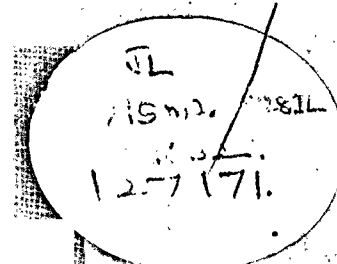


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To the Women of India.

Far-famed in song and story,
Ye daughters of her land,
Are gems of India's glory,
And warriors in her band.
Rise, then, and come to aid her,
Help ye your men to lead,
Come flocking in to serve her,
Support her in her need.

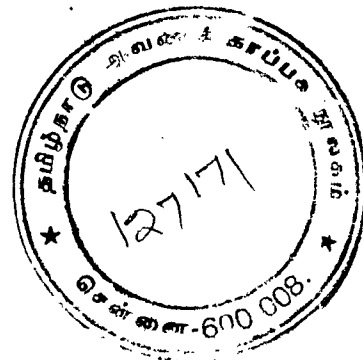
What though the times be stormy,
What though the strife be hard,
Your gallant little army
Must ever be on guard.
Raise then your drooping spirits;
Your country's hopes are high;
Whatever be your merits,
Your ideals never die.

The breezes, blowing lightly,
Dispel your gentle fear;
The sunshine, blazing brightly,
Makes every prospect clear.
From far-off shores your sisters
Are flocking to your aid;
Your trumpet call their heart stirs,
Your claims have all been weighed.

Be women in your kindness,
Be men in courage strong.
Be honest in your blindness,
Yet quick to right the wrong;
Be simple in your thinking;
May faith be e'er your rod,
The past to present linking
In earth's Almighty God.

K. S.

This can be sung to the tune of No. 215, in Hymns Ancient and Modern, "The church's one foundation."



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Sakuntala and Miranda.

BY KAMALA.

IT is very interesting and instructive to note the resemblances in the characters of the two great poets, Kalidasa and Shakespeare. Yet the comparison, though striking, is not surprising, for are not these two great men world-poets, albeit one is Indian and the other European? Being what we may call universal authors, their characters are universal, and, like all good and great things, must own common characteristics of mind and soul.

Several comparisons can be made between the heroines of these two poet-dramatists; and the instances can be multiplied through the different conditions of womanhood. One of the best of these, it seems to me, occurs between Sakuntala, the heroine of Kalidasa's drama of that name, and Miranda, the daughter of Prospero of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. To take the more conspicuous resemblances first, both are daughters, and both, it is strange to say, are brought up in wild and more or less untamed surroundings of nature. Both are therefore the most innocent and harmless of creatures, and have those charming, frank, ingenious child-like natures, which close intimacy with unsophisticated Nature seems to beget in her special proteges. Both these girls have been reared by their male parents, the absence of mothers being a note-worthy feature. Both are suddenly thrown in touch with presentable young men for the first time in their lives; and it is a case of love at first sight on both sides in the two cases. The development of love, therefore, is sudden and strong and overwhelming, and ends happily. Certain obstacles of course occur; but in them the woman invariably shows an

undaunted front, and is brave and fearless, steadfast and constant, chaste and honourable throughout. And somehow, it seems as if the women, instead of the men, in the two dramas, are the central characters in the hero-sense, round whom the interest revolves.

The characters of the two heroines show a difference, however, in spite of their resemblances. Take the innocence of the two. We cannot do better than quote here the opinion of Rabindranath Tagore: "Sakuntala's simplicity is natural, that of Miranda is unnatural. The different circumstances under which the two were brought up account for this difference. Sakuntala's simplicity was not girt round with ignorance, as was the case with Miranda. Her simplicity is more deeply-seated and so also is her purity. Her simplicity is innate. She was inexperienced, though not ignorant, of the outside world; but trustfulness was firmly enthroned in her heart. Miranda's simplicity was never subjected to such a fiery ordeal; it never clashed with knowledge of the world."

Yet, I think, Miranda's simplicity was not unnatural, but untried. She speaks of modesty as "the jewel in her dower." She invokes "plain and holy innocence." Therefore, I am sure, if the ordeal came, she would have proved herself as triumphant in goodness, "in patience, forgiveness, and loving kindness," as Sakuntala did. The difference in circumstances between the two are, in fact, what obtains between English and Indian women. English women are allowed to buffet and battle with the world; Indian women are guarded and sheltered in the home. Does that mean

that Indian women cannot prove themselves as strong in innocent simplicity and faith as their Western sisters? True, the modesty, which is untried, may not always be such when tried; hence tried goodness, like tried gold, is better. Yet "the proof of the pudding lies in the eating."

Apart from these divergences, the heroines are much alike. When Miranda beholds the terrific tempest raised by her father, and witnesses the awful wreck of a ship, her mind is rent with pity for the lost creatures in the vessel. "Oh, the cry did knock against my very heart," she cries; "the direful spectacle touched the very virtue of compassion" in her. Sakuntala shows the same tenderness and pity of heart. She loves the young plants in her garden. Watering them is her delight. "These are my sisters, my silent leafy sisters. They speak not, and yet I vow they feel me near to them." She shows the same affection to the little fawn brought up by her. "It was I who filled your mother's place. Now that mother, that second mother, leaves you, and who will care for my poor fawn?"

Miranda and Sakuntala are both very fond of their fathers. Sakuntala ever submits to her father, and at the same time loves him.

"My dear father, I cannot bear the parting, I am torn, Torn like a tendril of the sandal tree, That some one breaks in its own home, And carries with him from the Western hills. It breaks me to be torn so from your breast."

Miranda shows the same love and submission to her father.

When the girls meet their young men, they are both agreeably astounded and wonder-struck with admiration. Miranda cries at sight of Ferdinand: "Believe me, Sir, it carries a brave form."

"I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble."
"There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."
"He is gentle and not fearful."

It is the same with Sakuntala. It is no wonder then that they both fall in love at once. Sakuntala exclaims:

"Why does my heart begin to beat so fast, beholding him?"
"Ever since my eyes beheld him—the good king;
Who guards our grove and watches over us—I love him."

Miranda, on her part, also loves:

"I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself to like of."

It is refreshing to note that the girls inspire as much love as they feel. Ferdinand cries:

"Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have eyed with best regard.....
..... never any,
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

Dushyanta thus describes Sakuntala:

"Did God create some picture of perfection
And then breathe into it his breath of life?
Or did the mind choose each rare element
Of Beauty, and compound them in one form,
Sakuntala, the unsurpassable?
God bettered all his best in moulding her.

She is a flower,.....
A spring-shoot on the branch,.....
A jewel,.....
Fresh honey,.....

She is the uttermost reward of life,
Perfected in the grace of its good
deeds."

Yet, in spite of this love and its return,
the girls show some self-control.
Miranda has sense enough to think of her
own unworthiness, her modesty and her
innocence. Her words of surrender are
couched in dignity and simplicity. She
shows herself always mindful of her
father's behests.

Sakuntala, on her part, does not also
give in easily.

"Hurt not our cherished customs, nor
offend,

The laws they lay on maidens,
O great heir,
Of mighty Puru. Though I love you,
yet

I have no power nor authority
To give myself."

Yet, in spite of efforts at control, love
is too strong for them. Both avow it.
Miranda says:

"I am your wife; at your will,
marry me;

If not, I'll die your maid; to be
your fellow,

You may deny me; but I'll be your
servant,

Whether you will or no."

Sakuntala writes her love-letter
spontaneously and unashamedly; and
later gives herself to her lover by the
Gandharva rite of marriage. Yet, in
her case, we must notice that her own
desire is hastened by the consent and
wish of her friends and her woman-
guardian.

I doubt not, that Miranda would have
done the same, if it had not been for the
vigilance of her father. And yet since
Shakespeare does not think it necessary
to show her as punished for any sin, one
must perhaps credit her with the posses-
sion of more self-control than Sakuntala.
Or probably, the reader is left to guess
what will happen in the predicament that
Sakuntala is shown in.

The story of Sakuntala is developed
further than that of Miranda. Great
loss of self-control is generally penalised.
She meets with grief and trouble,
which are necessary for developing her
character; otherwise her marriage with
Dushyanta would have been as futile as
it was at first. And so, "purified of the
evil of her first union", "disciplined by
penance, sedate and resigned," "invested
with the dignity of a matron," and
become "the image of motherhood," she
can never be repudiated again. Hence
evil and vice are burnt away in her;
peace is evolved, and "perfect fruition
is gained."

Of this Tagore writes: "In the first
Act, the poet has not concealed the gross
earthliness of the fall of Sakuntala. She
had not learned how to restrain herself,
nor to hide her feelings. Sakuntala had
not known Cupid before; hence her
heart was bare of armour, and she could
not distrust the sentiment of love, or the
character of the lover. The daughter of
the hermitage was off her guard, just as
the deer there knew no fear." It is
indeed the hermitage-training of
Sakuntala that causes her fall; as it is the
unconventional simplicity of Miranda
that prompts her surrender.

"This drama was meant for translating
the whole subject from one world to
another, to elevate love from the sphere
of physical beauty to the eternal heaven
of moral beauty. The beauty that goes
hand-in-hand with moral law is eternal.
The calm, controlled and beneficent form
of Love is its best form. Goodness is the
final goal of Love. Beauty is fulfilled
by renunciation, gratified by sorrow, and
redeemed eternally by religion."

To attain this final goal, however,
great strength of character and constancy
of purpose are necessary; and we find
them in Sakuntala. How wonderfully
she meets the terrible blow levelled at
her by her own beloved husband. At
first, she is stunned:

"There is nothing left; all my dreams
darkened

And the sweet vision of happiness that
I had,
Counting the days to it, gone, gone for
ever!"

Then she recovers herself; gravely,
modestly and with dignity, she proceeds
to argue with him and bring back his
memory of her. When nothing shakes
him, she rebukes him severely:

"Ignoble! by your own corrupted heart
You read the hearts of others.
Well did my fond heart earn this

bitterness,
Since in the innocence of my heart I gave
My honour to a man, whose mouth drops
honey,
Whose heart is filled with poison."

And it is with dignity that she finally
accepts her lot:

"Say rather,
Destiny has dominion over all."

In the end, when everything is set
right, her forgiveness is noble indeed.

"Rise husband, noble husband, think not
blame

Of your heart. No, it was my own ill
deeds,

In some past life committed, that
brought down

That judgment on me."

Miranda's strength of character is only
shown in the way she tries to help her
lover by offering to carry his burdens,
weak woman though she is.

She also stands up to her father bravely
in defence of her lover:

"My affections
Are then most humble; I have no
ambition

To see a goodlier man."

The courage of women in defence of
their loved ones is, as we know, proverbial.
There is little that can shake it, or break
it. It is hard indeed to think what the
world will be without it! As Prospero
said of his daughter, many a man can
say of his woman:

"Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all
praise

And make it halt behind her."

But it is not every woman, who can
be so invaluable to the world. There
are women and women; and only a few
of them are the blessed ones. As the
Bible has it: "A virtuous woman who
can find? For her price is far above
rubies."

THE WATER-LILIES.

When evening's eyes are closing fast,
And weary winds have slept at last,
Upon the lake's translucent breast,
The snow-white lilies droop to rest;
But, when the smiling sun at play
Has chased the morning mists away,
'Tis then the lilies leave their beds
And nod their gold and snow-crowned
heads.

O, thus when clouds of doubt arise,
And passion's winds are stilled with sighs,
Within my heart's unfathomed deep
My gentle thoughts are laid asleep;
But when my shining God above
Begins to smile in grace and love,
O, then my thoughts burst through their
gloom,
And like the lilies brightly bloom.

E. H. D'ALWIS.

Pleasures.

BY HERBERT PORTER.

PLEASURES are derived from inheritance, from the gratification of desire, from the effectual accomplishment of tasks and from a fortuitous enchanting of the senses. They are sought by young and old, by the wise and the foolish, and, indeed, by all states and classes of mortals.

We may divide pleasures into two great classes—transient and lasting. The former are as diverse, as are the infinite forms and variety of wonders in material creation, and are dependent for their keenness, firstly, upon the object admired, and, secondly, upon the pleasant inclination or mood of mind at the moment of attraction. The latter are determined by the general disposition and natural bias of the mind, so that, according to its elevation, will its pleasures be sublime or mercenary.

Habitual pleasures become idols of individuality, and, by fascination, hold the mind in their worship, so that a man must be strong of volition to be the iconoclast of these homaged gods of his own continued thought. This leads to the consideration of the class of delights whereon the mind may wisely be allowed to dwell. The senses are the originators of influence and impulse, for they are the

conductors to the mind of ceaseless impressions, both from the known and the unknown, and therefore, does vice and virtue each derive its cogency from the acuteness of sensuous impress. Hence, the mind must be tutored in the art of fine discrimination and discernment, so that the will may be decisive in subduing those small enjoyments, which lead not to mental and moral progression; for, out of small pleasures, do large ones grow, and, by indulgence in large pleasures is a character either built or razed.

Transient pleasures are for variety, and those of a simple and illustrious nature are productive of the most sincere happiness, such as the beauty of flowers, the spirit-enhancing joy of the sun's radiance, the impressive wonder of the stars and the generalities of natural and supernatural inspiration.

Lasting pleasures are for wisdom and power, which include studies of all kinds and descriptions, and the practice of all the virtues.

Transient pleasures become lasting pleasures, in proportion as they are frequently retained and made part and parcel of mental and moral activities.

DANTE'S PEACE.

Dante, (the great Florentine poet, author of the deep and sublime *Divina Commedia* and the *Vita Nuova*), on the baseless charge of baratry, was exiled by the Florentines and wandered in Verona. His love for Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari, was unreciprocated; and though he married a lady of good family, his heart always ran back to the Platonic ideal of his youth. During his banishment, in the midst of an aching grief, he came upon a monastery and knocked upon the door. Being asked what he desired, he made answer in one word, "Peace."

Moral:—If peace be in the heart, even an exile may have the franchise of a country greater than his own, viz., the Celestial Country.

H. P.

A Glimpse of Tagore's Ideal Womanhood.

By "A daughter of India."

TO a mere woman, it is gratifying as well as consoling that a great man like Dr. Rabindranath Tagore should estimate her sisters in such a high degree as to think that, even should they appear blame-worthy in any part of their life in society, the entire responsibility of the fault should not be laid on their shoulders. This conclusion can be gathered from his various writings. Woman has been placed by our great poet on a very high eminence in the scale of creation. In the first place, he avers that "females being needful, and males barely necessary, nature indulges male creatures in their fighting propensity to kill one another." Secondly, man chiefly has been able to defy nature on the physical side, and prove his domain in the mental department, just because most part of his energies, unlike those of women, have been left free. And yet, man has not been able to achieve permanent progress, because there has been always something lacking in his work, which woman alone can supply.

In all growth and progress, there must be, first, a balance of proportion; secondly, a harmony with the foundation of moral and spiritual functions. This imparts a moral rhythm, which gives not only stability, but also guidance.

There must therefore be a hidden and passive force in life, which provides this element, just as the deeper roots of a tree not only help the tree to grow into full scope and stature, but also give it stability and keep its growth within limits; and just as the banks of a river not only make the river a river, but also guide its current into permanence. This hidden force is supplied by woman and woman alone, for woman has the passive qualities in a greater measure than man has. Says Dr. Tagore, "This passive quality has given woman that large and deep placidity which

is so necessary for the healing and nourishing and storing of life. Life should be like a lamp, where the potentiality of light is far greater in quality than what appears as the flame. It is in the depth of passiveness in woman's nature that this potentiality of life is stored."

How does woman exercise this passive force in human life? Just by caring for her fellow-beings, because they are human beings, not because of some special power or utility they possess; just by piercing through the exterior of the commonplace, and finding by its "subtle and unobtrusive beauty" that "the world in its commonplace aspects is a miracle." This interest woman exercises through the power of love which infuses worth into even the most trivial things of life. Dr. Tagore says: "God has sent woman to love the world of ordinary things and events. She is not in the world of the fairy tale, where the fair woman sleeps for ages till she is touched by the magic wand. In God's world, women have their magic wands everywhere, which keep their hearts awake,—and they are not the golden wands of wealth, nor the iron rods of power."

Dr. Tagore takes the world and its society to task because it has lost its balance and is become so mad that it is "hopping from war to war." The mistake is due, he avers, to the fact that the present civilisation has become one of power chiefly, and so is exclusively masculine, thrusting woman's influence into the shade. The world has lost its idea of individual human relationships, in the sense of organisation. It has crowded out home for the office. It has forgotten the beauty, the beneficence and the harmony of life of the commonplace in the struggle for commercial eminence and war-like dominance. It has given up spiritual ideals for rampant materialism. And the reaction on women has

been severe. "Because men praise with pious unctuousness the idolatry of the manufactured images of abstraction, women in shame are breaking their own true God, who is waiting for his worship of self-sacrifice in love." Forgetting their interest in common things, women have little to do; and, being frightened of an empty leisure, they are trying to fill it up with all sorts of excitement. Losing their natural sensibility, they are restless and crave for violent and bizarre things, thereby giving up their vitality and their power of sustaining other people. They have also lost a sense of their own womanliness and are trying to show that they are not women, but are equal to men in representing power and organisation. Thus the world has lost its equilibrium.

But, order is slowly coming out of chaos. It has been recognised that domestic life is not the only life for women. As Dr. Tagore tells us, "The human world is woman's world, be it domestic, or be it full of the other activities of life, which are human activities and not merely abstract efforts to organise. It is not only in the home that love has value. Outside it also are individuals, whose several values have to be ganged and encouraged. Woman can extend her radiance of love beyond its boundaries on all sides, and even leave it, to prove her woman's nature when the call comes to her."

All her beautiful qualities can be made use of for the benefaction of humanity. She will be a mother to all the world and her spirit of self-sacrifice will percolate through all material ideas and create a new world from the ashes of the old.

I gather, though I may be wrong, that Dr. Tagore, though he wishes woman to do her duty beyond her domestic sphere, yet would not wish her to compete with men in every field of life. For instance, should a married woman neglect her home for public duties? The argument of course is that she might be so brilliant

or so peculiarly useful in her own way, that none but herself can tackle the outside duties she has undertaken. In such a case, I suppose the home must suffer, and the children left to other hands. But what a pity that such a woman was married at all; for, once married, I think a woman's first duty is to her domestic circle. After that, it should be her pleasure and her privilege to find leisure to interest herself in other matters. Then again, are not modern women going too far in claiming that every duty of life should be allowed to them also? I would point out that, while allowing no differences in mental or moral outlook, some difference should yet be made on the physical side, in which woman can never hope to cope with man. If she can do so, she can never continue her full and true womanhood. For this reason, one deplores the attitude of some lady reformers who clamour that no exception should be made in physical labour for maternity rights. If such are not safe-guarded, is there not a risk that women will not be anxious to undertake maternal duties?

Dr. Tagore hopes that the next civilization will be based, "not merely upon economical and political competition and exploration, but upon world-wide social co-operation; upon spiritual ideals and reciprocity, and not upon economic ideals of efficiency." Then, woman, he hopes, will get back her old influence and regain her true place. "She will restore the lost social balance by putting her full weight into the creation of the human world." She will bring a fresh mind to build up a spiritual civilization. "She must protect with her care all the beautiful flowers of sentiment from the scorching laughter of the science of proficiency. The world with its insulted individuals has sent its appeal to her. These must find their true value, raise their heads once again in the sun, and renew their faith in God's love through her love."

The Reward of Patience.

CHAPTER I.

IF anybody had been watching Ramdas, he would have seen three different emotions warring on his face. There was clearly the agony of spirit inevitable at the sight of devastating grief in a beloved one; there was curiously enough a fugitive expression of relief and pleasure; and to balance the two and make them reconcilable in one human face, there was a guilty shame-facedness apparent. He was evidently sorry for the sake of another at what had happened, but glad for his own sake, and most deeply ashamed because he could so find himself pleased.

Such a battle of expressions does not benefit a human countenance, and it was a good thing, therefore, that there was no one there to interest himself in our young man. You would have guessed by this time that there was a girl in the case; and it was on her that all attention was focussed.

It was a pity indeed that so much attention could be found in that room. The people there would one and all have left that place, were it not for the fact that human grief in another rouses a strange lethargy in the observer and a most dreadful curiosity. So, everyone stood and stared at poor Parvati, as she knelt at the foot of her husband's bier. He was dead, dead to her. Her protector, her guardian, her friend, ay her lover, was gone, gone for ever. How could she exist without him; how live without his sheltering care and stalwart protection; how go through life without his tender love and guidance? How indeed? What was the use of life at all now?

And so Parvati murmured to herself, the while she fondled her dead husband's

cold feet, and pressed them to her eyes, presenting such a pathetic and yet such a lovely spectacle, that the hearts of every one there contracted with heart-felt sympathy. At last, a woman, standing by Parvati's side succeeded in lifting her to her feet. "My dear, my dear, you have got your children. Think of them. He has left you two sweet darlings. What will they do without you?"

Pitiful sobs tore the slender frame of the young widow, but no tears yet; and she was led from the room, while the heart of Ramdas beat with hers in sympathy, even while he felt himself curiously elated.

He hated himself for that elation. What a wretch he was, what a wicked demon, that he should be glad at her hurt! He ought to be penalised, severely punished, killed. So he anathemised himself, even while the little song at the bottom of his heart kept repeating itself in a pleasant refrain: "She is free, she is free!" Yet, you must not think that he was glad because the dead man was gone. Ah no! For the latter had been a good man, a wise man and a kind man; and he had been the friend of Ramdas. Therein lay the sting of it! Yet another sting was in the fact that Parvati grieved so much for her dead lover. But had Ramdas ever expected anything else? She had never encouraged his passion for her, never shown him anything but a gentle friendship and a kind interest. Another sting lay in her principles, some of which he knew. She disliked widows to marry again, she had told him that once. How wrong, therefore, it was for him, to have allowed himself to feel as he did. Yet how could he help it? You must not think that Ramdas had not fought against his unlawful love. No, he

had struggled and wriggled, and all to no purpose.

How he adored her! And there was no doubt that his love was a great one; for, as he went shakily out of the room, all thoughts of self fell away from it. He would think of himself no further, but of her alone. He would dedicate himself to her sacred service, without any thought for himself. He would never try or even allow himself to think of any return from her. So he meditated; yet he still felt happy. For he had the inestimable favour of being there to look after her, care for her as a close friend, and help her, if he could, in any serious predicament. There was, for instance, that secret sorrow which seemed to be her only grief. Nobody had ever talked to him about it; but he knew it was there, some family trouble of which he was acutely conscious. And he intended to help her by trying to share her burden. What did it matter if she did not want him in a dearer relationship? But then, suppose he was sent away from her by intriguing relations, or just by necessity? She would not do it herself, he knew, for he felt that she valued his friendship. And he thanked God that never had he shown her his full heart. She never could have suspected his secret.

His heart fell at the thought of being forced to leave her, but then he squared his shoulders; even if he was sent away, he would look after her from a distance.

CHAPTER II.

A few days passed, and then Ramdas knew his fate. He was to be separated from her. Parvati was going away with her sister-in-law to a distant country. Her children would be able to find a local tutor; there was no need for him to worry himself further. His services had been invaluable; they were sorry to part with him; but it could not be helped. If they wanted him, they would send for him, if he was free. And so on, the

brother-in-law meandered, while the poor lover felt his heart sinking, sinking.....

Did they suspect his love? There was a certain look in the brother-in-law's eye, which made him think that they did so; but then how could they? It was quite natural that they should get a local tutor in the place they were going to.

She herself said nothing. She was brave, very brave, but she looked a dazed creature. She had never wept much indeed. And so, she left him with a last look of agony, in which he sensed her deep sorrow at the severance of the last link with the place, where she and her husband had been so happy for two years.

Ramdas set himself to look for a new job, which he found after some trouble, becoming a junior Professor in an Arts College. He was a poor man, while Parvati was rich; that was an added drop of bitterness in his cup of grief.

A year passed. She had written to him a few times in the first six months. She was as well as she could be; the children were growing up, and were very happy with their little cousins. How was he? She was glad he had found a good job of work. Would he write to her sometimes? He did write, but only cold, aloof letters.

That was all. Then silence. He longed to see her, but how could he go?

Then, suddenly, he saw an announcement in the paper that her son had died. Ramdas nearly wept. His little friend Ganesh, what a sweet, gentle and yet spirited child he had been, and now he was dead!

He made up his mind to go to see her then. He felt he had a decent excuse.

CHAPTER III.

He reached S—and set about enquiring for her house. He was shown a palatial residence and felt afraid to enter the

spacious grounds. He went that night, however, when it was very dark, and with a small torch let himself into the garden and approached the house. There were lights everywhere, and now and then childish voices raised in screams and laughter. Which was her light, he naturally wondered. Then, as he stood gazing, a miracle, it seemed to him, happened. A slender form darkened the light at an upstairs window, stepped out into the balcony and leant over the rail. It was, it must be, she, for he seemed to recognise her well-remembered form, the tall lissom figure he so much admired.

Slowly and carefully, taking advantage of the shadows, he edged his way from shrub to shrub, and then from pillar to pillar, till he stood very near her window, which was luckily near the end of the house. And, as he stood there, a very coward for fear and shyness, he heard a sigh fall from her lips, a muttered word or two, and then she fell a-sobbing. And he could do nothing!

Night after night, at that hour, he stole there, having found out that the family at that time was busy with the children in another part of the house. Evidently, she stole away every day for a quiet half-hour.

Did any thought of his nearness ever steal into her heart; he wondered. And yet, it almost seemed it did, for time after time, she looked down into the garden, as if searching for some one.

Then, one day, that some one came, a tall, upstanding young man. He walked into the garden and the house, as if the place belonged to him. He ran up the front steps; then could be heard taking big jumps up the inner stair-case. Ramdas saw Parvati turn sharply round, and then suddenly the other man was beside her.

"Hari," she breathed. They held hands; did their faces bend towards each other? And then the young man's gay voice burst forth:

"Have I been long away, Parvati? I didn't write to you, because I wished to surprise you. How have you been? My dear, I can't tell you how sorry I was about the little chap....."

He put his arm around her and drew her away into the inner room.

Ramdas' heart burnt within him with hot jealousy. Who was he? Was he a relative, one of her cousins? But then would a cousin be so familiar? And she had no brothers. Who was this young man?

Perhaps, she intended to marry that young man. Ramdas was a little surprised, for, as we said before, he knew her principles. But then, why should she not have changed, as most women did? That was the privilege of charming women; and Parvati was the most charming of them all.

"Oh Parvati," he groaned, "I have lost you, lost you!"

CHAPTER IV.

He waited to hear of her second marriage. He was sure it would be in the papers, as the death of her child had been. But nothing was announced.

Another year passed, and then he went again to S—, and wandered at night into the compound of her house. But she never appeared at the balcony. Time after time he went there, but with no result.

He made enquiries. There were many, who seemed to know the family. The little girl was doing well, and was going to the convent to study. The sister and brother-in-law were well and had had another child. The business was prospering. And she? Hers was the last name he introduced, and that too very carefully.

Oh, the widow? She was ill, or had been ill. But, what else could you expect? Widowed so young, and losing

her son too. What was there for her? Better if she died.

Hot with resentment, he went on carefully questioning further. Marriage again? What? Of course not. Yes, the family occasionally went out. The widow? Yes, she too. She looked the ghost of herself, poor thing!

Ramdas again felt the old elation. She was not married then; and yet, wouldn't she have been, if she had wished to? Perhaps the young man had played her false; or perhaps the family had not approved.

How he longed to see her. For a few more nights, he went to the house as before; and then one day he changed the time, and went two hours later. He saw a change. There were small lights, like the flares of oil-lamps, twinkling in a hitherto dark part of the compound, and he heard the tinkling of many small bells. There must be a temple, a private one. Slowly he moved towards it. Priests were moving up and down in the lighted interior. There was a dim vista of a decorated shrine and a jewelled idol. None of the inmates of the house had appeared yet. Ramdas stood in a dark corner, and waited.

And then the miracle happened again. She came; and she was alone. Softly, she stole from the house, a thin figure in white. He could not be mistaken; it was she. She was not ill then.

As she passed close to him, he put out his hand, and touched her. He felt her start; an exclamation burst from her. Immediately, he whispered.

"It is I, Ramdas. Don't be afraid."

She swayed; he thought she would fall, and put his arm gently round her. With a sigh she suddenly nestled up to him, and then as suddenly drew away. His heart beat fast.

"You—You?" she murmured.
"Have you come at last?"

What did she mean? Had she been waiting for him?

"Did you want me any time? I did not know."

Her self control had come back by that time, and she was her old quiet self again.

"No, no" she breathed, "I didn't want you, but I thought you would come."

"I came last year, and was here many times, but I was afraid to come in."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"I heard you had come: my maid told me; and I waited for you."

"You have been ill, and your son—"

They had wandered further into the shadows by mutual consent. And at his words he felt her steal nearer him. Her slight figure seemed to quiver, and then she burst into sobs, which she strove to stifle. He put his arm quietly round her again, till he felt her calmer. "Oh, it is good to see an old friend", she quavered.

In jerky sentences, she talked to him about her little Ganesh and of the illness, which had killed him. Then, there was a pause. At last, Ramdas felt he could hold himself in no longer. He burst out with his question.

"Are you thinking of getting married again? I—I thought—"

"I married?" she queried indignantly. "How can I? You know my principles."

"But I saw—last year—a young man—meeting you—"

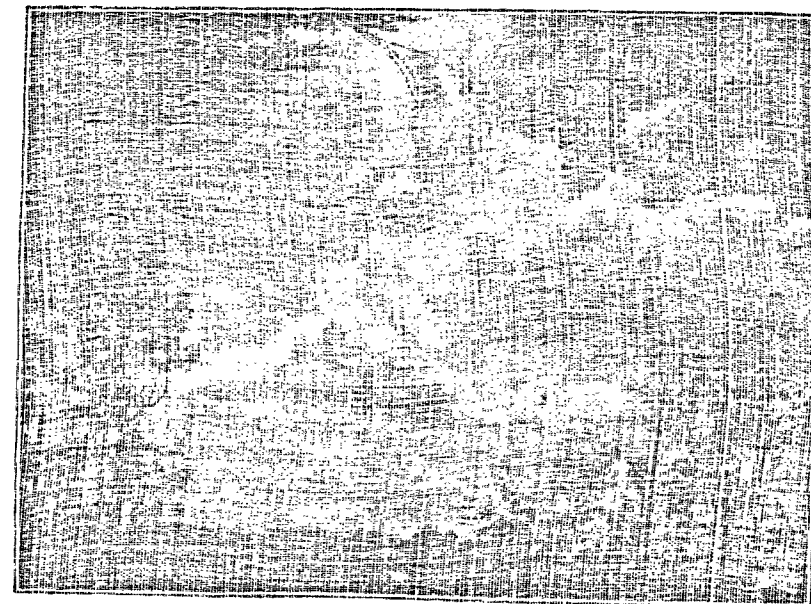
"A young man? I? Last year? Oh, that was my brother!"

"I didn't know you had one."

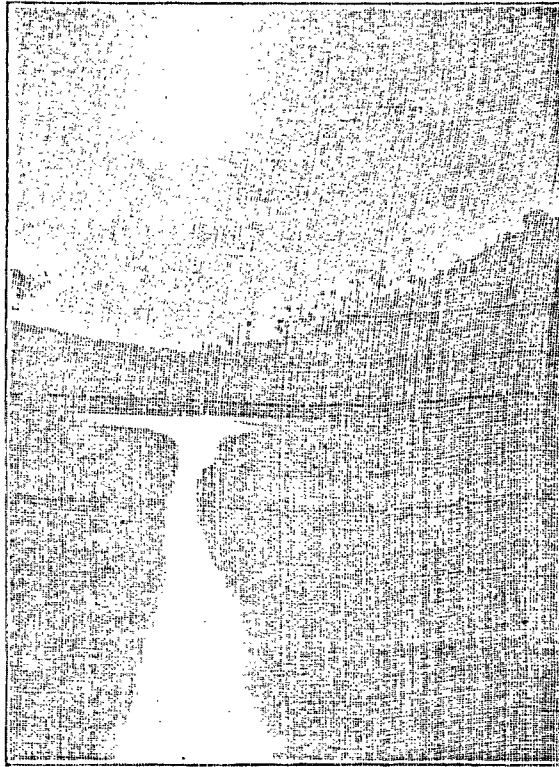
"It was kept a secret, because my brother had disgraced himself. But he

SKY-EFFECTS.

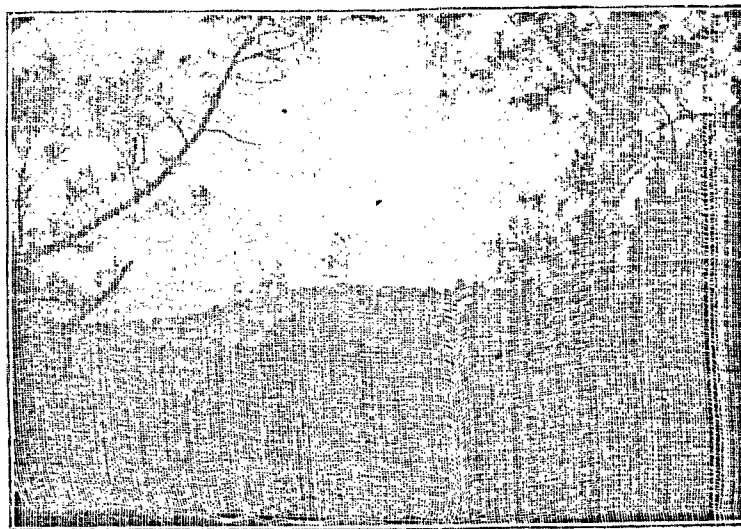
TAKEN BY MAJOR A. S. COWDELL, V. D.



Clouds.



Moonrise.



Sunrise.

and I were fond of each other, and I always helped him with money. My husband allowed me to. My brother had been sent away to Africa you see."

"I knew you had a secret trouble."

"That was it, and then, after—after my husband's death, he came back, and was reconciled to the family. He went away again and came back. That was when you saw him. Did you think—?"

"Yes. Please forgive me. And now you had better go to the temple. They will miss you. Goodbye. Can I come to see you to-morrow? After all, I am an old friend."

She gave a doubtful consent. He held out his hand to her.

But she seemed reluctant to let him go.

"I can't talk properly to you to-morrow," she whispered. "There will be others about; and there is so much to say."

His heart missed a beat.

"Shall I come here again to-morrow at this time?"

"No—no, that would be wrong," and then suddenly she burst into tears again. And, as suddenly, illumination came to him.

"My dear, my dear," he whispered, and putting out his hand held hers in his warm clasp. "Oh how glad I am!"

"But—but—you must go away—"

"Why won't you marry me?"

"Never. You know my principles."

"What are they, Parvati? That you must not marry again? But why not? Surely, your husband wouldn't want you to be lonely. And you are unhappy. I can see that. Think of what he would feel about that."

"I must be loyal to him."

"Oh Parvati, he's dead, and we are alive. My dear, I have never wanted any one but you."

"I also!" she murmured. "I have always liked you."

"What!" His heart stood still. "Even when he was alive?"

"Yes, and that's all the more reason why I should be loyal to him now."

"But—but, then, Parvati, you are mine. Come to me."

"No, no."

All this while, he had done nothing but hold her hand. Now he tried to draw her closer, but she drew away. He turned from her sorrowfully.

"Goodbye then, dear. God bless you."

With reluctant steps, he started to walk away. He went a few yards. He looked back, but there was no sign from her dimly-seen figure. With a great sigh, he went forward. So that was the end of everything.

And then—soft footsteps hurried behind him; a slight form fell against him. A warm hand took his.

"I—I can't let you go," her voice cried, "My dear, my dear, let my principles go. After all, he would not wish me to be hurt, and I am so unhappy here. Come three days hence here at the same time—and—and have everything ready—"

"For what?"

"A journey. I'll go with you."

"What about your daughter?"

"They will look after her for the present. Later, we must see—"

And so Ramdas took his Parvati and married her, in the teeth of all the opposition of her family. What happened to her money, he neither knew, nor cared; nor did she. With her daughter, however, she always kept in touch, for that they could not disallow.

NALINI.

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. He also tries to make her jealous of Arjuna's friendship for Mrs. Williams.

Gauri goes away to her Nurse's house at Pallavaram but soon returns home; matters however are made much worse by Mrs. Williams's silly behaviour towards Arjuna. Yet, when Arjuna is found fault with by the Church, Gauri stands up for him.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THINGS might yet have gone well for the unhappy couple, if Prakash had not thought fit to interfere again between them. The next day Arjuna presented himself before Gauri, and they went to the garden to discuss matters. For a time, they were tongue-tied, and then, Arjuna began to admire the plants, which were growing well under his wife's care. Suddenly, the gate opened and Prakash came in. For a moment, they stared at him, remembering all that had passed between them. There was a heavy cloud on the other man's brow. He frowned at them and began to laugh cynically.

"Ha—ha?" he laughed, "Two happy turtle-doves, eh! Billing and cooing together. All my efforts to keep you apart have been of no avail! The pretty widow and poor Prakash are left despondent. Ha—ha!"

Gauri drew closer to her husband, and leant weakly against him. Arjuna put his arm protectingly round her. The sight seemed to infuriate Prakash. His lip lifted in a snarl, which showed his teeth.

"Don't do that," he growled. "You have no right to her."

"No right? Take care of what you say, Prakash."

"Oh, yes, I am careful enough. I wished to keep this bitter truth from you for her sake; for, bitter it will prove to be. And I thought I could keep it too, because you were not friends when I left you. But I cannot bear to see you like this, so happy. And, indeed, you have no right to be so."

"Why?" asked Gauri tremblingly, holding back her husband.

"What? You will force me then to say it? Won't you give yourselves a chance? Come now, I will make a bargain with you. Agree to live apart, and I shall be silent. I won't press my claims."

"What are you talking about?" asked Arjuna in a rage. "Tell us the truth, whatever it is, and don't be sloppy."

"You will have it then? Well, Gauri is not your wife, Mr. Narayana Rao."

"What is she then?"

"Whatever you like. She is my wife."

"Yours? Never, never," cried Gauri, beside herself.

"Be quiet, dear," whispered Arjuna. "I shall see to this."

"You see," Prakash went on. "Gauri and I were married and were separated at the Church door, because it was said that my first wife was alive. But she was not alive. She was dead."

"What?"

"Yes, she was dead, so Gauri was really married to me then."

"When did you know of this?"

"About—about a month ago. I could not get leave to come earlier and tell it to you. I could not write about it. And even now, I would have given you a chance, if you had allowed me."

But he was speaking to deaf ears. Gauri had turned to her husband, holding tightly to him and pleading with agonized eyes. He tried to smile at her, but there was a dawning terror and doubt in his face. He tried to hide it with reassuring words, but Gauri saw it, and grew more agonized.

"Not your wife? Not your wife?" she pleaded. "Oh, Arjuna, say I am your wife."

"Of course, you are, darling," he said. "He is all wrong; and I shall tell him so, if you will be calm."

"Oh, but I am sure he is right. I feel it. What shall I do? Must I—must I—go to him? Arjuna, don't let me go. Kill me—kill me—instead."

"Hush—hush," he whispered; and then, holding her tight, he turned to

Prakash, and began to argue with him. His rival re-asserted his claims, and stood firm. Arjuna began to waver. Prakash smiled.

"So, she is mine," he said at last. "Come, Gauri, come with me."

"Never, never," shouted Arjuna. "Prove it first in a court of law."

"You are determined to have all the publicity then that I thought we could avoid? As I told Gauri long ago, I kept quiet that time you were nearly divorcing her, just because I wished to keep matters as hushed up as possible. I was a fool then, I see now. I made a bad mistake in that I thought that you could never again be reconciled. Now that I know I have a claim to her, I shall be firm and assert my rights. However, I would like to save you as much as I can. You can go away somewhere you know, and she can go to a friend, and later on quietly come to me."

"You must prove your claim, I say," said Arjuna firmly.

"Very well, but Gauri must not stay with you in the meanwhile. Let her go to Mrs. Sitaram, or stay on with Mrs. Williams. And, after all, you won't be as unhappy with me, as you think, Gauri," he pleaded. "You liked me once as you might a brother, you said, and you will like me soon in a dearer relation." He spoke gently and came forward to take her hand, but she pushed him aside.

"Must I—must I go?" she pleaded to Arjuna, who stood as if dazed and stunned.

"No, of course, not."

"But I must, if I am not your wife. Oh, I cannot bear it. Hold me, hold me."

Then she slipped down, and lay senseless, a poor pitiful woman between two men, who both claimed her. The two rivals glared at each other. Each tried to lift her up.

"Go away," cried Arjuna, pushing the other man away. "She is mine, till you can prove your claim. And God have

pity on you, if you are wrong. I shall have none."

He lifted the fainting girl to a sitting position and called to her, but there was no answer.

"You have almost killed her," he cried. "My poor frail girl! Go away Prakash, and leave her alone. Gauri, Gauri, he is gone; he will not trouble you. Wake up, little one, talk to me. I have you safe."

But still, there was no answer; and still vainly babbling to her, Arjuna took her up, and carried her into the house, while Prakash followed uncertainly behind, vainly begging to help.

Gauri naturally was very ill after that and the doctor advised great care of her. Pushpam came and Mallika and Mrs. Samuels and established themselves in the sick-room, where lay the poor sick-girl, white-faced and large-eyed, staring ever at the door, looking for the man, who came to see her so seldom.

Why did not Arjuna come oftener? This was not the time to leave her alone. He could start that later. But, he was afraid probably. And she resented everyone looking at her so pitifully. Did they know about her and Prakash? Surely, they must.

It was Sita, who was her greatest friend. There was something so truly sincere about her, that at last Gauri confided everything to her, and found comfort in so doing, ay, and support too, for the Hindu girl proved herself unexpectedly capable.

"Leave it all to me," she affirmed. "I am sure there is something very wrong about this Prakash and his stories. I shall make it my business to find out everything about him, though I know Arjuna also is doing the same."

"What will you do?"

"I shall coax my father to take me to visit North India very soon."

"But your studies? And after you had persuaded your father into sending you to College too? No, you must not sacrifice your career for me."

"It is no sacrifice, Gauri. You have done much for me by your sweet friendship. My life was so sad before you came. But you have taught me to hope for better things, to help myself and to try to help others, and—and—to be happy a little in a fuller life—in fact—to be a—Christian."

"Why not be a Christian really then?" whispered Gauri.

"No, my dear," said the other. "I am a Christian at heart, but for my father's sake I cannot join the faith openly. His heart would break. And, he has been so good to me, Gauri. He has promised sometime to send me to England, where I can take my degree. And, you see, my going to the North will not be a waste. It will be an education, in fact. I have nothing else to do. My life is empty, but for you, Gauri. It is you who are the centre of it."

"My dear," said Gauri with a wan smile, "that is your way of expressing things. After all, is there any blessing in this world like true friendship?"

A few days afterwards, Gauri, by the doctor's advice was sent to Courtallam, to recoup. With her went Mallika, Sita, a few servants, and Sankar, who was still very weak and hardly recovered from his late illness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was the evening of their arrival at Courtallam and Mallika was in tears, angry tears. She stormed at the world, at poor Gauri in particular. The whole thing, she said, was a plot to ruin her; Gauri and Prakash were in collusion, and Prakash was a liar, a wretch, a villain.

He had acted basely towards her. Why, he had written to her only a short time ago and he had written so kindly, so tenderly. What a wicked man he must be to carry on with her and Gauri at the same time. And why had not Gauri told her about it?

"But it was only now I knew," said poor Gauri. "Besides, you must admit that I have been warning you always

against him. It was you, who were stubborn."

"Not stubborn," wept Mallika, "but faithful and true, as great heroines always are. But I don't care now. I hate him, and I wonder how you can bear to be the wife of two people, you wicked girl! But you can have him, for all I care. I hate him, I tell you. After all, it was only my stubbornness, no, no, my constancy, which kept me true to him. I shall write and tell him so. I wish I could kill him. Well, don't look at me like that. Why shouldn't I say so, if I mean it? Anyhow, I shall go away, and not stay with you longer. I shall study hard, earn a scholarship to go to England, and come back a great woman, a heroine perhaps. Anyway, I shall be happier than you and your precious Arjuna and Prakash. Ha, ha, what a riddle life is!" And the poor distracted girl flung away in a wild tumult of sobs.

Left alone, Gauri wandered slowly to a water-fall which was about half a mile from the house. She had been warned against doing this, on account of bad characters, who were supposed to be about in the neighbourhood. But, as a precaution, she took with her the revolver Arjuna had given her. It was loaded, but had the safety-catch on. Of course, Gauri did not know how to use the weapon properly, but its presence was a security, she felt.

She wondered at the comparative deadness of her feelings. She even felt inclined to laugh at Mallika's intensity.

She sat down on a rock and gazed at the Falls, which were somewhat in front of her; five streams ran in separate currents down the rugged face of the rock, and fell into the pond below. It was a beautiful sight. The rays of the setting sun caught the tumbling water and picked out sparkles and glittering points, which scintillated with the prismatic colours of priceless gems. Here and there, between the waters, grew tufts of flowers and grasses, caught between small rocks. The sound of rushing water filled the

ear, and occasionally above it rose the noise of happy birds.

Oh! it was all so beautiful. And oh, how sad the world was, in spite of the bounties bestowed on it by God!

Suddenly, a very agony of sadness caught hold of Gauri. Her heart contracted in a spasm of grief. Her head whirled with the intensity of her feelings. A low cry burst from her, and, secure in her loneliness, she threw herself face down among the grasses where she sat and wept as she had never before wept.

After a while, came a lull. She sat up and wiped her eyes. Then, she began brushing them again and again with her handkerchief. A wild look came into her face. What was the matter? Was she going blind again? A haze was before her, a mist which seemed to be slowly thickening.

"Oh God, God," she prayed aloud, "do not let me be blind again. Whatever Thou doest to me, do not do that."

She brushed her eyes again, but still they were dim.

Then a very madness possessed her. She turned all round her, to look her last on earth. Oh, she must hurry, hurry, before the darkness closed around her. Farewell, the lovely sky, the blue azure sky, with the little clouds skimming across it like bits of fluff, or like flocks of fleecy sheep, or like the whirls of snow she had read about. How harmonious were the sunset colours, fading into one soft tint! But she must hasten!

Farewell, the green earth, now growing darkly-emerald and dusky. What a pity she had missed the vivid green of noon-day. Oh, would she never see it again?

Farewell, the sweet sunset, the radiant flowers; farewell, the shimmering waters; farewell, everything; farewell, for ever the face of her love, her lost Arjuna.

What was the use of life at all to her? Would she not for ever be mocked at by the world? Would God, therefore,

weigh against her the sin of suicide? Was He not just and merciful?

'Mercy was the attribute of God Himself' had said Shakespeare. But was He really merciful?

Yes, yes, He was. May God in Heaven forgive her doubt. God was good and kind. Whatever happened was due to her own misery, her own sins. How could the Creator be too merciful at the expense of justice? No, no, she deserved what she was getting. She deserved to suffer and die, and she would die, in that beautiful, deep pool below.

She crawled forward to the edge of the rock, and looked down. But, at the very brink! she paused. No, she could not, she could not do it. And so, she threw herself down again and wept, and after a while she dropped into a merciful sleep. All round her there were rustlings in the grass, but luckily nothing came near her.

The sound of her name roused her.

"Gauri, Gauri" some one called.

Was it Arjuna? No, it was Prakash. How dared he come there?

She sat up and found all dark around her. She remembered everything. Oh, she was blind, blind; her fate was upon her.

"Gauri", again called Prakash. She looked around wildly.

Steps sounded near her. She did not dare to move; for she knew she was somewhere near the edge. She called out, "Don't come near me, please."

"Where are you?"

"Here. But do not come near me."

"Why are you here in the dark? There are snakes here, and animals too sometimes."

Dark! Had darkness come on? A small gleam of hope shone in the poor girl's heart. Perhaps, she was not quite blind. She strained her eyes. Then, she saw a dark form near her. She was not quite blind then!

"Keep away, Prakash," she called out again. "Don't you dare to touch me."

"All right; keep calm, and do not move, for Heaven's sake. I can see in

the faint light that you are almost right at the edge. What a pity I did not wait for a lantern. But I did not go into the house. The servants told me you had gone out into the woods; so I followed, as I was simply longing to see you, my Queen; and I had something special to say to you. But it took some time to find you; and it grew dark in the meanwhile. Why do you come here alone, Gauri? And why don't the servants bring a light? They are very remiss."

"I told them not to follow me with a light. Besides, I thought of bringing a torch with me. But I—I—forgot and I—I—went to sleep, I think."

"What a pity I am not a smoker! I wish I had some matches with me. I wonder—wait, wait, there is a faint light shining and increasing. Is it the moon? Ah," with a glad cry, "there she is. I had a vague idea, I swear, that she would be coming up soon. Look behind you, Gauri. Isn't it a glorious sight? What a night for love-making, eh? Come Gauri, be kind to me."

"I can see, I can see," cried Gauri in an ecstasy.

"Of course, you can see. What is the matter?"

"I—I thought I was going blind."

"Oh Gauri, do not be hysterical. Heavens, you are right at the edge. And you are on the damp grass. You will be stiff. Don't get up alone. Let me help you."

"Don't touch me, Prakash. I warn you, I shall jump right over, if you do."

"My dear, I am not here to hurt you. Besides, who has a better right to be with you, than I, your real husband? Let me help you, dear?"

"You keep away, and I shall get up."

"Very well!"

He watched in an agony. Something seemed to be the matter with her. She crawled back a little from the edge, and then tried to raise herself. But she was so stiff. Again she tried, and again her limbs failed under her. With a groan she tried once more; and Prakash, with

his heart in his mouth, could no longer hold himself in. He stepped forward, and clutched her shoulder. She gave a sudden cry. She must escape from him, she must. She must not let the hated man touch her.

She tried to free herself, but the man held her tight. In terror, she raised her eyes to his face, perhaps to see what exactly he meant to do, perhaps to appeal to him again. But his look struck her dumb. It was so possessive, so fierce, so determined, so mad. Yes, he was mad, she felt at last. In that way alone, could she explain his terrible desire.

In spite of her struggles, he brought his face down to hers, and imprinted hot kisses on her lips, the while he spoke in strangled whispers:

"At last, at last, again I hold you, my Gauri. How I have longed for this since that night you escaped from me. You witch, you witch, how I adore you. Gauri, wife, won't you listen to me? No? And still you struggle? Very well, have it so. The sight of us on this edge gives me an idea. I came to plead with you, but, instead I shall take you to death with me. Together we shall die, and then perhaps in our next birth, you will be kind to me. Ah!"

His terrible grip held on. The poor girl grew weaker and weaker. She knew her fate was on her; and she sent up a silent farewell to Arjuna. Suddenly, an idea struck her. Why indeed should she struggle? Would not death be a good escape for her? Just a second of giving-in, of helpless agony, and then—

But she was young and even against her spirit, her physical powers fought on. But she was very near the end, and how she hated that terrible death!

In their struggles, they came a little away from the edge, and Gauri's foot struck against the revolver she had put down when she first went there. The contact at once brought its natural idea to her. Why not kill him? He was trying to kill her.

Terribly sane, in spite of her terror, she purposely slipped and half fell. Prakash tripped with her, and then, recovering himself, pulled her up. But, before she stood up again, she had got hold of her revolver. In agony, she felt for the safety-catch, and slipped it aside. Ah—

And yet, and yet, how could she kill him, she, a woman, who hated hurting; and—and, she had liked him not so long ago!

Suddenly, she seemed to hear voices all round her. The screams of some women struck on her ear—she recognised the tones of Mallika, Sita, and their maid-servant. A little further away, she heard the shouts of men. Ah, there was Arjuna, Sankar! Help was coming! She must wait. But how far away they were!

She held her revolver with one hand, and feebly struggled against him. But, but, she was going—going. He dragged her nearer the edge. His fierce whispers

hurt her ear, his fiercer lips bruised her soft face.

Would help never come? Must she use her weapon? Oh! she could not, she could not. Her senses were going, and oh, God grant that she might lose consciousness before that terrible drop into Eternity. She let her spirit go. Goodbye!

She felt herself falling; she felt him give her a last kiss and then try to hoist her into his arms. The revolver was still in her grip. Why not, why not, use it? She raised her arm, but then—how could she?

And then, and then, on the very brink of fainting, she felt her hand held, or was her revolver taken from her, or had it fallen from her? So her last hope was gone, unless some one helped her.

A shout, a shot, a scream, another shout, which seemed a strangled cry, and then a terrible splash!

(To be continued)

K. S.

Sonnet.

(TO W. V. de S.)

The year is dawning, I shall see it rise,
Upon the flow'rs by morning breezes
blown,
And I shall see you in the age-old skies,
And in all loveliness that we have
known.
For these thou wilt bring us O unborn
years,
Old songs of birds heard in dim
yesterdays,
Strange seas, rare sunsets, joy embalmed
in tears,

New blossoms, old-time fragrance,
starlit ways.
O thou unrisen morrow I shall meet
Thy herald ere the sunshine gilds
the sky,
On some green bypath that my heart
once knew,
Where I may rest awhile my way-
worn feet,
And in the rapture of that silence, I
Shall find the dearer memory—of you!
E. H. D'ALWIS.

Editor's Note.

THE sixth All-India Women's Conference on education and social reform, held this time in Madras, was a great success. The capability of the Reception Committee, the wonderfully well-made arrangements and the efficient carrying out of hospitality have convinced the world and his wife that women can no longer be despised and relegated to the background. No Indian indeed can help being proud of his women-folk, and none, I think, can hereafter ridicule or be indifferent to their activities and capabilities. A few things, of course, have to be guarded against. Mrs. P. K. Roy, the distinguished President of the Conference emphasised strongly the first point, which is that Indian women should not be carried away by theories and platitudes alone. "The temptation of attending meetings and conferences, lecture halls and platforms is coming into our lives. No doubt they have an educating influence, but we ought to be prepared at home for receiving them on the right lines. Every one of these new ideals requires careful attention and training in our houses." Yet conferences such as the one we are discussing are very necessary for the creation of an active public opinion, for the airing and exchanging of views, as well as for the vindication of womanhood.

The second point is the fostering of the traditions of India. As the president said: "We shall still be Indian women with Indian characteristics of our own, as a distinctive type from women of other nations. The self-abnegation, self-restraint, and the spirit of self-sacrifice of Indian widows, the catholicity of outlook and the spirit of tolerance of the old grandmothers, the sense of justice and the power of administration of the joint-

family mothers are assets that India can be proud of." To this we may add the age-long and beautiful traditions of Indian wifehood and motherhood. Our new construction of life must have the basis of such ideals. Yet, life and conduct are rapidly changing, and our women must keep pace with the advance. The secret of our success lies therefore in a happy harmony of the old with the new. "The value of human life lies in conducting one's self with honour and grace, keeping in view the ideals we have gathered and created to guide ourselves in life."

For the correct foundation of such ideals, careful consideration is necessary.

"The leaders and the workers must cry 'Halt' now and again, to ponder and think. The brakes of our inner automobile must be kept in order, so that, if the dust of the road blind our eyes, we may proceed with care. Those of us, who are actually interested and are engaged more or less in drudgery work, have not yet had time to think how far our present usual plans are producing the right results. The time has now come when we can think and judge if we are going on the right lines."

The first ideal that Mrs. P. K. Roy brought out was that Indian educational institutions and homes must take cognizance of the new privileges craved for, and should train girls to receive and work out the changes. In India, this is especially necessary, "as the abolition of early marriage throws the responsibility of adolescence on the parents, instead of on the husbands." "The girl's conduct and character have to be moulded before she launches herself into the world. I do not say that institutions alone can do everything, the responsibility arises first

in the house. Homes are the centres where individuals are trained to the right ideals. In our homes, our mothers have to take notice of the new outlooks of our social life and mould and remould their standards of work according to the requirements of changed conditions. Yet I feel Educational institutions also can do a great deal." From this follows the point that, not only the intellectual side of a girl's nature should be seen to, but also that her normal and spiritual outlook must be guarded. "Some forms of instruction, which would awaken in the children the love of truth and justice, the spirit of reverence, of worship, of discipline, the tendency of looking beyond the sordid and the mundane, the power of right thinking, self-analysis and contemplation, in short to awaken in them the spirit of idealism of life, is obviously necessary."

There were other useful points that were emphasised by the president, such as "citizenship" and correct political ideals, the removal of social disabilities, and so on.

The conference has to be congratulated on its several aspects. One is the justification of Madras for the honour of housing this session. As Mrs. P. K. Roy said: "Madras tops the list in comparison with other provinces of India, in its figures of literacy and its percentage of the educated. Madras is the most capable province amongst us to lead, and I feel I shall go back richer with new ideas and thoughts."

Other points for congratulation are, not only the happy association of men and women in service, but also the pleasant comradeship of Indians with Europeans. Moreover, the women of India are to be congratulated on their new conduct in life. The old standards of shyness, of retiring into the background, of the inferiority complex, of dilatoriness, have almost gone; and in their stead, energy, efficiency and method are the order of the day. We felicitate our women heartily on this proof of their developed outlook. As Mrs. Roy said: "The gathering convinces me and thrills me with the vision of a glorious future for the womanhood of India."

In Man's Realm.

DARWIN—A SCIENTIST AND A MAN.

THE year 1809 was not the least of the eventful years in the history of England; for in it were born men who rose to the front rank in politics, literature and science. Gladstone left an undying name as a Radical and a Home-Ruler. Tennyson's eminence remains unchallenged even to this day when a new and not altogether desirable fashion has crept into the domain of poetry. Gladstone as a politician and Tennyson as a poet were not greater than Charles Darwin as a scientist. There is hardly a man of education who, if he has not read, has not at least heard of "The origin of

species", that book of Darwin's which completely revolutionised thought in the latter half of the nineteenth century. But Darwin's greatness does not lie solely in his merits as a scientist. He is great also because of his qualities as a man. He was an affectionate husband and father and was a lover of men and literature. Strange as it may sound, he was, above all, a highly religious man.

The child is the father of the man, and the childhood of Darwin gave promise of all that he became in his later days. In his ninth year, he was sent to a day-school where he was much slower in

learning than his younger sister, Catherine. But he himself has recorded, "By the time I went to this day-school my taste for natural history and more especially for collecting, was well-developed. I tried to make out the names of plants and collected all sorts of things, shells, seals, coins and minerals. The passion for collecting, which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste." This taste, though not shared by his sisters or brother may be traced to his parents. His mother, whose acquaintance with books and countries was wide and extensive, was very fond of flowers and pigeons, and his father, a rich doctor of medicine, was a man of observation whose hobby was gardening and ornamentation of trees. Darwin's early interest in flowers displayed itself in his invention of deliberate falsehoods. He once told a boy, who was as little as himself and who afterwards developed into a botanist of fame, that he could produce coloured flowers by watering them with coloured fluids! Despite his promise, Darwin's masters thought he was a very ordinary boy and intellectually below the common standard. His father feared he would grow up to be a disgrace to his family, as he cared for nothing but shooting and catching dogs and rats. It should not appear strange that a boy with a tendency to a study of flowers, plants and animals made no progress in learning and making Latin and Greek verses. He memorised forty or fifty lines of Virgil or Homer, only to forget every one of them in forty-eight hours. He made verses by getting together a good collection of old stanzas and patching them together with the aid of other boys. At the age of sixteen he was studying medicine; at nineteen he was studying for the ministry; and at twenty-two he was a waster. It was only after a year of wasting that he turned to be a serious investigator.

The opportunity for serious investigation was afforded to Darwin by a voyage, which he made for five years in a ship which circumnavigated the world. This voyage determined his whole career. To it he owed his first real training or education of his mind. The glorious vegetation of the tropics, the sublimity of the great deserts of Patagonia and forest-clad mountains of Tierra del Fuego and the animals and plants of the several islands of the Galapagos archipelago improved his powers of observation. The captain, who engaged him, was a man who believed that he had the power to judge rightly a man's character by the outline of his features. He was not favourably impressed with the shape of Darwin's nose when he first saw him and seriously doubted if a man with a nose thus shaped could possess sufficient energy and determination for a voyage round the world. He was glad however when afterwards he found that the indications of the nose were all false. Three more years passed before Darwin made up his mind to execute the voyage of the remainder of his life with her whom he considered the best of all women in the world, his cousin Emma Wedgwood.

Darwin married when he was thirty. Twenty days before his marriage he wrote to his "own dearest Emma" that he hoped she would make him human and he would soon learn from her that there was greater happiness than building theories and accumulating facts in silence and solitude. They journeyed together for forty years. Insomnia, indigestion, nausea, vomiting, vertigo and palpitation of the heart were more or less constant on the side of Darwin, and kindest sympathy, utmost patience, wise advice and cheerful comfort invariably on the side of Emma. According to his son, Sir Francis Darwin, Darwin never knew one day of health of ordinary men for nearly forty years, and "the one condition which enabled him to bear the strain and fight out the struggle to the

end was his wife's sharing all his leisure hours with him and shielding him from every avoidable annoyance." There was one thing in which Mrs. Darwin was cruel to her husband. Darwin had acquired the habit of snuffing and he kept a jar of snuff on his hall table. Often, during work, he would hurry into the hall to take a pinch. Mrs. Darwin was averse to this. She persuaded Darwin to leave off snuffing altogether. After a month, he resumed the habit; for, without snuff, he felt almost "lethargic, stupid and melancholy." However, three years later, to use the words of Darwin himself, the cruel wretch was again at it and made him leave off the chief solace of his life. Darwin played two games of backgammon with his wife every night after dinner and often grumbled and even showed anger when fortune failed him. But once at least he was able to report with satisfaction, "she, poor creature has won only 2,490 games, while I have won, hurrah, hurrah, 2,795 games."

In a letter to a young man, Darwin had written that a good wife was a supreme blessing in this life. That he had himself realised it in full is evident from what he said to his wife on his death-bed, "Remember what a good wife you have been to me."

"As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are the children of youth; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." Darwin's quiver had as many as ten arrows in it, not a mean number. He was one of those fathers who understood his children. He himself had been misunderstood by his father and he wished to be certain that he did not misunderstand his own children. He never spoke roughly to any of them and it was his fortune that none of them ever abused his gentleness. His grown-up children were given the privilege of talking to him on terms of perfect equality. His gentle up-bringing of his little ones is illustrated by an incident, which Darwin treasured up in memory. Young Leonard came into the

drawing room one day and danced on the sofa, spoiling the springs. "Oh Lenny, Lenny" said his father, "that's against all rules", and received the reply "Then I think you'd better go out of the room."

Darwin was a delightful play-fellow to his children. He took special pleasure in the games he played with them. One of his daughters writes, "It is a proof of the terms on which we were and also of how much he was valued as a play-fellow, that one of his sons when about four years old tried to bribe him with six-pence to come and play in working hours." He, not only played with his children with all the gusto of a play-fellow, but told them rare and delightful stories. He nursed them when they were ill, even during his working hours. He interested himself in all their pursuits, giving them little bits of his early life and his tastes as a boy. His attachment to them was so tender that, when his little daughter Annie died, he recorded, "Our poor child, Annie was born in Gower street on March 2, 1841, and expired at Malvern at midday on the 23rd of April 1851.....we have lost the joy of the household and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly we do still, and shall ever, love her dear joyous face! Blessings on her!"

It is said that Darwin had the whole world for his friend. Many foolish people wrote him letters and received replies. If Darwin failed to answer any of them, he had it on his conscience. In his replies, he was so gentle that his correspondents felt that they found a friend in him. He had great love for the people of the village round about him. He treated them, not merely with courtesy, but took an active interest in their welfare. For their benefit he started a friendly club and served as its treasurer for thirty years. A vicar writes of him after his death, "On my becoming vicar of Down in 1846, we became friends.....In all parish matters he was

an active assistant; in matters connected with the schools, charities and other business, his liberal contribution was ever ready, and in the differences which at times occurred in that, as in other parishes, I was always sure of his support. He held that, where there was really no important objection, his assistance should be given to the clergyman who ought to know the circumstances best and was chiefly responsible." That Darwin had eminent men of science and letters for his friends was not so remarkable as that he found friends in people of small intellectual stature. Even to his servants he showed gentleness such as is rarely shown by masters. He was rarely angry with them; and once, when he scolded a servant, one of his children ran upstairs in awe, for so appalling appeared his anger on account of its rarity. When he asked a servant to do anything for him, he used such polite expressions as "would you be so good".

Although, when he was at school, Darwin's mind inclined to plants and shells and minerals, he was fond of reading books not relating to the subject which he had chosen for himself. He would sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare "in an old window in the thick walls of the school". He read with avidity other poetry such as Thompson's "Seasons" and the poems, of Scott and Byron. Later, he took much delight in Coleridge and Wordsworth, and could boast that he had read through "The Excursion" twice. During the years he went round the world, he had a copy with him of Milton's poems from which he chose "Paradise Lost" for his favourite. However, as time went on, he lost all taste for poetry and reached a stage when he could not endure a line of it! Even Shakespeare, whom he had devoured when he was young, became dull and nauseating. Darwin himself lamented this loss of taste. He felt it as a loss of happiness and feared it might injure his intellect and his moral character by making the emotional side of his

nature weak. But, while losing taste for poetry, he acquired a taste for classical novels. To him a first-rate novel was one which contained some person whom the reader could thoroughly love and it was all the better if that person happened to be a pretty woman. Very often after lunch, he would have a novel read to him, and again in the evening at six o'clock, he would rest from his work by reading a novel with a cigarette in his mouth. His son has written, "I remember well the way in which he would anticipate the pleasure of having a novel read to him, as he lay down or lighted a cigarette. Walter Scott, Jane Austen and Mrs. Gaskell were read and re-read till they could be read no more". George Elliot's "Silas Marner" was warmly praised by him, although George Elliot did not command his appreciation for ending her stories tragically. He was also a reader of history and biographies and essays on all kinds of subjects. To obtain rest from his work, he would have more than one book in hand, a novel with perhaps a biography and a book of travels.

In his early days, Darwin was quite orthodox in religion and caused merriment even among orthodox men by quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on points of morality. But his scientific researches undermined his beliefs. The undermining was gradual and slow, so gradual and slow that it caused no distress. In a letter addressed in 1879 to a friend, Darwin confessed that his judgment often fluctuated. But, even in his most extreme fluctuations, he was never an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of God. "The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us and I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic",—so he wrote in his autobiography. But, though it was beyond the scope of man's intellect to solve the mystery of the universe, it was a consolation to him that man could still do his duty. If to do one's duty was to be religious, Darwin

was certainly a religious man. His agnosticism did not prevent him from doing service to mankind and leading a good and noble life all the seven days of the week. Though he gradually ceased to profess the religion of Christ, his life until his death was Christlike. When

told that Darwin would go to hell for his wicked views about God and His creation, an old lady remarked that surely God could not afford to do without so good a man in Heaven.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

The late Jane Kende Rakhit, the Artist.

BY NAPOLEON BERNARD.

TWENTY years ago, Jane Kende Rakhit came to the United States. Like a true idealist, she exchanged the comforts of her parents' estate in Molnaszecsöd for the hazards of facing a new world. She first settled in California, attending the Berkeley University. Thence she ventured to Chicago, where she was married to Hemendra K. Rakhit, a well-known Hindu lecturer. In New York, Mr. Rakhit took up his duties as an official of the International House, that remarkable institution on Reverside Drive, founded by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the fostering of a better understanding between the nationalities of the world. His young wife at once identified herself with the activities of International House and took her full share of her husband's endeavours.

While thus engaged in social welfare-work and in literary pursuits, unsuspected by even her most intimate friends, she cherished a great secret... under the guidance of Prof. Nicholaides, Jane Kende Rakhit had taken up painting! Her innate artistic inclinations stood her in good stead in this daring enterprise.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore's visit to New York in 1930 first revealed the new artist. The world-famous Hindu sage visited the Rakhit home; there he came upon Mrs. Rakhit's canvasses and with his keen perception at once recognized and en-

thusiastically acclaimed Jane Kende Rakhit.

During the spring and summer of 1931, the newly discovered painter had a series of exhibitions, notably in January at the Brooklyn Museum under the auspices of the International Exhibition, in February at the Dudensing Galleries; in May she had an exhibition under the auspices of the American-Hungarian Foundation. She was also invited to join the Art Students' League in their countrywide travelling exhibitions. Jane Kende Rakhit's art was so well received, both by the public and the press, that a Committee was organized for the purpose of making her known, both here and abroad.

Jane Kende Rakhit's passing may justly be called a decided loss to the world of art. Her versatility held great promise and latterly she had also taken to sculpture, of which she left a number of charming pieces.

(The following autobiographical letter was written by Mrs. Jane Kende Rakhit only eight days before she passed away, for submission to the authorities of an art gallery which is to exhibit some of her paintings.)

NEW YORK,
9th September 1931.

These pictures are my childhood memories of the native scene of my birth-place. I was born in Hungary, came twenty years ago to the United States as



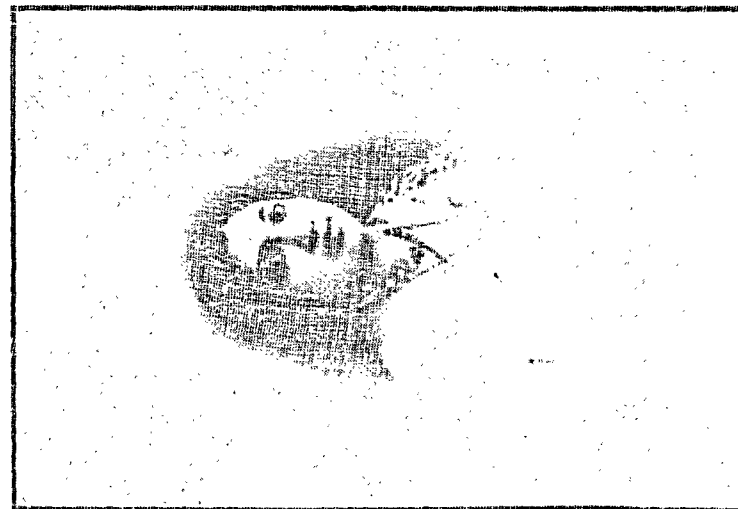
THE LATE MRS. RAKHIT AND HER FRIENDS.



NEW LADY SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH SCHOOL.

Nawabzadi Ismat Khanam Maula Bakhsh, who has been appointed Superintendent of the Punjab Public Health School at Lahore. She obtained the Diploma of Health and Maternity Supervision in India, after which she proceeded to England, where she received training in Medical, Surgical and Gynaecological Nursing, and was the first Indian Lady to pass the C. M. B. examination.

Photo :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



CEYLON'S FIRST LADY COUNCILLOR.

Mrs. Melamure (wife of the Hon. Mr. A. F. Melamure, Speaker of the Ceylon State Council) who was elected by a large majority to the Ceylon State Council.

Photo :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

a young girl, and lived the life of an immigrant who is dazed by the vastness of the difference one feels who is dropped from one world into another.

I had a literary mind, had the wish to write; and the magic distance of America was the only reason for my migration. I think I tried to make the best of the tremendous study that America offers. I worked in different industries as a designer. I have travelled from New York to San Francisco; studied at the University of California at Berkeley; met people of all social and intellectual standards, and learned to love America; for, it gave me a chance to become a self-reliant human being, with feet on the ground and eyes wide open.

My literary ambition realized itself only so far as that I gathered a vast amount of material, learned English sufficiently to translate from my mother tongue into English, write poetry and tell folk-lore in English.

Three years ago I had the desire to express myself in painting. I went to the Art League and studied with Mr. Nicholaides. In a few weeks he became so enthusiastic about my drawing, praised my composition so much, that I worked feverishly day and night. And after the end of the session, I went to Hungary for a visit. After six months of stay there, where I had been making pencil sketches, I returned to New York, took a further six month with Mr. Nicholaides, and then he told me; "You are ready for paintings."

Since then I have been working with my brush like a possessed person. My first exhibition was last year at the International Water Colour Show at the Brooklyn Museum, and in February at the Dudensing Galleries, New York. Since then I have been exhibiting continually.

Mrs. McMahon of the College Art Association has taken three of my paintings for the travelling exhibition that was collected from Hungary this summer, and the work of a few American Hungarian painters are included in it.

My paintings are unique in that they are born out of the longing and love for the motherland I cannot forget. They are truly Hungarian in spirit, in spite of the long years of distance and the great change I went through in my adopted country, where I really lived longer than in Hungary. I tell you all this, because my present topic is all Hungarian, though I am an American painter and a citizen of the United States.

JANE KENDE RAKHIT.

THE WANDERERS

BY JANE KENDE RAKHIT

To the wandering-birds
That wing the wide ends
Of the world, like the words
Of old, old friends;
To the salty breeze
That kisses the seas,
To the snow-white sails
Where the blue sky bends;

To the high-born Sun,
God's golden shield,
To rivers that run
Through plain and field,
To ships that sail
In the fiercest gale,
To the clear white stars
Through the darkness wheeled;

To the beggar who goes
With his begging bowl,
To panther and rose
That are seeking a goal,
To you who are
A seeker afar,
To you who have
A wanderer's soul.

A Friendly Talk on Marriage.

(BY KAMALINI.)

The late Lady T. Sadasiva Iyer.

(SELECTED).

WOMEN'S Associations have sustained a great loss by the passing away of Lady Sadasiva Iyer. Till her death, she was the President of more than one Women's Association in the city, such as the Sarda Ladies' Union, Triplicane, the Indian Ladies' Samaj or the Society for the protection of minor girls, the Women's Indian Association, etc.

After the death of her husband, the late Sir T. Sadasiva Iyer, she took an intelligent and active part in all matters concerning women and children. Not a committee or public meeting of women would she miss. She was one of the first Hon. woman Magistrates in the city and was a regular attender at court. A devoted wife, a loving mother and the head of a large family, she found time to participate in all the social, educational, religious and political movements for the advancement of women.

She was a delegate to the first All-India Women's Conference held at Poona and by her work and speech at that Conference created a very deep impression on the audience. She and her husband were staunch supporters of post-puberty marriages, higher education for women, and equal rights and opportunities for both the sexes. Both of them were the pioneers and leaders in all the movements for women's uplift and had the courage to face opposition from their own kith and kin.

It used to surprise younger women that Lady Sadasiva Iyer, who had no University or high school education, should command such an intelligent understanding of present day affairs and

should express so beautifully and so clearly her ideas and opinions in the vernacular. She was well-versed in Sanskrit and was an eloquent and impressive speaker. She could handle any subject at a moment's notice and face any audience and convert them to her view. She was the leader of the movement for securing women's franchise and compulsory education for girls and also in the social reform movement for the abolition of child marriage and the Devadasi system.

Sir T. Sadasiva Iyer perhaps was the first citizen and official in Madras to take his partner along with him to Government parties, to social functions and other public meetings in the city. Both husband and wife would never miss any meeting or function for the advancement of women. Any good, just and worthy cause had their active support and sympathy. If Madras was the first to secure franchise for women, if it was the first to enjoy compulsory education for girls and to possess a number of women Hon. Magistrates and a number of women's colleges, I may say that it is largely due to the active help and sympathetic encouragement given by Sir T. Sadasiva Iyer and Lady T. Sadasiva Iyer to such movements.

They were above castes and creeds. All communities, whether Brahmin, Non-Brahmin, Muslim or Christian, loved them and respected them. They were the friends especially of the lowly and the depressed. Perhaps, their views might not have found favour with some of their orthodox relations but they never cared for anybody's frown or favour or for any public applause.—*Madras Mail*.

MARRIAGE.

Rukmini: Why are you sitting there so silently, sister Sushila? Has that Raman been rude to you again?

Sushila: It is all very well to speak so of your brother, Rukmini, but remember he is my husband.

Rukmini: Well?

Sushila: Well, he is also my master and my God.

Rukmini: That is what I object to. Why should you admire a wicked man?

Sushila: Stop! He is not wicked. He is like most other men.

Why should he not have a good time, like many others?

Rukmini: Indeed? And leave his poor wife to be unhappy?

Sushila: That's my fate.

Rukmini: Why not rebel against it? Go away from him.

Sushila: Where to? To my parents? They would send me back. Don't you know how Sakuntala was repudiated by her people, even when deserted by her husband?

Rukmini: Then get a divorce from him.

Sushila: I wouldn't dream of it. I belong to him for ever and always.

Rukmini: But why should men alone have the right to marry many wives?

Sushila: It is their privilege.

Rukmini: And you are not jealous?

Sushila: I am, I am, and yet

Rukmini: Poor girl!

Sushila: The feeling he has for me is different from what he has for the others. I am the senior wife, yet

Rukmini: Yet, your poor heart wants his love. Now, if I were you, I would find some comfort for myself. There is that poor Seshan who adores you. Why not be kinder to him?

Sushila: Don't talk of that!

Rukmini: I mean, let him give you a good time, take you out and so on. You

need not be afraid of him, if you show him what you really are.

Sushila: I know. If the woman is innocent at heart, the man will know it. Still the world will misunderstand. Anyhow, I can have no happiness if my husband is not with me.

Rukmini: You may be able to make your husband jealous and so make him appreciate you again.

Sushila: No, Rukmini.

Rukmini: Quite right, Sushila. We, Hindu women are built like that. But, be stiff with him, angry with him. Don't be his door-mat always.

Sushila: I like to be so. Otherwise, he will suffer. You see he still praises me.

Rukmini: Let him be unhappy. We Hindu women are too good to our men. It is always their happiness we think about, not ours. We are making them selfish.

Sushila: Maybe, but that is right!

Rukmini: Well! I must say yours is a grand love, and yet it came only after marriage.

Sushila: Yes. My parents arranged the match as usual.

Rukmini: Humph! As they are trying to arrange mine! But they won't be allowed to.

Sushila: My dear, modern girls don't understand what marriage means. Why should we wish to choose our husbands? Don't our parents know us well? Love must come after marriage, not before. Conjugal love is never an impulsive love, but the love of association, of understanding, of friendship, of comradeship. That is the relationship, which has really been the anchor of Indian life.

Rukmini: I don't want that sort of business. If I marry a man I don't love, I shall never be true to him.

Sushila: My dear, there you go again. As I have been telling you, once we marry, we must be true to our husbands,

however undesirable they may be. Don't you remember the story of the woman whose husband was a leper?

Rukmini: You speak quite in the style of Katherine the Shrew. Only you never needed to be tamed like her. You were

always the patient Griselda. But I am not willing to emulate you. Your patience savours too much to me of the inferiority complex. Well, well, I wish you joy; though I must say I do admire your whole-hearted devotion.

Fashion Notes.

SHORT CUTS TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

NO one can be happy when he is sick, even though he might possess all the world. We all want to enjoy life and enjoy it to the full. And the joys of life are health and youth, for to youth is vouchsafed the precious gift of happy living. But how then can we keep young? We are what we eat.

What we shall be made to-morrow, depends on what we eat to-day. Every part of the body is built up out of the food we eat and out of the liquid we drink. Most of us at present are not satisfied with our complexions and personality. But let us not sit down in torpid despair, it is only a mere waste of time and opportunity. Let us start right away now, to make our body beautiful.

Thought and food are the first essentials. It is natural before we begin to do anything to think. After thought, the next step is to set to work. Model your face into a mirror of attractiveness and happiness. Every one loves to be admired and loved, and the first index as to whether you are worth admiring or loving is your face.

If you want to receive smiles you must smile. Go to your mirror and practise the smile, the winning grace, the bright eyes and all those points which make a face to be a thing of beauty and of gladness to look upon. Get rid of frowns and scowls, banish for ever the lines of discontent. When you have begun to transform your face so that

people smile when they meet you, then you may continue your creative work to every part of your system, external and internal, and by thought-force set the spirit of creation on its pathway to the building up for you of an entirely new nature.

At the same time we must be always supplying the right food for sound construction. Our food should be right in quality, quantity, and variety. Greens, vegetables, animal products and nourishing fruits should go to make up our daily food. Salads should also be included in our daily menu, because it is from salads that we get a rich supply of those vitamins which are essential to life and growth and tissue repair. The cereals should be wheat or rice, and the vegetables should be freshly-grown and cooked *en marmite*, remembering that their juices are more valuable than their solids. Regarding fruits, apples and soaked raisins are very good and these are in season all the year round. From animal products we get high-grade proteins in cream, cheese, butter and honey, and these are great foods for rebuilding weak nerves, and for restoring worn-out tissues.

Water should be drunk freely. Three meals per day of these natural and wholesome foods will provide the finest materials for Mother Nature to use, in building up new men and women of health and beauty.

K. V. SWAMINATHAN.

Children's Pages.

(1) Our Serial Story.

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIV:

THE AQUARIUM.

THE Marina in the evening presented quite a transformed spectacle, from what the girls saw on the morning of their arrival. Vehicles of all descriptions, cars, carriages, motor cycles, ordinary bikes, rickshas and jutkas studded the pavement of the road as far as eye could see, rolling in endless motion, sounding their warning notes, or drawn up in lines on the opposite sides of the Marina. On the sand-strewn elevated side-walk, separated from the beach parks by a stone coping, crowds of people were sauntering along for pleasure, or hurrying to and fro on business. Out of every ten people, one would seem to meet five students, and even of the rest a large part was composed of university doctors and professors. Individuals, who for a moment were more conspicuous than the rest, could not be long followed by admiring or curious eyes. It was like a panorama of flitting pictures of never-failing interest. But, even in this landscape of whirr and bustle there was likewise serene repose and calm enjoyment. Lounging in their chariots, engaged in light conversation, or smoking, or reading, were ladies and gentlemen, inhaling the sea-breezes from their cushioned seats. Wherever the side promenade opened into the beach, there were stone sofas occupied by several people. Those, who sought solitude, chose to walk in the avenue between the rows of casuarina bushes, alone or with a chosen companion. On the sands afar were still other people,

reclining, sitting, wading in the water or taking a stroll. Ayahs brought little children, who carried pails and spades to dig in the sand and build castles. It was a holiday itself on the beach for young and old, men and women and children presenting a picturesque variety. The crowning grandeur of the whole scene was the heaving, foam-crested, dark-blue sea that gave a deep sullen roar, day and night breaking ceaselessly upon the shore. The lights on the Marina shone like festoons and clusters of diamond stars.

Such were the vivid first impressions of the Marina at sunset that stamped themselves powerfully on the minds of Rukmini and Seeta, as they made their way towards the Aquarium with their father and Ammani. Mr. Mitra, on that evening, was giving one of a series of lectures in the Senate House, and a great many students were flocking thither, the most interesting of them all being girls from Queen Mary's College in their flowing apparel. Rukmini and Seeta had to jostle through the crowds just as everybody else did. They passed an old woman selling peas and nuts, and further on a man displaying grapes, pomegranates, oranges and figs on a tray, both calling out to the people to buy. They made a strange spectacle in that resort of the City's culture and fashion.

"Who will buy these things here?" Dr. Vikram spoke loudly, but addressing nobody in particular. "If there were apes in the Aquarium, I might buy some peas and groundnuts for them."

"There are people who buy them, sir," answered Ammani. "You can see,

for instance, that lady in the blue dress with the dog in yonder car eating plantains. Over there on the sands also people buy coffee, buns and biscuits and even boiled beans."

"Rook, I saw that girl in the school this morning," whispered Seeta to her sister pointing to a girl in a pink chintz saree, peeping from her riksha and smiling at her.

"Why, it is Tulasi, who blind-folded me this morning," said Ammani. "Don't you remember her?"

"Yes," replied Seeta, and then turned to her father. "Is that the Aquarium, inquired she, and added, 'I used to think it was a much bigger building.'"

The visitors went round, stopping in front of each of a ring of glass-cases arranged alongside the wall of the circular building, and putting their eyes close to the panes. The fish were swimming round and round, as if that were the normal condition of their existence, like the earth spinning on its axis. Some were diving down and shooting up, all displaying their gorgeous scales, whose resplendent colours glittered in the flash of electric lights. A current of oxygen like a miniature fountain of water was issuing from the bottom of each case. Some fish gathered round this with wide gaping jaws, lazily inhaling the gas. Others yet were chasing each other in sport. In some of the cases, water-snakes were fussily coiling and writhing, at sight of which the girls shuddered and recoiled.

In the centre of the building, stood a stone trough with a bubbling fountain in the middle. The thin jet of water played with what looked like a lime which rose and fell with the water. In this pond, the girls noticed some large turtles. Round this there stood an inner ring of glass-cases with more specimens of sea-creatures. In one of these three curious-looking things, no bigger than Seeta's thumb, sat twisting their tails together, with their heads cocked up.

"Whatever are those droll-looking creatures?" cried Rukmini and ran to have a closer look.

"They are known as sea-horses in natural history," replied her father.

"What a dignified name!" remarked Seeta. "I would call them sea-absurdities. See, Rook, they have put grass in a number of cases."

"And dead fish too," replied her sister, "what a splendid fellow that fish would have been, when alive."

(To be continued.)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) Helen and the Fairies.

Little Helen watched the children next door, with longing eyes. There were four of them, all little Hindu children. There were two girls and two boys. The eldest was a girl called Akhila, about twelve years old. Then came Rangi, her nine-year old brother, then Visalakshi, and lastly, tiny Baba. They seemed to be having a lovely time, playing at some fantastic make-believe game, and Helen, from the next compound, watched them, and longed to join them. But they were little Hindu children, and she was European. She had never played with Indians before, although she had been out in India for the last four years. In the last town where her father had been stationed, there had been many other European children, and she had had a lovely time there; but here, ever since they had been transferred to this lonely little town, there was not another single European child in the station, and Helen had to be satisfied with playing with her old Ayah. True, there were only six months more, and her father and mother had told her that they would take her back to England, and leave her behind at a school, and she would have a very happy time there. Six months, however, was a long time to wait, and Helen sighed and looked at Akhila and her little sister and brothers next door. Oh, how she longed to join

them. But would they have her? Did they know English? She always heard them talking some weird language. They would laugh at her if she spoke to them. And so, wide-eyed and lonely, she stood there, until the sun set in brilliant colours behind the purple hills in the West, and her old Ayah, who had been having a little snooze squatting on the grass beside her, suddenly woke up, and told her it was time to go in.

Helen's mother and father had gone out that evening, and she knew they would not return till late that night, and so she felt extra lonely. Usually, her mother would tell her a little story before she went to bed, and Helen would drop asleep, after having hugged and kissed her mother good-night. To-day, there was no one but her Ayah, and so she went to bed quietly, and tried to sleep, but she could not forget that picture of the four children next door. She wondered what they were doing at that time. Were they also in bed, or were they still playing? She did not know the habits of Indian children. All she knew was that they were happy, and she was not.

The moon had risen by this time, and Helen looked out of the window by her bed, and saw the palm trees stand out black against a silver sky. How beautiful they looked as they waved in the gentle breeze! What graceful trees they were! She wondered if there were any such trees in England. She was only six, and she did not know that there were no palm trees out there. She watched the nearest tree, and she could see the silver rays of the moon gleaming on the long slender leaves. Suddenly, to her surprise, she thought she saw one of the rays grow bigger. Yes, there it was, growing larger and larger, until it was like a huge diamond, about a foot long. How beautiful it looked dancing on that leaf, and then—oh wonder of wonders, it left the palm tree, and flew right across to her window. She could not believe her eyes. What was happening? Was

she dreaming or awake? The gleam of light flew across and alighted on her window, and then she saw that there was a tiny little fairy in the middle of the gleam, and the moment the fairy stood on the window, the gleam vanished, and there was a small figure dressed in a beautiful light-green and silver frock, with a little silver wand in her hand, and a silver and diamond crown on her head. Oh, she looked so lovely, and Helen gazed and gazed at her, as she lay quietly in her bed and wondered what the fairy was going to do next. Then the little sprit flew across from the window on to her bed and said in a very small, shrill voice, "Are you feeling very lonely and sad today, Helen dear?"

"Yes," replied Helen, "But who are you and how did you come here?"

"Oh, well you know, I am a little English fairy, who flew across to India many years ago and I got lost in this little town, and I did not know what to do because I was so lonely—just as you are now, dear."

"Then what happened?" asked Helen, becoming interested in the fairy's story.

"Oh well, every moonlight night I used to wander about, sad and not knowing what to do, and one day, when I was resting on a jasmine petal, and looking at the moon, I saw a number of fairies dancing on the closed lotus blossoms on the lake. 'Hullo,' I said to myself, 'Here are some fairies; I thought I was the only one in this town.' And I flew across to the bank of the lake, and standing on a grass blade I watched them, and found that they were little Indian fairies, dressed in the most beautiful saris. Oh, they looked so lovely in the moon-light, with their black hair flowing behind them, and their little dark eyes shining in the moon-light. They danced among the closed lotuses, while one fairy, in a lovely gold-tissue sari, sat on a lotus leaf, and played the flute. After a few minutes, the music stopped, and the fairies rested on the sleeping flowers on the lake. I could hear the

loneliness no longer, and so I flew across and alighted among the Indian fairies. They looked at me with astonishment at first, and then they flew round me and asked me who I was and where I came from, and when I told them what had happened to me, they welcomed me with pleasure—and so I'm quite happy now, for I have found friends and am lonely no longer. And I came to you to day, Helen, because I knew you are as lonely as I once was, and I thought I would come and advise you to make friends with the children next door, so that you can have some companions until you go home to England."

"But I can't make friends with them," answered little Helen, "They talk something I don't understand, and I only know English."

"Why almost every Indian child knows English these days. Ask your mother to take you across, and go and play with them. You will find that they are very nice. And now, my dear, I am sure you would like to see my little Indian fairy friends. Shall I call them?"

"Yes do," said Helen, "I should so love to see them."

Then the fairy clapped her hands, and in flew the most beautiful gold-winged fairies, dressed in gorgeous saris of different colours, and they danced on Helen's bed and crowded round her, and the queen of the Indian fairies was just going to speak to her, when she heard her Ayah wake her up—for it was morning, and the sun was shining outside. Then Helen knew that she had been dreaming about the fairies; but she felt happy and reassured, because she had made up her mind to ask her mother to take her to the children next door. So, that morning, she said, "Oh mother, I should so love to play with the children next door. Can I not go and join them?"

And she was surprised to hear her mother say, "Why, yes dear, of course you can. I met their mother and father yesterday, and I thought they were very nice people."

So Helen became friends with Akhila and her sister and brothers, and had a very happy time, until she was taken away to England. The good-bye between Helen and her little Indian friends was very sad indeed. Perhaps, years hence, Helen will return again to India, and meet Akhila and her sister and brothers once again!

P. SATTHIANADHAN.

(3) Our letter to our young People.

DEAR CHILDREN,

The best way in which we can serve our country, I feel, is not so much by working among the rich, and organising societies and associations for those who are well-to-do; but by mixing with the poor, and trying our best to better their sad conditions of life. On such work among the poor, we can start early, even when we are still children, and that is why I am writing this letter to you, in order to suggest a way in which you can start your work for the country, even though you all may still be very young.

Most of you, I know, have many servants, and often these servants stay in the establishment with their wives and children. How many of you take any notice of your cook's son, or your butler's daughter, or your driver's children? Do you not often think you are too far above them to mingle with them? Do you not feel that you are much too superior to play with them? And still, they are little human children, just like you.

I hope, therefore, that you will start taking an interest in your servants' children, and teach them clean ways and habits, and play with them, and not have too much of a superiority complex over them. Then, when they see your honest truthful behaviour and your clean ways, they will learn to be like you.

If you start mingling with the poor in your own household when you are young, you can become eminent social reformers when you grow up.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

ONE evening, we called on some Mohammedan friends. They were a family of a high social status; but still the lady of the house observed Purdah. On being greeted by our host, we, ladies, were asked whether we would like to go up-stairs to see his wife, while he himself ushered the men of our party into a room. Thus at the very beginning, the men and the women were separated. We found our hostess a charming enlightened woman; but, in spite of her position and education, she preferred to observe Purdah, because, she said, her husband wished her to do so.

And such is the case of many women in India to day. For a futile reason, or merely because they cannot make up their minds to break an old custom, they continue to live in their stereotyped old-fashioned way. I could not help feeling that it would indeed be ridiculous for such a woman as our hostess of the evening, to go out in a car with all the curtains drawn, while she peeped with curious eyes from behind the screens. Where was the necessity for such primitive customs? What harm would come to her if she talked and laughed freely

with men? Surely, a Purdah woman raises more curiosity in the hearts of men, by hiding her face from them, than if she faced them openly.

"When we see a woman hidden behind a veil, our curiosity is naturally aroused," said a man to me one day. "We wish to know why she should hide her face. On the other hand, when we see a woman frankly speaking to us, and treating us like perfectly natural human beings, we have no wish to stare at her."

A Mohammedan boy in a College had a very disconcerting habit of always staring at the lady-students in his class, and never taking his eyes off them; and one day, we heard indirectly that he did this because he openly admitted that it was a treat to see women. In his own community and in his home life, he was hardly ever allowed to see any one of the opposite sex.

Yes, it is a pity that so many families in India still adhere to Purdah, and cause such a barrier between the sexes. How much better will it be for the nation, when Purdah is completely abolished!

PUNKAJAM.

Gramophone Notes.

BY LELAND J. BERRY.

RARELY, in recent years, has a song proved so universally successful as Franz Lehar's "You are my Heart's Delight", from the operetta "Land of Smiles". It has been recorded by so many different artists in so many different ways, that I have quite lost

count of the number of records containing this delightful song. The latest edition to the list is H. M. V. B 3960 with Sydney Gustard playing it on a Cinema Organ, backed with the well-known "I Found You". Gustard is undoubtedly a fine player, and this new record of his

will considerably enhance his fame as an artist of quality. Columbia have also a new record of Lehar's song played by Albert Sandler and His Orchestra, backed with "*Patiently Smiling*" from the same operetta. Sandler is such a popular artist that this record needs no special recommendation; I shall be content with saying that it is Sandler at his best. Lastly, before I leave the subject, those of you who are admirers of Jack Hylton should certainly make sure of hearing and then purchasing at least two of his latest discs, one containing "*You are My heart's Delight*" on one side, and a capital one-step "*The Changing of the Guard*" on the reverse; and number C 2283 with a really superb rendering of "*Goodnight, Sweetheart*," coupled with "*My Sunshine is You*" by Stolz.

The twelve-inch record of Noel Coward and the New Mayfair Orchestra playing a selection from "*Cavalcade*", the Drury Lane success, is quite likely to prove popular if only on account of the fact that it contains many tunes that are old and tried favourites, such as "*Soldiers of the Queen*"; "*Good-bye Dolly Gray*"; "*Soldiers in the Park*"; "*I do Love to be Beside the Seaside*"; "*It's a Long Way to Tipperary*"; etc. The number is C 2289.

Camille Saint-Saens, descriptive piece for full Orchestra "*Carnival of the Animals*" has been magnificently recorded on three records (D 1992-3-4) by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. It opens with the Introduction and Royal March of the Lion, where there is some realistic roaring and growling. A rousing "cock-a-deedle doo" leaves us in no doubt as to the identity of Hens and Cocks, while the Mules are suggested by some brilliant piano passages depicting

their wild caperings. There is a flash of wit in the portion representing Tortoises, for the melody Saint Saens uses to typify the tortoise is the furious can-can from Offenbach's *Orpheus in Hades*, only it is played in extremely slow tempo. The bass portion of the Orchestra portrays the entrance of the Elephants very effectively, whilst, immediately after, the Kangaroos skip gaily in to the accompaniment of some fine pianoforte work. Finally, the Aviary is a delightful miniature played by the wood-wind section of the orchestra. These are three out-standing records that should be in all music-lovers' collections.

The most popular number in Puccini's scenic opera "*Madame Butterfly*" is, without doubt, the aria "*One Fine Day*", which is sung with a mixture of glory and pathos in a divine fashion by Madame Giannini on a red label record, No. DB 1264. There is something exquisitely moving in this fine composition, quite in keeping with the sadness and tragedy that centres round the story of Pinkerton and Butterfly, the Japanese girl.

For good light entertainment I suggest such records as the New Mayfair Orchestra playing "*Tunes of not-so-long-ago*" on No. B 3944. Winnie Melville and Deek Oldham singing "*Only One Girl in the World for Me*" and "*Star of My Night*", both from "*Viktorja and Her Hussar*", on B. 3954. Paul Mania plays "*Monte Christo—Gypsy Waltz*" and "*Japanese Doll Game*" on the Organ, in a very expert manner on record B 3919. Gracie Fields will prove a popular attraction on B 3912, singing, in that fascinating style of her own, "*Bargain Hunter*" and "*Oh, Sailor Behave*." Lawrence Tibbett, idol of Talkie enthusiasts, sings "*Uncle Ned*" and "*Old Black Joe*" on record DA 909.

Household Hints.

VERY few Indian houses have lamp shades to match the colouring of the room. Here is a suggestion for making lamp shades for hanging electric lights. All you need is a square piece of silk or thin cloth, and four heavy beads. Cut a round hole in the middle of the square, and hem it neatly, covering the stitches with some fancy work. Then with the same fancy work, edge the four sides, and weigh down the four corners with the heavy

beads; fix the shade now on to the electric glass or china shade. You will find that it drapes the glass shade gracefully. You can vary the patterns on the shade, and very often pen-paint or stencil them. Bead work will also look very pretty.

Often, instead of throwing away old silk sarees, squares can be cut out of the good parts, and made into lamp shades.

PADDY.

Cookery Notes.

(TRANSLATED.)

MAHRATTA SOJJI.

Take 1 Madras measure of raw rice and fry it in an iron pan little by little until it attains the colour of red sand. Then, keep it soaked in cold water for some time.

Melt 6 palams of ghee in a tin-coated vessel which can hold 5 Madras measures of water and put the soaked rice into it, taking care that water is completely strained off, and-cook the rice well in the ghee.

Cummin seed...	$\frac{1}{2}$ palam.	} Add these to the rice boiling in the ghee.
Fried chillis	} $\frac{1}{2}$ palam.	
powdered.		
Powdered salt.	1 palam.	
Turmeric	Re. $\frac{1}{8}$	} weight.
powder ...		

Take 5 palams of cocoanut chippings, fry well in an iron pan in the oven, and powder. Put the powdered chippings into the fried rice and stir the contents in the vessel well with a long tin-coated spoon.

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ Madras measure of milk. Sprinkle some of it on the prepared rice,

stirring at the same time the contents in the vessel well. Then keep the mouth of the vessel closed for 5 minutes, applying heat gently. Repeat the process 3 times with the remaining quantity of milk.

Finally take 5 palams of ghee and pour over the cooked sojji in the vessel. Stir the sojji well and keep the vessel on the fire for about 5 minutes.

MOHANA BOGA LADU.

Heat 12 palams of ghee in a hollow and flat iron pan.

As soon as the ghee is melted, put $\frac{1}{2}$ Madras measure of rolong into it. Fry the rolong in the ghee stirring it well for 7 or 8 minutes.

Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ Madras measure of milk little by little on the fried rolong and mix the contents well until they become soft. By this process the entire quantity of milk will become like ghee.

Mix 24 palams of white sugar with the fried rolong in the iron pan, and

stir the contents well for about 10 minutes. Remove the vessel from the oven.

Heat 1 palam of ghee in an iron spoon and when the ghee is melted, fry $\frac{1}{2}$ palam of cloves in it and put into the prepared sooji in the pan.

Finally take cardamom powder,

$\frac{1}{2}$ palam,

Saffron dissolved }

in milk ... } $\frac{1}{8}$ Re. weight,

Almonds with the outer }

layer completely scraped off, } 5 palams,
and add them to the prepared rolong.
From this mixture, prepare the round cakes of "Ladu" of the size required.

T. S. VAIDYANATHA IYER.

Resolutions of the Sixth All-India Women's Conference.

THE President moved the following resolution: "This Conference places on record its deep concern that all over India the reductions proposed because of the present financial stringency have fallen most heavily on Education and Public Health, and appeals to all Governments to refrain from retrenchment in the sphere of women's education on which the progress of the nation largely depends."

Miss Lowe moved: "This Conference reiterates its demands for immediate compulsory primary education for all girls, as well as boys of every community. It calls upon all Governments and local bodies to work out a scheme for a steady and rapid expansion of this education, and it urges all local Committees to agitate, until this is achieved and primary education is put on a sound financial basis both by private and public endowments."

Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulakshmi Reddy moved:

This Conference is of the opinion that, for the physical well-being of school children and students, ample facilities should be given for physical culture, that adequate play-grounds should be provided for institutions for girls, and that medical inspection should be made compulsory in all schools, and Committees formed to

supervise treatment and care of children."

Srimathi V. Chellamma moved that:

"This Conference is of the opinion that in the interest of girls' education, women should be appointed on all private and public bodies dealing with education."

Srimathi Rukmani Ammal (Mysore) moved that:

"This Conference is of the opinion that, in view of the appalling illiteracy prevalent among the masses, the Constituent Conferences should organise classes for adult education and encourage every activity in this direction by all possible means."

Srimathi Saradamma (Travancore) moved:

"The Conference recommends that in all schemes of women's education the cultural, practical and aesthetic aspects should be more emphasised, and calls upon the women of India to support whole-heartedly the pioneer effort of the All-India Women's Conference and the All-India Women's Education Fund Association to establish the Lady Irwin Home Science Institute at Delhi and reiterates its appeal to the Education Departments throughout India to make home science one of the compulsory subjects in women's education."

Mrs. Rustomji Faridoonji moved:

"This Conference, which has always stood for unity, urges all its members to work for this great cause. It feels that, to achieve this, separate schools for different denominations or communities or castes should be gradually abolished; it feels very strongly that caste distinction in the application forms for admission into educational institutions should be discontinued; it calls on the Department of Education and the heads of hostels to abolish these distinctions in schools and colleges and all hostels under their management."

Mrs. Krishna Menon (Madras), opposing the resolution, said she did not do so with a desire to perpetuate caste, but because the immediate removal of caste distinctions would be detrimental to the progress of the backward communities. She was not against the principle of the resolution, but she wanted a modification of the portion of the resolution referring to the abolition of the entries of particulars regarding caste in application forms.

The resolution, with the words "in the institutions for higher education", inserted after the word "discontinued", was carried.

The following resolutions were moved from the chair and carried without debate:

"The Conference expresses its profound grief at the demise of Lady Dorab Tata, Lady Sadasiva Iyer, Miss Susie Sorabji of Poona and Miss Mona Bose of Lahore, and places on record its high appreciation of their valuable services to the cause of Indian womanhood."

"This Conference, realising the vital importance of disarmament for the peace and the happiness of the world, urges the women of India to give their whole-hearted support and sympathy to the World Disarmament Conference to be held in Geneva in February, 1932, and calls upon all Governments to reduce their Army and Navy."

"This Conference calls upon all communities in India to live together in amity and work in harmony with one another for the common welfare of the country."

"This Conference strongly opposes the amendment to limit the scope or weaken the operation of the Sarada Act."

"This Conference urges the trustees of temples in Madras City to abolish the Devadasi service and congratulates the Durbars of Mysore, Travancore, Cochin and Pudukottah States for having taken a lead in this matter."

"This Conference reiterates its previous resolutions on the need for extensive increase of maternity and child-welfare work, and presses for the training and registration of midwives and for propaganda on public health and sanitation."

"This Conference urges upon the men and women of India to encourage and support indigenous industries."

"In view of the many evils caused by intoxicants, this Conference emphasises the need for increased activity in the campaign for prohibition of drink and drugs. It also strongly condemns the evil practice of gambling and would welcome further legislation for its suppression."

"This Conference, realising the importance of questions like child mortality, traffic in women and children, etc., which form part of the discussions in the League of Nations and the Imperial Conference, requests the Government to include a woman representative of the All-India Women's Conference in the Indian delegation to the League of Nations and the Imperial Conference."

Miss Nilakant moved the following:

"This Conference condemns the practice of untouchability and calls upon the public and upon women in particular, to work whole-heartedly for the abolition of this evil, and to render every help towards the betterment of the so-called depressed and backward classes."

The Dowager Rani Sahiba of Mandi moved :

"This Conference strongly protests against the legal disabilities of Hindu Women in matters of personal and property rights and is of opinion that they must forthwith be removed. To achieve this end, it urges on the Government of India the immediate appointment of an All-India Inquiry Committee and earnestly appeals to all States to co-operate with this Committee."

Miss Shoame (Calcutta) moved :

"This Conference draws the attention of the Women's organisations throughout India (including the States), to the problem of juvenile delinquency and urges them to make a study of the subject in all its aspects, as well as to organise clubs and shelters for delinquent neglected and destitute children, so as to prevent juvenile delinquency, and that Government be requested to call a Conference on this question on an All-India basis and to make provisions for the observation and treatment of mentally-defective children."

Mrs. Hensman (Madras) moved :

"This Conference, while strongly disapproving of the prevalence of professional begging, urges legislations for its prevention, and calls upon the public to co-operate, by diverting their charities in this sphere towards the creation and support of institutions and for the provision of beggar homes, work-houses, infirmaries and leper asylums; and calls upon local bodies to provide such homes where they do not exist and to enforce any legislation for the eradication of this evil."

Miss Kem Chand moved the following resolution :

"This Conference is of opinion that centres should be established for training social workers, particularly with a view to working in rural areas."

Rani Lakshmi Bai Rajwade move :

"In view of the immense increase in the population of the country and having regard to the poverty and the low physical standard of the people, this Conference is in favour of appointing a Committee of Medical Women to study and recommend ways and means of educating the public to regulate the size of their families."

Mrs. Hensman explained the importance of educating the public on the menace of over-population and moved an amendment, that,

"In view of the immense increase in the population of the country, and having regard to the poverty and the low physical standard of the people, this Conference is in favour of educating the public to realise the economic menace of over-population."

Eventually, the resolution was amended and was adopted as follows :

"In view of the immense increase in the population of the country, and having regard to the poverty and the low physical standard of the people, this Conference is in favour of appointing a committee of women to find ways and means of educating the public through the spread of health and moral education, by a larger number of health and welfare centres and by education in mother-craft and father-craft."

Miss Copeland moved :

"This Conference calls upon the Government of India immediately to take necessary steps to implement the report of the Whitley Commission with regard to labour conditions of women and children in India, and this Conference calls upon its local committees and upon all women in industrial areas to do whatever voluntary work may be possible to help women and child labourers to improve their conditions."

The following resolution was moved from the chair :

"This Conference reiterates its former resolution on the abolition of polygamy, and whole-heartedly supports the two

Nambudri bills for this purpose, which are now before the Madras and Cochin Legislative Councils."

OFFICE-BEARERS

The following were elected :

Chairwoman : Rajkumari Amrit Kaur;
Education Secretary : Mrs. Menon;

Social Secretary : Dr. Suthankar;
Treasurer : Mrs. Manicklal Premchand;
Organising Secretary : Rani Lakshmi Bai Rajwade.

The Conference will meet next year at Lucknow.

News and Notes.

WOMEN OF ORIENT AND WEST ALIKE IN IDEALS.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu says :—"There is no difference between the Eastern woman and the Western woman. Beneath all the differences of race, creed and colour lies the bond that unites all women—a truly mystical sisterhood which makes all womanhood one."

"It is a mistake to speak of the debt the women of one nation owe the women of another, for all womanhood is indivisible."

"Devotion, courage, self-sacrifice, the heroic virtue of quiet, daily drudgery, and the more epic ability to face grave and unexpected crises, are not qualities taught by women of one race to another."

"They are qualities of all womanhood. I have never been able to differentiate between Eastern and Western women as such. The longer I have talked to my Western sisters, here or in America, the more I have been impressed by the similarity of thought and ideal."

(New York Press.)

UNIVERSAL ADULT FRANCHISE IN CEYLON.

We rejoice to learn that Ceylon, which has been granted universal adult franchise under the new reforms, has successfully worked out the system at the last election. Mrs. F. B. de Mel says that all the fears entertained by the Diehards have proved imaginary and the poor illiterate labourers have wisely exercised their

votes in favour of the deserving candidates. She quotes two instances where the electorate returned two Englishmen in preference to their own countrymen, who were Singalese candidates, even though one of the Englishmen had promised no cars or conveyances to the voters coming from the distant villages.

Therefore, the contention that literacy is a necessary qualification for a man or woman to exercise their citizen rights will no longer stand the test. The Indian villager has been noted from time immemorial for his shrewd intelligence, for his honesty, and for his loyalty to any good cause. Therefore, if India is to derive any lesson from the example of Ceylon, there should not be the least doubt of the capacity of the Indian villagers, illiterate though they may be, to exercise their political rights wisely and with discrimination.

While we highly appreciate the work of the Women's Political Union of Ceylon for the advancement of their women, we cannot but deplore the fact that the Union has not put up their women candidates for election, in spite of the fact that they enjoy franchise on the same terms as men. But we are delighted at the recent news published in the "Hindu" dated 17th November, that Mrs. Melamure was returned by an overwhelming majority of votes, the difference between herself and the next candidate being 11,400. We offer our sincere felicitations to Mrs. Melamure on her brilliant success at the

open election and wish her a useful career in the Legislative Council. *Stri-Dharma.*

WOMEN AND POLITICS, by the
Duchess of Atholl, M P: (Phillip Allon
& Co., Ltd., 69, Great Russell Street,
London, W. C. 1. 6/-net)

“Women and Politics” is a “local” book in that it deals almost exclusively with the United Kingdom. It purports to instruct British women-voters in politics, but, it is to be feared, does not succeed very well. The range of topics is very limited, no proper mention of India being made. No British woman could really acquire a sound, even if elementary, knowledge of British politics by ignoring India, whose problem awaits a solution which cannot possibly be delayed any longer.

The book begins by enumerating the different parts of the British Empire and the forms of government existing in these parts. Some of the chapters deal with such subjects as "Protecting the Women Worker", "Safeguarding Marriage and Parental Responsibility", (a sensible exposition against Earl and Countess Russell's theories) and "Protecting Health and Child". A short last chapter is devoted to "Two more Tasks", *viz.*, the need for greater unity at Home and the Need to help women of the Colonial Empire, (the latter subject occupying about three pages). A very good case for Capitalism is made out which reads convincingly, and here mention must be made that the author excels in giving facts and figures. Every major contention is supported by official reports and figures, amounting to what would be found in text books.

WOMEN WORKERS IN JAPAN

The Japan Magazine has an interesting note on the increase of women workers in Japan :

An interesting, if not disturbing, feature of Japanese civilization at present is the rate at which women are supplant-

ing men in various occupations formerly served by male workers. This is especially true of such callings as clerks, bus and tram conductors, and so on. The wages which women command are so much lower than what men receive, that the present economic depression gives them preference. At present, the lowest wage is for a young housemaid of 15 who will get 5 yen a month and food, while the highest wage will be 200 yen for an expert lady secretary to a prosperous business man. Housemaids, over 20 years of age, with good experience, get over 15 yen a month and food. Women bus conductors get from 50 to 80 yen a month according to age and experience, with pay for overtime. Barbers' assistants get from 10 to 20 yen a month with food; while booking clerks are paid from 20 to 36 yen a month, and have to make up any deficits in the day's sales of tickets, through their own mistakes in accounting. Such mistake are frequent. The girl at the gasoline stand gets an average salary and a bonus on the amount of petrol sold. Elevator girls get about 30 yen a month, and waitresses at restaurants about 20 yen a month with a commission of ten per cent on sales. Girls are also employed for collecting assessments for insurance companies and charity associations, going about on bicycles all day. Most of the above workers do eight hours a day. The number of un-employed among women is quite large however; and of course among men the unemployed are still larger. Yet, as in England, if a housewife wants a good maid, she has some difficulty in finding one; and foreign housewives have still greater difficulty in obtaining suitable servants; and, when they do find a good housemaid, she asks about 50 yen a month.

MILITARY EDUCATION AMONG WESTERN WOMEN

Modern science has revolutionized the modes of warfare. Hand-to-hand fights

are not going to be the determining factors in future wars. On the contrary, poison gas, bombs from aeroplanes, tanks, machine guns and other weapons will play a more important part in deciding the final outcome. A woman pilot with her endurance and coolness of mind would bombard cities from the air as a man. Women chemists will aid in making poison gases, as women workers made ammunitions during the World War. (*Not an inspiring prospect!* Ed., M. R.)

The Soviet Russian military authorities recognize the fact that women will play a significant role in the next war, and therefore they have inaugurated a system of training for women who wish to become officers. There are women officers in the Soviet Army, even in the General Staff. In India, women like Maharani Lakshmi Bai of Jhansi have led armies in battle with skill and courage.

In Great Britain and France, women can get certain kinds of training which have military value. In the U.S.A., the War Department has inaugurated a policy of giving training in rifle shooting and pistol practices for young women.

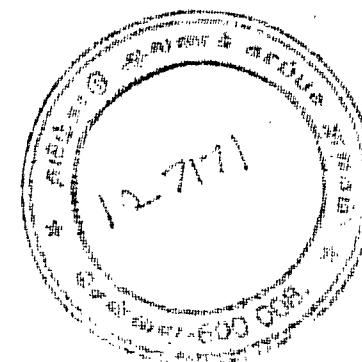
HEALTH, SPECIAL NUMBER,
JANUARY 1932.

The Editors and Proprietors of 'Health' have brought forward a Special Number of 'Health' on the occasion of the journal reaching its decennium on the 1st of January 1932. It bristles with many interesting articles on Health,

Maternal, Infant and Child welfare and Diseases, from the pens of experts, and is well-illustrated. The frontispiece exhibits a dance-pose in costume by Mr. E. Krishna Iyer, B.A., B.L., Advocate, Madras, representing the dance of Lord Nataraja over the joy of creation of the Universe. The article on singing as the best way open for the attainment of perfect health is worth perusal. Dr. Rangunatha Rao's article reveals the contained treasures of Health in our ancient Hindu scriptures. The article on 'The Supremacy of Motherhood' by Dr. (Mrs.) Anna Thomas and that on Infant feeding, by Drs. Jaharlal Das and Saxona, explain the proper protection and preservation of mothers and infants in this land of high maternal and infantile mortality. There are some articles useful for schools. Mental Disease, which is the chief cause of bodily diseases, has been ably dealt with by Dr. Frank Noranha. Dr. Kesava Pai writes well on Tuberculosis. The last article is on Goat's Milk, Gandhiji's Principal diet, by Dr. T. S. Tirumurthi. This Special number, therefore, can serve as a valuable book of reference to households. Copies can be had also in Tamil, Telugu and Kanarese for annas four, (to non-subscribers) from the publishers, 323, Thambu Chetty Street, Madras. The annual subscription to Health is Rs. 1-8, post paid, for any edition and may begin from any period.

N.B.—The picture of Doctor Besant in our December issue was published through the courtesy of *The Times Press*. We are sorry we omitted to mention this obligation before,

Editor, I. L. M.



THE SCHOLAR.

ANNUAL 1931.

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Also Medical Sciences, viz., Homeopathy, Ayurved, etc., are taught by correspondence and after completion of course diplomas are granted.

Communicate, enclosing four annas stamps for reply from the Principal.

Feb: 1932



The Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Vol. V No. 7

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PUSHPA-ALANKARAM.

Published by courtesy of Prof. Venkata Rao of Rajahmundry, and of the Sri-Dharma.

THE Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Vol. V.

FEBRUARY 1932.

No. 7.

Life's Recompense

BY PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

Oh, why do some for ever brood
And think of naught but grief,
And meditate in doleful mood,
Fostering a strange belief
That happiness is hard to find,
And that our spirits are confined
In prison cells, from which we long to flee
To the unknown realms of Immortality ?

For life is happy, life is gay,
Life is full of golden light.
There's neither darkness nor dismay,
If we only smile at life and say,
"No sorrow can undo our bright,
Sun-shine hours of pure delight."

Oh you, who grieve the live-long day
O'er follies long since past,
Why do you think no other way
Is open ? Shadows cast
But a temporary gloom.
Then join the happy throng. Make room
In the secret chambers of your heavy heart
For joy to enter in and take a part.

For life is full of lovely things ;
Every minute on this earth,
Every day and night just rings
With, oh, such glorious happenings.
For those who laugh in joyous mirth,
There is neither want nor dearth.

Then come, you cynics, with your dour
Looks and crooked smiles ;
You misanthropes, who think no power
In heaven or earth beguiles
One's sorrows ; you, who ever feel
Your luck is out, and ne'er reveal
A moment's happiness ; and you, oh small
And narrow-minded egoists,—come all ;—

You world's tragedians, leave your sighs,
And gaily laugh, for beauty dwells
On the earth and in the skies,
And, hand-in-hand with joy, defies
Unhappiness ; and God's work tells
A glorious tale that grief dispels.

Some aspects of the Indian Renaissance

BY M. YAMUNACHARYA, M.A.

DURING the last forty or fifty years, a new awakening has taken place in India, by which she has been roused from the torpor that set in since the decline of the Mughal and Mahratta powers in the country. The introduction of European civilization and education by the British has had a great share in this revival. In one sense, the new spirit of nationalism, born of new hopes, ideals and aspirations, is the outcome of the conflict of Eastern and Western cultures. The introduction of European learning and modes of thought first exercised a baneful influence on the sensitive Indian mind. The unreasoned enthusiasm for everything new and Western, and a blind rejection of everything old and indigenous, resulted in a violent breaking-away from our old moorings. Happily, this phase of Indian life soon vanished. The intoxication sobered down. The unhealthy symptoms disappeared and a wholesome and just appreciation of the relative merits of the two cultures entered into the calculations of educated men. This same spirit of appreciation led to a re-approachment and harmonization of the best elements of both cultures. This new spirit manifested itself in the realms of politics, Art, Science, Literature and Religion. We see its visible symbols in the longing for Swaraj or National freedom, in creations of artistic beauty, achievements of scientific progress, in the rising of new literary standards and a new school of journalism, and last but not least, in religious revolutions, revivals and reforms.

RENAISSANCE IN ART.

Indian art is the spontaneous expression of the soul of India. Models of European art exercised considerable influence on the exponents and the executors of Indian art. The new spirit, however, caused a searching of the heart among prominent artists. They undertook to study reverently the old masters, whose creative genius had found crystallized expression in the mural paintings on the walls of the caves of Ajanta and Ellora, in statuary, monolith and sculpture, and in the stupendous and riotous expression of artistic imagination in the widespread temples, halls, colonnades and columns of India. The indigenous artists and craftsmen, image-makers, the jewellers, the carpet-makers and the deft-fingered weavers of Dacca gossamer muslins, had almost perished beneath the utilitarian or commercial wave, which swept over the country like a tornado in the Victorian age. But a more wholesome spirit is now abroad, which is revivifying the aesthetic and imaginative genius of India. Religious feeling has been the most fruitful source of inspiration of all forms of art in the past. The ideals of iconography set the fashion for other artists to follow. The profound symbolism underlying Indian art sets it apart from the art of other countries. The same spiritual *motif* characterizes, for instance, the new Bengal School of artists, prominent among whom is Abanindranath Tagore. The Renaissance in Indian Art consists in the spiritual suggestiveness and

idealistic interpretation of the soul of man and nature. The beauty of Indian art has been recognized to be of high excellence by Eastern and Western critics, who have made a special study of it, like Mr. Havell, Mr. Cousins, Dr. Stella Kramrisch, Mr. Ananda Coomaraswami, Mr. O. C. Gangolley and others. Havell says that "Indian art will again become a great intellectual and moral force, which will stimulate every activity. It will relight the lamp of Indian learning, revive your architecture, your industries and your commerce, and give a higher motive for every work you find to do. Your art thus ennobled, will not fail to ennoble yourselves!"

RENAISSANCE IN SCIENCE.

India has not wholly lost herself in the world of imagination and fancy, in colour, song and music, nor has she lost her foothold on earth. She is very much alive to the scientific needs of the age and is trying to keep abreast of the times in matters of scientific advancement. Such progress was very slow when Western education was first introduced into India, when it was mainly literary. The conviction, that the material salvation of the country depended upon scientific education and the application of scientific knowledge to Agriculture and Industry, has stimulated its study in our schools and colleges, and during the last quarter of a century it is encouraging to think of the many substantial additions made to the world's stock of scientific knowledge by Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, Sir P. C. Ray and Sir C. V. Raman, the last of whom, as we know, is the recipient of The Nobel prize for Physical Science. The Raman effect and the Raman Ray are familiar to advanced students of Physics the world over. Sir Raman is hailed wherever he goes as one of the greatest scientists of the world. Sir P. C. Ray, who is a great Chemist and a great patriot, has done monumental work in Industrial Chemistry and has enabled his country to compete with some of the most progressive of Western countries in

the matter of manufacturing drugs and chemicals. Swadeshism in chemical industries is his main contribution to the industrial regeneration of India. It is common knowledge that Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose has demonstrated scientifically the unity of all life, which abhors watertight compartments of organic and inorganic, the living and the non-living, by means of his extremely sensitive apparatus, "The magnetic Crescograph", which records the heart-beats of a plant and reveals to the discerning eye its thrills of pleasure and pangs of pain. In him, the scientific outlook of the West and the spiritual intuition of the East are most harmoniously blended, and have made him representative of the new era in India. His experiments have practically demonstrated the pervading unity of life taught by our sages in the Vedanta. Standing before the Royal Society in London some years ago, he quoted the message of the Upanishads: "They, who see but one in all the changing manifestations of this Universe, unto them belongs Eternal Truth, unto none else, unto none else."

RENAISSANCE IN LITERATURE.

The literary revival is no less significant a factor in the history of Indian Renaissance. The unwholesome depressing effect of Western Literature and learning on the originality of India has passed away, and we observe the rise of a new school of poetry which reflects the cross-currents of thought that animate modern India. Signs of fresh life are in evidence in Hindi, Bengali, Telugu, Tamil and Kannada literatures. Rabindranath Tagore, the acknowledged poet-laureate of Asia, may be taken as the typical leader in this literary renaissance. In 1923, he was awarded the much-coveted Nobel prize for Literature for his translation into exquisite English prose-poems of his *Gitanjali*, the finest product of the Renaissance spirit in Indian Literature. *Gitanjali*, *the Gardener*, *Chitra* and other works of this poet have now become

world-renowned. Rabindranath Tagore is a daringly original educationist, in addition to being a man of letters. His school at Bolpur is an institution run on the soundest educational principles. His Shantiniketan, the Asylum of peace, has become the nucleus of a world-embracing institution, the Visva-Bharati.

Rabindranath's religion, as expounded in his *Sadhana* and the Hibbert Lectures delivered by him under the title of *The Religion of Man*, is the distilled essence of the teachings of the Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gita. He is the ambassador of peace and goodwill between the East and the West. It may fittingly be said of him, as of Shakespeare, that "he is not of an age but for all time." Rabindranath's genius consists in the interpretation of the soul of the East and the West. He loves his country, but his ideal is international peace and brotherhood.

INDIAN RENAISSANCE AND THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.

The women's movement in India has added one more brilliant chapter to the story of Indian Renaissance. India was once a land famed for its great women poetesses, philosophers, mathematicians, administrators and warriors. For various

reasons, woman lost her influence in public life. She played the role assigned to her in the family with resignation and good cheer. The fame of the Indian woman, as the ideal wife and ideal mother, has evoked the admiration of the world. Sita, Sakuntala, Draupadi, along with Maitreyi of the Vedic age, are names to be conjured with. The old ideal of free womanhood has again come to life. We see signs of awakening everywhere. The modern educated Indian woman is not merely content with playing her role in the family. She needs must participate in the larger life of the country. A new era has dawned in India by women taking a heroic part in the national struggle for freedom. What was incapable of achievement by the efforts of Social Reformers for many years has been accomplished now in a miraculously short time. This has happened under the urge of a new impulse for freedom,—political, social and religious freedom. The time has already arrived, when the women of India will take an increasing share in moulding the political future of the nation. They are already making a mark as successful legislators and leaders in several walks of life.

(To be continued.)

IN AFTER YEARS

(To W. V. de S.)

When you sit tranquil-eyed beside your fire,	From some dim planet poised somewhere on high
Some far-off day, long after I am dead, And all the music of your unstrung lyre Comes back to you, and you're disquieted;	My searching eyes awhile will hold your gaze, And you and I will speed along lost hours,
When, in the proud mosaic of your years, Abstractedly you find grim shapes unfold,	And find the blue kingfisher hurrying by O'er limpid pools; and in the high sun's rays,
And dreaming pause, despite of gathering tears,	The wind-blown splendour of the lotus flowers!
And slowly count the threads of burnished gold;	E. H. D'ALWIS.

SOME INDIAN WOMEN IN LAW.

(1) THREE LADY JUSTICES OF PEACE.



Mrs. FLANDERS,
appointed Justice of Peace at Bombay.
Photo by:—S. K. Swami.



Mrs. KIKABI PREMCHAND,
appointed Justice of Peace at Bombay.
Photo by:—S. K. Swami.



Mrs. RAPSY A. SAVAWALA,
appointed Justice of Peace at Bombay.
Photo by:—S. K. Swami.

(2) THE FIRST LADY BAR-AT-LAW OF C. P.



Miss D. Byramji, B.A., the first lady Bar-at-law of Nagpore, who has been recently called to the Bar by the Inns of the Court of London.

Photo by :- S. K. Chelliah.

(3) A CALCUTTA PORTIA.



For the first time in the history of the Calcutta Police Courts, a woman, Mrs. Rachel Ashkenzie, has been enrolled as a Lawyer.

Welcoming her, the Magistrate hoped that her presence in court would make it more cheerful and less prosaic.

Photo by :- R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

The Indian Woman at Home

A CHARACTER SKETCH

BY "A DAUGHTER OF INDIA."

SEE her, as she stands at the door of her house, her soft, richly-coloured *Kornat Sari* wound gracefully around her, and drawn decorously over her shoulders, a cluster of jasmine flowers in the knot of her hair, golden jewels gleaming prettily on her ivory-tinted arms, on her fingers, in her ears and nose and round her neck, her oval face softly-tinted with yellow saffron, the red and black caste and marriage marks on her forehead proclaiming her a *Punya Stree*, a woman blessed because her husband is alive. She is a calm, placid creature, with bright eyes and a capable expression. There is a gentle pride on her face, a quiet self-confidence in her bearing and a charming graciousness in her demeanour; for, is she not the mistress and the queen of her household? She is the "house-lady", the pivot of the family, the manager, the arbitrator, the mother, the family-consultant, the domestic peace-maker. In Biblical language, she is the "pearl of great price", the "glory of the man", "the prudent wife, who is from the Lord", the "crown to her husband", "whose price is far above rubies", who has "strength and dignity as her clothing", "who openeth her mouth with wisdom", and whom her children and her husband call "blessed".

The Indian housewife is usually the mother of the master, or his wife. Her word is more or less law in the house, subject of course occasionally to the veto of the head. She is honoured and respected by all, chiefly by the master, if he is her son. Indeed, no one can estimate the high esteem in which the mother is held by even grown-up sons, and the almost implicit obedience given to her. Yet withal, she is modest, humble and

unselfish, and very considerate. She never tries to seek her own good, but, always thinks of others first, chiefly of the men; for we know the great honour paid to men in an Indian household. She adores her children or grand-children, and ever thinks of their comfort and welfare.

She is clean herself according to her own ideas, and sees to the cleanliness of her household. Of course, there are many ways in which one can pick faults with the sanitation of an Indian family; but the women do what they can and act up to their highest light. There is not much beauty or sometimes arrangement in the house according to English ideas, but there is comfort and convenience; and not many decorations or ornamentation, except what obtains in the building itself.

The Indian housewife is a hard-working woman. She very often does the cooking, for she does not like to leave too much of it to servants; or, if she has capable servants, she gets them to help a good deal in the kitchen. Sometimes, she carries water to and from the well; and graceful indeed she looks then, with the pot gracefully balanced on her swaying body.

Our Indian woman is often quite a clever creature. She may not be well-read, but she certainly has the utmost tact in the management of her family and her servants. She may not be educated in English; but very often she knows to read and write her own vernacular, and she is fairly well-informed on domestic subjects, and also about some public affairs. She may not know Arithmetic, but she can carefully economise and balance the expenditure

with the income, very often to the advantage of the latter. She is no mathematician, but she is certainly an adept at the geometrical and intricate patterns, done with white rice powder on the well-watered entrance-ground to her house. She may not be a musician, but she certainly appreciates music, and sees that the young ones do their practising well. She may not be an artist, but she certainly knows how to dress her daughters prettily and decorate their hair with well-arranged flowers.

She is a very hospitable creature; and the poorest among her kind never turns away a guest or a beggar; and the hospitality is so unobtrusively done, that it is hardly noticed.

Her house is generally a well-managed one, and she is like the Droupadi of the *Mahabharata*, who gave the utmost comfort to her five husbands. Let me quote from the words of that heroine:

"Hear now," said Droupadi, "of my conduct towards the high-souled Pandavas."

"The greatest factor of my duty is 'Service'."

"It was I who regulated everything and formed the rules to be observed in respect to them. It was I who had to listen to their complaints. I knew everything about the maid-servants of the palace and other servants, nay, even of the cowherds and shepherds of the royal household. It was I alone, who knew the real income and expenditure of the king. This load so heavy and incapable of being borne by persons of evil heart, I, sacrificing my ease, used to bear day and night."

"Day and night, bearing hunger and thirst, I used to wait upon the princes, so that my nights and days were equal to me."

"I used to rise up from my bed first and go to my bed last."

One hears much of the disabilities of the Indian woman. No doubt she has

many, not the least of which are the results of her own ignorance and superstition. No doubt sometimes, she is very stupid, silly, foolish and stubborn; but so are many other women. No doubt, she is sometimes treated as a mere chattel by her husband; no doubt, she has very few privileges; no doubt, she has few recreations or amusements; no doubt, she is often backward and given no scope to exercise her talents in; no doubt, she often is in the background and has very little time or opportunity to think about herself.

Yet, she is happy in her own way. And it must not be forgotten that, even if sometimes she is not very cultured or civilised outwardly, yet she is often innately refined. So, she finds her own recreations at home; and nowadays, for the more educated, there are ladies' clubs and associations. And their great time comes in the marriages and little festivals of the house, the excitement, the noise, the bustle and tumult, yet withal the perfect organization, of them.

Indian women have not been of much use, hitherto, outside their homes; for they are queens of their households alone. Yet they are now making a good name for themselves in society and politics, and they are showing the undoubted ability and intelligence, which is their dower, but which has hitherto been more or less quiescent. May their endeavours be more and more rewarded!

Of course, with the advent of more scope for women, comes also a little loss of the dignified and womanliness, natural to the traditions of India. But, with the too-enthusiastic pioneers are associated the level-headed women, who go neither too forward, nor lag too much behind. There can be no progress without its attendant dangers; but stagnation is the worst of all states. I think, considering everything, that the Indian woman is a wise creature and can be trusted to find the right medium. All honour to her!

Man and the Creeds

BY HEBERT PORTER

THE processes of Life are eternal. God is a Spirit—Infinite—Omniscient and Omnipotent. Man is a spirit, growing to the realisation of the God-spirit. Why, therefore, should men wrangle over the archaics of History or the Binomial theorem? The paramount fact of life, as concerns this planet, is that man is born and subsists. Is it in any degree vital or imperative that he should know by what exact process he was created? Is not the Creator above the created? Is not the Creator all-wise?

Throughout the ages, science and poetry have been opposing forces, because men have discovered different paths on the journey to TRUTH. The Bible poets were sincere and devout men, who attended to truth through the direct revelation of the spirit. They were initiates in the Divine mysteries, who can know more in a flash of God's own revelation, than all the sages, scientists and philosophers can know from the laborious mental processes of a whole life's work. But shall we condemn Thales, Pythagoras, Archimedes, Democritus, Galileo, Darwin and the like? They were truly sincere men in their search for truth. Man is full of error, and genius of every kind has fallen into diverse and grievous fault in all ages. Theology is just as foolish as science in many of its interpretations.

The truths of the Infinite spirit are hidden in the deeps of nature and being, and are revealed to man during the slow degrees of his unfoldment. The knowledge which a true initiate holds would mean death to a novice. Life is growth, and because it is so, truth is a scale. The law is open to all. The higher man climbs intellectually and spiritually, the

greater and wider will be his grasp and comprehension of truth, and, if he be not capable of initiation into Divine mystery on this mortal side of life, that, which has no interpretation here, will be understood in the wise unfolding of the universes of the spirit. The ineffable glories which await the conqueror in the lands of the spirit, transcend all the highest flights of the human imagination.

Why should science and religion quarrel? Why do the sects wrangle and hate and even murder each other? Is not God a scientist? Everywhere we turn our eyes, we behold the wonders of scientific mental perfection. Is not God a mathematician? By whom were the elevations of the mountains and the distances of the stars calculated? Is not God an artist? Wherever we walk, we behold the power and beauty of His brush. Is not God a poet? Where can you find such rhythm as in the sky, the sunset and the eternal rolling of the waters? And He, that is science, art, philosophy, religion, in a word, ALL, is He to be mocked for ever by the petty quarrels of man? When will the fanatic cease his fanaticism and grow sane? When will the stupid malefactor stop his heart from hatred and his hand from murdering his fellow men? When shall life and thought and truth be free? When will the bellicose dogmatist reach up to the Eternal verities and cease from doing the work of the Devil and his evil agents, under the name of that beautiful Spirit, which, during the whole of His lovely life, manifested only the great works of his Father, with whom He now sits in equal glory, upon the throne of the Godhead, whose deathless spirit guides the unfathomed and wonder-laden universes?

His Golden Girl

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE

CHAPTER I.

Shiva Rao stared at the developing film, as it lay in its tray of liquid; and there was in his face much more amazement than could be warranted by the wildest success possible to an amateur photographer. Indeed, so surprised did he seem that his face appeared almost distorted in the sinister red light of his lamp. Yet it was a good-looking face, and a strong one, with a peculiarly mobile and tender mouth; and beneath his sturdy neck were set a pair of stalwart shoulders.

There really did not seem to be much in the picture to cause such wonder on his part. It was an ordinarily good picture, taken out-doors, of a group of three or four laughing boys in tennis flannels. The background was the side view of an upstairs house, with many windows on every side. From one of these, almost directly above the group, and rather high up in the face of the building, a girl's face was looking out.

Stay, was it on this face that Shiva Rao's eyes were glued? Yes it was, and he felt he had reason; for it had not been there when he had arranged his group for the picture. There had been no one at the window indeed. He had posed his people from under his black cloth, and then had come out from it; had bidden them in the usual way to be steady and smile, and then had taken his photo. The movement at the window, being high up, had not caught his eye.

Not that he objected to the face being there. Rather not; on the contrary, he was very glad it was there; for it was a fine face, not beautiful, but very sweet.

It was not her looks, however, that had spell-bound him; it was the expression. It was a peculiarly wistful one, which held sorrowing longing, and it was to expression that he looked. And oh, the eyes, what a world of meaning they seemed to express, asking, pleading, beseeching!

From himself?

For what then?

He had never seen her before, and yet she seemed to have an instant attraction for him. He loved her face; he loved her expression; he loved the message she had for him, though he could not say what it was. In fact, he was in love with her. It was a case of love at first sight.

"My golden girl", he murmured to himself in an ecstasy. "I have found you at last. I have waited for you so long. I want you. Do you also want me? Is that what you are trying to say? Or, are you asking me to help you? My girl, I am ready. I am bracelet-bound to you now, through your look, like the Rajputs were to the girls who asked for their chivalry. I wait for your message."

Oh, it was all mad, but very beautiful.

CHAPTER II.

But there was no message for him; and it goes without saying that he was very disappointed.

After a week, he squared his shoulders. It was up to him to do something now, but what? And how?

It is time now to say something about our hero himself. He had been tutor for six months to the three sons of a senior Zamindar, with whom there were also two of their cousins studying. They

were a nice refined set of boys, fond of tennis, hockey and other athletic games; and good at Bridge and Indian music. They did not move much in politics, but were indeed Swarajists in a tepid sort of way. They were not particularly fond of their studies, but they liked their tutor and were friends with him.

Shiva Rao knew nothing about the women of their family. How could he? They were all Gosha to him and to other men. But now, he made up his mind to make tentative enquiries.

Was theirs a large family? Had they any more brothers, who were not with them now? No. Had they sisters; had they cousins? Yes, two. Were they educated? Not much. Where were they? At this point, one of the cousins looked at him a little sharply, and Shiva Rao stopped.

Then, he tackled the youngest brother alone; and here he was fairly successful. Yes, one of their cousins was just now on a visit to them. She was the sister of the young men studying with them. She was not married yet; but she was going to be, for her marriage was settled with their eldest brother. She was a grown-up girl; and, she and her fiancé having been allowed first to see each other, were evidently satisfied. She was educated both in English and in Telugu, for her father had put her under the care of a good Indian governess. She was an accomplished girl, and could play the Veena well, and sing. She was, in fact, rather inclined to be a modern girl, and therefore very troublesome. Her name was Janaki.

How Shiva Rao's heart throbbed and throbbed, and yet how heavy it was at hearing she was not for him! What was to be done? He must meet her, or at least see her in some way. He tried to make friends with the servants; but they were difficult. The men were all surly brutes; the women were shy, and he dared not force their acquaintance. But,

one of them was rather young and looked promising.

So, one day, taking his courage in both hands, he spoke to her. Who was she and whose handmaid? She appeared flattered and told him that she was maid to Janaki Amma. She would be there only a few days more, she said, with a shy look at him.

Heavens, in what a false position he felt! He took to walking on the long road before the house every night; for luckily there was no moon. Having looked at him, would she not try to speak to him? But how could she know he was there?

So, he had to make use of the servant. He put some money in her hand one day, and asked her to take a book to her mistress, who had asked for it through her brother. The servant girl looked at him startled; and hurriedly Shiva Rao explained that his five pupils had gone away somewhere, and he had forgotten to send the book through them. Would she hand it over?

In the book was a note, asking his lady to make some sign to him that night, when the family was at dinner. He wished to meet her, he said, and talk to her about an urgent matter. He felt he was being rude and insolent, but he could not help it. He was too far gone for that.

CHAPTER III.

He waited outside in drizzling rain. Nothing happened for a long time. The women's apartments were on the side of the house, which could not be looked at from the road. The windows opened on a neglected part of the garden. Indeed, the window at which he had originally seen his goddess, was not in that part at all, but in the general section, and now facing him.

Suddenly he was all alive. At that particular window, a faint light shone for a moment, and against it shone the profile of a girl's face, aquiline, with hair in a low knot at the neck. It must be she. Then, the window closed, but not before

he had seen something white thrown out far into the road, weighted with a stone.

He ran to it and picked it up. It was a letter. "Meet me at ten to-night in the corner of the garden to the right of the Zenana quarters. You stay on the other side of the wall, and I shall be on this side."

It goes without saying that he was at the rendezvous in time. And, she was there. The top of her head just showed over the wall. It was an adorable head, thought the infatuated man; and, when she sometimes stood on tip-toe, as she evidently did, he thought the deep gleam of her eyes most glorious.

"Well," she asked in a careful whisper. "Here I am. You have met me. What do you want?"

He was taken aback; she seemed so matter-of-fact.

"I—I—wished to know if there was anything I could—do—do for you. You looked at...me."

"When?"

"In that photograph, which I took of your brother and your cousins."

"On which day?"

He told her; and she was silent for a minute. Then she said:

"A cat may look at a king, mayn't it?"

"Yes.....yes; but you?"

"So you thought I wished to see you, or wanted your help, did you? Well, I don't."

He called up his dignity, which seemed all the easier, because somehow he felt disappointed. This was not like his golden girl. He questioned himself. Did he feel like this, because she seemed cold to him, while he had thought that she wanted him. Was love after all reciprocal?

He heard another gurgle of laughter, and he tried to be calm.

"I am sorry," he said, "I shall not trouble you then."

"Humph!" It was her turn to be disappointed.

What would have happened then will never be known; for just at that moment there was a sudden scream in a feminine voice, which, he could have sworn, did not proceed from his fair friend. There seemed to be another woman somewhere.

Things happened quickly after that. There was a scurry of feet, muttered ejaculations, that sounded like oaths, in men's voices, a scream or two from the women. Shiva Rao could stand it no longer. He jumped over the wall.

Immediately, he found himself in the centre of a crowd. Three of his pupils were there, the two eldest brothers, and the cousin, who once had looked so suspiciously at him. This one now caught his arm, as if he would never let it go.

"You see...you see," he faltered, "Wasn't I right? I told you this man wanted our Janaki, and that was why he was asking us all about our family."

"But, how could he know about her?" asked Janaki's fiancé.

"He must have heard about her, I suppose. Isn't this evidence enough?"

"Let me explain," broke in an impatient voice, which he knew was Janaki's, though he had only heard her whisper before. "You, fool that you are," to her brother, "you are also a sneak, I see. Was it nice of you to give me away like this?"

"Why not?" he asked sullenly, "we don't want light women in our family."

Janaki shrank back.

"How...d...dare you say that to me?"

"Haven't you asked for it?" he queried, insolently.

"I haven't come alone. You see my friend here?"

"What of that? A friend can be paid to keep silence, eh?"

Janaki turned quivering to her fiancé. "Do you...did you believe him?"

Her boy then proved his mettle.

"To tell you the truth, I did not," he said. "I came here really, because he importuned me; and also, I thought you might want my help. But you *have* come here. I feel sure there must be some explanation. Won't you give it to me?"

Janaki burst into tears, and clung to his arm.

"There is...there is..." she sobbed, "Thank you for your belief in me. 'Sarojini, come here,' so saying, she drew the shrinking figure of the other girl forward. The light was dim, yet faintly Shiva Rao could make out her face. *She* was his golden girl. He thrilled.

"It was my friend, who really came to meet this gentleman," said Janaki. "Only she was too shy to go to him, or to speak to him, and I had to do it for her."

"How did she come to know him?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a story," said Janaki lightly. "I need not tell it to you, need I?"

Her brother laughed aloud at this juncture.

"Who is to believe all this tosh?" he guffawed.

"How do we know it is true? How do we know it was not you he came to meet?"

Janaki looked helplessly at Shiva Rao, and he went at once to the rescue.

"I have a photo of this lady," he said, "If I show it to you, will you believe us?"

"Ye-yes".

Shiva Rao brought the photo out of his pocket, where he always carried it. A lantern was brought and they all examined it. Yes, there was Sarojini in the corner, looking out of the window.

That girl gave a moan, as she looked at herself. Janaki put her arm round her protectingly. Her brother laughed again.

"Well, well, it is all very suspicious," he said, "But she is your friend, Janaki. I have nothing to do with her; but I wish you would be more careful in choosing your acquaintances."

"Oh, shut up," the other man cried; but the brother was not to be silenced at once.

"I should like to know what she was doing at that window. She also is supposed to be *purdah*, isn't she?"

"Not at all," said Janaki, "She isn't like us; and I won't be long in *purdah* either, that is, if I am allowed," she added with a new humility, turning to her fiancé.

"Shall we go on now? Will you," turning to Shiva Rao with a smile, "come here to-morrow, and then you can say what you wished to say to my friend. I am so sorry I was rather rude to you a while before."

And so Shiva Rao met his golden girl. The explanation she gave him was satisfying enough to him.

"I am Janaki's friend, and often come to visit her, the more so, as I am very unhappy with my step-mother. I have often seen you, and—and—I liked you. I wished so many times you could help me. Then one day, I went to that window and saw you, and—and I suppose what I thought showed in my eyes. Then—you snapped me—naughty man that you are."

"I am so glad I did it," he murmured.

KAMALA.

True Love.

Hast thou no word to breathe to me,
 No word that's true and kind ;
 When all my world I give to thee,
 Of body, soul, and mind ?
 Then tell me how I still may prove
 My faithfulness in love !
 Hast thou no scrap of news for me
 When I in sorrow pine,
 For all that, in the past, with thee,
 I knew as golden wine ?
 Hast thou no sigh to heave for me,
 When I my battles fight
 With doubts, that thus, my love for thee
 May prove thy valiant knight ?
 Hast thou no healing kiss for me
 When I in death-bed lie ?
 And yet, my heart goes out to thee,
 Too loth with *me* to die !
 O, this is how I still can prove
 My faithfulness in love !
 " Be thou my golden lyre, Love !
 That I thy *string* may be ;
 Be thou my soaring lark, Love !
 That I thy *wing* may be ;
 Be thou my brightest star, Love !
 That I thy *light* may be ;
 Be thou my sparkling eyes, Love !
 That I thy *sight* may be.
 Be thou the farthest space, Love !
 That I thy *length* may be ;

Be thou my valiant arm, Love !
 That I thy *strength* may be ;
 Be thou my lightest grief, Love !
 That I thy *tear* may be ;
 Be thou my rippling smile, Love !
 That I thy *cheer* may be.
 Be thou my strangled pain, Love !
 That I thy *sigh* may be ;
 Be thou my radiant moon, Love !
 That I thy *sky* may be ;
 Be thou my captive queen, Love !
 That I thy *tower* may be ;
 Be thou some wand'ring bee, Love !
 That I thy *flower* may be.
 Be thou my jasmine pure, Love !
 That I thy *scent* may be ;
 Be thou some smoul'dring grief, Love !
 That I thy *vent* may be ;
 Be thou my clust'ring grape, Love !
 That I thy *vine* may be ;
 Be thou some speechless thought, Love !
 That I thy *sign* may be.
 Be thou my nation's poet, Love !
 That I thy *muse* may be ;
 Be thou my fairest fancy, Love !
 That I thy *use* may be.
 Be thou my heart-of-hearts, Love !
 That I *myself* may be ;
 Be thou my soul-of-souls, Love !
 That I *thyself* may be ! "

FIRST INDIAN WOMAN D. P. H.



Dr. Hazel Machado, M.B.B.S., D.P.H. (Lond),
 Maternity Officer, Municipality of Bombay, has just
 returned after taking the Diploma in Public Health of
 the London University. She is the first Indian Lady
 Doctor to obtain this Diploma. Dr. Machado has also
 toured Europe on a study visit to several Maternity and
 Infant Welfare Organisations in the West. Her sister,
 Mrs. Myrtle Noronha, is also a doctor, and is one of the
 newly-appointed Women Honorary Magistrates
 for Bombay.

Photo by :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

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. He also tries to make her jealous of Arjuna's friendship for Mrs. Williams.

Gauri goes away to her Nurse's house at Pallavaram but soon returns home; matters however are made much worse by Mrs. William's silly behaviour towards Arjuna. Yet, when Arjuna is found fault with by the Church, Gauri stands up for him.

The climax is reached, when Prakash avers that Gauri is really his wife, as his first wife had died before their marriage. Gauri's despair makes her ill. She is sent to Courtallam. There Prakash tries to kill her with himself. A terrible tragedy occurs.)

CHAPTER XIX.

GAURI woke to a world of turmoil, trouble and grief: a confused memory of shouts, screams, shots, splash-
es, silence! Ah, what had happened?

She opened dazed eyes; and a weary groan escaped her, the while she raised a faltering arm to her head. But, she found it grasped in a warm clasp. A sense of relief, of security, possessed her.

"Ah, Arjuna", she sighed, turning to him.

He gently pulled away his hand.

"Ah, Arjuna" she whispered again, but reproachfully.

But he kept away.

There was silence for a few minutes, during which she felt he was watching her. In the meanwhile, she felt better and said so. But, she said it falteringly, for she was beginning to remember everything. He felt her pulse anxiously. Then he said: "Are you feeling better then? Can you sit up?"

"I can, but what's the hurry?" she asked crossly.

"I want you to."

"Why, are you afraid to be seen with me here?"

"Don't be cruel, Gauri. But come, let me help you to sit up."

He leant forward and lifted her up. At his touch, she thrilled. Her head fell forward on his shoulder. But he gently lifted it, and held her steadily away from him. Gauri pouted, and her lips trembled.

"I think you are very cruel, Arjuna," she said.

"Sit up and drink this. You will soon be better. There, don't you feel well now?"

"Why are you so unkind?" she asked.

"My dear, are you strong enough to hear something?"

"If I am strong enough to bear your rudeness, surely I am strong enough to bear anything," she said with unexpected vigour.

"That's all right then," he said with relief. "Gauri, Prakash is dead."

"What!"

All the events of the evening came back completely to her with a rush; and, falling against him, she raised her hands to her face.

"Prakash dead? And it is all my fault."

"What?"

"It was on account of me, he fell."

"Only fell? But he was also shot."

"What!" she cried, in her turn,

"Was he killed then? I remember, I heard a shot. And my revolver?"

"How did it go off?"

"I lifted my arm."

"Oh," he cried, and covered his face with a shaking hand.

Gauri looked surprised.

"Why?" she cried, "Do you think I did it then? Of course, I did not. How could you think such a thing of me? I lifted my arm, and some one took the revolver from me, and—and—"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"You hated him, didn't you? I saw that when he came into the garden, and told us,—you—"

"Yes," she cried shuddering, as the events of that evening came crowding to her. "I hated him, and I wanted to kill him. But—somehow, I could not."

He looked strangely at her.

"Are you sure," he asked again. "Sure you did not hate him too much?"

"Sure", she repeated; "and oh, I am so glad—"

"Glad? Why?"

"Glad! because I am—"

Here she stopped short; she wanted to say she was free to marry him, the revelation had suddenly come to her. But, she hesitated, for he did not seem to realise the fact. She stared at him with a question in her eyes; but in his eyes there seemed to be only concern and fear, and all at once she burst into tears.

"Why do you cry, my dear," he asked, "Are you sorry he is dead; or are you trying to deceive me by pretending to be sorry? You know that you yourself once upon a time deceived me, first for the sake of Mallika, then because you were afraid."

"What are you trying to arrive at, Arjuna?" she asked crossly. "Why do you think I am pretending? For what purpose? And oh, Arjuna, you forget—" she burst out again eagerly, then stopped over-wrought.

For a long second, he stared into her eyes, and then he turned away his head.

"Never mind," he muttered, and he got up and walked to the window, while she hushed her weeping and dried her tears. She looked at him; oh, how glad she was to be free to belong to him. Of course, she was sorry for Prakash, because after all he had really loved her. But Arjuna? Would he not be glad also? Did he not really want her?

"Arjuna!" she began, and he came back and stood beside her bed, and again looked at her eager face with a strange look. Then, he veiled his eyes and sat down.

"Let me tell you some news, Gauri. And brace yourself again. You know Sita also came to the Falls?"

"Yes, I heard her voice."

"Well, she also fell with Prakash into the Falls; and she lies unconscious with a broken arm and ribs and a concussed head."

"Oh, poor Sita!"

"Poor indeed! and hurt for your sake. We think she tried to save you, when he tried to drag you over with him. She was still clutching him when she was picked up. Oh, she is a true friend."

There was silence, while Gauri wept again.

"And then, there is Sankar, who is worse now. You remember how weak and upset he was. This shock has made him ill again and he is delirious, and is saying all sorts of things about a woman having done it—"

"A woman!"

"Yes, a woman; by the way, Mallika has run away. She also was there—"

"Yes?" she said breathlessly.

"And, she disappeared as soon as we knew about Prakash's death. She must have had a dreadful shock. Poor girl, she loved him much, and then she was so angry with him, and—and—"

"Oh, oh", moaned Gauri.

"My dear girl, do not take on so."

"You didn't think—she—"

"What?"

"She—she—did something?"

"What? To herself? No fear. She is not that sort. She must have run away. Don't be afraid."

Gauri stared at him with relieved wonder. He had then no suspicion of

Mallika? But, she—she—was not so sure. Again, she hid her face, and moaned, and Arjuna approached her, staring.

"Gauri, have you anything to hide from me? If so, you had better tell it to me at once. You remember I told you how I hated deception. I forgave you once, but—God knows I do not wish to pose as a good man; but there are limits to a man's endurance. So if you can tell me anything, do tell me."

"N—nothing; there is nothing." Gauri stammered. Leave me Arjuna. I am very tired."

She turned her face to the wall, and Arjuna sadly went away.

CHAPTER XX.

In reply to a wire from Gauri to Mallika's College, the message came back:

"College reopened two days ago: Mallika not arrived yet: please inform when joining."

Gauri was in despair. Where was Mallika? She must have run away after—after—Oh, what a horrible suspicion to have of her; and yet, Gauri was sure, almost sure of it. Had not Mallika been simply mad with anger at Prakash? Had she not said she wished she could kill him? Had not Gauri heard her close to her just before the shot was fired? Had she not felt someone take her hand? Where was the unhappy girl? And what was Gauri to do? How was she to shield her? It was all right so far as suspicion did not fall on anyone; but suppose it did fall on someone else? Oh, what was Gauri to do? And what about Arjuna? How could she deceive him, who so objected to deception? Besides, he was sure to see from her face and her behaviour that she was hiding something. Gauri was still a novice in the art of deception, in spite of her attempt in the case of Prakash; and even there, Arjuna had always known she had been keeping back something from him.

And, even then, all that had been for the sake of Mallika. That letter too, which she had hidden from him long ago had been Mallika's.

Why did that girl persist in coming between her and her husband? and oh, where was the unhappy girl? She had written to all her friends, enquiring for her, but none had seen her. Had she then done away with herself?

Gauri pottered about her house-duties in the utmost misery, which was further, not only increased by the continued illness of Sankar, but complicated into the bargain by the revelations made in his delirium. Again and again, he muttered the same thing:

"It was *she* who did it; and she did right. I would have done the same myself. Who wouldn't, to shield Gauri?"

When Gauri spoke to him, he added something, once, just once: "I would have done something more, to make the crime perfect; I would have put the blame on Arjuna. He deserved it, for it was he who took my dear one from me."

But all that had been said unconsciously! and nothing further would he say, not even to the police who came to question him, in spite of the doctor's orders to the contrary. Who *she* was, he had the cunning of mania,—even though it was temporary mania,—to hide.

Put the blame on Arjuna! This sent Gauri on to a new tack. Had Arjuna done it? Oh, no, no, he would not, even though he had cause enough to hate the wretched Prakash. Arjuna was not that sort; she would stake her immortal soul on that fact. Besides, such a theory would not agree with the facts.

And then, things began to happen.

The police came to question Arjuna and Gauri and the servants. The facts came out, but very confusedly, that it was Gauri's revolver from which the shot had been fired; that it was Gauri, who had been with him for some time; that

their voices had been heard raised in quarrel; that Sankar declared it was a woman who did the murder; that Gauri had stood closest to Prakash; that she had the best motive to kill him, because he claimed to be her real husband, instead of Arjuna, and it was Arjuna she wanted and not Prakash. Oh, the secrets, which were laid bare before the police! Gauri felt inclined to sink into the ground with shame.

But she was glad of the main fact, the charge was going to be concentrated on her. Even though it was the untruth, she certainly would not mind being sacrificed for Mallika. Had she not promised so to her beloved mother? Besides, what was there in life left for her now? Arjuna was all her world, and he did not care for her.

His next action, however, was a strange one. The police had gone away, looking askance at Gauri. Arjuna never came near her after that till the next day. He seemed to be brooding over something. Early in the morning, he came to her, as she was wandering miserably about the garden. He made her sit down on a secluded garden-seat, sat down beside her, and then he said:

"Gauri, do you remember all the events of that dreadful evening? Try and remember. Shut your eyes now and think."

In silence, she tried to obey him, even though her eyes did sometimes try to blink themselves open. Then gradually, he began to talk in a soft voice and she grew half-hypnotised by it.

"Do you remember you heard my voice before the shot was fired? I remember you said you did hear it; mine and Sankar's. Well, Gauri, you know how I hated Prakash. You know how I tried to keep you for myself, how often I threatened him. I even struck him once. Do you remember? and I said I would kill him too. Gauri—think—don't let me shock you; Gauri, it was I who killed him."

At that, her eyes burst open full on him. "You, you—I don't believe it—I don't—besides—"

"Besides?" he asked eagerly.

The name of Mallika had nearly come to her lips; but by a violent effort she had stopped in time.

"Besides, Sankar said it was a woman."

"Oh, Sankar is sick."

"Also, you were rather far when the shot was fired. I had heard your voice, but thought of the long time you would take to get to me."

"My dear, to your fevered imagination it seemed far, but really I was quite near; I saw the struggle, which took longer than you really thought. It gave me time to come nearer. Besides, I ran—Gauri."

"Oh, Arjuna, I can't believe it; and I won't, because,—"

"Because?"

"I know it is not true. I know—I know, you did not do it."

"Do you know who did it then?"

She was silent, but her tear-dimmed eyes spoke volumes.

"You suspect, and you will not tell. Then, my dear, you know it was I—who did it?"

"Oh!"

"And I have written out the confession and sent it to the police. They will soon be here to arrest me."

"Oh, Arjuna, Arjuna, one minute. You said, I must not deceive you. But why are you pretending to me?"

"It is you who have forgotten. If you think well, you will remember. I have sinned and I must suffer. Goodbye, Gauri."

"Arjuna, Arjuna," she cried; she stood up staggering; she held out a hand to him, perhaps to support herself. But he did not seem to see it. Gently grasping her shoulder, he supported her to the bench again and let her sink on it. Her head

fell back. Through her half-closed eyelids, she saw him gazing at her. His eyes seemed to burn. What was there in their expression? Passion, reproach? Anger? Why anger? What had she done? Oh, she knew, she was hiding Mallika's guilt from him. But how could she reveal it? Her eyes closed; but still she could hear him, as he hung over her.

"Oh, Gauri, Gauri" he murmured in an agony. "So sweet, and yet so cunning!"

The words wrung her heart.

But, how could she betray her sister? The face of her mother rose before her.

She pretended to be in a faint.

He went away, calling to the servants to help her.

And behind him her eyes opened, and her arms were held out to him in mute agony. But he did not see them, and he went away.

Arjuna, her beloved, was suffering, for the sake of her sister!

Oh, Heavens!

Oh, mother! mother!

But then came another thought. Arjuna was really not guilty, and so could not be in any real danger. If the worst came to the worst, she must do something even at the cost of her sister. She must wait.

That evening, he was arrested; no bail was allowed him, and he went to prison.

CHAPTER XXI.

Why did Arjuna pretend that he had murdered Prakash?

The question worried her.

The answer to it came as with a blow, when Mrs. Williams came to see her. She seemed to be in a strange mood, elfishly gleeful and yet with a strange sadness on her.

"Well Gauri", she said, "so you have come here. You left me to myself to get well, you naughty child. Oh, yes,

I know you were ill yourself. I was only joking. How is Arjuna?"

"You—know what has happened to him?" faltered Gauri.

"Oh yes, yes. Who does not? But tell me, how does he feel there?"

"I cannot say. He went only yesterday, and I am to see him to-day."

"What? if I had been his wife, I would have slept outside his cell. But, I am not his wife. Well, well, will you give him a message from me? Tell him that I can set him free, if—"

"Yes."

"If, if—he is kind to me as—as I wish him to be. He knows what I mean. Will you tell him?"

Gauri drew back. The message seemed impertinent to her. Mrs. Williams eagerly continued: "Will you tell him then? What is it that you say? Speak up, girl. How I propose to set him free? Well, that is a secret. How did I know he did not do it? I was there, you know. You are surprised? Arjuna was going to Courtallam and I went with him. We heard that Prakash had been asking for you and had been directed to the Falls. We followed, and Sankar also came, for he felt better. But did not your husband tell you? Well, that shows that we have some secrets between us, eh?"

She waited for a reply, which did not come. She continued.

"Of course, we have, and of course we shall do anything for each other."

A terrible thought hammered at Gauri's brain.

Mrs. Williams had been there; and Arjuna had hidden the fact from her. But why? She must be connected with the murder and Arjuna was trying to shield her. But, why should she have killed Prakash? Where was the motive, except to help Arjuna, by freeing his wife. But surely, even in the case of a woman like Mrs. Williams, that would not be an incentive to murder. And, after all to free Gauri from Prakash meant keeping Arjuna off from Mrs. Williams.

herself, which Mrs. Williams would certainly not desire.

No, no, it could not be. There was no real motive. And yet,—and yet— if it could be. Mallika would be innocent, and Arjuna would be free, to—to—stand by Mrs. Williams.

Oh, where were her thoughts running to?

Oh, but she was jealous, jealous! She had known before his preference for Mrs. Williams, but to have it proved thus was as gall and wormwood to her.

She went on leaden feet to visit Arjuna. And with leaden tongue she gave him Mrs. Williams's message, at which the man actually blushed, making Gauri more miserable thereby than ever. But his reply was "No".

"Are you sure?" asked Gauri. "Mrs. Williams bade me ask you twice."

"Quite sure."

"Will you tell me what the message meant, Arjuna?"

"No, I cannot" he replied hastily.

"Shall I tell it to you then?"

"If you can guess it."

"Well, it is that, when she proves your innocence and you come out of prison, you should let me go, since I am not your wife, and marry her."

Arjuna was silent, with down-dropped head.

"Well, why don't you do it then?"

"I won't, that is all."

"You are a slave to duty, it seems; and you think the world will talk badly of you."

"Think as you please, Gauri. But what you say reminds me of my duty to you. The Indian pastor has been here and he asks us to go through the marriage ceremony again, now that Prakash is dead."

"Duty, you say, Arjuna? Certainly not. I prefer to live in sin, rather than marry from cold duty."

"Because I am in prison and am suspected of murder?"

"It is your turn to think as you please." She turned to go, but at the door she paused, while Arjuna watched her. A thought came to her. She sat down on the only chair there, with her back to him. She thought hard. When his trial came on, she might have to witness against Arjuna. And perhaps what she said might go against him. How could she do that?

But, if she were his wife, her witness could not be taken. Besides, why should she leave him free to go to Mrs. Williams? He really belonged to her.

But, suppose he really wished to marry Mrs. Williams? Well, she could always efface herself. There was time enough to think about that later. If,—if—he was condemned, she could die with him. If he became free and did not need her, why then—then also she could die. What would life be worth for her anyway?

So, with downcast eyes, she approached Arjuna, and went straight to the point, as was her wont.

"Arjuna, I will marry you, whenever you wish," she said.

He heaved a great sigh. She felt sorry for him that he should sigh so. But she had said her say, and would not unsay it.

"I am very glad, Gauri," he replied, "Will you arrange for the Pastor to come here then?"

He held out his hand to her, and she put hers into it to ratify their compact. He made as if to draw her closer, but she held away and shook her head. And so, they parted in silence.

K. S.

(To be continued.)

Editor's Notes.

(1) A new type of womanhood.

IT is very evident that we, Indian women, need not be altogether downcast about our backward position. The same obtained all over the world even in advanced Europe, so recently as 75 years ago, the difference now being that we are still advancing slowly, while in Western countries our sisters are far ahead. But still, even in Europe, the forward march of women is a wonder and a curious phenomenon. I was interested to observe from *The Literary Digest* that it is still thought worth while to comment on the improved position of German womanhood, instead of taking it for granted. "The time is long past," the paper writes, "when, according to Imperial pronouncement, the career of a German woman was confined to 'church kitchen and children!'"

In the first place, in Germany there has developed a perfect passion for sports and athletics, not only among men, but among women also. "It has become a universal obsession, one might almost say, a universal religion, which permeates, both the entire corporate and the entire individual life of the people, and which is common to both sexes and to all classes. In every corner of Germany, studios and athletic grounds are being built with feverish haste. Even in the streets of big towns, one meets droves of young men or women doing cross-country runs in shirts and vests. Statistics show that last year German organisations for the pursuit of various types of sport had a total membership of about 11,500,000. This would mean that approximately every fifth member of the entire population belonged to some kind of sporting association."

The German woman therefore finds it easy now to keep up a slim figure, instead

of the old rather solid, square-set form. We read of "elegant, sporting young things, highly decorative creatures, whose slim ankles and lissom grace equal those of the English, American and French girls." "The German girl is a spick-and-span clipper with neat lines, the cut of her jib distinctly Parisian."

With all this change in physique, is there any wonder that the mental attitude should change also? "The German wife may now be found Charlestoning—in the peculiar fashion common to German ballrooms—at the time of day when she used to be having a knitting party or cutting up the *Wurst* for supper. She is demanding to be taken to dine in restaurants on days when the cook or the maid-of-all-work is out, and she is giving up beer for cocktails. She has withal developed a sense of humour, rarely possessed in the old days, and is becoming a 'good sport' in the truly British sense. At present she does little more than criticize her men folk, but the day is approaching when she will demand that husbands shall conform to the new ideals."

The same advance in womanhood has, as we know, been taking place in other countries; for example in Turkey, China, Japan and Russia. The Indian woman, therefore, as an Indian paper said lately, has a large field to choose the best from. And, she cannot be too careful, for there are many pitfalls before her, many dangers ahead of her. For instance, take the fashion of the day. It is usual for women to follow *Dame Fashion*, without reference to conditions. But, our Indian women will do well to pause before they adopt the Western fashions and luxuries coming so fast into our land. *The Literary Digest*, which we quoted before, rather deplores the lingering prejudice in

Germany "that more than just a touch of powder is not quite respectable." We, on the other hand, rather welcome this prejudice against artifice and hope that it will not disappear, at least in India. Yet, alas, many of our daughters are beginning to take to *powder*, to *rouge* and the *lipstick*. May we entreat them to bethink themselves? As an Indian woman said "Such things, though charming for the moment, are debasing and demoralizing in their effect. Simple and natural living is far more healthy and ennobling than the so-called civilized life of today. In the trail of these outward charms, comes the moral, social and economical fall of a nation."

Then again comes that much discussed danger, the misuse of liberty. In the change in the German girl, an Englishman is inclined to observe "an element of tragedy". That shows that there are many in England, who do not approve of the too-fast progress of the English girl towards independence from, and equality with, man. It will be wise for our women to be careful, and to progress slowly, and not in frantic haste as in the West. "Let us beware lest we misuse liberty. India is not a country, it is a continent, in which there are different communities and classes. Some are ahead of others in granting freedom to their women; others are still watching closely to see the results of emancipation. If the enfranchised woman makes ill-use of her liberty, then the sister communities will hesitate to liberate their women, which will result in unbalanced social conditions, creating complications in the political advance of the country. Therefore, those of us, who wish well for their motherland, ought to step tactfully and carefully. Let us assimilate the good of the West and not become the 'blotting sheets' of Western civilization."

But we in India, while careful, must yet not be too aware of the danger, for then we shall be pulled back too much. Let us remember that the idea of equality between man and woman is a traditional

thought of India, originating in the legend that the creator Brahma divided his body into male and female. Therefore, as an Indian woman writer said: "when a man and a woman are joined together in marriage, they become a perfect body; both are equally important and inseparable and at the same time indispensable, each has a separate mission and duty to perform; they both supplement each other; without each other they are incomplete. If either of the two is neglected, the other suffers automatically."

(2) Lady Health Visitors.

We are very glad to note that a school for such is being reopened in Madras by the Indian Red Cross Society. The instinct of *Motherhood* is well-developed in India and requires training and knowledge, in order to become of real use. For this purpose, child-welfare centres were opened everywhere in this Presidency. Yet it is sad to note that such institutions are not carrying out their ideal in the real, as pointed out sadly by Mrs. Webb, the Honorary Superintendent of Health Centres in Madras. Therefore, health visitors are very necessary to keep each centre to its proper duties. The new health school has arranged for the training of a few well-chosen girls, who in turn will be sent back to their own places with the hope that they will train others.

The health visitor is taught different duties and items of health work, and how to carry them out practically and teach the same to others. She is also taught the value and the methods of prevention of disease and ill-health. Maternity work is much emphasized on. As Mrs. Webb says: "No amount of child welfare can stop the deaths of infants due to economic causes, but we can at least make it our business to see that those who survive are fine healthy specimens of manhood and womanhood and a credit and pride to their country and their parents." We hope, therefore, that the school will be well patronized and attended. The

saying that the field is large, but the workers are few, may well apply to the departments of *nursing* and *health work*. Yet, there can be few nobler duties to perform than these. The days, when such work was despised as belonging of right to the less educated and less-cultured classes, should be of the past; and our Indian mothers should all do

their best to get their daughters trained along health duty lines, not only in order that they may find themselves employment for livelihood, but also, that they may round off school and college work with a much needed training in a practical aspect of life, which will make a woman as perfect and finished as education can make her.

Friedly Chats.

A Modern View of the Divorce Problem in India.

THERE is now a feeling prevalent in this country that women cannot re-marry, however badly they are treated. Much confusion of thought has arisen, owing to the bulk of sympathy for women. Women are called the weaker sex. Men are supposed to be stronger than women. If that is the case, why does he marry as many times as he likes and even in old age? The institution of marriage must be for weak-minded people. So I shall come to the conclusion that women, as they are weak should marry as many times as they like, but men cannot do so. Remarriage for women is allowed in other religions of the world. Then why does Hinduism lag behind? The Hinduism of Vedic times sanctioned it.

In India marriage is thought to be the union of souls. It is a bond of sacrament and should continue for life. This theory (I call this a theory, as I do not think that souls can have union in mean conjugal affairs) can be applicable only to the couple who have loved each other. Love is the foundation on which the happiness of marriage can be erected. Love can never be begged, nor demanded. And

freedom is the essence of life. It makes marriage pure and perfect. Love will shine with her sister freedom. If any marriage is to mar love under the garb of a sacrament, such a marriage is liable to perish sooner or later.

The problem of divorce has brought a complete change into this country. Ideas are changing; the face of the country changes. Everything in this world is subject to change. The colour of the inhabitants has changed by international and racial marriages. When Eastern countries did not have contact with the West, ideas remained stationary. But now that India is in such touch, it has gained new ideas which must modify her old ways. Monarchy has given place to democracy. Everyone wants freedom from the rigid rules of the caste system. About the state of women, I need not say much, except that life can be no life for a woman, who automatically and blindly believes that her husband is her god, as well as her lord and master.

Marriage influences men and women a great deal. Family life is a grand training for actual experience. Goldsmith says that the honest man, who marries and

brings up a large family, does more service than he who continues single and only talks of population. Such men can see the realities of life. They will never object to the remarriage of women, because they understand the theory of life and know how to put it into practice.

Women in India were deprived of their freedom and growth, intellectual as well as physical, by early marriage. They have been automatic machines in the hands of man. Now through the new movement, they have opened their eyes, and do not see why they should be deprived of their rights, of which they have as many as man. If a man puts away one wife and marries another, why should a woman not do the same? God surely sanctions women equal rights with men. He is the Lord of the universe and has no partiality. He weighs the truth in honest scales, irrespective of caste, creed and sex.

Suppose a girl is married at an early age; when she comes to the age of discretion she may not like the choice of her parents. Is she to cling to him as wife? Can there be more hypocrisy than that? In this case it seems to me that divorce is a necessity.

Again, some husbands ill-treat their wives. Should the latter then not divorce their lords and take others who will treat them better?

Some husbands lead a very immoral life. In such cases, women should take a lesson from Othello. When he suspected his wife of adultery, he killed her through she was innocent. But, when women find their husbands are faithless, why should they not even leave them, in order that they may keep themselves clean, pure, chaste and healthy?

If a husband cannot support his wife and children, according to the Hindu Sastras, he can no longer be a husband; the bond is null.

So, divorce shows rather a healthy progress of the country. It brings peace and harmony into families. It guards the dignity of women. It produces better and abler children, who can rule empires.

We are born to be happy, which does not mean that one should be happy and others suffer. Some great women of India preach against divorce. They cannot see beyond the four walls of their house. They do not imagine the sufferings of others. They judge everything from their own point of view. They bring the instances of the latter Savitri and Sita, but they forget that were the wives of Satyavan and Rama. If there are now Ramas and Satyavans, there will be Sitas and Savitris. Women and men are relative to and dependent on each other. We do not want exceptional theories of life. "Our heads should be in the ideal and our hands in the actual", so says the great American essayist, Emerson.

Dear Readers! I do not write this article from personal spite, but I am vexed at the condition of women. My opinion is rather defensive than aggressive. I hope I may not be misunderstood. As one of greatest of poets, Wordsworth, says:

"Serene will be our days and bright,
Happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light
And joy its own security."

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

N.B.—The above article will come as a shock to most Indian women; yet the fact remains that some modern spirits among them do demand divorce. God be thanked that such are few! The Indian tradition does not go with divorce rights for women. And yet it cannot be denied that women must have equal privileges with men in India, at least in marriage. What then should be done? The safest solution will be the abolition of polygamy for men, an equal moral Law for both, and the right of women to be able to leave their husbands at least, if the latter show themselves unworthy in any way. This sounds very impractical, I admit; but then the whole question is so. In any case, one certainly does not wish for divorce, as now dominant in Western countries.

Ed.—I.L.M.

In Man's Realm

THE EVOLUTION OF SUBBU.

"I cannot possibly go on. This pig-tail behind my head is rather sickening", exclaimed Subbu, as he glanced at the mirror before him.

Subbu or Subbaraman (to call him by his full name) was the only son of a middle-class Brahmin gentleman,—by middle class, I mean not very rich nor too poor—and he was studying in the Junior Intermediate Class in one of the Colleges of the metropolis. He was a smart young boy; but having been accustomed to the rural life of an out-of-the way and far-off village and having just peeped into the lime-light of fashion and recreation that is often characteristic of a busy bustling town, he was inclined—as is but natural in any strange youth—to imitate the ways and manners that he came into contact with in his new environment. So long as he had remained in the village with his father, he had grown up to be a steady youth, kept up his morals and never wavered from the path of orthodoxy and old-world customs and manners. But, as soon as he entered the portals of the College and got accustomed to the fascination of town life, he could no longer satisfy himself with his old-world customs and the monotonous routine of a village life. Subbu crept to a corner with shame, when he found his College mates walking proudly along the College green with neat hair-crops, silk shirts and serge suits. He could no longer bear the ignominy of showing his shabby and uncouth presence with a pig-tail and a country *doti* and shirt, in the company of fashionable College mates. He got tired of the taunts and rebukes that he received so profusely from his new friends. At last, he made

up his mind once for all to break up convention, and get his long tuft cut off, though he was cock-sure that in the act of doing so he would meet with a shower of scoldings and rebukes at the hands of his parents and relatives. Yet, he was prepared to brave the worst that might accrue out of such an act of self-defence.

And so, Subbu got up one early morning and briskly walked to the nearest and most up-to-date shaving saloon. Though he was a little excited at the sort of welcome change that he was to undergo within a few minutes, he sat boldly on the rotating chair with an air of 'I am monarch of all I survey,' his face bright with glee as he glanced over the shaving and cropping paraphernalia that lay so tidily and scrupulously arranged before him. A sweet scent that emanated from the glass bottles before him began to assail his nose pleasantly. In short, his first experience in a shaving saloon offered a monument of memorable recollection for him in his after life. As he sat there blinking with puckered eyes at the very many attractions that engaged his attention, the expert hands of the veteran barber soon wrapped him in a muslin cloth. The vital moment came. The operation began. Click! Click! Click! ran the razor across Subbu's head. A thrill passed through every nerve and fibre of the Brahmin youth. As he came out of the saloon later, he felt as though he were stepping out into a new world altogether. It was something like London for him.

When Subbu returned to the company of his College mates, who had shunned him so long, they congratulated him on the bold step he had taken and admitted him without any reservation into

their fold. Subbu felt extremely glad. But his mad hunt after fashion and imitation was not to stop with a hair-crop alone. Subbu felt it a shame to walk in the company of his friends without a silk shirt or a fine coat to cover his back. He was living in the hostel, attached to the College, along with numerous other students. His father was, after all, not a very rich man, but Subbu being his only son, he wished to see him well-educated and happy. So, he somehow or other managed to send his son a monthly remittance of Rs. 25 out of his slender income. Even the smallest supplements, however trifling to Subbu, placed his father often in a very miserable fix. But Subbu was never happy. The sum of Rs. 25 ran out very soon and he was often left penniless. His other friends used to receive Rs. 35 and Rs. 40 every month from their homes and it was almost a humiliation for Subbu to live upon the comparatively trifling sum which his father managed to send him with so much difficulty. Besides, Subbu had contracted expensive habits. A trip to the cinema would cost him a rupee; an excursion to the coffee club a similar sum, etc., and of course many were such trips and excursions. Naturally, Subbu wrote for additional payments from his father, who, after a detailed recounting of his difficult circumstances, would sum up with a delicately-worded rebuke to his son to be a little more thrifty.

It was about 5 o'clock on a fine summer evening when a college mate called out to Subbu, "Hullo! not out yet? come, let us have some coffee and we shall walk to the beach." "A good idea indeed", exclaimed Subbu and wearing a new shirt he merrily stepped out of his room with his friend. On their way they talked of this and that, till they reached a well-furnished restaurant. Both of them went in and did full justice to a plate or two of 'halva' and 'ice-cream'. When the bill had to be paid, Subbu's friend suddenly exclaimed that he had lost his purse, and Subbu quite readily

consented to clear off his share of the cost too, which his cunning friend later never cared to repay. Subbu was duped many a time like this by his so-called friends. But he never suffered for all these. It was his poor father who suffered. Subbu was yet blind to all the pains and sufferings of the poor man.

No class of people have probably such peculiar worries as the Indian student, especially a Brahmin by caste. Generally he belongs to the middle class, and thrown into the metropolis he often tries to live above his means. In the good old days of our forefathers, when there existed the 'Varnashrama' system, the duty of the Brahmin was to study the Sastras, Smritis and Vedas, and his one asset was knowledge and learning. He was of course respected invariably by all the others for his learning and culture and was held in high esteem. The Brahmin had supreme monopoly over learning, and words of wisdom in the mouth of a low-caste man were considered to be like butter in the mouth of a dog. But, as democracy began to cast off shoots in the evolution of the human race, the monopoly of learning held by the Brahmins melted away, and to-day we find an end to the social tyranny and scheming by which they had so unjustly tried to cripple their so-called low-caste brethren. In modern days, a Brahmin has to struggle for existence as much as any other being. It is this problem of existence, that has goaded on many a poor Brahmin father to educate his children to the very last resort of his slender means. But the crazy children often go astray and cause the ruin of their family in ways more than one. For them the examination is something like a nightmare. To come out successful in the examination is like cleansing an Augean stable, though in fact it is not so horrible as it appears to the heated brain of the student. He is generally carried away by his deficiency in any one subject—generally English, and frightened by the supposed whims and eccentricities of particular examiners.

With these ideas surging one upon another in his mind, he often enters the examination hall in no human mood, and it is no wonder that too often he gets himself ploughed.

To come to our own hero, he failed in his examination, and this worried him so much that he even thought seriously of running away. The publication of the results gave him a rude shock. His friends, who had come out successful, consoled him and he calmed down. Soon he returned home and his poor mother came up and said "Dear Child! don't worry yourself; never mind; everyone fails after all. Please don't rack your brains with that thought; after all failures are but stepping-stones to success." Then the father came in and exclaimed, "Well dear, but there is no use of this boy increasing the stepping-stones to infinity and wasting my money which I am earning with the sweat of my brow." Still the mother went on, "Never mind, dear! just see that Rangan, our neighbour's son; he has been failing these four years in spite of his having wasted the midnight oil. You need not mind much about all this, dear son. I am sure better luck will attend you next time."

The father of Subbu did not at all relish the idea of continuing the studies of his son, for he was confident that it would only prove to be a fruitless waste of his hard-earned money. Events however followed fast. Subbu himself was married a month later. One of the metropolitan lawyers, who had nearly a dozen unwedded daughters and a briefless career to his credit, after a laborious search for a son-in-law, at last pitched upon our Subbu. In due course Subbu was naturally invited to his father-in-law's house. With full hopes of spending a happy life there, and with the confidence of meeting all his requirements at the cost of his father-in-law, Subbu left his home after bidding a most pathetic farewell to his dear mother. In

his father-in-law's house, he was welcomed with much warmth and affection by all. He was given a separate room, and he often went out in the evenings for a walk or for a drive in his father-in-law's rickety carriage, each part of which—the axle, the wheel, the mud-guard, etc., wished to say good-bye to the others as it was dragged along the road by an ill-fed skeleton of a pony. Subbu had grown more fashionable by this time. His father-in-law had undertaken to meet the expense of his studies. In his preparations for the examination, he made little progress indeed, though he managed to make a greater pretence of it than ever before. He spent most of his time in patronising a local picture palace, where films depicting monstrosities of human wickedness and stratagem were screened. He also learned to imitate respectability by buying and reading six-penny novels, and was proud to be known as a voracious reader and a prodigiously hard worker.

But, as days passed on, a change came over Subbu. The immediate cause of it was the addition of a further son-in-law to the household,—a smart, quiet-going and unpretentious young boy who had very recently come out creditably successful in the B.A. degree examination. Subbu naturally became jealous and found a rival in this new partner of his father-in-law's hospitality. The father-in-law of Subbu was a briefless barrister and he argued more often in the kitchen than before the Bench. He began to show an indecent amount of interest in details of domestic economy and slowly cut the pocket allowance that he had so pompously allowed Subbu. To be brief, he thought Subbu to be an unwelcome guest, and Subbu in turn began to hate the ways of his father-in-law. Matters came to a head, when one day there was an open quarrel with his father-in-law, and thenceforward Subbu behaved like a guest under protest.

The end of the year approached, the examination with it and the coming of

the holidays, and Subbu left the unhappy atmosphere of his father-in-law's abode and went home. In his unhappy moments in his father-in-law's house, too often had he felt the words—"Home, sweet home, there is no place like home." They say the longest road has a turning, and a turning came to Subbu's way of life too. Not long after he reached his home, his father, who was ailing from dropsy, died. This was a blow for poor Subbu, really a tremendous blow for such an unthinking son. He was being violently knocked against the stern realities of life and rudely shaken from his dreams of complacency and his false estimate of so-called respectability and other superficialities of life. Repentance, however, came too late in the case of Subbu. His poor widowed mother's face was a study at these times. The emptiness of his past happiness constantly vexed him and, the problem of his future had a menacing influence over him. Hard days of unemployment and retrenchment were before him. He cursed himself for the days he had spent in vain and ignoble sloth. Meanwhile, to add to the burden, for every poor Brahmin welcomes a new bride as a burden, his little wife Pankajam had also come home—a pretty little girl of winning smiles, unassuming manners and sweet words, who looked at Subbu through the corners of her eyes.

One night after dinner, Subbu could not get sleep, as he lay on his bed and overheard the conversation that was going on between his mother and his wife.

"Are you feeling quite comfortable here, Pankajam dear?" queried his mother.

"Why not?" chirped the little one, "your talk is enough to keep me engaged."

"Oh, but I thought that perhaps being accustomed to a rich life, you would feel very much out-of-sorts here," said his mother.

"As for that, I don't care for money, mother," said Pankajam, "for it has made men mad and rude too." "No dear," retorted the mother, "I thought, that, as is but natural in all modern girls, you would have taken a fancy for a degree-holder for your husband and a stylish up-to-date, extravagant life." "Really no," said Pankajam. "I do not, however, deny what you say, mother. Strictly speaking, as you say, it has become a sort of craze with modern girls to fly after the outside and ephemeral fancies of fashion and recreation, and it is no wonder that many get themselves wrecked in life's long way. But, to be frank, I have never been cherishing such vain ideas within me. Believe me when I say, that I prefer freedom and straightforwardness to blind fashion and indiscriminate imitation. If your son could only manage his father's property, I think he can get on well without university degrees."

Subbu slept, as the conversation drifted to other channels. Months passed on and Subbu bettered his ways. One sunny summer morning, when he was chatting with Pankajam, he said,—"Well dear! really I liked your words that night. I think I have vastly profited by your sane counsels and timely advice. Now, we can stand upon our own legs and earn our own bread."

"Yes," replied Pankajam, "it is all that foolish and feverish hunt after respectability and vanity that spoils many a youth of the land. Well has the Poet said, 'What fools these mortals be.'"

Subbu of course became a wiser and a happier man. But he had his ancestral properties to lean upon. But what about those who have to seek their way in the world with their own wit and little qualifications to guide and support them? The answer is—Trust in God and do the right and everything will come out bright; for God is Love.

MANJERI R. KRISHNAN,

Our Fashion Suggestions.

INDIAN women ought to take a little more trouble over the way in which they do their hair. They are very often satisfied with pulling it tightly back over their ears, and doing it into a hard little knot at the back. Quite a number of them, however, are doing their hair in loose coils at the back, with flowers placed neatly over the coils, and this style suits our Indian women very well indeed, especially when it is not flat over the forehead, but falls in loose ripples. There ought to be a little more variety, however, in the way women put up their hair in

India, especially as most of them have such lovely hair which can so easily lend itself to new fashions.

A style that will suit aquiline thin faces is to have a neat knot done firmly, low down on the back of the neck, allowing the hair to fall loosely in front, and covering the ears. Long ear-drops should be worn when the hair is done in this way; and a hair-jewel fixed firmly in the knot of hair at the back will look very pretty indeed. Flowers of course should be worn. An idea of this style is given in the diagram below.



Ve, women wear their hair in two coils over their ears. I expect it is rather hot out here for this style to be popular, but it will suit the round Oriental face very well indeed, and ought to look particularly charming when a caste mark is worn on the forehead.

Women with very long hair often find it hard to put it up. The usual "bun" at the back sometimes looks top-heavy,

and is very difficult to keep up. A very original way will be to divide the hair into two equal halves, with a parting neatly taken at the back, and to plait the two halves, cross them at the back, bring them neatly to the front like two coronets, and fix the ends neatly again at the back or at the side with a clip. The plaits should be fixed firmly and flatly in front.

SISTER SUSIE.

Sketches of Modern Women

BY AN INDIAN WOMAN.

A young wife's letters to her mother.

I
OH Mother, how I miss you and how I want you help me in this new life! You sent me away so young, and I feel lost. Does this not bear out the fact that we should not be married off so early? Here I am, a small insignificant unit in this large and important household, like a nut in a shell, or, to use the Tamil proverb, like a lizard in an empty house. And yet, I must take courage. I cannot be the daughter of parents like mine for nothing, can I? Neither can I be the inefficient descendant of enlightened Sitas and Savitris and Damayantis. So I must be up and doing. But where shall I begin? That's the question.

I know what you will say. Turn to your husband for help. But, mother, how can I? I feel so shy of him. He is so tall and big and so fine, and I am afraid of him. But, I can well understand how an Indian woman can look up to her husband as to a god. He—but there, I can't write about it. He is ready to help me, I know. But I must not worry him too much, must I? If I do, won't he get the idea that an Indian woman is inefficient and a worry? He has been so long in England and with those fine English women, of whom we have heard so much. Then, he will despise me, and through me, he will think ill of all Indian women. No, it is up to me to prove the worth of my own race.

Besides, I must not let him feel that I depend on him too much. I know you

too have got that idea in you about your husband. As a matter of fact, with you it is the other way. I have noticed that father depends on you a good deal. Oh, you are cunning, you know. I have seen you getting your own way, even while he thinks he is getting his. I have been so amused, for you have done it, not secretly or back-handedly, but so that we could see it. But father, of course, was blind. Was it because he is so fond of you?

Are all men like that? Dominant, and yet so easily led? I wonder what my husband is like. He looks so good-natured. Indeed he thinks so much of my welfare that I often feel ready to fall at his feet in gratitude. I could indeed be his door-mat; but I must be careful. There is a girl next door who is always telling me this. She has been married some years. I must not give in too much to him, she says; I must hold my own. But I notice that she and her husband are not such good friends, as I would wish us to be. I don't want to be like that. I don't wish to antagonise him, or to hen-peck him. I want him to admire me and my ways. And for that, I must be natural and not pose or pretend. I must also study him. You see, mother, how wise your little girl is getting!

And also, I think mother, it was wise I have come away from you. Of course I am too young, but then alas, we Indian girls develop so quickly. And it is time I learnt to manage a home. I must become a modern woman, and learn all

sorts of new methods and ways. Please don't think I look down on your house-keeping, mother. I thought it perfect, when I was with you.

But here, there are so many new things, that you will wonder. So, I think, our joint-families should break up as much as possible, and girls should manage alone for their husbands, and work out their own domestic careers. Of course, they will make mistakes. I have made several; but then I am learning. Besides, my cook is a nice old woman. I know she laughs at me sometimes and thinks I am a mere child. But she is getting fond of me. She advises me too; and then I feel I must not give in too much to her and from sheer *cussedness* I go sometimes wrong. The other day, I tried to do a new vegetable curry; and it turned out so badly. I wonder why. I have done the same so well in our place. But then you must have helped me without my knowing. Then again, I tried to teach her to make toffee. But we made such a mess of it, chiefly

because she stirred it with a curry-mixing ladle! And chocolate, she thinks, is poison. The other day, I gave her some to taste, and she spat it out with a look of horror.

When are you coming here? I would like to come to see you, but then I have been such a short time away. Besides, I can't leave him. Besides, I must not do so. I must not shirk my work. Also, I am jealous of that old *valet* of his. He does everything for him; while I can find nothing much to do. And if I do do something, he looks at me askance. But I won't despair. I shall still make myself indispensable to my husband. And yet, I must say Govind is a faithful servant and very fond of his master. I must make him fond of me too.

Good-bye now, mother. I shall write again.

Your afft. daughter.

SUSHILA.

Children's Pages.

(1) Our Serial Story

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XV.

A RIDE IN A TRAM-CAR.

AT the Ice House terminus, under a new building that looked like a hostel for students, Dr. Vikram stood with his two daughters waiting for a tram. The car that plied between Ice House Road and Barber's Bridge had just left for the latter place. A minute's pause and another was sighted on the Triplicane Road. On it came with its

sonorous grinding sound and its cling-ding-ding, cling-ding-ding, bell. When it halted at the terminus, the tram staff got down at once and bustled about, changing the boards swinging over the backs of the seats, fixing the label for women and putting back the rod. These operations completed, the girls saw, that, without turning, the car stood facing the direction from which it came. The people waiting for the car now made a scramble

(1) OUR SERIAL STORY

for seats. In the meanwhile the local car came up and dropped its load of passengers, some of whom dispersed and some got into the other tram. Now, another tram was seen bearing down towards the first-mentioned on the same track.

"Father," cried Rukmini in alarm, "Why are these people quiet? Won't there be a collision now?"

"Nothing of that sort dear," replied her father. "Don't get frightened. The tram will pull up before it comes too near. You will see, by and by, that we shall be close at the heels of another car we overtake, or be ourselves followed closely in the rear by another car. It often happens so, but no accident generally takes place."

Before the discourse ended, their own car had started with its metallic groan and its ringing bells. The conductor was in a dirty Khaki uniform and another personage dressed in the same way was making his way towards the front, along the foot-board. He carried a purse, a ticket book, a pencil and a pocket note book. The tickets were red and blue and white and green, each colour representing a certain value, which again depended upon the distance a passenger was going, and on all the tickets the rates were printed. The ticket-seller went to each passenger and asked how far he was going, then selected a particular colour and sold the ticket.

Dr. Vikram had made room for the girls near an entrance and sat next to them. As soon as the passengers settled down, the girls saw them thrust their left little fingers through the ticket papers.

"What are they doing it for, father?" asked Seeta.

"Just for convenience," replied Dr. Vikram. "The tickets are checked all the way. The passengers can satisfy the authorities by simply putting up their fingers whenever tickets are called for."

"How very nice to get into our places first and then to have the tickets come to us," remarked Rukmini.

"Oh dear, I never expected a tram-car to be such a dirty thing, with all sorts of people huddled together," put in Seeta.

"That is why I told you we might take a taxi or *jutka* or something that could be all ours for the time being, and you would not listen," answered her father.

"You told us not to wear fine dresses either," said Seeta, in a tone of half-repentance.

"And so we are wearing our washable sarees," Rukmini said, finishing her sister's sentence.

The car had accelerated its speed and for a time the girls felt they were flying, and it was quite pleasant. But soon another car came in the way and they slowed down to their utter disgust, and finally came to a dead stop, till the one in front cleared out. Then again the tram started and put up speed, but, the motion was anything but uniform. If there was no other car in front, at any rate a terminus would come at frequent intervals and the tram had to diminish speed and halt. Later on, the girls noticed double tracks running side by side for up-going and down-coming cars, and at some places, as on Mount Road, these double lines lay on both sides of the road.

Rukmini and Seeta were at first very uncomfortable. The streets became very narrow, flanked by two or three storied buildings, displaying innumerable advertisements and boards. Many kinds of wares were seen in shops on both sides. Here and there, there were glimpses of other roads and bigger firms. The dreary sights and smells were relieved at times by the welcome appearance of beautiful flowers for sale, red and white water-lilies on long stalks, and lovely lotus flowers, in company with marjoram, lavender leaf and bunches and garlands of sweet-scented jasmine, glittering with golden threads interwoven with the blossoms. The girls bought jasmine chains for themselves and their

friends at home. The high prices, however, astonished them.

"This is not at all the real scent of the jasmine," said Rukmini, as she fingered her garland.

"Flowers for sale in Madras," replied her father, "are mostly scented with artificially-manufactured perfumes. But all the same they smell sweet, don't they?"

As usual, motor cars were flashing by, almost every minute, in every direction, and other vehicles rumbling along. Overhead, telegraph, telephone and other wires often ran into a maze. Mount Road came once more with its rush and roar of business and traffic. It seemed to be a veritable sea of human beings, the Marina of the previous evening being nothing before these surging crowds of patricians and plebians, cultured and illiterate, luxurious and poor, added to which were the ravishingly picturesque variety of costumes. In shops famous for millinery goods, the girls saw the latest fashions on dummies. It was clearance sale at the Bombay Silk Stores, but Dr. Vikram did not stop to make any purchases there.

When they visited Moore Market, such a long time was spent there, that Dr. Vikram said it was too dark to see the People's Park that day.

Compared with Calcutta or Bombay, Madras may be insignificant, but for Rukmini and Seeta it remained the wonderland of their dreams. Oh, the beauty of Madras at night! In streets and parks, from buildings, public and private, and on bridges, the lights showed like a host of stars of enormous magnitude, flashing bright trails where they hung over the Cooum. In the dark, no dust, no dinginess, no uncouth objects stood out repulsively, and the vast concourse of human beings in the business centres of the city looked like glorified mortals. Every grand and lovely scene put on the most transcendent charm.

A. KAVERI BAI.

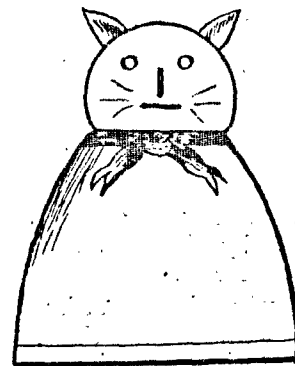
(To be continued):

(2) Our letter to our young people.

DEAR CHILDREN,

I am going to tell you a very sad story that really happened some time ago. A man and his little dog, were strolling about the garden one evening, when they suddenly saw a snake creep stealthily among some fallen dried leaves. The dog was about to pounce on it, when the master called it back and ordered it to go in. Then, the master went into the house to bring out his gun, and came out and fired at the snake, and cut it into two pieces in the middle, so that the tail lay on one side and the head on the other. The man then allowed the dog to come out, thinking the snake was dead and the dog pounced on that part of the snake to which the head was attached. And what do you think happened? The snake was not quite dead as yet, and before it gave its last gasp it bit the poor little dog. The man tried his best to save the dog; but nothing could be done, as the snake was a poisonous one, and in a few hours the dog was dead. Isn't it a tragic story? It shows you can never be certain of snakes, whether you think them dead or alive, and the best policy is never to have anything to do with them, or allow your cats or dogs to catch them.

I have thought out a little thing for you all to do, when you have a few idle moments to spare. It is a combined paper weight and pin-cushion. Take some thick cloth or silk, of the colour that you would like a cat to appear in, and cut out two pieces, shaped as shown in diagram.



Line the material on the wrong side, and sew all the edges of the two pieces together, except the bottom. Now turn it inside out, so that the right side is out. Fill the space inside tightly with cotton wool. Be careful that the ears are made to stand out well. Then, cut a flat round piece of lead to fill the bottom, fix it in, and cover the bottom of the lead piece with the same material as the cat is made of, and attach it to the opening at the bottom of the cat and sew in firmly and neatly. Now, mark out the face of the cat by fixing two beads as eyes, and marking in the nose and mouth and whiskers. Your pin-cushion paper-weight is now quite ready. If you wish to make it more beautiful, you can tie a little bow round the cat's neck with some ribbon.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

(3) Our competition corner.

1. Try and fill in the blank spaces, so that the following little verse makes sense:—

m - d - any fr - - gr - - t t - - es,
cr - - m a - d p - nk and wh - - e,
The - e gr - - e f - lly rep - s - s
O - e bl - - dr - d ro - - s - bri - - t
Tha - - ts s - - ken p - - - ls shi - - er
L - ke r - b - es - ll agl - - ,
W - - n cau - - - in t - - g - - d - n
gl - m - - r.

Of a sp - - klin - bri - - t s - nb - - m.
2. In the following words, or sentences, the meanings of Indian girls' names are given, what are the names themselves? Here is an example. Clue:—Peace.
Answer: Santi.

- (1) Dawn.
- (2) Wide-eyed.
- (3) Very white.
- (4) Good-charactered.
- (5) Jewel of desire.
- (6) Deception.

The first correct solutions of the above two competitions together, that will reach us by March 15th, will be given a prize of Rs. 3, provided there are at least six entries. The Editor's decision is final, and only those who are fourteen or below, can enter. Kindly state age, name and address when you send in your answers.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

IT was evening, and the daylight was fast fading. The sun had already sunk behind the purple hills far away in the West, and the only traces of its erstwhile glory were a few flaming clouds that lingered on, as if reluctant to leave the earth in entire darkness. The green fields lay still and quiet, expect for a gentle stir in the ripe paddy, which rustled in hushed whispers, in response to the pressure of a gentle breeze. Reapers, who had reaped the live-long day, bundled

their sheaves together, and raised them on to their heads, most of them were women.

"Hurry on there," said a man's voice "Don't loiter and stare in that fashion. It is getting late, take your bundles and go home," and silently the women obeyed, posing their heavy burdens gracefully on their heads, and swaying rythmically as they marched homewards.

They passed close to me, and stopped a second to stare at me. Why are our

working classes so fond of just standing and staring?

"How much *cooly* do you get a day?" I asked? They vaguely showed two or three fingers, and indicated that they received about three annas. Then they went on their way, and left me wondering.

The working classes of India, I thought, were the solid toiling labourers of our land, without whom we would not be able to live. And still, how many of us, richer Indian women, take any trouble about them? We either despise them, or are so indifferent that we do not care an atom about their welfare. Millions upon millions of silent toilers spend their lives in ignorance and a happy unconcern, never trying to aspire higher or to envy the happier lot of richer people, just living day after day in sordid surroundings, until death claims them in the end. How can India progress, I thought, with such millions of ignorant simple people? No doubt, ignorance is bliss in some cases; but,

when a nation aspires to reach a high level of civilisation, it must see that the greater part of its population does not live and die in happy indifference. The lower classes must be taught to be citizens of the country, and to have a social value in their lives. They must not be content with their unhappy lots. They must be taught cleanliness, sanitation, and the importance of living in such a way that their country's civilization may be all the better for their having lived and died. They must have a voice in important matters. Is it not up to us, then, the richer, more lucky, women of India, to enter into the lives of our poorer sisters, to talk to them and teach and encourage them to give up their inferiority complex and above all to make them realise that they are Indian, and must do their duty in the social uplift of the country? There is such excellent work for all of us if we only take the trouble to find it. Let us take an interest in our working women, and see what we can do.

PUNKAJAM.

Our Chess Page

BY BHARADWAJA.

NOTATION.

THE art of expressing the different moves in chess was not at its best during the early stages of the play in India. The Indian system numbered the 64 squares, and for obvious reasons, the method lacked uniformity. There was no correspondence play in those days, and the contingency of having a systematic notation did not arise. Owing to the fact that a particular move could not be expressed in terms of understandability except by placing the pieces on the board, the Western savants invented the

chess notation. The methods pursued by each were very simple and not very difficult to understand.

First, there is the continental notation. This is very widely adopted in the continent of Europe. This is also called the Algebraical notation. There are some inherent difficulties in mastering this, and when once it is mastered, there is nothing to equal this system. The terms used are not generally understood by English-speaking people, and the English system is the best for us.

The English system proceeds on the basis already indicated in the first articles which appeared in this Magazine. The calculation and description are so very simple and clean that it requires no effort to understand. The Forsyth Notation is intended to describe the particular positions of the pieces on the Chess Board.

We intend dealing with the several notations in our next article. "Errors like straws under the surface float, and he who seeks for pearls must dive below." Many chess players, without understanding the notation, give faulty moves with tragic results, and a complete understanding of

the notation is an essential item to be studied and mastered.

(To be continued).

Notes and Comments. Anent the problem prize offer, we have not received any efforts from readers till now. Probably, it is due to the fact that readers have not yet reached the stage of sending a problem. We would respectfully invite the attention to the problem by S. Lloyd, which we published with the parable in an earlier issue, just to remind the readers of what is needed. There is an inkling of the chess notation also there. We propose to extend the time by another month.

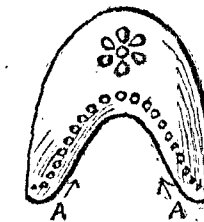
Household Hints.

Make your own slippers.

I noticed a lady wearing a very pretty pair of velvet half-slippers. "Where did you get those from?" I asked. "I made them myself," she replied. Then, I bought some velvet, and made a pair myself, and now, although it is over

three years since I finished them, they are still very useful to me.

Buy about half-a-yard of velvet, and mark out two pieces shaped as shown in diagram, according to the measurement of your foot.



Trace some simple design on the velvet, and embroider with gold or silver thread. For a variety, you can sometimes do bead-work. Then, give the velvet pieces to a shoe-maker, and ask him to make them into half-slippers, and to edge the part marked A—A with leather, to keep it strong. You will find

that this sort of work is very interesting, and something to fill idle moments when you are chatting with your friends.

Half-slippers are always so useful to wear at home, and when made by yourself they have an extra attraction.

PADDY.

Cookery Notes.

(1) WINCHESTER CAKE.

CREAM $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, add gradually 1 cup sugar, 2 squares melted chocolate, 2 well-beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, which has been mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and 1 teaspoonful sifted baking powder. Beat well and add one teaspoonful vanilla essence. Bake in one loaf. Use Mocha (Coffee) frosting.

(2) RUSSIAN TOFFEE.

2 cups of brown sugar.

2 egg-size butter.
1 tea cup cream.
1 tablespoon water.
2 teaspoons vanilla.

Stir all together over a gentle heat, until a little dropped into cold water will stiffen, colour with a little cochineal and boil sharply for 3 minutes. Pour on to greased tin and cut when cold. Boil 15 minutes.

H. K. PHILIP.

Needle Work Notes.

A SARI BORDER

CHOOSE some velvet of the colour of the flowers, whose representation you would like to carry out. Pale pink velvet for pink roses; dark blue for violets; red for red roses, etc., will be right. Sometimes the flowers may be all in black. Cut out paper patterns of the flower and leaf: and mark them out on the velvet. Then cut the flowers and leaves and applique them on the border with a close button-hole stitch in silk of the same shade. French knots in yellow for the flower hearts will be all right.

For the ground, a rich satin ribbon of harmonizingly contrasting shade will be good.

Sometimes, round the flowers, gold thread can be used, by sewing it down with yellow silk. Spangles can be used for the centres of the flowers.

The pattern may be a conventional and regular one, or a random and artistic mode.

The flowers and leaves must be joined together by stalks and tendrils in green silk chain or stem stitch. K. S.

Health Notes.

(SELECTED)

EAT COCOANUTS FOR HEALTH.

IN view of the cheapness of cocoanuts, the following passage from a paper read by Sir Marcus Fernando on its food value is of added interest:—

Recent investigations have indicated to us the necessity of maintaining the proper proportions of the different forms of foodstuffs in a physiologically-balanced diet. The cocoanut kernel, from a nutritive standpoint, is exceptionally rich in fats. The mature fruit contains over 60 per cent of fats and the rest consists of proteins and carbohydrates. Rice is wonderfully deficient in fats. Its fat content is less than one per cent and this deficiency is a serious cause of ill health and inefficiency in a rice-eating people, when not supplemented by a reasonable proportion of animal or vegetable fats. In the fresh kernel of the cocoanut we have a form of fat and nitrogenous food most appropriate to supply the deficiency of a rice diet.—*Wealth and Welfare*.

BLOOD POISONING.

One of the commonest signs of blood poisoning and a lowered state of health is a crop of boils, observes "A Physician" in *The Times of India*.

Organisms which have entered the blood stream, seize on any damaged part of the skin and begin to multiply there. They destroy the surrounding parts and form boils, varying in size.

These can be treated in the ordinary way with hot boracic fomentations, but your general health must also be watched.

Keep the bowels open, not by purgatives, unless these are necessary, but by taking plenty of fresh fruit and green vegetables and a good tonic.

If the condition does not clear up, vaccine or injection treatment is necessary, and you should consult your doctor.—*The Indian Review*.

GOAT'S MILK.

Goat's milk is superior to cow's milk for the following reasons:—

It is more easily digestible by infants and invalids.

It is free from tuberculosis.

It is clean.

It is rich in butter fat.

It contains very valuable salts.

The following are the properties of goat's milk according to Ayurveda.

(1) It produces heat. (2) It gives bodily strength. (3) It cures intestinal colic. (4) It is an antidote for many poisons. (5) It is an anthelmintic. (6) It cures chronic fevers. (7) It cures all the lung lesions. (8) It combats anaemia. (9) It is the best of all milks and good for children in the absence of breast milk.

It is *contra-indicated* in (1) pregnancy, (2) atrophic liver diseases and (3) headache.

Its bad effects can be counteracted by (1) honey, (2) sugar, (3) buttermilk and (4) lime juice.—(*Vastu Guna Deepika*).

SINGING FOR HEALTH.

"Modern physiologists have established the fact that singing has a very beneficial action on the circulation. It accelerates the blood flow, revitalizes the tissues, eliminates toxins and other poisonous wastes. It gives one a general feeling of well-being, without having to exert oneself in strenuous exercises to obtain the same ends. Setting up exercises are essentially for the purpose of getting the blood to move faster. Very few people seem to care for a daily dozen prescribed set of vigorous motions. Why not, then, sing a lively tune, a song with lots of pep and go.

And yet that is not all, for singing has also a marked influence on respiration. It undoubtedly strengthens the throat and lungs. By a purely mechanical process it expands the chest and puts an end to any vicious habit of breathing through the open mouth, instead of the nose. It is a well-known fact that pulmonary and chest complaints, as well as catarrh, are rare among singers. Indeed, I have known some physicians to say that singing not only prevents chest complaints, but it may also be used actually as a curative measure against them.

The digestive process also comes in for its share of benefit. In 1881, Dr. Walter H. Walshe, of London, wrote

a treatise, "Dramatic Singing Physiologically Estimated," wherein he asserts that singing is of marked benefit in jaundice, liver complaints and indigestion. It aids in extracting the nutritive elements of food, and facilitates digestion. This is easily explained by the fact that singing involves deep breathing, and deep breathing leads to considerable oxidation of body tissues which occasions hunger and increases the appetite. What more natural way is there? What need is there for tonics and pills when a good song will do?

Teachers of singing have always noticed that the appetite and digestion of children being trained to sing are always superior to non-singers. The trainers of choir boys, when questioned as to the digestive prowess of their young charges always make statements such as these: "Singing always makes boys hungry." "Singing is certainly appetizing." And the late Professor Philip Armes, of Durham, England, said that his boys have the "appetites of horses and the digestion of ostriches." We have here a sort of double action, the mechanical exercise of the muscles of the abdomen, throwing back of the head, and deep inspiration, while the increased amount of oxygen absorbed improves the blood.

(Health.)

News and Notes.

(SELECTED)

CHILD MARRIAGE IN BARODA STATE.

An important amendment to the existing Child Marriage Prevention Act in the Baroda State Territory has been proposed by the Government of Baroda

with the object of bringing the said Act in line with the Sarda Act operating in the British Territory. It may be recalled that the Act to prevent Child marriages was introduced in the Baroda State 27 years ago, when the marriageable age

of the bride was fixed at 12 and that of the bridegroom at 16 years. The Sarda Act, when it was adopted by the Legislative Assembly, went a little further and fixed the marriageable age at 14 and 18 for the girl and the boy respectively. There being, therefore, the difference between the ages fixed in the British Territory and Baroda State and the two territories being inter-locked in Gujarat and parts of Kathiawar, there were several instances of parents residing in the British Territory taking their children to Baroda State limits to get them married there on account of the shorter age limit. There were numerous questions in the Baroda State Legislative Council over the disparity between the two Acts and the State Government was asked to bring the Act at par with the British Act. His Highness the Maharaja had, therefore, appointed a Committee under the presidentship of Mr. Shampatrao Gaikwar to go into the question and recommend whether an amendment to the Act was necessary. The Committee reported sometime ago and recommended that the Act should be amended to make it impossible for British Subjects to commit a breach of the Sarda Act in the Baroda State Territory. The recommendations of the Committee were published and opinions on it were invited. The public opinion appeared to be in favour of the proposed amendment. Again the same Committee had recommended that the age of consent be raised to 14 years for the husband and 18 years for others, and that recommendation had been given effect to by His Highness the Maharaja. In view of these recommendations and developments and in view of the fact that the Sarda Act had been welcomed by a large majority in the British Territory, His Highness the Maharaja was desirous of amending the Child Marriage Prevention Act in as much as the age of the bridegroom and the bride was concerned. The proposed amendment seeks to raise the age of the girl to 14 years and of the boy to 18.

Objections, if any, have been invited to the amendment within two months at the end of which the Act would be amended as proposed.—*The Times of India.*

AHMEDABAD VANITA VISHRAM

In 1905, Srimati Sulochana Desai was widowed at the tender age of sixteen. But being a courageous woman she did not lose heart. The calamity at her own doors made her think of others in the same plight. She soon made up her mind as to the future career for herself and her young widowed daughter. They must, she thought, devote themselves to the betterment of the condition of Hindu women and particularly Hindu widows.

In July 1906, she took in a child widow of ten years into her house and thus made a beginning of a widows' home. She also started at the same time the SARASWATI MANDIR, where she put her books and formed a library. A learned Sastri was induced to give discourses on religion at the place and women were also initiated into the meaning of the Bhagwat Gita and other scriptures. This attracted a large number of ladies to the Saraswati Mandir, which later developed into the present VANITA VISHRAM.

The Vanita Vishram of Ahmedabad is celebrating its Silver Jubilee and has prepared a consolidated report of its work during the last 25 years. It has now a fine building of its own in the thickly populated part of the city, worth Rs. 80,000. It conducts a primary school for girls and a high school for young ladies.

There is a widows' home maintained by the Vanita Vishram, where poor widows are boarded, educated and given clothes free of charge. The idea is to make them self-supporting.

The Home has now also a gymnasium for girls and has got a young lady specially trained at Baroda for this work.

Quite a number of girls have been attracted towards gymnasium, and it is expected that it will do much to better the physique of womanhood.—*The Modern Review*.

WOMEN THE WORLD OVER.

Extracts from Statement by Women's Consultative Committee on Nationality with regard to the Hague Nationality Convention submitted to the Assembly of the League of Nations on the Question of The Nationality of Women through the Secretary-General:

Not only has there been a great change in the actual position of women under the laws relating to nationality, there has also been an ever-growing demand on the part of women for reform in this field. Since 1905, when women began to work internationally upon this subject, one body of women after another has joined in the movement, until to-day practically all of the international organisations of women, with branches in nearly every country and representing many millions of women, are united in the demand for recognition of the right of a woman to her own independent nationality. The Hague Convention has failed entirely to take into account this new position of women. It has failed also to take into account the strength of the demand on the part of women for equality in any international convention adopted upon this subject.

The Committee wishes to point out, with regard to the demand for equality between men and women in nationality, that the most important and necessary applications of this principle are:

(a) That marriage should no more effect the nationality of a woman than it affects the nationality of a man;

(b) That the right of a woman to retain her nationality or to change it by naturalisation, denationalisation or denaturalisation should not be denied or abridged because she is a married woman;

(c) That the nationality of a woman, whether married or unmarried, should not be changed or lost except under conditions which cause a man to change or lose his nationality;

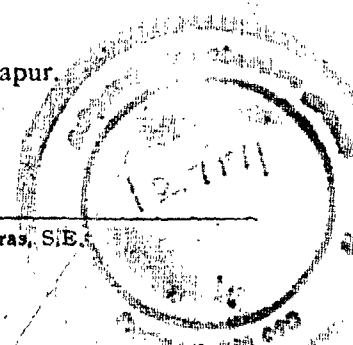
(d) That facilities of choice should be given to either spouse on marriage to take the nationality of the other;

(e) That with respect to the derivation of nationality from a parent, the nationality of one parent should be given no preference over that of the other.

In conclusion, the Committee calls to the attention of the Assembly that to write into this Convention an unequal treatment of men and women is in direct opposition to the principle laid down by the Assembly that the spirit of the codification "should not confine itself to the mere registration of existing rules, but should aim at adapting them, as far as possible, to contemporary conditions of international life"; a principle also accepted by the Preparatory Committee of the Codification Conference when it declared that "the work of codification involves the risk of setback in international law if the content of the codification instrument is less advanced than the actually existing law."—*Stri-Dharma*.

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