamund on November 3rd-5th 1931. Delegates came from Madras, Bangalore, Coonoor, Kotagiri and Ootacamund. They were entertained at Selbourne, a delightful missionary home where the meetings were held.

During the business session, which occupied the next two days, the chief attention was centred upon methods of scientific temperance instruction. Mrs. A. H. Chowriyappah of Madras gave a model lesson illustrating this method of education. Plans were made for intensive instruction along these lines in schools all over the Madras Presidency, basing the lessons on an excellent syllabus prepared by Mrs. Chowriyappah.

Plans were also made for a large increase in the membership and for extending the organisation to a number of other centres in South India.

The following resolutions were passed.

Resolved: *That* the Madras Division of the Women's Christian Temperance Union apply for representation in the Madras Christian Council.

That all the local unions participate in Health Exhibitions, Baby weeks, etc., by asking to be allowed a Temperance section.

That we heartily approve of the syllabus for scientific temperance instruction drawn up by Mrs. Chowryyappah, and authorize the publication of the same in English, Tamil, Telugu and Canarese.

That the Women's Christian Temperance Union issue certificates of proficiency to such teachers as satisfactorily complete the course outlined in the syllabus. Also that certificates be given to High School students who pass an examination in the subject matter of this course.

That the Madras, Mysore, Travancore and Hyderabad Governments be asked to incorporate this syllabus or its equivalent in their High School curriculum.

That the Madras Government be asked to further extend the partial prohibition for the hill tribes in the Nilgiris by reducing the number of toddy and arrack shops in the hill areas, beginning with Gudalur Town.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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- 2 M. J. Abdul Khader Sahib Esq., Trichinopoly
- 3 The Correspondent Capron Hall, Madura
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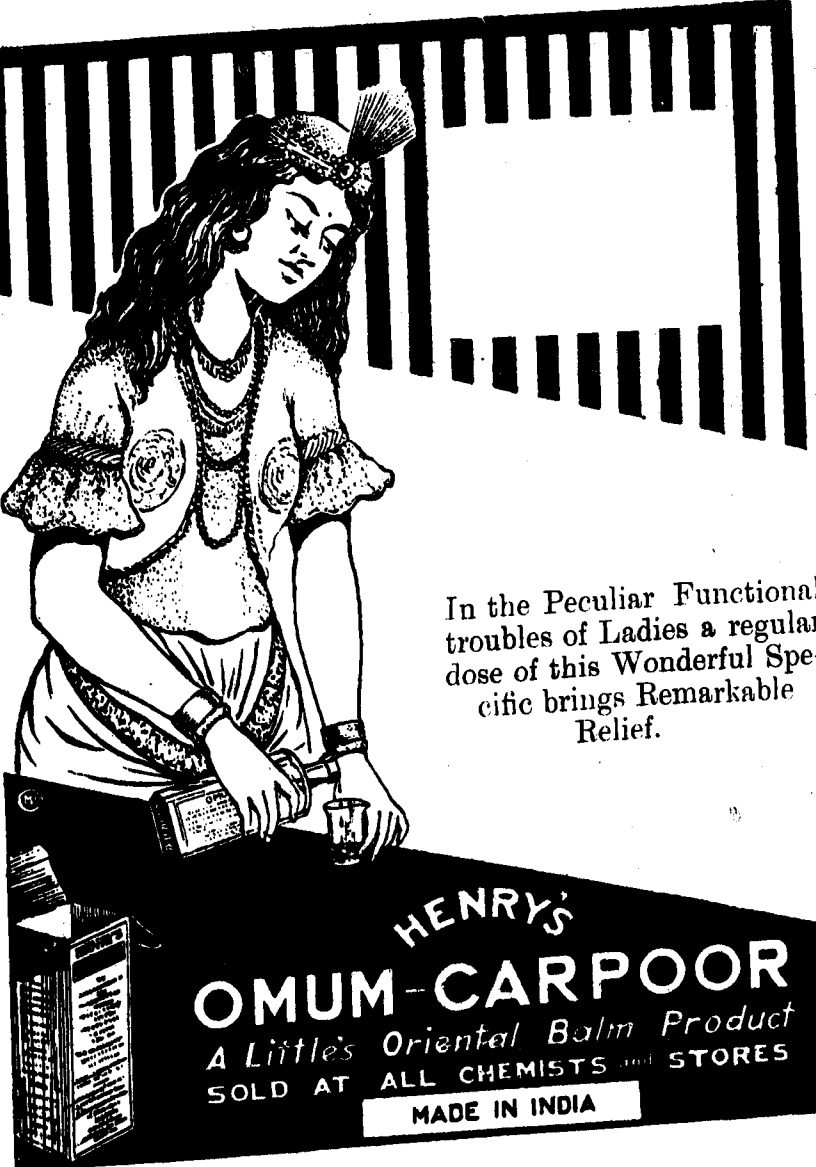
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