

Zenobia,

THE REBEL QUEEN OF PALMYRA

BY N. B.

DURING the palmy days of the Roman empire, beginning almost from the Christian era, Palmyra was one of the greatest cities in the East. It had no rivals nearby in wealth or beauty or in the warlike spirit of its inhabitants. Situated in the midst of the dreary Syrian desert, it facilitated trade between East and West, lying on the caravan route which stretched between Phoenicia and the Persian gulf. It also served as the northern emporium for the rare products of Arabia. It was primarily a city of the Arab aristocracy, whose duty it was to protect the caravan routes on both sides and who derived their large revenue and wealth by imposing a liberal tax on all merchandise passing through them.

The city had also a mixed population, comprising Jews, Phoenicians and Persians, many of whom were wealthy merchants dealing in valuable commodities which passed through their hands on their way from East to West, such as silks, woollens, gold, silver, spices, incense, etc. They formed an aristocracy by themselves, and contributed not a little to the dignity and splendour of their famous city.

When the Romans established themselves along the Syrian coast, the city bowed its head to the eagle's might and became thereafter one of their most cherished possessions in the East. But, the Romans did not disturb the internal administration of the city, which was carried on as before by a council of elders, though under Roman suzerainty. There were councilmen, justices, officers

for collecting taxes, for the city guards and army, secretaries in charge of temples, worship and festivals, superintendents of schools, wells etc., etc. The city was beautiful; its Sun temple, famous alike for its structure as for its sanctity throughout the East, was a tone end. The broad avenues were lined with the stately mansions of the merchant princes, and the principle thoroughfare facing the Sun-temple had a row of colonnades on both sides, dedicated by inscriptions to the heroes who fell defending their city or their caravans. This avenue was said to have been 1,240 yards long, with 750 columns on both sides, built of limestone, each 52 feet high. Though unchangeably Semitic at heart, the people adopted all the Roman customs current at the time, so that, in the eyes of a stranger, the city put on an appearance of a distant Roman colony.

Palmyra came to political prominence when the Parthian wars broke out. The city declared itself whole-heartedly in favour of the Roman cause and scored many a signal victory to its credit. The members of one family who had adopted the Roman name of Septimius, after that of the emperor, specially distinguished themselves in these wars. Their services were gratefully recognised by Rome and they were awarded honour after honour, till Odenathus, the husband of Zenobia, was promoted from the ranks of a Roman Senator to the unparalleled dignity of a Consul. Odenathus appears to have been a daring yet sagacious general, often putting to shame his colleagues in the Roman army. The

necessary ambition was put into his life by his wife, who was largely responsible for shaping his policy. The Palmyrene soldiers were not in any way inferior in warlike skill to the famous Romans. It is found in records that they were the best archers in the Roman army and were present in large bodies in all the Roman victories gained in various parts of Europe. The Jewish chronicles relate that there were 80,000 Palmyrene archers in the Roman army during the first sack of Jerusalem.

After the unfortunate reversal sustained by the Emperor Valerian, in which he was taken prisoner by the Parthians, and his death in captivity, Odenathus reorganised his army with what was left of the Roman legions, engaged King Shapur and totally defeated him at the celebrated battle of Ctesiphon, and in a series of further brilliant engagements won back for Rome all their lost possessions in the East. For this signal service, Odenathus was promoted to the rank of a prince of the line and put in charge of their Eastern empire, which he was ruling as a sort of vice-emperor. Shortly afterwards, Odenathus was assassinated with his eldest son, and his power came into the hands of his able and ambitious wife, Zenobia.

Zenobia was a famous beauty of those days. But, she is not known to us by her beauty alone. Her unbounded ambition, her daring revolt against the mighty Roman power, her intensive wars, her genius for real generalship, her brilliant victories and finally, her sad end as a captive in Rome—these have given her an honoured place in history. Immediately on her husband's death, she took over the reins of government into her own hands, on behalf of her younger son and conducted it successfully. Her territories extended over Syria, Arabia, Cilicia, Phoenicia and Armenia. Though ostensibly ruling as the deputy of Rome, she had her own ambitious designs, in the furtherance of which she spared herself no pains. She had a vast army, well-

disciplined, and her genius for war was unrivalled. She was extremely popular among her subjects, and her beauty and charm, aided by her commanding personality, ensured for her the utmost devotion and obedience of all her high-placed servants. Besides, signs of gradual weakening were visible in the central power of Rome, which helped the growth of her ambition. She determined to set up an independent empire in the East, outrivalling that of great Rome. She weighed in the scale the relative strength of her two great neighbours, Persia and Rome, and resolved first to attack the Roman power and wrest the still remaining Eastern possessions from its hand.

With this object in view, the redoubtable queen set out with an army numbering 70,000 chosen men and attacked Egypt. Many of the details of this famous fight are however lacking. The Romans under Probus showed a determined resistance, but to no avail. Zenobia's army, guided by herself, won after a severe engagement and, driving out the Romans, she set up her son Wahab Allath, *alias* Athenodorus, as king of Egypt. She then marched through Palestine and Asia Minor and annexed both those provinces to her dominions, strengthening her conquests by establishing strong garrisons of her own. Still, to keep up appearances, she styled her son king of Egypt and, inserted on his coins, the name of Aurelian, the then emperor of Rome with the title of Augustus. She herself ruled at Palmyra with her old and lawful title of queen. She did not feel herself sufficiently powerful yet to assume the imperial title and insignia, which, however, was her eventual ambition. The central power of Rome had its hands full at the time, with dangers threatening nearer home. Zenobia was, however, watching developments and waiting for an opportunity to throw off even the semblance of subordination to Rome. That came soon after and her allegiance to Rome was definitely severed, when her son assumed the title of Augustus and she herself that of Augusta,

in 271 A.D. The Romans could not brook this last indignity put upon them, and their power was yet strong enough to put in motion their legions against the usurpers of their glorious and well-guarded imperial title. Probus brought heavy reinforcements from Rome and resumed the warfare in Egypt. The Romans fought tenaciously in defence of their national dignity and prestige and, though the Palmyrenes offered a stiff resistance, they were finally defeated after terrible slaughter on both sides. The young king of Egypt was forced to flee for safety. The Romans pursued their victory, and the contending forces again met at Antioch. Zenobia's famous general, Zabda, led the battle, while she herself directed the operations. Her star was on the wane. The Palmyrene forces, in spite of their resolute stand, were again defeated and had to retreat along the caravan route, with the victorious Romans in hot pursuit. At Emesa, they met again with a similar result. Zenobia hastily retreated to her capital with the remnant of her army and made preparations to withstand a siege.

At length, the emperor himself appeared before the walls of Palmyra and commenced the siege. The siege of Palmyra was a memorable one, second only to that of Jerusalem in severity: so was the heroism displayed on both sides. It has furnished materials for a host of imaginative writers to dilate upon. Queen Zenobia conducted her defence vigorously, infusing fresh strength and courage into her soldiers by her brave presence and her exhortations. The siege and defence went on in grim earnest, and the enemy had no near chance of

gaining an entrance. But the queen appears to have suddenly lost heart and contrived to escape with her sons. Her flight was discovered and she was captured by the Romans near the Euphrates on her way into Persia. With what intention she had proceeded thither was not known. On hearing the news of the capture of their beloved queen, the city surrendered into the hands of the enemy. Aurelian entered the city, which was voluntarily handed over to him and with a judicious policy spared the lives of its inhabitants. But, he put to death the chief advisers of the queen. The queen herself, he reserved to grace his triumphal entry. After stationing a strong garrison in the city, he returned to Rome. This was in the spring of 272 A.D.

In the autumn of the same year, while the emperor was yet on his way to Rome, the citizens of Palmyra revolted and, having put to the sword the Roman garrison, declared Antiochus their king. Aurelian, on hearing this, returned unexpectedly and, retaking the city, mercilessly gave to the sword its inhabitants. Though he relented in the end and spared the lives of the remaining citizens and did his best to re-establish the city and restored the Sun-temple, Palmyra did not recover its lost glory.

Queen Zenobia played the game of her life well with a manly prowess and instinct. But fate, which had first smiled on her, later betrayed her into the hands of her enemy. She figured as was expected in the emperor's triumphal progress through Rome and afterwards lived with her sons at Tibur, accepting her fate with dignity like a Roman matron.



Mrs. E. S. Hensman, who has just passed away, after a very useful life of seventy-five years. A woman of sound judgment, she was old-fashioned in some things, but yet understood the spirit of youth, and tolerated many of the modern aspects of life. Her motherly counsel was sought and accepted by many. She was the wise head of a large well-brought up Indian Christian family. She was an enthusiastic honorary Zenana mission worker, and her tactful presence was welcomed in many a Hindu family. She was a great friend of the poor. Her loss will be mourned by a large circle of friends in India and outside India.

Mrs. S. P. S. IYER,

Honorary Secretary of the Women's Indian Association, Burma.



Among the few Indian Ladies, that are taking an active part in the public life of Burma, the name of Mrs. S. P. S. Iyer stands out prominent. She went to Rangoon in the year 1905, where she has since settled. In Rangoon, she has taken an active interest in promoting the education of girls and in organising Indian Women with a view to their social amelioration.

Mrs. Iyer has served for several years on the Executive Committee of the Sarda Sadan, a leading educational institution for girls. She was also for some time a member of the Indian Red Cross Society, Burma. She has been serving on the Publicity Committee of the National Council of Women in Burma. She was also an active member of the Monday Afternoon Club for many years. She has been frequently deputed by the National Council of Women in Burma to visit the Reformatory School, Insein, and the Central Jail, Rangoon.

She organised a Women's Indian Association five years ago, of which she was appointed Honorary Secretary. She has also been elected Vice-President in The Hindu Dramatic Club, Rangoon.

In the year 1929, Mrs. Iyer was deputed to attend the All-India Women's Conference at Calcutta as a delegate. At this Conference, she spoke on the abolition of the Purda System and the Dowry System.

After the terrible earthquake in Pegu in 1930, Mrs. Iyer distributed clothes to some destitute people.

Men and Women in India.

IT is a truism that popular claims are very often one-sided. The cry of women for absolute equality with men is a case point. It has become so vociferous and so forceful that it has almost ceased to rouse opposition and even criticism. Women are fast going ahead. And yet, the demand, it can be called nothing less, brings in its train many complexes which have yet to be brought into line.

One of the chief of these, it is needless to say, is sex-attraction. The problem, of course, changes as the state of woman changes. If she is thought, or thinks herself to be, inferior to man, then naturally she becomes his willing tool. If she is thought equal to man, but in different spheres of life, then the question of sex will become more prominent than ever. If, however, she is thought the equal of man in everything, it stands to reason that she ought to hold her own and keep him at arm's length.

Equality with man presupposes the inevitable conclusion that the two halves of humanity are at perfect liberty to move unconstrainedly with each other. This must mean one of three things; the first being that there is no difference at all between the two. That this is not correct is a foregone conclusion. Woman is, as the greater part of the world is so often asserting, inferior, as well as superior, to man. She is inferior in physique and in that part of the intellect, where strength is concerned. She is less stolid and less forceful, and yet she has more endurance, more power of self-sacrifice, more pity, consideration and tenderness. Man can concentrate; woman must diverge. Man can be wholly just and uncompromising;

woman, with her more impulsive heart, must needs cater to other and more humane sides of her nature. Man is grim and rough, woman is delicate and charming. Man is the protector; woman is the protected, all the dearer because of her fragility. Man is the house-guardian; woman is the home-maker. How then can they be absolutely equal?

The second pre-supposition is that the spiritual has so far overcome the material that there can be no fear of any dire consequences from free association between men and women. That this can happen only in the far distant future, if at all, is another foregone conclusion. There is, therefore, the third conclusion left, that any undesirable consequences, which might ensue, must not be taken into account at all. Can this be true? The world is, undoubtedly, becoming more immoral, while trying to blind itself into the belief that changes can be justified according to different stages and circumstances of life. No doubt, this is true in certain aspects, as when the Mosaic law was widened by Christian law. But, in all the ages and periods of the changing world, is there not a standard of morality, which is fixed in principle, in spite of all our varying glimpses of it?

Marvellous indeed are the changes in the views of morality, so marvellous that even Christianity is being altered to suit progressive mortals. On all sides, we hear the cry that it is right to go back to Nature. Divorce is the fashion; trial marriage is being advocated. Run-away matches and elopements are being excused on the plea of finding happiness. In modern novels, we find that, what once

was thought inexcusable and inadmissible in a girl's life, viz., a questionable past, is now being kindly tolerated by the prospective husband. Homes are giving place to hotels; self-indulgence is winked at. In schools and colleges, at camps and in sporting circles, the dominance of sex is apparent. Excited voices, high ejaculations, arch glances, fugitive touches, surreptitious hand-clasps, silly jokes, flippant views, tempting allusions, foolish slang, are prevalent, not between one man and one woman, but between any man and any woman.

Whose fault is it? Being a woman, I suppose I should not accuse the woman first, but I do. The *Eternal Feminine* is at fault. The woman is the one, whose special charm is meant for attraction. When even Adam, the most unspoilt creature of God, had to give in to Eve, the simplest woman on earth, how can modern man with all his imperfections resist the all-daring modern woman? On the other hand, are men then not to blame? Yes, they are. With their boasted masculine strength, they ought not to allow themselves to be drawn into the feminine net.

It is right to say that dangers must be adventured, that there can be no progress without risk, that eventually everything will right itself. Such a thing is bound to be, when "God's in His Heaven, and all's right with the world." But, in the meanwhile, is our generation and the next to go to decay? Are all our children to grow up foolishly venture-some?

Such a thing cannot, and should not, happen in India, where good women were once of such account that their very touch could cause barren bushes to blossom, and their very words could make and unmake lives. From tradition and legend, from nature and character, from custom and habits, from training and education, from the very fact that our progress has been rather backward, India must be careful in this matter. We certainly cannot forge ahead as Western

women do, in the matter of equality with men, as the conditions of the West are different from those of the East. Let us do it with reservations, which after all will turn out to be the right limits. Let us admit real facts. The world of women knows that much that it asserts now is pretence, and it is blinding its eyes to the real fact. Yet, the admission must be made some day generally, even as individuals are allowing now. Let our Indian women be more wise and admit at once what cannot be denied. They must not be afraid that they are falling behind. They are not. They are only not hypocrites. Hence, there will be no discredit to them in the end, but praise, in that they were able to see more ahead than others.

Of course, this does not mean that the seclusion of women, which is so prevalent in India, should be continued. Far from it. Our women do need healthy association with men. It is absolutely necessary that real friendship between the two should be nurtured and encouraged. Yet, it cannot be denied that there must be safeguards and limitations in this poor world of ours, at least till the *Golden Millennium* is reached. It is very difficult to say what ought to be done in India. The first thing necessary is, I suppose, constant association between the two halves of humanity from childhood, in schools and college, in society, in work, in public circles and at home.

Secondly, there must be guidance, but there is no use of straining the reins too much. With the best of training, they are bound to snap in the end. Therefore, what is needed much is really the education of public opinion. The first among the pupils should be the old-fashioned parents and elders of India, who should be taught to throw themselves into the outlook of their children. "Understand the spirit of youth, be tolerant towards young weaknesses and youthful escapades; allow rope; live and let live; give your youths and maids a chance; be

sports." are some of the maxims, which should be held before them.

Let us take one of the objections raised against liberty being given to young people, viz., the possibility of undesirable love-matches. But, what of them, I ask. Is it not time that questions of the inequality of caste, birth, family, position, money, should be thrown aside, in favour of the happiness of young couples? It is indeed. Leaving aside such points, parents should concentrate more on warning their children against questionable characters and hasty marriages. If the children listen, all the better for them. If not, let the elders pray for them, and at the same time recognise that the indifference to their wishes is the fault, not only of their own training, but also of the want of confidence between them and their children. In fact, the secret of good feeling between parents and children lies in the friendliness between them. If parents have taken care to grow up with their young ones in sympathy and good fellowship, they may be sure that the latter will not easily flout their wishes; and, if their training has been a sound one, they may rest assured that almost invariably there will be a good and allowable reason for disobedient behaviour.

Thirdly, a careful teaching is necessary; and habits of self-control and discipline should be so familiar that they will become natural. This should not be too difficult. We know that modern youth, with all its surface indiscretions, has as warm and true a heart as the youth of older times. Much, therefore, can be done by tactful people, who are neither too strict, nor too tolerant. Youths and maidens will see then that adherence to

the standards of morality is, after all the best procedure in the world. They will learn the value of simplicity, frankness, straight-forwardness and honesty. Girls will understand the beauty and the dignity of true womanliness, but not at the loss of naturalness, or under the guise of false modesty and affectation. Boys will conduct themselves with true chivalry, and feel the instinct of homage and protection towards all women. The sacredness of the marriage-tie will be understood; and women will see that, once marriage has been entered into, the home with husband and children should come first, and all other things afterwards; that a husband is a husband, who when he turns out to be unfaithful, should not, while left severely alone, be deserted for another man.

Equality cannot mean antagonism between the two sexes. True liberty will not deteriorate into license. Men and women, if taught to talk and play together simply and naturally, will not utterly disregard conventionality, even while they are careful not to be smug, priggish and self-complacent. Laws may be man-made; but, unless absolutely wrong, they are laws to be guided by. Customs and regulations may be world-created; but, they are in a measure the safeguards of individual life and happiness. Hence, unnecessary flouting and selfish disregard of them will mean the undoing of humanity. Survival of the fittest, as we all know, does not mean the victory of the strongest or the most comfortable people, but the triumph of the most considerate and the most self-denying ones, the true ladies and gentlemen of the world.

"A DAUGHTER OF INDIA."

Some aspects of the Indian Renaissance

BY M. YANUMACHARYA, M.A.

(Continued from the last number.)

RENAISSANCE IN RELIGION.

THE heart of India is ever intensely religious. A result of the Renaissance spirit is the application of an alien standard or judgment to things that are indigenous, and the rising of many new religious reform movements. The spirit of scepticism and agnosticism, which animated Hume, Mill, Huxley and Herbert Spencer, found an echo in some of the finest Indian minds. The new wine of Western thought caused a turmoil. One great good emerged out of it all. It removed once and for all the dread of innovation. It stimulated a healthy spirit of inquiry and search for truth. A new thirst for a re-interpretation of ancient teachings, or for more satisfying forms of faith, took the place of the smug self-complacent attitude in things pertaining to religious life. Docility gave place to daring. This was the psychological moment for reforms in religion. They produced remarkable intellectual activity. Every new movement found a large number of adherents. Foreign religious missions worked with extraordinary zeal to win converts.

It was at this time that the Bramha Samaj was founded by Raja Ram Mohan Roy, one of the greatest thinkers in India within recent times. The object of the Bramha Samaj was to purify Hinduism from all its encrustations. In later days, it largely imbibed Christian ideas of Church and dogma. The idea of an

Oriental Christ and an Indianized Church of Christ slowly took shape in the minds of the distinguished leaders of the Bramha Samaj, like Pratap Chandra Muzumdar. Bramhoism became the religion of intellectually-minded Indians. Maharshi Derendranath Tagore was a leading Bramho. The poet Rabindranath Tagore came into the Bramha Samaj. Keshab Chandra Sen put an intense devotional fervour, reminiscent of the Chaitanya movement, into Bramhoism.

The Prarthana Samaj of Bombay set out to do a similar service to the educated Hindu, as the Bramha Samaj. It counted among its adherents men like Mahadeva Govinda Ranade and Dr. Ramakrishna Bhandarkar.

Educated Indians found their faith in the infallibility of the Vedas shaken to its foundations. They sought religious solace elsewhere. It needed the mighty intellect of Swami Dayananda Saraswati to rehabilitate the Vedic faith in modern India. The Arya Samaj he founded set about in its turn to revive the pristine purity of Vedic Hinduism. Rama and Krishna and the legends connected with them did not find favour with the Arya Samajist. The Avatars of puranic Hinduism were regarded as deified heroes of the race, who might command our respect and admiration, but not our worship. Hinduism became aggressive under the influence of the Arya Samaj. It became a proselytising faith. Re-con-

version of Hindu converts to Christianity or Islam was advocated. It taught the modern Hindu to be proud of the faith of his fathers. The Arya Samaj helped in the revival of an intense interest in the study of Sanskrit and the Vedas. The tenets of the Vedic faith were re-interpreted by its foremost exponents, in the light of modern thought. The Arya Samaj counted among its adherents men of the type of Swami Sraddhananda and Lala Lajpat Rai. The Arya Samaj succeeded in infusing new life into the nation.

It was about this time that the Theosophical movement came in. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, the two founders of the Theosophical Society in New York, transferred its headquarters to India in 1878. The Theosophical movement gave a fresh impetus to the study of ancient wisdom. It opened up the treasure of Indian literature to the world. It did much to re-establish 'Ancient wisdom' in the minds of all Hindus and turn them away from the great wave of materialism, which threatened to engulf Europe as well as Asia. It showed that India had a spiritual message to deliver to the world. It preached a toleration for all religions and opened its doors wide to all sects and creeds, provided they agreed on certain fundamental principles common to all religions. Dr. Annie Besant is the leading spirit of theosophical movement in India.

The Ramakrishna-Vivekananda movement, coming in the wake of the above religious reform movements, found a ready public. Romain Rolland has in recent times re-awakened European interest in this movement by his two interesting volumes

on Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. The Vedantists of this movement maintain that all religions are but different paths leading to one and the same goal, Mukti or the freedom of the soul.

All these religious movements, however different in their details, subscribe to the common truth propounded by Sri Krishna to Arjuna in the Gita. "However men approach me, even so do I welcome them, for the path men take from every side is Mine, O Partha!"

Renaissance in India, be it in letters or life, is guided by spiritual forces, the best exponent of which is the Bhagavad Gita or the song celestial. Its non-sectarian and universal interpretation of the highest truths of religion and philosophy has commended itself to every thinking man and woman in India. The Gita is the Bible of every Hindu. The Gita's teachings of disinterested service and self-sacrifice as the goal of religious activity have inspired our men and women at critical moments in India's struggle for freedom. India is a land where many cultures have met. The adherents of one culture can no longer ignore those of the other. They have met on the same soil. It is God's purpose that they must meet and mingle and show the world the way of reconciliation of rival claims.

As long as our national activities are inspired and sustained by the spiritual ideal of truth, peace and non-violence, which the Renaissance spirit has brought to the fore, there is every hope that India will once more become the beacon of light and the teacher of mankind. 'Ex-oriente lex' may then become more than a mere compliment.

Thoughts on "Ideal Womanhood."

[N.B.—We apologise for printing the word *Samuel*, instead of *Lemuel* in the article on *Ideal Womanhood* by E. Tampoe, in the December number of the I. L. M. We are very sorry indeed for the mistake.—Editor, I.L.M.]

BY E. SAMBAYYA

The short article on ideal womanhood, which appeared in the December issue of this paper invites a little comment.

The housewife that is portrayed in the book of Proverbs is a lovable, hardworking, dignified woman, with plenty of commonsense and sterling character, who has consideration for the needy. Mrs. Tampoe contrasts the modern woman with the woman described by Lemuel, and, though there is much truth in what she has said of the modern woman, the picture is still a little overdrawn.

Lemuel says that the ideal woman is hard-working. She has a thorough knowledge of the finances of her home and does not hesitate to aid to fill the common coffer. Women have always been economically independent, whenever the occasion rose for it. Our women need to learn that they too must share the task of getting money for the home, whenever it is necessary. Sometimes, this can be done by dispensing with the services of one or two domestic servants and at the same time the woman performing their duties. Every woman must be able to contribute productive labour towards the management of the home. Some kind of physical labour is not only necessary for the body, but it also does good to the soul. The excuse that some of our women give for not finding time to attend to some

of their household duties is largely unfounded.

Though Lemuel says that the ideal woman should work at her spinning wheel everyday, it is obvious that all the cloth we need for our dress is easily, and cheaply, supplied to us by the agency of the spinning and weaving factories. All the same, the value of working at the spinning wheel for an hour everyday cannot be overestimated, its effect on the moral and spiritual life of the individual being remarkable. Spinning on the *charka* is the most valuable discipline which, if the modern woman accepts voluntarily, reaps most fruitful results. To-day, the *charka* is the emblem of simplicity, self-respect and sincerity in India.

Mention is made of the relationship of the housewife to domestic servants. We employ men and women merely as a means to an end. We are interested in them in so far as they do a particular piece of work for us. We have lamentably forgotten the fact that men and women should always be treated as ends in themselves, and as personalities who possess infinite value in the sight of God. The house-mother must take a keen interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of her servants. Opportunities must be found to entertain them. It will be a splendid plan to let our servants have a

holiday in turn every now and then. The ideal woman refuses to let her home be run by servants entirely, while she runs up and down with a bunch of keys seemingly very busy.

It is most difficult to discuss the many little problems connected with one's costumes and ornaments. The usual charge that the modern woman has an inordinate fondness for elegant dressing apparel and expensive jewels is not altogether without some truth. A special liking on the part of a woman for these things might easily lead to unhappiness and misery in the event of their not being provided for. The ideal woman would be very wise in emulating man in the respect of avoiding jewels and specially expensive dressing apparel. Time, money and thought wasted on improving one's personal appearance by creams, powders and paints is hardly worth while considering, when there are much bigger and vital things in life, which would give us lasting satisfaction and happiness if the same amount of time and thought is spent on them. The ideal woman should invest her time in more profitable avocations. How many of our women endeavour to maintain the right kind of relation to God on the one hand and to man on the other? Our entire happiness and success in life largely depends upon these main factors, that we come up against day after day

and all day long. A sense of vocation marks the ideal woman. She approaches motherhood with it, and not as some phenomenon in life to which she must inevitably submit.

Reference has been made to the place of amusement in the life of the ideal woman. Recreation, both physical and mental, we must have. Recreation is calculated to refresh and recoup us for renewing our usual activities with greater enthusiasm and vigour, but not to kill time. To anyone who possesses a proper sense of values, it ought not to be difficult to discern which are questionable amusements and which are not. Certain amusements have a degrading influence. Some of our activities are not at all edifying. The ideal woman, who asks God not to lead her into temptation, will not be foolish enough to go and place herself right in the midst of temptation. No one has a right to make such hazardous experiments with herself or himself.

One of the most difficult problems of modern life is to place first things first and to place emphasis on the right thing. We make a shipwreck of our life when we place the emphasis on the wrong thing. But the ideal of "plain living and high thinking" is a safe guide to steer our destiny right, through the perplexing problems of life.

"Man creates his own image of woman, when he wishes to worship. Every man owns a finished picture of what he thinks is a Woman. The sad part is that most of us are not at all like that picture any more. The sadder part is that, while Man only spends half his time consorting with or loving this Myth, we spend nearly all our time—that is if we wish to be loved—in behaving, looking and practically playing the Myth. I think the acid test for real keenness is whether or not we enjoy being that Myth which the man thinks is a woman."

Editor's Notes.

(1) Women of Spain and Burma.

A SHORT time ago we took stock of the womanhood of Germany. This month, let us turn to the women of Spain, the beautiful and temperamental *Carmens* of Southern Europe. A short time ago, the full vote was granted to them, and the world is wondering what part these passionate and impulsive women of the South will play in politics. That they are charmingly fascinating at all times is known, not only from the famous musical opera of *Carmen*, but also from association with them. Here is a little description of them from the *New York Times Magazine*.—

"They are as dazzlingly lovely as it is possible to be in a merely human world. They may be not always very learned or very witty, but there is something in the spring of a high comb, something in a neat head of jet-black hair lightly overlaid with the black lace of the mantilla, something in the quick play of eyes and lips and teeth in a dark oval face draped in the mantilla's edging of little black balls, which makes them remembered long after much weightier matters have been forgotten."

It is interesting to note that the Spanish woman of the middle-class has a high sense of domestic duty. Her home is the centre of her life, where she works as hard as her men in outer life. She is not fond of sports. Yet, she is quick and vivacious, intelligent and interested in world affairs; and, at the same time, dignified and stately. She is a very religious woman, and she takes cognizance of death in rather a realistic manner; being generally in a state of mourning for each and every one of her relations.

The woman of the lower class, on the other hand, is a worker in the field and in the factories.

The Spanish woman, on the whole, does not care for competition with man; and it is partly due to economic pressure that she is coming out to work in the sphere of man, chiefly under the republic. It is noteworthy that there are two women Deputies in the Parliament now, one of whom is the Director of prisons. Women lawyers, doctors and chemists abound everywhere; and there are many clever women in banks and offices. There have been also, during the last century, novelists and poets among them; and some of them are occupying chairs in the University.

"What effect is this immense reservoir of feminine vitality likely to exert on Spain, now that it has at last begun to move after centuries of apparent stillness?" asks the New York paper. Much that is good evidently; for, under the exterior of the attractively feminine Spanish womanhood is tremendous strength of character, dignity and dogged resolution, which is sure to win its way in the end.

It is noteworthy that in Burma, the condition of woman is a very advanced one. Madame Oung, the woman delegate to the Burma Round Table Conference, has affirmed that marriage in Burma is a perfect partnership and founded on complete equality. Marriage is a civil contract, and a couple enter into it with common consent. Everything is shared, and business affairs are carried on in the joint names of husband and wife. Any inheritance after marriage is shared, though property held before marriage remains to the individual. Joint earnings are used, and the wife often ekes out

the income by trading, or in any other way. Divorce is not common, because married couples are so content; and, if sought at all, is obtained by mutual consent. There is no sex seclusion, and hence the woman does not feel herself inferior to the man. She is allowed to go out into the world, and earn her own living. And yet, she loves her home and her family, even though she wears no ring to show she is married, just as a man in other countries would not. Burmese women therefore are "individuals, with a special personality. What we earn, what we own, is ours. We are responsible for our own actions. We are ourselves, even when married."

The question of equal vocational opportunity to both sexes has always been a difficult problem. It hinges, as we know, on education; and "the drama of education," as an Indian lady said, "may be compared to a veritable tragedy, with inward calamities, such as perverted ideals, debased standards, self-centred activities, weakened will-power, lowered vitality, and a profound misconception of the value and meaning of life." So, one is forced to the conclusion that training is the test of life; in spite of sex differentiation, a trained woman can be equal, if not better, in certain spheres than a trained man. As a well-known member of an English University said: "in a well-ordered society there are no monopolies of civic function, or of intellectual, in imaginative activity based on sex, but there are limitations imposed on all in the form of physical, intellectual and moral qualities and aptitudes, inherent in the individual as such. Whether it be surgery or poetry, acting or nursing, teaching in a kindergarten or research, domestic administration or scavenging, aviation or dress-making, a trained woman may be the equal of a trained man, or she may be a great deal worse than an untrained man." But training cannot be everything in life, if it is taken up merely with the idea of a career. As the Vice-Chancellor of the Mysore University

remarked, one "looked forward to the day, when young women would come to college, without any special view to following a profession, but simply for the culture to be derived from the right kind of University course, fitting them to become founders and mistresses of refined homes, and bringing uplift in standards of living and of thinking into educated communities."

When this aspect of life is fully recognised and taught by all schools and colleges, then and then alone will women advance to their proper sphere in life.

(2) The contribution of Indian Women to Modern Life.

There is an interesting article by Mrs. M. Hensman in the *Young Men of India* about the contribution of women to India to day, with which we entirely agree. Mrs. Hensman lays stress on the fact that home should be given "the first and most important place, as best suited to the genius of the sex." Since the woman alone is fully concerned with the home, "the happiness of a little world depends on her". Her precept and example are necessary for the well-being of each child. It is she alone who can exercise the right degree of control and vision that will make a home. At the same time, she must remember that, if she is to guide her little ones properly, she need not allow her whole time to be completely absorbed by others, but must find spare time and energy for outside work.

In educating her children, a mother can help most by "bridging the gulf between home and school." If she can, she may actually help her children with their lessons; if not, she can take an interest in them and in their games, and can keep their study time free from interruptions. She can consult with the teacher; and if possible she must train herself to be fit to guide the thinking and reading of her children and discuss with them the problems of life, thus gaining their confidence, "and sympathising with

their independence, while guiding their enthusiasms."

Mrs. Hensman also notes the contribution of professional women, such as the teacher, the doctor, the nurse, the lawyer, the secretary and the business woman. There are other ways of service also suggested for use in spare time, which should "be spent as independently as possible." Women's clubs, certified schools for destitutes and delinquents, homes for the physically and the mentally defective, direct social service, as well as indirect social service, such as reforms in bad customs, caste restrictions, superstitions, untouchability, etc., insistence on compulsory education, and improvement of the labouring classes and factory workers,—all provide avenues for work. "The public in this country have to be educated up to charity of thought, word and deed towards women in such professions as the stage, and brought to make things easier and not more difficult for those who have fallen in the eyes of the world and wish to rise to self-respect again. It is a woman's duty to work for sanity and clean living, following the light wherever she sees it and leading the way in all that is good."

Mrs. Hensman is of opinion that woman has a place in public life; but is doubtful of the way in which it should be used. "Our contribution to the public cause lies in working for clean methods of election and administration—against party feeling and the ambiguity and double meanings always associated with diplomacy and state craft, but it will avail us little to step down into the maelstrom of indiscriminate canvassing and blatant electioneering; it is better that we stand apart a while longer and encourage those who work for the ideal, through our homes, not joining in ourselves, but training our children to the vision of a future where it will be possible for our daughters to work together with our sons on a non-communal, wholly representative, basis for the betterment of the nations of the world."

Freedom for service must be had, and must be used wisely. Christian women, it is pointed out, have here a great burden to bear. Yet, I would say, that it is not Christians alone, who have responsibilities to face, but people of other religions also; for service must be a factor of every religion.

"Reforms are never brought about by those who hold themselves aloof, but by intense forces of the spirit uniting against existing conditions. It is difficult to break through the natural walls of reserve, and to speak of those things that lie nearest our hearts, but the mothers of a nation cannot afford to be static! they must be dynamic if they would help their generation. By segregating ourselves as a community we shall have no finger on the pulse of India, we shall become as a limb disused, paralysed by our own inaction, a back number, a thing of no account! and our contribution, which should be the greatest, will amount to nothing. A nation must be won through the child, a citizen must be trained by the mother, and the highest ideals of a people must be realized through a purified family life before it can take hold of the world—and this is the great contribution of women to India to-day."

(3) Beethoven and India.

It is interesting to note that Romain Roland has declared that Beethoven's relation to India was an intimate one. When that great musician was in Vienna in 1808, at the height of his glory, the Austrian Orientalist, Hammer-Purgstall, returned from his Asiatic tour, and gave Beethoven "some unknown treasures in manuscript." He wrote a drama on the story of Devayani, and asked his friend to set it to music. The latter, however, though greatly pleased with the theme, was not able, for certain reasons, to compose on it. He took an interest in the past of India, and in her ancient architecture. He seems to have been acquainted with the system of Indian music. Dr. Kalidas Nag wrote, "We find in the text, not

only selections of the original Indian thought melodies, but also the very improvisations on them by some spirit like Beethoven, deeply religious and hence a cousin germain of the Indian seers, who are also musicians from the beginning, who call their scripture *Rik songs*, and *chandas—rhythms*—and who were responsible for the apotheosis of the musical sound, *Sabda Brahma*. Thus did the greatest German musical genius come in contact with the master-minds who looked upon and venerated sound as their God."

In Beethoven's papers is one, which mentions Indian musical notes and tones: *sa, ri, ga, ma, pa, dha, ni, sa*. There is a fragment, which is supposed to have been borrowed from *Sakuntala*; and there is a hymn, which appears to be from a Sanskrit hymn, translated into English by H. T. Colebrook. Thus, Beethoven participated in the curiosity regarding Hindu music, which was in European minds.

Beethoven, as we know, attained immortal joy through conquering great

pain; and it was his religious faith which held him up. Sir George Grove has said about him, "A more deeply religious mind never existed. In every trial his thoughts flew upwards, and his note-books are full of most passionate ejaculations. God was to him a most solemn and intimate Reality, whom he saw and welcomed through all aspects of Nature and in every mood of Joy and Sorrow."

Part of his faith, it was supposed, came from a study of the *Upanishads* and the *Bhagavad-gita*, from which he made adaptations. He was the predecessor of other great Germans in the knowledge of Indian thought. Indeed, it is thought by some that he got some of his inspiration for the choral hymn in his Ninth symphony, which he composed towards the end of his life, from the Upanishad hymn of joy, which proclaims:

"From joy itself all creatures are being created!
Those born, live in Joy, and get their substance from it,
And all enter into It, at the time of annihilation."

"Think of the power you have got, all you young girls. The Power! You are young and pretty. You are the delight of your homes. You are the desired of men. You are the force in the world next to money, or should be. Why don't you do more with it? The world is listening to women as it never did before. You young girls bring in the new slang, sing the latest *cabaret* successes. You set the pace in clothes and games ... Why let it stop at that? Why don't you band together in every country to make Hate unfashionable, to make it no longer 'the Done Thing' that your best men should be destroyed, crippled, killed off by the thousand? Why? The first blare of a good marching-tune beaten out by drums and fifes, and you're off cheering your men on to *fight*!

Why must it always be other men, other women's sons and lovers that they have to destroy? Aren't there other things to fight? Dangers and perils and problems? Doesn't the lifeboatman fight the sea; haven't doctors fought disease and death? Isn't the airman the newest fighter of all the forces of Nature?"

An Ashramam for women at Vellore.

"Join hands then, Brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be!
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me."

JOHN OXENHAM.

It is indeed a great thing that Mrs. Henry Honneggar has opened a delightful Ashramam at the foot of the historic hills of Vellore, purely for the benefit of the adult woman. Schools there are in plenty for girls; and an ashramam of the type designed and promoted by the indefatigable efforts of a single woman calls for special praise at a time, when the influence of the adult woman is felt more and more necessary for the social uplift of the masses.

The Ashramam was started to impart education to women folk, so that they may live up to the demands made on them by modern culture; for our women, as we know, when they come to occupy responsible positions in society, are found wanting in the cultural elements necessary for keeping up their position, in line with the needs of their husbands.

The Ashramam was founded as a memorial for Mrs. Hancock, who some years ago, gave up much of her time to the women of Vellore. Elementary and higher education is given to grown-up women during their leisure hours. The home arranges for occasional social parties, which cater more for the needs of the occasion than for display and excitement.

The Ashramam is maintained by the Arcot Mission and is ably conducted by Mrs. Honneggar, who is assisted in her work by an Indian Lady Graduate who has undergone a course of training in

modern educational needs in England. A school for children is to be erected on the premises, and managed solely by this Indian lady. The education imparted there will be a finishing one; and any entrant will, when she leaves the school, be in a position to take up the duties of the house with as great an ease as the best-trained housekeeper in a large home.

There are playgrounds, both for adults and for children. Women of all creeds and of all ages are admitted. The Ashramam is not intended to be a rescue home for girls, although adult women in embarrassing or trying situations may get themselves admitted.

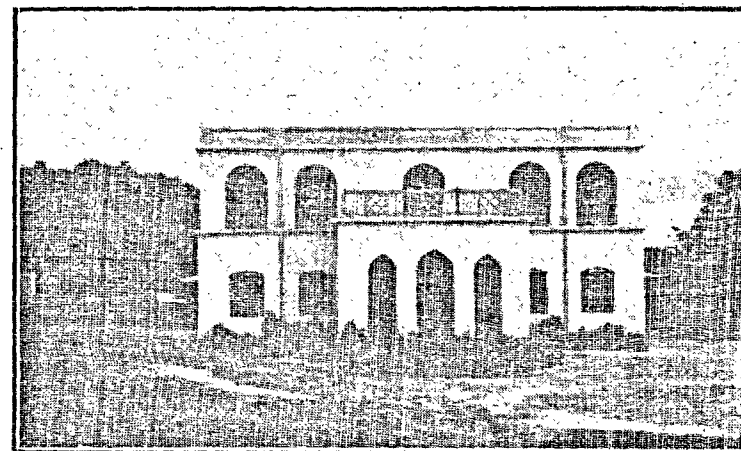
N. RAMABHADRAN.

The Mahila Vidyavaram.

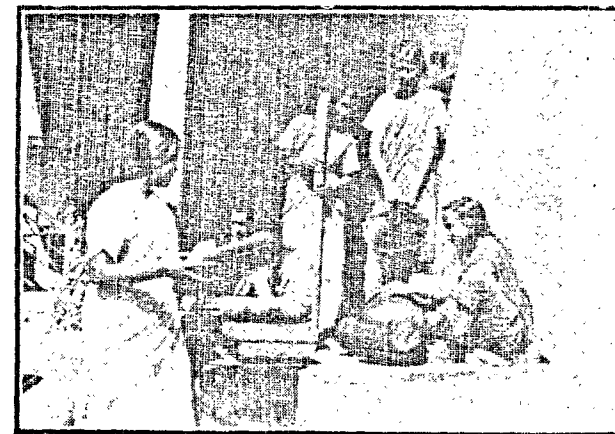
*Sherman Memorial Girls' High School,
Chittoor.*

On our arrival at Chittoor, we heard such good reports of the Sherman School for girls, that I was determined to pay it a visit, in spite of our stay in that town being a very short one. I, therefore, went to see it one morning, and was taken round the institution. Unfortunately, it was vacation time, and almost all the resident students were away. The school itself, however, was so interesting to see, that I did not mind its being thus bereft. The lady, who took me round, explained the system on which the school was run, and I was very much interested in this original and practical way of educating our girls. Here at last, I thought, was an ideal institution, where the education of Indian girls was being tackled in the proper way.

The Cottage System.—Besides the main school building, there are five



The Ashramam for Women, Vellore.



A practical cooking class of the Sherman Memorial Girls' High School, Chittoor.



Mrs. Yakub Hasan is the first Muslim lady to be appointed an Honorary Presidency Magistrate in the Madras Presidency. In fact, excepting Mrs. Yakub Hasan and one or two Muslim ladies in Bombay, there is no other Muslim Lady Magistrate in any Province of India.

Mrs. Yakub Hasan, who is a Turkish lady educated at Constantinople and London, has been taking much active interest in public work connected with women and children. She has been serving on the Committees of the National Health Association, Maternity and Child Welfare, Indian Red Cross Society, Children's Aid Societies, two or three Girls' Schools and Orphanages. She also took prominent part in the Reception arrangements of the All-India Women's Conference that was held in Madras, in December last.

At the invitation of Nawab Dr. Ross Masood, the Vice-Chancellor of the Muslim University, she has left for Aligarh to visit that great centre of Muslim regeneration in India.

Photo by :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

cottages, used as hostels for resident students. Each cottage is named after an Indian heroine, Savitri, Susheela, Damayanti, Sarasvathi and Sarojini, and is built on the lines of Dravidian architecture, with a wired courtyard used as a garden, and a verandah. There is a *Pyal* in front, and a carved door with Christian symbolism on top of it. 25 girls can stay in each cottage, with four girls in each room. The houses are airy and comfortable, with a number of windows, and the best part is that the girls sleep out under a sleeping porch upstairs. Each cottage has its own kitchen, store-rooms, bathrooms and latrines. A residential teacher stays with the girls in every hostel. Four of the cottages are used by Christian girls, and one is set apart for Hindus. There are fifteen residents in the Hindu hostel, from five years old up to Sixth Form students. They come from various communities, and, like the other hostel students, they manage their own food under the Self-Government system.

Self-Government : Each cottage elects a student representative called the *Queen*, who co-operates with the resident teachers in the government of the house. Apart from the Queen, the whole school elects one Sixth form girl as Senior student, and she is called the *Maharani*. A meeting and court of justice meets every Friday evening, composed of the Queens from each cottage, the resident teachers, the Headmistress and Maharani. The last mentioned is the President. All cases of discipline are brought before this court, and those who have broken any rules are charged, and witnesses are called, if necessary, and punishment is meted out to the delinquents. At a monthly meeting of resident teachers and house representatives, all girls are divided into First, Second and Third grade citizens, and privileges are given to the girls in accordance with this division. The whole school meets once a month in general assembly called "Pothu Jana Sabha" to discuss hostel matters, give voice to any

complaints, and make, modify, or repeal, rules.

Domestic Science: Unlike other schools, where domestic science plays a very minor part, if any at all, the Mahila Vidyavaram emphasises its teaching as an essential part of its syllabus, and the best part of it is that the theoretical work in class is worked out practically by daily work in the hostel; and every girl, whether rich or poor takes a part in daily hostel duties. These are arranged in a recurring cycle and include sweeping and cleaning, the carrying of some water, and a part of the daily cooking, and also the cleaning of cooking vessels. The purpose is four-fold :

(1) To keep girls in the habit of domestic helpfulness, so that in their home-life they will not scorn domestic work as beneath an educated woman. I remember a Brahmin gentleman once telling me that he did not wish his wife to be educated, in case she became too high-handed and refused to cook for him. I am sure there will be no such fear if women attended the Sherman school.

(2) To promote an atmosphere of democracy in the school.

(3) To give practical training in housewifery, regarding each cottage as a Domestic Science Laboratory.

(4) To reduce the school expenses, and make it possible for poor girls to attend.

Self-Management : One girl is appointed each month in each cottage to manage the food. Every Saturday, this girl receives in real money the sum allotted for the week, buys supplies from merchants who come to the compound, and plans out the meals. Accounts must be budgeted and later audited. Thus the girl is trained to use money thriftily and honestly. Special care is taken over the diet prescribed for the girls.

Competitions : The five cottages compete with each other for shields assigned

annually for Sports, Domestic work, Scholarship and conduct. This helps to develop a group spirit, striving for the honour of one's cottage rather than for personal advancement.

Rural Uplift: Before Christmas, the classes carried out "projects" for making simple equipment for village schools, such as short story books, written and illustrated; Bean bags; Calendars; Health Charts; Maps; and Globes painted on earthenware pots. Then there was an entertainment and a Christmas tree, when the school girls received gifts, and village teachers and supervisors were provided with the equipment. Girls have also made a simple survey of two adjacent villages.

Social and religious service: On Sunday afternoons, the girls visit four villages accompanied by teachers. They bathe and comb the village children, and treat them for skin-trouble. They sweep houses and courtyards, fill up mosquito-breeding pools, tell the village children stories, and teach adults to sign names. They advise the sick and lepers to go to the hospital, encourage school attendance, teach lyrics, sew clothes for Christmas, and invite people to attend a Christmas entertainment.

The Curriculum of the school is similar to that of other Girls' High Schools in the Madras Presidency. Besides regular school subjects, Scripture, Indian music and physical training are taught.

"The purpose of the school is to give girls an opportunity of Christian education, which includes training of the body by physical and hygienic living, development of wider knowledge and the power to think, and the formation of a character which shall have as its ideal of purity and service Jesus Christ who came, 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'"

From the above brief account, it will be seen that the Mahila Vidyavaram is

indeed an ideal school for Indian girls, carefully planned and worked out. Our girls are today concentrating too much on education for the sake of passing examinations, with the result that they are neglecting essential subjects such as domestic science, social work, and innumerable other subjects that have not an examination value. The Sherman school seems to have overcome all these deficiencies, and struck at the very root of the educational problem for girls in India. It is to be hoped that more schools will be copied on the lines of the Mahila Vidyavaram.

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN.

A Youth Movement.

There are many words which seem to belong to no definite country, but which seem to gain special significance and to fit into any language; and there are words which come into fashion, suitable to a certain age or decade, which pass away and become misunderstood. Sometimes some words are revived and seem to be clothed with a new power, as in a Movement which began in America, passed on through the old atmospheres of London and Oxford into the new country of South Africa, and influencing today business and university life, under the term, "Group", with its prefix "Oxford", linking it on to its beginnings there.

"What is the Oxford Group?" is a question heard at many a South African luncheon table and London dinner party. "What does it do; what does it stand for?" Come with me to the Hall of a great Public School in London, or to a University Hall in Oxford, or to the fashionable hall accommodating nearly 1,000, and listen to the testimony of one of the footballers in the South African team (that has won such honour in Britain), of an ordinary business man, of a Canon of the Church of England in the North, of a Prebendary of the Church of England in the South, and you will find they all use this

"Group language", which means so much in the spiritual life of thousands today.

There is a "Quiet Time", when every one who joins the fellowship undertakes to spend an hour, or part of an hour, in listening to the voice of God; as prayer means this to them, and they do not conceive of it as begging or asking for something, but as communion and fellowship with God. "The Quiet time has become very sacred to me," said a West End lady, "and my four young servants and myself keep it together. Everything goes better in the house, and, however busy we are, we have this sense of quiet."

From the "Quiet time", each individual gets "Guidance" for the concerns of today, and future plans are made in accordance with this guidance. "This day has been all wrong," said another, "because I failed to keep the Quiet time. I had to hurry to the train, but I did not recover all day long." Listen again to a Doctor who was addicted to drink, but, having got the victory through Jesus Christ, is now constantly appealed to to help men in the same plight as himself. This Doctor was asked one day to visit two doctors, one in the North and one in the South of London, who had given way to drink. He was under "guidance" to the one, but could not get "guidance" to go to the other. Weeks after, it came to him that he should go, and he phoned to his friend to bring the car. When he arrived at the house of this doctor, he met him on the step with these words, "It was good you did not come sooner; this is the first time I have been sober for five weeks." Surely God answered his prayer, although it kept him waiting for five weeks.

You may feel that such definite "guidance" for daily life is too individualistic. We live in societies and families, and must often do what other people tell us to do; and the men and women who experience this guidance

depend also on the fellowship of others, who are living this same sort of "life", and they meet each week to "share" experiences. If it is experience of failure, they can rectify their mistakes; if it is experience of success, they help others in their disappointments. The young are proverbially straight with each other, and do not stand any nonsense, but soon reprove each other, and it is the young people who usually preside over the Oxford Groups. There are many disappointed and down-hearted people in the world, and these find in the Groups that after they have shared their failures they go away strong and happy.

The most noticeable thing about this movement is that it has captivated youth. Youth is attracted by its simplicity and straight-forwardness, and accepts its challenge gladly to try life on a new plane. Sin, alas, takes hold of men and women students early in their College life, new temptations lead them to the neglect of prayer and watchfulness, spiritual life is tried by intellectual criticism, conscience becomes seared, and young men give way to drink and other sins. The leaders in the Oxford Group have a special gift of finding out where the weakness in their fellow-students lies, and are able in love and sympathy to point it out to them. Sometimes at first, there is anger and resentment; and sometimes it is a year before the conscience is awakened and the new life won.

Jesus Christ is set before these young men, not only as an example, but as a Saviour, not only as the highest and best, but as the one only Lord and Master of all life. It is an experience not to be forgotten to meet with a Group of such young fellows.

A second feature of the Oxford Group Movement is want of organisation. Usually, halls are not engaged, but friends open their drawing-rooms. People go in evening dress, or in homely uniform. The meetings are led by the young men and girls

themselves, and testimony is invited from any who come. If a drunkard or an evil-living man or woman is present, they are drawn in. Listen to the testimony of a young Communist leader in the Scottish strike, who found religion was true Communism, and that spirit as well as body can be benefited by fellowship and Communal friendship. Or listen to a young widow who had the joy, just before sudden death, to know that her husband had repented of his sins and entered into the joy of forgiveness, as she stands in her father-in-law's house and tells of what the Oxford Group Movement has meant to her dead husband and to herself. It was the joyous sympathy of the Group that led her to join its fellowship.

The third feature is the extraordinary joyousness. In these dreary, dark and anxious days, something is needed to lift us above our anxieties, to help us to bear our burdens, to show us a new way of living. This is found in the Oxford Group.

Any information can be had from the Secretary of the Oxford Group, Brown's Hotel, Dover St., London, or the Hon. E. Kinnaid, 4 Duke St. London, W 1.

E. K.

Bina—The Woman

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

—THOMAS HOOD.

"I can assure all that I have no sort of personal feeling against Sir Stanley Jackson, the man. He is just as good as my father", said Bina Das in her statement before the Tribunal that tried her for attempting to murder him. She was discriminating, in her simple defence, between the man and the administrator. Let us do the same between the woman

and the criminal, in reviewing the sad incident that was nearly a calamity. Otherwise we, who abhor assassination, will write ourselves down for ever as more petty than the assassin. The Tribunal was satisfied that Bina bore an exemplary character. What then could have led the girl, nobly-born and gently-nurtured, to lust for blood all of a sudden? "I fired at the Governor impelled by my love of the country which is being repressed," said the misguided maiden in her plain confession. The love that whips out a revolver the moment it is thwarted, is a morbid state, whether it is called forth by gold or sex or country. And yet there is a world of difference between these three types of re-action, which none but a fool or a hypocrite can deny.

Bina is glad that "the life of Sir Stanley Jackson has been saved by a providential escape and that the Hon. Lady Jackson and her children have been spared their terrible misfortune." Who can fail to be moved by this frank repentance? Here, the woman in Bina comes out at her best, when the obsession of a mad scheme has passed over. One wishes that things had so turned out that Suniti Chowdhry and Shanti Ghose could also have felt relieved at a similar failure. But poor Stevens was doomed to martyrdom (as Freddy and others were before him) and Mrs. Stevens has not been spared her "terrible misfortune." When the widow was received by the Queen the other day, royalty must have paid a tribute in tears to their common womanhood.

What does the future hold in store for Bina the convict? With youth, culture and an irreproachable maidenhood, she had stood at the threshold of life. Ambition, success, love, all lay at her feet. It is a thousand pities that a life of such promise is to be swallowed up by the caverns of the prison! It is comparatively easier to die for the country in one flare of martyrdom;

what is not so easy is to live and drudge for it through patient endurance of wrong, through misrepresentation and ingratitude, with an undimmed faith in the ultimate success of all right aspiration. This should be pre-eminently woman's contribution to the Nation's strength; and one wishes it was here that Bina, who longed to serve the motherland through sacrifice, had sought her life's fulfilment. But let us not be too Pharisaical in reviewing Bina's crime, however sincerely we may condemn it. An over-wrought nature is a tangle of factors. None but our Maker can rightly apportion its complex responsibility. Let us leave Bina to His mercy.

N. R. D.

An aspect of social service in Jubbulpore.

Daily Vacation Bible School Report of 1931.

Every year we find increasing interest in this work. The girls of our schools, like girls in old lands, are eager to serve their country and God.

I think I have never seen any one give any more glowing reports than these

girls do when they come back from their holidays. They tell of Bible stories dramatized, choice Scripture verses learned, games and songs that delight any child's heart, clean hands and faces and a new friendship with children who are eager to learn. One missionary writes that the Daily Vacation Bible School was about to be closed, but the night before closing, the girl teachers begged to continue two more weeks as the children were so interested.

One girl writes "We would like to carry on this method of spending our Summer Vacation".

Our school motto is "Freely ye have received, freely give".

The statistics for this year were:

Schools — 17

Children enrolled and taught 351

The following table shows the growth of our Daily Vacation Bible School:

Schools	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931
Schools	3	5	4	7	17
Children taught for 4 weeks.	90	94	116	175	361

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. Williams'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.

When Gauri recovers consciousness, she is informed that Prakash has been shot dead. Her suspicion falls on Mallika, who cannot be found anywhere. But, to her surprise, Arjuna accuses himself of the murder, and is arrested. Mrs. Williams then comes into the scene, and Gauri's suspicions are diverted to her. To avoid giving evidence, which might incriminate Arjuna, Gauri consents to re-marry him, as the previous marriage, according to Prakash, was not a real one.)

CHAPTER XXII.

"Well" asked Mrs. Williams eagerly, "what did he say?"

"He said he—would not" faltered Gauri, "and—and—we two are to be married soon."

"What?" almost shouted Mrs. Williams.

Gauri meekly repeated her statement, and under her gaze the face of the other woman underwent a marked change. It had always been a weak and fatuous countenance, even if pretty. After her illness, it had become flabby and foolish and rather strained. Now, it lost the little sense it had seemed to have. The lips trembled and slackened and fell open; the eyes became vacant and lifeless. The very hair seemed to lose tone. But the woman had still some grit left. She pulled herself together with a great effort.

"Well," she said with as much dignity as she could master, "That is good news for you, my dear. Your fair name is saved. Else what would you be? A—; but I will not say it. Goodbye, my dear. I hated you, but you have been kind to me, and, for Arjuna's sake, may you be happy."

"Where are you going, Mrs. Williams?"

"A long way, I am afraid. I have finished with this place. By the way, my boy has been left with Mrs. Sitaram.

Will you take him into your care for old time's sake? You will? I cannot take him with me now, you see. Now, I shall send two letters, one for you and one for Arjuna. Take them to the prison and read them there. Good-bye."

The letters reached Gauri the next day. Gauri went to Arjuna as soon as she could. She opened her letter first, by request of Mrs. Williams. A loud cry escaped from her.

"Why, why, she is dead," she cried.

"Who? Stella? God rest her soul," the man murmured and covered his face.

After a while, Gauri ventured to touch him.

"I am so sorry for you, Arjuna," she whispered.

"Yes, we were good friends," he replied. "She trusted me and confided in me. I—I am sorry she was so unhappy. She deserved a better fate, in spite of her whims and fancies."

Into Gauri's eyes also came tears, as she saw the difficult drops, which dimmed Arjuna's vision. There was a silence of some minutes, and then Arjuna said with a sigh:

"Come then, let us read her letter."

"Listen to my story," the dead woman began in her letter, and it was almost as if she was speaking to them, with something nobler and better than they had

been aware of in her usual expression. "My father was a grand man, the grandest man I have known. He was so clever, good and kind. And he was so handsome, tall and big, with a fine, well-cut face, and the most wonderful eyes I have seen. Part of my good looks is indeed due to him!

"My mother died when I was born, and my father was all I had left to care for. There were some old women in the house, who looked after it and me. But they were of no use to me, except to order me about. They never shared my thoughts, nor were they asked to.

"Even my father and I never talked too much together. He was always so busy with several things; what they were were immaterial to me. But there was a curious bond between him and me. I could depend on him and he on me.

"He was rather of a dreamy, artistic and sentimental nature. His impulses were strong and he quickly gave in to them. So, one day when he met a very sweet lady, who had separated herself for good reasons from her husband, he was captivated by her, and they went away together. But, she died, and he was left heart-broken. He went away to some far-off place for a time, and, before he left, he said to me:

"Love is the greatest thing in the world, worth giving up all man-made laws and conventions for."

"My father went away for a time, and I was left behind with my aunt. People were not kind to me, always looked askance at me. My father came back, but died very soon after. He left me very little money, as he had always loved spending in a lordly way. So, I lived on the charity of my aunt, and a very difficult life it was. But you can imagine how carelessly I was brought up and with my father's example and his words before me, do you wonder I went the way I went?

"I went to school, till I was eighteen. My head was full of ideas of Love, the greatest thing in the world. Would I ever be lucky enough to find it?

"And then, I met *him* and fell violently in love with him, or so I thought. It was the old, old story, I felt. I listened to him; he told me he could not marry at once, on account of his father who would object to a poor daughter-in-law. The latter was an old man, and would die soon, and then, then he would marry me. Till then, would I consent to go away with him? He could not live without me, and so on.

"Well, I went with him. At first, all was bliss; but I soon found him out, and it was not all bliss then. But he had made me what I was. And so, when his father died, and he was free, I threatened him with exposure of some compromising letters he had written to me. And he married me. For a year, we lived together, and then he went away. I heard all sorts of stories about his having married again; and of how the fact of his first marriage had been discovered in the very Vestry. I found out eventually his whereabouts, and followed him and—met him. Can you guess who he was?"

Both the man and woman here looked at each other and whispered: "Prakash." It was almost as if Stella had heard them.

"You would have guessed he was Prakash", she continued. But, he was very unkind to me and pretended not to know me. He begged me not to tell anyone about our marriage and told me that he had evolved a capital plan to set me free. I agreed to wait, for I hated him; and there was nothing I desired better than to be rid of him. Then, I saw that he wanted Gauri; then also I met you, Arjuna, and this time for good or bad, my fate was sealed. I wanted you and none else. But you, I saw, were in love with your own wife. But I was prepared to do anything to win you.

So Prakash proposed his scheme. He told me to try and compromise myself with Arjuna, so that Gauri should feel disgusted and turn to Prakash. He got himself engaged to Mallika to be near Gauri. It was he who encouraged me to give hints in public about Arjuna; also he encouraged me to confess in church when I wished to do it to placate God for the sake of my sick boy. I thought also I had a right to Arjuna, for Gauri was taking my so-called husband away from me; also, I wanted to be revenged on Gauri, on account of—but, but I shall be noble-minded for once, and not mention the thing further. Anyhow, you can guess now that I was not all I should be—I was a bad woman, but my dear, it was the fault of my training. For one other thing, give me credit. Bear witness I could not tell a lie about Arjuna in Church, though Prakash had carefully coached me to do so.

—And now, in spite of all our efforts, you have come together; and I cannot bear it. Do not think too harshly of me, after all, I am doing something for you. I have told you that you are free for each other and I am going to help Arjuna. I know he did not commit the murder. I am writing to the Police to tell them so. But I cannot give them absolutely certain information, for I myself am not sure. I only know Arjuna did not do it. The Police must wait, that's all; but Arjuna will be free, I hope."

Arjuna and Gauri were silent for a long time, turning their faces from each other. At last, Gauri found her voice.

"I hate to say it, Arjuna. I am sorry for her, you know, but—but—I think, she killed Prakash."

"What! And she could write like that about informing the Police."

"Yes, I am sure of it. She killed him, and that was why she said she could give no certain information; of course it would not hurt her now to be known as a murderess, but still human nature is

human nature. I thought of this some-time ago, but could not think of the motive. Now, I know. Prakash was troubling her so much, that she killed him. And that was why, Sankar would not mention her name even in his delirium. And Mallika is free. Oh God, how glad I am! But where is she? No, No, don't be angry, Arjuna. I can prove it. You remember I said I lifted my arm with the revolver, and someone took it from me. It was a woman, I am almost sure of it. So, it was Mrs. Williams."

Arjuna took Gauri's hand, and looked long into her face. "Gauri", he said, "It is time you know something. Do you remember Mrs. Williams' confession at church, that she was a sinner and so on? Do you know who sinned with her?"

"I don't know. I never thought about it; did she really go wrong?"

"People connected my name with hers. You nobly stood up for me to the *Padre*; and I refused to give out the man's name. I may not have done so in any case; but in this case I specially could not, because it was—it was—"

"Not you? Don't say it, because I won't believe it. But you confessed to this murder, even though you did not do it, so Arjuna—"

"Don't get hysterical, child. It was not I, but Sankar."

"Sankar? Oh God!"

"Yes."

"That was why you tried to keep him away from her."

"Exactly, and why I was her friend in spite of all rumours. I could not leave her, could I, when a member of my own family had done her so much wrong?"

"It was her fault. Sankar is a good boy."

"But weak."

"Oh," she said, "to think that he should be such a coward, that he should

allow you to take the blame. But I shall not be quiet. I shall tell people."

"Don't be silly. How can you do such a thing? Besides, the fact that you and I are standing together is enough for me."

She burst into passionate tears. "Oh, you noble hearted man! What have I and my family not done to you? We have ruined your name and your fame!"

"Let that pass", he said soberly. "I did nothing, but I wish to know why you brought in Mallika's name. Why were you glad she was free? Of course, Prakash's death freed her; but we knew that before."

She let a minute pass in thought. Then, she said sadly: "I might as well tell you; the burden is too much for me to bear. You see, I thought Mallika had killed Prakash. She ran away, and she was there close to me."

Arjuna was positively taken aback.

"Gauri," he said, "can you really stand by what you said? There is something wrong then somewhere. When you hid from me the name of the person you suspected, it was bad enough. When you put the suspicion on Mrs. Williams, it was worse, and now that you confess you thought it was Mallika, your beloved sister, for whom I know you would even die, it is terrible. But, as I say, it makes me think, Gauri. I am sure, I am really sure now, that you yourself don't know."

"Know what?"

"Is it possible? Thank God then, there is no sin of deception and guilt. Oh, child, I thought—I thought, you were purposely hiding behind others,—Oh, I am so glad."

"What is the meaning of all this?" she asked crossly.

"Is it possible you still can't guess, Gauri? It was you who killed Prakash."

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"Oh, Arjuna, how can you believe such a thing of me? I never could believe it of you."

"Neither could I, my dear, but I saw you—"

"What?"

"Yes, I saw your hand with the revolver, when the flash and the smoke came. That was why I was so stunned when you said you did not do it. You must have been so dazed and half-unconscious yourself that you did not remember."

"But I tell you, I did not do it."

"You must have done it without thinking then, but I saw you."

"So you think I am a murderess", she said, gloomily. "These hands then are red with blood. Oh, oh," shuddering and laughing brokenly.

"Steady Gauri, steady," cried Arjuna. "Remember where you are." She laughed again.

"Oh, the humour of it, the irony of it. Well, well. All right, Arjuna, I shall keep calm. Goodbye. I am going. No, no, I can listen to nothing now, if you wish me not to break down. Don't forget that Mrs. Williams has written to the Police. Perhaps she has even accused me. Ha, ha!"

"Don't be unkind."

"One thing more. Tell me why you said you were guilty? What made you take the blame?"

"Just madness, I suppose," he replied shortly.

"And won't you be happy to be free?"

"Why should I, when I took the guilt of my own accord? I don't want to be free, dash it all!"

"Why?"

"Oh, just because—I am tired of life, I suppose."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Madam, madam, master has come back," cried Gauri's servant.

Gauri had risen after a sleepless night, fully resolved to go to the Police, and tell them about herself. She rushed out now to the verandah, and there stood Arjuna.

"Can I come in?" he asked, half-laughing and half serious. "Remember, I am a gaol bird."

She took his hand in a warm clasp, and drew him in.

"Don't be silly, Arjuna" she said. "You know it is I who should ask you that question. I,—a—"

But he closed her lips, and he would have drawn her to him; but she stood away. She was thrilling to her fingertips, but she schooled herself to appear calm.

"No," she murmured, "that cannot be. Why?"

She laughed and said melodramatically, to hide her real feelings: "The unkindest cut of all, Sir, was that you should have believed in my crime. I would not have believed it of you."

"What, when you see it with your own eyes?"

"Even then. What I still think is that it was your Mrs. Williams, who did it. You can be as angry as you please. I cannot help accusing her."

"Do you still stick to that, in spite of what you and I know? We have already done so much wrong to her, that we cannot go on doing her further harm by this suspicion about the murder. Remember, she was not a bad creature. She was loyal to Sankar. She never betrayed him, even in her last letter. You see, Gauri?"

"I see, but if it is true?" she asked doubtfully.

"It cannot be," he cried hotly, "a woman like that, how could she kill a man? Oh, you break my heart by talking like that."

"I am sorry to hurt you so much, Arjuna. I know how much you,—you—loved her. You were always her friend,

and I was always sorry I stood between you both. Even when you did not know of Sankar, you were always with her. Of course, you would never have wronged me in deed, but your heart was hers always."

"What are you talking about now?" he asked crossly. "Are you actually suggesting that I ever liked Mrs. Williams in that way? Better than you?"

"I am."

"My God, I see it all now. Oh, heavens, what a mistake! Why are you women so quick at suspecting?"

"Not more than you, believe me."

"But this?"

"I only thought, Arjuna, you liked her better, and so you disliked me—"

"Never, never."

"Really? Can I believe it? Is it possible? Your eyes tell me so, and I have always believed in them. Arjuna, have you liked me better always?"

"Always."

"Why didn't you tell me so?"

"Why should I? I thought you knew it."

"And why were you so taken in by her?"

"Was I? But if so, I was innocently taken in; perhaps I was foolish. But she is dead."

"And you still like me?"

"Oh, Gauri."

"Then we have been playing at cross-purposes all the time. Then—then..."

What need is there to say more? They understood each other at last. The man clasped the woman hungrily to him. Then, he whispered jealously to her. "But you love Mallika better than me. You were willing that I should be charged, instead of her."

"But you knew why that was. You knew I promised my mother. Besides, I knew you would be free soon, as you

were not guilty. If the worst came to the worst, I don't know what would have happened."

"You poor heroine! But Gauri, we have forgotten something, you and I are man and wife, my dear. Mrs. Williams was Prakash's wife and so you and I are really married."

"Thank God, thank God!"

After a while, she said, "So, after all it was Mrs. Williams, who really helped us, even though she was an unconscious agent. It is on account of her that we have always belonged to each other." "And don't forget that she was brave enough to confess at the last. She might have died without telling us she was that man's wife."

"Oh, it has been a good lesson for us. You remember you once wished that I had fallen down and died. Do you wish it now?"

"My God," he cried, "can you ask me that question? Just you try it now, and you will see what will happen?"

"What will happen, Arjuna?"

"You will take me down with you, and I can ask for no better fate, my darling."

"Do you really love me as much as that?"

"You know I do," he answered.

"Better than Pushpam."

"How can you ask me such a question? My feeling for her was only a boy's love, dearest; but this is a man's love. And it is a great love, for it has been able to melt even you at last, my icicle, my mountain-maid?"

"Come down from yonder mountain heights!" she quoted. "What pleasure lies in heights, my lord?"

"What indeed? Since the world began, you and I have been made for each other, Gauri. Do you really love me at last?"

Silently she pressed up against him.

"What about that boulder—Prakash?"

"You know there was never anything between us, and yet—and yet, you did believe evil of me, Arjuna?"

"Not really, Gauri. I did doubt your feelings for him, but only for a little while. If I had really believed evil of you, would I have kept you with me?"

"But, you did believe that I liked him better than you, though I had told you that I did not."

"I know, I know; but I thought you had changed. Please forgive me all my unkind words. I never really meant them."

"I never believed evil of you, did I; always had faith in you."

"So you did, my queen; but the fact remains that you were unkind to me."

"I thought you loved her better than me."

"What! love her better than you? Brass before gold? Never, but then, you were as much to blame as I. You thought I loved her; I thought you loved him."

"Will you tell me one thing? What was it you whispered to Prakash, when you stood with him on the platform and sent me away to Pallavaram?"

"I sent you? I like that. But, shall I tell you what I said? He asked me when I would release you; I told him that never would I do so. I bade him go to the devil!"

"And I was so afraid it was otherwise."

So, they stood together; presently, as she leant against him, her head felt something rustling under his shirt.

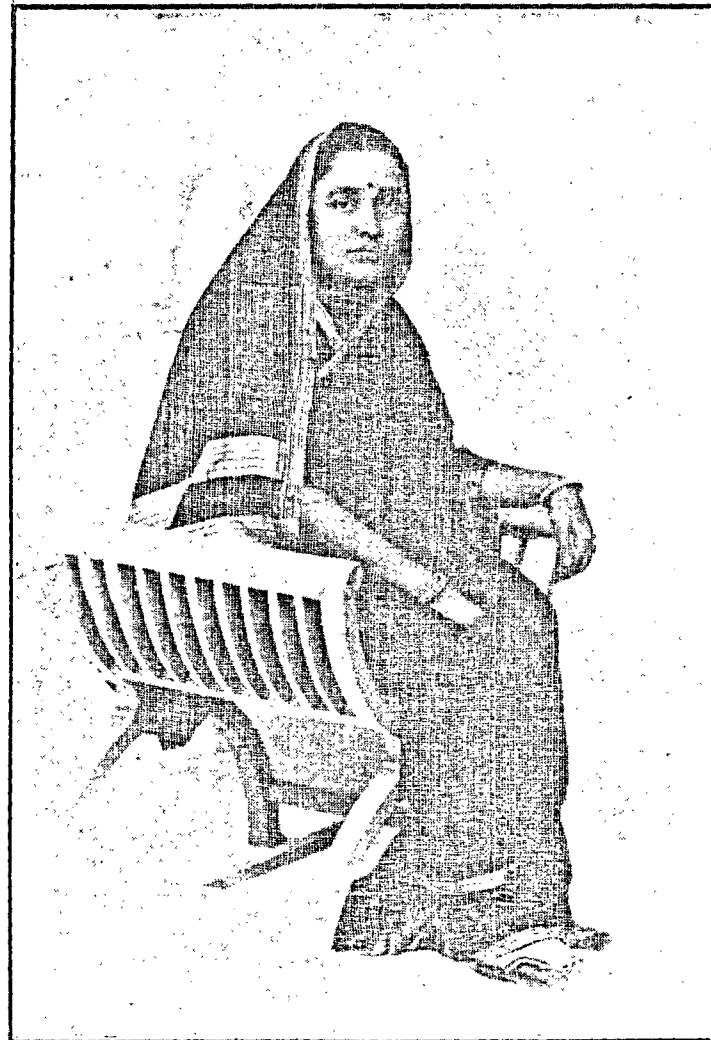
"What is it, Arjuna? What is that paper you have there?" she asked.

"Oh that? It is the letter you wrote me when I was so unkind to you that night. That letter, wet first with your dear tears, and later with mine. I have never let it leave me, Gauri. Oh, when I



Mrs. Sumati Devi, B.A., the talented wife of Prof. Kalka Pershad of the D. A. V. College, Cawnpore, who presided at the Bhatnagar Ladies' Conference held at Lucknow recently.

Photo by:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



Srimathi Kamalabhai Sabab Kibe of the Indore State is well known for her work in Marathi Literature. She is also a member of the Indian Historical Records Commission recently appointed by the Government of India.

Photo by :- R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

think of my cruel words to you, I could kill myself."

"I too behaved very foolishly, Arjuna. In the first place, I should never have encouraged Prakash."

"You have always been an angel. The Queen can do no wrong. It is I who have blundered. How can I make up to you for my cruel words?"

"By forgetting them, as I have forgotten them. Let us tear up that silly letter."

After that, looking deep into each other's eyes, they for a while soared above the world.

"Oh Arjuna, how perfect everything is, the world, you and I! But—Oh!"

"What is the matter?"

He might well ask, for she had torn herself from him. Her last words had suddenly brought her to a realisation of their situation. She was a murderess: or at least he thought her one!

She drew further away from him. She began to freeze. Then she started to babble. That he should be tied to her, she a wicked creature, fit only for being hanged, he her noble-hearted hero! Oh, she had injured him enough, she and her family. And so on, she gasped incoherently.

But he tenderly refuted everything.

"How can you love me, a murderess?"

"Did I not take the blame, when I thought you had done the crime? Could there be greater proof of my love for you?"

"Did you really take the blame for my sake?"

"I did; and now all my sacrifice has been in vain."

"Not in vain; for it has taught me to know you, as I never did before; but that knowledge has come too late. Oh, that our love should be fated to die! Our lives will for ever be broken ones. We shall never be fully happy again."

"But, what is to happen to you now? How am I to shield you?"

"Oh, never fear. The devil can take care of its own."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The situation intrigued everybody but it had come about naturally enough.

But how had Arjuna been released? The police had found Mrs. William's dead body in a well. They had searched her house and her effects, and had found a letter to the police, in which she had said that she was sure Arjuna had not committed the crime. He had not been near enough to do the deed. She was there and she could swear to that. But then, she was not certain who had done it. There had been a number of women near Gauri, Mallika, Sita and the servant. Which of them had fired the revolver? "Arjuna cannot tell, or will not tell. We have already seen that. I don't know why. He must be shielding some one. I thought it was Gauri; but we cannot be sure. He is such a great gentleman that he will even sacrifice his life for others. I know him."

But you must ask Sankar and Sita, when they are better. Sankar has already said it was a woman. Wait. And in any case release Mr. Narayana Rao."

But Gauri was far from really satisfied. The question of Mallika's guilt was again worrying her.

Had Mallika killed Prakash after all? Or had she, Gauri, done it, as Arjuna believed?

Oh! what was to be done?

How long to wait?

And where was Mallika?

It is quite true that hope deferred makes the heart sick.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sanker was conscious at least; and the police were taking notes. But they got nothing much from him.

"Yes, it was a woman who did it. I saw her, and Mrs. Williams also,—God rest her memory—corroborated my evidence. But I cannot tell you, I cannot give away a woman. Ask Miss Sita. She knows. Wait till she recovers."

And he would say nothing further, even though they threatened to accuse him as an accessory.

Was it Mallika then?

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sita was better. She had recovered a sort of consciousness, but was still dazed at intervals. Pale and frail, she sat up in bed, a haunted look in her large eyes. By her side, sat Gauri, and to her hand the sick girl held fast, as to her only anchor.

She was going to speak at last! The Inspector brought out his note-book.

"Yes, I know who did it," she said slowly. "Let me tell you in my own way. I waited for Gauri that day at the house, for she would not let me go with her. She did not come for a long time, and I took Mallika, who had come back, and the servant, and I went in search of her. I came near the waterfall, and we saw her struggling with Prakash. He was trying to take my precious one with him to death. She had a revolver in her hand, but I saw she was not going to use it. She lifted it up, and put it down again. And her eyes were pleading for help.

"No I don't think she saw us. She heard our voices, I think. Arjuna was not near. He must have seen us. Mrs. Williams and Sankar were also there. I don't know how or when they came.

"We struggled with Prakash, Mallika and I, but he would not let Gauri go. We did not know what to do. Then, then, I took up Gauri's hand with the revolver; I bade her shoot him; she would be justified. But she would not. So, I—I shot him, just like that—holding her

hand and pulling the trigger with my finger."

Sita had done it—Sita her friend—her true friend, Sita had done it to save her.

But Sita was failing fast. The effort of the confession was too much for her. The weak heart was giving way. The pleading eyes were on her beloved to the last.

"I did it—for you—don't judge me harshly. My dear girl—goodbye—I wanted—to—help you and I have. Don't be sorry—I have—nothing—to live for. You are free—be happy."

A few gasps and she passed away.

So died Sita, a true heroine!

"Forgive me, Gauri," pleaded Arjuna, later. "She took your hand and fired. That was why I thought you had done it. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Love can always forgive," said Gauri, sententiously. "I am to be blamed too. Poor Mrs. Williams, and poor Mallika!"

"I forgot to tell you, I had a letter this morning from Rama Rao, saying that they had heard from a distant friend of theirs that Mallika had gone to them. She too had broken down and been very ill. But she is better."

"Ah!"

"After all," conceded Arjuna wise after the event, "we owe our happiness to Prakash, don't we? If it had not been for his machinations, we would never have been the true friends we are now. We would have been just a hum-drum couple, brought together in conventional Hindu marriage by force of circumstances. So, let us be grateful to him, Gauri; we can afford to."

"He had some good impulses, Arjuna,"

"Well, I cannot say much for him, I am afraid. He was a villain all right. But he was so for love of you; yet that

love was not eventually able to change his evil heart. After all, however, I cannot blame him for his predilection for you, can I, my wife?"

Gauri blushed and murmured, "He must have been very badly brought up. Perhaps, his mother died early, and he had no good woman to look after him."

"A woman like you, eh, my Gauri?"

"I did not say so," she murmured.

"But you mean it all the same, you vain creature!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

One afternoon, a month later, there was a big music party at a Hindu gentleman's house. It was being given on the occasion of the wedding of his son and heir. The European and the Anglicised guests sat in a row on chairs, on one side of the room. Opposite them, sat a whole lot of others on rich carpets. At one end of the room was a pretty *pandal* (canopy) decorated with flowers, under which sat the bride and bridegroom, the former very shy and with hanging head, the latter very self-conscious. At the other end of the hall was a group of barber-musicians, making quaint music. Under cover of the din, trays of Indian sweets were handed round to the guests, and also sweet drinks.

"Gauri" asked Arjuna, "What do you think of this sort of marriage?"

"Like tinsel beside the gold of ours," she whispered.

"My dear, you are wrong. Where is your usual toleration? This marriage may turn to be one of the very best, after all. Westernised people marry whom they love. In India, they love whom they marry. Some people think the one better, some the other. They say the former results in divorces; the latter often in true union, though sometimes it may just be a hum-drum one, as ours threatened to be. What do you say?"

"What can I say in this noise? I wish that music would stop."

"Do you call it music? Ah, there, it is stopping, and now, we are going to hear some real music. Ah, that is fine! All these girls are going to sing. How pleasant it is that respectable Indian women should come out like this to entertain! The world is advancing, isn't it? Time was, when they would hardly show their faces outside. Now they are going ahead."

"Too fast?"

"I cannot say, my dear. A nation must advance, and, with it, its women. The only necessity is that it should keep the right individual spirit natural to it."

"And that we shall keep, whatever happens."

"Listen now; is not that heavenly?"

Beautiful indeed was the music, as a group of Indian girls began to play on several instruments,—the Violin, the Veena, the Tambur, the Harmonium, the Mridangam. Soon their voices joined in. A hearty clap of hands followed the event. Then the host came forward to Arjuna.

"Won't your wife sing?" he asked. "We hear she is splendid at the Veena."

Arjuna smiled and turned to Gauri.

"Will you, dear?" he asked with such proud ownership in her, that, reluctant as she was to play in public, she had to consent. So she got up and sat on the dais, with the Veena before her. And then she played, not in the crude irritating style of the Christian lyrics, but in the real Indian fashion, correct to time and scale. Soon, her voice joined in, and it was noticeable that she sang in the right manner, wholly in one low register, and not in the falsetto of English sopranos; and, while doing so, she avoided the common mistake of Indian lady musicians, viz., that of taking high notes in a

strained and consequently a nasal tone. All her tones were perfectly modulated and true. The result was hearty applause.

"Gauri," said Arjuna, as she came back blushing to her chair by him, "I have heard you sing before, but never like that. Why?"

"Because I am truly happy now."

"Your father must have been a great man to get you taught like that."

"He was a great man, though I am not great. I mean, I am not really a good singer."

"Now, you are getting mixed up. Well, who is this come to disturb us? I wish they would leave us alone."

The disturber was none other than Mrs. Morley, who came to pay Gauri compliments; and Gauri was glad to see that this time she smiled at her husband. Other people followed on the pretext of congratulating Gauri on her music.

The Rev. Mansion was one of those. He smiled a rather shame faced smile at them. "Will you ever forgive me and my colleagues for our behaviour towards you?" he asked Arjuna.

"Of course I will," the other replied. "Your censures were partly my own fault."

"But, we should have known, really, that you would not act so."

"Oh, well, I leave that to you."

"But one good result I rejoice in. It has shown me the strength and fineness of character, of which an Indian woman

is capable. We honour your wife, indeed," he added with a bow.

"Thank you very much," smiled Gauri; "But now, it seems time for us to go. They are bringing the *Pansupari* round."

After helping themselves to the Indian *salad*, they were offered *Sandal* paste, and were sprinkled with rose-water. Then they rose to go.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Three months later, all Sripur was overjoyed by the celebration of a grand wedding. Pushpam married young Sankar, and went with him to England, where, financed both by Mrs. Sitaram and by Arjuna, he became a Bar-at-law, and after that returned home and set up a good practice. Mallika also, after she passed her B.A., went to College in England. And to Arjuna and Gauri was born a little daughter whom they called Sita Stella. Gauri had always liked the first name, for Sita was her heroine; she felt constrained to add the other. The combination was discordant to her, but the incongruity seemed worth while, for the memories it brought; and, after all, did it not mean Sita the Star,—an ideal well worth looking up to by Indian women?

Sita Stella grew up in company with the little orphan Rajah, son of the ill-fated Mrs. Williams; and perhaps, one day, if all was well, the two would marry and be happy. So at least dreamt the older pair. Who knows?

THE END.

K. S.

Our Children's Pages.

(1) DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BALLOON.

ONE evening, about a week after the party had returned from Madras, Mohun, who was fond of using the sewing Machine, was tailoring away at some of the clothes his mother had cut out and joined for him. Vasant was making stencil patterns on bits of newspaper with his mother's scissors. Raji, collecting the waste cloth, was trying to invent new fashions in dresses, and Babu was piping away discordant melodies on a mouth-organ snatched from Vasant, for whom his father had purchased it at Madras. Mrs. Vikram was patching and darning some old clothes, lounging in her favourite wicker chair. All were listening to Rukmini and Seeta, who, seated at the two ends of a sofa doing a bit of crochet, were noisily relating their recent experiences. For a whole week they had talked of nothing but Madras, telling the others all that they had seen, each girl often asserting that she herself had noticed some more things which the other must have missed. Often too they held unnecessary conversations on the same stale topics, with the object that they should be overheard and envied, at any rate by Mohun. In this manner they had completely exhausted all that was at all worth telling and thereafter began to ransack their memories for trivial and half-forgotten things, to have something to speak about Madras; and to their surprise almost every day some little incident could be dragged out from the depths of the memory to the surface, so

that even on this evening the family group was listening to some new yarns.

Dr. Vikram came in, lifted Babu off the ground and sat down with the child on his knee and narrated the following incident:

"When I found that our Moore Market purchases were getting too bulky for a tram, I left the girls at a stall to go and fetch a jutka. Not wishing to be long absent from the children, I took the first one that came in my way at the Central Station and struck a bargain for one rupee and a half. But, just as I was getting into it, a fellow came and holding the pony by the reins began to quarrel with the driver. I was impatient, but the driver seemed to be in no hurry to move till he had come to a conclusion with the other rascal, who would not let the pony go. Then the jutka-wallah coolly turned and told me that the real driver was the other man and not he, and that I had better pay the hire the other fellow demanded or get down. I wanted to know why he had offered his services, when the bandy had belonged to another; and he answered that his friend sometimes let him drive the jutka. There was no time for further argument or delay, and so I consented to pay the two rupees now demanded, out of which the second man begged to be given half-a-rupee in advance. Exasperated as my temper was already, I was to put up with yet another trick for the children's sake. Instead of the so-called legitimate driver ousting the original one, he simply let go the reins and walked away grinning, with the money in his hand.

"However, I had my sweet vengeance when I reached home. The original bargain was a rupee and a half. I deducted from it the half rupee already paid and another four annas for this trying to swindle me, and gave him only twelve annas. The man set up a row. Mr. Mitra and I threatened to bring the police down on him and he went away swearing. What do you think of the scoundrels?"

"Mother, you should see Madras beggars," began Rukmini, "How cheeky they are, are they not, Seeta?"

"Yes, mother," Seeta said, supporting her sister's statement. "Well-dressed, fat-bodied knaves run after you, clamouring for a *Kasu*, complaining of hunger and starvation for days. They know we don't believe their lies and they show it by giggling. Even if we tell them twenty times to go away, they still follow us with the same cries."

"For every little thing they expect payment, mother," Rukmini now began, "Tell a chokra to cut a few flowers for you. He will do it and then stretch out his hand, asking for money. Really, I never saw such greedy people as the Madrasis."

"Mohun, your thread has run out, boy," said Dr. Vikram who had been watching the tailoring business.

All looked at Mohun, who stopped the machine and examined his shirt. It was a heart-break to him to discover that the needle had been working without thread for many minutes and that the two sides of the shirt which he believed he had finished were joined together not by stitches, but by holes. It was too much for him to go through the work over again. So he picked up the pieces of cloth and, covering the Singer with its case, yawned, and twisted his body.

"Father, what makes a balloon fly?" he suddenly asked.

"Hullo, what has brought a balloon to your mind now?" asked Dr. Vikram.

"I was thinking of it all last evening, and my mind went back to it. Can you tell me all about it, father?"

Dr. Vikram set down Babu with his flute, and rose. Then, slipping his arm round Mohun's waist, he took him out for a stroll and they conversed about silk bags and gases lighter than air, the balloon-car and such like things.

Mohun looked thoughtful and Dr. Vikram, as if gifted with the power of mind-reading, said with a touch of suspicion,

"If you happen to be thinking of the spirit-bottle in my dispensary, for any experiment you may wish to try, I must warn you against it, Mohun. Do you understand?"

Mohun simply smiled, but displayed some interest in his kitchen garden and his father asked him questions about his plant-growing.

"Then father," asked the boy, "is water-vapour lighter than air?"

"Don't you learn in geography that water-vapour goes up and forms into clouds? How will it rise unless it is lighter than air?"

Mohun's face grew bright. The rest of the evening he was in a deep reverie. The following morning he called his two big sisters and Vasant, promising them some fun in the Sparrow Room.

"Don't catch any more sparrows, Mohun," said Rukmini, "I won't be a party to it."

"It has nothing to do with sparrows, I declare," Mohun assured her, "Come and see, what I am going to show, and bring a bedsheet with you."

"What's that for," asked Seeta.

"You will know it by and by" answered her brother and dashed off for the Sparrow Room.

When the children arrived there with a bedsheet, they found a bed-room

lamp, a clumsy, rusty, make-shift tripod stand, and a small mud pot full of water, covered with a mud lid. In fact, Mohun was about to perform some experiment, the Sparrow Room serving him as a laboratory and the above-mentioned articles his apparatus. His scientific discourse proved rather premature. He explained to the children his aim and their own duties when called upon to help him.

"Now, you see this potful of water," he began, "I am going to heat it over the stove by means of this lamp. When the water begins to boil, the process of evaporation begins. All the water will be converted into vapour before long. The vapour, being lighter than air, will be struggling to escape and rise. But, because the lid prevents the escape, the vapour will carry the pot with it as it goes up. Now, this is the principle of the balloon."

The children listened to this learned speech with bated breath.

"In what way is the bedsheet going to help the balloon?" Seeta asked.

"Let me come to it," said Mohun. "I want you, folks, to spread out the sheet, holding the four corners. Seeta, you have long arms. You hold those two corners and Rukmini and Vasant these two. You know there is the danger of the mud pot coming down with a crash when it has gone up. I want you to catch it on the sheet and not let it fall down and break."

"Hear me," said Vasant shrugging his shoulders, "I won't stand here. The water will spill and scald me."

"What a girlie!" mocked his brother, "So timid, are you? Then walk out, please. Rook, please hold the other end too, won't you? If not, there will be no chance for me to try this experiment."

"Let your balloon begin to ascend and then we will spread the sheet."

"You won't have time to think or act, when the balloon is shooting up like a

rocket, girls. If you have a mind to help me, you can as well hold the sheet now."

This reproach caused the sisters to stand facing each other, holding the corners of the bedsheet, watching and waiting for the mud pot to exhibit some signs of upward motion. Soon their arms began to ache and grow stiff, but the balloon did not seem to be in the least hurry to stir itself. The girls looked wistfully at their brother and sighed. Mohun gave a nod by way of encouragement and Vasant stood giggling by. Slowly, their arms came down, despite one more heroic effort to keep up the situation. At length, Seeta declared she could no longer endure the strain.

"You silly," scolded Mohun to revive her spirits, "what else were those long arms made for, but for holding bedsheets open for balloons to alight on? What will you do, if this pot takes it into its head to mount when you are not ready?"

Another three minutes of clenched teeth and painful sweating and the thumbscrew and the stake could not be a more excruciating torture. Human power could not endure more. Down came the bedsheet and lay in a crumpled heap on the floor. Mohun's experiment was doomed.

"A prophet is not honoured in his own house, says all-knowing Shakespeare," muttered Mohun flashing an indignant look at his sisters, and was going to burst into fierce eloquence, when the girls ran out of the Sparrow Room.

(To be continued.)

H. S. KAVERI BAI.

(2) Aurobindu's first Birthday.

Aurobindu was the first son and the second child of Mr. and Mrs. Madhava Rao. Every one at home called him 'Auro'. Mr. Rao was well-known as an earnest student of philosophy and religion. He was a prominent figure in the local

Brahmo samaj. His wife, Padmavathi, was a fitting partner to Mr. Rao in every respect, having received her education in a woman's College.

Auro's first birthday, which was to come off on the 21st of October 1931, was eagerly looked forward to by his parents. Radhamma, Padmavathi's mother, arrived a few days earlier to help her daughter in getting up this function, Mr. and Mrs. Rao having decided to strike out a new path in celebrating birthdays.

The sitting-room, which was by far the biggest room in the house, was tastefully decorated with leaves and flowers. Appropriate to the occasion, a few pictures like Hofmann's boy-Christ, Raphael's Sistine Madonna and Reynold's Angel-heads, were hung on the walls. On one side of the room was placed a long sofa with a large tray of flowers by its side. Facing the sofa, were arranged some chairs in a semicircle. The room was filled with the sweet smell of sandal-sticks.

Mr. Rao, whose usual mode of dress was Western, appeared that afternoon in Indian costume.

The guests began to arrive at about 5 p.m., and were taken into the sitting-room. Radhamma took charge of the orthodox lady visitors and led them into the adjoining dining-room, which was spread with carpets and gaily decorated for the evening.

The guests were about fifty in all, men and women, and represented various languages, areas, religions and professions. After they were seated, Padmavathi brought her one-year old son, Auro,—a bonny little fellow dressed in a smart blue frock and wearing a pair of thin gold bangles on his hands,—into the room. Madhava Rao distributed leaflets, on which were printed selections from Tagore's "Crescent moon." On the front page were printed the words, "Souvenir of Aurobindu's first birthday, 21st October 1931."

The Rev. Whittaker, who was to conduct the service, sat on the sofa and was garlanded by Sudha, the four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rao. Madhava Rao and Padmavathi sat on either side of the clergyman. Sudha sat by her father and Aurobindu was seated in Padmavathi's lap. When the Rev. Whittaker announced a "selection from the Crescent moon," the gramophone played the poems that were printed on the leaflets. It was most interesting that the recitations were by Tagore himself.

Then all stood up and the clergyman offered an uplifting and beautiful prayer, which was followed by a Telugu Song, specially composed for the occasion, by the Pastor of the Brahmo Samaj. Mr. and Mrs. Rao got up and distributed flowers to all, with the request that they should be thrown over Auro later. Everyone standing, Sudha repeated the Lord's prayer slowly and sweetly, with her hands folded and head reverently bent. This done, there was a profuse shower of flowers on the little Auro, who by then had happened to crawl from his mother's lap to the middle of the room. It was pretty indeed to see the boy sitting in the middle of the room with a big smile on his face, covered all over with petals of various flowers. He was much amused at the strange performance of his friends.

After this, Padmavathi took Auro and showed him to her friends and told them that the gold bangles were a little present to Auro from his grandmother. She also received the presents, which the guests had brought for the boy, with a smile and an occasional protest that they were not necessary.

Mr. and Mrs. Rao then served refreshments to the guests lavishly, now and then with a comment that all the eatables were "home-made." Auro was carried off to the adjoining room by his grandmother, to be shown to the lady visitors, who kept remarking that the boy looked like Sree Krishna and that his

face was as round as the moon. Then one of the ladies started singing a song and was followed by several, who could not, however, be distinctly heard amidst the general chatting all over the house.

One of Padmavathi's sisters distributed flowers and *pan* to the ladies, while another sister sprinkled rose-water from a silver sprayer.

Every one, before leaving, congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Rao on the pretty manner in which they had celebrated the birthday of their boy.

E. SAMBAYYA.

(3) Our Competition Corner.

We have received a few answers to our February number children's competition, but none of them are correct. The following are the correct ones:

1. Mid many fragrant roses,
Cream and pink and white,
There gracefully reposes
One blood-red rose so bright
That its silken petals glimmer
Like rubies all a gleam,
When caught in the golden shimmer
Of a sparkling bright sun-beam.
2. (1) Usha.
(2) Visalakshi.
(3) Mahasweta.
(4) Sushila.
(5) Lilamani.
(6) Mohini.

(4) Our Letter to our Young People.

DEAR CHILDREN,

There is a good book published by the University of London Press, Ltd., called "One touch of Nature," in which the lives and extracts from the writings of famous naturalists are given. The book is written for girls and boys, and all of you will do well to buy it, and add it to your library.

Let me now say a few words about one of the scientists mentioned in the

book—Jean Henri Fabre. I expect most of you have heard of him and the wonderful work he did in the world of insects. He was a Frenchman, and was born in 1823 at Saint Leons in Southern France. His parents were very poor farmers, and, as they could not afford to keep their little son, Jean Henri, with them, they sent him to live with his grand-parents. At seven, his father put him in the village school, but his real school was the study of Nature. When he was ten, his parents moved to Rodez, where Jean Henri went to a really good school; but misfortune attended him, and, although he was progressing fast in his studies, he had to leave school, and go home. But he passed an examination and became a teacher. He became more and more interested in insects, as time went on.

The next stage in his life was when he became a Professor of Science and went to Ajaccio in Corsica, but there he got malaria, and was transferred to Avignon, where he worked as a science teacher until 1879. But still he was not happy, as he was always poor, and had to support his wife and children by continually writing school-books.

When he was fifty-five, however, he at last had time to devote his energy and his whole life to the study of insects. He lived for a little time at Orange, and then settled down at Serignan in Provence. Here he made himself a retreat, and set to work. "The people of the village could not understand him, they thought he must be mad. On one occasion, he was actually arrested by the village keeper, who felt sure, he was doing something wrong, when he found him lying on the ground watching the work of a family of flies."

He lived until he was ninety-two, and for thirty-six years carried on his valuable experiments and observations. He laboured for love of his work, and not for fame, but fame came to him, and his name is now well-known. He

"was the greatest observer of insect-life who has ever lived." He has taught the world a great deal, indeed. He was also a great writer and wrote down his descriptions in a charming manner.

I hope you will soon read the book, which I have mentioned. As Wordsworth says,

"One impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man, of moral

evil and of good, than all the sages can."

"One touch of nature," will help us to study nature more closely; and what better opportunities can we have to observe animal and insect life than to live in a magnificent country like India?

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

Random Portraits of Indian Women.

THE RESEARCH STUDENT.

IN a laboratory set apart for research students, a pretty Indian girl stood amidst three or four boys, busily stooping over an elaborate apparatus set in front of her. She was the only woman there; but she did not seem to mind, for work claimed her, and she thought of nothing else during working-hours. The boys around her took her as a matter of course, and did not feel strange that a woman should work among them. They helped her as much as they could, even as they helped each other, and she behaved neither shyly nor awkwardly with them. All the students were interested in their research to such an extent that they became comrades in the achievement of a great cause. They

were true friends, and worked together like brothers and sister.

When will some more of our Indian women take up research? Today, our education seems to be so superficial. We stop after we have passed a certain degree. We do not really become engrossed in the subject we take up. Our object in passing examinations is more or less mercenary. India needs more research students, when a man or a woman can concentrate and delve deep into a subject. It is only then that we can boast of more great men and women than we have at present, and thus raise our country and make it a valuable part of the world.

PUNKAJAM.

Our Fashion Suggestions.

IT is a pity that gold belts are no longer in vogue. In olden days, almost all our women in South India used to wear gold belts around their waists, but today they are no longer the fashion. Women with slim figures look very pretty when their saris are kept together by a circlet of gold. Sometimes, the front part of the belt is studded with precious stones, which makes it look all the more charming. Now that our women are becoming so active and do so much energetic work, I should think that a belt will help to keep the sari more secure, than if it is merely tucked into the skirt. However, the fashion today is decidedly against a belt, and I expect one must obey dame Fashion's mandate.

Anklets are also no longer popular. Girls do not have "silver-circled feet" these days, and still, how pretty anklets do look, when a woman does happen to wear them. They seem suit to fair-complexioned women very well.

Nose-rings are positively looked upon with scorn. It is almost considered

barbaric to wear them. A few people, however, still like them, in spite of the inconvenience they cause, and I must say that a little diamond sparkling on the nose, vying with the brilliant sparkle of an Indian woman's eyes, looks very beautiful indeed.

The jewels that the Indian girl wears today are becoming more and more Western, the old-fashioned pendant fastened to a row of diamonds around the neck hardly being worn by an educated Indian woman. Neither is the round hair-jewel much used. The beautiful gold bangles of old are mocked at now, because they are too thick. Instead, very thin gold circlets are used. The charm of our Indian jewelry is being lost in a blind imitation of Western ornaments. There was an Oriental art in our ancient jewels, which the modern goldsmith hardly ever thinks of reproducing. It will be well for some of our women to revive the old-fashioned jewelry of India to a certain extent.

SISTER SUSIE.

Our Chess Page

BY BHARADWAJA.

NOTATION.

A knowledge of the language of the game is absolutely essential for a person who wishes to appreciate the excellencies of other players.

The German notation employs the alphabetical characters a, b, c, d, e, f, g, and h, proceeding from left to right, and the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, running upwards, these being calculated

always from the white side of the board:—

Thus the white Queen's Rook's square is a1;

the white Queen's square is d;
the black Queen's square is d8;
the white King's square is e;
the black King's square is e8;
and so on with the other pieces and squares.

The Germans use the following signs in their notation:—

for check (+); checkmate (!);
capture (;) castling on king's side (0-0);
castling on queen's side (o-o-o);
for best move, a note of admiration (!);
for weak move, a note of interrogation (?).

The initials only of the pieces are given, the pawns (Bauern) being understood.

Here is a sample of the German Notation:—

White.	Black.
1. e2 - e4	1. e7 - e5.
2. S g1 - f3.	2. S b8 - c6.
3. Lf. - c4.	3. L f8 - c5.
4. c2 - c3.	4. S g8 - f6 !
5. d2 - d4.	5. e5 - d4:
6. c3 - d4:	6. Lc5 - b4 -

The notation can still further be abbreviated—the moves given above can also be given thus:—

White.	Black.
1. P-X4.	1. P-K4
2. KKt-KB3 (that is King's Knight to the third square of the King's Bishop's file)	2. QKt-QB3 (i.e., Queen's Knight to the third square of the Queen's Bishop's file)
3. KB-QB4 (King's Bishop to the fourth square of the Queen's Bishop's file)	3. KB-QB4
4. P-QB3	4. KKt-KB3
5. P-Q4	5. P takes P (P x P) (Kings's pawn takes White's Queen's pawn)
6. P takes P (P x P), or Queen's Bishop's Pawn takes pawn: no other pawn can, at the moment, capture a pawn.	6. KB-QKt5 (ch) i.e., check.

White. Black.

1. e4	e5
2. Sf3	Sc6
3. Lc4	Lc5
4. c3	Sf6 !
5. d4	ed:
6. cd:	Lb4 -

The English Notation—

Having marshalled the men in battle-order as shown in our first article on the chess board, it will be seen that each party has two ranks of men, on the first of which stands the superior men, and on the next the eight pawns. The eight squares, which compose the first rank, are each distinguished by the name of the piece which occupies it, when the men are first arranged.

It is to be borne in mind that white names every square on the board, in accordance with its relative position to one of its eight pieces, and the black does the same. Hence it follows that black's first square is white's eighth, and *vice versa*.

In the English method, each player counts from his own side of the board, and the moves are denoted by the names of the files and the numbers of the squares. Thus, when a player for his first move advances the king's pawn two squares, it is described as follow:—"1. P-K4". The following moves will enable the reader to understand the principles of the British notation.

The symbol x is used to express "takes", and a dash — to express "to"

White.	Black.
1. P-X4.	1. P-K4
2. KKt-KB3 (that is King's Knight to the third square of the King's Bishop's file)	2. QKt-QB3 (i.e., Queen's Knight to the third square of the Queen's Bishop's file)
3. KB-QB4 (King's Bishop to the fourth square of the Queen's Bishop's file)	3. KB-QB4
4. P-QB3	4. KKt-KB3
5. P-Q4	5. P takes P (P x P) (Kings's pawn takes White's Queen's pawn)
6. P takes P (P x P), or Queen's Bishop's Pawn takes pawn: no other pawn can, at the moment, capture a pawn.	6. KB-QKt5 (ch) i.e., check.

It is also usual to express the notation as concisely as possible; the third moves of white and black would be given as 3. B-B4, because the King's Bishop and only the Queen's bishop's fourth square can be intended.

As a first exercise, begin by placing the Queen on her square, then play her to the Queen's fifth square, then diagonally to Queen Rook's eighth square, then to Queen Rook's square, and then bring again to her square.

It is proper to mention that the directions for moving a piece are not usually described in full, and, according to the modern abbreviations, the several moves will be given thus:—

1. Q to her square	or Q-Q 1.
2. Q to her fifth	Q-Q 5.
3. Q to her R's 8th	Q-QR 8.
4. Q to K.R's 8th	Q-KR 8.
5. Q to her R's sq.	Q-QR sq.
6. Q to her sq.	Q-Q 1.

As a next exercise, put the Queen's Bishop on his square beside the Queen, and play him as follows:—

1. Q. B. to K. R's 6th	(QB-KR 6.)
2. Q. B. to K. B's 8th	(QB-KB 8.)
3. QB to Q. R's 3rd	(QB-QR 3.)
4. Q. B. to his sq.	(QB-QB 1.)

To these two pieces, now add the Queen's Knight, on his own square, and play as follows:—

1. Q. Kt to Q's 2nd.
2. Q. Kt to K's 4th.
3. Q. Kt to B's 6th.
4. Q. Kt to K. B's 6th.
5. Q. Kt to Q. B's 7th.
6. Q. Kt to Q. Kt's 5th.
7. Q. Kt to Q. B's 3rd.
8. Q. Kt to his square.

By taking all the pieces in succession, one will speedily obtain sufficient knowledge of their movements to commence the opening of a game.

THE FORSYTH NOTATION.

Sometimes, one sees a notation appearing under diagrams of problems. It is very simple. We shall go through all the ranks and files from the top, whose first rank is occupied by black. Supposing there is a black bishop in R square, and a black Knight in KR square—the rank is described as (b 6 s) meaning that in the first rank, there is a black bishop, six blank squares, and a black knight. The second rank, three blank squares, a white rook, and four blank squares—(3 R 4). The third rank, a white Queen, a blank square, a blank knight, two blank squares, a blank King, a blank square and a white bishop; (Q 1 s 2 k 1 B.) The fourth rank, has eight blank squares (8), the fifth rank two blank squares, a white bishop, a white Pawn, three blank squares, and a white knight (2 BP 3 S). The sixth rank, eight blank squares (8). The seventh rank, four blank squares, a white king and three blank squares (4 K 3). The eighth rank, eight blank squares (8).

The above gives a problem which in Forsyth Notation is described as follows:—

Black 4 pieces—White 7 pieces.

b 6 s; 3 R 4; K 1 s 2 k 1 B; 8, 2 BP 3 S, 8, 4 K 3; 8.

Mate in two—

* As an exercise we would like to get from readers the solution to the above problem by J. E. Funk.

In Forsyth Notation, the white pieces are usually mentioned in capital letters and the black pieces in small letters, and the knight is usually represented by the single letter S instead of the cumbersome Kt.

The end of a game is to checkmate an adversary. Yet there are several mates. The Scholar's mate—a checkmate occasionally given at the opening of a game by a practised player to a novice:—

White.	Black.
1. P-K 4	1. P-K 4

2. K. B. to Q B 4 2. KB-QB 4
3. Q-QR 5 3. Q. P. one.
4. QxKBP gives checkmate.

The Smothered Mate—a checkmate which is occasionally given by the knight when the adverse King is hemmed in or smothered by his own forces.

Illus:—r1.r 3k1; p5pp; 8; 6S1; 8; 7P; 1.q5p; 3Q3K.)

The Stalemate. When one party has his King so placed that, not being at the moment in check, he cannot play him without going into check, and at the same

time has no other Piece or Pawn to move instead, he is said to be stalemated, and the game is considered drawn.

Illus:—K7; 2R5; 8; 8; 2Q5; 2K5; 8; 8.

There are several other mates such as Pin-mate, the Self-mate, the Reflex-mate, and there are several checks, such as the perpetual Check, the discovered Check and so on, and the novice can get the acquaintance of chess terms by getting more in touch with the standard games played out among the leading players of the world.

Some New Gramophone Records.

HOW divine a thing is music! It expresses all the moods of Nature in its fullness and genius. When we are sad or gloomy, music can raise our lowered spirits, and bring smiles to our wearied faces. Music is a great comforter, a great inspiration, and a great Art.

What type of music do you enjoy best? Have you ever thought it out deeply in your own heart? There are many different sorts of music, so many indeed that there is some for every different individual, no matter how he is mentally inclined, calm, erratic, dainty, slow, fast, dreamy, wild, precise or fantastic.

Music is an exhilarating tonic for the brain, for the heart, and for the soul. In the better-class music of such composers as Beethoven, Schubert, Bach, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Mozart (to quote but a few of many great names), we have the pure essence of genius in all its greatness. You do not need to be a great man or woman to understand their music, but you must be intelligent and patient. You must study and analyse their compositions, you must listen thoughtfully and intently, and say to yourself

"what did he mean to convey by that passage"? Immerse yourself thoroughly in the spirit of the music, and then, you will find yourself well on the way to real musical enjoyment.

There are also those amongst us, who are not deeply musically-inclined, and have not the patience to delve deeply into the mysterious ways of music. For these folk there is an immense amount of good music that does not need any great amount of understanding, it is very tuneful and may be rhythmic, and is easily understood and enjoyed.

I am a lover of the Gramophone, for it is a great medium for musical education. It is one of my favourite pursuits to sit in a darkened room and listen, with concentrated interest, to my most favoured records. Through the Gramophone, we gain a first-hand acquaintance with all types of music (which ever it might be, we are interested in) playing and re-playing this or that record until we thoroughly understand its various phrases.

The piano is a delightful solo instrument, and one of its finest performers is

Alfred Cortot, who gives a beautiful interpretation, on record D B 1321, of two of Chopin's most popular compositions, the *Nocturne* in E Flat Major, and *Waltz* in C Sharp Minor, *Opus* 64, No. 2. What delicacy of touch, what refined and exquisite technique!

Marcel Wittresch, a tenor with a robust tenor voice, sings (in German) the popular serenade "*O Sole Mio*", and the dainty "*La Paloma*" on record B 3767. Readers desirous of possessing a really good record of a tenor, at a reasonable price, are recommended to make enquiries about this record of their Gramophone dealer.

Peter Dawson (Baritone) sings two of Wilfred Sanderson's most popular songs on B 3,839, "*Friend O' Mine*" and "*Shipmates O' Mine*". Dawson is very much at home with this sort of music, and here he displays his inimitable artistry to full advantage.

Here is another record, which I earnestly recommend to all lovers of good tuneful, enjoyable music, C 2,254, Marek Weber and his Orchestra playing a beautiful Waltz by Johann Strause "*Village Swallows From Austria*", and a Fantasia on the song, "*Long, long ago*". To hear this orchestra, with their well-balanced rhythmic playing, is a musical delight.

Theodor Chaliapine is the most celebrated basso in the whole world. A Russian by birth, he sings most of his songs in his native tongue, many of them written by composers of his own nationality. His latest record, DB 1530, is too divinely beautiful throughout for me to single out any particular portion for special mention. The first side contains "*Aria of the Miller*" from "*Roussalka*," and the other side "*Rondo of Farlaf*" from *Russlan and Ludmila*.

Throughout the West at Christmas time, such old time melodies as "*Hark the Herald angels sing*"; "*Good King*

Wencelas" and "*Once in Royal David's City*", etc., are sung. These, and many others have been recorded in a very happy way by The Mayfair Orchestra on B 3,967; the tunes are so well-known and merry and friendly, that I feel this record should be in the hands of all gramophonists.

Beniamini Gigli, a tenor with a glorious voice, sings "*Your Tiny Hand is Frozen*," from the opera, "*La Boheme*," and "*All Hail, Thou Dwelling*," from Gounod's opera, "*Faust*". The record is number DB 1538.

Practically, all the big Cinemas in the West have installed huge organs for the entertainment of their patrons, and if you want to hear how really good one of these organs can sound at the hands of a first-class player, endeavour to get hold of record No. B 3,927, with Jesse Crawford playing two light compositions, "*Siboney*" and "*Maria, My Own*".

"*Finlandia*," a tone-poem, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the indefatigable leader, Leopold Stokowski, on DB 1584, is stirring and impressive music, which sounds very fine when handled by such a combination of players as the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Another record I should like to recommend to our readers is C 2,267, on which Marek Weber and His Orchestra play two sweet waltzes by Strauss, first "*Artists' Life*" and secondly "*Danube Waves*".

I should be glad if readers will remember that I am perfectly willing to give them all the help I can, to aid them in tracing records, or to help them in their choice.

COLUMBIA.

Through the courtesy of the Columbia Gramophone Company I have been able to listen to Mahatma Gandhi's new record "*My Spiritual Message to the world*", which takes up both sides of record No. LBE 50 (4 Rupees). I was a little bit disappointed with Gandhi's enunciation

or elocution, but there is little doubt that he is a great thinker. The record is entirely void of political significance, being simply an exposition of Gandhi's view point on certain spiritual affairs. In the course of the record Gandhi, states that the law which governs all life is God, an "unseen power which makes itself felt, and yet defies all proof because it is so unlike all that I perceive through my senses. I do perceive that, whilst everything around me is everchanging, everdying, there is underlying all that change a Living Power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves and recreates." This record of Gandhi's is more than interesting, it is thought-provoking, and I cannot imagine any of Gandhi's followers, or admirers, being without it.

PICCADILLY.

The Band of His Majesty's Royal Horse Guards (The Blues), conducted by

Lieut. J. W. Dunn, gives a creditable rendering of Finck's "*More Melodious Memories*" on both sides of record 878. Many old songs are incorporated in the selection, which is enjoyable from start to finish.

Louis Revel gives us a fine banjo solo, on one side of record 551, and a Mandoline solo on the reverse side, "*Faust Selection*." Bernard Dudley, Baritone, has made a fine record of No. 226, with "*If Ever I Meet the Sergeant*" and "*Company Sergeant Major*." This type of song is always acceptable, particularly when served up with a brisk orchestral accompaniment, as in this case. Nat Travels, the London dialect comedian, keeps us interested on record 880, with "*Coster's Sister*" and "*I'm One of the Old Froth Blowers*."

LELAND J. BERRY.

Notes for young Pianists.

STANLEY Arnold's new suite of pianoforte pieces, "*Let's Go Round the Empire*" which has been published by Boosey & Company of 295, Regent Street, W. I, at two shillings per copy, is one of the little works that score a big hit with little folks, who have reached that very adventurous age of anything between seven and eleven years.

Under Stanley Arnold's very able direction and care, we commence our journey from England on the liner "Empress of Britain", and in nice calm four-four time we proceed down the Channel, away from dear old Mother England! Our first port of call is Quebec, and here, in a very short time (or rather perhaps I should say, in brisk six-eight time), we are joining in

boisterously with the merry Winter sports of Canada.

However, as all good things must come to an end, so must we be embarking once more on our adventurous cruise, this time to distant New Zealand, where among many other wonderful sights, we shall see the great sheep farms, and see the strong and agile milkmaids at work. So much of the exhilarating atmosphere of Canada is in our blood, that even here in New Zealand, we still move about in a fairly brisk six-eight manner.

From New Zealand, we proceed by sea to Australia, and we land in the largest harbour in the whole world, that of Sydney. As we explore *The Bush* we meet all kinds of funny music in two—four time, a happy ("Does your mother

want a Rabbit?") whistle, bugles and all manner of things.

Through China, India, Africa and eventually to England once more, Stanley Arnold brings us happily. A very fine coloured map on the inside of the cover helps us trace our magical journey over the world with the greatest of ease.

BOSWORTH & CO.

In a manner which is different, but no less interesting, Thomas F Dunhill takes us on a short trip "*In the Country's Heart*". We hear first a dainty *Rustic Legend*, secondly we participate in a lively *Harvesters' Dance*. Next we visit *The Hazel Copse*, a place of delicate whisperings and fantastic thoughts. Here the *Ploughboy's Song* breaks on our ears from an adjoining field, and the rhythmic abandon of his music is quite thrilling. Finally, there comes a time *When Daylight Dies*, and, after we have experienced all the beauty of the dusk, as the sun wanes, comes the final quiet chords and so to bed. This happy little suite is modestly priced at two shillings, and should find many admirers.

FREDERIC HARRIS AND CO.

Heninrich Engel gives us a deal to think about in his *Six Little Dances* for the pianoforte. *Orchard Hammock* is an engaging little Waltz in G Major, with a trio in C Major. *Jack O'Lantern* is a lively Polka in two-four time, requiring delicate, yet decisive handling, excellent practise material in all ways. *The Spanish Gypsy* is a Mazurka (three-four time), which commences in the key of two flats (B), and reaches a trio of three flats (E). There are no octaves to manipulate, thirds and sixths being the greatest intervals to stretch. The *Jewel Dance* (Schottische) is about the most difficult piece of the six, it calls for precise, yet animated handling, a state of affairs that sometimes leads to some erratic performances on the part of youthful performers. *The Little Drum Major* is a great little march, the kind of music that most of

us like to play. Finally, *Flying Sparks* is a lively number in two-four time marked Vivo! and is an ideal piece with which to end a suite of such interesting proportions. These six pieces are issued separately, each in a dainty-coloured cover.

ELKIN & CO.

So much work of real excellence come from this noted firm that it is always with a feeling akin to delight that one receives any of their new publications, Sir Edward Elgar's album of four Miniatures for the pianoforte—"May Song, Carissima, Echo's Dance and Rosemary", are typically Elgarian in character, deep thoughtful sketches that a competent pianist would enjoy playing. One of Bach's most popular airs, "*My Heart Ever Faithful*", has been adapted for the pianoforte by Cyril Scott (modern composer, born 1879). The transcription is certainly musicianly, but is difficult in texture. "*In Dorset*", a suite by Eldridge Newman, is delightful throughout. It contains three pieces "*At Hethfelton, Lodmoor and Wool Village*." The last named of the three is, in my opinion, a fine bit of free-style writing. Victor Love presents us with a *Nocturne* and a *Waltz* (Impression No. 2) for the pianoforte. The *Waltz* is but moderately good, but the *Nocturne* is deserving of study, as it is an ideal piece for students of fair capabilities. Victor Hely Hutchinson's song, "*The Jolly Beggar*", should be in the hands of all bass-baritone singers; it moves with a happy swing, and the words are full of the philosophy of life, as seen by a beggar. Out of Eric Fogg's three Traditional North-Country Songs, I favour his setting of Robert Burns' "*O, Whistle, an' I'll Come to You, My Lad*."

SCHOTT & COMPANY.

All pianists should be acquainted with Mozart's (1751-1859) pianoforte works, for they are a sheer musical education in themselves. Willy Behberg (whom we have to thank for the resurrection of other beautiful works that might have been lost

to us for ever) has arranged and presented us with six of Mozart's least known Sonatinas. In this arranging of these wee gems, Rehberg has disturbed none of the inherent beauty of Mozart's genius, rather has he enhanced them. It is a book I am proud to possess. John Ireland sets us thinking with his latest publication, "*February Child*"; it is intricate throughout, both as regards time and fingering. A piece, I think, that will have many pianists guessing.

AUGEMER LTD.

Colin Dale has two appearances in Augemer's new list, firstly with a dainty piano solo "*Star Pieces*", and secondly with a suite "*Camp Fires*". Neither of the pieces in his publications present great difficulty; judicious practice of

them would be good for young pianists who require good finger action, combined with melody. A sacred poem, "*The Tears of Saint Joseph*" (Ruth Rogers), has been set to beautiful music by M. Van Someren Godfrey. May Harrison has adapted two notable melodies for violin and pianoforte, Bach's prelude in E. Flat minor, and Henry Purcell's *Slow Air* and *Hornpipe*, which will be eagerly awaited by a large number of folk.

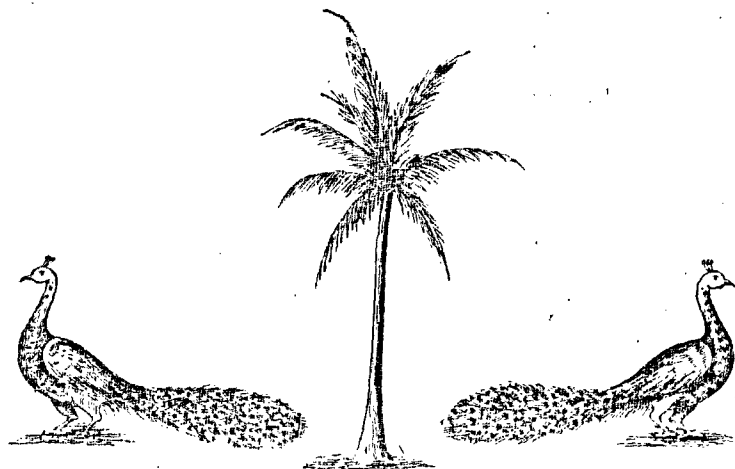
I sincerely hope, I have not wearied my readers by my long review of new songs and pianoforte music. But I feel, in view of the advancement of musical progress in all parts of India, that up-to-date knowledge of happenings in the world of music is invaluable to those musicians and lovers of music who wish to develop their skill and their repertoire.

L. J. BERRY,

Household and Needlework Hints.

How to make your bed-room more cheerful. In the *woman's Journal*, there is an article on how to decorate curtains, dressing table cover, cushions and night-dress case in the nursery with the same design and thus make it more cheerful for children. As most

of our Indian houses do not contain nurseries, it will be rather a good idea to decorate one's own bed-room with just one kind of design. Below, is a diagram of a particularly Indian design. It can be traced on to the material with carbon paper.



36

The palm tree can be embroidered, and the peacocks can be out-lined with back-stitching and then filled in closely with tiny French knots. Saxe blue material with the above design worked in white will look very pretty. The

bed-cover, dressing-table cover, curtains and cushions, can be worked all alike, and the effect will be very charming indeed, and also give the house-wife work during spare hours.

PADDY.

Cookery Notes.

RECEIPT I.

UNDAKA HULVA.

(Delicious).

Ingredients.

3 eggs.

9 teaspoons sugar.

9 teaspoons ghee (melted) a few cardamom seeds powdered.

Method of preparation.

Break the eggs into a bowl, and beat both the whites and the yolks together well with a fork or an egg-beater. Put in the sugar, and continue beating till the sugar has nearly dissolved. Add the ghee, and beat further till all the three ingredients look well-mixed.

Pour into a clean *dekshah* and set on a low fire. Stir all the time with a table spoon. The mixture will gradually thicken, and when set into the proper

consistency of a Halva, remove from the oven, sprinkle with cardamom powder and mix well; serve cold.

RECEIPT II.

SHORTBREAD.

Ingredients.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour.

4 ozs. butter.

2 ozs. sugar.

Method of Preparation.

Mix all the ingredients together on a flour board, adding water, if necessary, to make into a soft dough.

Roll out flat with a rolling pin to about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness and cut into rounds or shape into diamond-cut pieces with a knife.

Bake in a moderately hot oven, turning once.

Health Notes.

ARE SWEETS HARMFUL TO CHILDREN?

ARE sweets harmful to children? As a matter of fact, they are not harmful if eaten after meals, and not between meals. Pure sweets are good for children, for all growing bodies need sugar. For this reason all children crave sweets, and will rise unsatisfied from a meal if sufficient sugar has not been included in the diet. Sugar in porridge is much better for children than salt, and children should also be encourag-

ed to eat figs, dates, and dried fruits as much as possible, for their sugar content as well as for other reasons. After the big midday meal, every child should be given a bar of chocolate, or a small handful of other sweets, provided they are eaten at once and the teeth cleaned afterwards. Eating produces a flow of gastric juice, which makes sweets after meals easily digestible. Between meals, this juice is not active, and sweets ought not to be eaten at that time.

The moral of it all is this: (1) Children need lots of sugar. (2) It ought to be given to them freely at meal-times. (3) All children crave sweets, which are a form of sugar, and therefore sweets should not be forbidden at proper times. (4) The proper time for sweets is just after meals, especially big meals, because the flow of gastric juice then makes it easy to digest them, and the children can be made to remove all traces from the teeth by cleaning them before they go off to play after leaving the table.

The Treasure Chest.

— TROUBLES WHICH BRING ON INSANITY. —

Insanity is one of the most dreadful of all diseases. Medical authorities have now learned that much of it can be prevented by proper guidance and advice in periods of great mental stress. At a meeting in New York City of the Association for Research in Nervous and Mental Diseases, Dr. C. A. Bonner, Superintendent of the Danvers State Hospital, Hawthorne, Mass., gave the result of his studies into the causes of one hundred cases of manic-depressive psychosis or emotional insanity.

The illness in twenty-five cases was due to friction or unrest in the family life; in fifteen, to unemployment, including the loss of savings and other financial worries;

nine, to recent deaths of relatives or friends; sixteen to anxiety over the health or conduct of some member of the immediate family; seven to emotional stress of unnamed type; five to reaction to unavoidable conditions, and six to disappointment in love. In the other cases, no cause could be found.

Dr. Bonner said that women appeared to be more susceptible to mental disorders than men.

Of course, everyone goes through some of these conditions from time to time. But, with a normal stability, there is no disaster.—*S. in G. Health.*

—
"If I knew the box where smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'T would open, I know for me.
Then over the land, the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold
For many and many a day. [them fast.
If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street.
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep deep sea."

News and Notes.

(SELECTED)

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN.

THE Equal Rights Committee, the Actresses' Franchise League, the National Union of Women Teachers, the Open Door Council, the Saint John's Social and Political Alliance, the Six Point Group and the Women's Freedom League of Great Britain have submitted the following Memorandum on the Terms of the Franchise as they affect women, to the Chairman and Members of the Franchise Committee or the Indian Round Table Conference:—

"Believing in the principle of equality with all its advantages and disadvantages, we wholeheartedly support the demand of the Indian women's organizations that the franchise should be based on equality between men and women. Any apparent privileges or special rights, no matter how seemingly beneficial they may appear on the surface, lead to the ultimate disadvantage of the "privileged" classes and are beneath human dignity."

The new franchise should be based on two principles which are essential to the best interests of women and of India.

These are:—

(1) That the terms of the franchise shall be the same for the women as for men, without special exceptions.

(2) That the terms shall be such as to enfranchise as nearly as possible the same number of women as of men voters.

MADRAS DECISION.

The Women's Indian Association, Sri Sarda Ladies' Association, Triplicane, the Tamil Ladies' Association, George Town, and the Madras Presidency Muslim Ladies' Association, have unanimously arrived at the following decision:—

(1) They do not at all approve of the suggestion that the wives and the widows of men entitled to vote under the property qualification should be enfranchised. (2) They do not recommend any literacy qualification for the reason that the number of literate women, especially among the Hindus and the Muslims form a very small percentage of the total population even in this presidency (in other provinces like Bengal and U. P., it is even much less), and further as literacy is no education. (3) Even a nominal property qualification will not bring many women on the electoral list, as the majority of the people are poor, the majority of women do not practice any profession and many women will go without a vote. Hence this method did not commend itself to them.

Therefore, the above Associations strongly recommend the system of "Adult Suffrage", as they feel that the right of citizenship should be enjoyed to an equal degree both by men and women as well as by the poor and the rich and by the literate and the illiterate.

If this is considered impracticable at present, they are prepared to accept any other equally good and effective method by which every adult over the age of 21 will have a voice, either direct or indirect, in the Government of the country.

INDIAN WOMEN AND POLITICS.

The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* interviewing Mr. Gandhi,

asked for his views on Indian Women's interest in politics. "Indian women," he said, "will not feel the slightest opposition to the act of voting."

"They have not developed that particular type of self-consciousness. Many Indian women, no doubt, will be indifferent to the vote at first, not realising it as a duty. If they did realise it, nothing would stop them exercising it. If anyone tried to prohibit the Indian woman going to temples, she would resist to the death, not so much from a religious sense as from a temple sense. She feels it her duty to go to temples to worship God there. In the same way nothing could prevent her going to bathe in the Ganges. Tell her she may get rheumatism or malaria if she goes and she will say, 'What is that to me? I must go'. In India, voting will be plain sailing for women. Of course, they will have to be educated to vote and taught that it is a right thing to do."

FREE AND COMPULSORY EDUCATION FOR MUSLIM GIRLS.

We are glad that the Muslim Education Committee, that was appointed by the Government to make recommendations for the development of Muslim education in this Presidency, has strongly recommended the inclusion of Muslim girls in the compulsory scheme that is applied to boys. We may point out to our readers and to the members of the Committee as well that the local Muslim Ladies' Association, as well as the Madras Constituent Conference of Women, have been urging the extension of compulsory education to Muslim girls in the City of Madras for the last three or four years. In spite of their demands, girls were not included in the scheme. But now we hope that the recommendations of the Committee appointed specially for this purpose will be carried out in the very near future. At the same time, we do not agree with one of the recommendations of the Committee, namely, "Separate schools and colleges should be maintained for Muslims in consideration of distinct culture, distinct religion and distinct language." In this connection we desire to bring to the notice of the Committee one of the resolutions unanimously passed at the Sixth

Session of the All-India Women's Conference which was recently held in Madras, viz.—

"This Conference, which has always stood for unity, urges all its members to work for this great cause. It feels that to achieve unity, separate schools for different denominations or communities or castes should be gradually abolished."

Whatever difference may be in language, culture, and in religion, the fact that members of all communities, whether Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Parsis, etc., are the sons and daughters of one common motherland, should be always borne in mind and that caste and communal differences hinder the progress of the country in more than one way. Therefore, the only solution for this very acute problem, in the opinion of many, is the bringing together pupils of all denominations and communities in one and the same school, so that they may realise their kinship to each other, even when young, and work for the common weal. Therefore it is a matter for great satisfaction to us that women have recognised this need earlier than men themselves.

—*Stri Dharma*.

WOMEN POLICE FOR DELHI, LUCKNOW, ALLAHABAD AND CAWNPORE.

We welcome the appointment of a woman head-constable in the City of Lucknow to deal with women picketers and also the proposal to organise women police corps for Delhi, Cawnpore and Allahabad.

We hope that other provinces will very soon follow the good example.

—*Stri Dharma*.

WOMEN MAGISTRATES FOR MYSORE.

For the first time the Government of Mysore have appointed women as Honorary Magistrates. The new Magistrates are Miss M. Pillidge and Srimathi R. Kalyanamma, for the Bench Court at Bangalore city; and Srimathi V. Amrita Bai and Mrs. Theobald, for the Bench Court at Mysore city. They will exercise the powers of Second Class Magistrates for a period of two years.

WOMEN'S PLEA FOR WORLD-DISARMAMENT.

February 6 was the women's day at the Disarmament Conference. Women wearing vivid green arm-bands, with the world "pax" embroidered on them, representing 52 countries, individually presented petitions in favour of Disarmament. They included Miss Mary Dingman of the Y. W. C. A., claiming to hold the world-wide women's mandate.

The Disarmament petition of hundreds of thousands of women, belonging to social, political and economic organisations throughout the world, was presented at this morning's session of the Disarmament Conference.

TONGA AND ITS QUEEN. A POLYNESIAN PARADISE.

"A Correspondent" writes in The Manchester Guardian:

Queen Salote Toubou—Dame Commander of the British Empire.

The brief announcement in the New Year Honours List calls attention to one of the most picturesque figures of the Pacific—the last of the island—reigning monarchs. The Tongan dynasty follows Hanoverian nomenclature. "Salote" is really "Charlotte." Her predecessor was George II.

Queen Salote is a woman of strong personality, greatly respected by her 80,000 subjects and by Polynesians in general. She is a forceful speaker and does not hesitate to let her legislators know what she thinks of their politics. The Queen was educated in Auckland and is a cultured woman with a most majestic bearing. She is over six feet in height. Tugi, her Prince Consort, combines that important post with the Premiership. There are three sons of the marriage. About £2,000 a year is paid into the Queen's privy purse towards the maintenance of royal state. Each year, with full ceremony, Queen Salote drives to open the Parliament of Tonga. She formerly did this in a Ford car, but a more elaborate model has now been secured for her. In her House of Representatives, are seven nobles, elected by the chiefs, seven members, elected by the people and ten Ministers of the Crown. The prerogative of nominating her own Ministers is vested

in the Queen, who has also a Privy Council to which she may make appointments. There are Governors on the islands of Haapal and Vavau, and the Queen pays an annual visit to these important parts of her kingdom. All palace conventions have to be observed on presentation to the Queen of Tonga, even to "backing from the presence."

In these days of impoverishment it is interesting to learn of a country without a national debt, a kingdom that pays its way, and a Treasury that boasts several hundreds of thousands of pounds of surplus, well-invested. That is Tonga. Nature has indeed smiled on the Tongans, who are a charming people—courteous and kindly, of splendid physique and dignified bearing.

FRENCH SENATE TURN DOWN VOTES FOR WOMEN.

The Laval Ministry has resigned in consequence of the Senate's rejection, by 157 votes to 134, of the electoral bill, granting votes to women and restoring the majority system of voting (similar to Great Britain's) in Parliamentary elections.

The bill triumphed in the Chamber, but the old-fashioned Senate was unable to agree to women's votes as well as the abolition of the second ballot.

DEATH OF BRILLIANT MUSICIAN.

London has lost one of its most picturesque personalities with the death of Lady Dean Paul, wife of Sir Aubrey Dean Paul, and daughter of Henry Wiepiawski, the famous violinist.

Even as a child she was a prodigy, both as a pianist and composer. It was while she was training for a career as a professional pianist that she met and married Sir Aubrey. Under the name of "Poldowski", she composed more than 50 songs and much instrumental music. She composed without the aid of the piano, saying "I can hear it better in my head." She had the reputation of a dress-designer noted for originality and taste, and had such hosts of friends that when she lay convalescing after a serious illness sometime ago she used to talk about her "death bed receptions."

A tragic feature of her death was that it occurred at the same hour that invitations were being sent out by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke to a concert of her works at the Dorchester Hotel. She leaves a son and daughter. She recently wrote her reminiscences, attacking the follies of "bright young people."—*Reuter*.

GERMAN COLLEGE FOR AMERICAN COEDS.

Meissen, Jan.—A College for American woman students will be opened at the beginning of March, at first on a small scale, in the Siebeneichen Palace near Meissen. At its head will be Baroness Monika von Miltiz, owner of the palace and prime mover in the new institution. It is intended especially for young women who have studied at least two years in an American college and who desire to fit themselves for teaching German. However, the college will also prepare students for other professions for which a knowledge of German is important. It will be enlarged in the autumn of 1932.

"BUY INDIAN"

"We have been preaching, but not practising what we preach. People come on the platform and make speeches and the audience listens to them, but no one makes an attempt to translate the speeches and the principles enunciated in to practice. Let us begin to be sincere and honest."

This was the advice given by Mr. Yakub Hassan Sait at a public meeting, to inaugurate the "Buy Indian League."

Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri pointed out that the "Buy Indian League" was entirely dissociated from politics. Its programme was purely economic and even countries which had no political problem to solve pursued a programme of supporting national industries. Therefore, the policy "Buy Indian" should be entirely non-political; it should be continued even if India's political problem were solved tomorrow.

On behalf of the All-India Spinner's Association, Dr. P. Subbarayan appealed for support for khadder. He said the All-India Spinner's Association had a large stock of khadder remaining unsold, because there was a general impression among most

workers of the Association that Government were against its production and were out to suppress the movement. But the Honorable the Home Member had dispelled this fear, in reply to an interpellation in the Legislative Council; the Home Member had added that even government servants were entitled to buy and use khadder. Dr. Subbaroyan hoped that the Bay Indian League would help the production of khadder, and he appealed to the people to use it wherever possible.

INDIAN WOMEN AND WESTERN FASHIONS.

Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. Ganganath Jha, Vice-Chancellor of the Allahabad University, speaking at the Prayag Women's Manila Vidyapeth, observed:—

"What I wish our girls to become is Arya-Lalana, i.e., perfect as a human being (Arya) and yet exercising softening influence over everything (Lalana). I have never entertained the idea that our girls should not be educated. They must be, but on lines very different from those adopted for boys. We cannot get over God and Nature. We cannot make boys, girls, or girls, boys. This basic fact has to be recognised, and then we should proceed to make the boy a gentleman as perfect as we can, and the girl a lady equally perfect, but only as a lady. Say what we may, we cannot get over the fact that, even in this twentieth century the functions of woman have to be different from those

of man. All that I stand for is that, when we make provision for the education of our girls, we should not lose sight of this basic factor, or else, the result would be disastrous.

"We have been hearing of the phrase 'slave mentality' in some spheres of our life, but one cannot help feeling that in the domain of society in general, that mentality is more rampant than elsewhere. To take a very small example, it is not very many years ago that, even in the West, ladies began to cut off their hair, even now advertised as the woman's crowning glory, and the keeping of what is called bobbed hair became a fashion. It was as if the fashion had been transmitted by wireless. Our advanced ladies in India at once began to follow that most ugly fashion without stopping to consider the reasons for or against it, the idea being that, because European and American women were adopting it, it must be good and that the whole prosperity of the Western world must be due to bobbed hair. Similarly, in other walks of life, high and low, we have adopted the Western ideal of things as to what we should strive after. I venture to suggest that it would be a much wiser course to examine what results have been achieved by the methods employed in the West and to see if we could not alter the methods a little and avoid the pitfalls into which other people have fallen. We must profit from the experiences of other people and should not make ourselves pass through the same experiences ourselves.

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341

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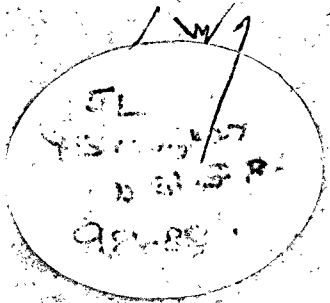
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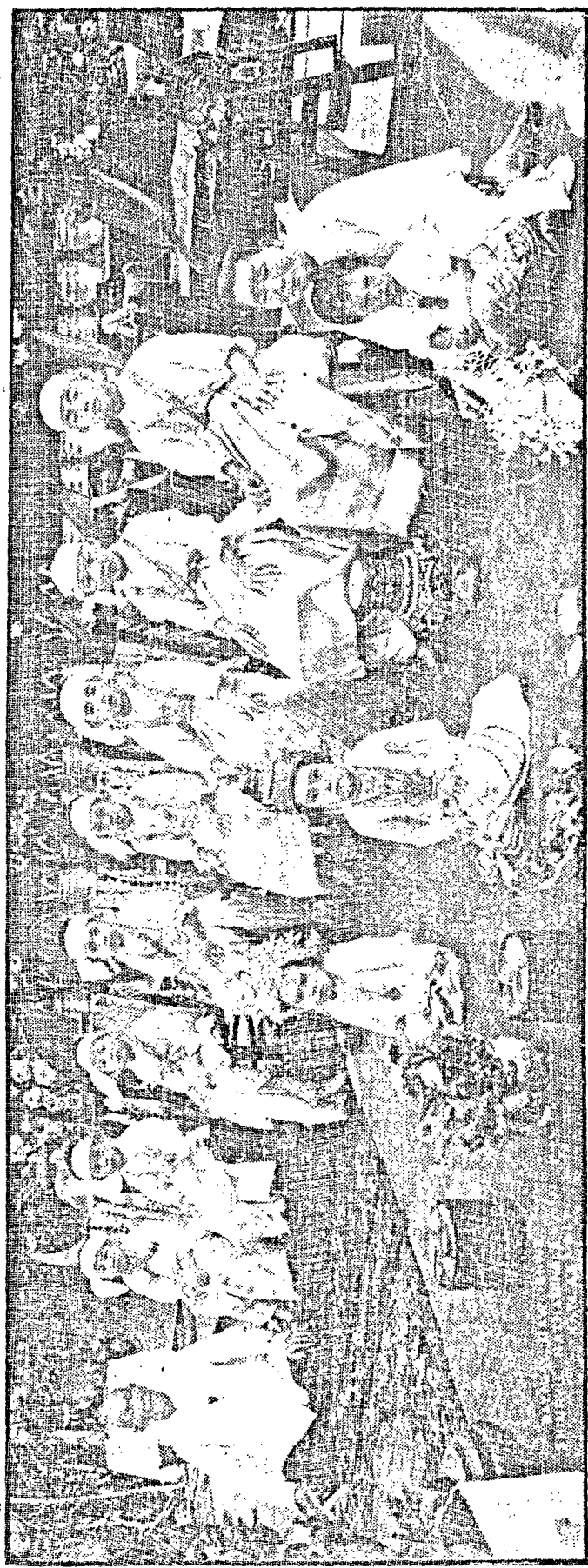


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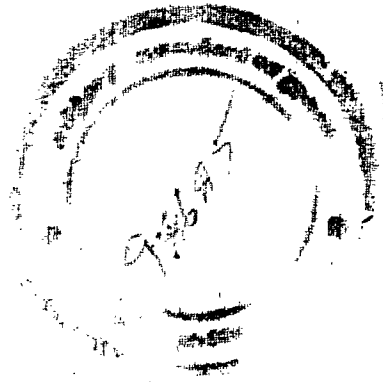
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A GROUP OF GIRLS.

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Vol. V No. 8

CONTENTS.

Illustrations:—A group of girls; Mrs. Yakub Hasan; the late Mrs. K. Hensman; Mrs. S. P. 3. Iyer; Mrs. Sumati Devi; Srimathi Kamalabai Sabab Kibe; A group from Sherman Memorial Girls' School, Chittoor; An Ashramam for Women, Vellore.

	PAGE.
1 The Lark—H. Porter	... 345
2 Zenobia, the rebel queen of Palmyra—N. B.	346
3 Men and Women in India	... 349
4 Some Aspects of the Indian Renaissance— M. Yamunacharya	... 352
5 Thoughts on Ideal Womanhood— E. Sambayya	... 354
6 Editor's notes:	
1) Women of Spain and Burma	... 356
2) The contribution of Indian Women to modern life	... 357
3) Beethoven and India	... 358
7. 1) An Ashramam for Women at Vellore— N. Ramabhadran	... 360
2) The Sherman Memorial Girls' High School, Chittoor—Padmini Sattbia- nadhan	... 360
3) A Youth Movement—E. K.	... 362
4) Bina the Woman—N. R. D.	... 364
5) An Aspect of Social Service in Jubbul- pore	... 365
8 Our Serial Story—Gauri's Marriage— Chaps XXII—XXVIII	... 366
9 Our Children's pages:	
1) Dr. Vikram's children—Chap XVI— H. Kaveri Bai	... 377
2) Aurobindu's first birthday—E. Sambayya.	379
3) Our Competition Corner	... 381
4) Our letter to our young people—Padmini.	381
10 Random Portraits of Indian Women— Pankajam.	... 382
11 Our Fashion Suggestions—Sister Susie	... 383
12 Our Chess Page—Bharadwaja	... 383
13 Some Gramophone Records—L. J. Berry	... 386
14 Notes for young Pianists—L. J. Berry	... 388
15 Household and Needlework hints—Paddy...	390
16 Cookery Notes—K. S. S.	... 391
17 Health Notes—Selected	... 391
18 News and Notes—Selected.	... 392
19 Acknowledgments	... 397

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The Lark

BY HERBERT PORTER.

Unto the hollow sky,
Thou, lark, dost sing and fly,
Chanting in ecstasy,
Thy wondrous minstrelsy:
Sweet spirit to implore
At Heaven's lofty door,
That mercies still may flow,
Unto mankind below.

Sing, lark, thy thrilling psalm,
The angel-hosts to charm,
That do such songs translate
Unto the heavenly state,
And from exalted spheres,
Look down upon Time's years:
Sing, lark, at that high gate—
That Heaven behold Earth's state!

Thy charmed music pour
Aloft at that blest door.
Sing, wondrous minstrel, sing,
And let thy beating wing
Break thro' the skyey veil:
Thou sightless soarer, hail—
The ethereal hosts inspire,
That dwell in spirit-fire!

No human voice can raise
Such notes of magic praise:
Nor liquid music make
Such strange emotions wake:
Life's deepest pulses thrill
To hear thy babel trill
Of ecstasy arise
In lovely morning skies.

Zenobia,

THE REBEL QUEEN OF PALMYRA

BY N. B.

DURING the palmy days of the Roman empire, beginning almost from the Christian era, Palmyra was one of the greatest cities in the East. It had no rivals nearby in wealth or beauty or in the warlike spirit of its inhabitants. Situated in the midst of the dreary Syrian desert, it facilitated trade between East and West, lying on the caravan route which stretched between Phoenicia and the Persian gulf. It also served as the northern emporium for the rare products of Arabia. It was primarily a city of the Arab aristocracy, whose duty it was to protect the caravan routes on both sides and who derived their large revenue and wealth by imposing a liberal tax on all merchandise passing through them.

The city had also a mixed population, comprising Jews, Phoenicians and Persians, many of whom were wealthy merchants dealing in valuable commodities which passed through their hands on their way from East to West, such as silks, woollens, gold, silver, spices, incense, etc. They formed an aristocracy by themselves, and contributed not a little to the dignity and splendour of their famous city.

When the Romans established themselves along the Syrian coast, the city bowed its head to the eagle's might and became thereafter one of their most cherished possessions in the East. But, the Romans did not disturb the internal administration of the city, which was carried on as before by a council of elders, though under Roman suzerainty. There were councilmen, justices, officers

for collecting taxes, for the city guards and army, secretaries in charge of temples, worship and festivals, superintendents of schools, wells etc., etc. The city was beautiful; its Sun temple, famous alike for its structure as for its sanctity throughout the East, was a tone end. The broad avenues were lined with the stately mansions of the merchant princes, and the principle thoroughfare facing the Sun-temple had a row of colonnades on both sides, dedicated by inscriptions to the heroes who fell defending their city or their caravans. This avenue was said to have been 1,240 yards long, with 750 columns on both sides, built of limestone, each 52 feet high. Though unchangeably Semitic at heart, the people adopted all the Roman customs current at the time, so that, in the eyes of a stranger, the city put on an appearance of a distant Roman colony.

Palmyra came to political prominence when the Parthian wars broke out. The city declared itself whole-heartedly in favour of the Roman cause and scored many a signal victory to its credit. The members of one family who had adopted the Roman name of Septimius, after that of the emperor, specially distinguished themselves in these wars. Their services were gratefully recognised by Rome and they were awarded honour after honour, till Odenathus, the husband of Zenobia, was promoted from the ranks of a Roman Senator to the unparalleled dignity of a Consul. Odenathus appears to have been a daring yet sagacious general, often putting to shame his colleagues in the Roman army. The

necessary ambition was put into his life by his wife, who was largely responsible for shaping his policy. The Palmyrene soldiers were not in any way inferior in warlike skill to the famous Romans. It is found in records that they were the best archers in the Roman army and were present in large bodies in all the Roman victories gained in various parts of Europe. The Jewish chronicles relate that there were 80,000 Palmyrene archers in the Roman army during the first sack of Jerusalem.

After the unfortunate reversal sustained by the Emperor Valerian, in which he was taken prisoner by the Parthians, and his death in captivity, Odenathus reorganised his army with what was left of the Roman legions, engaged King Shapur and totally defeated him at the celebrated battle of Ctesiphon, and in a series of further brilliant engagements won back for Rome all their lost possessions in the East. For this signal service, Odenathus was promoted to the rank of a prince of the line and put in charge of their Eastern empire, which he was ruling as a sort of vice-emperor. Shortly afterwards, Odenathus was assassinated with his eldest son, and his power came into the hands of his able and ambitious wife, Zenobia.

Zenobia was a famous beauty of those days. But, she is not known to us by her beauty alone. Her unbounded ambition, her daring revolt against the mighty Roman power, her intensive wars, her genius for real generalship, her brilliant victories and finally, her sad end as a captive in Rome—these have given her an honoured place in history. Immediately on her husband's death, she took over the reins of government into her own hands, on behalf of her younger son and conducted it successfully. Her territories extended over Syria, Arabia, Cilicia, Phoenicia and Armenia. Though ostensibly ruling as the deputy of Rome, she had her own ambitious designs, in the furtherance of which she spared herself no pains. She had a vast army, well-

disciplined, and her genius for war was unrivalled. She was extremely popular among her subjects, and her beauty and charm, aided by her commanding personality, ensured for her the utmost devotion and obedience of all her high-placed servants. Besides, signs of gradual weakening were visible in the central power of Rome, which helped the growth of her ambition. She determined to set up an independent empire in the East, outrivalling that of great Rome. She weighed in the scale the relative strength of her two great neighbours, Persia and Rome, and resolved first to attack the Roman power and wrest the still remaining Eastern possessions from its hand.

With this object in view, the redoubtable queen set out with an army numbering 70,000 chosen men and attacked Egypt. Many of the details of this famous fight are however lacking. The Romans under Probus showed a determined resistance, but to no avail. Zenobia's army, guided by herself, won after a severe engagement and, driving out the Romans, she set up her son Wahab Allath, *alias* Athenodorous, as king of Egypt. She then marched through Palestine and Asia Minor and annexed both those provinces to her dominions, strengthening her conquests by establishing strong garrisons of her own. Still, to keep up appearances, she styled her son king of Egypt and, inserted on his coins, the name of Aurelian, the then emperor of Rome with the title of Augustus. She herself ruled at Palmyra with her old and lawful title of queen. She did not feel herself sufficiently powerful yet to assume the imperial title and insignia, which, however, was her eventual ambition. The central power of Rome had its hands full at the time, with dangers threatening nearer home. Zenobia was, however, watching developments and waiting for an opportunity to throw off even the semblance of subordination to Rome. That came soon after and her allegiance to Rome was definitely severed, when her son assumed the title of Augustus and she herself that of Augusta,