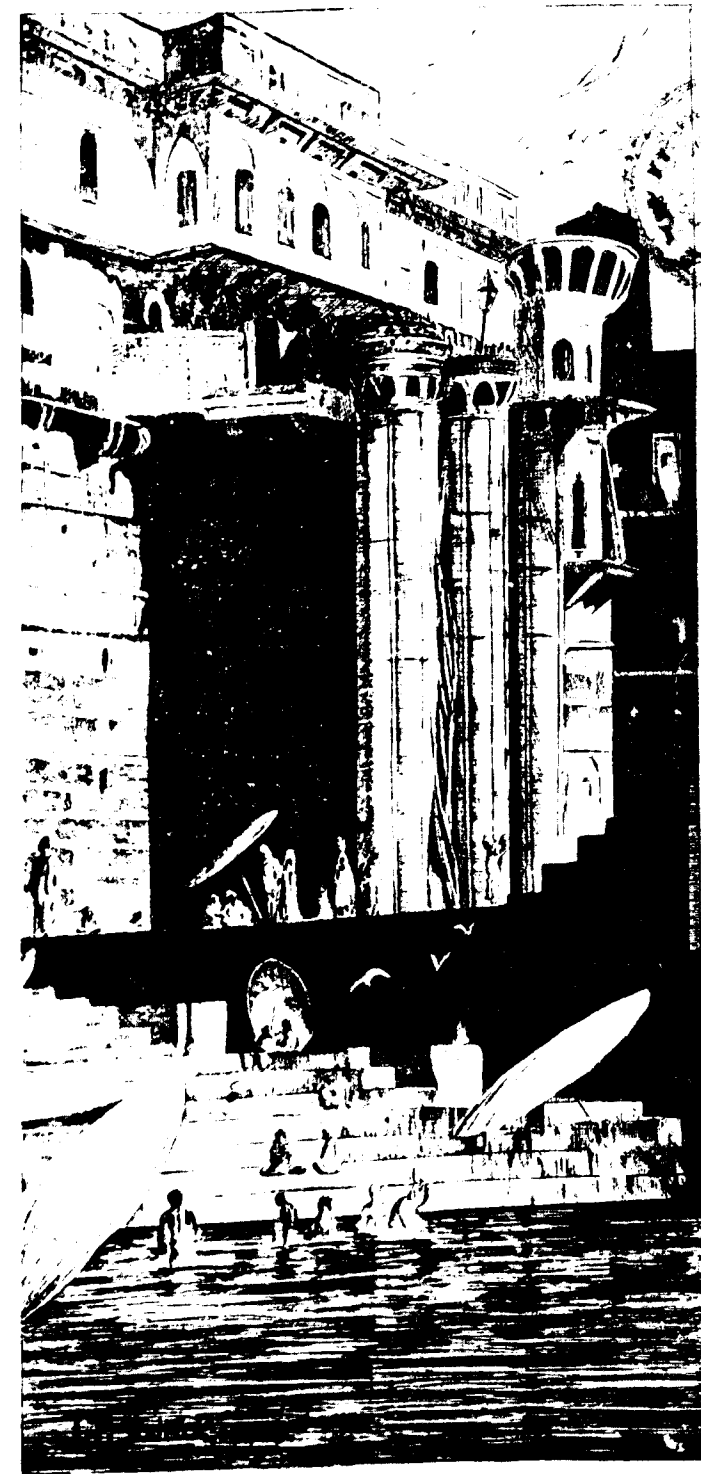


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The **INDIAN LADIES'** **MAGAZINE**



Special Number for December 1931.



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The **INDIAN LADIES'** **MAGAZINE**

Vol. V

DECEMBER 1931

No. 5

NATURE'S MESSAGE.

By Padmini Sattianadhan

This Universe in which we live, so vast
And void, wherein our little soul is cast,
To strive upon a rolling restless world,
That in dark space with gleaming stars is hurled,—
Makes me sometimes shrink with fear and awe,
And doubt God's plan and spiritual law.

My life is but a speck : why should one care
For my poor soul ? Why should I ever dare
To think that someone watches me and seeks
To save me, or that God Almighty speaks
To me alone ? Can I, whom time and space
Crush to nothing, ever hope for grace ?

Ah yes, I hear the answer all around
And see it with my eyes. The deep profound
Sounds of Nature sing to me alone,

Although their songs are meant for all. The moan
Of angry wild winds, as they canter past,
Speak to me, although their speed is fast.

The sun, whose radiant heat-rays shine on all,
Warms me as well, and then the sombre pall
Of night, that darkens all the world, restores
Shadows once again. The open doors
Of Nature's treasured storehouse freely give
Their special welcome to all things that live.

And what is Nature, but the voice of Him
Who ever speaks to us ? Our visions dim,
However, see the beauties all around,
And do not realise the deep profound
Message that resounds from God, in which
He tells us He's the friend of poor and rich.



The little Rogue
Photo by : — M. K. Rangaswami Iyengar.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL and A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

by I. D. Tangaswamy.



UIDA called Christmas a feast of slaughter and glut-tony. But there is a side to the feast which Onida's in-tellect sadly missed. This side, Dickens saw and placed before the people of En-gland so effectively that, whenever the Christmas season comes round, his name is recalled by his countrymen with honour and homage.

Of all the Christmas carols in the English language, the most delightful is the carol which tells of the conversion, on a Christmas eve, of a tight-fisted man with a cold and frosty heart, which would not warm even when warmth was quite essential for the biting coldness of the weather. To Ebenezer Scrooge, for that was the man's name, the celebration of Christmas by all and sundry was a big humbug.

Scrooge's nephew was a poor fellow, whose only boast on a Christmas day was that he had grown a year older since the last Christ-mas, but whose pockets had not become heavier by even a penny. Scrooge's clerk was earning only fifteen shillings a week, but had a wife and family. Then, there were many poor men in England, who deserved to be in prisons or workhouses. All these went about, to the great indignation of Scrooge, with 'Merry Christmas' on their lips. If only Scrooge could work his will, every idiot who went about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips "should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart"!

On a Christmas eve, Scrooge had three visitors. One of them was his nephew. He came to wish his uncle a 'Merry Christmas' and to point out to him that Christmas time was a good time, "a kind, forgiving, chari-table, pleas-unt time, the only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys". The other two were portly gentlemen who came to indent on Scrooge's liberality to raise a fund to supply the poor with "some meat and drink and means of warmth" on Christmas Day, as it was a time "when want was keenly felt and abundance rejoiced". Scrooge merely told them that it was enough if they understood their own business and did not interfere with other people. Having dismissed the visitors and his clerk with a scowl on his face, Scrooge retired to a melancholy dinner in a melancholy tavern and subsequently to bed.

Then arose suddenly before Scrooge a ghost with a strong chain bound to its waist. "a chain of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds and heavy purses wrought in steel". It was the ghost of his partner, Marley, who had been dead for seven years. It had been wandering restlessly and was most uncom-fortable during the Christmas season, as, while Marley lived on earth, he had walked through crowds of fellow-beings with his eyes turned down and "never raised to that blessed star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode". It had therefore come to warn Scrooge that there

was a chance for him, while yet he lived in the world, to make the poor happy and thus escape its fate. The ghost then sent three spirits to drive Scrooge from the path he had trodden.

The first spirit was the 'Ghost of Christ-mas Past'. It took Scrooge through his past. Scrooge beheld a 'Merry Christmas', which was celebrated when he was a boy. He was in the school room, a solitary child neglected by his friends, when his sister came to take him home in a coach, there "to be together all the Christmas long and to have the merriest time in all the world". This sister was the mother of the nephew whom he had spurned a few hours before when he had come to wish him a 'Merry Christmas'! Scrooge then beheld another past Christmas when he was an apprentice in a warehouse under the good old Mr. Fezziwig. The dances and the for-feits, the cake and the negus, the cold roast and boiled, the mince-pies and beer, which he had enjoyed in the warehouse in company with Mrs. Fezziwig and her three beaming and lovable daughters—all rose vividly before him. Yet another Christmas, he was made to see in spite of his disinclination to see more. The woman, to whom he had plighted his troth when he was poor and whom he had jilted afterwards when all his nobler aspirations had given way to a strong passion for money-mak-ing, made merry with her children and sat down to a happy dinner with her husband, while Scrooge himself sat alone in his office and his partner, Marley, lay on the point of death in his chamber.

The second spirit that visited Scrooge was the 'Ghost of Christmas Present.' Scrooge had become a changed man now. He was not the obstinate man he had been and would gladly go to any place the spirit would lead him to. He was very anxious to profit by the lesson the spirit had to teach him. The spirit set him on the city streets on Christmas. The morning was cold and bitter, and yet "there was an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and bright-est summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain." The bells of the church and chapel rang out their call for the good and devout people of the city. Scrooge was then taken to the house of his clerk, Bob Cratchit, and from there down a mine and over the sea and ultimately to the house of his nephew, Fred. Everywhere he saw child-ren crying out merrily and husbands dining happily with their wives. After dinner, Bob

Cratchit and his wife drank to the health of his master and Fred created a good deal of mirth at the expense of his uncle!

The last of the spirits that visited Scrooge was the 'Ghost of Christmas yet to come.' It pointed inexorably into the future, when Scrooge's soul would part without a fond breast to rely upon, and his eyes would close with none by him to shed pious drops. He saw unmistakably in the vision, a neglected tombstone on which his own name, EbenEzer Scrooge, was carved.

What was the end of these visits? Scrooge made up his mind to be not what he had been. He certainly would not be the man he must have been but for the visits. He would honour Christmas in his heart and try to keep it all the year. The Christmas Day dawned with cheer for him. The church bells rang in his ears rolling wildly and sweetly "the unbroken song of peace on earth and good-will to men." Dressing himself all in his best, he slipped into the street to bid all the humble folk he met a Merry Christ-mas. He attended the church, subscribed liberally to the fund he had discountenanced the previous evening, sent a present of a prize-turkey to his clerk and had his Christmas dinner with his nephew. He even raised the salary of his clerk and promised to keep his struggling family above poverty.

"Scrooge had no further intercourse with spirits but lived upon the Total Abstinence principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christ-mas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge."

Inseparably bound up with Merry Chr-istmas, stands the Happy New Year. The New Year is happy for the resolutions that it forms and for the hope that it inspires. It is said of Matthew Arnold that on the first of January, he would draw up a list of books for study during the year and would, at the end of December next, see how far he had kept up his resolution. It is worth our while to map out our lives when the year begins and to review them when it ends.

On the first of January 1669, John Evelyn entered in his diary—"Imploring His blessing for the years entering, I went to Church where our Doctor preached on 65 Psalm 12, apposite to the season and beginning of a new year." The 65th Psalm is a Psalm of Thanksgiving written at a time which was favourable for an abundant harvest, and has a grand and beau-tiful reference to the power of God as variously

manifested in nature and in the affairs of men. The verse, which the Doctor chose for his text speaks of "God's paths dropping on the pastures of the wilderness" and girding the hills with joy. It was one of the verses in the Bible, which braced up John Wesley at the hour of his death, by the hope that it contained. Even in pagan belief, Hope counted for an inestimable virtue. In Pandora's box

rashly opened, Hope alone remained at the bottom to shed its influence in easing all the troubles of life.

Let the old year fly with all its failures and reproaches and mingle with the past. We will enter the new, resolving and hoping and writing deeply within our hearts the words of sublime confidence, "The Lord will provide."

TO-DAY

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.

The Past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.

Concern yourself with but To-day.
Grasp it, and teach it to obey

Your will and plan. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man.

You and To-day! A soul sublime
And the great heritage of time.

With God Himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, brave heart! Attain! attain!

—Anon, from the *British Weekly*.

Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie, like a shaft of light, across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?

—Tennyson.

The PHILOSOPHY OF THE BABY.

by
R. M. S.

THE human baby is perhaps the most mysterious of God's creations. The creation of life in a being is one of the most invulnerable secrets of God's kingdom; and, however much mere man may besiege and circumvent the processes of nature and ultimately conquer them too, he can never hope to master this supreme secret. Otherwise the distinction between God and man would vanish altogether. We hear of synthetic diamonds and even artificial milk, but no one has yet heard of an artificial or a synthetic baby being put on the market!

A baby is, in a sense, the biggest gamble of life! The element of uncertainty as to its future capabilities is one of the fundamental ties that unite the parents and the offspring in a most beautiful bond of mutual affection and sympathy. There is no knowing what the little one may turn out to be. He may be the greatest inventor of his age, the most brilliant creative genius of his time; he may be a famous lawyer or a financier; or he may after all turn out to be a scoundrel and a murderer! It is often argued that criminality is more the result of evil association in childhood, and an imperfect upbringing, than the direct consequence of an innate leaning. Given the most happy circumstances, or brought up in an atmosphere entirely inhibitory to such vicious tendencies, a child is bound to develop into a fairly normal type of humanity. There is a good deal of truth in this argument, but sometimes it does happen that opportunities do make a man a thief. Instances are not wanting to show that, in spite of the best training in youth, man succumbs to momentary passions and jealousies, and commits the most heinous crimes. But, these are rather the exceptions which prove the general rule.

The human baby is neither an unmitigated angel nor an undiluted demon, but a judicious mixture of the two! It can be the most docile little lamb, or the most frightfully mischievous little imp. The business of managing a baby is an art

in itself, that demands a native sympathy and kindness. The establishment of a separate department, namely the nursery, in the household is a purely Western arrangement and has nothing corresponding to it in the East. Not that we are unfamiliar with such exclusive establishments,—compare for instance the Harem, but children, with us, have always enjoyed the unrestricted privilege of easy and free access to any part of the house. It is rather difficult to understand or appreciate the motives underlying the segregation of the child, as though it carried within itself infectious germs and microbes! To our minds, the nursery is more like an isolation ward in a hospital than anything else! This kind of a forced separation tends to deprive the child of the perpetual companionship of its parents, a procedure that is fraught with incalculable harm in the long run. The mother is more or less a stranger, and the child consequently learns to love its nurse more than its own parents. Although Western ideals and notions have permeated our households to a very large extent, we must really be thankful that we have not yet come to regard our babies, the pride and glory of our homes, as so many dolls or biological specimens to be exhibited in a museum under the charge of a separate care-taker! The Indian mother fondles her baby to a much greater extent than her Western sister, and has therefore greater opportunities of instilling into the plastic mind of the child the noble virtues of filial affection and self-sacrifice. The Indian mother is literally worshipped by her sons and daughters, and the very first lesson that has always been taught to our children is to regard their parents as equivalent to God. One hears so much of "Love" in Western countries, but very little of that aspect of the virtue, which shows itself in filial affection, and implicit obedience to one's parents, and the desire to sacrifice one's comforts and conveniences in order to enhance the happiness of the authors of one's being. What is the *Ramayana*, if not the most illustrious example of

the high-water-mark of filial affection and the unquestioning obedience of the son to the father's commands? Is there anything comparable to it in the West?

The lisping prattle of the baby is a wonderful language in itself. It has neither a literature nor a grammar of its own, but is still capable of expressing the ideas of the child in the most beautiful though primitive manner. It is not very easy for everybody to understand the import or significance of those imperfect and half-formed sounds and syllables, just as one can never hope to make the child appreciate one's bombastic literature or refinements of speech. But, all the same, all through the ages, the loving mother has continued to interpret her darling's wants and requirements and satisfy them. Poets have compared the babble of the babe to the melodious music of the flute and the veena, and it is only those, that have been privileged to enjoy such heavenly music, who can appreciate its soothing harmony. The cleverest kindergarten lecturer can hardly hope to fathom the mysteries of baby-hood until he or she has brought up babies of his or her own! There can be no more tragic spectacle than a childless home.

Babes have an instinctive dislike of the cruel and the sordid. They do not take to everyone at first sight, and one may be sure that the persons they avoid are wanting somewhat in the virtues of sympathy, tolerance and love. There are a few people, who loathe the very sight of children; and such are fit for treason and murder! Never trust a man or a woman who is incapable of attracting children. There is nothing more appealing in the Christian religion than the wonderful love that Jesus exhibited towards innocent children. Without the golden key of love, one cannot ever hope to unlock the heart of the baby. A child, who is brought up in an atmosphere of perpetual bickering jealousies and quarrels, is likely to grow up into the very worst type of a human being. Early influences have a great deal to do in moulding the character of an individual, and, if children have been loved much, they carry some of that love with them out into the world all through the rest of their lives.

One should not make friendship with a man who does not care for the welfare of the world, and who has no fear, shame, compassion, or an inclination to do good to others.

—From the *Indian Epics*.

But times have changed and are rapidly changing. In these days of economic depression and of a very keen struggle for existence, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find the wherewithal to provide for even the necessities of life; and an increase in the population of a country is regarded as a very alarming signal. Babies are becoming more and more unwanted; but the irony of the whole situation lies in the fact that comparatively more affluent nations of the West have taken up the theories and practices of contraception with greater avidity than the poorer countries of the East. Babes are an unwelcome nuisance in most of the homes of the well-to-do and the fashionable. Modern mothers, especially in the West, have neither the inclination nor the time to tolerate, much less enjoy, their children's company. Nurses, governesses, schools, in fact anybody else, looks after children. The so-called economic emancipation of women and their entry into the field of competition with man has also a great deal to do in encouraging this school of thought. Whatever it might be, instead of being regarded as the pride and prerogative of her life, motherhood is now looked upon by woman as a curse and a veritable burden; and all sorts of dubious and positively harmful methods are resorted to, to escape from that condition. There is a fundamental difference between the Oriental and the Occidental outlook upon the child and its relation to society. To Western minds, the child is just the potential breadwinner, while to the Eastern and particularly, the Hindu, the child, if it happens to be a male particularly, is the most essential requisite for the attainment of salvation. The son is the ladder, by the help of which the father ascends to the kingdom of Heaven. A childless individual is a trespasser in the domains of God! It is not without its own significance, therefore, that the movement for birth control had its origin in Western countries.

N.B.—Some of the ideas advanced here, tackled from a new point of view, may be thought controversial; and I would like my readers to write replies to this article.

—EDITOR, I. L. M.

BEAUTY.

By Herbert Porter.

Came Beauty forth in fairest sight,
Along the pathways of the night,
And, as she stepped, enchantment fell
In music round her, like a spell.

Her form was as the radiance
Of mellow moonbeams in the dance;
Her graces light and artless were
As is the gauzy gossamer.

A raiment woven of silver light,
Clung round her, like a comet's flight;
And staring stars their courses stopt,
A fairer motion to adopt.

The white-fringed clouds, their vapours cast
Upon the fragments of the blast,
To see my Lady Beauty go,
Apparelled like celestial snow.

The mountains doft their caps to see
Such splendour in virginity;
The rivulets and valleys sang
Unto her footsteps' fleeting clang.

A motion in the upper air,
Betold dim spirits were astir;
They followed Beauty, whither she
Walked in superb felicity.

About her hair pure gems were twined,
By sacred Muses' skill designed;
And, as she paused, the round Earth
smiled,
And with wild rapture was beguiled.

Thus did my Lady Beauty go,
Enslaving mortal sense below;
Till last I saw her greet the dawn—
She vanished curtsying to the Morn.

Kanaka's Journal.

BY

An Indian Lady.

(Continued.)

MR. Sundara Rao has joined the staff; a little flutter was caused by his sudden appearance among us, in the most fashionable suit of clothes seen in these parts for long, and with a monocle dangling in front. The girls say that he teaches well, but talks sarcastically about the education of girls; I hope the Head comes to hear of it soon!

We are getting up an entertainment to collect funds for the villagers ruined by the floods. The idea came from the Fifth form girls, and, in spite of the shadow of the Inspection still looming over us, we have all thrown ourselves enthusiastically into the project. The chief items on the programme are to be scenes from a Telugu play on "Nur Jehan," which will naturally provide occasions for tableau effects; a skit in English called "The Ideal Wife," translated from the original Kanarese by Mr. Sundar Rao; and, of course and inevitably, scenes from *Julius Caesar*, prescribed for the S. S. L. C. Examination next March. I am responsible for the entertainment being full of dramatic rather than musical items; I know that only a few of the girls can sing well. The headmistress says I have got to learn that none of them can act!

Some of us, teachers, paid a visit to the village after the floods, and the memory of what we saw there has spoiled the taste of my *Tamasha* for me. The houseless folk are living in the huts higher up the bank and are being helped with doles of rice by the local authorities for the present. Many of them have resumed their daily cooly work, but the women are pitiful to look at, their faces being stamped yet with the dismay they felt at the collapse of their homes. And what homes! Little, miserable hovels, hardly fit for hen-coops, huddled up anyhow, with damp alleys between and with the door-way of each but pointing in a different direction, like the figures of the *Navagraha Devas* in temples. These are the houses that remain, and like these must have been the houses that were mercifully swept away from being a blot on the landscape; but the women and children are homeless without them. I believe the utmost ambition of the destitute families is to rebuild the huts, exactly as they were, on the same site; but many of them cannot afford doing so just yet. I saw a woman offering fruits and flowers to the river-

Goddess. Somebody said it was a picturesque sight; the woman went through the simple ritual in a practical way, evidently considering it something to be done to safe-guard her against the risk of being flooded next time. The river was a grand sight; and we discussed the problem of poverty for a stupidly long time, till we were tired out, and then came home.

I have been to Masulipatam to attend a teachers' conference;—"words, words, words." We discussed the question of what the place of English should be in the school curriculum, but found ourselves unable to think clearly about it. Mr. S. Rao said we should not teach much English, in girls' schools at any rate, because English literature put "ideas" into the girls' heads; Miss K. did not want optionals taught in English, since it added a language lesson every time to the subject matter of the lesson. Somebody said it was ridiculous that English History should be taught in Telugu and clinched the argument by exclaiming with a strong accent "Edwarden Yorkiku Vellinadu!" Mr. Rao murmured: "Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic, Hindustani, Marathi, um-hum-um," and explained he was thinking of the languages the Indian history teachers would have to use. One of the teachers read out a letter from a small girl to her mother (a perfectly natural one, I thought): "I hope you are well. I am quite well. Grandmother had fever, but she is well now. Is my little brother doing well? I pray our God to bless him. I send you my *Namaskarams*." Then the others began quoting extracts of Indian English from the comic papers. We agreed that it was difficult to learn or teach English well; and that it was impossible for Indians to use familiarly the changing idiom of a living language, without appearing ridiculous. The only excuse for teaching English in schools, was, it appeared, to enable the pupils to understand the text books in science, and pursue higher scientific studies. The discussion had a purely academic interest, since the present curriculum is not likely to be changed, at least as the result of our deliberations. When it came to voting, I voted for English, remembering Mr. Rao's words that the language somehow helped to start and circulate "ideas"; if there is any truth in

that, no teacher can afford, at whatever cost, to dispense with such an aid to the cause of education! After these barren discussions, the sight and sound of the sea were most refreshing.

The entertainment is over and we have raised Rs. 73 from it; it will enable us to distribute two rupees to each of the owners of the ruined homesteads. Every little help is appreciated, but the amount is not worth the time and trouble spent to collect it. The scenes from *Julius Caesar* were worse acted than I should have thought likely. "Nur Jehan" was a success, as we had a very pretty girl to play the heroine; the "Ideal wife" was not a very clever skit on the supposed ideal mate, an educated girl who was found incapable of boiling rice or keeping the dhoby account. This was well received by the audience, but it displeased the Head and she made a speech at the end pointing out the improbability of some of the charges! I dare say inefficiency to the fourth degree is possible to certain types; I have known women, who were supposed to have learnt domestic work from an early age and nothing else, yet who could not read or sing or buy a railway ticket or take a patient's temperature with a thermometer, because these had not formed part of their early education; nor could they cook a palatable dinner, in spite of their boasted training. I don't believe there are more parasitic types among English educated girls than among the rest; they are more in the limelight at present, that is all.

The inspection is over and the school has breathed a voluminous sigh of relief. I can't understand by what art the Headmistress hypnotises all of us into an attitude of anxious preparation for this annual event. Now that it is over, I see how futile our excitement was; and I felt the same thing last year. K. spent sleepless nights because Third Form A was in arrears with its work; the Inspectress naturally noticed nothing amiss. She was received with songs and bouquets; took a keen interest in seeing the girls drill; spent hours in the office and then walked through the class rooms with the Headmistress by her side, making the remarks which the other wanted her to make. Everything was stage-managed superbly by the Headmistress and we are all proud of her.

I am spending the Xmas holidays in a village near by. It is very restful here. I go for long walks along the fields full of ripe corn, ready for the harvest, and through the sugar-cane groves humming with bees; I talk and eat, more than I have done at any other time of my life. I have with me a single marvellous book to read, the poems of Blake.

A shadow has fallen on the street where I live; a boy in the opposite house is seriously ill with influenza. It seems he is a lad of eighteen, the only son of elderly parents; he was married three months ago, soon after he got his first job as cashier to a local trader. Everyone here speaks highly of the boy's honesty, kindness of heart and other

virtues; I can see from the tone of regretful pride with which they speak of him that the people have but little hope of his recovery.

His employer came to see him yesterday and offered to pay for his conveyance in a motor car to a town hospital; but the parents refused the offer, lest he should die on the road. I protested against this, but the local medical man says he is past help. It is pitiful, because the boy is conscious and full of hope; he says he will get well soon, because otherwise his parents would suffer too much.

They expected him to die this afternoon. But life and consciousness linger in him still. It is dark, *Amavasya*; the people here say that, if the boy survives the night, he will get a fresh lease of life with the birth of the crescent moon; but he cannot live; he is dying now. The night is still, but now and again a short gust of wind blows over the courtyard and rattles the doors.

I was dozing when I heard a tap at a door, some way off. Then the tap sounded closer, at the next door perhaps. I rose to open the front door and look out; and then my landlady sprang up and stayed me by force. She said it was the boy who had knocked at the doors like that; his spirit had left the body unwillingly and wanted to come back. I shall never forget the thrill of fear that held us both trembling and struggling with each other for a minute or two. Then I shook her off and opened the door. I was almost willing for something to happen; but nothing did. The street was empty; and there was no sound of wailing from the house opposite.

I heard today that the boy had died at 3 in the morning; he had been unconscious for an hour previously. His parents are wild with grief and wretchedness; but there is nothing for any one to do. This death of a stranger has touched me more nearly than anything that happened in recent years. I have a presentiment I shall meet death again soon; mere nerves, I suppose, after that ridiculous superstitious thrill at night. But I pray that I may be the first to die, while those I love are yet alive.

"Let me not know, since happy some have died,
Quickly in youth or quickly in age,
How faint, how loud, the bravest hearts have
cried".

A coward's prayer, after all.

The routine of school days has started again. A teacher's job has its consolations; one's knowledge can be stationary and yet one can impart something fresh and useful to the young. Mr. Rao is away on leave and I have been put in charge of Sixth form Mathematics. I know barely enough, but it is a pleasure to teach my favourite subject.

The girls are interested in a new venture, a school magazine to be published in March; a feature of it is to be *Lines on spring*, culled from the poets and printed wherever there is a blank space in a page, at the end of an article. Rather unoriginal; but the girls are for the first time show-

ing genuine interest in poetry. This slight stimulus has sent them, of their own accord, to rummage among the poets. A girl discovered this line yesterday,

"If winter comes, shall spring be far behind?" She copied out the Ode on the West wind into her notebook with the comment, "The best sounding poem I have ever read."

This enthusiasm is infectious and I go about, murmuring, "The hills tell each other, and the listening valleys hear; all our longing eyes are

turned up to thy bright pavilions; issue forth and let thy holy feet visit our clime."

The annual examinations are approaching; and there is an epidemic of fever in the town. There are daily some staying away from school; I hope the Sixth Form girls won't fall ill just now; a year's work would be wasted for them. It would not matter so much for any of the others.

I have made no summer plans; Indra wants me to go to her for some weeks; but I should like to go down South and gather news of old friends.

IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

By E. J. Tampoe.

MAY I ask the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine to read, more carefully than they have ever done before, *the 31st chapter of Proverbs*. Verses 1 to 9 of this chapter are what Samuel's mother taught him, and no one can deny that he was a better king for having read it. In verses 1-9 she taught him chastity, sobriety, justice and compassion.

Most great and good men owe a good deal of what they are to their mothers and wives, and even a nation is great only as its women are good. It is women who have destiny in their hands.

It is fashionable today to smile contemptuously at what is Victorian, but for sixty years a Queen arrested the progress of the British Empire towards paganism, because, with her consort, she "wore the white flower of a blameless life;" because, in addition to being a Queen she was a woman, a word which is not necessarily synonymous with either female or lady.

The woman described by Samuel is beauti-

ful intrinsically, not artificially: her beauty is brought out, not put on; it comes from her character, nor from the chemist. Love is on her lips, not rouge: and her mouth knows truth, not tobacco.

She does not spend her time novel-reading, but home-building: she looks after her own husband, not after another woman's.

She is concerned that her daughters be dressed, not undressed. She is keen, not on playing bridge, or on enjoying herself, but on doing all she can to improve herself.

She earns a good night's rest and does not dance into the morning. She frequents the church and not the Casino. She is more anxious about the depth of her mind than about the height of her heels.

She does not mistake license for liberty. She is dignified, without being stiff. And she is all this and more, because and only because she loves and fears God.

N. B.—I shall be glad to have a discussion on this article from my readers.—Editor, *I. L. M.*

ARTISTIC GENIUS

By

HERBERT PORTER.

LIKE the subterranean fires of a volcano is the soul of true artistic genius. That organ, which we physiologically nominate 'brain,' is but the crator through which its lava streams pour 'death' upon all that is ignoble, but whose generous flames illumine, even to its remotest recesses, the darkened world.

"Genius is born, not made." It is wayward and fantastic. It knows, but is not bound by rule; and appears, under the influence of sublime inspiration, to vault the visions of mortality.

In secret is this genius born, and in obscurity it grows. No blazon of trumpets heralds it upon earth, but the angels in their universal wisdom perceive it and rejoice. From the womb of the great Universe it proceeds, and, in time, it is born a child of many sorrows, full of subtle impressions and imaginings, until it gradually reaches to the stature of the grasp of the universal Spirit, and is caught up into the power and unspeakable glory of the mysteries of the Infinite, wherefrom it draws its immortal works of art.

Environment cannot stay the soul-growth of this mortal enigma. The spirit dawns through the intellect. Psychologists stand staggered before the fitful, but rapid, opening of this soul-bud of radiant beauty, which bursts forth into the full glory of the flower of infinite thought and expression.

To one end is this child of wonder spiritually and mortally born—to bring light and power and happiness to mankind; and therefore, in visionary flights and waking dreams of celestial transport, it reaches to giant soul, linking peace with power—art with science—the spiritual with the material; revealing the godlike in the midst of the sordid and unelevating depressions of mortality.

Through every phase of feeling does the great artistic genius go, traversing the scale of human emotions high into the spheres of angelic revelation, having, for but transient moments, the very joy, light and ecstasies of the angels themselves.

To move in the light of the sun, moon and stars, to breathe deeply of pure and invigorating atmosphere, to catch a philosophy from the throats of birds, or the eternal whisperings of the sea, to commune with the great Universal Spirit, have been the solitary joys of the world's deepest thinkers, for in lonely meditation lies the power in man to link himself with nature and the unseen forces which govern the Universes of spirit and matter.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes—
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, but cannot all conceal."

What an enchanted kingdom is this which genius translates, teeming with glory and wonder which neither science nor art has yet perfectly interpreted to our human senses. Who can penetrate the deeps of space? By whom can the perfect harmony of the spheres be conceived? What soul is so subtle and strong, that it can comprehend and record, without error, the surpassing scenes of the Infinite? Mystery upon mystery lies hidden in the crimson glow of the setting sun, and the pale candles that light the unfathomed stretches of space. The stainless daylight of the enchanted spring and summer, the woods, the mountains and the flowers are pregnant with artistic afflatus and philosophic diction.

In Literature, in Music, in Painting, in Sculpture and the like, are these sublime essences distilled and bequeathed to men as the loftiest human expression of the grand and the æsthetic. They pour upon the world, the spirit of thought and true loveliness, and open for ever the gates that lead to the realms of perfect spiritual pleasure and eternal mental insight.

HAUNTED!

By P. G. Sundara Rajan.

KAMALA stood at the edge of the pial, feeding her little brother from a silver vessel. The child, after each mouthful of the ghee-mixed rice, ran about the whole length and width of the pial, shouting all kinds of unintelligible ejaculations. Sometimes he would take it into his head to tantalize his sister by remaining at the other end, refusing to budge an inch. Then Kamala would run down the steps and over to the other side, when the little fellow would again run back to his former position. Thus he kept on leading the young girl a pretty dance till her clear forehead was covered with beads of perspiration which erased the artistic dot in the centre of it. At such times she would effect an authoritative air and threaten to punish the mischievous child. But he would run to her in innocent glee, his face wreathed in smiles, and attempt to cajole her by doing all sorts of troublesome things; now squeezing her nose, now pinching her ear. Once, he shut his mouth in a very determined manner and shook his head so vigorously, when forcible feeding was resorted to, that his blooming cheeks were all smeared with rice.

Kamala, with characteristic feminine patience, put up with all these pranks; indeed, she enjoyed them immensely. Now and then she was forced to divide her attention from the child, by nodding and smiling to her friends, who were either returning from the river with pots full of water poised gracefully on their hips or who were going to the temple donned in their best. Young Kamala was the first-born of the family. Hence, the duty of looking after the house and the child fell upon her shoulders that evening, in the absence of her mother and grandmother, who were visiting some friends in the next street. She was only thirteen. The gleam of the golden ornaments round her neck bore testimony to the fact that she had entered the portals of matrimony. Now and then she kept throwing anxious glances towards the interior of the house.

"Come here, you little rogue, or I will come and thrash you," she grumbled, when

the little fellow suddenly conceived and accomplished the rash idea of lying down just an inch out of the reach of her arms. Finally, on the point of exhaustion, she threatened to throw the remaining food to a dog that was eagerly waiting for the chance with drooping tongue, and was about to suit the action to her words when a hissing noise proceeded from within the house. Forthwith, she put down the vessel and ran headlong in.

Entering the kitchen, she murmured to herself something in a regretful tone, as with her slender fingers she took the milkpot off the charcoal oven. A portion of the liquid had overflowed the sides of the pot and into the oven. She fixed a kettle of water on the oven and hurried to the pial. But she was taken aback to find it empty. Both the cup and the child had disappeared.

The twilight was fast fading. With her heart all a-flutter with fear and misgiving, she looked up and down the street; but found no trace of the child. She was about to give vent to her feelings of despair in a shriek when, happening to look in front of her, she beheld the child under a big tamarind tree some twenty yards from the house. She rushed forward with joy, but checked herself, as she saw the darkness of the shadow of the tree, remembering the stories she had heard of a spirit living in that tree. She called the child in a tremulous voice and out of the gloom he piped shrilly:

"Look sister, look, how he eats!"

For a moment, the safety of the child meant more for her than hers, and she ran near the tree and found the child feeding the dog from the cup in a placid manner. She at once lifted the boy to her hip and hastened towards the house, admonishing him the while.

"You mischievous imp! Why do you play with dogs? I will throw you to the giant man, who lives in that tree if you do it again."

The child, however, did not seem to take her words seriously, for he was looking towards the tree. Suddenly, he cried out,

"Look sister! There goes the giant-man with his big beard!" and he pointed to the shadowy gloom round the tree.

Though Kamala did not attach any importance to the child's words, almost instinctively she turned back with a foot on the house-step. It was only for a fraction of a second that she looked back. At once a shriek of fear broke from her lips and she ran into the house. Her cry brought the neighbours and soon there was a little crowd. A kindly dame took charge of the girl and asked her the reason for her cry and the ghastly fear in her countenance. Kamala, panting for breath, replied:

"I—I saw—It was—there—under the tree."

"What did you see? Come, tell us, little girl; there is no need to be afraid," encouraged one or two elderly persons.

But Kamala only covered her face with her hands and began to tremble and weep. Most of the women gathered round her nodded in an understanding manner. Some of the young girls in the crowd walked away with terrified looks at the mention of the tamarind tree. Soon Kamala's parents arrived and she appeared consoled for the time being. The same night the services of the local spiritualist were requisitioned. After all sorts of mysterious and weird chantings, he declared that Kamala had been possessed by the spirit of the tamarind tree, thus confirming the already prevalent opinion. So it was decided by Kamala's parents to leave the house for a better one. But the young girl's health was none the better for the change. Her health was fast declining. Delirious symptoms were not wanting. Many native physicians and spiritualists were baffled and they left the house, scratching their heads and with contracted brows. Hearing about the illness of Kamala, her husband, a student in Madras, sent a doctor, who, after listening through his stethoscope and feeling the pulse, announced that Kamala was suffering from a disease, the name of which he alone was able to pronounce. For practical purposes people understood that the disease had something to do with nerves. Bottles of patent medicines were bought and emptied; but the disease remained latent. The poor girl suffered much. Her parents did all in their power to alleviate her misery. Her father, of course, scoffed at the mention of the spirit.

Months passed and the Navarathri season arrived. On the eve of the festival there was bustle in all houses. Young girls were busy

dressing their dolls and arranging the toys along improvised galleries, which they decorated like experienced artists. Kamala, alone, pale and wan, was confined to her bed. She lay awake whole nights with a look of blank fear in her dazed eyes.

The next morning, the river was unusually crowded. One of the many topics, that came up for discussion in the informal assembly of gossip-lovers, was the state of Kamala's health.

"Has she been cured yet?" asked one of the women, as she went on banging her wet cloth against a slab of stone with rhythmic regularity.

"I don't think so," put in another, vigorously cleaning her pot. "The spirit is a very powerful one. You know, when my sister's daughter-in-law was possessed by such a spirit, we were not able to cure her for a long time. At last we sent her to the temple of Sri Meenakshi at Madura and on the third day itself she was relieved."

They began to talk about all sorts of spirits and the methods adopted to drive them away. The news of haunted girls being cured at Madura soon travelled to the house of Kamala through some mysterious agency. Somehow or other, Kamala's father was prevailed upon to send the young girl to Madura the same day with her grandmother.

As always during the Navarathri season, Sri Meenakshi's temple at Madura was very crowded. All round the inner sanctuary, one could see groups of ladies of all classes waiting for the blessings of the goddess and for release from their controls. Just in front of the flag-staff lay huddled a number of young girls, and among them Kamala with a weary expression on her face. Some of them were making all sorts of weird noises, while some rolled their dishevelled heads. The spirits possessing these girls were showing their strength before leaving them at the order of the goddess. There were merry spirits and sad ones, dancing ones, pensive ones, in fact, every aspect of human feeling was manifest in some one or another of the girls. One handsome lady began to talk in all languages and delivered an address to the assembly of her fellow-spirits. She was said to be possessed by the spirit of a young man, who had been a linguist and who had committed suicide. In the midst of all this noise and confusion, presumably made by the inhabitants of a higher plane, as psychic experts call them, one heard occasionally the cry of "Let me go, gracious goddess!"

I am going." This was the cry of the spirit that was leaving the girl it was possessing. Some of the afflicted persons were cured soon; some on the last day; while some received orders from the goddess to go there during the next Navarathri season. But nine days' waiting did not show any development in Kamala; nor did the spirit manifest itself. Kamala's grandmother was puzzled; so was everybody when Kamala returned home without even an order from Sri Meenakshi.

After that, reports were current among the gossip-mongers that Kamala saw the spirit at nights. She continued to lose her health slowly. Desperate as they were, her parents determined to leave themselves in the hands of inscrutable Fate and hope for the best. The young girl lost all the enjoyments that others of her age were accustomed to. She could not go out to attend any function in a friend's house. When practically every Friday she should have been the centre of an admiring crowd of girls and women, singing beautiful songs in her honour as a newly-wed girl, she was confined to a room little better than a dungeon with an iron bar across the doorstep, for the belief is that spirits never dare to approach iron.

Meanwhile, the village was discussing the extraordinary powers of a Sadhu, who had set up his camp on the village common and sat still all day doing nothing, exposing his half-naked body to rain and sun alike. Information reached Kamala's grandmother that the said mendicant was good at driving spirits from afflicted women. The old woman, who had sworn revenge upon the spirit that was supposed to be possessing Kamala, at once hurried to the fakir's residence and poured forth the tale of Kamala's misery.

The eyes of the fakir sparkled as, smiling to himself, he stroked his long beard. The complaint of the old woman, instead of rousing compassion in him, seemed to amuse him. Presently he asked the date, on which Kamala first had seen the spirit.

"Ah! I thought so," murmured the man as the old woman mentioned the date, "and was she having a child in her arms?"

"Oh yes, to be sure!" replied the old woman: "It was when she was feeding the innocent child that the spirit attacked her. She says that it was walking across the shadow like a roll of mist."

Whereupon the mendicant asked the dame to go home and make preparations for his visit there that evening.

A little past eight o'clock that night, the

hall of Kamala's house was pervaded by a solemn atmosphere. Near the wall a brass lamp was spreading a diffused light from its five tongues of flame. On the floor was a silver plate filled with cocoanut, betel and fruits. The mendicant was counting the beads on a string with half-closed eyes. Kamala's grandmother was sitting in a corner with an anxious face. From the kitchen could be heard the noise of vessels, as Kamala's mother was cooking. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, the Sadhu rose and reduced the lamp-flame. Then abruptly he announced:

"Let the child be brought in."

The old lady retired into a room and brought Kamala, who walked with uncertain steps and looked pale. Her mother, father, and some other people also gathered in the hall expecting to see the spirit dance and shout.

Kamala, letting down her young brother from her arms, approached the fakir and stopped short; uttered a terrified shriek and fell down. She had swooned. The grandmother bent down and lifted the slender girl in her arms and cast a look at the fakir, in which query, anxiety and suspense were mingled. There was a general rush towards the girl and her mother suddenly lost control of herself and broke down. But the fakir sat quite still; he did not endeavour to explain anything. Soon Kamala opened her eyes and looked round with fear.

"Send him away!" she cried, trembling. "there, don't you see him? It is he of the tamarind tree!"

At this, all eyes turned towards the fakir, who was wearing the mask of his enigmatic smile.

"I hope you understand now," he began slowly, "you may remember that I arrived in this village on the same day as that on which this girl is said to have seen the spirit. The appearance of the spirit to the young lady's eyes and my passing the tree coincided—and you, dear little baby, do not be afraid: take the plantain."

The last words were addressed to the little brother of Kamala, who awoke with a start from his eager contemplation of the plantain fruit on the plate. He looked surprised and seemed to notice the fakir in the gloom for the first time. Suddenly, he abandoned the fruit and ran to his mother crying:

"Mother, mother, he is the giant-man. He has come to take me. Do not leave me mother, I will not cry hereafter."

"RADHA".

(An original solution of the problem of Matrimony)

BY R. M. S.

RAMCHANDAR, poet, philosopher and champion gentleman, was not an easy proposition to deal with. At College, his daring originality and fondness for novel theories and ideals had earned for him the reputation of a philosopher; and outside, his behaviour was characterised by such a meticulous regard for etiquette and courtesy, that he found himself hailed as the champion gentleman of the age. Generous, and large-hearted to a degree, he so sympathised with the sick and suffering, that his well-filled purse was ever at their disposal. He had an absorbing passion for demonstrating his love for truth and honesty. Often, while passing along crowded thoroughfares, he would dexterously relieve passers-by of the contents of their pockets (what is called in vulgar language, pick-pocketing!) and immediately restore them, with profound apologies and a protracted sermon on the virtues of truth and honesty. In an age so full of corruption, wickedness and deceit, he was convinced that he was the only honest and upright individual; and he was never tired of parading his manifold accomplishments of head and heart before his numerous friends and admirers. Withal, he had a profound sense of humour and could detect a most classical joke in the most vulgar and commonplace repartee!

On the subject of matrimony, as on others, he held decidedly vigorous opinions and condemned the existing system of the world, one and all, as colossal failures. Being an ardent adherent of the theory of equality, he hated the Oriental habit of selection by parents, as conferring a wholly unwarranted degree of superiority on one sex; at the same time, he was compelled by the statistics of divorce courts, to acknowledge that there was something fundamentally wrong in the Western arrangement of courtship and love before wedlock. The American product of companionate marriage, was of too recent origin to merit serious consideration at his hands and he dismissed it summarily, as still being in the nature of an experiment. It was there-

fore his plain duty to evolve a perfect system, and thereby confer on humanity lasting happiness and peace, at least in the sphere of domesticity.

He was already twenty-four when he left College, a full-fledged master of the arts and sciences, and the years succeeded one another with a relentless regularity. But his one cherished ambition remained unfulfilled, and he was ever on the look-out for fresh literature on his favourite subject. His parents had long departed this world for a better; and, having inherited a not inconsiderable fortune from a miserly old uncle, whose only achievement in life was his exit from the scene of his labour at just the moment when his nephew stood in dire need of his fortune, he had not the necessity to barter away his intelligence for the pittance of a salary. Despite his comparatively affluent circumstances, however, which enabled him to devote his undivided attention towards the solution of his pet problem, no appreciable progress was registered. He attended "Extension Lectures" on Domestic economy, corresponded in profusion with the leading social writers of America, exchanged views with the advanced thinkers of Russia and Turkey, and discussed the subject threadbare in the columns of the local journals (of course he always paid for the publication of his essays and articles!). With a truly commendable pertinacity, he sat down to analyse his thoughts, and dissect the *pros* and *cons* of the various arguments for this and that theory that he evolved.

"What is marriage," he often debated within himself. "Is it not just a contract between two parties for mutual companionship?" At once, he took up a volume on the Law of contracts, but found it quite unsatisfactory! "If the contract theory will not fit in, it certainly ought to be, after all, a simple economic proposition of demand and supply. If I want somebody to do a job for me, I have simply to advertise for just what I require. Is this not what the whole world of commerce does, and is not advertisement the keystone of success

in the world of business? And, what is marriage after all, if not a purely commercial exchange of services in return for protection?"

The argument appealed to him very much, despite his professed allegiance to the theory of the equality of the sexes, and he decided to carry out his conclusions immediately. The very next day, an announcement appeared in the "Wanted" columns of the local newspapers:—

"A respectable gentleman holding advanced views on life in general, and well-placed so far as worldly acquisitions count, desires to obtain the services of a competent and experienced member of the fair sex as companion, housekeeper and wife. In return for such services, he is willing to afford the said candidate, the protection of his honourable name and vast estates. Applicants are directed to address: 'R. C.' care of this paper."

A very neatly turned-out and politely-worded demand of his requirements! He chuckled within himself, that he had hit upon the correct solution of the problem that had been agitating men's minds throughout the ages! Further analysis, however, brought more difficulties, as for instance, how was he to select the best candidate, or again how could it be ensured that the candidate so selected would continue to serve him faithfully and satisfactorily? Could the successful candidate be placed on probation for a stipulated period, or could she be required to furnish a security deposit?

A couple of days passed after the appearance of his advertisement, and his post bag was becoming alarmingly heavier with every mail. In about a week's time he had received not less than 400 applications, and it took him another ten days to scrutinise them with diligence and care. Through the weary hours he plodded on and succeeded in eliminating a few, on grounds of doubtful physique! One candidate had furnished a beautiful essay on her personal charms; another hinted that she always brought luck and fortune in her wake; a third pleaded hard that three masters, whom she had served faithfully to the last, had left her each with a couple of children and died, and being out of employment for the past two years and more, she was prepared to accept the lowest terms! It was certainly a very deserving case!

The preliminary elimination being now over, it remained to intimate the applicants of the *modus operandi* he proposed to adopt. Cards were accordingly despatched, announcing

that an examination would be held in a fortnight's time, and that the candidate who secured the highest number of marks would be summoned for a personal interview. Candidates were required to answer two question papers, one an essay on the duties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, and the other a severely-practical paper on *Domestic Economy*.

The fateful day arrived at last. His researches in the field of matrimony were nearing fruition, and success and fame were at last within his grasp! His joy knew no bounds, and, with his cheery countenance wreathed with complacent smiles, he personally supervised the arrangements in the hall of the first floor of his palatial premises where the candidates were to take their examination. As the hour struck from a neighbouring tower, they began to pour in from all directions. Some were gay and merry, some rose to the occasion and appeared silent and moody. A few were still pouring over the pages of their texts in a last and desperate endeavour to assimilate their contents! The papers were soon distributed and, at the stroke of the bell, four hundred pens descended on the tables like a whole horde of locusts on smiling fields. It was a glorious sight indeed!

Seated in a corner of the hall, with her pen poised between her pearly teeth, and her eyes bent on the sheets of paper she had covered with her answers, Radha reviewed the results of her efforts; she presented a charming picture of feminine grace and modesty. She hailed from the same village as Ramachandar, and had been his closest chum in the happy days of her girlhood. Her orthodox parents, who dreaded the rapid modernisation of women as a result of education on radically wrong lines, had decided to rescue their only child from the catastrophe of the so-called liberal education at school or College, by bestowing her early in marriage on the first eligible youth who captured their fancy. Ere she had seen twelve summers, the dreary winter of her life had set in, for, within scarce a couple of months of her wedding, her husband died. Misfortunes dogged her footsteps from the moment she donned her widow's weeds, and the passing-away of her parents in tragic succession threw her on the mercy of a cruel and heartless world. With the little left her by her parents, she decided to take the future into her own hands. She joined the local College for women, and ere long reached its highest class. Before she

was twenty-two, she had almost finished her collegiate education.

Ramchandar was simply astounded at beholding his boyhood chum as an aspirant for service under his very roof. Memory took him back to the days that were gone, when they had played *hide and seek* in and around the village temple, and exchanged innocent vows of eternal fealty and love towards one another. To see his Radha reduced to such desperate straits, was more than he could bear. The first impulse that prompted him was to cancel the examination, send back the candidates and clasp his Radha in his arms (of course only provided that she was willing!) But conscience stood in his way. His advertisement had resulted in 400 sincere aspirants entering the arena, and how could he, in fairness to his own principles of honesty and uprightness, disappoint them or dismiss them summarily? The destinies of 400 innocent individuals lay in his hands, and could he betray them so cruelly? No, for the moment at least, his conscience triumphed over his love!

The candidates all departed. As he perused their answer papers, an unconscious prayer escaped his lips that his Radha might come out top of the list, but, as the Fates would have it, she was only a poor second, the applicant, who had pleaded hard with half-a-dozen children, having secured the highest number of marks! By virtue of his own announcement, which amounted in his opinion to

a sacred and solemn promise, it was she who now stood in the unenviable position of his future "companion and helpmate". The prospect of espousing a widow of fifty years with six children was simply revolting, but his sense of moral obligation impelled him to accept the inevitable, while his devotion and love drove him to Radha and his boyhood pledges. Torn asunder between such conflicting emotions, he decided to interview the successful candidate and try if possible to effect a compromise. At last, driven to despair by her refusal to accept the course suggested by him, he was forced to tempt her by offering to part with half of his fortune in her favour, if only she would release him from the contract!

"What do you think of my contribution to the literature on the subject of matrimony?" asked he. Radha was alluringly silent. Ramchander, the idol of her youth, was now hers, and what more did she demand?

"It was quite an original idea of yours, but for which I would probably never have met you again."

His researches had cost him a clean half of his possessions, but what mattered it, when he had gained something immeasurably higher than worldly acquisitions, something infinitely superior to wealth or riches; when he could once more clasp in his arms the dearest object of his love?

Uma, the Mountain Maid.

By Padmini Saththianadhan.

PROLOGUE

(A dark cave in the snow-clad Himalayan mountains, in front of which three Rishis sit around a blazing fire. All around, the white silent peaks of the Himalayas, tower into the sky. The whole earth is clothed in a garment of snow.)

1st. Rishi: (warming his hands before the fire) Alas, alas, what shall we do? Since the Gods were imprisoned by the Rakshasas, the whole earth has become a chaotic ruin. How can we save mankind, and set free the Gods?

2nd. Rishi: Yes, the times are indeed hard. Famine and drought and war and pestilence are shattering the world. Siva, the Lord Almighty, the God of these sparkling mountains, is the one supreme being who can free the Immortals and lay low the Rakshasas. But the Gods cannot approach him directly. He is too omnipotent. Alas, alas, what shall we do?

3rd. Rishi: We can do nothing but pray. Pray for the Universe and the salvation of mankind. That is what we Rishis are meant to do. It is not merely for the comfort of our own souls that we should seek the presence of the Eternal Being; but also for the welfare of the world.

1st. Rishi: Listen; last night, while I was meditating at sunset, upon yonder peak that overlooks that vast white precipice, I saw a vision, in which the Lord appeared to me and told me that nothing could be done, unless a human son was born to Siva. Only such a child could plead with him. That is why I am in such despair today, for it seems impossible that any human woman, however good she may be, can dare to be the wife of the great God.

3rd. Rishi: Ah brethren, only a Goddess in the form of a woman can be his wife. Let us pray that some Goddess may be sent down by the gods to help us. Perhaps, the beautiful Parvati herself, may descend from the clouds. But hark—what is that noise? I hear weeping and anguished groans, and someone is running hither.

(Enter a Sanyasi, breathless and in great haste)

Sanyasi: Fathers, fathers, come hither and save this poor girl. She is lying in great anguish, for the demons have dragged her hither from the earth, and have stolen her jewels, and beaten her. Save her, fathers, come at once.

1st. Rishi: Come, let us hasten. Perhaps we can save her. Ah, may the Goddess Parvati descend soon, and save us!

Curtain.

SCENE I.

(A little hut, built on one side, on a small snow-clad flat space on the highest part of the Himalayan mountains. On the other side, at a little distance, the Lord Siva sits cross-legged, doing his *Tapas*. He is dressed in a pure white *dhoti*. The upper part of his body is bare, and his long black hair flows back from his noble forehead. His face is aquiline and clear-cut, and his eyes are closed, as he meditates. Before the hut sit two beautiful maidens, Suhasini and Visalakshi, threading jasmins, that are placed between them on a silver tray)

Suhasini and Visalakshi: (Singing)

Flowers, lovely flowers,
That reign in fragrant showers,
Each morning from above,
Embodiments of love!
In answer to our call,
Like snow, they softly fall
From our heavenly home,
From the sky's ethereal dome.
They are sent by Gods to please,
Our Uma. Thanks for these,
Ye lords and mighty powers,
For these fragrant, scented flowers,
These jasmins white as snow,
That have come to us below,
From regions far above,
Embodiments of love!

(Enter Uma, or the Goddess Parvati, as a mountain maid.)

Uma: Suhasini and Visalakshi, when did you learn that song? It is the first time I have heard you both singing it.

Suhasini and Visalakshi: Do you like it, madam? We made it up last night, and wished to surprise you with it this morning. *Visalakshi*: (Holding up a jasmin garland) See, dear madam, we have threaded this beautiful garland for you. Come, sit down, let us place it in your lovely hair.

Uma: Nay, nay, make me another garland. This one is for my lord and master. I must place it around his neck. He is deep in meditation. He does not hear us. Alas, alas, I love him, I love him; but I am only a poor mountain maiden, a mere mortal. He does not care for me. What shall I do, my dear friends? Tell me, tell me.

Suhasini: Patience, madam. All will be well in the end. Your devout love will have its reward.

Visalakshi: Besides, madam, you ought to be pleased. You are allowed to serve him. Is that not a great honour?

Uma: Ah yes, what greater thing is there in this world than service? To serve those we love, even though love may not be requited, is a great privilege. But is it not time to attend on my lord, and serve him with his morning meal? Come, come, let us fetch his milk and fruit.

(Exit Uma and Suhasini into the hut)

Visalakshi: (Taking a handful of jasmins in her hand, and raising them to her face) Beautiful jasmins, how I love your snow-white, silken petals! How good of the Gods to send you down to us each morning! But come—I must not dally with you. I must finish this second garland for Uma to wear before she goes to serve her lord. (Hears a gentle whistle from behind a snowy crag beside the hut) What is that noise? Someone whistling? Who can it be? (Rises to look behind the crag. Enter Manmatha, the God of love, from behind it. He is a young man, dressed in rich garments, and holding a bow in his hand. From his waist dangles a sheaf of flowery arrows.)

Visalakshi: (Surprised and drawing back) Manmatha, God of love. What do you do here?

Manmatha: Hush, hush, I came to shoot flowery arrows of love at our lord Siva, for I cannot bear his looking at Uma with indifference any longer. She loves him, but he merely likes her as one of his attendants. I wish her to become his wife. Stand aside—Let me shoot.

(Takes aim at Siva, who still has his eyes closed in meditation.)

Visalakshi: Yes, yes, Lord Manmatha, let this union between our Uma and the Lord Siva be hastened—but beware—he is a great God—and he may be angry with you.

Manmatha: Ha, ha, I scorn anger. Am I not the God of love? (Shoots) Ah, there, the arrow has pierced his heart. He awakes—Alas, alas, I am undone—fire darts from his eyes, he raises his hand to strike me—ah—ah—I am afraid!

(Siva opens his eyes—and in anger lifts up his hand and points it at Manmatha—fire darts from it, and Manmatha falls senseless to the ground)

Visalakshi: Help, help—Uma, Suhasini! he is dead, he is dead.

(Enter Uma, with a tray of fruit in her hand, and Suhasini)

Uma and Suhasini: What is the matter, what has happened?

Visalakshi: (Pointing to Manmatha) The God of love! He tried to—make—the—Lord Siva—love you, and in anger the—L—Lord has burnt—him.

Uma: (Uma, dropping her tray and prostrating herself before Siva) Lord, Lord, forgive me for presuming to love you. I, a mere mountain maid. I am a sinner. It has all been my fault. I shall leave your presence, and make myself more worthy of you before I dare to love you. I have caused this anger in you. I shall atone for it in prayer and meditation. Alas, alas, I am a great sinner. Forgive me, forgive me. (She weeps. And Siva, his anger now subsided, smiles, and raises his hand over her bowed head and blesses her)

Curtain.

SCENE II.

(Uma, dressed as a Sanyasini, sitting cross-legged under a banyan tree. Beside her, is a garlanded idol of Siva.)

Uma: (Closing her eyes, and joining her hands in the attitude of prayer.) Oh Lord Almighty, forgive me for my sins. Give me strength to lead the life of a true follower. Make me worthy of your love, and allow me to give up my whole life to you and you alone.

(Enter a young handsome man, dressed as a sanyasi).

Sanyasi: (Stooping and looking at Uma, who still has her eyes closed) Madam, you are young and beautiful, why have you renounced the world so soon? What misfortune do you atone for?

Three GREAT WOMEN of INDIA.

(1) H. H. Setu Lakshmi Bayi of Travancore

Not only in Travancore, but also in every part of South India, are all voices raised in acclaiming and congratulating the Maharani Regent of Travancore on the excellent progress achieved during her period of rule in Travancore. For seven years, she has immersed herself in the seeking of happiness and prosperity for her people. We congratulate her heartily on the extent, the greatness and the immense usefulness of the work she has organized, which is of service, not only directly in Travancore, but indirectly as an example to other states and nations. What one people has achieved, another can. What one woman has done, another can; and H. H. the Maharani Setu Bayi has done much to advance the standard of Indian womanhood of India in the eyes of the world.

The advance has been in several directions. The financial position of Travancore has been very sound. "The Government balance at the end of the year 1099 M. E. was Rs. 74.75 lakhs and the revenue in 1100 was Rs. 206.4 lakhs. But the balance at the end of 1105 stood at Rs. 165.57 lakhs. The estimated revenue for 1107 (1931-32) is Rs. 232.19 lakhs and expenditure Rs. 231.66 lakhs."

There has been also a great improvement in the means of communication. The length of main roads has increased by 262 miles. The building of new bridges, like the Neendakara bridge; the Trivandrum water-works; the extension of the railway and the introduction of electricity and the telephone into the town, were all undertaken during her regency.

There has been extension of medical relief. Eleven more medical institutions have been started; and there has been a 26.6 per cent increase in the number of patients. More nurses and women doctors, more child-welfare and Health Centres, have been started. A Public Health Department has been organised, on the scheme prepared by special request by Dr. Jacocks of the Rockefeller Foundation in America.

There has been an advance in education in Travancore, which we are told, is one of the most literate parts of India, especially among the women. During "the rule of Her Highness there has been rapid expansion under every head of public instruction, Collegiate, Secondary and vernacular education. The number of educational institutions for girls in 1100 was 411, but in 1105 the number was

525, with a strength of 215,190 as against 163,562 in 1100. Two years ago the Second Grade College for Women in Trevandrum was raised to the First Grade. The expenditure on education has risen from Rs. 37.18 lakhs in 1100 to Rs. 42.21 lakhs in 1105, an increase of 40.4 per cent."

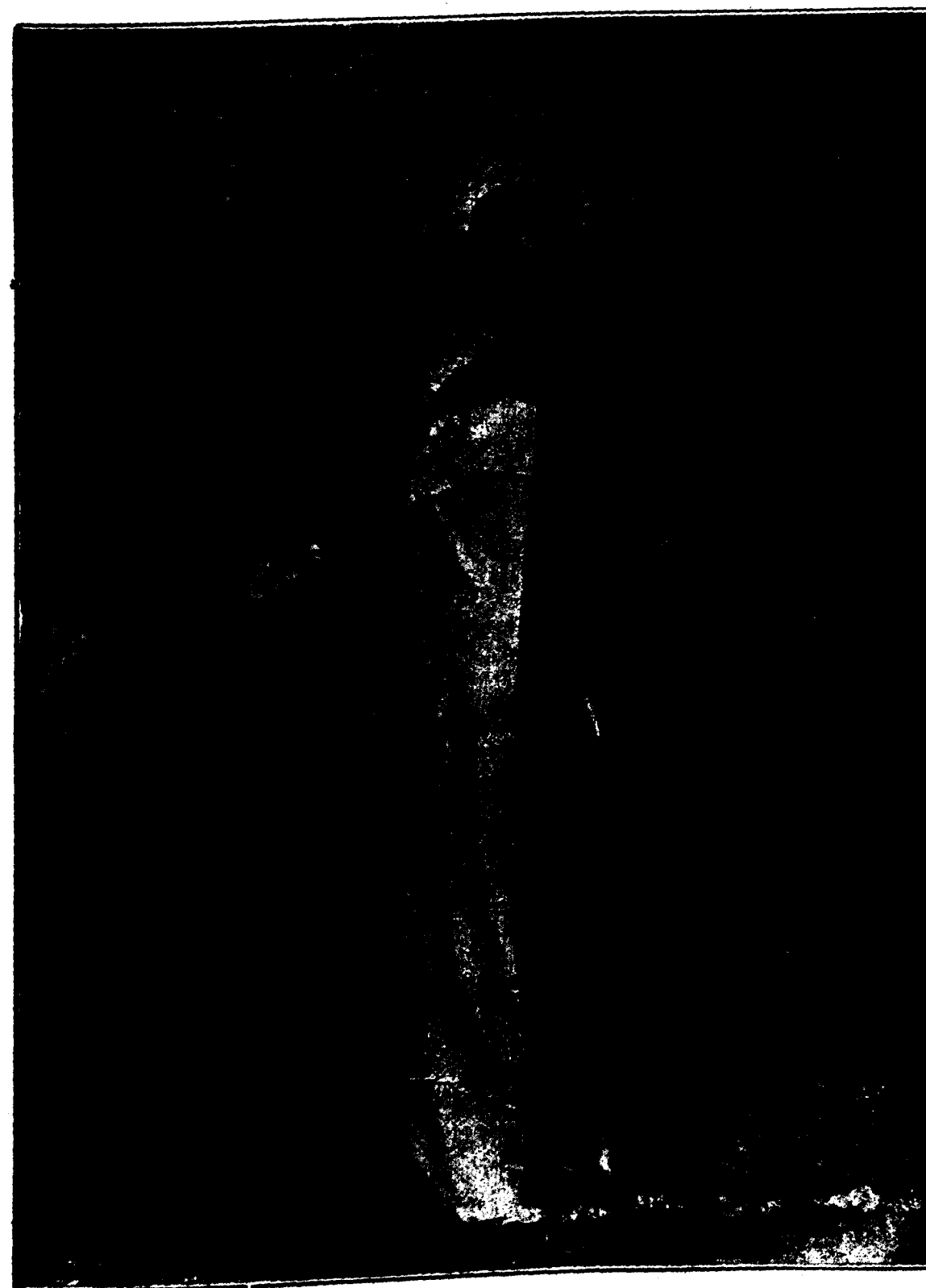
Thus, there has been a great uplift in the position of women. The first step of the Senior Ranee was to get women represented in the Legislative Council: Mrs. Poonen Lukose, who was appointed head of the Medical department for women, being nominated to the Council. Later, there was also a non-official member.

The second step was to employ women in the public services, such as the Secretariat, and the Judicial department. Besides, these, the educational department is full of well-known women graduates, especially in the Women's First Grade College. Again, women have been made members of the Travancore Sri Mulam Popular Assembly; while the Municipal and the Panchayat regulations have been altered to admit of women being put on their councils.

Finally, a great advance has been made in the social reform of the State. The prohibition of animal sacrifice in certain temples; the abolition of the Devadasi system; the stopping of obscene songs and language at certain festivals; the introduction of decency into the dress of certain temples, have been some of the reforms effected by H. H. the Maharani.

(2) Sarojini Naidu

It was with great interest, that I read the account of "a personal glimpse" of Sarojini Naidu by R. L. Rau in the *Stridharma*. He met her for the first time at the All-India Women's Conference at Poona some years ago. She was then the life and the soul of the Conference, and spoke as usual most brilliantly. Again, he met her at her hotel, where she fed him and other friends with her own special *brinjal* curry. "I think I will not forget the flavour and the fragrance of that truly poetic curry, wherever I go", says Mr. Rau. He met her again later at several places, and "each time she had the same flashing smile, the same brilliant repartee and always a new joke for us ... That is how I remember this gracious woman", says Mr. Rau. "Age has not dulled her wit. The ravages of the passing years have not yet disfigured her, although it is true she has grown stouter and that dainty poise with which she bore herself is no more."



H. H. SETU LAKSHMI BAYI.

"Sarojini Naidu is a tremendous force where discord prevails. She will pull a Sen Gupta by his nose as easily as she would push a Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad out. I think she is the only one person in that huge circle of Mr. Gandhi's followers, who claims the right of teasing or snubbing or even quarrelling with him. She enjoys doing it, I believe.

"In fact the arid discussions of a Congress, the acrimonious quarrels that several of its members and parties indulge in, and the terrible misunderstandings that result, will lose half their charm without Sarojini Naidu. Her influence over the diverse crew that pull at the oars of the Congress-ship is all for the good.

"I have often wondered at the secret of Sarojini Naidu's success and the romance of her life and the unique position she occupies in Indian politics. Granted all the opportunities & the facilities, how many of the modern women in India would have risen to that height that Sarojini Naidu has risen to.

"It is true one cannot exactly appraise what her contribution to Indian politics has been, and it is somewhat an interesting speculation whether she did a wise thing when she took to politics, leaving the realm of literature and art. But one fact is clear. She is a great sobering influence and she is wanted wherever she has gone.

"Yet, Sarojini Naidu is a woman above all things. For I have known that behind all that gaiety and wit and brilliance, there lurks a sorrow and a grief that an outside world may not know. Like a woman too she has her sorrows and her burden to bear. And I know too she bears it willingly and bravely."

(3) Dr. Annie Besant

Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi has written a fine appreciation of Dr. Annie Besant, in *Stri-Dharma*.

Dr. Besant is universal, a great creator and a force in life. "She does not belong to one nation or to one country. All nations and all countries claim her and she has friends, admirers and followers all over the world. In her life and work she has demonstrated what a woman is capable of doing, to what heights, mental, moral and spiritual, a woman can rise when she frees herself from the fetters of customs and conventions. She believes in equality of rights and opportunities for both sexes. She believes that the human soul and human spirit has no distinction of sex, caste or creed. She stood for liberty, equality and fraternity and opposed with all her might injustices and inequalities. It was that noble trait in her that impelled her to lead the exploited and overworked match

girls' strike in London and to organise the Labour and Trade Unions in England."

She has identified herself wholly with India. Loving its ancient language and its lore, its great scriptures, its ideals, its religion and its philosophy; perceiving at once the greatness of India's past; learning to interpret truly the good ideals of the ancient Rishis and sages; reviving India's ancient ideals and translating them into understandable English;—Dr. Besant has not only been one of those who have roused the slumbering minds of the great people of India; but she has also been of the utmost importance in making the spiritual message of India known to the outside world.

She has made religion the keynote of her life. "She brought together Hindus, Mohammodans, Christians and Parsees under her flag,—Theosophical

Flag—a faith that stands for universal brotherhood, justice and service for humanity". She has been the author of several educational and social monuments, the Central Hindu College being one of them. She has done great service to the women of India. The Women's Indian Association was founded in 1917 with Dr. Besant as President.

It was the Indian National Congress, over which she had the honour to preside, that passed the resolution support of women's franchise. She headed the deputation to Sir Montague when he visited India before the introduction of the Montague and Chelmsford Reform, demanding the right of women to be designated as citizens, possessing equal rights of citizenship, which has now become an accepted fact. She even went to England to give evidence before the joint parliamentary

committee that the women of India are fit to be enfranchised. The British Parliament left it to the Indian legislatures to decide that question.

The several branches of the Women's Indian Association set up agitation in every province inspired by Dr. Besant and her co-workers, Mrs. Jinanujadasa and Mrs. Cousins—her disciples and followers. Madras was the first to grant legislative and Municipal franchise to women and to grant the right to women to be elected as legislators. I distinctly remember the meeting at the Gokhale Hall, men and women were crowded to celebrate the women's victory. We were all young, and inexperienced, shy and timid to address such a big gathering. Her silvery voice rang forth in love and gratitude to all those who helped the women's cause. Lady Sadasiva Iyer, that good and brave lady, in her colloquial, pure, sweet, winning Tamil, spoke on behalf of the Indian women welcoming



MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU.

the new era of women's emancipation. Such utterances and occasions cannot but leave a lasting imprint on our minds.

"As she has liberated the women's power for social and national service in England, so also she has succeeded in freeing the women of India from the fetters of custom and conventions to work for the redemption of their Motherland."

"What Dr. Besant has prophesied 30 years before, has come to pass:- 'It may be that India's redemption may still be brought about by India's women, for when once the woman's heart is touch-

ed, she is thousand times more devoted than are men. She is willing to sacrifice herself as a man will never sacrifice himself. Through thousands of generations, women have learned the lesson of self-sacrifice in the home, with the husband and with the child, and when that spirit of self-sacrifice, now instinctive, as a part of her spiritual nature, is turned to the highest object, and is directed to the noblest ends, there is then a power for good that nothing else can give to the world. In that self-sacrifice and devotion of her women, it may be that India's redemption will find its real instrument.'"

An Appeal to our Readers.

It is with much regret that we have to bring the sad state of our finances before the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine. We have tried to improve the get-up of the journal, and are earning favourable criticisms from various papers; but this means a rise in the Press bills. Month by month, the bills pour in, and there are not enough subscribers to satisfy the demand.

The Magazine has been supported solely by us, with no company or committee of promoters behind us. For many years we have done our best for it, and several times have financed it out of our own resources. The Indian Ladies' Magazine is one of the very few papers in India being edited on behalf of the women of India. There is no doubt that there are many faults in it and many omissions. But that does not necessitate that a venture solely run by Indians, for Indians, should be allowed to fall through for the want of public support. And the support asked is so little, only Rs. 5 a year for a magazine, really costing more than it is charged for, which even in the days of

economic depression does not mean a heavy weight.

We earnestly hope that our subscribers will come robustly to our support. I propose raising the annual subscription from January 1932 to Rs. 6, which I hope will not be too much for our readers; otherwise I am afraid that the I. L. M. will have to be shortly discontinued.

I propose also,

1. That the subscribers of the I. L. M., especially those who have stood by it for some years, should be so good as to get an extra subscriber each for the Magazine. This is however, no condition attached to subscribers, but only a favour requested from them.

2. That our subscribers should each try kindly to get donations for the Magazine from well-to-do friends and philanthropists.

We request replies from our subscribers as soon as possible.

Editor,

The Indian Ladies' Magazine.



BEGUM MIR AMIRUDDIN, wife of the District and Sessions Judge, Anantapur, who has just been elected President of the Ladies Club, Anantapur. She is a member of the Central Advisory Committee for Women's Education, Madras. She is an Honours Graduate and the Woomash-chandra and Santimoni Medalist of the Calcutta University, and also the First Prize Winner in the Preliminary Law Examination, Calcutta, having topped the list in the Presidency. She is keenly interested in the advancement and uplift of women.

Photo by :—I. N. Agency.

OUR WILD ANIMALS.

(1) ELEPHANT CAPTURE IN TRAVANCORE

By K. P. P. Tampi.

THE charming state of Travancore, characterised by its "primeval forests and palm-fringed shores" is famous for its "exuberant natural beauties, its old-world simplicity and its Arcadian charms." Travancore undoubtedly is most appropriately called the beauty spot of India. A view of the country from one of the hill tops is the most fascinating sight that can ever be met with.

Along with its lovely lagoons, marvellous mountains, wild rocks, precipitous activities, shady and pleasant valleys, mighty rivers, stately trees, magnificent bowers of nature, creepers that put forth a rich variety of beautiful blossoms, and carpeted undergrowth of ferns and flowering shrubs, the forests of Travancore reveal an inexpressible grandeur which is sure to relieve the ordinary prosaic monotony of every-day life and fill it with sweet visions and happy thoughts of real bliss. Travancore forests are supreme for their unlimited luxury. Their most outstanding feature is their extensive and diversified flora and fauna. It is said that there are no

fewer than 700 kinds of trees, 350 species of birds, 67 varieties of snakes and innumerable insects in their vast and wonderful depths. They are the natural homes of many kinds of animals. The wild bison, the grisly bear, the royal tiger, the lordly elephant, the cunning leopard, the gentle deer, the wily jackal, the unclean hyena, the fearful wild boar, the mischievous monkey, roam the jungle free. Travancore forests indeed are of much interest to the keen and clever sportsman, and are often spoken of as the hunter's paradise.

Of all the animals of Travancore, the most characteristic and the oldest one is the majestic elephant, which is the undisputed master of the forest. It moves about in large herds along the Cardamon Hills of North Travancore. Very seldom

is a single elephant seen; when one does come across a single elephant the experience might well be a death-dealing affair. When in herds, elephants are easily frightened and scamper off at the slightest sign of danger. Elephants do not remain in one spot for a long time. They move about from place to place in search of food and drink. During the month of January, water begins to fail in the higher regions. Then the elephants go in search of the coolest and thickest parts of the forest. So they move to the lower regions, where there are rivers. With the advent of the monsoon, they again climb to the higher regions of the forests.

Thus the summer resort of the "bigwigs" of the forests is the upper region, and the winter resort the lower one. In the month of September, when grains ripen, the black and terrible denizens of the forest descend to the low country and make devastating & fearful raids upon the corn fields. During the season, the cultivators keep very vigilant watch at nights; they sit and watch by big fires,

which with the beat of tom-toms serve to scare away the molesters. In November, the elephants, which have come to the plains, rejoin their comrades.

The animals, therefore, are captured during the hot weather, when they come in groups to the lower regions in search of water. In places, through which elephants are sure to pass, deep pits of 15 feet depth and of the same diameter, are dug very carefully and cautiously by clever and experienced hands. The excavated earth is scattered at a distance, to avoid suspicion, for elephants are very wise and avoid danger as much as possible. It is said that every herd is led by a leader of ripe age, wisdom and experience, who gropes his way along with a big log or tree-trunk to assure safety

to himself. The pits are wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, and are made in such a way that it is absolutely impossible for the elephant, which has fallen into the pit, to climb out. The mouths of the pits are carefully covered up by dry sticks, leaves and small shrubs. Watchers are appointed by Government to guard the pits and report whether any elephant has fallen a victim to them.

When an elephant treads on the pit, the twigs and leaves give way and it falls down with a loud and frightful yell. For about two or three days it is left unmolested, and free to make wild and frantic efforts to release itself from the trap into which it has fallen; but, overcome by fear, hunger, fatigue and want of space, it finds all its incessant and enthusiastic efforts badly defeated, and is finally completely exhausted.

Now the experts deputed for elephant capture begin their operations. The most striking and interesting feature in this is the use of tame creatures employed to catch their brethren. Indeed, without the clever and sincere help of tamed elephants, it will never be possible for men to capture wild elephants alive. When the tame elephants and their clever mahouts are ready, operations to capture the wild ones are set in full swing. Dry boughs, the undergrowth of the forest and earth are thrown into the pit, little by little. The wild elephant, rendered helpless, tramples on the material dropped in-

to the pit and stands on it, in dead fright. Again, fresh things are thrown into the pit. When enough has been thrown to level the pit, the wild victim appears at the top and finds itself surrounded by tame elephants and men. Then it is placed between two tame ones. Huge and heavy chains are tied around its legs and are held firmly. In this way, the helpless wild animal is taken prisoner. The capture is immensely interesting and extremely risky. With all the experience, intelligence and caution of the tame elephants and their master-mahouts, sometimes the wild elephant gets out of control. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sport attracts large crowds of eager and expectant people.

There is another method adopted in capturing the black monsters of the forests, which is more risky still. On the way through which elephants are known to pass, big enclosures are made which are narrow at one end and wide at the other. Huge logs of strong and heavy timber are driven deep into the ground, close to one another, forming a very strong palisade; inside it small trees and bushes are grown in abundance, to make the

enclosure look like a part of the dense forest. At the entrance which is kept open, sugar-cane, which is much liked by the elephant, is grown in clusters. The animals, as they move about, are attracted by the dainty food and eat their way into the enclosure. As soon as they are safe within, watchers turn up and barricade the entrance. After a time, tame elephants armed with heavy iron chains are taken into the enclosure. The rest is primarily the work of the tame elephants. With the help of these, the mahouts and other people secure chains round the legs of the wild elephants. Big ropes are tied to their necks. Thus they are captured. Then they are taken away to be trained.

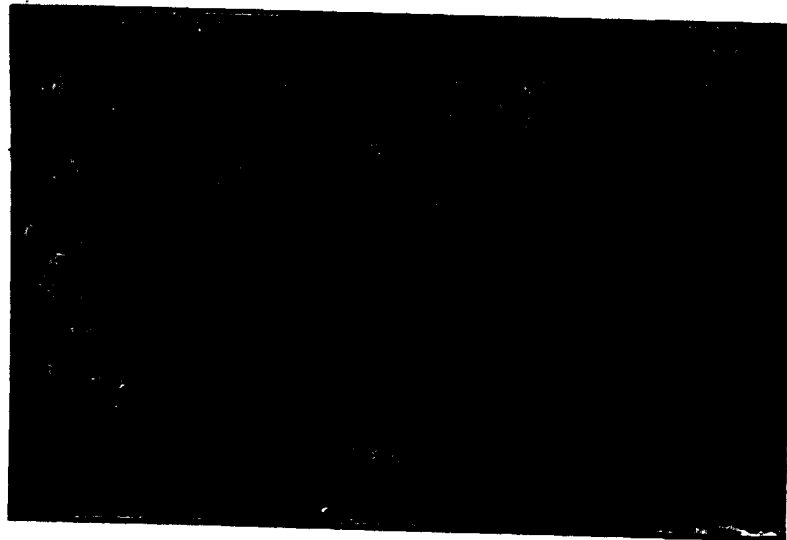
More difficult than capturing is the training of wild elephants. To make these lawless and rude natives of the forest submissive to law and accustomed to town-life amidst men, is really a very troublesome and exciting affair, which can only be accomplished by the cleverness and intelligence of man. The training of the wild elephant takes place inside a large cage specially made for that purpose. It is made of strong logs of teakwood and is very big and divided into two apartments,

the lower and the upper. The wild elephant is placed in the lower, and the trainers take their places in the upper part. The period usually required to train a wild elephant is six months.

The elephant is the emblem of the Royal House of Travancore and is protected by government. To kill a wild

elephant without a special order is highly punishable. Ivory is the royalty of the State. Every state procession is led by an exquisitely and elaborately decorated elephant, with a banner waving from its back. Every state occasion is characterised by the pompous and dignified march of a number of these majestic animals. It is no exaggeration to say that the elephants of Travancore are looked upon with a great amount of love and consideration by the people, who have fully understood and appreciated their good and great qualities of head, heart and physique. One might also say that Travancore elephants are far superior to their brethren in other parts of the world, in personal beauty and elegant appearance.

It can rightly and reasonably be inferred that the elephant, which is the most wide-spread of earth's huge animals, has learnt a lesson from the sad fate of its great ancestors, the Mastadon and the Mammoth, and has saved its race by being useful to man.



Captured Elephants Taken out of the Pit.



Captured Elephants taken in procession.

2. THE TIGER.

In my childhood I lived in a small house on the edge of a forest. There were about a score of houses in the place. Children returned from play when the sun was still some way from setting. The village school, where the alphabet was taught, varied only by an elementary drill in numbers once or so a month, worked in the mornings. Few persons went out during the long darkness of the nights, which seemed to be in open conspiracy with the mysterious forest. This darkness was sometimes so powerful as to affect even the raising and setting of the sun. As a matter of fact, in most days in the village, the sun went early to bed, but was never early to rise.

If our house was a small one, it had only three persons to shelter. My mother, my grandmother and I lived in it. What with increasing age and affection for the family, my grandmother was a bad sleeper and she used to tell us the various happenings over-night at some safe hour in the day. These happenings related to the denizens of the forest and to the spirits of the temple that stood across the hedge. The spirits knocked at our door or called us by our names. Sometimes a party of them plunged into the big tank in front of our house and disported themselves in it, making fantastic festival. The tigers came more often than the spirits. My grandmother often peered through a hole in the wall to see occasionally even half a dozen of them. They would walk round the house, sniffing loudly and scratching the walls in no amiable mood. To the rapid relief of my courage they never overstayed the night.

Gradually, these 'yarns' of my grandmother began to flourish in my mind. The spirits and the tigers became real to me and I wanted to look at them through the same hole that she had been using. This desire growing to a big size now and then kept me awake far into the night. On such occasions I always lay close to my grandmother, whispering in her ear to look and tell me what was going on, so that I might also look if there was anything to see. But she would only try to send me to sleep by telling me the story of a king who had no children. One night, however, obeying no doubt her trained ears more than my prayer, she did look. There were two tigers prowling about! I arose, more silent than the night itself, and when my grandmother withdrew her head from the hole I took her place. When I remember what I saw, thrill seems even now to make me tremble. It was not that I was afraid to see the two striped cow-killers walk the length of our house, but that their eyes were burning. The light in them tempted mine to burn at least in fancy; I withdrew my head from the 'port-hole' and buried it in my grandmother's sari, while she went on with her story of how the king went to the forest to pray to the gods for the boon of a child. This story, which always came to the fore, whenever she was in the story-telling mood, used to become more and more

uninteresting with repetition, so that it invariably put me to sleep just before the king returned from the forest.

The next day, hearing what had taken place overnight, my mother had no hesitation in plugging the hole with a vast amount of loose earth. My grandmother tried in vain to argue with her against this annihilation of air in our sleeping-room, but it was not till my father returned from his work in the outer world a month afterwards, that the aperture breathed again.

I have forgotten to mention that, besides my mother and grandmother, there was a beautiful little cow with its calf in the house. During the day they fed on the luxurious grass that grew all about the house and during the night they slept near us in an adjacent room. We did not suspect that the cow or the calf had anything to do with the coming of the tigers.

One day, our golden calf was not to be seen anywhere, and the mother-cow was restless. We explored the thickets near the house vainly. Suddenly an idea occurred to me. It was that I was a man, while my mother and grandmother were only women. The result was that I soon disappeared from their company and went to the temple. Here I met a school-mate, a little bigger and older than I. We put our heads together and started on our search. As we had not the slightest notion where the calf might be, we had not also the slightest notion where we were going. Before long, however, we found ourselves getting deeper and deeper into the forest. The sun was still some way from dusk. Presently, we came to a place where a vast quantity of matted shrubs, with grim dark trees standing guard, stopped our progress. The night had already gained a foothold beneath the trees. Through the sea of tangled leaves, scattered heaps of gold on the western horizon could still, however, be seen. We peered into a gloomy arbour, and the sight we saw nearly turned us to stone. There was our calf lying mangled and torn in a mass of blood!

Nor was this all. We also saw two eyes waxing bright, as the day was waning dim, eyes of flame that defied the gathering gloom. And they were not so very far from us; but as we were too slight and silent to be seen by them we had a space of time given us to escape to. How we reached the temple, its deity knew better than we.

The sight of that calf as it lay there on the edge of the forest still haunts the fading memories of old. Whenever I see cows and calves, happy or unhappy, the gory scene rises in all its tragic outline in my mind. Years afterwards, I went to school and college, where I learnt some needless things. There was, however, one compensation, something that brought back to me my days in the village on the forest's edge. It was a poem that I had read during an educational holiday. It asked among other things,

"In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?"

The question stayed in my mind and sometimes I tried even giving an answer, but it wouldn't come.

By a turn in my father's fortunes, we had shortly to take sad farewell of the village by the wood. But we went from there only to another village, which was not very far, so that we still lived in the shadow of the same forest. In course of time, I grew up. I gathered knowledge with its promise of power and pride, I gathered passions with their mottled claims. Came also counsels of kindness, which for its own sake had sometimes to be cruel. It was this grim thread in life's pied fabric that led me to learn the use of a gun and shoot errant birds, that without reason offered themselves to my desire.

There was no lack of aggressive tigers in the forest, and even in the village itself they were not altogether unknown. Now and then a cow 'in milk,' or a yokable young bull, or an agricultural buffalo, disappeared. One day, a strong man I remember met an aged tiger in the village lane in broad daylight. The man caught with both his hands the over-staying animal's neck and squeezed it. The tiger, because it was old, died then and there, but not without imprinting some marks of the character of its race on the strong man. These, as the first glow of triumph faded, quickly festered, and the man duly followed his victim, nicely balancing the scales of right and wrong.

There was a thick stretch of cashew-nut trees near our house. It was always dark there and sometimes cool. I used to go there to lounge upon the branches and gaze idly at the waves of leaves. From these trees rolled a plain, in the centre of which was an elephant-shaped rock. It was believed that this huge rock burst every time any of the village folk made a monstrous mistake, but nobody explained how it remained intact for every new occasion. Standing on this rock, one could see the hills and forests thrown off by the Western Ghats, as if they were only a yard or two from one's eyes. It was in this way that our village was within the forest's sphere of influence.

One day, near this rock, some who were looking after cattle saw a pretty big tiger skulking about. They at once shouted for help. This set the tiger running and it happened that it ran to no other place than the garden of cashew-nut trees near our house. A hue and cry was raised, and presently, there was a large number of people following the tiger at a respectable distance and making a brave noise. I became aware of the scene. I did not know what it was about and I seized my gun, as I always did whenever anything that I did not understand happened. As the cries of 'Tiger! tiger!' rose above the surge, I was proud to think that my instinct was right. I flew across with the gun. You must know that I was biding my time to win my spurs. But our blacksmith had forestalled me. It is true that his gun was too old to pop a shot, but this did not matter much when he smashed the tiger's head with the butt-end. I could not forgive this instantaneous man. He and his wife went

dragging the tiger from house to house for a whole day and he was able to suspend work for about two months.

In these two months, the folks in the village were too busy with the harvest to think of the forest. Cattle came and went with the reapers, feeding on the stumps, the grass and the weeds. The days were resonant with the chirping of the sickles, and the nights with the threshers' songs that seemed to vie with one another for the first place. Unhappily, the harvest time does not last long. The songs ceased to keep awake the nights, and the beasts of the forests became active again. One day, as I sat regarding the useless lot of my gun, what should come but the news that my neighbour's only cow, the sole support of his family, lay killed in the outskirts of the forest. Much as I felt for my neighbour, I was glad in my heart. I consoled the man by telling him that I would make him a present of the tiger that had killed his cow. Of course, he was not consoled, but the fault was not mine.

I had a man attached to my house, noted more for agility than for presence of mind, and I asked him to follow me to the scene of the news-bringers' melancholy story. There, sure enough, was the carcass of the cow. The blood lay clotted, as if calling for vengeance. Near by was a tree, and scattered brambles grew everywhere. "We must come again at night. It must come to its kill," said I to my man. And he dubiously nodded his head. In fact, he was always too wise to give anything his unqualified approval in words.

My resolve did not, however, slacken. I took my evening meal early and girded myself up. Of course, the man followed me. My gun was loaded and we took extra powder and shot. The tree was conveniently near enough to the 'kill' for the range of my gun, and tall and strong enough for the safety of our lives. We climbed it before the sun sank below the horizon. Its entangled branches induced my assistant to stretch himself upon them, ready to snore. He was more silent with his tongue than with his breath, and I pinched him now and then with dark gravity. The branches on which we were accommodated were about the height of two men from the ground.

As the dusk deepened, I became aware of a certain rustling in the thickets. The man also heard and actually held his breath. From the thickets emerged a spotted swaggering shape. It was a fair length, and at one end there were two eyes almost burning. It slowly came to the tragic cow and stood sniffing. I took my aim and fired. I heard a growl, that lingered and died.

The next day the village made much of me. Even the inconsolable neighbour allowed a gleam on his face. At the end of it all, my assistant again shook his head.

My hunting days were not destined to last long. An Indian such as I am cannot hunt for ever. There is bread to be made. There is religion to be kept. There are caste-rules to obey and

there is society to please. Many things have combined in a land where combination is not easy, to capture freedom. Emboldened by my experience at the tree-top however, I make time and ventured far into the forest one day. My inevitable man followed me. He had his sibylline nods still. As we pushed further and further into the forest, he began to indulge in his habit with a grave significance. It was not altogether ineffective, for I suddenly remembered a true story in the village hunting-lore. It referred to a sporting hero of our village, who was still remembered by the old men. There was no count to the wild animal he had bagged. Wild elephants were too careful to come his way after he had killed a couple of them in his early adventures. He carried his hunting enthusiasm right up to his green old age and, in a manner he was known to have had died 'in harness.' One day, in his old age he went into the forest, as I was now doing in the first glow of youth. As he went, he found himself on a path that turned round on itself. Presently, he turned a sharp corner to happen upon a real tiger almost under his nose. The old man was holding his gun reversely at the time. Their eyes clashed and there they stood looking at each other, for no tiger would spring on a man, as long as he could keep his eyes on it. He stood as he was till, after some hours, help arrived from the village, and the terrible beast was shot from behind, so thoroughly that it had no time even to growl. But the old man returned and fell ill and died, giving imaginative minds plenty of hope to say that the tiger had dealt him a fatal blow at the moment of its death.

This was the story that I recalled, and mine was also a sinuous path. It, however, led to an opening in the wood. The tall trees stood like door sentinels all round. The sun was slanting into it from a segment in the Western sky. A clear pond lay like shimmering silver in the middle, and all the rest of it was covered with a kind of grass more beautiful than tapestry. Many song-birds sent forth endless strains from the watching woods. Suddenly, the grass some yards from me shook and a big tiger emerged. History was repeating itself! It at once saw me and stood looking at me. I asked my man to climb the nearest tree, which he did in the twinkling of an eye. I was holding my gun vertically; and my heart stood still in my effort to bring it level with the tiger. Slowly and slowly, I pushed up the butt-end, while I kept my eyes continuously on the enemy; and when I thought, which was no better than a mere guess, for my eyes were not available for looking at the gun, that I had the right aim, I pulled the trigger, at the same time jumping a long stride. The tiger leaped like lightning to the exact spot, where I had been standing before, and fell there dead.

"My worthy assistant put a deal of shadowy salt into this unplanned adventure and told it all to my mother behind my back. And she asked me in the name of all the gods to make a promise to her that I would never again go a-hunting!—N.K.V.

3. 'THE DEAR OLD MAN'.

'The dear old man' is dead, the old custodian of the wisdom of the ages. His bones are laid and his house is hired out to younger folk, archins showing their teeth at his memory, which happily still hovers round the house.

When 'the dear old man' lived in it, a thousand hands used to rest on its bars and a thousand eyes used to peer wonderingly into it. The wise one sitting in the dark, partially hidden from the ceaseless gaze, would scan the shallow visitors staring at him, with a mixture of humility and haughtiness. He was often amused more than the on-lookers. In complacent mood, which was indeed a rare interval in a life mainly devoted to contemplation, he would move forward with his bushy head and face and pace to and fro leisurely. Then, the hands would leave the bars and the thousand eyes would keep measure with the promenade, slow and majestic. A youngish man would perhaps poke his umbrella in. The old man would seize it swiftly, and the intruding nuisance would be whipped off and stowed away. An impish child would perhaps shy a stone; he would lift his eyes and look at the little thing pityingly.

He was a stern scorner of fashions. Streams of people came and went, flaunting gold. Civilization thronged his portals asking admittance. But he lived and died, a solitary survival from the simple ancient days, untouched by the countless temptations that tirelessly heaped their allurements in his courtyard.

It must be admitted that one of the most insistent ambassadors of civilization, more fortunate than the rest, nearly succeeded, for he often showed a tolerance for the pen and ink with which Darwin linked his race and men together. He even sometimes liked to have pen and ink by his side.

Once, too, he made himself, unwittingly perhaps, the author of a great excitement. For, given to contemplation as he always was, he took advantage one day of the keeper's negligence, quietly strolling into the gardens to see if the heavens would fall if he took a turn like all the rest. Fortunately, the heavens did not fall, although his action nearly 'set the Thames on fire'. They raised an alarm and made a hullabaloo and a huge collection of people stood at a respectable distance, shaking in their shoes. He was extremely amused, of course, at the large number of 'clucking chickens,' that so bravely encircled him, but out of the reach of his arms. And, as they stood there aghast, not knowing whether to come nearer or fly, he quietly reared himself on his paws and, hanging his head for very shame of his descendants, returned to his house, to resume his interrupted meditations.

But now 'the dear old man' is dead, and no more will the city pour into his courtyard and stand gazing at him, rivetted to the spot. He was the cynosure of all eyes, uncouth, lumbering old fellow as he was, and with him has departed some of the glory and the charm of Maharajah's Zoo.—V.



The Ladies' Club, Vellore.

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. She goes away for sometime to her nurse's house, in order to smooth over matters; but is persuaded to return home.)

CHAPTER XV.

Gauri returned home to a rather poor reception.

"So, you have thought fit to come back at last, Gauri," said Arjuna, as they sat at tea about an hour after the girl's arrival. "I thought you were never going to tear yourself away from the attractions of your nurse's home."

"I thought you did not wish me back so soon, Arjuna."

"Did you? But I asked you to return, didn't I?"

"You did once; but then you never asked me again. Your letters were so cold."

"Were they? Not colder than yours. Oh, well, it did not matter much. I have been quite happy. By the way," he added airily, as he stood

up, "I am going to see Mrs. Williams now. I shall not be back before eight o'clock. Don't wait dinner for me, if I am late. You must be tired."

Gauri was hot and flushed and angry. She had come to him with pity and love in her heart, and he was rebuffing her. How dared he flaunt that woman in her face? And yet, he was Arjuna. Mathuram's phrase, "do your duty," still, however, rang in her ears. She was frightened, but she contrived to murmur:

"Is it wise?"

"Is what wise?" he retorted. "Oh, I see."

He walked to the door, then turned back and said:

"Perhaps you have come to keep a watch over me. There is no need to, you know. I am quite

The Lady-graduates for the year of the Madras Presidency.

Press Photo Bureau, Madras.

to be trusted. Still, I'll relieve your mind. I am doing business with Mrs. Williams. I know she has told a falsehood about her widowhood, but I cannot desert her for that. She has got into dreadful trouble, and she is half off her head and she needs my help. I wish you could be her friend, Gauri. Won't you come and see her one day?"

"I will, I will," she said eagerly. "I am sorry for her."

"Are you?" coming back to her, and looking into her face. "What a pity it all is!"

She stared at him.

"What's a pity?" she asked.

"That our happy days are over. Good-bye, Gauri. I shall come back as soon as possible. By the way, shall I arrange that Mrs. Williams should come out with us on Deepavali night to see the illuminations?"

"Of course."

"One thing more, Gauri. Warn away Sankar from Mrs. Williams. He knows her husband is still alive, and what business has he to haunt her?"

"Perhaps because he sees you there."

Arjuna seemed to grit his teeth. Then he turned away, muttering: "My dear, I have done my duty. You can do what you like."

Left alone, she dissolved into pitiful tears. Happy days over? How could she bring them back? And why were they over? Through her fault, or through his?

On the night of the Deepavali (lamps) festival, Sripur being noted for the beauty of its illuminations on that feast-day, everyone was out. Arjuna and his party went slowly in two cars from street to street. He and his wife and Mrs. Williams were in one; his aunt and Pushpam with Sankar in another. It was not a very happy mixture, as might have been expected; for, while Gauri wished Mrs. Williams away, Sankar, longing to be with the latter, neglected Mrs. Sitaram and her daughter shamefully. It seemed to Gauri, as if the arrangement of the party had been rather engineered by Arjuna, which of course made her very sad. Moreover, she did not at all feel happy about her brother. Gone it seemed to her for ever were his gay young spirits, his pleased laugh, his sweet smile; unheard was the old happy tilt in his voice, silent were his youthful jokes and silly puns. He looked unhappy, absentminded, distraught; more than that he was sullen and irritable. It seemed to her that he was on the high road to losing control of himself.

She was also quite perturbed about the change in Mrs. Williams. The young widow's old provocative, simpering, appealing look had given place to a wild uneasiness; her usually wistful eyes looked frightened; her elegant manner was now merely nervous. She too looked as if she might lose control of herself. More than that, her eyes often looked at Arjuna with a persistency and a questioning that made Gauri wildly jealous.

The illuminations were beautiful to see. Little coloured lamps twinkled like earthly stars; festoons and garlands of lights winked and gleamed across

the roads. The bazaars were fitfully illuminated by the smoky glare of naphtha lamps, which threw up enticing wares into occasional vivid relief. The frontages of small houses gleamed with lines of little lighted wicks placed in saucers of floating oil; lights arched over the gates of big mansions and lined the approaches. Crackers exploded and cracked everywhere. *Matabs* (coloured lights) blazed with many hues; fiery stars glowed; flaming flowers fizzed and gleamed; hissing rockets rose high in the air, and fell back in entrancing showers of colour. All was noise and radiance, laughter and gaiety.

"What is the story of the Deepavali?" asked Mrs. Williams. Why do they observe it so carefully every year?

"It is to commemorate the heroic action of one of their Gods," answered Gauri, and forthwith was asked to tell the story. Arjuna in front turned round to listen, and in the fitful light his gaze dwelt on his wife with a wistful pathos, which only Mrs. Williams noticed. Thereafter, she often tried to interrupt the story, but without success.

"Quite an interesting account," said Arjuna, when Gauri had finished, "I am glad I have heard it. You seem to be a mine of information, Gauri."

"I really know very little," said she modestly. "My father it was who told me all the stories."

"He must have been a man worth knowing," said the man. "You are like him, you know, Gauri."

"Am I like him?" asked the girl eagerly. "I think you have paid me a great compliment."

"Oh, can you call that a compliment," laughed Mrs. Williams in a shrill voice. "How can it be pleasant to be compared to a man and an old one too? I would hate it. Besides, I—I—what was I going to say? Oh, it does not matter, does it? By the way, Arjuna, may I sit in front with you? You know you promised to teach me to drive. Besides, I feel so safe with you."

At that moment Sankar appeared by the side of the car, his hair all disordered by the breeze which was blowing, his eyes glowing strangely in the unequal light. He began to speak in a great hurry. Mrs. Sitaram wished Arjuna and Gauri to come into her car for a few minutes, as she wished to consult them about something. Would they mind? The other car was just behind them, and they could draw up there by the side of the road and rest for a few minutes. So the two alighted, and, though Arjuna hesitated for a moment, Sankar took his place. "I shall keep your place warm for you," he cackled with a meaningless laugh. "Ha—ha—ha."

The sound of his cynical merriment followed them till they reached their aunt's car and then ceased. Gauri looked back for a moment, and saw Sankar bending over Mrs. Williams's down-bent head. A hot anger rose in her heart at what she thought the designs of the other woman. The next minute she was listening in surprise to what her aunt was saying. "No, I didn't send for you both. Suddenly, Sankar stopped the car, got off and went up to you, I was wondering why."

Gauri, surprised at the duplicity of her brother, looked uneasily at her husband; but to her surprise he only laughed.

"I am glad he had the spirit to assert his rights," he said. Then he turned to his aunt and suggested to her that probably the boy had misunderstood some of her words. "Now that we are here," he continued, "shall we stay on, aunt?"

"Why, of course," acquiesced the old lady. "I want to talk to you both. Get in, get in." And soon she had drawn them into a discussion, which left no room for anything else.

Suddenly they were disturbed by a shriek from Pushpam.

"Look," she said, "they are going off. How quickly they are going, and how wildly he seems to be driving! I am sure there will be an accident. Let us follow them, Arjuna."

The car in front was being driven as if it was possessed. In and out of the crowd it went, and several times Gauri thought that people had been run over. But, good luck attended Sankar and also Arjuna, who followed some distance behind.

Very often Mrs. Williams looked back, and waved her hand to them. What the signal meant Gauri did not know, anyhow, she had not much belief in the genuineness of the words or gestures of that lady.

They went on. After a while, they came into less crowded and less well-lighted streets, and soon they were on the road leading to a suburb.

Suddenly, Sankar swerved with a jerk into a lane. Naturally, the path was full of ruts and bumps and pits, and the guiding of the car required special attention. But, instead of giving that, Sankar seemed to grow more absent-minded.

The night was quite dark now, except from the light given by the car lamps. Gauri could faintly see the people in front, for they themselves were some distance behind. She heard Mrs. Williams scream, and saw her stand up once or twice and wave wildly to them. But, each time she seemed to be jerked down by the jolting of the vehicle. Then, Sankar took off one hand from the wheel, and appeared to put it round the lady. There was a struggle, some screams, the car in front wobbled dangerously.

Suddenly, the lane appeared to swerve almost at right angles, for the front car swung round, and they could not see it. There was a last scream, a shout, a crash, and then silence.

"My God," said Arjuna, and put on speed. He too swerved violently, and then too late he realized that he was almost on top of the other car. In trying to avoid it, he jerked too much to the other side, there was another crash, screams from them all, and then silence.

"What has happened?" shrieked Mrs. Sitaram. That roused the two girls, who had fallen back rather stunned, and they jumped up. The headlights were out for both cars; but the old-fashioned kerosene lamps at the side were still burning in

theirs. And, by their light, they saw Arjuna fallen across his wheel.

"Is he dead?" quavered Gauri.

"Don't be silly," roughly answered Pushpam.

"But what has happened to the other people?"

"I don't know."

"Come round, Gauri, and help me with Arjuna.

Quick, child, I must go to the other car. There, lay him back. He is only stunned, I think. His pulse is all right. Oh, there is some blood coming from a wound in his head. Don't be alarmed. Give me your handkerchief. There! I wish we had some water, though. Now, you look after him, and I shall go to the other car."

Off went the brave and resourceful girl, and soon Gauri had recovered her nerve. He was not dead, that was enough for her. The old lady also heartened up and began to grumble at what she called the evils of modern ways.

A rush of tenderness filled the young wife's heart, as she looked at her unconscious husband. Then, as she bent over him, she heard a sudden shriek, which she knew was from Mrs. Williams. There was a rush of feet towards her.

"What has happened?" cried the other woman, pushing her aside, "I could not come before. I was pinned down by Sankar, who is in a faint. Where is Arjuna? Is he dead, my brave man? Oh Arjuna Arjuna, my boy! Why did you leave me to that wild Sankar? Oh, don't say you are dead. Oh—Oh—"

"Silly woman!" snapped Mrs. Sitaram.

"Control yourself," quietly said Pushpam from behind. "He is only stunned. Why don't you look after Sankar? He also is unconscious."

"What do I care about Sankar?" screeched the other woman. He it is who brought about all this misery. Oh, Arjuna, oh, look, look, he is opening his eyes. My poor boy! Go away, Gauri; give me room. After all, it was for me that he was hurt. He came to save me, and I have a right to help him."

"What is she saying?" quavered Mrs. Sitaram curiously.

"Be quiet," murmured Pushpam to Mrs. Williams.

"I have a right, I tell you. You don't know half—"

"Keep calm, I tell you. He is coming round. Come here, Gauri."

But Gauri hung back, strangely reluctant. The hurt man opened his eyes and looked vaguely round.

"Where is Gauri?" he murmured in a voice, which his wife unfortunately did not hear. Then his eyes fell on Mrs. Williams.

"Is that you, Stella?" he asked more coherently. "Are you all right? Where are the others? Any-one hurt?"

"Not particularly," answered Pushpam, "Sankar is coming round, and you were hurt by a piece of glass from the wind-screen. We are all right, aunt, Stella, Gauri and myself. Wake up, Arjuna."

"I am all right," he asserted, trying to sit up. But, he found a weight across him, and looking saw that it was Mrs. Williams sobbing over him.

"I am quite well, Stella. Get up," he murmured sternly. "There that will do." Gauri shrank further back, then quietly stole over to the other car. She found Sankar sitting up and looking at them. He looked calm enough, but his words sounded strange. "Beware of him," he whispered to Gauri. "A man can smile and smile, and be a villain, you know."

"Who?" asked Gauri.

"Who else but your precious husband?" he snapped. "But there, I shall get even with him soon. Every dog has his day; I also will."

"Don't talk like that, Sankar. Arjuna has done nothing to you."

"Hasn't he? Ask him, ask Mrs. Williams."

A burst of indignation rose to the girl's lips; but somehow she could not give it utterance, for doubts and misgivings were pouring into her heart. So, she soothed her brother and together they began examining the damages to the car.

In the meanwhile, a wild jealous filled her heart. Would he not even come to see how she was? Was he so busy with the other woman? A rush of tears came to her eyes, and she bent over the bonnet, and softly wept. Sankar, who was busy the other side, did not hear her; but Arjuna did, for he had come to see how she was.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Hurt?"

"No" she stammered.

"Then, why are you weeping?"

"Simply because she is making a fuss," chimed in the hated tones of her rival. "She is all right. It is I, who must be looked after. You know how weak my nerves are, and what the doctor said about my being careful."

"I am all right, leave me alone," murmured Gauri; and Arjuna with a grunt left her. Immediately, a strange pang of regret came into her heart. Why did she put him off, when he was so kind? But, she lacked the nerve to go again to him.

The damages to the cars were not many, strange to say. And soon, some sort of patching-up was done, and they started back, Arjuna this time in the first car with his aunt, Pushpam and Mrs. Williams. Sankar followed meekly behind with Gauri, who had quietly slipped into his car.

For some days, Arjuna and Gauri lived like strangers in their own house. Then, a strange event, which happened at the Christian church one Sunday morning, gave Gauri an opportunity to get away. A well-known emotional preacher gave a sermon, and, driven by his appealing words, Mrs. Williams suddenly got up and openly confessed to wrong-doing.

"I have sinned, I have sinned," she wailed. "May God help me and forgive me."

In vain did the kind old preacher beg her to tell the church what she had done. She would not reply to him, but begged them to pray for her son,

whose illness, she was sure, was a punishment to her.

When she fainted and was carried out, it was Arjuna, who was her most assiduous helper. Was it any wonder then that some suspicious glances were levelled at him, and that whispers arose, connecting him with Mrs. Williams.

Even Gauri felt a strange pain at her heart. "Why is he so fond of her?" she asked Pushpam.

Pushpam looked at her in pretended surprise, for the same question was troubling her. "My dear," she said, "surely you do not suspect him of anything wrong. I do not, I tell you, for nothing evil can be said of—of—Arjuna."

"Do you think that, too, Pushpam? Thank you. Oh, I am glad, glad. I too believe in him."

Mrs. Williams lay in bed for a week, not speaking, hardly able to eat, very quiet, almost silent. Her little son was better, the fever having left him. Gauri and Pushpam had practically taken up their quarters in the house, assisted by good Mrs. Samuels, the school-teacher, sometimes even by Mrs. Sitaram, and very often by Gauri's friend, Sita. But, it was Gauri, who was constantly in requisition by the patients; and it was with the greatest trouble that her friends were able to get her out in the evenings for exercise and airing. She refused all Arjuna's entreaties to return home. When he asked her whether she was angry with him, she did not know what to say; for in truth she herself did not know; yet he persisted.

"Gauri," he said, "Tomorrow there is a church-committee meeting at the Rev. Mansion's house, which I must attend; and before that we have all been invited to tea as usual. Mrs. Mansion told me especially to ask you to come. Other ladies are also coming."

"Is it necessary for me to come?"

"It will be better if you do. You know, don't you, what the world is saying about me? People have been rather unkind, and I am afraid I shall be put out of the committee. I would really like to resign at once."

"Why don't you?"

"I must not be a coward."

"Quite true, and who knows what they will decide?"

"I am afraid I do. But, in any case, I think I shall be given a chance to resign, as of my own free will."

"Must you then wait on their good pleasure?"

"I think I ought to. You see we are working for the sake of the community, not for individual advancement. Everything must be done decently and in order. Anyhow, outside appearances must be kept up, and if you keep away from the meeting, it will be the worse for me."

"I will come then. I am very sorry I did not look at the matter in that light before. At what time is the tea?"

"At 5 o'clock. Shall I come for you in the car?"

"Please do. Good-bye, Arjuna."



Mr. Sriram looks up these days.
Has he come into money?



No, just habit. He has married above himself.
U. Mangesh Rao.

XXVI.

There were several people in Mrs. Mansion's drawing-room, when, after a silent drive, Arjuna and Gauri arrived there. As they entered, a sudden hush fell on the room, which went to Gauri's heart like a sword. She stole a look at her husband, and was sorry to see the strained tension on his handsome features.

"How do you do?" said a sudden voice by her side. She turned and saw Mrs. Morley who, though greeting her with a smile, turned stiffly to her husband. He slipped away, but, wherever he went, Gauri noticed that erstwhile happy groups thinned away; and soon he was left alone in a corner. Gauri felt very fierce towards everyone.

With a sudden impulse, she excused herself from Mrs. Morley and went and sat by her husband. He greeted her with a pathetic smile, which she never forgot afterwards; and quite a measure of happiness came to her, in spite of the ache at her heart. Too soon, however, came the call for the men to attend the meeting. The ladies were left to themselves.

After a desultory conversation, in which tentative questions about Mrs. Williams were asked of her, which she deftly answered, Gauri wandered off into the garden. She heard steps behind her, and turning found Mrs. Mansion, a tall austere-looking but evidently kind-hearted matron. She asked Gauri to go with her round the garden, in which she took a great deal of interest. After a while, they passed by the study-window.

"I wonder, if the meeting is over," said Mrs. Mansion. "Shall we just peep in and see?"

So they looked in. Round a long table sat a number of men, English and Indian, among whom was Arjuna. But somehow he seemed to be alone; all the others appeared to have edged away from him. All eyes were fixed on him; his back was towards the window; he was looking down at the table.

Then Mr. Mansion began to speak. Mrs. Mansion tried to draw Gauri away; but she stood firmly at the window. The minister had not seen her.

"Mr. Narayana Rao," he said, ignoring the signs, which, some of those who had seen Gauri were making to him, "a terrible accusation has been made against you, which you have been asked to refute. But, you will not do it. Why?"

"Will you believe me if I do it?"

"Some of us certainly will. But, will you also tell us the name of the guilty man? You may be sure we shall keep it a secret. If you do not, I am afraid some of us will still remain unconvinced."

"Then you can remain so, for as long as you like. I shall make no effort to convince you."

"Shall we proceed against you then?" asked an Indian *Padre*. "Some of us wish to get you excommunicated from the church."

"Do as you like," said Arjuna, pushing back his chair. "This is a shameful business and I am sick of it." As he stood up, he turned to the window and saw Gauri. He turned red. She

came forward and stood by him.

"Mr. Mansion," she said, turning to the astonished minister "I have heard all that you said, and I think you are most unjust. Because he will not tell you the name of the guilty man, you will not believe him. Do you not think his silence may be due to nobility of purpose, not to guilt?"

"None of us will betray the name, if he tells it to us."

"So you say. No, I agree with him, and I want to tell you that I am on his side."

"He must be honoured indeed to have such a champion," said a member of the Committee.

"You need not be sarcastic," she said turning to the new man. "But sarcasm is a thing I can well expect from you. You are all Pharisees, who think themselves righteous. Who knows how many sins are hidden among you? As for us, we do not care a jot about what you may do to us. Come, Arjuna let us go..."

Together, they went out, while all the men stood up. Gauri, with every nerve tingling, forced herself to say a calm "good-bye" to her hostesses.

Then they found their car, and got into it. It had grown quite dark by that time, and, as Arjuna drove into the lane outside, the only light was that which came from their own head-lamps. He drove on into another lane, and then stopped, shutting off his lights.

"Gauri," he said, his voice thrilling with feeling, "how can I thank you for your championship?"

"I could not do anything else. I told you, I believed in you."

"Then," he begged, drawing her to him, "won't you be friends with me?"

She lay half-fainting on his shoulder. His arms were close round her, his voice murmured in her ear. A great temptation thrilled her. Why should she not give in to this happiness? She opened her eyes, and saw him bending over her.

"Gauri, Gauri," he whispered.

She roused herself, and pushed him away.

He drew back, angry at her repulse. "I am going away from here," he said stiffly. "I wish I could die and be free from all this, but, since I cannot, I must go."

"Where will you go, and when?"

"Oh, somewhere, sometime. I suppose you will not come?"

"Not just now, Arjuna. You see Mrs. Williams still needs me."

"Perhaps," he cried eagerly, "you could bring her along with you, as she needs a good change."

She saw in his eagerness only a wish to be with her rival, whom he loved better than herself. Her voice grew cold.

"You can ask the doctor," she said, "let him decide."

"I shall come tomorrow morning to talk to you about it."

She nodded, and he drove her in silence to her temporary quarters at Mrs. William's house.

(To be continued.) K. S.

Child Training Through Kindergarten Methods

By J. P. Jayanti.

IT is the child who grows up to be the future citizen, and hence great care must be taken to guide little ones in the right direction and much depends on the education and training they are given when young. We are all well acquainted with the word "Kindergarten" which means "child-garden"; there is no name that can be more appropriate for a school, in which little children are taught.

Just as a garden is a place where tender flowers are cared for, so the kindergarten must be a place where little children are looked after and surrounded with beauty, in order that their little bodies, minds and souls may grow to be as sweet as the flowers. It is not the big trees which require the constant care of a gardener, but the little trees and delicate plants. Why is it then that we so often neglect our children? They are as tender as little plants, and much more valuable. It is our duty to see that those saplings, that God has given us, grow straight and strong.

Little children cannot be trained by the same methods that are used for older children, and therefore there is this separate institution for their training. There are many reasons why kindergarten work is important for children. First of all it keeps them from mischief. Every Indian village is full of children, and their parents go out to work in the fields, or are busy with some other work. The children are left to themselves and they run wild. They quarrel and fight with each other and learn habits that are not good for them. Thus they grow up in an environment which is not at all suited to them. Is it not wrong on our part to let them run wild like that; and is it not right that we gather them into the kindergarten where they will see and hear only good?

The kindergarten teaches good habits. The children there are under the care and influence of the teacher, and there are many good habits, which are definitely taught and emphasised, such as Promptness, Orderliness, Quietness, Cleanliness, Truthfulness, Unselfishness, Kindness, Bravery, Obedience and Courtesy.

Promptness is a habit, which must be acquired when young; for, when a person becomes older, the habit of tardiness is very hard to break. The teacher must insist upon prompt obedience in everything. When children are asked to put away their playthings, they must do so promptly. They should

not be allowed to continue to play until spoken to several times.

Orderliness is an important habit. The child must be taught to have a place for its things, and to put them in that place and then it will never be at a loss to find them. The habit thus formed will put a stop to the disorder and confusion that usually arises in the school-room or home, and there will be less trouble as well. Train children when young to keep their clothes in the proper place, to make the room tidy, and to pick up stray pieces of paper from the floor. "A place for everything, and everything in its place" should be the guiding principle.

Quietness is a difficult habit. Children are very noisy naturally, and they can be so in out-of-door play. But, in the school-room, even in play, they must be taught to moderate their voices. The teacher can help them a great deal in this. She should speak softly in the school-room, and insist that the children should do likewise. Then, noisy children will realise that they are in the wrong and will learn to be quite.

Cleanliness must be taught as "next to godliness." The teacher should be an example to the children in this. Maxims of cleanliness, together with stories and songs, should be continually used to impress this subject, and it should be remembered that a clean atmosphere instils cleanliness into the mind. Children again should never be allowed to throw refuse around a building, or do anything which will tend to increase dirt or disorder. Village children are seldom taught these habits at home, so it will rest with the teacher to emphasise these things to them.

Truthfulness is a habit which every child ought to be taught. This can be easily done if the teacher herself is a model to the child, for it is only then that she can have influence over her little pupils. She must not break her word or her promise to them; then they will respond to her teachings and respect her. She must praise truth and show sorrow at deceit or untruth. She can illustrate truth by abundant stories or from the life about her.

Unselfishness must be taught when young, for children are naturally born selfish. When once a child has tasted the joy of giving to another, it easily learns true unselfishness. A child should

never be forced to give its playthings to another, but must be led to think of how it would wish to be treated. If there is not enough material to go round in a class-room, the teacher should call for volunteers, and she will soon find that there are many willing to give up their own things. The teacher must praise the spirit of unselfishness and reward it whenever possible. If children persist in being selfish, they can sometimes be taught the reverse by being deprived of all playthings for a few days. They will naturally realise their loss then, and will be glad to share their playthings with others.

Kindness on the part of a child to those about it is much appreciated and will immediately win it a place in the affection of all. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides are taught to do at least one act of kindness a day and this is a splendid habit to acquire. There is another meaning to kindness which must not be forgotten here, and which is extremely important for young children, and that is kindness towards animals. Children are naturally cruel, because they do not realise that they are giving pain. It is quite easy to arouse the sympathies of a child by showing sorrow over a hurt animal. Scolding and punishing will be of no avail, as it only makes children angry, but if you tell them stories to show that the same God, who has created us, has created animals too, and that they suffer pain in the same way as we do, the sympathy of the little ones will be roused, as well as a feeling of protection towards weaker creatures.

Bravery is a characteristic, which all children admire, and they will listen with open ears to stories of it. There are many little ways, in which children can be taught to be brave, such as taking medicine, and bearing bruises and hurts without crying. A greater thing than this is moral bravery. Children must be taught to confess a fault; to tell the truth, and to obey; and the teacher can help them by conversation and stories to understand what true bravery is. It will not be out of place here, to mention the fact, that little children should never be frightened, because they seldom outgrow fear. It is true that they are naturally afraid of the dark, but to add to this they are sometimes frightened more by older people, who tell them that there is a bogey-man in the dark. This fear grows with them, and even today we have examples of older children who are afraid of the dark. Original fear of darkness can easily be got over, however, in little children. Anything that they are very fond of should be placed in a dark-room, and when they require it, they should be asked to go and fetch it themselves. The joy of getting what they want will drive away the feeling of fear, and when once or twice they go into a dark room for this purpose, they will soon realise that there is nothing to fear there.

Obedience should be taught in every school. A teacher should never be heard to say, "the children will not obey me. What can I do?" She must

require obedience of every child, never break her word and never show partiality. If she herself showed prompt obedience when young, she will not find it hard now to extract obedience from her pupils.

Courtesy must be taught from early childhood. The general forms of courtesy—"Thank you," and "If you please," are like play to a child, and they will grow into habits if they are not allowed to be forgotten. If a child is shy, it must be gently dealt with; but, if it continues to be shy, and does not utter the necessary forms of courtesy, the best thing to do will be to withhold the thing it wants until it says it. Kindergarten should not only teach such things, but should also instil a real love of service, and that consideration for others which is the foundation of courtesy.

There is another value of kindergarten, and that is, that it aids the health of children. Play and exercise are the chief aids to health. No child will develop properly without play, and it is through play that the child must learn. This principle is the one upon which kindergarten is based and which Froebel emphasised. Both indoor and outdoor play are necessary for the child's development. Outdoor play should be active and may be noisy. Running and jumping are splendid exercises for the growing child, and as this very often is accompanied by shouting and deep breathing, the child's lungs are strengthened. Even play, however, can be overdone, and this should not be allowed, for there is a tendency among the weaker ones to overdo play in order to keep pace with the strong ones. Play in the kindergarten room should be quiet, but can be active. If the teacher wishes to help the child to acquire good health, its play must be supervised and fitted as much as possible to its needs. Time that may be spent in idle gossip, may well be utilised in a better way by spending it out in the open in games and exercises.

I should like to say something about the teacher herself. Dr. Rabindranath Tagore says: "One thing is truly needed to be a teacher of children—it is to be like children, to forget that you are wise, or have come to the end of knowledge. In order to be truly the guide of children, you must never be conscious of age or superiority. You must be their elder brother or sister, ready to travel with them in the same path of higher wisdom and aspiration." Says Mrs. Mabel Brown: "The teacher of young children should possess a bright and buoyant disposition, and she should have a love and sympathy for young children. The child's hours in school should flow naturally, quietly and harmoniously, and this is only possible in a school where peace and orderliness, brightness and sympathy, love and unity, prevail. From day to day and month to month, the education of the child should proceed logically, gradually and quietly, without any strain, so that his growth is as orderly, continuous, and natural as the growth of a plant."

The Girl Guide Movement.

By R. Hecon.

WHAT are Guides"? This is a question that is being asked more and more often, and the answer is usually something like this "Oh they wear blue saris and sit in circles and shout and tie knots." And the questioner goes away with an idea about some very strange-sounding people.

It is now nearly twenty one years since the Girl Guide movement began and there are nearly 900,000 Guides in the world, some in almost every country, and surely if so many parents allow their girls to join the movement they must believe it does something more than teach girls to "sit in circles and shout." And the children too, they would soon get tired of such a pastime.

The aim of the Guide movement is to develop good citizenship among girls by putting before them high ideals, training them in habits of observation and thinking for themselves, teaching them handicrafts useful to themselves and services useful to other people, helping them to be strong and healthy, and teaching the best ways of keeping good homes, and looking after their children.

The method which the movement employs is to give the girls games, recreations and pursuits, which they enjoy, and to lead them to want to learn and live widely, and to enjoy life with bodies, minds and spirits in the best way possible.

Guiding is not a school subject, though school authorities believe in it and encourage it; it is a game started by children and to be played by the children in their own way with grown-up people to help and lead them. Guiding is an adventure. When it first began, the girls got hold of Lord Baden Powell's book, "Scouting for Boys", read it for themselves and said "We will do this too." They had no grown-up people to help them, but they got their little group together and they went out-of-doors and played scouting games, made fires, and did all other things the book suggested for the boys to do.

Then the Chief Scout, Lord Baden Powell, called his sister to his help and they organised the girls into a separate movement and called them

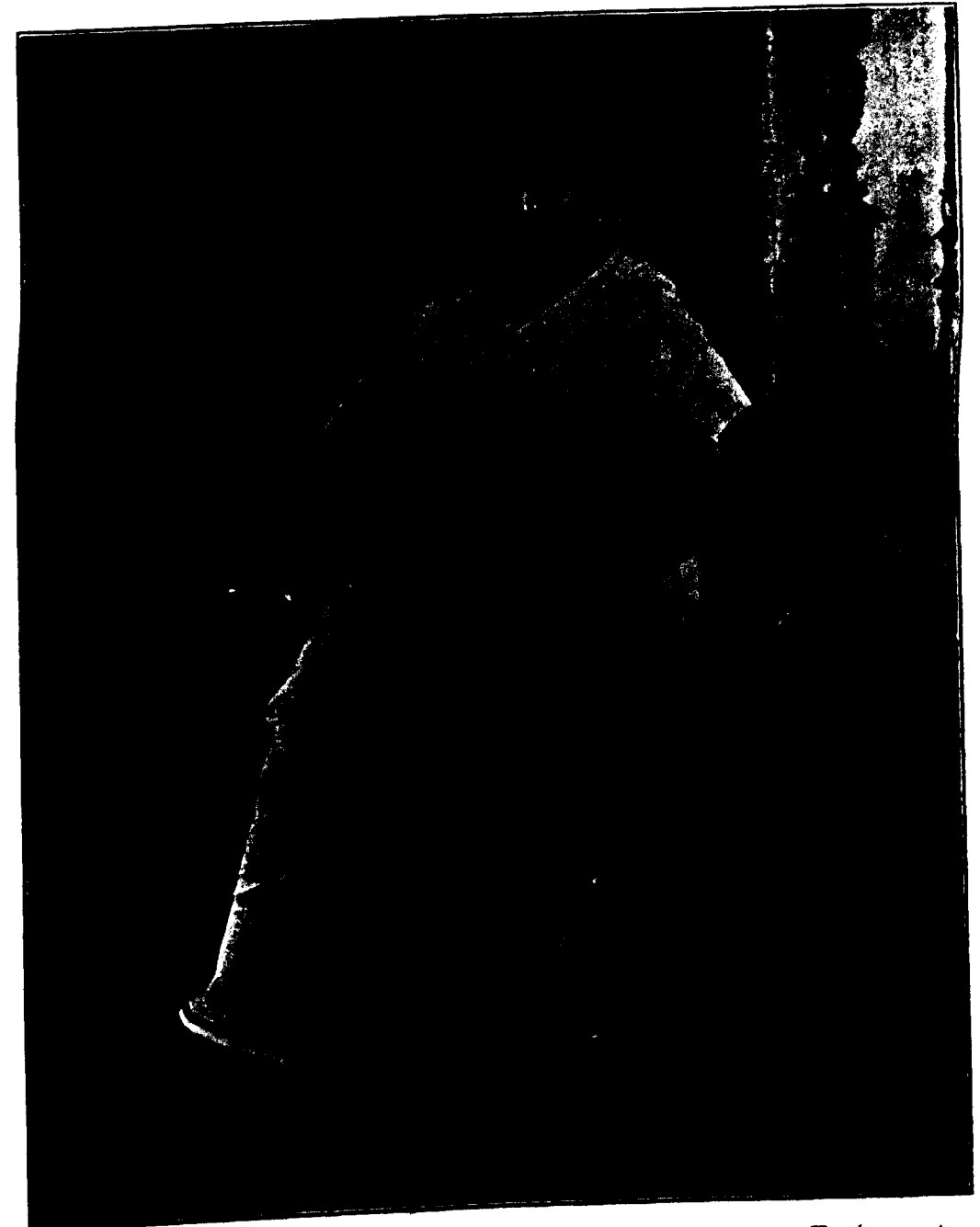
Guides. Some of the boys' tests were taken away, and tests in sewing, cooking, house-craft and child-nursing were added; parents began to take an interest and approve, and groups of girls sprang up all over the British Isles and soon in other countries as well.

Then the little sisters wanted to join in the game meant for girls between the ages of eleven and sixteen, and so the Bluebirds were started and the game was adapted for children between seven and eleven, and then came the Rangers, the older guides who wanted to go on guiding in an older way. The Guide promise stands for both Guides and Rangers; "on my honour I promise to do my best, to do my duty to God, the King Emperor and my country, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Guide Law;" and the Rangers add that their special responsibility is "to render service by carrying this promise out into a wider world."

So has the Guide movement grown, and next year it will celebrate its twenty-first birthday. It is still the children's game, but from being only a game and training for children it has grown so that many people now consider Scouting and Guiding very large helpers in the work towards world-peace.

And how can people, who are not Guiders and have not time or inclination to be active guiders, help the Guides? They can be members of the Local Association, who pay a very small subscription, usually not more than Re. 1 a year, and who are interested and understand the aims of the movement and uphold it in the face of criticism. They may also help by being badge-examiners in subjects in which they are expert by attending entertainments for Guide funds and asking their friends to buy tickets, by lending their cars to transport guides, or by allowing the Guides to go into their compounds to do nature tests etc.

They, these friendly helpers, are the friends of the children, who are setting out on the big adventure of guiding, which makes them the little friends of all the world, and often they will catch the joy of it from the children and be happier for knowing them.



Mrs. R. Krishna Pillai, President of the Hindu Vanitha Sangam, Travancore.
She is keenly interested in all kinds of social work in the State,
in Child Welfare work, in the instruction of sewing to women, and in attempts to give
employment to poor Hindu Women.

TRAVANCORE NOTES.



Mrs. Thanu Pillai, B. A., Secretary of the Women's Educational Conference, Travancore. She is an active figure in all movements connected with women in the State and has taken a very keen interest in the orphanage of "The Hindu Mahila Mandiram." She was a member of the "Sri Chittira Thirunal Investiture Celebration Committee."

The Travancore constituency of the Women's Conference is working on a sounder and firmer basis again. The general programme of the year of encouraging adult education, of bringing women in private life more into touch with education, of educating the manners of the public and of doing real service in the urban areas, has been to a large extent carried on this year through the work of the President Miss D. H. Watts, an untiring worker in the cause of the education of the women of Travancore, and of the two secretaries of the conference, Mrs. Eapen and Mrs. Thanu Pillai B. A.

Women have now seriously begun to think of their wants, and it is the interest evinced by women in public matters that has helped to bring 5 of our lady members to the popular assembly and 2 to the Legislative Council of the State. A recent meeting of the constituency held on 3rd Oct. with a very large gathering of the ladies of Trivandrum, which testified to the increasing activity of the conference, resolved to do more active work this year.

Her Highness Sri Karthigai Thirunal, the chief guide of the state, has returned from abroad after her long tour through different places, with a richer love for her sister guides and broader feelings of sympathy for guides and guiders everywhere. Travancore is of course proud to have such an accomplished princess as the chief guide to inspire and give life to about 200 guides of the state, who look forward to Her Highness as their ideal. The birthday rally of Her Highness was held at the Kavadyar Palace, and the guides, fresh from the camp recently held at Varkalai, joined their chorus of happy praise and thanks-giving for the life and happiness of our beloved princess. A varied programme was gone through and the performance was wound up by a delightful treat.

(The annual meeting of the Travancore

constituency of the All-India Womens Educational Conference was held in the Women's College Hall, Trivandrum, on 28th November, with the Principal of the Women's College, in the chair.

The constituency within the past few years has made very rapid improvement and has gained a status and footing in the minds of people all over the State. Early in the year, a resolution was passed that branches of the constituency should be opened at Nagercoil, Alleppy and Kottayam, and Miss D. H. Watts, retired Principal, Women's College, and Miss Oweverkirk Professor of History—the 2 veteran educationalists of the state, lent their hearty support to the work in that direction. Besides this Miss Oweverkirk began an investigation on the means of improving cottage industries in the state, so as to increase the earning capacities of women. Miss P. Moses, one of the members of the constituency, being nominated as one of the members of the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly, availed herself of that opportunity to set before Government the necessity of encouraging cottage industries in the State.

When the conference met on the 28th., it was an interested, enthusiastic critical audience that was assembled in the hall. Women from all over the state were present, intent on taking a lively interest in the deliberations. The work of the executive of the year was eminently satisfactory, and there were women willing to push on the work to greater success.

The meeting began with the welcome address of Sy. Ananda Valli Amma B. A. (Hons), and that was followed by very interesting speeches on 'experiments in education' by Miss E. Gomez M. A. (Oxon), Sy. P. N. Madhavikutty Amma B. A. and Dr. Poster.

Many resolutions were then passed.

J. VEDAKAM.

Lord Macaulay and his Mother.

By

I. D. Tangaswami.

When Zachary Macaulay returned to England from Sierra Leone, of which he had been the Governor, in order to recruit his health, he was initiated into the pleasant circle of friends who had gathered around William Wilberforce, in response to that good man's appeal to the "Religion, Justice and Humanity of the inhabitants of the British Empire on behalf of the Negro slaves in the West Indies". As a first step to that initiation, he was sent down to be introduced to Hannah More, a devout lady who was famous for her religious stories and essays. At the residence of Miss More, Zachary met Selina Mills, a former pupil of the school kept by Hannah and her sister, Patty. Then was fulfilled, as it had been fulfilled a countless number of times before in all ages and all countries since Adam met Eve, the dead shepherd's saw of might, "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?" The cross lightnings made by the four chance-met eyes flashed into a fiery love; and, despite all opposition, Zachary and Selina would be man and wife. The engagement came off successfully with the help of Hannah More, but marriage could not be contemplated, as Selina's friends strongly disapproved of her going to Africa. Zachary's extraordinary interest in the negroes of Sierra Leone forced his return from England. For their sake, he endured all the miseries consequent on his separation from his dear Selina. In three years he made the settlement prosperous and would have found it a veritable paradise on earth, if his Eve had not been far away in England. He quitted Sierra Leone finally when more than three years had elapsed from the date of engagement, and on the 26th of August 1799 he led Selina Mills to the altar and pledged life-long faith to her in the presence of God.

On the 25th October 1800, Selina Macaulay presented the world with a boy baby, who grew up to be the most brilliant historian and essayist of the Victorian era. The boy was so

much attached to his mother that a mere sight of her after an absence of a few hours threw him into a delirium of joy. Selina often made an exhibition to her friends of her power to excite the child's feelings. While yet he was tender in years, she detected in him remarkable powers; and, like many a fond mother, she feared that Nature had marked him for early death. And yet, when young Macaulay was put to school, he crept unwillingly to it like a snail. On many occasions he begged his mother for permission to remain at home after the midday meal, but invariably met with the reply firmly delivered "No, Tom, even if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go".

Mrs. Macaulay was however intelligent enough to perceive that her boy would not be the better for running unwillingly to school. She found that the regular lessons imposed on him by the school only interfered with his remarkable development. While the boy was hardly eight years of age she wrote with pride that her very dear Tom showed marks of uncommon genius, while at the same time he was as playful as a kitten. A tolerably succinct account of the world from the Creation to the present day, a clear exposition of the leading facts and doctrines of the Christian religions for the enlightenment of some of the pagans in India, a poem of three cantos of one hundred and twenty lines each in a couple of days after the manner of Scott's *Lay and Marmion*, the composition of many hymns, achievements like these by a boy of eight would have turned the head of any mother to the detriment of the boy's healthy growth. But the treatment that Mrs. Macaulay accorded to her boy was judicious in the extreme. She never encouraged the boy to make an ostentatious display of his gifts. She, as well as her husband, abstained from any word or act which might foster in him a perception of his own genius, with as much care as a wise millionaire expends on keeping his son ignorant of the fact that he is destined to be richer than his

comrades". This was indeed well for the boy; for, even at the height of his fame, he was remarkably free from vanity and self-consciousness which are great defects of the literary character. Howbeit, it led him to overestimate the knowledge possessed by the average man, presuming that every school boy knew what he had known at that age.

With eight more children to support, Mrs. Macaulay could not afford to incur any luxurious expenditure. But she managed to give solid comforts to her children by employing the utmost thrift and simplicity in her household expenses. Though young Macaulay could not be sent to a public school, she contrived to continue his education by sending him to the house of the Misses More, where he was encouraged without being spoiled, and subsequently to a private school kept by an Evangelical clergyman in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge. One spring morning, she received a letter from Tom, who was then aged but thirteen, to tell her that he was employing his time, while the days were long and the lilacs were in bloom, in reading to himself Plutarch's *Lives* and Milner's *Ecclesiastical History in English* and Fenelon's *Dialogues of the Dead in French*. The letters written by her at this time indicate the anxious interest she displayed for the right development of her son's intellect. One of her letters said "you see how ambitious your mother is. She must have the wisdom of her son acknowledged before Angels and an assembled world. My wishes can soar no higher and they can be content with nothing less for any of my children. The first time I saw your face, I repeated those beautiful lines of Watts' cradle hymn.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Then go, dwell for ever near Him
See His face and sing His praise;

and this is the substance of all my prayers for you."

Writing to his mother as an undergraduate of the Cambridge University, Macaulay complains bitterly of having to learn Mathematics. He would willingly learn astrology or demonology, or pore over Thomas Aquinas and "adjust the relation of Entity with the two predicaments," if only by that he could escape becoming "a personification of Algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of Logarithms." He feared that by the end of the term "his brain would be as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

This complaint was not surprising to his mother. She had seen her son revelling in Homer and Sophocles and Cicero, and she could well understand the misery that a change from the gorgeously descriptive passages of Milton to *Cosine a* and *Tan b* would produce in a mind with a literary bent.

At the time of the Peterloo Massacre, which came as a result of a conflict between the military and a large gathering of people assembled at a Parliamentary Reform meeting in August 1819 in Manchester, Macaulay's attitude gave his mother such a deep concern that he had to write to his father, "Whatever the affectionate alarm of my dear mother may lead her to apprehend, I am not one of the 'sons of anarchy and confusion' with whom she classes me. . . . Were my opinion as decisive as they are fluctuating and were the elevation of a Cromwell or the renown of a Hampden, the certain reward of my standing forth in the democratic cause, I would rather have my lips sealed on the subject than give my mother or you one hour of uneasiness."

During his residence at Cambridge, Macaulay took ill of fever, cough and sore throat. He then pathetically recalled in a letter to his mother the time when he was nursed by her during a former illness. "The other night, when I lay on my sofa very ill and hypochondriac, I was thinking over that time. How sick and sleepless and weak I was lying in bed when I was told that you were come! How well I remember with what an ecstasy of joy I saw that face approaching me in the middle of people that did not care if I died that night except for the trouble of burying me!" Like every true son of a woman, Macaulay felt that it was well worth while being sick to be nursed by a mother. Four months later he wrote to his mother from Wales that he had sprained his foot in an accident and that for want of any other English Literature he was intending to learn *Paradise Lost* by heart at odd moments. He threatened that if she did not often write to him, she might have to answer for drowning himself, like Gray's bard in "Old Conway's foaming flood," which was most conveniently near for so poetical an exit!

In the course of 1821, Macaulay composed a "farrago of false metaphor and unmeaning epithet" and communicated it to the *Morning Post* under the title of "Tears of Sensibility". In doing this, he only hoaxed the newspaper in the healthy spirit of an English undergraduate. But his mother treated it as a serious composition and criticised it severely.

Macaulay had to assure her that he merely burlesqued the style of the Magazine Verses of the day and that he chose the Morning Post, as it ordinarily published trash verses.

When Macaulay proceeded to the college, his father was in very affluent circumstances, and took up residence in a fashionable quarter in London. But, in less than a year, it appeared that the prosperity would not last long. As time went on, it became evident that Macaulay himself would be depended upon for the family. In 1823, the residence had to be changed to a less fashionable quarter in town. Absorbed in many difficulties, Mrs. Macaulay could not endure society, though she still enjoyed the companionship of a few select friends. She took particular care to see that her children lived a life of intense happiness untouched by the troubles wrought by the change in the fortunes of the family.

Mrs. Macaulay herself stood the change of fortune bravely. Before she died, she had

the happiness to see her son rise steadily in fame both as a politician and a literary scholar. He was away from London when she died, and he got the first information of the death from the newspapers. He hurried home directly, and although at first he gave way to violent bursts of feelings, he became a source of consolation to his bereaved father and sisters. Twenty six years afterwards, when Macaulay happened to pass by the family's old residence, he stopped to have a look at it. He went over the house with a strange mixture of feelings, having never been in it since his mother's death. The sight of her bed-room overpowered him and, to use his own words, he went away sad.

Lord Macaulay used to say often that he owed his "joviality" to his mother's family. If his power of humour had really a Quaker origin, the use he sometimes made of it was certainly not such as would have been approved by the Society of Friends.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

A decorous desire affecting a large number of people is to render themselves important in others' eyes. If others are unwilling to concede the resulting status, they often quietly take it for granted. There is, no doubt, a good deal of self-satisfaction to be had from this private enterprise of the mind. Self-estimation is a highly prophylactic species of thought in a disappointing world, such as the one in which many of us live. The danger is that, if we assiduously think too highly of ourselves, our task of becoming as high as we can is often made singularly difficult. The more highly we think of ourselves, the less industrious generally do we become. Self-importance is, in fact, the thin end of self-indifference.

Although, therefore, some of us occasionally thrive on a generous diet of self-importance, there are very many of us that come to grief on the same regime. Those, who value themselves at thirty shillings a sovereign, are not always comfortable

before the necessity of having to give themselves away for ten shillings in the world's market of human worth. When others amuse themselves by listening to our famous yarns regarding ourselves, they never as a rule accept our estimation of ourselves. The only antidote to an over-dose of egotism is the all-saving grace of humour. If we have to sell ourselves at ten shillings a sovereign, while prizing ourselves at thirty shillings, there is only one thing capable of extenuating the misfortune, and that is to treat the bargain as a joke. Otherwise, the mind loses balance, and we stumble and fall. It is on such occasions that pride goes before a fall.

On the whole, it is better and wiser to do useful things than to go a-blackberriving in spheres of imaginative virtues, on behalf of ourselves. And, if others are sensible, they don't generally let us do it for them.

N. K. V.

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. Rukmini and Seeta are taken by their father on a short visit to Madras, where they stay with Mr. and Mrs. Mitra.]

CHAPTER XIII.

SEETA IN AMMANI'S SCHOOL.

"FATHER, we are longing to ride in a tram car. Do take us to the shops today," pleaded Rukmini, the day after their arrival.

"Not today, child," Dr. Vikram answered. "I have the Aquarium on the programme for this evening. We shall foot it all the way, unless you two ladies feel you need a carriage."

"I am ready to do every bit of Madras on foot," declared Seeta in very emphatic tones and went on. "But father, the Aquarium is not many furlongs away. We can go there at any time. Why spend one whole evening there?"

"But either Mr. Mitra or I must be free to take you whenever you like. You can't go by yourselves. I have business in the morning and so has my friend. You must wait."

"Besides, Sir," put in Ammani the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Mitra, who was reaching out her books, parasol and tiffin-carrier to the rickshaw-wallah at the door. "Father always says that the Aquarium is best seen at nights when the lights are up."

"That is evident by the different rates you pay for admission before and after five o'clock in the evening. They charge you only one anna for a day visit and four annas otherwise." These words Mrs. Mitra spoke in support of what her daughter had said.

"My children are very impatient, Mrs. Mitra," answered Dr. Vikram in a tone of apology. "Especially Seeta."

"Your children are just like other children in that, brother," said Mrs. Mitra in a feeling tone. "It is quite natural for youngsters to get impatient."

"Now girls," Dr. Vikram addressed his daughters. "It is settled that we visit the Aquarium at 6 p. m. I am going out now, but if you like I shall arrange for another rickshaw

and you can visit Ammani's school. What do you say?"

"A capital idea," screamed Ammani. "Now, don't refuse," she said to the girls, clapping her hands and dancing.

Rukmini cast a rueful glance at her dress and regretted that, as there was no time to change, she could not go.

"Your dress is quite nice, my dear," assured her host. "There is no need to change it."

Rukmini's chief objection was not her clothes, but her belief that Madras School girls were a rude set, and no amount of persuasion therefore could make her change her mind. Seeta on the other hand was up to any adventure and she eagerly agreed to accompany her friend to school, not a bit minding that her saree was a bit crumpled.

"Get into my rick., then, Seeta," invited Ammani. "There is just room for two". With an impetuous spring Seeta vaulted into her seat, receiving some unpleasant knocks on the head thereby.

The rickshaw stopped in front of a two-storeyed building which presented a narrow front to the street. A flight of steps from the road led to the entrance, dividing the front verandah into two parts which looked like dark rooms, screened as they were by tatties at the open sides. Lining the steps were some flower pots containing bulbs, lemon grass and foliage plants, but even these did not contribute to revive the vanishing cheer of the visitor, who clung desperately to her friend. The interior of the building was spacious and the girls looked happy. There was like-wise a sense of coolness felt at the sight of rows of graceful green ferns dripping with water and presenting a delightful contrast to the heat and glare outside. Yet Seeta felt her head-ache returning and wished that she had stayed with her sister. The way she thought some of the girls stared at her was very irritating and, worst of all,

That night a fire *did* break out—
You should have heard Matilda shout!
You should have heard her scream and bawl,
And throw the window up and call.

But every time she shouted 'Fire!'
The people answered 'Little Liar!'

And therefore when her Aunt returned,
Matilda, and the house, were burned."

Some other time, I shall give you another
Cautionary Tale.

Yours sincerely
PADMINI.

(3) Our Competition Corner

Answer to last month's Cross-word Puzzle.

1	2	3	4	5			6	7	8	9	10
A	R	E	N	A			M	A	N	O	R
11	S	A	N	E				12	S	A	G
13	I	N	D			14	I	S		15	M
16	A	G	E	D				17	E	E	E
18	N	E	D		C	A	G	E		23	S
			24	H	A	G	A	R	S		
25	26	27		28	N	O	S	E		29	30
A	C	E							S	A	G
32	C	R	A	G					33	N	O
34	H	A	S			35	W	E		36	D
37	E	V	E	38					39	E	A
40	D	E	L	T	A			41	A	S	S

We had only four answers to this puzzle which were all correct. These were by Mrinalini Swaminathan, B. Tampie-Philips, P. C. Malathi, and G. S. Arthur. We are not awarding a prize, as the condition was that six replies should be received.—Editor, I. L. M.

Wise Questions and Wiser Replies.

A Sophist wished to puzzle the sage of Miletus with difficult questions; but he replied to them all, without the least hesitation, and with the utmost precision:—

1. What is the oldest of all things?
"God, because he has all always existed."
2. What is the most beautiful of all things?
"The World, because it is the work of God."
3. What is the greatest of all things?
"Space, because it contains all that has been created."
4. What is the most constant of all things?
"Hope, because it still remains with man, after he has lost everything else."
5. What is the quickest of all things?
"Thought, because in less than a moment it can fly to the end of universe."
6. What is the strongest of all things?
"Necessity, which makes man face all the dangers of life."
7. What is the best of all things?
"Virtue, because without it there is nothing good."
8. What is the easiest of all things?
"To give Advice."
9. What is the most difficult of all things?
"To know Thyself."
10. What is the wisest of all things?
"Time, because it discovers all things."

Our Chess Page.

By Bharadwaja.

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(Continued from our last issue.)

THE BISHOP.

The bishop as we have seen, is the successor of the Indian chariot. Should we believe in the transmigration of souls, and the process of evolution from inanimate to animate life, and from thence to the human being, we can find the soul of the inanimate chariot transmigrated into the soul of the animate camel, and from the animate camel to have taken refuge in the holy orders.

The German for bishop is *Läufer*, and the French substitute is *Fou* a jester. There are two bishops for each side, and each of the bishops occupy a white and a black square with the same player. There is therefore a bishop for the queen and a bishop for the king. If we place a bishop on the centre of a board, say at white's queer, fifth square, it will be seen that the holy man commands thirteen squares, rather an unlucky number.

The bishop has a longer range than the knight, as it can move end to end diagonally, provided there is no obstruction in the squares it commands. The range of the bishop is restricted to only 32 squares. But two bishops in close contact, one on the white, and one on the black, can deal an effective blow to a cornered king. The bishop, when he moves diagonally, can go either backwards or forwards through unobstructed squares to the extent of the diagonal line.

The bishop and the knight are erroneously supposed to be of equal value. No hard and fast rule can be given on the relative merits of the two pieces. It all depends on the position of parties in the beginning, middle, and the end of the game. As a working hypothesis, Dr. Tarrasch while exchanging the Bishop for the knight, calls it "the minor exchange." Bogoljuboff, a prominent figure in the chess world, would have the knight as his favourite piece.

With a king pawn opening of the game, the king's bishop assumes an importance greater than that of the queen's. At the end of a game, two bishops are more powerful than two knights, and one knight is more powerful than one bishop.

The respective values of the bishop and the knight are 3.50, and 3.0. Generally the two pieces are supposed to have equal values.

THE ROOK.

The rook is generally compared to the tank in modern warfare. It is heavy artillery. You can hear the roaring, and the majestic strides during its progress on the chess board, and most often, the roar is the beating of the empty drum, and the strides that of a fop or a dandy.

The rook is *Tour* in French, and *Turm* in German. The rook or castle is next in power to the Queen, and moves in a straight line forwards, backwards, or sideways, having a uniform range on a clear board. The rook is 5.48 in strength, and can be exchanged for three minor pieces, or five pawns. The rook is highly useful in end game technique. Few realise its importance, as it cannot be brought into play either at the beginning or the middle of a game with the same ease as the other pieces. If two rooks are placed one before the other on the same file, their potency on a clear field is equal to the queen's.

THE KING.

The stately king can move only one square at a time in any direction, forwards, backwards, laterally or diagonally, excepting in castling." The king is *Roi* in French, and *König* in the German.

Like the knight, the king in the centre of the board can command eight squares. The king is not permitted to move into "check", nor can he move to an adjacent square to that on which the rival king is stationed. The king, when protected by his army is most powerful in the centre of the board. If the queens are off the board, the kings should be brought to the centre. In end games, the kings play an important part, as the danger of a sudden or unexpected mate is remote.

As the king is the central figure in the whole drama, no value can be attached to it. It is practically invaluable.

THE QUEEN.

The Indian minister metamorphosed into the English Queen is by far the most powerful piece, which has the combined movements of the rooks and the bishops.

The queen is *Dame* in French and German. To comprehend her scope of action, place her alone in the centre of the board; it will be seen that she has the command of no less than 27 squares, besides the one she stands on. The value of the queen is 9.94, but in end games she is hardly so valuable as two rooks.

Enough has been said of the king and the queen, and it is hardly worth while dwelling on their intrinsic merits, as both the two pieces dominate the whole Chess Board. It is almost accepted that the queen is *per excellence* a piece that shows itself off in the middle of a game rather than at the beginning or the end.

We propose to deal with *Notation*, and *Mates* before a plunge is made into the intricacies of the game.
(To be continued).

Household Hints.

AN OINTMENT SIMILAR IN EFFECT TO ZAMBUK

White wax 1 oz., Vaseline 1 oz., Burgundy pitch $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., Camphor 1 oz., Olive oil $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., Turpentine $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., oil of Eucalyptus $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., Boracic acid $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., Carbolic acid $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., Green oil $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.:

Melt together in a vessel into a glue, simmer 10 minutes, plunge the vessel in cold water, stir till it begins to set.

TO BEAUTIFY THE HANDS.

Strain the white from the yolk of an egg, and beat up with a teaspoonful of liquid honey. Rub on the hands and wear gloves. This should be used at night, when asleep.

FACE POWDER.

Talcum 35 parts. Calcium carbonate 20

parts. Bismuth Oxychloride 8 parts. Reduce all to a fine powder and mix thoroughly and use.

HOW WAX TOYS ARE MADE.

This is a good subject for those sisters, who wish to increase their income in spare hours and also those who are in need of money to support their children. Take as much as you like of wax and melt on a light fire. Pour the liquid into the mould in any shape: Mahatma Gandhi, Kali Devi, Lion, Horse, Cow, Tree, Boat, or any thing you like. Put the mould in the water and take out the toy. Coloured toys also can be made easily in this way.

Cookery Notes.

(TRANSLATED)

1. BAGALABATH (CURD-RICE)

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ Madras measure of good Nellore rice, and boil it in a vessel containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ Madras measure of water. Strain away the canjee-water well. Then remove the cooked rice into another vessel (which can hold 4 Madras measures of water) and knead it well.

Add to the cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ Madras measure of good curd,
1 „ of well-boiled milk,
6 palams of fresh butter, and
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Madras measure of common salt,

Mix the contents well.

Take 3 palams of melted ghee in an iron pan and fry in it:— $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of ginger—cut into small slices,
4 palams of cashew nuts cut into pieces,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of green chillies cut into fine pieces, and
 $\frac{1}{4}$ palam of mustard seed.

As soon as the hissing noise of the mustard seed in the pan subsides, add $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of green coriander leaves to the contents, and pour the contents in the pan over the cooked rice and stir well with a long tin-coated spoon. The rice thus cooked is called Balagabath.

MILK PAYASAM.

Take 2 Madras measures of good milk in a tin-coated vessel, which can hold 3 Madras measures of water: and boil well.

Take 1 palam of melted ghee in an iron spoon and fry in it, 1 palam of Nellore rice. Then, put it into the boiling milk and stir well with a long spoon until the friedrice gets cooked.

Put 18 palams of white sugar in the mixture.

Fry 1 palam of split almonds in a little melted ghee and add.

(Cardamom $\frac{1}{4}$ palam; Nut-megs $\frac{1}{4}$ palam; Saffron 1 Rupee weight.) (Powder these well and add to the boiling milk and stir with a spoon)

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER.

Needlework Notes.

A knitted pattern for bed-covers, petticoats, vests etc. It can be worked in different colours: the darker of which should be of a finer material than the lighter. D. M. C. knitting cottons of various sorts can be used.

Cast on stitches, divisible by 6, adding 5 stitches for the edges.

1st, 3rd and 5th rows:

slip 1, K 1, X, K 1 from behind, purl 5; repeat from X: then K, from behind, K 2.

2nd 4th and 6th rows:

slip 1, k 1; X p 1 from behind, k 5; repeat from x; p, from behind, k 2.

7th, 9th and 11th rows:

slip 1, k 1; x, p 3, k 1 from behind, p 2; repeat from x, p, k 2.

8th, 10th and 12th rows:

slip 1, k 1; x, k 2; repeat from x: K 3. Repeat, and sew up the strips

K. S.

Health Notes.

(SELECTED)

GOLF AS A MEDICINE.

According to American actuaries, it does not follow that, because persons take exercise, they are therefore healthier than those who lead a more or less sedentary life. It is said that the intellectual lives longer than the athletic and that the man who took honours at the university is likely to live longer than the one who did not. It is true that frequently those who take little or no exercise outlive those who make something of a fetish of it. Sir Farquhar Buzzard, regius professor of medicine at Oxford University, speaking at the meeting of the British Medical Association, held a short time ago in Winnipeg, took a tilt at golf as a medicine, saying that the advice, "to take up golf is becoming a tabloid preparation too easily prescribed and too easily swallowed." There is no doubt that exercise taken in excess may be distinctly harmful and consequently the athletic sometimes, perhaps frequently, by too much training has impaired his chances of a green old age, while the studious man, who has exercised his mental rather than his physical faculties, provided he possesses a sound constitution may easily pass the three score years and ten. But, after all, and especially with golf, which to the vigorous young or middle-aged man is not an arduous mode of exercise, the personal equation counts for much. The game is not suited to every temperament, but at the same time, it provides diversion combined with exercise, which may be taken with discretion, which is not the case with other games, except bowls and croquet. Tennis or baseball is too strenuous exercise by far for the ordinary type of middle-aged individual. Walking is monotonous exercise, while riding in a motor car calls for no physical exertion, but is often too great a nervous strain in these days. It may be that

exercise does not supply the health-giving properties which it is generally said to give, but may serve as an excuse for intellectual ignorance and to most persons is preferable to mental exertion. However anyone who works hard indoors and whose business is of a worrying nature and tends to brain fag, finds relief and benefit to health in congenial exercise, which distracts his attention from the cares of his daily work. Again, it may be emphasized that the personal equation must be taken into account.

—American Medicine.

A CURE FOR PARALYSIS.

Dr. Hinze of America has built a machine for radiating short waves. These are made to pass through the body of the patient, causing a high temperature. Medical experts have found that persons attacked by paralysis improve if subjected to high fever. Prof. Wagner Gauregg, the Viennese medical authority, used malarial fever on his patients. Dr. Hinze's 'radio fever' process is more easily watched and controlled than the malarial fever. This radio cure has already proved successful.—Treasure Chest.

COLOUR BLINDNESS.

Colour blindness is a very interesting condition. Some may have had it for years without recognising that they are colour blind, and others do not discover it at all. This was proved during the War, when men were specially tested for war service. The most common form of colour blindness is seen when green is confused with red and grey. Blue and yellow are easily distinguished as a rule. The condition is usually congenital. If it is detected, such a condition will mean rejection so

far as the army, navy, or railway services are concerned. It would be a terrible thing, and might result in the loss of many lives, if an engine driver could not distinguish a red signal from a green one. Colour blindness is tested by giving the person skeins of wool of various colours and shades to sort. If he is colour blind, he will mix up the reds, greys and greens. The condition is quite incurable.

BOOKS AS SOPORIFICS.

A curious use of books as soporifics is discussed in Mr. Holbrook Jackson's delightful book on "The Anatomy of Bibliomania". Referring to the books that are apt to send people to sleep he says:

"As soporifics, promoters of sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, they are of proved value. Sometimes, says a reliable witness, we read for a while and then feel as though we could peacefully go to sleep. Sometimes we struggle desperately to gum our failing attention to the acute analysis and deductions of our author. Our eyes squint and swim. Our head dizzies. We feel drunk, and dropping the book from loose hands, just manage to get the light out before falling back into dense and miry slumber. Those neat lines of Alexander Pope tell us the same:

"Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,

At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.

As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;

Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,

As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.

And now to this side, now to that, they nod, As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God"

—*The Indian Review.*

THE EAT-MORE-PEPPER CAMPAIGN.

Campaigns to induce people to eat more meat, to smoke more tobacco, to drink more coffee and to drink more tea, and to do various other harmful things have become more and more active for some years back; and now we have a campaign to induce people to eat more mustard, pepper, pepper sauce, ginger, horse-radish, cayenne, capsicum and other hot things, announced as follows in *Business*:

"Dietetical habits of the average American have undergone such changes in the past few years that spice manufacturers are confronted with a serious drop in the consumption of their products," Albert H. Doolittle, manager of the American Spice

Trade Association, told the spice grinders' group of that organization in the Hotel Astor yesterday, "Consumption of fruits, vegetables and other foodstuffs unflavored by spices, 'has been growing steadily for some time because of the unfounded belief that such methods of food preparation were healthful.'"

"Members of the association, holding their annual meeting to-day," Mr. Doolittle said, "will be asked to underwrite a substantial increase in the organization's budget with a view to correcting the public's misunderstanding of the food value of spices."

The spice makers are undertaking what they call an educational campaign which, in fact, is nothing more or less than an insidious programme of misinformation. Under the guise of education, the public is led to believe as scientific facts statements which have no sound basis whatever in scientific research, but which are most misleading and prompted by no other purpose than to increase the sale of meretricious products that are condemned as harmful by every respectable authority on dietetics. They have no dietetic value whatever and there is no place for them in scientific cookery. The only excuse for their use is to conceal the defects of bad cookery.—*Good Health.*

SUN-BATHING METHODS.

A pamphlet for holiday-makers drawn up by Dr. G. R. Bruce, the medical officer of health for Hastings, on the subject of sun-bathing, states that rightly used sun-bathing will help to improve the general tone of the body especially of the muscular system; the appetite will be sharpened and, generally, that feeling of well-being which is the desideratum of all holiday-makers, will be induced. An injudicious over-exposure to the sun in the early days of the holiday may lead to blisters, rawness of the skin, headache, irritability, loss of appetite and general disappointment. "The right way to indulge in sunbathing," states Dr. Bruce, "is to expose small parts of the body for short periods, say five minutes on the first day, then increasing the amount of surface and the length of exposure each day until at the end of your holiday of two or three weeks a considerable portion of the body can be exposed for a reasonable time to the rays of the sun. Avoid the hottest parts of the day, and remember that alternative exposure to sun and shade gives better results. In the early days of your holiday take care that the head is not exposed over much to the sun."—*Medical Officer.*

News and Notes.

(SELECTED)

LADY VOLUNTEERS FOR SEVA DAL

Mrs. Kamala Devi, who came to Mangalore with Miss Sofia Sonji in connection with the recruitment of candidates for the Central Training Camp for the All-India Lady Volunteers, addressed a public meeting of the ladies of the town last evening in the National Girls' School Hall. Both spoke and made it clear that they expected much from a place like Mangalore which was the most advanced place in the province as far as women's education was concerned. After the ladies' meeting Mrs. Kamala Devi and party motored to the Mangalore Students' Union, where Mrs. Kamala Devi addressing them, described the significance of the great movement conducted by Mahatmaji who was still a youth in spirit. She asked them to study the different problems before the nation, and cultivate the habit of discipline.

ANDHRA CONFERENCE.

The fifth Andhra Provincial Women's Conference met under the presidentship of Srimathi A. Vasundhara Devi.

On behalf of the Reception Committee Dr. Ch. Danamma welcomed the gathering. In the course of her address she said:

"It is necessary that women should carefully study books on health, child welfare, prevention of disease, and domestic economy. We should make provision for proper and adequate wages, rest and hygienic conditions of life for labourers.

"Hindu Law does not give woman any right of inheritance of property worth the name. A widow has no adequate means of livelihood. There is no knowing to what difficulties and evil ways this may lead her. This is indeed a very painful situation. Women must have the right to property, equally with men. Though a divorce law may appear to be necessary, yet I do not think that it will be quite suitable to our country now. We hear instances of its abuse in other countries. I believe that men and women can properly discharge their duties without the aid of a divorce law, provided the necessary social and educational reforms are introduced"

"Thanks to the activities of our local bodies, primary education is spreading. The number of women undergoing instruction in secondary schools and colleges is also steadily increasing. Women are being encouraged to take up physical training games and vocational education. The potentialities of women teachers in primary schools are immense.

"It is our duty to encourage women to exploit this field.

"Adult education has not been given proper attention. Again, we are still suffering from a false

sense of modesty. To mention just one instance, convention prohibits us from instructing the girls to be prepared for adolescence. To speak to them openly of personal hygiene is taboo."

The speaker also dealt with social service and asked for more attention to activities for the elevation of the depressed classes, and to child welfare work.

It is with feelings of regret and of shame that we read of the Comilla shooting outrage by two women of India. This wanton act is a serious "blot on the womanhood of India", even though one feels with certainty that it is bound not to prove an example in India where women, among all women, are so celebrated for tender-heartedness and generous mercy.

It is reported that the alleged assailants of Mr. Stevens, District Magistrate of Tippera are Miss Santi Ghose and Miss Suniti Chowdhury, students of Class VIII of the Faizunnessa Government High School. The former is a daughter of the late Prof. Debendra Ghosh of the Comilla College. They sought an interview with the District Magistrate by concealing their identity, and submitted a petition before him asking him to arrange a swimming competition at Comilla. Mr. Stevens referred them to the head-mistress of the school, and was returning the petition to them, when both the girls, it is alleged, shot him in the chest. Rai Saheb Nepal Sen, Sadar Sub-Divisional Officer who was present there, arrested both of them. The orderly, Rasmal Ali, who intervened, was wounded in the left arm. Mr. Stevens died immediately. Both girls are in custody.

Several meetings were held in the town and resolutions were passed expressing deep regret at the shocking and dastardly outrage committed and strongly condemning the perpetrators of such heinous offences.

AN ISLAND RUN BY WOMEN

That the island of Minicoy is run mostly by women was made evident during the recent visit of H. E. the Governor and Lady Beatrix Stanley who returned to Madras recently from a visit to the Laccadives. On landing on the island, they were given presents by women representing the seven wards into which the island is divided. They were entertained with a novel race called the snake boat race, one of the boats being reported to have cost about Rs. 3,000. The visitors were struck with the magnificent physique of the men from two wards who manned the boats, and also by the pleasing construction and colouring of the boats.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN HYDERABAD

A resolution which provoked enthusiastic discussion and elicited unanimous support at the Conference of Women's Association for Educational Advancement in Hyderabad concerned the right of inheritance of Hindu women. The resolution wholeheartedly supported the principles of the Hindu Women's property Bill as brought forward in British India and requested H. E. H. the Nizam's Government to appoint a committee consisting of non-official members, (1) "to examine in all its aspects the question of improving the position of women under the Hindu Law as at present administered by the courts in the State, with special references to recent legislation in British India and certain Indian States, (2) To submit a report indicating in what respects reform is called for, (3) To propose a draft Bill embodying the recommendations of the committee."

The Conference also passed a resolution according its support to the central domestic training college at Delhi, approving the following names as the Association delegates to the All-India Women's Conference to be held in Madras at the end of December next,

Mrs. Rustemji Faridoonji, Mrs. Amir Hassan, Mrs. M. K. Pillai, Mrs. Engler, Miss L. Naidu, Mrs. C. Cornelius, Mrs. Humayun Mirza, Miss Allen, Mrs. Sackett, Mrs. Barkat Roy.

HINDU WOMEN'S PROPERTY RIGHT

Mr. Joshi of Baroda has earned the gratitude of millions of women in this country for his excellent and learned treatise on the Hindu women's property rights. His intelligent and clear exposition of the old tenets, the Dayabhaga and the Mitakshara laws relating to the Hindu women's rights over property and his definition of *Stri Dhan* cannot but appeal to all just and fair-minded people. He has vividly brought out in his booklet on this very interesting subject that the legal and the economic status of the Hindu women, as conferred on her by the ancient Hindu law-givers, was far above that occupied even to-day by the modern emancipated women in the most advanced European countries.

To quote his own words: "We ought to feel proud that our legal codes in the form of the *Smritis* and the commentaries yield us principles, which would surpass even the most advanced notions any people have ever reached. Persons tempted to impart Western notions in aid of reforms, must bear in mind, that even the present highly-advanced Western legal conceptions as regards women's rights are not perfect in themselves, but are only transitional in character and thus they would afford but scanty relief, should one be prepared to hazard this dangerous experiment. The absolute independence of husband and wife in their properties, which the Western law aims at achieving, has its baneful disadvantage, in so far as the

woman is denied the right of owning property jointly with her husband, who, as a matter of fact, earns more and possesses more." It is such a relief to know from such a high and learned authority as Mr. Joshi that our ancestors never intended that their women should occupy a low and dependent position in family and society. Even over 100 years before, our greatest and first reformer, Raja Ram Mohan, quoted *shastric* tenets to support the right of Hindu mothers, wives, widows and daughters over the son's, the husband's the father's, and over the joint family property. Since then, only piece-meal legislation has been effected here and there to give relief to the suffering Hindu women. No comprehensive legislation to raise her legal and economic status has yet been passed. Even the Mysore bill falls very much short of the demands of modern women of India. Therefore we welcome the wise suggestions of Mr. Joshi to reform the Hindu women's property rights.

—*Stri Dharma.*

KNOWLEDGE, WHICH PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES DESIRE OF INDIAN WOMEN.

1. Number of women's organizations in India and their nature.
2. Outstanding plans being made by women for their future.
3. Names of outstanding women leaders—in politics, literature, journalism, and in social, medical, business fields, who are actually creating new ideals.
4. How many women are in business independently, if any (single and married)?
5. Titles of best books published in India by, and about problems of, Indian women: prices; where published?
6. How are mothers cared for during child birth—doctors, midwives, hospitals, homes?
7. Are any plans being made for the dissemination of birth control information, or the establishment of clinics.
8. What are considered the most trying and difficult problems of Indian women at present during childhood, in marriages, socially, and publicly?
9. What sort of intellectual contact from abroad would be of help to the progress of Indian women?

NOTE.—I suggest that readers of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" send to the Editor articles on these questions, and if any individual, organization, or publisher cares to send me direct any information of the above nature, I will be glad to make it available to those interested in the U. S. upon the stationery of the "Indian Ladies Magazine."

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5. MO — — Y	Tipsy
6. O — P — — —	To resist
7. — — — ELY	Alone
8. — A — —	Destiny
9. — HAN — — —	An ulcer
10. — E — — INESS	Exhaustion

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