

THE INDIAN LADIES.
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MAY & JUNE 1932.

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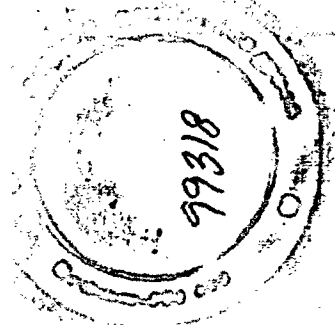
Vol. V

No. 9.

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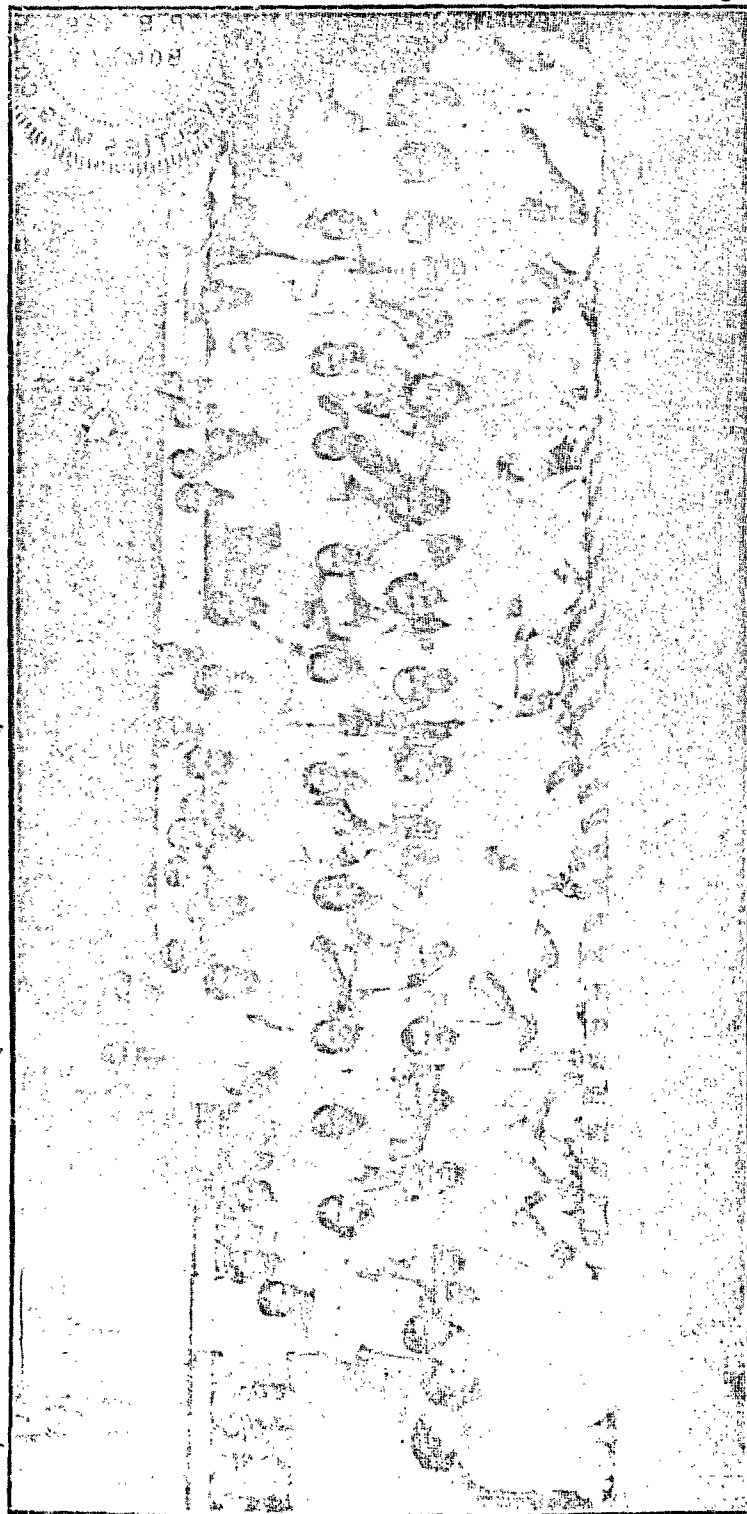
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FIRST SAMANTHA CONFERENCE.



A special feature of the first Samantha Conference, which was held under the patronage of the Raja of Nilambur, was the presence of ladies of the *Kovitagam* who usually observe *purdah*.

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The
INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. V

MAY & JUNE 1932.

No. 9

MUTABILITY

BY HERBERT PORTER

Man is gay,
Man is sad,
Hope is high,
Mirth is glad.

Age is short,
Time is long,
Life is slow,
Youth is strong.

Day is light,
Night is dark,
Summer's sweet,
Winter's stark.

Pleasures flit,
Vanish friends,
Daylight dawns,
Daylight ends.

Nature droops,
Skies do frown,
Merry thoughts
Sorrows drown.

All is change,
Change is all.
Shadows rise,
Shadows fall.

Beauty dies,
Life must go ;
Earth's a magic
Shadow-show !

THE WOMANHOOD OF INDIA

BY MANJERI R. KRISHNAN



SINGS are evident, that waves of the new age have reached the enclosed courtyard of the Indian home, and the women of India have been roused from their comparatively slumbering consciousness to the message of the age to which they really belong. There is a growing spirit of eagerness in the West to learn and appreciate the true life and ideals of the East. Strictly speaking, the Indian woman has been handicapped up till now, either by her own seclusion or her lack of co-operation in the social activities of the modern age, and this has tended to the inadequate recognition of her progress in the modern cultural co-operation between the East and the West. The cause for this lack of recognition cannot be found in the want of Western education. In fact, many of our women have been educated on Western lines, but they received the education through the opinionated agency of their Westernised fathers or husbands and used it merely as a decorative accomplishment, thus failing to reveal their true personality by the development of their own inherent powers and potentialities for noble deeds. This paved the way for the growth of two sections of educated women, one of them forming a handful of Westernised English-educated women and the other being a vast number of women steeped in the culture of medieval India, both sides living side by side in terms of complete detachment and misunderstanding.

However, such a state of affairs cannot last long. Indications of a great change are apparent in the status of the womanhood of India during recent years. The Indian woman is no more the shy housewife that she used to be, nor has she become a thoroughly Westernised one, blindly and indiscriminately imitating all that comes out of the West by way of fashion or recreation. The most outstanding feature of the modern development of the woman's movement in India, is that with the gradual infiltration and absorption of foreign education into their lives, they have begun to think and work towards the betterment of their position and the breaking-up of a system that has kept them bound in unjustifiable limitations. The noble response of our women to the call of the national renaissance and the active co-operation that they have given to the cause of nation-building have automatically dispelled hampering social bondages and brought them on to the path of fresh developments in freedom, so that they already begin to stand on a solidifying basis of self-knowledge. However, this movement among our women does not go uncriticised altogether. The more conservative sections of our community still level their attacks against it, deeming it the sign of a mere imitation of the West, forgetting all the while that women, having been born in a new age, have to draw their life-force from a common source of changed conditions. Orthodox men still think that the women of India have lost the ancient glory and

superiority, which their predecessors had during the epic age, and that they have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation by their blind and base imitation. Of course, the condition of our women during the epic age was far superior to what it is now. But the cause for the decline of this superiority during later times is due to the fact that man's ideas regarding women have not approached the path of rationality.

The epic age adorned the pages of Indian history with a galaxy of brilliant stars like Sita, Savitri and Damayanti. Coming to a more recent period of Indian history, the names of heroic Rajput women, like Padmini of Chittore and many others, come to mind. The entire history of the Rajput race, beginning from its hey-day of supremacy to its down-fall through the protracted years of struggle with the Muhamodan conquerors of India, is replete with the tales of bravery and heroism of its women. The Rajput women fought battles, inspired the soldiers with enthusiasm and love of country, took care of the wounded and fallen, and resisted the attacks of their enemies on the honour of their womanhood and the sanctity of their home. If France seeks glory in a Joan of Arc and England in a Florence Nightingale India can feel proud a thousand times more in noble daughters like Samjukta, Mahamaya, Chandbibbi, Rani Bhawani, Padmini and Mirabhai, who have immortalised the name of their motherland by their noble qualities of head and heart, by their stainless purity and above all by their boundless love for humanity.

The spirit of freedom that existed among our women from early times can

never be said to have been altogether inspired by the West, for such a spirit did not at all exist in Europe till the advent of the modern era. History bears enough proof of this. The light of a new awakening that so inspires and illuminates the woman of India is, *ipso facto*, not the result of a mere imitation of the West, but the necessary out-come of a deep and progressive realisation of the ancient glory that truly belongs to her race and a perpetual cultural inflorescence that has influenced her through the ages. Apart from remaining merely as parts of an unchanged living pyramid of curiosity for visitors from abroad, the women of modern India have begun to move along with the spirit of the times for the preservation of a distinct individuality in the realms of religion, literature and social economy, nay, even politics. The incorporation of the cultural refinements of Western social system into that of our own, apart from its advanced liberalism, is sure to mark a progressive step in the social regeneration of modern Indian women, which will enable them to appreciate more deeply the cultural gifts of their own motherland.

No sudden revolution, however, can ever bring in a thorough regeneration of the women of our country; if it should be lasting, it has to be a process of gradual evolution. Strictly speaking our women have not yet become fully gifted to offer the matured gifts of their ancient culture to human civilization. They have to accomplish many hard tasks, the most important of them being the breaking-away of the shackles of harsh unmeaning customs and social laws, that still keep them pinned to their

own limited sphere of domestic life. Yet Indian women are freer for in a number of ways than their sisters in the West, who still suffer under the evils of militant materialism. Were we to ransack the pages of our past tradition, we shall find, that we have ever been enjoined to look upon our women as the incarnations of the mother-divine and as the symbols of blessedness and purity. While condemning the prevalence of drab monotony and joyless isolation in the multitude of our Indian women, one never likes to advocate the fruitless

expenditure of energy entailed in the West by unmeaning luxuries of dress and social amusement. Let there be freedom of initiative among our women, wholesome activities at home and abroad, but let them not forget that they are still the worthy descendants of the heroines of our past; let them live true to the rich legacy that has been left behind by their divine mothers; and then we may be sure that "The hand that rocks the cradle will rule the world" henceforth.

"She had the feeling that a whole epoch was finished for her. The ignorance of her youth had died. She could never be spiritually ignorant any more. Her spirit had received education. Feeling that, she felt also the necessity that lay upon her of making a great effort after readjustment. She felt, not only that she must embark upon a new type of life, but that she must be new in it. She could not be just the old person living in a new way. Destiny had been too drastic with her for that. She would never again be exactly as she had been.

She had had a new conception of love, a new conception of life. She had been made to understand for the first time the inner meaning of unselfishness. She hoped she would be able to convey something fine, not a cheap merchandise of the soul.

She would have to begin again. How difficult it would be. Hitherto as a rule she had dealt with life confidently. She would not be able to do that now. She had felt herself to be a young expert. Now she was full of the timidity of knowledge. Love had taught her to be humble.

The snows seemed so close that she imagined that a fly crawling over them would be visible to her. And yet there was a far-away look about them too, a white, remote unearthliness like that of a vision. And she knew that in human nature, which loves to wallow, there is nevertheless rooted the strange contradiction, the impulse to mount. Yes, the impulse of the Alpine climber is an impulse of all humanity, perhaps felt in very rare moments by the greater part of humanity, but felt at some moment of life by everyone".

(From "The God within him". by Robert Hichens.)

THE ROMANCE OF QUEENS

CATHERINE II: THE SEMIRAMIS OF RUSSIA.

(AN EXAMPLE OF PERVERTED GREATNESS)

BY N B.



HE personality and career of Catherine II, styled the Great, Empress of Russia, offers to us a peculiar interest, unlike that of any other crowned lady of Europe. A strong-willed and highly accomplished German princess, grafted on the loose moral soil of the Russian Imperial court, she early imbibed all the vices attendant thereon, and exhibited throughout her long and infamous life, a moral perversity and incorrigibility, unexampled in the annals of modern history. In an age when the moral code of man was restricted in theory and that of woman actually hedged in on all sides by religion, custom and convention, she was the only woman, who had the audacity to throw convention to the winds.

Though occupying a great throne and consequently placed in the full limelight, she flouted public opinion in a manner, which in any other, would have resulted in the direst calamities. Her life was still more remarkable in the fact, that she was uniformly obeyed by her subjects, respected by her royal neighbours, and extolled by famous men of letters of her age. She possessed wit and a will far above the average, which helped her to sail smooth in the ocean of love-intrigues, through which she set

out to voyage. Her love affairs were the subject of common scandal all over Europe. Yet, she lived and ruled long and vigorously.

Sophia Augusta Frederica Catherine to give her her full baptismal name, was the daughter of prince Anhalt Zerbst, a general in the Prussian army and military commandant at Stettin. She was distantly related to the Russian royal family through her mother. Catherine, according to the custom prevailing in princely German families at the time, had her early education through French governesses and tutors, and learnt the refinement, delicacy and feminine accomplishments of her age. The then ruler of Russia, Empress Elizabeth, was in search of a suitable bride for her adopted heir, the Archduke Peter, and her choice fell on Catherine. This was unaccountable, in view of the fact that Elizabeth was on terms of bitter enmity with the great Frederic of Prussia, and her heir Peter, being also a German, though descended through her sister, entertained decidedly pro-German feelings. It was believed, however, that Frederic himself by a series of astute diplomatic manouvres, had brought about the choice. Catherine was brought to Russia in her fifteenth year and betrothed to the grand-duke Peter. She quickly succeeded in ingratiating herself in the affections of the Empress.

With eagerness, she mastered the Russian language. She applied herself so hard to her studies, that on several occasions, she was observed walking barefoot in her rooms at night, trying to remember her lessons. Though brought up as a staunch Lutheran, she voluntarily abandoned her faith on coming to Russia and joined the Orthodox Russian Greek Church, in which she was re-baptised under the name of Catherine Alexeyona. Thus, even at so early an age, she learnt enough of worldly wisdom to be able to accomplish her ends. She related in her memories that she had resolved to do whatever had to be done and to profess to believe whatever had to be believed, in order to qualify herself to wear the crown on which she had set her heart. She was married to the Archduke in August 1745.

The Archduke Peter was exactly the reverse of Catherine in character. A scion of the house of Holstein, he could not conceal his pro-German tendencies and kept about him his own Holsteinians. He made no secret of his contempt for the Russians and succeeded in making himself thoroughly hated and unpopular in the country over which he had come to rule. He was coarse, stupid and delighted in brutal practical jokes. Added to these unenviable qualities, his face was disfigured by small-pox. It was therefore no wonder that his beautiful and accomplished wife thought fit to choose more pleasing companions. Cleverer and more resourceful than her husband, surrounded by gallant and handsome admirers and with the example of her mother-in-law's corrupt court, it was easy for her to choose the wrong line and become thoroughly immoral. The

Empress, suspecting her conduct, set up court officials to watch her, but those very custodians were eventually drawn into Catherine's net and became loyal agents of her pleasure and ambition. Her husband, though detesting her, also dreaded her, and her abilities forced even him to rely on her judgment. He would fly to her, when confronted by any difficult situation, and implicitly follow her advice, though at other times he did not scruple to ill-treat her, even to the extent of kicking her. He used to address her in his fonder moments, as "Madame La Ressource". He endeavoured, however, to turn the Empress against her, and Catherine was in danger. But, thanks to her cleverness she eventually succeeded in regaining her influence over her mother-in-law.

After ten years, Catherine gave birth to a son, who was named Paul and who afterwards rose to the throne as Paul III. We find that Catherine had not much love to lavish on the boy and; later in his life, rigorously excluded him from any share in the administration till the very end of her reign.

The Empress Elizabeth died in 1762, and Catherine, unrestrained now in her ambitious projects, began openly to create her own party. Peter, conscious of his inferiority in intelligence and courage and most probably afraid for his life, fled with his Holsteinians, leaving Catherine at St. Petersburg. Now was her chance. She set to work with her usual vigour and succeeded in persuading the Imperial regiments to declare Archduke Peter unfit to rule and proclaim her the Empress. This was easily done, inasmuch as the Orlov brothers, who controlled the Imperial guards were her principal lovers. The

greater part of the nobility, moreover, hated the Archduke, and Catherine had only to signify her willingness to take the sole responsibility of the Empire on her shoulders. Some feeble opposition was easily beaten down. The Archduke was captured and sent to a country house and kept under guard, where he died shortly afterwards, through what was officially notified as apoplexy. But the incident leaves us much in doubt, and it was not improbable that he met his death violently at the hands of his enemies.

So, at last Catherine attained her heart's desire and became sole Empress of Russia. For a small German Princess, without any hereditary claim, to rule independently and successfully over the largest Empire in the world with the loyal concurrence of her subjects, was a feat demanding the highest powers of command and organisation. Catherine, however, was equal to the occasion. She kept her subjects in good humour, averting any possibility of discontent and trouble. She possessed an easy and tolerant spirit. She was never irritated with anyone for merely contradicting her. But, when she thought that the security of the state or her own authority was at stake, she did not scruple to utilise the barbarous methods, then in vogue, of mutilation, torture and death to reduce opposition. She introduced many reforms into her internal administration, in fact too many to be able to complete any, which she left to her successors to tackle. Her foreign policy was mainly directed towards the further expansion and greatness of Russia. She desired to annex Poland and rule it through her old lover Stanislaus, whose election to the Polish throne she was instrumental in procuring. But, the jealousy and

insistence of her neighbours, Prussia and Austria, led her to consent to its partition among them and to its final obliteration from the map of Europe. This was the most shameful political act of her time, to which even England and France remained dumb witnesses. She constituted herself the protector of the Christian subjects of the Porte and sent an expedition against it, but abandoned it afterwards, on account of the jealousy and opposition of the Western European powers. Her political philosophy was like that which guided her private life and, hating any system, she believed that a strong ruler must ever be guided by circumstances.

Catherine was fond of writing and she produced many pamphlets, plays and other works. But her best literary merit lies in her letters, which reveal an uncommon vivacity, insight and wit. She carried on a correspondence with Voltaire and other literary celebrities of the period. She showed her appreciation of them also by large gifts, and utilised them as a means of spreading her reputation. The celebrated Voltaire spoke of her as a philosophic personality far above the common laws of chastity and convention. Next to Peter the Great, she was the most powerful ruler of Russia; and, unlike Peter, she did not stop with introducing merely utilitarian reforms, but extended her spheres of public activity into the realms of literature and art. To her, belonged the credit of raising Russia to a level with Europe intellectually and artistically. In her time and by her example, the Russian nobles attained refinement and began to adopt French ideals and conceptions in their life and thought. She died in November 1796, in the 67th year of her age.

MY VILLAGE FOLK*

BY K. T. KRISHNASWAMI AYYANGAR M.A.



WORLD within the world is the village. It is a veritable microcosm of life and civilization and holds within its wide embrace diverse castes and creeds, several occupations and interests. The followers of Vishnu, the protector of the world, hold allegiance to the Perumal temple, and the devotees of Siva, the lord of final destiny, to the Iswara temple of the village. Yet the two deities are one; the wise ones know it even among the common folk, saying "Hari and Siva are one, and dust in his mouth who knows it not." Besides these two major Gods, are innumerable minor village deities for the populace. To all these the village looks up for counsel and protection. Their several names bespeak their relations to the people and their benefactions. They are the givers of rain and corn, healers of diseases, averters of pestilence and protectors of cattle and men. They have their rounds of festivals in the proper seasons, when all the village is merged in one mighty fellowship of mirth and devotion.

On the outskirts of the village dwell the lowliest and the last, God's own poor, from whose race sprang Nanda like the lotus from the miry pool. Truly has the poet sung: "Here is the foodstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest and lowliest and lost." The Lord Siva himself, it was said, came with his consort and attendants in the manner and shape of these

lowly ones to complete the *yaga* of a high-born devotee who prayed for a vision of God's form. The tradition is still renewed every year in a South Indian village of the coming of the Ganga in honour of a brahmin devotee's offer of drink to a thirsty outcast. And, among the Lord's greatest devotees, are not some of the choicest pearls from this community? These are the ancients of the land, whose antique instruments of music are typical of their old race and culture. What slow and silent processions of civilizations do they not quicken into life by their strange sounds and harmonies? The uncanny beats and rhythms of the *tom-toms* have in them still the weird *crescendos* of some funeral or bloody sacrificial orgies of a remote primitive race, while the shrill notes of the winding bugle echo perhaps the rallying yells or war-cries of wild marching hordes under the flare of torches at night. Hence the romance of these instruments when they now sound in the village, calling people to work and to worship, or announcing the perils of flood or fire.

Nearer still are the hamlets of the ordinary professionals of the village, the barber and the *dhoby*, the carpenter and the smith, the potter and the oilman, the toddy-drawer and the shepherd, the trader and the serf. The village is like a clock, wheels within

* A chapter from "Sketches of South Indian Life," to be published shortly.

wheels inside, all moving and co-operating, pushing on the hand of life on the wonderful dial of time. In the village, no man or trade is mean, however humble or low. Each fulfils his or its *dharma* in the grand economy of God's kingdom.

Samu, the chatty old barber and physician living by the tank, is the first of the brood of village professionals. The *iluppai* tope, where he and his relations thrive, is the news-shop of the village where the tempting wares of gossip and scandal are retailed and sold for consideration other than money. But Samu, with his characteristic salutation, is the envy of many in the village, in respect of his devotion to his own *dharma*. In his advancing age, he turned a *vanaprastha*, going on pilgrimage to Tirupati in the north and to Rameswaram in the south and ending it all with *kambaservai* among his own kith and kin. Though his hand shakes at this time of his age, it has not lost its healing charm. It can still feel the feeble pulse and search out the baffling devil of disease. Samu's good sons are the reputed pipers and drummers whose performances delight the villages in times of festival and marriage.

Close to Samu in space and piety is Mekkan, the *dhoby*, with his peculiar stoop, the impress of his profession. He is honest, but not now efficient. Hence perhaps the saying, "seek an old barber, but a new *dhoby*". Mekkan loves his toiling wife dearly, and she loves the donkey that bears all the clothes so patiently. Out of the circuit of their love and work flows the current of village cleanliness. Mekkan supplies ags for torches and clothes for pandal

decorations of the temple and the home. He is also the unofficial soothsayer of the villager. On him descends Kali at the annual festival in her honour. The whole village hangs on his lips in awe and silence for the predictions of this terrible guardian of the soil.

Not far from Mekkan does Velan, the potter, ply his humble work in his loin cloth all day long, from morn to dewy eve. With his back arched like that of the elephant, he worships in the Ayyanar temple. Velan makes bricks, barns, pots, lamps, horses and idols. He has his share of village reputation as a doctor for fractures and swellings. For certain skin diseases, his clay smearings or 'writings' are of wondrous efficacy. Though skilful of hand, poor Velu is not exempted from the proverbial stupidity attributed to his race. Yet there was Thirumilakanta, one of the Lord's chosen, in this race of potters. Velan's only rival on this doubtful score is Rama Konan, the shepherd and veterinary surgeon, whose intelligence, people humorously say, rests on his lumpish neck. It was a shepherd, who once went to hear the street *katha* and came home with a different story altogether from the rest. The cowherds and shepherds, whom Raman represents, are a very useful class well-versed in the art of breeding and training cows and bulls. Raman is their headman and he is called in the village by the honorific *konane*.

Velan's neighbours are Kasi Chetty and Kunji Rowthan. Kasi Chetty is the amiable oilman whose brain, one supposes, is as oily as his body and raiment. Daily in the early hours of the morning, he yokes his bulls to the oil-

mill whose creaking and squeaking starts the busy housewives of the village on their daily rounds of labour in their homes. The toiling women in their scolding moods compare themselves to Kasi's bulls, which go round and round, wearily turning the pestle and churning the oil seeds. Kasi Chetty's wife is a clever hand at business, unlike her husband who, when off duty, will stand with vacant looks in wide-mouthed admiration at her clever sales, from a half-spoon to a potful of oil for grain or for money. Kunji Rowthan is the Mohammadan jack-of-all-trades, with his double inheritance of religion and manners. He is half Hindu and half Mohammadan. He is a cultivator, money-lender, broker and wholesale vendor of grains and chillies in their proper seasons. Kunji is the only link in the village with foreign parts across the seas. His son Batcha has gone to Rangoon for trade, in accordance with the saying of Auvvai, the village poetess, "Seek wealth even by traversing the stormy seas". Batcha sends money regularly to his father, and occasionally come mats, shoes, umbrellas and trinkets to their Brahmin landlord. People often point to Kunji as an ideal husbandman of thrift and industry.

Kunji's financial adviser is Samanna, the dreaded village teacher with his big round sandal paste and *kunkumam* marks on the forehead. He is a connoisseur in snuff, and, while the children attribute all his anger to the brown powder in his snuff-box, the older folk look to it as the replenisher of their needy noses. Sometimes he strikes terror into the simple village people by his meticulous white stripes of ash on his arms and body and by the big

rudraksham garland round his neck. He is a man of many livings, being a bit of an astrologer, doctor, and exorcist, in addition to his occasional duties as a relieving manager of the village choultry, or *pujari* of the little Ganesh temple of the Corner Lane.

Under the spreading banyan tree, toils Shaumugam, the village blacksmith, forging ploughshares, nails, bolts and nuts, and making sickles, knives, spades, crowbars and wheel-rims. His work makes his body charcoal-dark, and he merrily plays the *puchandi* to children in the evening while sitting at his betel. But his colleague, the carpenter yonder, is neither so terrible nor so hard-working. He is Torachami the Unready, well-known among the villages far and near as the maker of fine toys for children and of big wooden elephants and horses for temple festivals. The huge car he designed for the Krishna Temple of yonder town is a marvel of skill and workmanship. He is abreast of the times and makes also wheels and carts of the newest Pondicherry patterns.

All these people meet by chance at the village shop owned by Supparayalu, the village postman, but managed by Ponni, his shrewish wife. Every afternoon, Supparayalu will act for his wife at the stall, strangely enough reading the songs of Tayumanavar and Pattinattar, the minister and the merchant who renounced the world and became wandering mendicants. Supparayalu's good neighbours and friends are Somu and Ponnupattan, the rival village goldsmiths, honest only as far as goldsmiths can possibly be. The village dames say—"Though mother's gold, goldsmiths will steal just a little for the nonce." For their profession's sake, perhaps!

But Kovalu or Gopal, the mason, is a clever and honest fellow. He is the architect of the village who knows the *shastras* for his art. He can give you the plan for a house or town without reference to book or paper. They are all in his mind. He it is who put up the *sumai tangi* (burden rest), the stone seats and the water-troughs on the trunk road for charity.

The little palm-leafed hut in the secluded cocoanut tope is the dwelling, place of Muniyan, the toddy drawer, with his bag and belt indispensable for his tree-climbing and toddy-drawing. He is sinewy and dark and agile of body. He climbs up the palm-trees like a monkey. Muniyan's wife, Valli, is the mistress of the toddy-shop, where at sunset the humble village celebrates the mighty armistice of their lives' daily battle for bread. Valli can well control a whole herd of head-turned drunkards with her stout and boisterous tongue. Muniyan and Valli are very useful to the villagers in the rainy season, with the leaf overcoats they supply for a trifling charge. They also make roofs for houses and pandals with palmyra or cocoanut fronds.

But the cocoanut tope has an uncanny reputation of being the rendezvous of village thieves and *komavarthans* or cattle-lifters, who cannot do without toddy, the favourite drink of their gods. These "gentlemen of the shade and minions of the moon" ply their trade, as if by immemorial right and under divine charter. They boast themselves to be the surviving representatives of an ancient and useful art which, they say, was a means of promoting vigilance and courage on the one hand and checking inhuman avarice or aggression on the

other. "Even the art of thieving, one should learn and then forget" says the Indian proverb. The village suffers little from these professional thieves and is even proud of the heroics of Osan, their leader. They are a sort of Reserve Police maintained by annual subsidies, on the well-founded political principle, "set a thief to catch a thief." They, at any rate, add to the romance of village life. Akin to this semi-suspicious fraternity, are the few *kuravars*, who live on the barest of the barren tracts away from all other human dwellings. They seem to bear on their foreheads some immemorial curse. They need little of earth's nourishing things or of humanity's tender gifts of love and charity. They thrive, poor wretches, tough and bare like the date or the palm in the desert. The men hunt squirrels and foxes and the women make baskets and mats of bamboo splints or date leaves. They are an idle and savage race, the remnants of an arrested species of very primitive humanity.

All these vagrants are under the surveillance of Kandan, the wily *Talaiyari*, the village beadle. He is the Detective Officer of the village with his big regulation lathi, insignia of his office. He is a scout by day and sentinel by night, watching every vagrant man or beast. Kandan himself is under the control of the *maniyam* or the village munsiff and the *kannam*, his auxiliary, both powerful in the village, one administering civil justice, and the other looking after the land and revenue.

There now passes before the mind's eye a motley band of village farmers and labourers, the tenders of cattle and

tillers of land—Annamalai and his hard-working sons, Avadai and his silent wife, Murugan and his pair of patient bulls, and others of this humble train without number. Because of them, their honesty and their old world virtues, the skies still rain in due season, and because of their industry and care, earth still yields her plenty. They are the guardians of Lakshmi, for they are the producers of real wealth. The gods and goddesses are their god-fathers and god-mothers. Does not Venkatesa, the lord of the seven hills, still carry the wound on his forehead for having helped a pregnant woman by carrying her share of earth on his head? Was not Nanda assisted by Siva's host in digging the tank at Tiruppangur? There is nothing the gods will not do for their devoted children, whoever they may be.

Their comrade in spirit is Unchuvarti Simachar of the Brahmin street, who, like these humble folk, does his God-allotted duties in their turn and time. "Even the sun may fail in his duties, but not this man in his", say the village people. His life may seem a hard rock of routine and tradition, but few know the artesian-like spring of good will and prayer that flows unseen and unheard from his heart, quietly irrigating the collective mind of the village. An early riser can hear him go to the tank before cock-crow, in fair weather or foul, reciting *slokas* or chanting hymns. Everything from the washing of his teeth to his worshipping at the temple is done in a most perfect and charming manner. There is art, poetry and religion in all his life of thought, word and deed. Though poor for himself, he is rich for the village. The renovation of the temple and the

stone-paved steps for the village tank are his work. He is never idle. The little garden by the tank and temple is his. He grows *tulasi*, *kusa* grass, flowers and cotton. Between him and his old widowed sister, they manage all the flowers for worship and adornment at the temple. It is a sight to see him, whether sitting on the tank bund in morning or evening meditation, or going in the street with his begging vessel at noon. He is the Open Door to that Inner Land where God Himself is sun and moon, sky and stars. Like Kuchela of old, but with the vision of mansion and riches only in another world than this, Simachar's life moves quietly on in the peace and plenty of the contented heart.

Of all the village folk, the most interesting is Visiam the wise in the *agraharam*, and the most pitiable is Lechumi the desolate in the Sudra quarters. Of Visiam in some other place. Lechumi is the ironical god-child of Lakshmi the Goddess of Fortune. The most pathetic, no, no, the most heroic, though destitute, is this one fumbling along the streets with her stick. It is years since her only surviving son ran away, nobody knows where. With neither husband nor son in her age to lean on, there is no complaining or cursing in her sore heart. With eyes that once saw, daily she looks to the sky—for that is still her temple—and lifts her heart, ever burning with mother's love, to Lord Surya, the Wanderer in the three worlds, and implores him to bring back her strayed one. When she comes along in the streets, the women folk pause in wonder at her resolution and independence, and gladly listen to her prayerful

cry, "The one who planted, will He not also water the plant?" They freely give their mite and earn the blessings of this blind old Lechumi, who sings:

O Joy that gives joy
To the ignorant and the learned!
O Eye that gives sight
To the blind and the seeing!
O Boon that blesses
The able and infirm!
O Intelligence that illumines
The foolish and the wise!
O Justice that deals evenly
With the good and the bad!
O Bliss that dances
Before all the universal

from the songs of Swami Ramalinga, the renowned Saint of the Tamil Land.

The village is God's own land and the village folk are God's own people. Their life has the elemental simplicity and grandeur of God's Nature. Riches and poverty rest side by side, as life's necessary complements, which set love and service in motion. The seasons in their delightful round bring to the village their varied charms, weaving many a beautiful pattern of Life in the loom of Time. The harvest season in particular is a time of rejoicing for all, the birds of the air and beasts of the field included; for on the threshing floor it is God who measures out unto

all. Even the ants come for their share of Earth's plenty, or *svatantram* and return in joy. There is only one other season in the life of the village, when all differences are merged in a sea of freedom and joy. That is the annual temple festival with its crowning Car Day. The huge temple car imprints itself on the mind and heart of the village as the symbol of life in its wondrous variety and complexity. The wooden charioteer at the helm and the four wooden horses leaping under his whip are there, not to make the car run, but to complete the symbolism of life. When the deity rides in the car, the Brahmin and the pariah down below are united in one bond of common devotion and mutual love. "Men may fight and men may wrangle, but I come down in your midst to make you love Me and thus love one another" is the silent whisper in devoted hearts, amidst the moving shouts of men and the rumbling roll of the car, while in the mind of the dreamer rise the strains:

"Here, to-day, behold the whole universe, movable and immovable standing in one in My body, O Gudakesa, with aught else thou desirest to see.

But verily thou art not able to behold Me with these thine eyes; the divine eye I give unto thee. Behold My sovereign Yoga."

EDITOR'S NOTES.

1. THE UPLIFT OF WOMEN.

We publish in this issue a group picture of the first Samantha conference, in which for the first time women of the Nilambur palace have come forward. We publish also a photo of Sreemati Parwathi Nemminimangalam, who was co-opted as a special member in connection with the Nambudiri bill. During the discussion of this bill, the still very back-ward condition of the Nambudiries was deplored, and it was specially pointed out that women were the worst sufferers. The community was decaying in numerical strength, as a result of the custom which prohibited the marriage within the caste of the junior members of Nambudiri families.

"While the condition of the junior members was pitiable, the women were the worst sufferers. The last relic of savage slavery was found in a comfortless Nambudiri *Illam* (family). The Nambudiri *Antharajanams* (women) were really more depressed than the Pulayas and Parayas. They had no voice in matters relating to their marriages, and it was not an unusual thing for a girl in her teens to be given in marriage to a decrepit old man of 70, to be his third or fourth wife. Marriage was merely a commercial transaction, and love was not a factor that counted. The rule that only the eldest male member should marry within the community has resulted in countless miseries for young women, who lived in a 'veritable hell' either yoked to decrepit husbands, or doomed to be life-long

spinsters. There was no salvation for the community unless, and until, caste marriages for junior members were legalised, and polygamy was prevented. Parents now dreaded the birth of a girl, as marriage was such a very difficult problem to solve. Girls were neglected from their very birth and were not even fed, or cared for, properly, as they were only destined for service as drudges in some one's kitchen for life."

Such matters as the above are apt to be very very depressing. In spite of our modern-day demand for equality with men in everything, one cannot disguise the sad fact that our women are not yet quite fit for that equality. But this does not mean that our women will always be unfit. Were there not great women among them before? Was there not unfitness in other parts of the world among women, and had it not to be fought against and removed? And can it not be so removed among us? Besides, some of the unfitness is due, not to the inability on the part of women to become so fit, but to the standards of fitness impressed on them. It cannot be denied that many of the latter are Western, stamped uncouthly upon an Eastern surface. It is up to every Indian to unite together in finding a correct ideal.

Time and again have the needs of Indian women been written upon; and it is not at all necessary here to enumerate them or enlarge upon them. Let us just touch on a few factors. First and foremost among such is, we think, co-education between the two

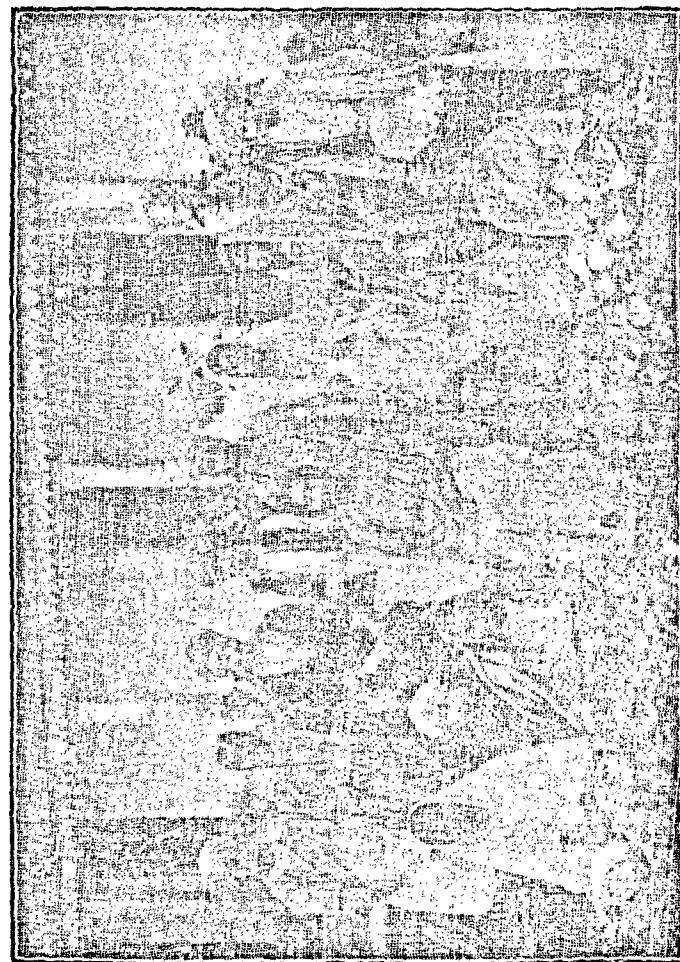
A NEW LADY M. L. C.



Srimathi Nemminimangalam, a Nambudiri lady, who has been appointed as a Special Member of the Cochin Legislative Council to help the council when the Nambudiri Bill is discussed.

Photo :— Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD



Drama enacted at the Vani Vilas Concert organised by Miss Lazarus in connection with the All-India Educational Conference recently held at Bangalore.

Photo:— Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

sexes from child-hood upwards, with a special curriculum attached after a certain standard for women, in home and vocational training. Physical training should be a necessary feature, as well as moral and religious instruction for boys and girls. At the same time, compulsory education up to the primary standard at least should be insisted upon, and proper inspection and direction of such should be thought very necessary. Not only should the standard of teaching be raised, but also the selection of teachers should be fixed on a higher level than at present. After the primary standard, steps should be taken for an efficient home-educative system, so that culture can be imparted to *Purdah* women as well. And in this connection, we cannot help touching upon Muslim women. A prominent lady among them has recently said: "The Hindu women have availed themselves of modern education and started on the road to progress. It is a historical fact that Muslim women in early days were well versed in Islamic history and theology. But the present-day Muslims had neglected the holiest precept of their Holy prophet, consigned their women-folk to ignorance and the back-ground, and have thus damaged their national life. Can ignorant Muslim mothers bring up their children in conformity with the divine doctrines and in accordance with the needs of our national life? It was, therefore, highly incumbent upon all Muslims to awaken themselves to the requirements of national life; and to arrange for the education of future Muslim mothers."

When the minds and bodies of women are trained, their social influence is bound to be of use; but even

there, training is necessary. Social reform in recognised matters such as child-marriage, the abolition of dowries, the taking-away of *purdah*, and widow re-marriage must be thought upon and worked for. Then, there is the removal of untouchability, in which cause no one can work so well as women. It was interesting that this subject formed one of the matters touched upon at the sixth All-India Women's conference. To quote from a speaker there, "To treat a person as an untouchable was a crime against humanity. There was need for systematic and organised exertion in this direction if they were to succeed. *Swaraj* would be a delusion so long as any single person in the land was treated as an untouchable. A spirit of patronising would not do anything and the women delegates present should do their utmost to preach and practice the removal of untouchability."

Then again, union among Indian women is very necessary. In this connection, I would like to mention an activity of the co-operative movement. As the Indian Social Reformer said:—

"The new system must be one of common labour for the service of all and the welfare of all. Production must be planned and carried on to satisfy the needs of mankind. All must have equal rights and equal duties and none be able to live at the expense of others.

"Such a system exists to-day in the co-operative movement, whose members unite to open shops which they own in common; they buy their goods for themselves, finance their own undertakings by their small share-holdings, and when they have an organised demand built

up their productive undertakings, so that what is produced is always of an amount and kind that their members can consume. At the end of the year, the house-wives receive back a greater part of the profit or surplus, which their purchases have created, and what is left still belongs to them, still remains the common property of the Co-operative community.

"I urge all house-wives to help themselves by uniting with the men and women of their land, as members of Co-operative societies throughout the world, who control their own resources, and are moulding that new system which is already giving reality to the old, saying 'Each for all and all for each'. Help to build up this movement, to develop it, take your places in its counsels, in its work for construction, and you will be doing a worthy service to your children. Out of the insecurity of today build up a world of security and peace."

It may not be out of place here to mention the necessity there is for encouraging and supporting indigenous industries. As Mrs. Hussain said at the Women's Conference:—

"A thing towards which I should like to draw the attention of my sisters, is the support of our local industries. India is the poorest country in the whole world, and the world-wide economic depression of the last two years has almost ruined our cultivators and artisans."

The advance of women in industry, and the emancipation of working women are other crying needs in India. In this connection, one would like to quote what Lenin said about the position of women in the Soviet Government and their skill in production. He said:—

"This problem was set on the boards in 1931 with special acuteness, in connection with the mass attraction of women into industry. The People's Commissariat of Labour was directed to determine in what branches of industry female skilled labour could be utilized. And in this, horizons for woman were opened, of which she would not even have dared to dream in pre-revolutionary Russia. Woman has secured access to the crafts of electric repair-man, electrician, engineer in mining, engraver turner and a number of other specialities in the metal industry, highly-skilled crafts in the chemical, textile and food industries.

"The advancement of women to responsible work in industry is extremely important. The working woman receives the job of master-workman, of assistant-director, director. The working woman has fully justified the hopes set on her by the Soviet government. She is not only becoming a skilled worker in industry, but is beginning to play a leading part in our socialist construction.

"The attraction of women into active, creative work has radically changed their psychology. While in Tsarist Russia the woman-worker regarded it as her great good fortune to do house-work and not to go to work in the lawful factory, which ruined her life, now she sees the fundamental meaning of life in productive, socially-useful work. She is struggling determinedly for community-housing, nurseries, kindergartens, public dining-rooms, public laundries, for new conditions of life, which set woman free from household, unproductive labour."

Care must be taken, however, to avoid antagonism between men and

women as much as possible, and such a vision shunned, as was inferred lately by an Indian paper from the speech of an Indian lady, a vision "in which women will form the intellectual class, while men drudge in offices to provide money for running the home." We do not want "man, after completing his ordinary education, to settle down as the financing agency and woman to pursue higher studies and devote herself to art and literature." Such a system will be worse than the present one.

We want equality as much as possible.

2. FRANCHISE FOR INDIAN WOMEN.

In these strenuous times, when all over India, the basis for the discussion of all-important questions is the group or corporate body, individual cries raised here and there in assent or dissent of propositions advanced will not be of much avail. Yet, are not individuals the units of association? And is it not true that "every mickle makes a muckle"?

The problem of the Franchise is one of the most all-important questions of the day; and it stands to reason that we women "on the basis of our admitted and declared equality on all matters relating to franchise, representation or employment", can claim as much right to vote as men. And yet, conditions being as they are, it cannot but be that women will be placed at a much greater disadvantage than men in most of the qualifications supplied for franchise. It remains for Indians therefore, men as well as women, to find some system by which equality can be formed and maintained. Property-holding, even

when nominal, will make the right of voting unavailable for many women in India. It was suggested, therefore, that the wives and widows of men entitled to vote under the property qualification should also be enfranchised. It is argued that such a system will be the right one for several reasons, one being that most of the adult women in India are married; another that very few married women hold property or pay taxes in their own name and therefore that it will be impossible otherwise to adjust the level between men and women voters. Yet a third reason is advanced that, since the majority of women in India are illiterate and uneducated and therefore probably not able to understand the responsibility of voting at all, it is easier for wives to get their tuition in this matter from their husbands than from other people.

But, it may be urged, will men really take the trouble to teach their wives? The answer will be that very few of them will do it, if we judge by the existing standard of the comparative indifference of the ordinary Indian to his women. Then again, is it not likely that a man will influence his wife, unconsciously it may be, to vote in the same way that he does? If she is illiterate enough to want teaching from him on the subject, it stands to reason that she will be inexperienced enough not to be able to decide for herself. Moreover, wives and widows have less time at their disposal, immersed as they are in domestic matters, than unattached women. What again of the claim of the different wives of one man? Why should the senior wife alone have the right to vote? And why by such admissions should polygamy be encouraged? What

about the deserted or divorced wife? Again, are there not unmarried women in India, and is their number not likely to increase in modern days, owing to the economic troubles of the country, and owing also to the fact that women are understanding more and more that marriage is not the end and aim of their lives? No doubt, the standard of literacy suggested will include the best of unmarried women; but then all unmarried women need not be literate.

For this very reason, is it right to base the citizenship of women on their relationship as consorts of men? Is this not absolutely contrary to our proud claim for equality as independent of any question of sex? I think it is, and graduates, who claim to have some education at least, should stringently oppose this system altogether, as absolutely unworthy of their standards. The committee of 1931-32 of the Madras Women Graduates' Union advances that "an enfranchisement of married women is a recognition of the family unit as the basis of natural life, and of the equal partnership of men and women in that unit". This may be so; but the committee has evidently forgotten that there are other units in a family than that of mere husband and wife, and that equality of representation should not mean equality of partnership of husband and wife alone. As we have often said, domestic responsibilities should be the first duty of woman; but that does not mean that all claims should be based on such alone.

Therefore, we agree with the All-India Women's conference, and with the Women's Associations of Bombay, Madras, the U. P., and other parts

of India, when they lay down "that a woman should be a citizen by her own right and her rights of citizenship should not be based on an extraneous qualification like marriage". And this can best be gained by the principle of adult franchise.

The suggestion that there should be a literacy test does not find favour in the eyes of many people, as then women will be placed at a greater disadvantage than men. But then, it should be recognised that, if women are so placed, it is up to them to remedy the situation by seeing that such a disadvantage is lessened by increased education and therefore by the raising of their standard of literacy. We think that, if a limit is thought necessary to the number of electorate forces, it should be not that of property or tax-paying, but of a certain standard of literacy. The higher education test is, of course, impossible. Some people have suggested the primary standard. In that case, education to that standard must be made compulsory for women. Some others have suggested the test of being able to read or write a page in any language. This seems to be quite a good standard; but then it is also said that education can be judged by other tests than these; that culture may be through other ways, viz, the eye and the ear; and that school standards can never really estimate an individual's intelligence or efficiency. This is certainly true; but then it also stands to reason that in these modern days every man and woman worth his or her name, thinks it necessary to read and write something. In any case, some sort of education should be the test, be it reading, writing, or power of understanding

I would suggest centres of teaching on public matters for illiterate people, men and women, all over villages and towns. And the final standard should be ability to be able to understand and interpret. But this should not deteriorate merely into an examination test. The evil is that such are so apt to deteriorate in these days of utilitarianism and mechanical standardisation. But, if this can be avoided by a kindlier system of question, answer and testing, great results can be achieved. There is no doubt that many of our poorest and most illiterate women are keenly interested in

such things, as can be gauged at once by an informal talk with them. They are very enthusiastic about all such matters; and it is up to us, educated women, to divert this interest into the correct channel. What wonders may not be achieved if this is done? Then alone can the adult suffrage which we want now, be the correct and ideal one. Then alone can we, women of India, proudly and worthily claim and carry out the demand for equality, which we are now advancing, rightly it is true, but somewhat impracticably.

"THE TONE OF VOICE"

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you see,
As the tone in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered, and wept.
"Come here" I cooed, and she looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap she crept.

Whether you know it or not, whether you mean or care,
Tenderness, kindness, love and truth, envy and anger are there.
So if you would quarrels avoid, and in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

M. E. H.
From the *Treasure Chest*.

THE MADRAS SEVA SADAN

BY PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN



SPENT a pleasant hour, one afternoon, visiting the Madras Seva Sadan. The building is situated in a large compound, with spacious playgrounds, shadowed by beautiful trees, where the students can lead a healthy open-air life. The first sight that greeted me was a number of girls and young women playing out-of doors, and the first impression I received was that the Seva Sadan was an ideal and happy institution. To quote some words from the Report of the Madras Seva Sadan, the Institution "is a direct living response to a most poignantly urgent demand peculiar to modern India, the demand of young women seeking an individual independent life, for education and cultural advancement, impelled by the urge of self-expression. It is a response which is steady, efficient and certain, because it is organised and systematised".

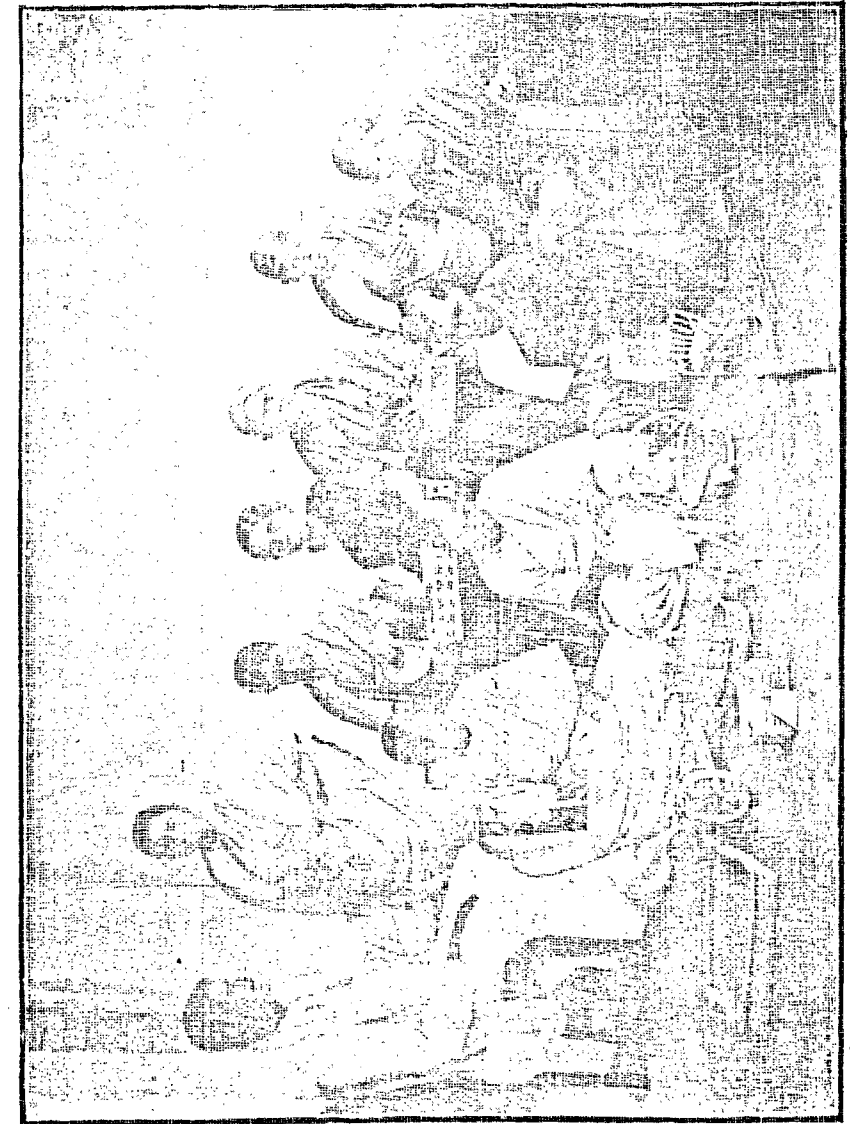
The Seva Sadan is not only for well-to-do girls, but for "despairing young women" as well, such as poor widows, orphans and deserted wives. The school does not satisfy itself by giving mere education, like that imparted in other standard schools; for, besides a general and literary education, it teaches the girls lace work, needle-work, sewing, cutting, weaving, embroidery, *jigna* and rattan work, so that a woman, on leaving the premises after her five years' course, is fitted to earn her own livelihood, either by teaching, or setting up her own business in any of

these useful handicrafts. There is no doubt that there is a great need in India for our women to be trained more in industries. Mere attainment of degrees is not going to help our country very much in the future. It is training in vocational fields, such as useful trades, that will be of most use and most paying to those who wish to earn their own living. The Seva Sadan, therefore, is doing a great work in providing scope for Indian women to learn a useful occupation. Those girls, who do not wish to take up a trade are trained to become nurses, mid-wives or teachers after studying up to the Fourth form.

The Madras Seva Sadan consists of a large main building, and five little cottages, where the students hope soon to reside. Donations for other cottages have been promised. The scheme is to use the cottages as hostels, each holding 12 to 15 girls, and to arrange that every-one of them should be the house-keeper of her cottage in turn, so that she may be trained in home-making, and be fully equipped to manage her own establishment in later life.

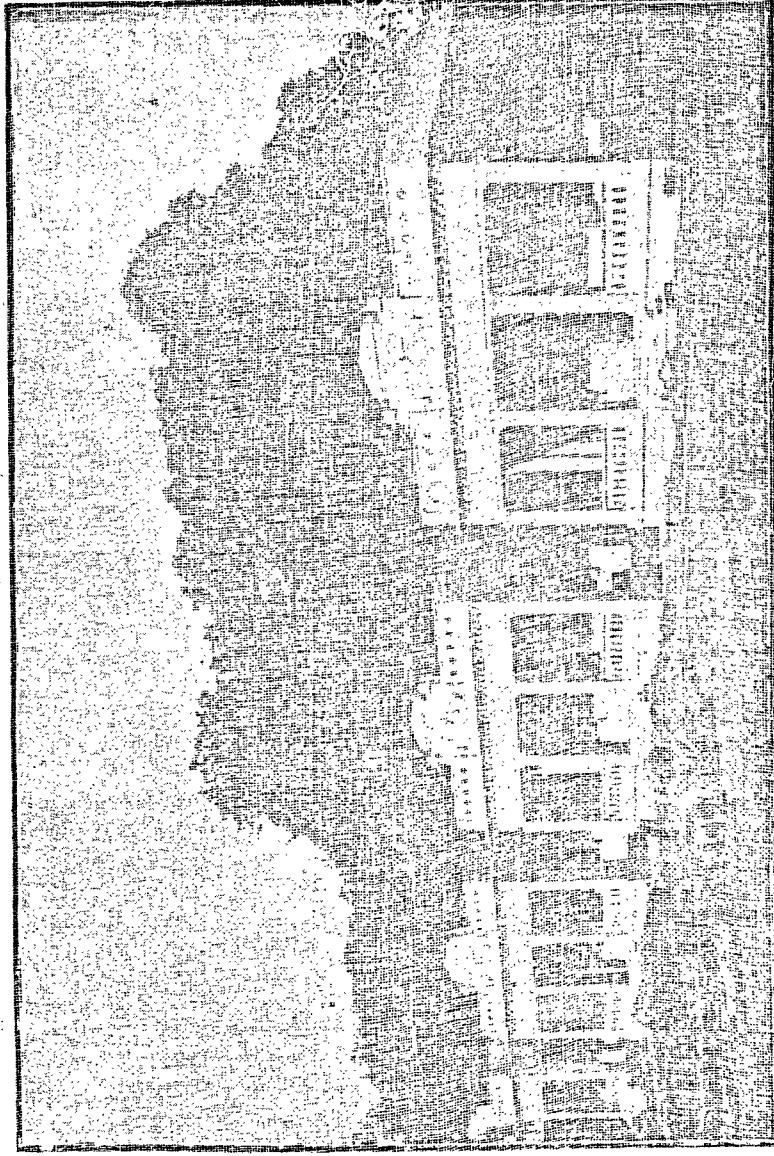
The school is divided into two groups, Literary and Industrial. In the former, students are taught to the end of the fourth form in English, and up to the eighth standard in Telugu and Tamil. Permission to open the V & VI forms has already been secured. Those taking up any form of industry only study up to a certain section on the literary side.

THE MADRAS SEVA SADAN.



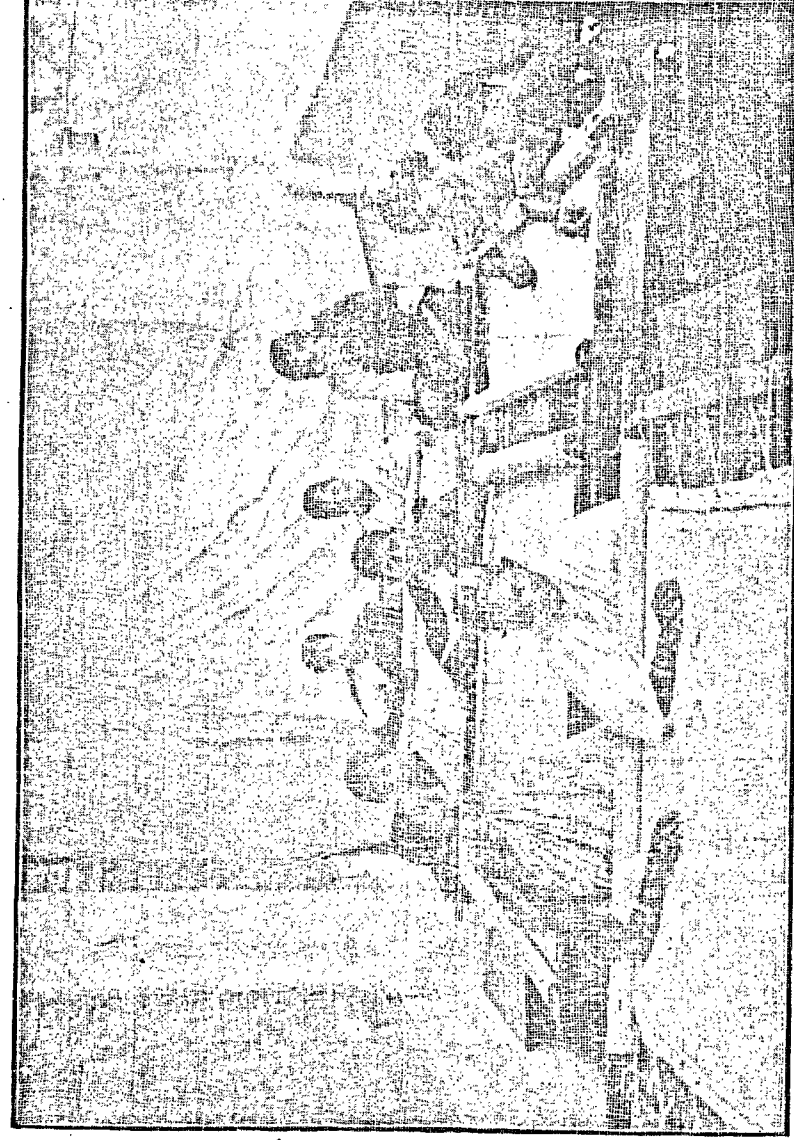
RATTAN CLASS.

THE MADRAS SEVA SADAN.



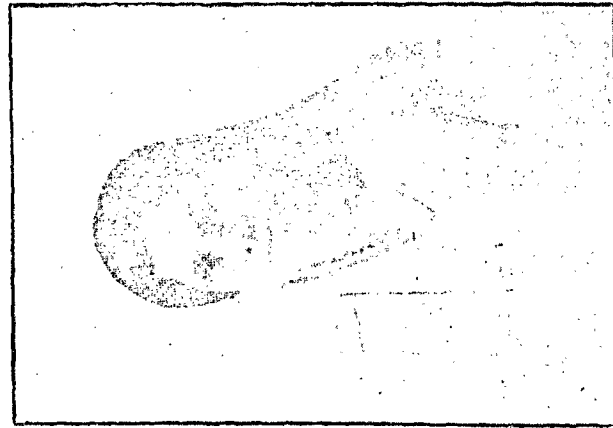
A view of four of the New Buildings constructed in the grounds.

THE MADRAS SEVA SADAN.



Embroidery Class.

THREE LADY PIONEERS IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.



Mrs. Cherian Jacob,
Secretary of the Coimbatore Ladies' club, the first Syrian Christian lady to be elected as a Councillor of the Coimbatore Municipality. She is the Secretary of the Dt. Girl Guides' Association.



Shrimati Subhadra Kumari Chowhan,
The first lady Councillor to be elected to the Jubbulpore Municipality. She is a well-known poet of Hindi literature.



Mrs. Gulbai Muluk Irani,
The first lady to be elected as a Member of the Kirkee Contonment Board.

Photos:—*Indian News Agency, Srirangam.*

THE MADRAS SEVA SADAN

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There is a show-case in which the handiwork done by pupils is exhibited and put up for sale.

The institution is under the able management of Mrs. Venkata Subba Rao, who is the Honorary General Secretary and Treasurer. There is a regular paid staff, and the school is recognised by Government. The success of the Seva Sadan can be gauged by the rapid increase in its pupils. Three years ago there were only seven. Today there are 102, besides 70 day-scholars. 37 women have found situations after leaving the school.

From the above short account, it will be seen that the Madras Seva Sadan is indeed an ideal institution. It caters for every class and kind of women, and provides a wide and useful education. Above all, its cosmopolitan hostel life teaches our girls to appreciate all castes and creeds without any difference. Let us hope that other towns in India will follow the noble example of Madras and set up such schools to help their women, and raise the standard of education in this country.

MY HOMESTEAD.

Ah! Thee I love, my peaceful Home
Where one content ne'er dreams to roam;
Where morn to e'en the glorious sun,
Streams down until his day is done.
Thy calmness gives me strange delight,
Thy beauty is a pleasing sight ...
Oh! Happy Homestead be my nest
Till Heaven calls me there to rest!

LELAND J. BERRY,

THOUGHTS ON IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

BY H. KAVERI BAI



RS. Tampoe's interesting pen picture of the ideal woman comes like a refreshing draught in an age, when one is sick of modern women and their fantastic doings, even though the latter are partly the effect of the same electric atmosphere which has quickened the blood of every mortal in bondage, to struggle for freedom or to die.

Woman is up, fighting for her rights, tooth and claw. But, in the violence of the reaction, she has forgotten that she is woman still, for all the freedom that she may win, and that she is meant to be "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." And nothing but the sweet dignity of a good character can be preserved for a whole life-time, without the chemist's aid. The honest advisor, therefore, on the matter of beauty hints does not recommend face creams and lip-sticks, but a genial temperament and a healthy mind in a healthy body. The mind has no real health when licence is mistaken for liberty, and excesses are committed.

Every newspaper and journal, however obscure, treats the public with sheets of portraits of "prominent women," till one wonders where fame will manage to accomodate them all conspicuously. The range of activities, which confer prominence on a woman, covers too wide a prospect to allow a wise discrimination. But a

woman can always count upon the loyal support of press and camera-men to make a heroine of her, if she only steps out of her limits.

A modern woman is often, not the gentle, chaste wife and loving mother, who makes the home a paradise for her family—a woman whose strength of character makes even the most inhuman tyrant of a husband a much better man. Naturally, therefore, consolation is sought abroad, and the home is ruined, and when homes break up, the nation, nay society, is on the quicksands.

But is she happy, the woman, who moves in a giddy whirl of hectic pleasure? Her powders and paints and lip-sticks, her dresses and no-dresses, her casinos and night-clubs, do these make her really happy? I doubt it, because for such people the most ecstatic thrill and sensation ends in dull satiety. Life will become prosaic soon for them. And they know that, though men by hundreds may be helpless toys in their hands while youth and beauty last, yet once middle age sets in, and surface attractions begin to fade, no amount of artificial make-up can save them.

And yet, such women must needs snigger at Victorian dames, whose modesty was their enduring charm, and whose up-bringing taught them to be an example to their children, and real helpmates to their husbands. A ship

drifting away on every current might as well laugh at the vessel secure in her moorings.

Victoria the Good, herself remains to this day the same beloved lady that she was in life, and a most honoured sovereign for all time; while Elizabeth the virgin Queen in all her glory, is occasionally sneered at. Mary Queen of Scots, the beauteous royal heroine of the most tragic romance in British history, is generally spoken of as having had as many husbands as Henry VIII had wives.

What then can make the modern woman realise the dangers of the seething maelstrom of destruction, towards which she is madly careering, dragging along with her the debris of beautiful and holy social institutions? The saving

power is a little place for God in every woman's heart, not a dogma, not a creed, nor even church-going, but an intimate and personal touch with the Holiest, which alone reveals the ugly contrast between the pure and the filthy. The home, the nation and the earth itself, will be a happy spot, instead of a mere barren desert bearing only Dead Sea fruit, when woman distinguishes freedom from licence, and will even suffer to right a wrong, rather than commit another wrong in vindictive fury. The world needs more and more such women in these days of civilised savagery and refined barbarism. Like angels, however, such women do not come within the range of press and camera men for an ephemeral fame.

'TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL'

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The 'why' of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me,

(From the Treasure Chest).

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BABY

AN ATTEMPT TO EXPRESS THE WESTERN WOMAN'S VIEW



THE article on the Philosophy of the Baby which appeared in the December issue of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* interested me very

much, and I should like to express an opinion on some of the points raised.

Let us take first the criticism of the Western method of keeping separate rooms for children. Actually, this habit is only adopted by comparatively well-to-do people. Amongst the poor and middle class people of England at any rate, children live along with their parents and are tended by them, except at school time. In any case, a modern nursery is hardly to be compared with a Hospital isolation ward. It is on the contrary a delightful baby-palace. If parents can set aside a part of their house solely for the use of their children, is it not preferable that the little ones should live in a place which is planned entirely for them? In a nursery, there will be pictures from their favorite story books around the walls, tiny chairs and tables for toddlers and lovely toys, appropriate books and games for older children, in fact everything that people who have studied the question deeply can think of for their happiness. Giving children free access to any part of the house, of itself, imposes restrictions. The little ones cannot always play their games just where they fancy; the conversation and actions of the grown-ups must necessarily suffer some restriction; when there are visitors the children are kissed, questioned and teased until they are be-

wildered, even while those same visitors may be wishing for a quiet chat with the parents.

How the poor modern mother is condemned because she employs others to look after her children! We must however consider more than one aspect of the case. A woman who has built up, by strenuous years of education and hard work a certain place for herself in the world, may consider it foolish for her to cut herself away from her activities, in order to attend to every tiny want of her children, which duty can be performed quite satisfactorily by an efficient nurse. At the same time, it is unjust to say that such a woman has no interest in her children or does not love them. It certainly means that they do not have the perpetual companionship of their parents, but then it is not an irrefutable axiom that the perpetual companionship of its parents is necessary or desirable for a child.

It may be an excellent principle to instil into the young mind "the noble virtues of filial affection and self-sacrifice," but our children are not taught to regard their parents as deities, and it may be noted here that our conception of loving one's parents is not synonymous with absolute and implicit obedience—when past childhood at any rate; we consider that no human being has the right to expect or accept implicit and unquestioning obedience, and constant sacrifices from another grown person, simply on the score of parentage.

I do not think that "motherhood is now looked upon by woman as a curse and a veritable burden." The women of 1932 love their children, just as much as did their great-grandmothers, but they are more enlightened on the matter and they will not have children until they are prepared to accept the undeniable responsibility which parenthood brings. The standard of living is becoming higher and wise parents have children only when they are able to look after and educate them, and as far as lies in their power, produce a healthy and useful addition to the population of their

country. In England, the day is rapidly passing when girls, little more than children themselves, bore numerous children for their husbands and masters, without questioning. Woman is not a human incubator, but a reasonable and reasoning member of Society.

Finally, it is worthy of notice that, although the birth-rate is decreasing, there is also a remarkable decrease in the infant mortality rate, which would seem to indicate that our babies are fewer and sturdier.

An English-woman.

A LIGHTER ASPECT OF ECONOMICS

BY MALCOLM ADISESHIAH



I have received, what I should call a tall order from the Editor. Now, if the latter were kindly disposed towards me, she might have asked me to write a story or a criticism, on some article or event, or at least on some one of the great economic problems of the day. And, had I been asked to send in an article on any one of these subjects, I am sure I could have made up ten, twenty, or even thirty columns without taxing myself.

Not for me the primrose path of dalliance, however. I am requisitioned to contribute "something on the lighter

side of economics." Put boldly, I am treated, not as a contributor, but as a clown.

What an idea! To associate economics and economists with anything light! An Economist provokes, not laughter, but tears. He is more a subject for Aeschylus than for Aristophanes.

When I last met the Editor, I was told that Economists, too, may smile sometime. I agree—they may—but they don't. And methinks, they can't. An Economist frowns and scowls, that is the correct etiquette. It is the procedure, whereby you and I are kept at arm's length.

However, I once nearly made an Economist smile—and its very recollection sends a shiver down my spine. It was *a-mun-may-smile-and smile-and-smile and be a type.* Were I to allude to that style of smile, the Editor is hardly likely to be pleased, for I am sure the contributors and subscribers of the Magazine include many eminent economists, both here and abroad.

Time was when I believed that an Economist, too, could smile. But I was in those days, a green raw youth, with little experience and less judgment, and no understanding of human nature. In weekly reviews, appearing in local papers, of the money market, whatever it may mean and wherever it may exist, I was repeatedly told that credits were in plentiful supply; that there were more lenders than borrowers; that it was difficult to put out funds at anything like a fair rate; that, in short, as the reviews used to say somewhat graphically, money was going a-begging. And I said to myself: "Here is something great, a chance of profit to others and a great opportunity for me. This money shan't go a-begging. Let me do something."

So resolving, and prompt to act on the resolve, I betook myself to an eminent economist, who was the Managing Director of a bank, which, I presumed from a study of its full-length figures, would be suffering most of all from this redundancy of cash. As regards borrowing from banks, I had decided on two definite principles. Firstly, on the authority of Stephen Leacock, I surmised that it was easier to borrow in six or seven figures than in hundreds. You must think big, act big, and that was the only way you

could succeed as a professional borrower. Secondly, you should not take loans on pro-notes, as they are repayable on demand; nor on *hundis*, as they become due on dates of maturity; but as *call-money*; for, as a financial paper once defined it, call-money is what you can call your own. And, putting these two-fold doctrines together, I thought it would not be after all a bad thing, if I could call, say, a seven-figure amount "my own." Altogether I felt greatly elated, as I sent my card in to the great economist.

"Good morning," I started cheerily.

"Good morning. Yes, Sir, what can I do for you?" asked my friend, the Economist.

It was at this stage that I thought that nothing would be so good as a facetious remark or two at the start, something that would make the great man smile and expand and grow convivial and say *yes* to future proposals.

"I don't know if you can do anything for me," I commenced. "I have come to do something for you. It is a shame that so great, so puissant and so enlightened, an Economist as you, directing or managing a bank, should be turned into a beggar, literally 'hawking about your money, unable to lend or sell it. Believe me, I was pained, deeply grieved to hear of your sad plight, and I have made up my mind to do you a good turn. And, if I may quote your own words, let me ask, what can I do for you?"

The great Economist did not smile. Far from it, he almost frowned.

"Look here, Sir," he replied, "I don't exactly understand the import of your words. May I ask you to make

yourself clearer, and as brief as possible. Day after tomorrow is Mail day, and I am busy."

"Tell me, are not credits in plentiful supply?" I asked in a language, which a child could understand.

"Yes, they are," came the answer.

"Are you not experiencing great difficulty in placing funds?"

"Yes."

"Is not money going a begging?"

"Yes." This was in a raw, even rasping, tone.

"And finally, are there not more lenders than borrowers?"

"Yes—but what have you got to do with that?"

"My proposal is simple; you can thin the bulging list of lenders by one, and augment the emancipated list of borrowers by one. In plain terms I am willing to borrow 10 lakhs from your bank. Let me state that I am not one of

those, who do small things in a small way. Ten lakhs or nothing."

And, waving my hand so as to prevent his interrupting me, which he started doing, I continued: "And I won't borrow on promotes or hundis, as they are repayable, I am for call-money, money which I can call my own and which you could get rid of once and for all, so that you need not have to go a-begging over again. And so, let me ask, will you let me have 10 lakhs as a *call loan*?"

The eminent Economist grew purple in the face, was too indignant for words and could only ring the bell hysterically. And, when the peon appeared, he pointed a trembling finger in the direction of the door.

I took the hint, and, as I came out! I laughed to myself: "What a joke! And yet no Economist can see a joke."

The lighter Aspects of Economics! Psha! Economists too may smile! Psha!

POETRY PAGES.

(1). THE SPELL OF THE FOREST. From the noisy world outside? What BY PADMINI SATTIANADHAN. [sacred law

There is a stillness in a forest glade
That cannot be explained. How silently
The sun plays hide and seek with the
[mottled shade]
How hushed and quiet the merry birds
[can be]
What mystic power is it that keeps the
[heart]
Of the jungle so exclusively apart

Is it that fills the wild with an uncanny
[awe?]
So still is all the earth that e'en the fall
Of a dry twig strangely startles us. The
[breeze]
Seems afraid to touch the leaves. The
[call]

Of a peacock echoing through the silent
[trees
Sounds like a wailing spirit, and the
[crash
Of a hunted *Sambar*, as we see it flash
Through the bamboo, makes us realise
That watching us are a thousand hidden
[eyes.
And still, there is a charm, a wondrous
[joy,
To be awhile away from living things,
To hide in the depths of a forest and
[enjoy
A solace that no human contact brings,
To mingle with the wildness all around,
To think and dream in loneliness pro-
[found,
To feel great Nature's power, and there
[to dwell
Soothed by her magic touch, her mystic
[spell.

(2) WOMEN AND FLOWERS.

BY H. KAVERI BAI.

An angel wandered in a garden fair,
Amidst the beds of blossoms, rich and
[rare;
His fingers held a lovely crystal urn,
To gather musk from scented blooms
[that morn;
As o'er each flower he bent,
To breathe its fragrant store,
Their loveliness grew more,
With grace his presence lent;
But not from all he gleaned the incense
[sweet,
To lay the phial at his Master's feet.
He gazed in sorrow on the gay expanse
Of brightest blossoms in the zephyrs'
[dance;

Their silken-leaved and golden-tasselled
[sea
Waved its gossamer petals merrily:
"But ah, how sad," he cried,
"Amongst the fairest fair,
How scant the blooms and rare
Where odours sweet abide."
And as the angel homeward floated by,
The flowers watched the vision with a
[sigh.
Some say, the earth has other blossoms
[too,
Like those in garden bowers, as fair to
view;
In hut and cottage, manse and palace
grand,
These flowers bloom and gladden every
[land.
Women we call their name,
Fair faces, lovely forms,
The lotus in their charms,
The lily's slender frame;
The fragrant breath on them is chastity,
More precious than the gifts of Nature
[free.
Hence, woman, guard your glory from
[sin's blight,
Hold fast to virtue, cling with all your
[might;
Your grand achievements and your
[treasured dowers,
Your beauty's praise, may be like scent-
[less flowers.
Your millions may be gone,
And yet perhaps regained,
But, once your Nature's stained,
It is for ever done.
God wants the incense of your purity,
The world by your sweet life shall
[better be.

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TOPICS OF INTEREST.

BY LELAND. J. BERRY.

(1). AMONG THE NEW BOOKS.

The Mystics of Siena, by Piero Misciattelli Cambridge; W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd., 10s. 6d.

This interesting work was first published in 1929, and has been translated from the Italian of Piero Misciattelli by M. Peters-Roberts. In no other Italian city between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries was Art so closely bound to life as it was in Siena. Mysticism was freely abundant, and was of a religious and civil ideal of the people, rather than just for the monopoly of wealthy and powerful nobles. The plates that illustrate the text are admirable, particularly the one facing page 49. "Frescoes In Lecce", by Paola Di Neri, 14th century, Scenes of War and the Chase". This book is intended for the use of those who wish to acquire more knowledge of primitive painters and sculptors, and of the religious thought of these days. Truly one of the finest books of its type I have read.

Shakespeare and that Crush, by Richard Dark, Oxford; Basil Blackwell, 4s. 6d. Those of you, who love old classic masters and are broad-minded, will enjoy the playful humour of this little volume, whilst Thomas Derrick's drawings which occur on every page are brilliant satire; his portrayal of Shakespeare tapping out his work on a modern typewriter, Henry the Eighth's legs, great men writing poetry, and the Clansmen of Caledonia, to name but a

few, are a perfect riot. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Steele, John Bunyan, Pepys, Swift, Wordsworth, Gray, Johnson, Burns, Goldsmith, and R. L. Stevenson, all come in turn under Richard Dark's playful survey. A book of rich, but not over-ripe, fun which I read through twice, in case I had missed anything.

The life of Zamenhof by Edmond Privat, London; George Allen and Unwin, 4s 6d. Dr Zamenhof, was the inventor of that wonderful new world-language Esperanto. This is a remarkable book, for it is the true biography of a remarkable man. Born in Lithuania, of Jewish parents, on the 15th. of December 1859, Ludovic Zamenhof was reared amidst great trouble and suffering. Four races formed the population of Lithuania, four races of differing creeds and languages, a state of affairs that bred distrust, suspicion, insult, persecution and hate on every side. Immediately he was old enough to reason for himself, young Zamenhof saw that the language bar was the chief trouble, for were not all these men possessed of the same ideals, only with different mediums of expressing them? The older he grew, the more he became obsessed with the idea that there must be one universal tongue that the whole world can understand, and thus, after trials that this book details with beautiful sympathy, the new language, Esperanto, was born. Today Esperanto is spoken and written in all countries of the world; there are even books and

periodicals published entirely in Esperanto. This language that Zamenhof invented is just as foreign on first sight, as any other strange tongue, but it is simple to learn and digest and still simpler to speak and write. Edmond Privat has done his work well; the beautiful self-sacrificing character of Dr. Zamenhof is made clear to us, and we respect him as much for this as for his marvellous genius in inventing a world-language.

Indian Fairy Stories, by Donald Mackenzie, (Glasgow and Bombay, Blackie & Son, 5 sh.).

India is rich in folk-lore, bound so closely in fact with it that it is intertwined around its earliest traditions. This book contains twenty-three beautiful legends and eight magnificent drawings, by Maxwell Armfield. Throughout the book, there is a tendency to moralize, but I think this applies to most legends, whatever their origin, for the horrible fates accorded to some of the monsters and bad men are a strong argument in favour of the Princess or the handsome and good Prince. Of these delightful tales I liked the story of the Star Maidens most (pp124). But "The Wise Ape" (pp115) and "A Greedy Heron" (pp102) contain two good morals. The book is altogether a beautiful production, and there is not a dull tale to be found in its pages.

(2). SONGS OF THE SEA.

Come all ye dry land sailors bould
And listen unto my song,
There are but forty verses
So it won't detain you long.

There is an undefinable charm about folk-lore, be it song, dance or story, that is fascinating and compelling, a power

brought about largely by its beautiful simplicity and homeliness.

The folk-songs of the sea, are, I believe, presented to us to-day as a mere shadow of their former selves. The original theme has been so parodied and adapted through the ages, that it would probably be all but unrecognisable to the actual originators, whoever they might be.

However, Sir Richard Runciman Terry has rendered us a great service by collecting and editing as many of the old songs of the sea as it was humanly possible to salve from the great depths of oblivion. The full fruits of his learned toil have been presented to the world at large by Messrs Curwen & Co. in an attractive volume which contains (under the title "*Salt Sea Ballads*") some thirty songs and parodies, an introduction by Morley Roberts, a further introduction by Sir Richard himself, followed by an admirable series of notes explaining the why's and wherefore's of each of the songs contained in the book.

One feels that these excellent ballads of the sea might be more widely known than they are at the present time, for it is the type of material that is congenial to both singer and audience alike. It is a delight to dissect from the musical fabric and words of these songs, the doggedness, loyalty, fearlessness and great-heartedness of the old British seaman or 'Tar,' as some of the songs would have him called.

This edition may be taken as authoritative, for Sir Richard Terry has gleaned these ballads, in many cases, from the lips of sailors as they sang at their work. There are, of course, many editions of sea-shanties and ballads, but few of them are actually 'sea-born.' In days gone by

any event of passing importance such as the capture or chase of an enemy vessel would bring forth a host of music-hall ditties and songs, which have in a few isolated cases been handed down to us as authentic 'sea-born' ballads. '*Tom Bowling*' is a notable instance of a shore-born song that has lived long enough, and assumed so many various guises, as to have been widely catalogued as a sea-ballad.

In the course of his interesting introductory chapter, Sir Richard Terry tells of the amazing number of words one finds adapted to a single tune, and the amazing number of tunes adapted to one set of verses. "The contrast is painful between the platform performances I hear, and the memory of the same tunes I heard in childhood, crooned by the fisher-women as they sat baiting their lines by the waving bents, to the accompaniment of the sea's deep bourden."

Sea-ballads probably found birth through the efforts of sailors, who, cast out at sea for days, weeks or even months on end, endeavoured to voice some of the sentiment that flooded their hearts at the thought of their distant homes and families, or again, through the chanting of words, as they worked in unison at the windlass or sails, or still again, as a war-song against their enemies.

An anonymous friend has supplied missing verses to many of the melodies, whilst Sir Richard Terry has composed the piano parts in "a humble attempt to follow the mood of the melodies."

I sincerely hope that long after all the older type of sea-craft and sea-men have disappeared from the surface of the ocean, and while the great winds

rear their wild songs to the accompaniment of the restless waters, that these old sea-ballads will still find a little corner of everlasting security in this everchanging and forgetful world of ours.

(3). FREDERICK DELIUS.

I had the good fortune, some little time ago, to hear an excellent performance of Frederick Delius's notable tone-picture "*Paris*." The performance left me with a live appreciation of this great composer's art-sense. It is only when this tone-poem is heard again and again that its hidden mysteries begin to reveal themselves. It cannot be appreciated by a casual ear.

The performance of this work had a rather pathetic interest, in view of the announcement a short while ago that Mr. Frederick Delius is fighting a lonely battle with blindness, in a peaceful old white stone house with blue shuttered windows at Grez-Sur-Loing, France. And so, it was impossible to listen to "*Paris*", without vividly recalling that its composer lay in his home in France, deprived of the means of savouring nature's great loveliness and the fascination of human life, all of which he so skilfully visualised and combined in "*Paris—the Song of a Great City*". He is unable to write music any more, and although on the occasional visits of musician friends he has attempted to dictate a composition to them, his efforts have nearly almost failed. Listening to music on the wireless and receiving rare visits from brother musicians from other countries, are the only joys to brighten this life that was darkened so tragically five years ago.

Frederick Delius was born in Bradford sixty-four years ago, and first went to live in this French village, just off one of the principal streets between Paris and Lyons, nearly thirty years ago.

"*Paris*" has called forth much comment and criticism. But although it is an early work, it is fully characteristic of the composer, and is one of his best works; in fact, it is among the very best of its kind in the world of music. It is full of realistic effects, made all the more significant by reason of his judicious use of beautiful orchestration. All the resources of a full orchestra are employed to produce this tone-picture, and one remains fascinated by the richness of harmony and colour disclosed throughout the entire composition.

Delius has been accused of fumbling dreamily along in his own way, and occasionally "biting on felicities by a kind of happy accident," as an English critic once put it. His music, therefore is regarded generally as something formless and weak; a something that has no definite part to fill or accomplish in the great scheme of musical art. But that is a mistake, a grave mistake, and that is where we owe Delius a heartfelt apology. For Delius has wit and delicate humour, he has a candour that is delightfully embarrassing, he has a sympathy closely allied with understanding that is second to none in the world of art. He is, in common with others, not faultless in his style; his music is admittedly individual, clumsy when judged by canons that do not apply to it, and extremely dull to minds that are different to his. But he has other and stronger qualities that more than amply compensate for loss in other directions.

Delius did not spring into fame, neither did he spare pains when engaged upon a work. On the other hand, he should in all probability have been recognised as a genius long before he was hailed as such. None realised this more than Delius himself, and as he was also a journalist, we find him writing of this in an article that propounded the simple truths of labour and achievement in art.

"Genius is not a mushroom growth. Inspiration does not come without hard work any more than a crop of corn. There is no short cut to glory. No great work of art has ever come into the world save as the fruits of years of earnest, unrelenting endeavour on the part of its creator," etc. Delius often spent ten years on a work. He has several times re-cast a composition long after it was supposedly finished.

He aspired to the lofty heights of Beethoven and his like; his ambitions are glorious in the extreme; from the very beginning he seems to have striven to apprehend the mysteries of the human soul and to express his understanding of these mysteries in music.

Delius is of Dutch descent, and he was born, as I have mentioned elsewhere, in Bradford, in 1863. When about twenty years of age, he lived for a time in Florida on a plantation that belonged to his father. From here he drifted into the States, where he taught music for a short time, and then he went to study in Germany. In Germany, Delius had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Grieg, which developed through the years a warm and deep friendship that gave his art a slight bias toward the elements of the Scandinavian countries.

In 1899 Delius gave a concert of his works in London. In 1907 Thomas Beecham began to perform his works freely up and down the country, so that some of the fame accorded him in Germany fell to him in England. The amount of his work would appear to be considerable, but it is difficult to account for a lot of it, for much has been published abroad. I give the following list of compositions as a guide to a few works that are fairly well known:

"*Over the Hills and Far Away*" (1895); the "*Appalacha*" orchestral variations (1902); the piano concerto

(1897 1903); "*Mass of Life*" (1905); "*Paris*," the great tone-poem (1899); "*The Village Romeo and Juliet*," an opera (1901); "*Sea Drift*," a cantata from Whitman (1903); "*Brigg Fair*," an orchestral rhapsody (1907); "*The Dance Rhapsodies*," for orchestra (1908 and 1916); "*North Country Sketches*," for orchestra (1914 and 1916); a violin concerto (1916); a double concerto, for violin and cello (1916); the cello concerto (1916); the music for Flecker's "*Hassan*" (1920); a cello concerto (1921); a number of songs, choral pieces, and pieces for a small orchestra.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Mad Family.

"I don't know whether dates are sold there at this season. But you can find the seeds on the roadside."

"I can't say what date-seeds are for, but am only giving you information."

"Raji talks quite like a grown-up person, repeating what she hears older people say, but in such a silly connection. One day, a patient asked her how Rukmini was related to her and at once she put on a serious face and said 'she is my mother-in-law's brother's wife'."

The end of this strange soliloquy found Seeta in hysteric laughter. She was back in Madras, all but her physical self and her heroine was present with her. As she talked to herself, she was

walking round and round the room, the rapidity of her pace being regulated by the intensity of her imagination. By and by she paused near a shelf to swallow a dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. As she put the bottle back, she burst into another and louder fit of laughter, which shook her frame with violent convulsions and provoked a more irritating cough.

"Seeta girl, what madness has seized you now?" asked her mother, who, pained by the cough she heard, had come upon the scene and caught her daughter holding her sides and doubled up in the effort to obtain some relief.

"Mother, I took—" and again that fit of both merriment and cough became uncontrollable. "I took, ha...ha...ha..."

Mrs. Vikram smiled and frowned at the same time. After a while, Seeta grew calm and, wiping her eyes, nose and lips on her sleeve, began again.

"I took a doze of the cough mixture mother, and without knowing what I was about, began licking the spoon. Mr Raju passing by, saw it and smiled. ha ... ha ... ha".

Mrs. Vikram felt her own nerves, giving way at the sight of Seeta shaking with laughter. She went out.

On the newly white-washed wall outside the room, there now appeared a whole art gallery of droll-looking pencil drawings recently executed. They represented no creatures of God's work, or man's rational production; for instance, there was a creature with a human face and a heavy moustache, with nose-rings and ear-rings. This being had a pair of horns, stood on all fours and displayed a pair of wings. The tail was like that of a fish and was decorated with a ribbon.

Mrs. Vikram held her breath when she saw this picture and the others. Going back to the room, she questioned Seeta about them.

"I really don't know," gasped the girl, hastening out to see.

Mohun now put in an appearance to invite his sister to join him in some novel conspiracy. Having over-heard the conversation, he exclaimed in a tone of seeming surprise.

"Why Seeta, you did those drawings, didn't you? I saw you take a pencil from my drawer and make those sketches—that was when Vasant was practising rope-walking. I looked over your shoulder and said that there was a

mistake in your fox, which really ought to have had scales and cloven feet.

Seeta did not comprehend anything. She could not recollect having done a single thing of all that her brother was enumerating. But of this she was sure, and that was that often she had said and done things of which her mind had remained totally blank. But was it likely that she, who dreaded mischief, should have committed so grave a fault? But, since she could not come to any logical conclusion, she turned pale and answered,

"I suppose I must have disfigured the wall. But I don't recollect any thing".

"Idiot," cried Mohun in a tone of deep commiseration, "You can be easily duped and punished for other people's faults. Ma, can't you see that only some one taller than she must have done those figures? And who is taller than this palm tree, but I?" But please don't tell father, mummy, I shall soon make it all right."

So saying Mohun rushed out like the whirlwind, and came back with a pail of white-wash and a brush. With several coatings he managed to obliterate the art-gallery, though some marks threatened to show, as long as the paint was fresh.

Dr. Vikram had three guests that morning. They were such simple folk, that their country manners immensely amused Mohun, and he plotted to have some fun at their expense. Waiting till his father took them down for breakfast, he dashed upstairs with his brother and sisters.

"Let us pretend to be father and these men," he suggested.

Vasant dropped into the nearest chair declaring, "I will be father."

"I shall act Mr. Raju," Seeta stated.

Rukmini represented Mr. Krishna, and Mohun personated Mr. Dass, by putting on the latter's turban the first thing. Each one like-wise donned coats and slippers and whatever overalls the guests had left behind them. Mohun dived into his pocket and drew out a pen-knife. Rukmini found a watch and some change in hers. Seeta discovered a kerchief and a bunch of keys in hers. Mohun invented a story for each article and began with the penknife.

"Did you notice Mr. Dass has a nose like the snout of a rhinoceros? He is ashamed of carrying it everywhere and shaves off the surface, hoping to bring it to a proper shape. This penknife he keeps for trimming his snout.

"That watch does not show the time, unless Mr. Krishna keeps on turning the hands, from second to minute, from minute to hour, the whole day long. But he wears it for the sake of fashion.

"Mr. Raju is too poor to keep any money in his pocket. So he carries a large bunch of keys to jingle like coins, and make people believe he is very rich."

The other children greeted each tale with roars of laughter. Mohun began to replace the articles in the wrong pockets.

"Mohun, what will they think, if they find their things have been handled?" cried Seeta.

Rukmini complained there was no kerchief in any of her pockets.

"The poor man could not afford even a hanky," Mohun continued, suppose we supply him with one," so saying, he tore of a bit of bandage cloth from the dispensary room and thrust it into Mr. Krishna's pocket.

"Now Mr. Vikram," he said addressing his simpering brother, "please say something."

"May I know how many children you have, Mr. Dass?" asked Vasant.

Solemn and serene grew Mohun's countenance, as the answer proceeded in grave tones.

"Don't exactly remember. But, I may say, I am blest with sixteen cherubs. Too many mouths to feed for a poor fellow like me, but can't help. Marriage dowries for the girls are out of the question."

"How many of them are boys and how many girls," Rukmini enquired.

"I must ask my wife," replied Mohun and, turning to Vasant, said, "Mr. Vikram, is anything wrong with your second daughter's brain? She grins and grimaces and chatters like a monkey. Whom does she take after?"

"She is—" began Vasant and in the excitement of a new discovery, forgot his assumed character and shrieked out,

"Mohun, Mr. Raju's shoes have no strings."

The children kept a collection of old shoe-laces, for the sake of inserting them in unserviceable balloon pipes to smoke. Mohun ran and brought a white lace and a black lace for the brown pair and began to lace them up.

"Mr. Raju has a long beard. I am tempted to plait it," Seeta remarked.

"I am tempted to set a lighted match to it," replied Mohun. Then he began to shake off his trappings and

called on the others to follow his example. The things were carefully replaced and the children scampered off downstairs.

(To be continued.)

H. Kaveri Bai

(2) THE TWO BROTHERS.

Once upon a time there was a King. He had two sons, who were very wicked and cruel. They would not listen to their parents, and did not like the good things they taught them. Day by day they began to hate their parents.

Now the elder son was 18 years old and the younger son was 16. The old King did not know what to do with these bad boys. So one day he took them and put them in a boat and sent them away to sea.

They went on and on and at last they reached an island. They got down from the boat hand-in-hand, and, when they were hungry sat down and ate the bread that their father had given them. It grew dark and they laid themselves down to sleep.

This island belonged to a big giant who had six heads, and he always came in the night to look for his food. He got sight of the two brothers. He was very glad to find some food, for it was three days since he had had any meal. So he took them both and put them into his pockets and went to his castle. The brothers woke up and were much frightened. The giant locked them up in a room and gave them rich food, to make them nice and fat.

Every day they thought that they were going to die. The giant one day called them to dine with him, for he wished to kill them that very night.

While they were dining, the elder boy saw a big magic mirror. He knew that it would take him wherever he wanted. So he wished that he and his brother should be taken to the seashore. This was done. When the giant saw this he put on a shoe, which would go a mile in one step, and chased them. He caught them and they told him their story; but he had no pity on them and beat them with his club and thus killed them.

From this we learn that "We must never be bad children."

MABEL EDNA MAHESWARI PHILIP

AGED 11.

(3) THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

In the *Parents' Magazine*, some very interesting questions were asked as information tests. Some of them are repeated here. You will find the answers below, but, before you look at them, try and see how many questions you can answer yourself and then verify your answers, and see if they are correct.

Questions.

1. What are the names of the young of the sheep, cow and horse?
2. What do we mix with ice to help us freeze ice-cream more quickly?
3. Who was the first President of the United States?
4. Of what is rubber made?
5. What kind of cloth is made from flax?
6. What are the Continents in order of size?
7. What are the different plants from which sugar is made?

Answers:

1. Lamb, Calf, Colt.
2. Salt.
3. Washington.
4. Sap of rubber tree.
5. Linen.
6. Asia, Africa, North America, South America, Antarctic Continent, Europe, Australia.
7. Sugar cane, Sorghum, beet, maple, palm tree.

(4) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Have you ever realised what fun you all can have at home, by getting up little theatrics among yourselves, and acting before your parents and their friends. Of course, it is not good to become too fond of acting, and always crave to be on the stage, but just occasionally to organise and produce a play among yourselves would be such fun, wouldn't it? If there are a number of brothers and sisters, you need not seek the help of children from other families, but, on the whole, it will be more friendly and interesting to bring your little friends from the neighbourhood into your programme. Then, you can choose a suitable play, or, if any of you have talent, write one yourselves, and settle the characters. A stage can be easily improvised by placing a number of low benches together as the platform, and running a large curtain in front with rings, so that it can easily be pulled aside. You should not be careless of the stage management. In fact, one of you should be in complete charge of the stage, and not take up any acting. It is much more fun to be stage manager sometimes,

than act before the public. There is a great attraction in arranging the stage artistically and carefully, and then disappearing behind the scenes before the curtain goes up. Next, you must learn your parts carefully, and not forget your words on the great day. Children have a bad habit of pausing awkwardly and waiting for the prompter to prompt them. You should learn your parts well, know your cues, and be perfectly natural on the stage. Forget yourselves entirely, and think only of the person you are impersonating. Your costumes should be well-chosen and artistically put on, and you must not shirk rehearsals, until you are quite perfect. Then, you can invite the elders and their friends. Perhaps, if you care to, you can even have two or four anna tickets, in aid of some charitable institution, or as money for beggars. You cannot imagine what fun it will be, and also, it will teach you to organise things, and develop a sense of responsibility.

In the next issue, if possible, I shall publish a play suitable for you to act.

Yours sincerely,
Padmini.

(5) OUR COMPETITION CORNER.

A prize of Rs. 3 will be given to the best essay on "A holiday in the Hills." The essay should not exceed 500 words. Only girls and boys below 15 years can try for this competition. Send in your essays, with names, addresses and ages written distinctly, to the Editor, *The Indian Ladies' Magazine*, "Lismoyne," Harrington Road, Chetput, Madras by June 25th, 1932. Any entries reaching us after this date will be disqualified.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

One evening, as we were passing through the streets of a little Moffussil town, we saw many women sitting on the door-step, or in the verandah of their houses, doing nothing at all, but staring aimlessly into the street. Some chatted listlessly with their neighbours, and most of them had babies on their laps, with one or two older children hovering round them, and constantly interrupting them. The absence of the masculine sex was very apparent. One could imagine where they were, out at some club or another, playing games, or walking out with their friends, or chatting and enjoying themselves in their friends' houses.

What waste of precious time, I thought, for these women to sit evening after evening doing nothing. Between five and seven is a time to enjoy oneself. One's housework will in no wise be hindered by keeping these two hours free for recreation. Why should so many of our women think it a crime to

leave their houses and seek a little enjoyment? Why should they not mingle with their fathers and husbands and brothers a little more? Why should they be for ever shy and backward, and always remember that they are women, and as such keep apart from men? There is a vast field where men and women can be comrades on an equal thoroughly harmless platform.

True, it is essential that a woman should not ever crave for excitement, but should value the importance of having a few leisure hours now and then—but it is one thing to be always on the look-out for enjoyment, and another to sit listlessly at home and not care for any fun in life. So many of our women are so self-satisfied and placid that they do not care to change their mode of living. One is glad, therefore, to notice that ladies' clubs are becoming more popular every day.

PANKAJAM.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Jade ornaments are becoming the fashion in the West, and our Indian women can set a new vogue out here, by using jade sometimes, instead of diamonds, rubies, emeralds or pearls. The following set of jade ornaments would look very pretty

indeed,—a fairly large oblong or square jade ring, a long jade and platinum brooch to pin the sari on the shoulder, a delicate jade pendant set on a thin chain, and small jade ear-drops. All these worn with a light green silk sari, and a blouse of

flowered green material, and green and silver sandals or *joothies* (slippers), will make up a most charming ensemble.

Jewels are meant to match the sari, and they should not be worn indiscriminately, but should be chosen with taste and made to harmonise with the colour of the clothes.

We are glad to notice that most of our young girls now are wearing Indian skirts and blouses, instead of the much-abused Western frocks. A thick

Kornat silk skirt, and a pretty blouse to match, looks very becoming for a girl, and is a very comfortable and convenient costume, much more suitable than a frock and shoes and stockings. Stockings are much too hot for this climate, especially for a girl to keep them on all day long at school. It is far better to wear a pretty skirt and blouse, and keep the feet cool and free in a loose pair of sandals.

"SISTER SUSIE."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is marvellous how easy it is for a room to look slovenly in India. Dust collects so quickly, cobwebs gather so rapidly, and stains and oils-marks on furniture show up so distinctly. It is hard indeed to keep a house scrupulously clean, but it is worth trying.

Curtains and draperies collect dust a great deal, and therefore, as few of them as possible should be used, and even these should be well-dusted often. If possible, lacey material should be avoided, as it gathers dust particles more easily.

Next, the floor should be polished, so that it cannot collect dust on its smooth surface. If the housewife dislikes polished floors, she should see that every nook and corner of the flooring is washed as often as possible with soap and water. Also, the carpets should be well-beaten outside, and dried out in the sun at least once a week.

Furniture, if not looked after carefully, becomes very dishevelled and

untidy. Easy chairs should be provided with clean washable chair-backs. Upholstery is harder to keep clean, than other furniture, and the *Malras Mail* gives a good remedy which I repeat here. Upholstery should be cleaned by placing a damp cloth over it, and beaten with a light cane. The damp cloth then collects all the dust.

Finally, the roof and walls should be constantly cleaned of cobwebs, and as much air as possible should be let into the room, in order to prevent it being musty and damp.

If the house-wife attends to these small particulars, she ought to be able to keep her house more or less fresh and clean.

In order to make the house chaste and beautiful, rooms should not be crowded with cheap knick-knacks and pictures. Just a few good ones will suffice. Over-crowding a room never adds to the beauty of it.

"PADDY."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

(1) Ancient German Easter Observances.

Advancing industrialization and the improving of means of traffic have caused many ancient customs to disappear, but others still persist, especially in the rural districts. In many South Bavarian villages, one still finds the "Judas burning" and "blessing of the water" on the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday. Peasants make a pile of wood in front of the church and set fire to it in the presence of the congregation. The priest blesses the fire, and when it has burnt out, each peasant takes a stick with live embers home, and his wife lights the fire in the fireplace or stove with it. Pieces of the charred stick are also put here and there in the house, for they are believed to afford protection against fire and lightning. Some of the holy water newly blessed by the priest is also taken home in a small bottle.

"The Easter fire" is still burned in many places in the Harz. In Aschersleben, Halberstadt, Goslar, Strobeck (the so-called "chess village"), Langels, Wasserleben, Ilfeld, Elbingerode, Rotehutte, Rubeland and many other places, one sees the Easter fires burning in the evening on the adjoining hills. They symbolize the victory of spring over winter.

A unique Easter custom is found on the island of Helligoland. Here the young men row from the mainland to the outlying dunes in leaky boats. The one whose boat takes in the most water is the winner.

In the Saxon Lausatia, "egg rolling" is indulged in, but in a different manner than that of the traditional egg rolling on the lawns of the White House in Washington. There children do the rolling, but in Lausatia the adults roll hard-boiled eggs down slopes, and children at the bottom contend for their possession. If eggs run out, oranges, apples, pretzels, etc., are used. The best place to see this is Bautzen.

In the Catholic districts of Lausatia, Easter Sunday sees processions of mounted peasants, dressed in their Sunday best and wearing top hats, singing ancient melodies, as they ride through the villages to one of the district's cloisters. The inhabitants of the villages line the roads, the women in Wendish costumes. Especially noteworthy is the procession from Crestwitz, near Kamenitz, where Lessing was born. It passes through Liebitz and Schweinwerden to the Cistercian Nunnery of Marienstern, where 60 nuns live. The riders are treated to beer in the cloister brewery, after which they ride back home.

(2) How Thuringia Welcomes the Spring.

A manuscript in the library of the Hersfeld Cloister, written in 1236, gives a report of a spring celebration held in Eisenach on the fourth Sunday in Lent of each year (March 6 this year). It relates that an effigy stuffed with straw was carried from the city in a procession and thrown into the river, "driving out the winter." The procession then returned to the city, where all kinds of booths stood on the market place and a

fair was held, and the people danced through the night.

This custom, even then centuries old, is of pagan origin. It was revived in Eisenach at the beginning of the present century, and each year attracts great crowds from the whole district around Eisenach. Weeks in advance the people begin making "summer birds," of feathers and brightly-colored stuffed bodies, which, with similarly constructed chickens and ostriches and with paper flowers, have for centuries been the chief articles sold at the many booths. Sweets and the famous Thuringian roasted sausages may also not be lacking. All houses are gaily decorated with banners and paper garlands, and life-size dolls with grotesque masks are seen everywhere.

The procession forms near the old church of St. Nicholas, which was built at the same time as the Wartburg. A mounted herald rides at the head, followed by a band and three men in mantles of plaited straw. Then comes the "wagon of winter," carrying an old man with long beard, who sits on a throne surrounded by snowclad firs, with gnomes as his court train. Skiers in old costumes, riders in heavy fur coats, and girls throwing artificial snowballs at the spectators, follow. Behind them rides another herald, announcing with silver trumpet the coming of spring, who is personified by "Sunna," the bright goddess, sitting

under a canopy in a wagon decorated with flowers. Beside her is the nest of the starling, the "bird of summer." Maidens in old Thuringian costumes and school children follow.

At the viaduct over the Werra, winter suddenly flees. The herald sounds his trumpet, and the band strikes up a merry tune. Spring has conquered winter. Frau Sunna welcomes spring with a poem. The straw mantles of the three escorts of winter are taken off and burned. The procession disbands. Then come the fair, feasting and dancing.

(3) Costume Festival in the Spreewald.

Vetschau, March.—This old city in the Spreewald will repeat this year the costume festival held last year, in which some 500 girls and women took part. The tentative date is July 31. This unique district 60 miles south of Berlin, intersected by some 300 arms of the Spree, is one of the few localities in Northern Germany in which the old folk costumes have maintained themselves. The coming summer's festival will include also open-air theatrical performances in the castle park and the singing of Wendish songs, also in historic costumes.

* From the Information service of the Reichsbahnzentrale für den Deutschen Reiseverkehr.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, FOR APRIL.

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The INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. V

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No. 10

YOUTH'S ILLUSIONS.

The dreams we dream of when we're	And then the thrill of living fades;
How they vanish one by one, young,	Our young ambitions swiftly die;
How youth's illusions fade away	The wish to be of high renown
With the setting of the golden sun,	And to build up castles soaring high
Each day,	Breaks down.

To our childish minds, the earth just	Oh Time, let not our ideals perish,
seems	Age, let not our visions die;
An enchanted world of mystic things,	But let us youth's illusions cherish,
Of fairy lights, and gleaming gold,	Though fleeting years go hasting by.
Till we, on Time's eternal wings,	
Grow old.	

Padmini Sathianadhan.

ASPIRATIONS OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD

BY 'S'

IN these unquiet days of turbulent external action and internal misgiving, I am afraid to stop and think and analyse my feelings. Once I was told by an older woman that this generation was living in a blessed era of great doing, an epoch-making period and a historic landmark for all time. If we pause to think, it is so. To take but one phase of it, never before in the history of India has there been such forceful action on the part of her women. It is absolutely marvellous; within the last ten, nay five years, shy retiring women, who took no interest beyond their own homes, have become rousing forces to such a degree that far-seeing politicians perforce have to stand and acclaim that "the future of India lies in the hands of her women." So, there is a great future for us—the making or un-making of a nation. Are we fit for it?

The first heart-searching question should be "what are my aspirations?" Have I any, or am I just drifting? I am afraid to answer this for myself. The currents are too many and too strong. I am either weak or lazy, so it may happen that I am content to be carried on. But "to be weak is to be miserable."—So—?

I have asked a few of my men-friends, what they think are the aspirations of present-day Indian women? The replies were varied and not too complimentary. "Oh, to be in the public eye and court cheap popularity," said one; "to talk platitudes to an applauding public and get charming notices in the papers", said another. "Wrong Judgment", said a third; "wanting in sense of proportion and perspective", said a fourth, and so on. Of course, these are the opinions of mere men, who perhaps just see the obvious and fail to understand the motive forces underlying, the forceful current of anxiety to work and serve one's country. Having so far been limited just to the home sphere, the rebound is into national life and the result is an upheaval and the over-riding of all obstacles of creed, tradition and usage. But the pity of it is, that it has touched only a few. It is up to these few to transmit the working force. What a grand opportunity for work! But is it being done? Or rather, are we not wasting ourselves in the several ways that men are criticising us for? To my mind, the only hope of attaining real nationality in India is by Social service, and it is up to us women to do it. Those, who like politics, may take part in guiding the Government; but, I am sure,

most of us are more fit to take part in the "social drama" around us. Woman has always been the messenger of "sweetness and light", has been sung through all ages as the grace-giver and the peace-maker, and was in the first instance created to bring gentleness and refinement into man's sphere. In India, if we get to the rock-bottom of things, we shall find that this "grace" has hitherto been denied to the life of the nation. Women have been wonderful mothers, most faithful wives and true worshippers of their deities, but they have not gone beyond their own homes, and so the refining touch of gentleness, sweetness and light has not been felt in the institutions of the country; but what better time is there than now for this? So it is up to us, in the words of a great man, to "see the social Drama around us with our own eyes, to survey it in its peculiar setting, to re-educate ourselves to renew contact with reality, to look lovingly around for a long time, for sight will beget insight."

In the snap-book of the Editor, I have seen faces of shy beauty, of eyes full of a curious questioning, of a wanting to know and be known: these were taken by her as she went through the villages on her tours. I felt so sorry for my village-sisters and such a longing to help? Is it not my duty to go round to them and help them to live sweet and clean lives, to spread sweetness and light by teaching them hygienic ways of living, and truth and honesty in doing whatever their hands find to do? So little of village work is done by us. The Missionary women of England and America are doing much for our people. What of ourselves?

Service should be our watchword. We, a few friends living in the same neighbourhood, can band ourselves together and get our women servants together one evening in a week and teach them to sew, to keep faces and hands clean, and hair and garb neat, and to live honestly and frugally. Is it not one of the criticisms, levelled against us, that as a nation we have not a sense of duty?

An Indian lady, whom I know, the mother of a high official in Government, gave an *At Home* to her establishment, both home and official, I mean those of the serving classes. She and her family made themselves one with them in eating, in games and in amusements, much to the amazement of their guests; and the dictum was "was there ever such a family?" We are always demanding work from our servants and we imagine that a little inaction and a little kindness will spoil them. This is true in several instances, but we must not forget that they have the same capacities and instincts for enjoyment that we have; an afternoon-off, an evening at the Pictures, a visit to the Zoo, or an opportunity to listen to the aerial, or even to get a glimpse of the sea, will surely lighten the monotony of work. I once sent my woman servant and her family to the Pictures and, on her return, she naively remarked, that, when she saw the whirl of a wild storm on the screen, she absolutely shivered with cold, though it was a sweltering day in May! Such are the possibilities. While we are busy talking about "untouchables" and educating the literate, we each in our own sphere, can in several ways train the mind and the imagination of

our own house-servers. Night and evening classes for working men and women, magic-lantern shows, can very well be managed by many of our educated girls. They can, and I am sure, willingly will, do much good work, if the social working centres can open such classes, in every possible division.

It is so easy to preach destruction, I mean, to exhort to do away with evil practices. But before this is done, the work of construction should begin. Prepare and make ready and have something beautiful to offer, when you would fain get rid of evil forces. Moral and social Hygiene workers preach to the poor unfortunates, but it would be so much more effective if they had bright and beautiful homes to receive them into, as a counter-attraction; and who can do this better than the women themselves. It is the same with the institutions that are being opened everywhere

for vagrants and the aged. Only a homey institution can anchor the wandering instincts of the tramp—and this again can only be done by women.

Each of us in our own sphere can, with time and thought, make nature, humanity, love and life gain new meanings for us and deliver new messages to us; thus we and others will acquire "the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the receiving mind and the heart to give largely." A beautiful spirit in a beautiful body and in a beautiful environment, is what is wanted now in India,—I mean by the word "beautiful" all that is best and holiest. Unity, sympathy, love and service will follow, but the centre of it all is the realisation that the Creator has crowned each one of us with wonderful graces, not for selfish enjoyment, but for shedding light and warmth around, and this can only come by close living with God alone.

MAXIMS OF CONDUCT.

The comeliness of youth is modesty and frankness; of age, condescension and dignity.

Convey to others no intelligence which you should be ashamed to avow. We should be careful not to follow the example of persons, who censure the opinions, manners and customs of others, merely because they are foreign to them.

True gentleness is natural feeling heightened and improved by principle.

Be not overcome by the injuries you meet with, so as to pursue revenge; by the disasters of life, so as to sink into despair; by the evil examples of the world, so as to follow them into sin; overcome injuries by forgiveness, disasters by fortitude, evil examples by fairness of principle.

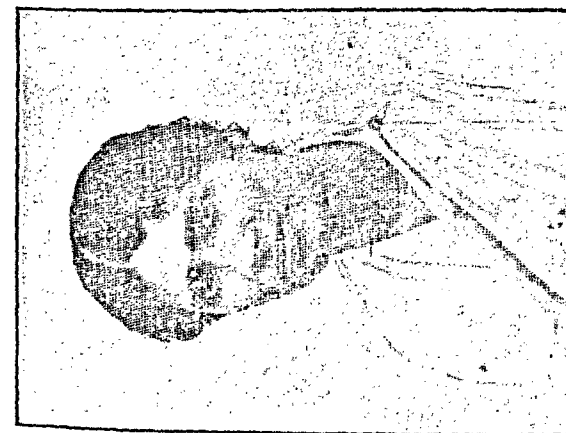
(SELECTED).



Miss Mainabhai B. Jog,
Artist, Bombay. Her 'Basrelief'
was exhibited by the Sir J. J.
School of Art of India, at the
India House Exhibition, London.



Mrs. Leilavathi Shreenivasa Aserappa.
Daughter of Mrs. M. A. Shreenivasa,
retired Deputy Directress of Public In-
struction, Madras, and wife of Dr. C. V.
Aserappa, Medical Officer of Health,
Colombo. She has been elected Presi-
dent, Women's Political Union of
Ceylon; 1st Vice President, Y. W. C. A.
Colombo; Hon. Sec., Exhibition Branch,
Colombo Ladies' League; Hon. Sec.,
House Committee, Victoria Home for
Incurables, Colombo; Committee Mem-
ber, Rural Reconstruction Society;
Committee Member, Dry Zone Coloni-
sation Scheme; Hospital Visitor, Colombo
Ladies' League; Committee Member,
Society for Promoting Nursing as a
Profession in Ceylon.



Mrs. Elizabeth Kuruvilla, M.A., Ex-M.L.C.
Who presided over the women's
conference of the Kerala Chris-
tian Congress held at Tiruvella
in April.

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF ASTRONOMY

BY H. FITZGERALD



Rajkumari Shivapuri (sitting) with Giriraj Kumari (standing) who carried away the first prize and silver medal in the Elocution and singing competitions held at the Kayastha Pathashala, Allahabad, recently.

Photo :—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

T was no wonder that the greatest dramatic genius in the world's history possessed a many-sided knowledge of physical subjects, besides a deep insight into those philosophical. Shakespeare's knowledge of English law as displayed in his works led some to believe that he must for some period in his young age have served an attorney. Lord Campbell, an eminent lawyer, wrote a whole book on the poet's knowledge of law, called "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements." He was not unfamiliar with the craft of printing; and it is said that if he had passed his whole life in a printing office he could not have learnt anything more of the details of the art ("Shakespeare and Typography"). Again, Shakespeare displayed wonderfully his familiarity with insect life, and the characteristics of birds and animals. He was a keen observer of life and was, therefore, as familiar with the characteristics of plants as with those of animals. Yet again, Shakespeare's knowledge of science—medical, geological, and astronomical—was very wide and in advance, in some respects, of his time.

The poet knew the boundless wonder of the heavens, and he frequently refers to particular constellations, to eclipses,

meteors, and the signs of the Zodiac, as well as to the planets Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars. We may, perhaps, fancy that it is the Shakespeare-Astronomer himself, in the second scene to Julius Cæsar, in the person of Cassius, speaking to Brutus, thus—

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

In the following passages, we see the poet alluding to some of the important phases of the heavens:

Constellation of Virgo. In Titus Andronicus (IV, 3), Titus says:

"Now masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas."

Eclipse of the Sun. In King Lear (1, 2), Gloucester says to Edmund;

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us".

Eclipse of the Moon. In Antony and Cleopatra (III, 13), Antony, dismissing the messenger of Cæsar, says to Cleopatra:

"Alack, our terrene moon Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone

The fall of Antony!"

Meteors. In King John (V, 2), Lewis says:

This shower, blown up by tem-
pest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes
me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top
of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning
meteors".

In King Richard II (II, 4), the Cap-
tain informs the Earl of
Salisbury :

"The bay-trees in our country
are all wither'd,
And metors fright the fixed
stars of heaven".

Signs of the Zodiac. In Love's
Labour's Lost (V, 2), the Princess stipu-
lates the time limit before the King :

There stay, until the twelve
celestial signs,
Have brought about their
annual reckoning".

The Moon's Phases. In Romeo and
Juliet (II, 2), Juliet says to Romeo :

"O swear not by the moon, the
inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her
circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove like-
wise variable".

The Sun's Journey. In All's Well
that ends Well (II, 1), Helena says to the
King :

"Ere twice the horses of the
sun shall bring
Their fiery torches his diurnal
ring".

Comets. In King Henry VI, pt. I
(I, 1), the Duke of Bedford says :

"Comets, importing change of
times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in
the sky ;

And with them scourge the
bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto
Henry's death !

Shooting Stars. In King Richard
II (II, 4), the Earl of Salisbury says :

"Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of
heavy mind,

I see thy glory, like a shooting
star,

Fall to the base earth from the
firmament !"

Conjunction of the Planets. In
King Henry IV, pt. II (II, 4), Prince
Henry speaks :

"Saturn and Venus this year in
conjunction :

What says the almanack to
that ?"

The Pleiades. In King Henry IV,
pt. I (I, 2), speaking to Prince Henry,
Falstaff says :

"We, that take purses, go by
the moon and seven stars ;
and not by Phœbus".

The Great Bear. In Othello (II, 1),
speaking of the flood, the Second Gentle-
man says :

"The wind-shak'd surge, with
high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the
burning bear".

The Watery Moon. In A Midsummer
Night's Dream (III, 1), Titania, having
fallen in love with a mortal, says :

"The moon, methinks, looks
with a watery eye ;

And when she weeps, weeps
every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chas-
tity".

Composition of the Stars. In Ham-
let (II, 2), in a letter to Ophelia, Hamlet
writes :

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire ;
Doubt, that the sun doth move".

Mock Moons. In King John (IV, 2),
Hubert says to King John :

"My Lord, they say five moons
were seen tonight ;

Four fixed ; and the fifth did
whirl about

The other four, in wondrous
motion".

The Pole Star. In Julius Cæsar
(III, 1), when Brutus and others plead
before Cæsar for mercy to be shown to
Publius Cimber, he says :

"But I am constant as the
northern star,

Of whose true-fixed and resting
quality

There is no fellow in the firma-
ment".

In the end, we may once again
fancy that Shakespeare must have had
himself in mind when, in Sonnet 14, he
thus describes his hero :

"Not from the stars do I my
judgment pluck ;

And yet methinks I have astro-
nomy,

But not to tell of good, or evil
luck,

Of plagues, of dearths, or
season's quality".

THE PAST DRIFTS BY.

From far, the nodding tops of coco'nut trees
Woo back the dim forgotten past ;
And, wafted on the wings o' the gentle breeze,
Come memories in pale hues cast.

Like yonder wispy clouds, the Past drifts by,
Which clothe in white the tumbling hills,
But soon the clouds and hills and distant sky
With gorgeous light the sun-set fills !

R. C.

INDIAN ART & RELIGION

BY V. THANGASWAMI



THE function of art is to transform the abstract into the concrete, and clothe the concrete in flesh and blood, so as to pulsate and throb with the life and vigour of a definite purpose. Art is something impersonal and co-existent; snatch art away, the object from which it is dissociated becomes lifeless. It is art that infuses life into the lifeless and transfigures the unreal into the real. It is this indefinable outward garb that makes stones live, and portrays pictures of ancient fame and history on the canvas of life.

True art is religion writ large. If not so, what could have been the cause of the mural paintings and architectural designs, which we find most prominently in Hindu, Buddhist and Jain temples and shrines? Art stirs up deep emotional feelings of awe and reverence and kindles the inner soul of an artist to white heat by fine impulses and susceptibilities. Just as fire is latent in flint and comes to expression by friction, so does art from religion.

It may be said that an artist possesses an exact and comprehensive soul, in the sense that he can admit of the free and harmonious play of mind and body, brain and eye, through the medium of critical faculties. The happy blending of the physical and the mental results in the production of a pictorial

design. The artist possesses such a keen eye, that he is able to perceive even a microscopic spot, which in his view may loom large and tend to mar the design. This acute sense of vigilant perception is denied to the ordinary man, and hence the expression, "the eye of an artist", has come to assume a proverbial aspect.

To infuse life into images and make them throb with life and meaning is a mighty task demanded only from a few. Despite the onward march of centuries, some pictures still breathe life, as it found expression aeons ago. An artist finds joy and beauty in his work, which he considers a labour of love. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." He visualises the unseen with his prophetic eye and hand. Through his facile pen or chisel, he carves out the past in bits of living glory, which serve as a perennial fountain of enjoyment and delight. A note of joy and love is characteristic of his whole course of endeavour.

Again the spirit of an artist is ever yearning for the unseen. For instance, the picture of a *yogi* rapt in profound meditation is the exhibition of the perfect control of mind over matter, the sway of spiritual force over the material, setting forth the creative aspect of the spirit. To represent this picture in live colours is to call forth the spiritual talents of an artist. Sometimes delving deep into the abyss of human misery, he

succeeds in portraying a young man in his prime, but apparently a victim to gnawing cares and miseries, with a haggard face, sunken eyes, aching brows, wrinkled forehead, hollow cheeks, grey hair and sallow complexion, the awful symptoms of premature old age.

By the study of Indian architecture and sculpture, we know that it is always unsafe to assume that the Indian point of view is the same as the European. It is just in the different ideas of realism and outlook upon Nature that we find the gulf that separates Eastern thought and Eastern art from Western. In India, elaborate sculpture and exquisite architecture have been the resultants of quickened religious enthusiasm; and the Hindu conception of art, as the medium of expressing one's thoughts or emotions, takes its place along with music and poetry. Touched by divine fire, it is a revealer of idealistic conceptions, a certain suggestiveness of the infinite. To constitute art, therefore, the thought must be noble and chaste and the way of expressing it must be graceful. The chastening beauty, no less than the alluring loveliness of scenes, the picturesque imagery, colour and technique, the golden garment of glory, the mystical expression, the inner revelation and high-wrought philosophy logically evolved, is the quintessence of Indian art.

In the art history of India, we need never fear a dearth of examples. In the galaxy of painters and artists, figure illustrious names. Bengal, more than any other part of India, has of late given birth to, a rich

crop of artists and painters. Artists are thus the living instruments of the modern renaissance, who regard Ajanta and Sanchi not as ruins, as outsiders are prone to do, but as "living oracles of art."

"Art in India seeks to depict not the material reality, but the idea that is behind the manifestation of matter. That is to say, to each piece of matter is attached mind, crystallised, amorphous or fluid. There is thus a world of mind, of which the world of matter is a section. The purpose of Indian art is the delineation of this world of mind. The structure of that world is different from that of the matter world. Indian mythology is a symbolic representation of this world, expressed crudely but necessarily, in terms of material concepts. So is Indian sculpture. Gods with four hands and three eyes are opposed to our logic. But they represent the fact of a different logic, being true for the world of mind. It is not a world of material perfection. It is a world where the harmony of mind and matter is perfect. Such a world is the world of spirit."

The aesthetic feelings of the artist often reach the heights of mystic experience. Human life abounds in sporadic types of mystic consciousness. The artist transcends the ordinary limitations of life and sees a region unexplored by mortal eye, a region full of frank romanticism and unvarnished mysticism. It is mind that penetrates matter and creates countless forms and features through creative energy. When matter is discarded, we come in contact with the spirit, the spirit that makes us

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wander from this mundane sphere and leads us to the shore, "from whose bourne no traveller returns." Thus the veil of Maya is lifted up. Herein lies the true essence of Indian art and genius.

In Indian pictures, we often perceive the undercurrent of a mystic spell which is an index, nay, a tribute to the Indian mind and nationhood. The mysticism of the "unchanging East" seeks its refuge in such pictures. A typical Indian picture of art may be taken to represent with fair accuracy Indian national sentiments, altitude of thought, angle of vision, philosophical temperament and "sober wishes that never learned to stray." Here is rightly fulfilled the unqualified function and purpose of art, which finds its high watermark in pictures and paintings of Indian home-life, amid peaceful and placid Eastern scenes.

It is common knowledge that a Western tourist or critic is overwhelming in his praise of Indian art. Why? If Buddha's image is the embodiment of peace and quiet, then it is a marvellous thing of art which, being "a thing of beauty," as Keats would have it, "is a joy for ever." It is just like publishing a book exhorting others to practise virtue and insisting on every one reading it. Art is certainly utilitarian, a potent means of diffusing education, religious principles and tenets.

In theory, therefore, there is little difference between worshipping an image of Nataraja, or reading a short discourse on Hindu religion and philosophy. It is needless also to say that to the truly-cultured the worship of an image is unnecessary. "The vulgar look for gods in water; men of wider

knowledge in celestial bodies; the ignorant in woods, bricks or stones; but the wisest men in the Universal Self." But the human mind in its attempt to stretch beyond itself longs to embrace the concrete and makes God in the image of man. God, according to accepted ordinary ideas, is Saguna. One need not be concerned with the higher philosophy, which holds that God is Nirguna. And the *gunas* attributed to God are the ideals of our practice, human virtues. This is perhaps based on the theory that we were once parts of God and have, by reason of our own actions, become separated. And the object of worshipping an image is to remind us of our past connection. This explains why, in our conceptions of God, we have endowed him with the human form.

When one understands the purpose of idol worship, conceding, of course, that the really praiseworthy thing would be to concentrate on our conceptions of God without such external aid, it is easy to understand the structure of a Hindu temple. When one pictures to oneself the thousand-pillared mandapams at Madura and Chidambaram, where art and fancy run amok, one is irresistibly reminded of the lines of Congreve.

"How reverend is the face of this
tall pile,

Whose ancient pillars bear their
lofty heads,

To bear aloft its arched and
ponderous roof,

By its own weight made steadfast
and immovable,

Looking tranquility; it strikes awe
and terror to my aching sight."

Like music and poetry, sculpture is considered a fine art. Indian sculptures are an actual realisation of greatness. The most stupendous monuments of Pandya greatness are shown at the Moenakshi temple of Madura, which embody, not only the greatness and the deep religious instincts of the rajahs, but also the spirit of the times. The four dominating "cloud-capt" towers of dizzy height, which overlook the time-honoured city, bespeak a genius for skill in fine arts. The dim corridors of the temple and the mural paintings of the Tiruvilayadal Puranas on the inner vestibules have a special import to us. The figures of the goddess Kali and the demon are unique masterpieces of pose and expression; and the whole group is dynamic with life and movement. The goddess Durga is giant-strength itself. The old, old theme of the antagonism of good and evil finds here a fitting and most impressive interpretation; and thus art is fulfilled of its purpose. There is much to be said for the skill, with which movement is suggested by attitude, gesture and expression. The colossal figure is a rapturous embodiment of divine femininity. The God swallowing the poison produced at the great churning of the Ocean by the Devas and the Asuras; the Kalyanasundarar, the usual representative of the marriage of Sundareswarar with the goddess Meenakshi (the fish-eyed); the group containing Siva with four arms and with Unaparameswari by his side; Vishnu with four arms pouring water into the hands of the God Siva, and Brahma comfortably seated and offering an oblation; the giving of the Pasupata weapon to Arjuna by Siva, enthroned on his mountain and crushing under his foot

the demon Musalagon, on whose prostrate figure he is believed to have resumed the dance of which all the gods were the witnesses; the exclusive devotion of Bhiringisa to the God Siva that led Parvati to seek union with her consort in the form of Ardhanariswara, which was perhaps the commencement of the worship of the deity in its feminine aspect; the image of Dakshinamurthy i. e., the form assumed by Siva in order to expound the mysteries of the Veda to the four Rishis; the worship of the serpent Adisesha; the youthful but elegant figure of Subrahmanya or Karthikeya; the massive build of Nandi, the bull-lieutenant of Siva; the deep-drunk Siva saints, otherwise called sixty-three Nayanars, on richly-sculptured colonnades; the *prakara* walls round the central shrine; the towering *gopuras* at the gateways and high castellated walls; the thousand-pillared mantapam; the several august buildings of massive stones with numberless pillars, and above all, the *Vimanas* rising from the dim twilight of the ages,—all these constitute the relics of antiquity, where the romance of history blends with the romance of art, each illuminating the other. The temple is thus a feast of beauty in itself; at the same time its historical implications are so profound that it ought to be a place of pilgrimage to every lover of beauty and art.

As one passes along the inner walls of the Moenakshi temple round the lotus tank, one scarcely fails to realise the importance and mission of the rare workmanship of ancient South Indian art, that has so long successfully combated against the ravages and inroads of time. The mighty pictures

of a heroic past, conveying as they do an aesthetic and reverent effect, cannot but appeal to the imagination. Such pictures are of descriptive, mythological, archaeological and epigraphical importance. They can instruct the Western world, disclosing as they do the splendid record of traditions, the glories, and the historical memories of the great structures of South India. They influence one to a life of devotion in a remarkable degree. Of the splendour of the Taj, for instance, the Rev. W. M. Zumbro wrote thus in the American Review of Reviews several years ago: "Where is there in all the world a gem of architecture equal to the Taj at Agra, as it stands alone in its exquisite garden on the banks of the Jumna, the finest monument in the world to the most beautiful of sentiments, the love of man for woman?"

THE MAMMOTH AND THE BACILLUS.

A Bacillus once perched itself upon the extremity of the trunk of a Mammoth. Immediately it had settled there, a mischievous magician altered the eyes of the Mammoth, so that they could magnify many more diameters than they were wont to do. When the Mammoth saw the Bacillus, it laughed, and giving a mighty snort, blew the infinitely small creature away, saying: "You insignificant and impertinent little rascal, be removed immediately from the end of my proboscis!" But the Bacillus laughed more than the Mammoth, and went and hid in some food which it knew the big creature would eat. Once inside the Mammoth, it started its evil work, and, as the mighty animal was not in very good health at the time, the tiny Bacillus was enabled to get a fine grip. It multiplied by millions, and, being whirled away in the blood-stream, so filled the great creature with disease, that the monster died.

Moral: However big you are, never make a mock of the infinitely small; you never know its powers.

H. PORTER.

SERINGAPATAM- THE STRONGHOLD OF THE TIGER OF MYSORE.

BY G. NANJANATH, MYSORE.



CEPTING Vijayanagar, Seringapatam is the greatest of all historical ruins in Southern India. Lying between two branches of the river Cauvery, which form an eye-shaped island, it was the capital of various Indian monarchs, from Thirumalayya, the founder of the City, to Tippu Sultan, the "Tiger of Mysore."

Once it was a populous city. Its streets and bazaars were crowded with busy people from all parts of India. From it indeed has sprung the Kanarese saying "Pattanada Kote—Ganjam Pete" which means "The fortress of Seringapatam—The bazaar of Ganjam." Ganjam was that part of Seringapatam where the major part of the population dwelt and where merchant princes sat in their shops transacting every kind of business, from selling grain to trading in precious stones.

Now what remains of Seringapatam? Only a few low mud walls scattered here and there, that mark the site of ancient houses. The great fortress, which "under the influence of the auspicious stars was filled with ornaments, articles of consumption and wealth—all the requisites of war, peace and greatness—and which under the grace of God was wished to remain ever free from all misfortunes", is now in the lowest state

of ruin. Only six years after the stone bearing the above inscription was erected, the fort fell—and from that day into decay.

In the year 894 A.D., Thirumalayya, a Ganga chieftan, thinking the jungle-covered island, yet untrodden by human foot, fit for the abode of Gods, built two temples, one to Ranganatha or Vishnu, and the other one to Thirumala, his tutelary God.

In 1454, Danayak Thimanna, after getting permission from the Vijayanagar Emperor, built a fort and ruled Astagrama, or eight villages, round Seringapatam.

Narasa, the founder of the second dynasty of the Vijayanagar Emperors who conquered all Southern India, captured Seringapatam and made it one of the four centres of his great empire by appointing a Viceroy, who held his court at Seringapatam.

After the decisive battle of Talikota in the year 1565 A. D., Thirumala Raya, the brother of Rama Raja, the last Emperor of Vijayanagar, fled from the battlefield. With him he carried away fifteen hundred million rupees worth of gold, the last resources of the empire, on the backs of 500 elephants. He reached Seringapatam in safety and settled there still as a Viceroy. His

successors held it till 1610 when it was handed over to Raja Wadiyar, the powerful Mysore ruler.

Raja Wadiyar greatly extended his territories by subduing the local *palegars* (petty chieftains). The three subsequent kings were also powerful. But afterwards they were followed by a series of weak rulers, who became puppets in the hands of their Dewans (Ministers).

At last in 1761, Haider Ali, who rose from the position of a common soldier to that of commander-in-chief, wrested the throne from the right descendants. He was followed by Tippu Sultan, the much-dreaded enemy of the British.

In the final race for supremacy, the British won and the fortress of Seringapatam was stormed and taken on a fateful day in May 1799.

The fort itself is an object of great interest. It is a massive structure of stone and brick-work, at many places more than 100 feet high. Originally there were three rounds of it, but now only two rounds can be clearly seen. There are deep trenches between these forts, which were formerly filled with water. To make crossing more dangerous, numerous crocodiles were let in. But now neither the water nor the host of crocodiles exist, only a dense growth of wild shrubs. There are numerous gateways to this fortress, the chief among which are the Mysore Gate, the Bangalore Gate, the Elephant Gate and the small water gate, by the side of which fell Tippu Sultan in the last siege. The Elephant Gate contains an inscription about the fortress in Persian by Tippu Sultan and an English translation.

General Baird assaulted Seringapatam from the Western side of the fort. A monument containing the names of Indian and British regiments, which took part in the assault, was erected there by the Maharajah of Mysore. A white-washed cannon on the other side of the Cauvery marks the site where the guns were placed in attack.

The dungeons, for which Seringapatam is famous, are two in number. One was discovered in 1899 exactly a century after the siege. How the dungeon remained hidden so long is a mystery still unsolved.

It was in these dungeons that the British prisoners during the war were confined. Even now the stone pegs to which their hands were chained can be seen. There they had to stand all the time, till night-fall, when they would be released for sleeping on the bare mud floor. In flood time the water would rise up to their knees and the misery of these men can be better imagined than described.

De Haviland's Arch which remains in a perfect condition to this day, was built by a French Engineer, De Haviland. It is a plain arch whose single span is about 112 feet in length and 3 feet in breadth. It is constructed of brick and mortar with two stone foundations at the ends. There is a granite slab as keystone in the centre. The wonderful property of the arch is, that it vibrates if any one jumps on the keystone. The vibration is distinctly visible. How De Haviland was able to do it nearly a century ago is still a wonder. So far no engineer, either Eastern or Western, has solved the mystery of this arch.

So great is the number of visitors to it that a groove of more than six inches in depth has been formed on the surface by their constant tread.

Many legends have arisen as to the construction of this arch. One says "The Sultan, wishing to learn the secret of the Feringhee, sent a servant to spy on him when he was at work. The Feringhee, who was working in the strictest secrecy, shot the Sultan's servant dead on the spot." Another says "The Sultan, seeing the Feringhee's wonderful work and thinking that he would span the Cauvery by means of these arches, had him beheaded."

However, De Haviland was not killed. In 1807, he designed and constructed the banqueting hall of the Government House in Mysore. Another account says that De Haviland never visited Seringapatam at the time of Tippu and that he built the arch after the last siege.

Of the great palace of Tippu Sultan only one ruined wall remains to tell the story. "It was a great building which contained many beautiful and stately apartments," says an account. But now only the wall with an English signpost on which there are the words, "Here was the palace of Tippu Sultan", survives.

The huge temple, without which any Indian capital is considered to be equal to a forest, was built by Tirumallaya, the founder of the City as we have said before. From that time it has stood through various kingships, every king in turn enriching it. Even Tippu, who was known to be very hostile to Hindus, left the temple unmolested and actually gave rich presents to it.

A colossal figure of Sree Ranga Natha, one of the forms of Vishnu, adorns this beautiful temple. The figure lies in a resting position on Adi Sesha, the serpent-bed of Vishnu.

There are also other minor temples, the chief among which are the Narasimha Swami temple and the Gangadhareshwara temple. Tippu had the towers of these two temples removed, because "they overlooked his zenana."

"The paradise of Seringapatam lies in the Daria Dowlat Gardens" remarked a traveller, and it is true. The happiest hours of Tippu's life were spent in these heavenly gardens. There on the stone steps he would sit, free from his royal worries, dreamily watching the river Cauvery roll by.

The garden and the palace inside it were built by Tippu Sultan. The garden was filled with flower and fruit trees from all parts of India. Tippu even sent persons to Afghanistan to bring seeds of rare plants. So fond was he of these plants that they were watered with milk, curds and cocoanut milk. After the sack of Seringapatam the garden fell into ruin but it was restored by Colonel Wellesley, whose headquarters it became after the siege.

The design of the palace in the centre of the gardens was copied from the palace of Dilaver Khan, Mogul Governor at Sirya. Tippu spent an enormous amount of money in building and decorating it. Every nook and corner of the building is lavishly decorated with colour designs. All the furnishings in the palace, except the carpets and cushions, are recent additions.

The side walls of the palace contain paintings depicting the victory of Haider and Tippu over English troops. Another painting shows the portraits of Haider and Tippu in different attitudes and of Muhammedan and Hindu officers under Tippu. The paintings were executed by the orders of Tippu and they have been well-preserved.

After Tippu's death, he was buried in the Royal cemetery, called the "Gumbuz", by the side of his father and mother. It is situated on a peaceful spot surrounded on all sides by a stately garden full of big trees, planted at the time of Tippu.

Strange to say a perfect silence reigns in the place. What a contrast to the tomb of that traitor, Mir Sadak. A mound of mud near the Bangalore gate, uncovered and unlettered, marks his last resting-place. As a sign of contempt, every Muhammedan who passes

that way throws a stone at the grave of the unhappy man.

Another interesting sight of Seringapatam is Scott's Bungalow, once the residence of Colonel Scott. One account says that he drowned himself in the river after learning that his wife and child had died of cholera. Another says that he drew a pension and returned to Ireland, his native place. Whatever may be the accounts, the bungalow is worth-seeing. All its furnishings have been well-preserved, because it was expected that Colonel Scott would return. But he did not return. Now it is the property of H. H. the Maharajah of Mysore.

Nearly 150 years have elapsed since Seringapatam fell. From that time, countless visitors have seen and admired it, and still it is a place of unfailing interest, well worth a visit.

"Just as there are days when my life seems to have been a Golden Legend studded with precious jewels, a flowery field with multitudes of blossoms, a radiant morn with love and happiness crowning every hour; so there are other days when, trying to recollect my life, I am filled only with a great disgust, and a feeling of utter emptiness.

What is the truth of a human life, and who can find it? God Himself would be puzzled. In the midst of all this anguish and delight; this filth and this luminous purity; this fleshy body filled with hell fire, and this same body alight with heroism and beauty—where is the truth?

So, on some imaginative days, my mind is like a stained-glass window, through which I see beautiful and fantastic beauties, marvellous forms and richest colours; and on other days, I look only through dull, grey-glass windows and view the dull grey rubbish-heap called life.

If we could only dive down within ourselves and bring up thoughts, as the diver brings up pearls—precious pearls from the closed oysters of silence in the depths of our sub-consciousness!"

(Selected)

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL MINT, LONDON



THE sight of vast quantities of money is very interesting and attractive, especially if one is permitted to watch the intricate process of making the coins. Some little while ago, I visited the Royal Mint for about two hours. I should have liked to spend much longer there, to watch more closely all the phases of the work, which I had only time to glimpse at in such a short time.

The first place our party went to was the furnace room, where molten metal is mixed over huge furnaces—certain quantities being melted together, according to the coins about to be made. This is stirred continuously by an electric stir, in order that the various metals may be evenly blended, and afterwards run out into moulds to cool into bars. The rough ends of these bars, when they are cooled, are clipped off by a machine, and one end and one side turned on an electric grindstone, but it is to be noted that the small pieces cut, and even the minute particles from the grindstones, are carefully collected and used again in the furnace.

The heat in this room, the glare of the multi-coloured flames from the furnaces and the incessant noise and activity of the men tending them, made us glad to pass along to the next room.

Here the bars, cooled and levelled off, are annealed in order to soften the metal and prevent it cracking, as it goes through the various processes which are to follow—the actual annealing being a specific treatment by acid and water. Great pressure is put upon the bars to bring them out to the thickness required for the coins. As they come through the "pressure" machine, they are tested in the following way:—one bar is taken from each batch and a coin is cut from it and weighed on a very delicate balance. If a bar yields a coin too heavy, then that batch is sent through the machine again to be subjected to further pressure. Light bars are rejected, and sent back to the furnace room.

When the bars of metal of correct thickness are accumulated, coins are cut out from them, the number cut from one bar of metal varying, of course, according to the type of coin. All "trimmings" of the metal are sent back to the furnace room for re-melting.

Next, the coins are put through a machine, which is really a marvel of mechanism—each coin is gripped by a sort of collar, which mills the edges, whilst by the simultaneous movement of a "hammer" above and below it, the coin is stamped. Here then is the coin, shaped to correct size and weight, stamped and milled. But the metal has been softened before stamping, so now the

finished coins have to be further tempered to harden them against long usage. The acid process for this purpose discolours the coins, so they have to pass through machines in which they are washed and dried.

A further test now takes place—each coin being passed over a balance, which automatically sorts them into three varieties, those of exact weight, those slightly under and those slightly over required weight. These differences are, of course, very minute and not sufficient to justify rejection of the coins, so when they are being counted after testing, an equal number of the "lighter" variety of coin is put with the "heavier" ones as a remedy. Before being counted into bags, however, the coins are all passed over a moving belt and it is the job of certain men to watch these all day for any that are defective. We watched two men who sat with eyes glued on the rows of coins passing before them, all of which looked beautiful and perfect to our inexperienced eyes, but nevertheless at intervals one of the "Watchers" would swoop on a coin and ruthlessly throw it aside. This would be sent back to go through the whole process again. We saw also the "ringing rooms", small cubicles almost like telephone boxes, where juniors drop or sound coins to see if they "ring true." Not every coin is treated in this way, but a selection from each batch.

English pennies and farthings were being made at the time of our visit, and several varieties of other European and certain African monies. The English farthings and pennies are stamped on both sides, but not milled at the edges, whereas many of the foreign coins have a hole in the centre.

In another room the coins are counted into linen bags, all by machine, and the bags packed into steel-bound boxes. Of course, strict supervision is kept over all staff working at the Mint, every scrap of metal and every coin has to be accounted for and the men are not allowed to move in and out of their respective work-rooms. At night the money is all placed in huge safes and the whole well-guarded.

This completed the making of the coins, but we had now an even more interesting visit to make—to the die stamp room. Here we looked at rows of plaster casts, the designs for coins, medals, etc., as submitted by artists. These are all kept and from them are made reverse and inverse metal die stamps. The centre of this room is occupied by a large machine, which I understand is the only one of its kind in existence and which might well be called an "Artist-machine." This will copy faithfully any metal die stamp, reducing or enlarging the size of it. Thus an artist may submit a design for a medal, his plaster cast measuring ten inches across, whereas the actual medal has to be only one or two inches. In such a case, when the metal die has been cast from the plaster, the "Artist-Machine," correctly adjusted, will copy the design in minutest detail on to another stamp of the required size. We watched the machine at work. Two metal discs were on it, a large one with the design and a very small one which had to receive the identical design. The latter was covered by a constant flow of oil, and both were revolving, but very slowly so that their movement was hardly perceptible. Two steel pointers moved concurrently, one over

each disc, the one tracing and the other repeating the design. Their movement is circular and outwards from the centre of the disc. The work in hand at that particular time would take forty-eight hours to complete, and then the machine would stop automatically.

We were shewn a small block of metal, which had apparently a small dent or scratch in the centre—on looking through a powerful magnifying glass, this "scratch" proved to be the exact

impression of the King's head as stamped on a penny, and this is the smallest work the "Artist-Machine" can produce.

This particular room is in the sole charge of one old man, who is obviously completely absorbed in his work and is only too delighted to point out all details to interested visitors. This then completed our tour of inspection, and a very interesting and instructive visit.

MABEL BYE.

LIFE AND DEATH

BY H. PORTER.



LIFE — a splendid figure — journeyed from Heaven, through the planes of being, down towards the world. As he flew with unfurled wings, glittering brilliantly amid the shining of a myriad lights which radiated from the beings and objects of the spirit-worlds, he laughed for very joy of the Infinite. Wherever he flew, new creatures formed; yet this coming into being is a creation ordered by perfect science, for this god of Life is omniscient and omnipotent. There are no accidents in the original creation of beings. Men alone spoil Life! Passing from an unrestricted dimension, down to the limited dimensions of the lower planes, Life landed upon the planet Earth, after having passed the

mighty galaxies of stars and suns. As he stood contemplating the quarrelling and hating nations of Mankind, he suddenly looked up, and lo! there was Death, standing in hideous garb just a little distance removed from him. For a moment, Life looked rather staggered to behold Death so close upon him. "What doest thou here?" asked Life. "The nations are at war again," answered Death, "and I am come to gather up the spirits from the carnage." Life looked, and beheld myriads of spirits leaving their mortal bodies as easily and quietly as a living mortal takes off his coat and casts it aside. Life looked and said, "Life, life life, all is Life!" and the grinning skeleton at his side turned into a glorious angel, saying "I am thy slave, O Life! Here I give thee thine own!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

(1). THE JOINT FAMILY SYSTEM IN INDIA.



OUR modern world, as an American paper describes it, has evolved "a civilisation, which tends to become urbanised, industrialised, specialised, mechanised and organised." Corporate bodies, therefore, are everywhere becoming the correct thing. And yet, this spirit of union, which at one time was found so necessary, is now becoming hard to cope with, and makes it difficult for individuals to preserve their separate personalities. This state of affairs specially obtains in India, where the joint family system is in vogue.

The family system in India, according to an England-educated Indian, is "both more *extensive* and more *intensive* than the English one, since an average Indian stands aghast at a definition, which excludes the father and mother, let alone brothers, sisters and cousins." There was a time perhaps when such a custom conduced towards more good than ill. A joint-family life, no doubt, is a very fine thing when taken in the right spirit, i. e., when individuals are given proper scope to expand in the midst of a conglomerate system. But such a thing, is always hard, especially now, when there is neither time, nor energy, let alone patience, to apportion individual claims amid family responsibilities; and therefore at the

present moment, public opinion is all for separation into smaller families.

Something can perhaps be said, in favour of the family system. In the first place, there is an *esprit de corps* created, even though in rather a centralised manner; for family union can in a way be said to be a step upward to co-operation in social and public life. Secondly, the strong bond of feeling between the family members is so strong that it is bound to teach some altruism and self-denial. Mutual participation again in joy and sorrows is apt to enhance the former, and lessen the latter. Moreover, it is easy in families to give necessary pecuniary help to the poorer members, and hence actual want is less likely to be felt. There will also be a better opportunity for more efficient work, because it stands to reason that a united family must possess more staying-power under difficulties than a single individual. Moreover, in our land of child-marriages, it is often essential for the young wife to have the supervision and the advice, for some time at least, of the mother or mother-in-law, on household matters.

But then, "most of these advantages are very mythical, and where they do exist will exist in even greater measure if suitable measures were substituted for the joint-family." Moreover, there are many disadvantages. The sway of the older woman for instance, is apt to lie every heavy on the young wife. Neither the young husband nor his

little wife can dare to be happy in each other's company, for fear of being ridiculed as too sentimental. There is also no opportunity given to the young people to expand in any way. Mistakes of course will be made by them, if left to themselves; but such are necessary. How can the child learn to walk, if it is not allowed to risk falls? Joint families thus lead to repression, which in its turn is the cause, in both boys and girls, of timidity, want of self-confidence, loss of responsibility and independence of thought, lack of decision and initiative, and encouragement of childish ideals and conduct. Quarrels and intrigues, suspicion, doubt and deceit, fear of criticism over well-meant efforts, encouragement of laziness and disinclination for work, are some more evils. Finally, the ladies who are in charge of a joint family have absolutely no time for themselves. Day in and day out, they are immersed in domestic cares and troubles. They can neither educate themselves; nor, if at all educated, can they find scope for congenial work. This may not be a hardship for older women of the old-fashioned type, who care for nothing beyond household matters. But, it does lie heavy on the younger and more modern woman, who in the absence of older women, may find herself at the head of a large united family. I have heard many such ladies bemoaning the want of leisure for themselves. Therefore, as our English-educated Indian says: "It may be that the joint family was a very necessary and useful institution in former days: but now it is as old and decrepit as a twenty-year old cow, and much more of a drain on the nation's resources

than that. So it is that it is slowly dying out and is being replaced by a family, corresponding closely to the English type. It would be a real service to the country, if we were consciously to bring about this reform, instead of allowing it to come about unconsciously".

The disintegration of the joint family system should not mean, however, as it sometimes does in the West, the break-up of home-life, marriage-separation, conjugal independence, the relegation of children to the care of hirelings, the rapid mechanising of households, or the abandonment of all family obligations, specially in the case of poorer relations. Union of spirit must be kept up, and really ought to be easy, on the principle that "blood is thicker than water." In this connection one cannot help admiring some Indian Christian and Hindu families for the wonderful feeling of union kept up, in spite of independent family units. Sons and daughters separate; they have children of their own, and they keep up households for their little families. Yet, they all make it a point of honour to meet often and happily, especially at festival times; and they seldom let one another down in times of stress and trouble. Of course, there is some inconvenience caused, as well as increase of expenses; but at the same time it will be well to remember that, in these times of hurry and bustle and selfish material aims, it will not do us any harm to pause a while and give sympathetic help, not only where it is unconsciously needed, but also where it is consciously expected.

(2). AN AMERICAN OPINION OF INDIAN WOMEN.

It was with great interest that we read the following comments in an American paper about the *Indian Ladies Magazine*, as a mouthpiece for Indian women. We had scarcely dared to hope that there would be anything for the American woman to wonder at in the progress of her Indian sister; much less therefore did we expect her to be little herself in comparison. The fact remains, however, that there can be no invidious comparisons really made. If one is superior to another in one matter; in another one may be inferior. The balance is thus kept up. The chief point is that one should take lessons from the other and try to improve. We commend therefore, to our readers, the comments of Marion Clyde Mc Carroll (sent to us by the kind courtesy of Mr. Napoleon Bernard), especially this sentence, "Indian women are going to fight temptation to accept opinions ready-made, but we have already yielded."

Is this not a very important point? In modern days, one is inclined to think oneself very independent and up to date, perhaps because one makes bold to flout the settled opinions of people of an older age and fashion. And yet all this flouting and so-called independence is in a way but a mode of herd-thinking. "I like to be independent because I am told that is right. I like to flout convention because that is right," thinks the average modern girl. But we, Indian women, do not want that. We want to be able to think for ourselves; and at present in this transitory age, individual or "small-group" thinking is better in a way than a completely corporate atti-

tude. We want indeed "to be prepared at home for receiving education on the right lines," not only for obtaining it. We want intensive and preparative education.

Marion Clyde Mc. Carroll writes,—

"We have just been looking over some copies of a magazine sent us by a friend of the woman's page.

"The publication, quaintly called the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and published in Madras, India, is an all-round periodical evidently designed to keep the modern Indian women abreast of developments, which particularly affect her interests politically, socially and in various other directions. Surprisingly, to us anyhow, it is published in English.

Our perusal of the journal left us wondering, as one frequently does wonder, after learning of what women are doing in other countries, if American women are quite as mature in their attitude toward modern life as they are apt to believe.

We take so much for granted about ourselves and we take it for granted so smugly. We are so sure that we are well out in the lead in the world of women in advanced ways of thinking and progressive ways of doing. We are so ready to assume that we have more initiative and more independence than women of other nationalities.

Undoubtedly, it is quite true that we are more active here in the United States in the sense that we do more things. The records of our clubs and our campaigns, our conferences and our careers, stacked up alongside those of European and Asiatic women, would in all probability make much the higher pile of the two.

But that doesn't mean as much as we sometimes think. We may be running faster than some others in the feminist race, but that isn't any assurance whatever that we are going to reach the goal years ahead of them. We may be all out of breath by the time they are just getting a good start, and in the end may be lucky if we arrive neck and neck.

The most significant difference between the way we American women go to work and the method of women belonging to older races is that we have a tendency to plunge without thinking, where they hold back and consider. We act on the impulse of the moment, and in the direction the moment seems to indicate, where they proceed deliberately, making certain they know where they want to get before they start.

We are thinking especially, in this connection, of the remarks reported in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* to have been made at the sixth All-India Women's Conference on education and social reform by Mrs. P. K. Roy, president of the conference.

"The temptation of attending meetings and conferences, lecture halls and platforms is coming into our lives," said Mrs. Roy. "No doubt they have an

educating influence, but we ought to be prepared at home for receiving them on the right lines."

Now, if there is one temptation more than another that has entirely run away with us in this country, it is this very one which Indian women are apparently going to do their utmost to fight. That is the temptation to let others do our thinking for us, to accept views and opinions handed out to us ready-made from the lecture platform and in the conference hall.

As a race, we American women are mentally lazy. It is much easier and more pleasant to sit in comfortable clubrooms and listen to others telling us what we ought to think—or what they want us to think—than it is to use our own minds on important questions and make them up for ourselves. It is so much simpler to appoint committees to study child labour and prohibition and other matters of public welfare and then vote yes or no to the resolutions they present, than it is to come to conclusions of our own.

It would be an excellent thing if some of our women's organization would frame that first sentence of this Indian woman leader and hang it on the wall of their clubhouses."

WOMEN'S FINE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION. MYSORE



HE opening ceremony and prize distribution of the Women's fine arts and crafts Exhibition, Mysore, which was held on Monday,

the 4th of July 1932, under the auspices of the Bhagini Seva Samaj and the distinguished presidency of Srinathi Rajakumari Leelavathiyavaru, was a signal success in every way. Besides

Rajakumari Leelavathiyavaru, Rajakumari Desaraj Urs also graced the occasion, along with a number of distinguished visitors. Their Highnesses were very pleased with the Exhibition of the work of Mysore women and showed their appreciation by commenting upon them.

An interesting programme was gone through, every item of which was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, which numbered roughly 500-600 persons. The welcome address was read by Srimathi Dr. U. Abbayambal, the Vice President.

Then Srimathi Amritha Bai, the Honorary Secretary of the Bhagini Seva Samaj, presented the report of the Samaj for the year 1931-1932.

After the President's speech, came the formal opening of the Exhibition, by cutting the pink ribbons which formed a cordon over the floral curtains of the Samaj entrance.

After their Highnesses had gone round the Exhibition, they came back to the dais to perform the pleasant function of giving away the prizes, first to the winners of the various Exhibits, and then to the women and girls of the

Samaj who had distinguished themselves in the year's work.

The Secretary of the Samaj had collected a substantial sum of nearly Rs. 500, of which Rs. 150 was set apart for silver and carved and inlaid prizes for the winners. Certificates were also awarded to those who needed commendation for the good work done. The Sri Vani Vilas Ursu boarding school and the vocational institute for women won such certificates and prizes. The Bhagini Seva Samaj also won some certificates and prizes.

Mention must be made of the generous donations received for the cause; from Her Highness the Maharani Sri Vani Vilas Sannidhanadavaru C. I. Rs. 150, the Mysore Government Rs. 100, the city Municipality Rs. 100, the District Board Rs. 100. The Exhibits comprised mainly hand-work such as, cotton and silk embroidery, crochet work, tatting, knitting, woollen garments of every description, applique-work, drawn-thread and net work, plain sewing, and pictures done on canvas, water-colour and oil paintings and sketches, bead curtains and bead work of other kinds, and Jigna work and Rattan work, etc. etc.

SUSILA

BY P. S. A. KRISHNAPPA.



T was a cruel irony of fate that removed Meenu from Kasi Aiyer. He and she had trodden the prosperous path of life together. Her death broke him down. He was

conscious of only a dreary feeling, which seemed lonelier than loneliness and more sorrowful than sorrow.

Kasi Aiyer was the Munsiff of Ulundoor, a historic village, fed by myriads of streamlets. He was a

self-conceited man rolling in wealth. He had a large circle of friends proud of his friendship, and a larger band of flattering satellites. A legion of seminude menials danced perpetual attendance on him. But his stay and solace had passed away. The sceptre of his sway had left his hand for ever.

At the time of which I write, Kasi Aiyer was fifty years old. If he maintained the prodigious vitality of a 'varsity athlete, it was because he had never shirked 'drill' in his school-days, nor did he shun any kind of toil even to-day. He had waded through the Sastras, and stored his head with a plentiful stock of theological texts. But none of them could reconcile him to his lot.

Not long after Meenu's death, Kasi Aiyer began to feel that he could not get on without a partner, who would be all life and gladness to him in his old age.

One day, a venerable Brahmin, decidedly on the wrong side of seventy, queer-looking and with a unique pair of primitive spectacles resting on his nose, tottered towards Kasi Aiyer's mansion. There was the significant expression of a man-of-business about his furrowed face. And the patent bundle of hoary horoscopes tied to his waist, revealed this nondescript as none other than Ariyaloor Appaswami Josyer, a person, in whose match-making proclivities the whole district had supreme confidence.

Kasi Aiyer led the old man in and received him in a fitting manner. The Josyer untied his bundle with of course the usual preamble of blessings and benediction, and, drawing out some of the contents, moved closer towards his host.

A busy search for about an hour and a quarter resulted in a wonderful discovery, a fine manuscript, its corners painted with saffron and its inside decorated with a rectangle divided into a number of equal partitions, in each of which dwelt some planet or another. Holding this paper in his hand, the old man showed his two rows of ivory, and exclaimed,

"Here is for you, Kasi, in place of your deceased wife, an angel who will outlive you."

A sudden smile illumined Kasi Aiyer's face.

"A thousand thanks for your self-imposed task," he said and laid himself prostrate before the sanctimonious match-maker.

"Long live Kasi," returned his guest. "Let me go back to my hut now."

"Not so soon; not empty-handed. Pray accept my mite." With this eager entreaty, Kasi Aiyer put his hand into his purse and, taking out a note, greased the cupped palm of his benefactor with it.

"God bless your generous heart and may heaven hasten your marriage."

The horoscope picked and chosen as the best of the heap was that of Susila, a girl of sixteen, fed on the healthy meal of Western culture. Her father had passed away without leaving her anything to fall back upon. She had no knowledge of a mother, for that woman had died on the first anniversary of Susila's birth-day. An unnatural paternal uncle was bringing her up with daily groans and murmurs. In fact, he was panting to get rid of her by trapping her into matrimony. Trying as was her time

in her uncle's house, and though public columny was hard against her, Susila could not bring herself to be a slave in the world's auction-mart. She was a free girl, faithful to all that was best and highest in her soul. And, when the would be well-wisher of her guardian spoke grandiloquently of Kasi Aiyer, in the same strain as a skilful salesman speaks of his wares, Susila drew herself up to her full height and shot a whole quiver of arguments against her uncle's proposal.

The next day dawned in the streets with the usual liveliness. Young housewives, tucking brass-pots of water under their arms, were hastening to their houses to make rice-cakes for the breakfast of their hoary husbands. Widows of younger age still were kneading scraps of cow-dung into fuel-cakes, their sisters scouring culinary utensils within close range of them. Dainty damsels were returning from their matutinal plunge in the sacred stream. Regiments of Purohits and Pundits, armed with patent caste-marks and *kusa-grass*, were marching with their eternal cries to God on high. The hum-drum green-grocer, the curd-seller, the ghee-vendor and the hawker of provisions, filled the air with their deafening advertisements. But nothing impressed Susila. Her mind was shut against the trivial and the common-place.

That day was to see the turning point in the history of Susila. Her uncle, a pious Brahmin, had left his house for the temple. Susila availed herself of his absence and slipped out of the house, not wishing to step into it again. She was not an aimless wanderer out for "doles," but an enlightened girl with positive prospects.

Sooner than it takes to tell, Susila secured admission into a nursing-school, attached to the town-hospital of Chettikotta, a neighbouring town to which the diseased humanity of the district went for treatment. Ten months of strenuous preparation entitled her to a job in the hospital. The poor girl was ridiculed, scandalised, and hated by her caste-people. She was the target of her sex, whether round the common well, or on the river-steps. Many women even forgot their mutual animosities and stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the sacred duty of penalising Susila. But a college-bred boy here, or an enthusiastic reformer there, hailed the news with immense satisfaction.

Once appointed, Susila was up and doing. She almost spiritualised her profession by her love of it. The occupants of the fifty and odd beds in her ward looked up to this slender but self-forgetting girl as their guardian angel. The smart house-surgeons in their war-paint vied with each other for her favours. But, Susila never felt drawn towards any one of the latter. She put on a grave and serene attitude, and never gave them the ghost of a doubt that she dis-liked their advances. But, with her patients, she was quite jovial. She never denied them a smile, if a smile could console a sick man. She deemed no work menial, and did the labour of ward-boy and scavenger, if they were not available. And the one person, to whom she felt mysteriously drawn, was No. 50, whose face and features were not unfamiliar to her.

Susila looked at the case sheet of No. 50. The doctor's diagnosis was a grave one. This man was pitifully pale,

and wretchedly washed-out. He was very near death and despite expert medical attendance she knew he would succumb. "Deliver him from the jaws of death, if you can," was her innocent entreaty to God and the doctors. No. 50 understood her, though he could not hear her; and, before the last fatal symptoms could take possession of his mortal frame of flesh and blood, he enquired of her in almost a sepulchral voice.

"Do you recognise me?"

"My dear sir, I do not. I am sorry for you".

"Very well, I must thank you. How can I thank you? I am that viper, Kasi Aiyer, who clamoured for your hand. You were wise in rejecting me, and I down-right wicked in seeking you for my second wife, knowing that an early widowhood would await such a flower of womanhood". Babbling these words, he paused, faltered, and then continued,

"I am aware of my state. If the subdued tones of the doctors mean anything, I know I shall die soon. And lest my soul should rot in the dark

world below, let me make a clean breast of all the treacherous means I tried, to kidnap you. It was I who encouraged the talk against you. Then I sought out a magician to help me. But death suddenly made an end of him. That same day, I fell ill and here I am with one foot in the grave."

He sobbed and gasped, but Susila consoled him with the assurance that she bore no ill-will towards him.

"I can't forget your good offices to me here. You have heaped coals of fire upon my head by your undisguised kindness. I can't thank you sufficiently. What will you accept of me?"

Susila held her peace, and hung her head in sad reserve. The old man repeated his query a number of times, and the girl had to please him with the answer, "Anything that you think meet."

"Then here it is—take it." He pressed a paper into her hand and fell back dead.

That paper was a will, by which Susila was made the sole heiress of his wealth. Later, she was able to marry a doctor with whom she fell in love.

A FRIENDLY TALK

FINDING YOUR MATE.



THE greatest of all the prizes that may be gained by humanity is a happy and prosperous married life. But one fact should be clearly apprehended in advance by any two prospective partners in wedlock, viz., that of inherent similarity.

We find married couples now-a-days having no real attraction for each other, because at present we are living in a cloud of social confusion. It is highly important, therefore, that we find ways and means to remove the cloud as quickly and as completely as possible, because we must have more and more real marri-

ages, marriages that are based upon true attraction and that are inspired by the possibilities of higher ideals.

In finding such ways and means, we must realise that, when the present social order has passed away, and a superior order has come to take its place, marriage will result directly and invariably from real attraction; that is, the attraction of personal worth and inborn similarity. In other words, each individual will give first consideration to the personal qualities of any member of the opposite sex, for whom a feeling of love may exist; and such love will arise directly from what we may designate as inherent similarity between the two—a similarity of mental and spiritual qualities, a similarity of ideals and a similarity of positive personal elements.

When we meet these essentials, we find that natural attraction will invariably arise, the kind of love between the sexes that alone will prove lasting and absolutely complete. Understanding these things, we need not wait for the present order to pass away, but must begin now to introduce the marriage ideals of the new order, for thousands are ready for the change. In consequence, a large number of desirable marriages will speedily follow which will go very far towards the making and building of a great nation.

We are all aware of the fact that present society is constantly misdirecting the law of like attracting like; while on the other hand, child-marriages, and such other unhappy unions mar the progress of society. And the reason for this is found in the fact that gold is the standard of modern Indian society, nay, of the world itself; and we all

know that, where gold rules the conduct of men, there everything is apt to go wrong. The fact that the majority have no gold to speak of does not alter the situation. It is evident that there are tens of thousands of men and women, still single, who years ago started out in life with the one purpose to marry rich.

Realising this, we can readily understand how such standards must invariably misdirect all the finer elements and sentiments of human life. And, when the goal is wrong, we are going to go wrong, no matter how good our intentions may be. Therefore, it is not difficult to understand why so many mistakes are made in every phase of social life and why so many things are the reverse of what they ought to be.

Therefore, the material standards that we find in Indian Society today must be eliminated at the earliest possible moment, because, with such standards, it is impossible to make ideal marriages the general rule. Then we should learn to appreciate the great truth that the soul constitutes the only real standard of all men and women, and where the soul is the standard, everything will begin to come right.

When we proceed to turn attention upon the soul, we go in search of realities of life, the real and permanent values of existence, those very things we do want, things that can positively satisfy every need and desire of human life, things that will prove true under every circumstance, and that will constantly add to the joy, the value, the power and the splendour of existence.

K. V. SWAMINATHAN.

THE Y. W. C. A. COLLEGE

AT SELLY OAK, BIRMINGHAM

In the realm of Christian thinking, as in the realm of politics there are difficulties which perplex the ordinary mind, but which have to be met in these days of diffused education by the ordinary young man and woman, as well as by the expert. Everyone, therefore, who is called to help his fellows especially on religious questions must take time for study and meditation.

An opportunity for this is given at the Y. W. C. A. College at Selly Oak, Birmingham, that Association being convinced that the greatest contribution it can make to Youth in the perplexities of modern thought is to provide a time for definite prayer and thought, whether they are taking up Y. W. C. A. work as a profession, or only giving assistance on Committees or in a Club. This is found in the College, which was moved a few years ago from London to the quieter surroundings of Selly Oak, a few miles outside Birmingham. In the quiet rooms, students learn to pray, an art which is often lost in the din of life; in the study they learn to think; and in the Y. W. C. A. Club in the City they are in contact with the great army of unemployed girls, whom it is the aim of the Y. W. C. A. to draw into its fellowship.

The Y. W. C. A. College
IS A VERY FRIENDLY PLACE.
Somehow the atmosphere is one of friendship. One is reminded of the

verse; "I call you no more servants, but friends". It is to promote this friendship among industrial and commercial girls, in Clubs for whom their sphere of service will be, that girls who have a call to do Christ's work come to spend two or three terms at the College. This atmosphere must commend itself to the students who have become conscious that what the world needs today, as always, is friendship, and that for want of it many girls suffer much in the public life to which they are called in these days. The students begin to experience the power of friendship, while they are in College, and are sent forth to share what they have learned.

IT IS A VERY HARMONIOUS PLACE. The fascination of music consists in the harmony produced by a combination of different notes, not in the striking of one note, and this is the harmony of Selly Oak. The students get blended together like a musical chord, and do not suffer from the discord which comes when notes are struck out of tune. This is specially demonstrated on Monday mornings, when, according to the rule of the other eight Colleges, all meet together in the Weekly Prayer Meeting, in which each denomination in turn takes the lead. Not the least helpful to harmony is the time of silence, which is often observed in this meeting. No one asks "What denomination do you belong to? What special note does your Church strike?"

IT IS A VERY STIMULATING PLACE, because a great deal of time is spent in the Lecture Room and the study, listening to the scholarly but practical lectures which are one of the advantages of the College, where the study is of a unique kind.

It is this kind of training that Club Sunday School leaders and others need; a working girl truly remarked at a recent Y. W. C. A. Conference on Training, "We want trained leaders, in order to help us to answer the questions asked us by men, who have lost faith in religion. Our leaders must be trained for this. We, girls, look to them for leadership."

IT IS ESSENTIALLY A CHRISTIAN PLACE, if Christianity means true internationalism. Of ninety-two students, who have passed through, twenty are of different nationalities, and have returned to countries as different, India and Esthonia, South America and Jerusalem. An Indian, now the mother

of three children, was placed there by her husband before marriage, in order to be in touch with English ways of thinking. Several Anglo-Indians have entered the Y. W. C. A. service in India and are doing splendid work; another is in Geneva, and one in Hungary.

As the number of posts in the Y. W. C. A. is limited, there may be room in the next term, commencing in September, for students who are not pledged to take up service in this Association, and the training is equally good for any who wish to give special service to youth. The charge is £ 35 a term, and one of the three terms is spent entirely in practical work in some Y. W. C. A. centre.

All communications should be addressed to the Principal, or to the Secretary, Training Department, National Y. W. C. A., Central Building, Great Russell Street, London, W. C. I.

EMILY KINNAIRD.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1). *Our Serial Story.*

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Raid into the Gooseberry Garden.

The announcement that Bala and Anand, sons of Mrs. Vikram's brother, were coming to spend their Christmas holidays with their cousins, transported Mohun into the seventh heaven. He had no suitable company at home and he was not permitted to associate with

other boys. Now that his cousins were coming, boys about his own age, what lots of fun they would have together!

When the cousins actually came, his own brothers and sisters receded into the back-ground for Mohun, and naturally the children all split up into groups. Rukmini and Seeta were as usual inseparable, and so were Raji and Babu. Poor Vasant was the only one left to himself. In spite of his shy, brooding nature, he was at an

age when children long for company. The boys would not share their secrets with him, nor let him join their games, which at times were too rough for a nervous lad like him. He used to watch Rukmini and Seeta play with tamarind beans, or Kaffir nuts, when they were tired of setting up as house-wives or nurses for the dolls. Though jealous of their exclusive rights, the sisters however sometimes pitied their lone brother and assigned him a part which he accepted with delight, much to the derision of the older boys. This, together with the fact that any harsh word, carelessly spoken, forced tears from his eyes, further justified the sobriquet of "*timid girl*," he had earned from Mohun. Child as he was, he never appealed to his parents to interfere, but accepted any kind of treatment as a part of his existence and grieved in silence till he forgot the cause of his sorrow. But, to his great advantage, he could considerably influence his younger sister and brother and usually got them to do what he pleased, though he did love to play with the older children. Often too, without reason, he would suspect the intentions of the others, especially of the older boys, towards him and fancy that their whispers and secret meetings were all aimed at fooling him.

Rukmini and Seeta had a very unpleasant adventure one day, for which the boys were in a way responsible. Not far from the house was a gooseberry garden, belonging to some absentee landlord. It was enclosed in a low hedge of custard-apple trees, not that the gooseberries were rare exotics, but that there were other fruit trees to be protected from thieves.

In one of their rambles, the boys spotted this garden, and saw the gooseberries hanging from every sprig in tempting clusters. They discussed a grand plan and made preparations to carry it out. Fortunately for them, Vasant was playing hide-and-seek with the younger children in the house, and so it was only a task of getting the girls to join in. They were easily coaxed to make a raid into the gooseberry garden, their faint scruples being overcome by Mohun's accounts of cow herds, who brought down heaps of the fruit and enjoyed them in the afternoon with a sprinkling of salt and shreds of green chillies. The girls with their heads full of fairy stories, where people lighted upon unclaimed treasures, ownerless castles, and enchanted gardens, considered it a glorious adventure. It would be such excitement to bring a load of gooseberries home, where all the children could eat them with salt and green chillies, in the Sparrow Room. They both crossed an open ground, covered with thorns and thistles, dragging after them a long bamboo pole for beating the fruit-laden boughs. They passed through the custard-apple hedge, where a flock of bush-babblers filled the air with scoldings. A squirrel with black stripes on its back ran screeching up a tree-trunk, cocking its bushy tail, paused a little to look at the children, with its bright eyes, and then raced for a branch high up. When they entered the enclosure, there was a thick bed of fallen leaves on the ground. In a corner stood a well, furnished with a *picota*, which had evidently been long out of use. Seeta handled the bamboo vigorously and shook the boughs, beating down the berries. Rukmini ran

hither and thither, gathering into her saree the showers that fell down. Once a thorn went into her foot. She pulled it out and fell to her task again.

It was a lovely scene, Seeta in a snow-white skirt and purple blouse, and Rukmini in a pink dress and a sky-blue half-saree, against a back-ground of brown trunks, green foliage and the colours of the setting sun.

"Ho, who is stealing gooseberries over there?" demanded an awful voice in trumpet tones, from the other side of the hedge. The two girls, who looked more like wood nymphs than mortal maids, stood petrified for a moment, then looked in the direction where the custard-apple bushes seemed to be parted.

"Ho, Ramu," rang the hoarse voice again, "Here is some one denuding our gooseberry trees. Go round that side quickly and collar the knave."

Seeta dropped the bamboo and ran helter-skelter towards the hedge, divided the bushes and hurried headlong, screaming, in the direction of the house. Rukmini, more plucky than that, stooped to pick up the bamboo, made a sweep at the last handful and followed in Seeta's trail. The man, who had entered the enclosure, just as Rukmini escaped from it, gave chase to the sisters, using explosive language; but he was not fleet-footed enough to overtake the fugitives, who were bounding like stags.

The girls reached home and, reproached the boys in no mild terms for getting them into trouble. Seeta, too timid even to stay where her pursuer might see her, ran in-doors and hid herself. Rukmini, now that she was safe, stood behind her brother, defiantly watching the enemy's approach.

Bala, the elder cousin, a boy not very tall, but fair and pleasant-faced, had even at that time entertained high ambitions for his future. But, though more fond of books than sports, even he could not resist the holiday spirit in such a rural environment. When the girls appeared in such a fright, he asked,

"What is the matter, Rook?"

Rukmini explained everything hastily, before the man came up and burst into a storm of language:

"Is it their grandfather's garden or their great grandfather's property, that these girls came to, to empty the gooseberry trees of all the fruit there? Where is that tall girl who was bent on stripping every branch and twig bare? Now I shall see the master of this house, whoever he may be, and demand reparation. Where is he?"

The man stamped his foot in a rage, which sent a shiver through Rukmini's frame, as she anxiously gazed into her brother's face.

"Let us settle the dispute here," interposed Anand, the younger cousin. "Come, tell us what happened."

"What happened?" the man repeated in a voice that seemed to indicate that the event was far too serious to be narrated then. But however he said, "the gooseberry trees have been shorn of fruit. What do you say to that?"

Mohun looked very solemn and serious as he gravely remarked,

"You have committed a blunder."

"What blunder" the man fiercely demanded, while everybody else looked at him with puzzled faces.

"You ought not to have allowed the girls to escape," he began. "Next time

you catch them at it, bind them hand and-foot and hale them before a magistrate."

The cousins exploded into laughter, and Rukmini, who had expected her brother to champion her, looked blue. The ruffian went into a temper. Then Mohun faced him squarely, and asked,

"May I know if that was your garden, where the girls plucked the gooseberries? If so, please show me your title-deeds."

The cowering had no answer. He turned on his heel and went away with rumblings and half-audible curses.

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

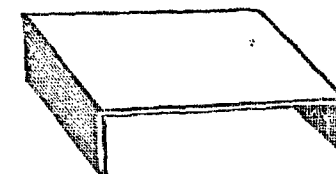
Dear Children,

Today, all of us Indians, wish to help our India, and make it a brighter and a better country. We are never too young to start working for the uplift of our own land; but I wonder how many of you ever think of making yourselves useful to India? Are not most of you busy with your own affairs; with your lessons and games and the small things that worry you in your work and play? Of course, it is correct that you should pay careful attention to your studies, and be keen on games, so that you may develop both your intellect and your physique. It will do you no harm, however, if you also try to help those around you and strive to improve social conditions in India. A good plan will be to concentrate on just one subject. Make up your mind to study something definite, and work at it everyday just a little. For instance, take the conditions of the poor children of India. Do you

ever think how miserable and dirty and unkempt and ignorant they are? It will be a good idea for you to study their conditions. Ask questions about them, and read as much about them as possible. Talk to them and try and make friends with them and teach them better habits and healthier ways of living. Try and save up a little of your pocket-money, month by month, and give them your old clothes and toys. Then, when you grow old, you will know all about them, and may perhaps help a great deal towards their uplift and education.

Now, I would like to tell you something useful to do during a rainy day at home. Have you ever tried carpentering? You cannot think what fun it is to make tiny little tables and chairs and stools of your own. I remember spending delightful hours at hammering and chiselling and sawing, when I was small. It used to be just lovely, creating little bits of furniture out of mere planks of wood. All you need is a cheap carpentering set, some thin planks of wood, sand-paper and varnish.

The best thing for you to start with is a low stool such as the one shown in the diagram below:



Take a flat piece of wood about 18 inches long and 9 inches wide, and at its two narrow ends nail two pieces of wood about four inches high, an inch thick, and nine inches long. Then sand-paper and varnish the stool, and perhaps you can give it to your father, for

him to put his feet on, when he is working in his office-room. Next, you can try your hand at book-shelves or tables, or chairs, or little wall-stands; you can use your own ingenuity, and make up your own designs.

You can also try making your own toys, by drawing an animal on a plank, and sawing the outline carefully and attaching it to a stand, and painting the animal.

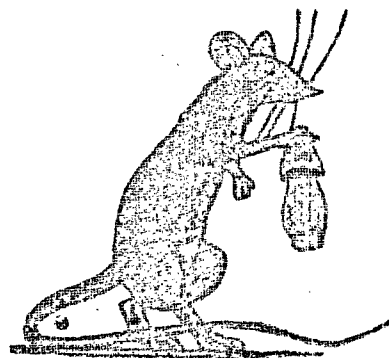
Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

(3) THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

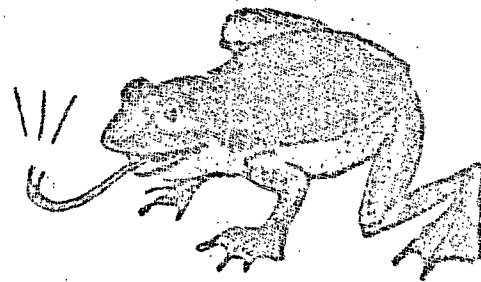
The following questions and answers have been taken from *the Parents' Magazine*, together with the diagrams. You will find them very interesting. Try and answer the questions before you look up the answers, and see if you are right.

Questions:

1. Can a dog climb a tree?
2. What animals go about in the dark?



3. How is a frog's tongue different from your own?



4. What part of a plant is the potato? Is it a leaf, a stem, a bud or a root?

5. Why do a cat's eyes shine in the dark?

6. How many fins do most fishes have?

Answers:

1. No.
2. Owls, bats, most moths, rats and other small mammals. The earth-worm comes out at night.
3. Your tongue is attached at the back-end and is free to flap around at the front. A frog's tongue is attached at the front and is free to flap at the back.
4. The potato is a stem. The eyes are buds.
5. Because the back of a cat's eye reflects light like a mirror. The eyes of all mammals and other animals shine, but the cat's eyes are very bright.
6. Seven.

(4). THE WINNING ESSAY IN OUR COMPETITION OF MAY-JUNE.

A Holiday on the Hills.

A cool, misty morning dawns in that romantic town of Sagar, the 'Gateway of the famous Gersoppa Falls.' We are only eighteen miles from those Western hills, commonly known as the 'Ghats'. We engage a car to these hilly regions where we desire to see the Falls. The scenery we pass through is wild

and rapturous. On either side of the road rise dense forests—the haunts of tigers and 'Cheetahs'. The car makes intricate curves, what the aviator believes to be the ant's mazy meandering motions! The journey is really very pleasant, with the sweet smell of the Sandal-wood trees we pass through, and an occasional encounter with a wild boar or a mild peacock across the road. We become even dizzy when we look down the 'Ghats'. Soon, we are fed up with this journey.

At last, we reach the wonderful Gersoppa Falls. An effortless climb up a hillock brings us to a Dak Bungalow. From here, we see the falls from the most commanding point in that area. It is an irresistible temptation for a man with a camera in his hand. Here, the Sharawati River, with a width of 250 yards, flows over a cliff 960 feet high, in four different falls. The first one takes a plunge of 850 feet in an unbroken fall, the second takes it in two descents, and the third in a succession of short falls; but the fourth in a series of showers. And these four cascades are respectively the Rajah or the Grand Fall, the Roarer, the Rocket and La Dame Blanche.

In the evening, we repair to Watkin's Platform, after having had a splendid dinner at noon. This is a popular spot from which to see the Falls. From this point, we make a descent to the foot of the cliff. A zig-zig way, cutting through big boulders and dense vegetation, takes us to the bottom. There is a constant shower of spray, as the waters crash on the ground below. The buzzing murmurs of the bees and the flapping flights of birds stir the soul deeply.

Then we make the ascent. 'The lower depths become gradually immersed in deepening gloom, until objects become obscured and finally blotted against the blackness of cliffs, their lower part being enveloped in a writhing mass of wind-tossed vapour, from which tall, white columns arise far above the cliff-tops, whirling and twisting and finally fading into the atmosphere, while over all is the never-ceasing roar of the falling waters. Sitting in the increasing darkness and gazing into the obscurity of the apparently bottomless depths, from which issue volumes of steam-like clouds, accompanied by an endless roll of thunder, one can't but feel profoundly impressed by the scene, a fit subject for the brush of a Dore, and a re-calling of his illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*.'

Late in the night, before we go to bed, we take a last glance at the dizzy moon-lit splendour of the Gersoppa. Here we see a wonderful phenomenon of Nature. There is a rainbow that quivers on the cool crystal-clear cloud that covers the cascade and the cliffs. And it is here that we have the idea of how a poet is made. And, indeed, the beauty and romance of the Gersoppa are such as can be described only by a poetic genius. No wonder, then, that it is the haunt of poets and painters, persons and personalities, press-men and photographers!

T. M. Krishnamurthi,
Aged 14.

[The prize of Rs. 3 has been given to the writer of this essay. *Editor, I. L. M.*]

(4). Our new Competition.

A prize of Rs. 2 will be given to the best verse on "Jasmines." The poem

should not exceed 20 lines, or be less than 10. Only girls and boys below 16 can try for this competition. Send in your attempts, with your names, addresses and ages written distinctly, to the Editor, the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*,

"Lismoyle," Harrington Road, Chetput, Madras, by August 25th, 1932. Any entries reaching us after that date will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

OUR CINEMA PAGE

BY THE COURTESY OF *Sound & Shadow*

KRISHNAVATAR:—Produced by Krishnatone, Featuring Miss Santakumari, Mrs. Bhole, Hyder Shah, Kasinath and Dass.

I do not know if in the long list of Indian Puranic stories, there is any cycle of stories which has captured the popular imagination more than that connected with Lord Krishna. For their latest production, Krishnatone has gone to this fountain head and in Krishnavatar has presented us with a portion of this popular subject from the marriage of Devaki to Vasudeva to the death of Kamsa. If you have witnessed this picture, you will agree that it marks a definite improvement on the ordinary run of Indian pictures. Hyder Shah consistently portrays the crafty and calculating Kamsa, ever intent on advancing his interests, undeterred by any moral scruples, though here also I would like to have some enlightenment how Vasudeva was transformed from a virile youth, able to hold his own with some of the mightiest in the land, weakly to submit to the machinations of Kamsa. Perhaps his is one of those many cases, which we see in the world, of man's spirit being curbed as a result

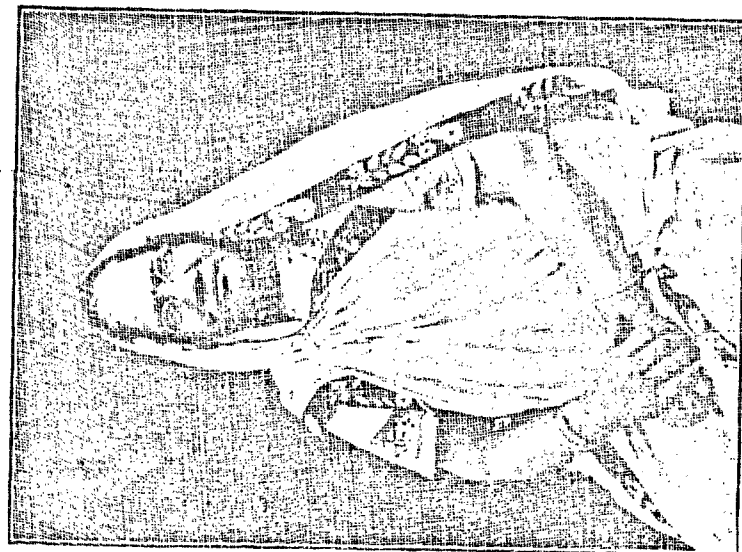
of marriage! This production is also remarkable for the introduction of comic scenes which most of our productions lack and without which it is impossible to hold the interest of the audience for any length of time. Here again it seems to me that it would have been better if the comic touches had been dovetailed into the picture itself instead of standing aloof from the main-story as they do, giving the impression of being included purposely, or on second thought. Yet another factor, mention of which should be made is of course the fine photography where a most pleasing effect of contrast and harmony has been attained, by the judicious selection of backgrounds, settings and dresses.

In spite of all these qualities, the picture did not command as much popular support as it deserved. The main reason for this lack of popular appeal lies to my mind in the inaudibility of the sound. After seeing so many pictures, it seems to me that, if only the sound-recording is good, many pictures, otherwise not remarkable for anything, will prove successful from the financial point of view, and I am sure any expense

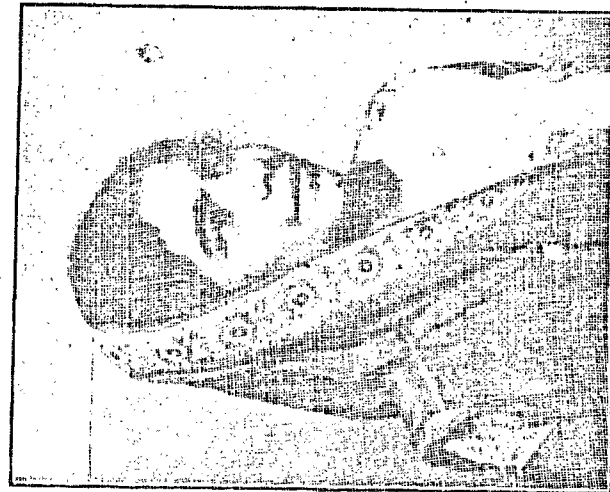


A SCENE FROM DASAVATHAR

By courtesy of "Sound & Shadow."



Miss. Dharam Narain, an ardent worker in the cause of women's uplift. She is the Hony. Secretary of the Mahila Club, Mainpuri and of the District Branch of the Women's Indian Association there. She was the Hony. Secretary of the Health and Baby Welfare exhibition held in the last week of March.



Miss Subur K. Mugaseth, who scored a first class and topped the list in the B. A. (Hons.) examination in English Language and Literature, in March last, from the Presidency College, Madras. She is proceeding to Oxford shortly for her final course in Literature at one of the Women's Colleges. She holds the Christian College Gold Medal for efficiency in English language, awarded by the Madras University.

Miss Subur, who is in her 21st year, matriculated from St. Joseph's Convent in 1923, standing third in the Presidency. The object of her visit to Oxford is to take the Diploma of Education and an Honours Degree in English.

Photos:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

Behind the counter in an attractive Swadeshi shop stood a number of Indian girls, dressed in pretty work-a-day saris, busily selling their wares to customers. Never in the annals of Indian history have Indian women been saleswomen before, but today, they are coming forward willingly to help their country. They are not paid, but do honorary work. They are well-to-do

to get the sound as perfect as possible will not be in vain. The treatment of the story too seems to me equally responsible for the result. The play was unusually long and surely the scenes, where the Earth and Dharma Dev are introduced, and possibly some others, might have been cut with results which would have tended to improve the picture. Again, the treatment was more narrative than dramatic. I understand that Krishnatone are contemplating making improvements in the picture and, if something is done as suggested above, I have no doubt that it will be a picture of which any producer can be proud.

LIFE-SKETCH OF RENU DEVI.

RENUDEVI is a rising actress of the Bengali screen. She joined the films in 1930, making her debut in the role of 'Jumelia,' in a detective-drama named "MAYABI." The success of this role soon earned for her a recognition among the film-fans. Next she joined the International Film Craft and made a hit in the role of 'Chameli' in the photo-play, "FARMER'S DAUGHTER", directed by PROFULLA ROY.

Next she was starred in a number of films, in different companies under

different directors. The following may be noted as her most important roles:—

As 'Nila' in "SAHA-DHARMINI" (A Rupam film production).

A farmer's wife in "APARADHAI" (A Barua production).

'Mejo-bau' in "SWAMI" (A Film of the East Production).

Second-lead in "HER SUSPICION" (A Radha Film production).

In all the above pictures, she has played with remarkable credit. She is a handsome-looking girl with a good pair of eyes and very fair complexion. Last year, in an article to the press she declared, that she had given up her film-career for good as she was tired of this career. But it transpires, that the likes and dislikes of a cinema-girl are only a passing phase. It is now corroborated by a studio report, that she will soon appear in the lead, in a forthcoming production of the New Theatres Ltd. This will be her FIRST TALKIE.

She has a good voice and musical talent and it is presumed her debut will be a success.

She is only 19 years old.

girls, and with pleasure they give up a few hours a week to help the "Buy Indian" propaganda, which is taking such firm root in this country. Not only do women serve at counters, but they also work as secretaries and directors, thus shouldering the bulk of the work, and proving to the world that they are no mean business managers. These pioneer women, who have boldly consented to do such public work, are paving the way for other Indian women in future, to take up work in offices and shops as a profession. In Europe, thousands of girls work as clerks, saleswomen, typists, etc., but here in India, our ladies seem to think it below their dignity to take up such occupations. They therefore crowd the

professions of teaching, doctoring and nursing. No doubt, the latter are much needed in this country, but the sooner our women learn to venture out into new fields of work, the more interesting will their occupations become. There is no dignity lost in doing honest work at an office or a shop. One can preserve one's own self-respect and still be a clerk or a shop-girl.

The honorary women workers at Swadeshi shops, therefore, are doing a great service to their country in opening up this new field for Indian girls. It will be but a step forward now for well-to-do firms to engage girls who are poor, as paid sales-women.

PUNKAJAM.

OUR FASHION NOTES

The other day, I came across a car-load of fresh loveliness and colour. I had gone out shopping, and suddenly, while I was in the midst of my purchases, a car drew up at the door of the shop, and out stepped the most lovely Indian ladies, all dressed in the most exquisite clothes. I had a European friend with me, and her words on seeing such beauty from afar were, "Oh, aren't they gorgeous?" But when they entered the shop, and came into closer view, my friend changed her opinion and exclaimed to me in a whisper, "They are rather made-up, aren't they? Let me try to describe their appearance a little more in detail, so that my reader may draw her own conclusions, and decide whether they

looked really beautiful, or just "made up." They were almost all of them tall, graceful women, and wore expensive silk-saris with broad conspicuous borders of gold or silver. They had close-fitting sleeveless blouses with low necks, and made up of rather thin material. They wore high-heeled shoes and silk stockings, and their hair was shingled. Their faces were thickly made up with powder, and their lips were scarlet with lip-stick. They gave me the idea of just having stepped out of a Parisian dress-shop. Every detail was seen to, such as the manicuring of their beautiful finger-nails, and the exquisite colour schemes of their costumes. I saw the same bunch, another time, dancing at night with Europeans.

and they looked much more beautiful, for their make-up was not so evident in the glow of electric lights.

In almost complete contrast to such careful dressing, are some of our modern Hindu girls, who dress simply in cotton saris and cool *magyar*-cut blouses, who do not wear pins or brooches, but allow the sari to fall in natural folds; whose faces are not made up, and whose feet are clad in neat sandals, or little *Joothies*; whose hair is either done in a loose plait, or put up in neat coils at the back, with jasmines or other flowers forming a pretty crescent over the black tresses.

Which picture do you like better, reader? The former or the latter? Is it better to be over-dressed, or dressed

just simply? Is it better to be artificially or naturally attractive? Is it better to strive for an effect, or to be effective without an effort? There are two cults of beauty in the world to-day. The artificial and the real. Both have their admirers, and in some parts of the the world, the real is being eclipsed by the superficial. Is India going to cater to the public taste of other countries, or is she fearlessly going to work out her own old-fashioned cult of beauty, and defy the West in boldly being simple and truthful in her appearance? It will be interesting to watch and see what our fashions ten years hence will be.

SISTER SUSIE.

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ.

BY L. J. BERRY.

DINNER BUILDING

By W. Teignmouth Shore,

B. T. Batsford & Co., London 3/6 net.

I shall always remember Teignmouth Shore gratefully as the author of "Touring London". Just as he gave us the real treasure of London, or at least told us where it lay, and how, and when, to see it to best advantage, so he gives us now most valuable tips concerning real meals, in this new volume, a perky little yellow book, just big enough to slide easily into a man's pocket or a woman's handbag.

Gilbert Frankau has written a concise preface, in which he welcomes the appearance of *Dinner Building* as a book that tells you how to eat well without eating expensively, and also a

point of prime importance how a meal should be dished up in order that it may tempt the appetite of the dinner. The very first paragraph puts us on a friendly footing with the amiable author, who assures us that he will "try to be a helpful, sympathetic friend to you in your cookery, and a cheery one too, not in a dry, cookery-book way, but just at if chatting with you when we are seated either side of the tea-table." In turn, Mr. Shore explains in simple language that which he considers goes to make the perfect dinner, breakfast, luncheon and supper. He tells us how to make up a *picnic* hamper, devoting a further couple of enlightening pages to the vexed (very vexed) question of making tasty sandwiches. In agreement with Mr. Shore,

some peoples' idea of an appetizing sandwich is not mine. It made me quite hungry to pass through page after page of delicious dish suggestions, from how, and what, to fritter, and fry, to the cooking of cabbage, cauliflowers, and beans. There are some delicious dishes made up from fish, rice, cold-meat, salads, cheese, and eggs. No housewife ever need be at a loss as to what to prepare for any type of snack or meal, if she possesses a copy of *Dinner Building*. Believe me, Mr. Teignmouth Shore knows his job. I take my hat off to him.

THE GIRL VOTER

By E. M. White.

Herbert Russell, London.

This book is written for the use of intelligent girls who desire to become acquainted with the laws of Citizenship, which are many and varied. No social or political achievement of the twentieth century has been more arresting or significant than that which enfranchised the women of the English nation. It has broadened and deepened the channel of opportunity for women as a whole and for those who have seized upon its new opportunities it has meant a tremendous enrichment of individual life. Some of the points touched upon in the course of the book include How Politics affect the Home, Why we pay Rates and Taxes, What the different political parties stand for, Something about Newspapers, The procedure at elections, Some Women Citizens at work. The whole book is delightfully free from technicalities of any sort, and affords pleasurable, as well as educative, reading. I would join with Mrs. Leah Manning, President of

the National Union of Teachers, in recommending this book to all those who would take a hand in the preparation of the girl voter for her future responsibilities and opportunities, and more especially to the women teachers to whom new and splendid prospects of training the rising generation of womanhood are presenting themselves daily. This is the best book of its particular type that I have had the good fortune to read.

THE ELEGANT WOMAN FROM THE ROCOCO PERIOD TO MODERN TIMES.

By GERTRUDE ARETZ. *Translated by James Laver (of the Victoria and Albert Museum), with a special Introduction by the Translator. With 6 Illustrations in Colour and 57 in Collotype. Demy 8vo. About 320 pages. 21s. net. (HARROP).*

This is not a history of fashion. It is both less and much more. It is a history of feminine elegance, of the mechanism of seduction, from the mid-eighteenth century to the present day. It is based on the Freudian theory that elegance has always an erotic motive, and its method is an accumulation of examples, a wealth of evidence drawn from the lives of Madame de Pompadour, Madame du Barry, Marie Antoinette, Pauline Bonaparte, Lola Montez, Cora Pearl, and a host of well-known women, who have been the queens of elegance and the directors of fashion. Two chapters are devoted to Emma, Lady Hamilton, and the eighteenth century in England. The author is well qualified for her task as social commentator, having made a special study of biography and memoirs in the period covered by her book. She has written

a life of Madame de Pompadour, and has translated the memoirs of Madame de Staël and of the Empress Catherine II, as well as Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of King Edward VII*. Her comments on recent epochs and modern tendencies—the 'cocktail age,' the rise of the *gigolo*, the influence of America—are most illuminating, and a series of aptly-chosen illustrations reflects the charm of former periods, as well as the piquancy of modern times.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF ALL NATIONS.

Edited, with a Preface, by ROBERT LYND. 70 Stories from 29 Peoples. 1188 pages. Demy 8vo. Cloth, 8s. 6d. net. Dermoid, 10s. 6d. net. Antique Leather 15s. net. (HARROP).

Mr. Lynd, the famous essayist, explains in his preface the difficulties he has had to face in compiling this volume. Very few of the great books of the world are predominantly love-stories, and those which can be so described are usually too long to be fitted into an anthology. In the prose fiction of the last two centuries, moreover, the most memorable lovers have been characters, not in short stories, but in long novels. Mr. Lynd soon realized that he would have to go

beyond the confines of the short story, properly so called, and admit narratives such as are commonly described as long short stories—e.g., the tales of Aucassin and Nicolette and of Launcelot and Guinevere. He has accordingly tried to bring together as many of the famous love-stories in literature as could be found in good prose versions of tolerable length. He has not scrupled to mingle original prose with prose that has been translated from verse; nor has he hesitated to introduce fact, when it seemed as moving and as entertaining as fiction (e.g., the story of Antony and Cleopatra). As regards the definition of 'love-story', by which he has been guided in his selection, he says: "It has been wide enough to include almost any kind of preference, temporary or lifelong, of a human being (or divine person) of one sex for a human being (or divine person) of the other." Mr. Lynd ends his graceful preliminary essay with the statement that love has changed but little through the ages. Among the modern authors represented in the book are John Galsworthy, W. Somerset Maugham, A. E. Coppard, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, Richard Hughes, George Moore, W. B. Yeats, and Willa Cather,

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS.

So many of our saris are spoiled by oil-stains, and there are few things more depressing than that. There is, however, an easy way of removing such stains, provided care and trouble is taken, and the colour of the sari is fast. Prepare a table as for ironing, with a

thick blanket and a sheet on top of it. Then, spread the stained part of the sari and take a rough white cloth moistened with water that is fairly hot, and rub the stain. Then, put some soap on the white cloth, and rub hard over the oil stain. Take away the soap with hot

water and the same white cloth. If the stain has not disappeared, rub with soap again, and remove soap with the wet rag. Then, take a very hot iron, and iron well over the moistened part of the sari. Unless the stain is very bad, it will have disappeared.

Never fold and keep away your saris the moment you remove them. Always air them out in your dressing-room for at least two hours after they

have been worn. You will find then, they will not have that stale musty smell that good silk saris sometimes get. Blouses must be aired out for much longer time.

When good *crepe de chin* saris with borders need renovating, take away the borders, wash the saris with *lux* and iron and then either sew on new borders or sew the same ones on again, if still good.

"PADDY."

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

(1). IDEAL WOMANHOOD.

DEAR EDITOR,

The articles by Mrs. Tampoe and Miss H. Kaveri Bai on this subject have been so scathing and so general in their condemnation that I would fain put up a defence for myself and ask them to come down to particulars or a few instances or give the percentage of the bad, when compared with the good—myself being a product of the modern age. It amuses me to be rated as "madly careering towards the seething maelstrom of destruction." I naturally am constrained to ask "how or why?" What is it that makes them so bitter against me? "A little powder, a little rouge, a little dancing and much talking?"

Every age produces its women and this age has produced me—so, may I give you an honest portrait of myself? Distance lends enchantment etc., from being set in a frame of beauty and being under a soft light. I have come down and joined the ranks of hard working men and hence I have lost my "angel" charms and other such like

qualities. But what have I instead? Not a bad face; garb, neat and workmanlike; figure, tall and strong, capable of much endurance; a keen eye, presence of mind, quickness of decision, mental clearness and an independent personality, that encourages others to lean on me. I have been told that I am not modest because I look a man straight in the eye—I am not an example to my children because I do not know how to cook or keep house, but "move in a giddy whirl of hectic pleasure with my casinos and my night clubs." (N. B. I wonder how many instances of this my critic can point out in one of our chief towns!) But my critic has forgotten that we, children of this age, have to work hard for our living and are often thrown on our own, so that cooking, keeping house, combining utility with beauty, seems all in the day's work, and they are not learnt as decorative arts, as in the ages gone before. The mill of hard-work grinds us all perhaps to a sharper brilliance.

The labourer is surely worthy of his hire—I work all day and so require a

little fun and frolic in the evenings. Tennis, a little bridge, a show or a dance, I love them all. They give me genial companionship and healthy recreation and make me all the fitter for to-morrow. Here I am absolutely knifed by my critics. She lives for pleasure and nothing else—what an existence! But I am one, who has been taught to depend on oneself, and who has her own standards of good living and high thinking. These recreations carry no evil with them. I agree with my critics that too much of anything nauseates and that is what they are doing to poor me, holding me up in the worst light and not giving me the ghost of a chance. But are there not in all ages of the world people who go to extremes in all the modes of life?

I do put some powder to hide the sunburn and the shininess, but it is perfectly obvious that I do so. The innate vanity of the creature makes me aspire to look as nice possible—and so I take trouble over the various details of my dress and my face and hair and hands. Am I then to be defined as "Dead Sea fruit?" It is for my own sake that I try to look my best and not for the sake of attracting men. When out on my holiday I immerse myself in an out-of-the way Travellers' Bungalow, I am just as neatly got up as in town; so it is to satisfy my own aesthetic sense, that I take trouble over my appearance.

Now-a-days, we are not out to marry. Working side by side with men, we know their strength and their limitations and they ours; so that our natures do not agree enough to attract. Besides, what I desire is not the easy indulgence of a good-natured man, but the love and worship of a strong heart and mind.

This is most rare to get, or perhaps I am hard to please or rather too conceited. As I have been taught to work and think for myself, I can afford to choose my lord. Hence my reluctance to yield too quickly to make a home for a man! But, if I do marry, I think contrary to the expectations of my critics, I can make my home a better paradise for my husband and children than I am supposed to be capable of, because I can join him in his work, in his sports and in his pleasures and so do not allow him to wander away by himself and thus perhaps "wreck the home". My children are my companions and hence we are a happy, healthy, vigorous and glowing household and because we have too much energy we are dubbed "fast"!

Dear Editor, am I too conceited? If so, please excuse me; but I am sick and tired of the continual nagging of those superior dames, who, wrapped in their own goodness, have forgotten to look lovingly on those around them.

In all confidence, I ask you, dear lady, whom does the modern man prefer,—me, or the Victorian gem of perfection. Could you not persuade him to send a reply? "H."

N. B. If all modern women of India were like the type described above, there would not be much need for criticising them; for the ideals of India will somehow have been preserved. But, unfortunately, all are not so; for some strike out in cheap imitation of the worst type of the modern girl in the West, freedom sometimes being inclined to licence. The fact, however, remains that modern girls, whether in the West or the East, can become ideal girls in many ways. May their number, which is so few now, rapidly increase.

We shall welcome replies to this article.

Editor, I. L. M.

(2) A FINISHING SHOOOL.

Dear Editor,

Can you please include this in your correspondence column?

I intend opening a sort of finishing school for all young ladies, who have finished school and do not intend to go to college. I can furnish tuition in music,

painting, drawing, literature, history, languages and also how to entertain and pour out tea?

I am quite respectable and aged, and can produce good references. Girls, who are engaged to be married and are marking time, or those who require to study without appearing for an examination, will be welcome.

Please reply to H, c/o the Editor,
Indian Ladies' Magazine
Harrington Road, Madras.

COOKERY NOTES

DATE CRUMBLES.

1 cup butter, 2½ cups rolled oats,
1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda,
1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cream butter and sugar and then add the other ingredients. When the mixture is crumbly, press half of it into a shallow baking pan and spread with the following:

1 pound dates, chopped,
1 cup milk,
¾ cup sugar,
2 tablespoons butter.

Cook until smooth, spread over mixture in pan and cover with remaining half of crumbles. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Nuts may be used in mixture for older children.

TAPIOCA PRUNE WHIP.

1 cup prune juice,
1 cup water,
½ cup sugar,
⅓ cup quick cooking tapioca,
1 cup prune pulp,
whites of 3 eggs,
½ teaspoon lemon extract.

Boil together prune juice, water, sugar and tapioca for fifteen minutes, or until tapioca is clear. Remove from fire, add lemon extract. Fold in prune

pulp, and lastly fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Serve very cold.

PRUNE COOKIES

1 cup shortening, 1 teaspoon nutmeg,
2 cups brown sugar, 3 teaspoons baking,
4 eggs, powder,
1 cup chopped nut- 1 cup stoned prunes,
meats, 1 teaspoon salt,
about 3 cups flour.

Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, and the prunes. Mix 2 cups flour with salt, nutmeg and baking powder and stir into the mixture. Add chopped nutmegs and enough flour to thicken the mixture so that it will just drop from a teaspoon. Drop on a greased baking sheet and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven—400 degrees.

CEREAL KISSES

Fold 2 tablespoons granulated sugar into the beaten white of one egg; then fold in lightly from ½ to ¾ cup prepared cereal; drop from spoon on lightly-oiled baking sheet and bake in slow oven (250 degrees) for about forty minutes. Dates, stuffed with toasted cereal and then rolled in fondant, make good candies for children.

All these are from
The Parents' Magazine.

NEEDLE-WORK NOTES

A SUGGESTION FOR A SARI BORDER.

Take a sari of thin white material. Choose your colours, and get sewing cotton in those colours, of about the same quality as the yarn used in the sari.

Draw out threads in the border of the sari, taking the material yard by yard. Attach the new cotton, in the colours you want, to the end of the

drawn thread (not by a knot, but in a finer way, either by twisting, sewing or tying together) and pull through. Care must be taken to keep the continuation, when the work is taken on to the next yard. Many designs can be made in this way. The best will be to have horizontal lines in one colour, say red, or yellow, or blue, and outline them on either side, with black lines. Vertical lines can also be included with great care.

NEWS AND NOTES

WOMEN'S FIGHT FOR RIGHTS.

Representative women welcomed the Maharani of Travancore at the Garden Club, London at a largely-attended party organised by the Womens' Indian Association.

Speeches were made on behalf of several national and international societies, applauding the progressive administration of Travancore and the equality enjoyed by women.

One speaker said that British India might well follow the example of that enlightened state in many ways.

The Maharani, responding, said that women were as free in Travancore as in England. She gave particulars of education, franchise, representation in council, marriage laws and other respects, in which women enjoyed equal

rights with men, and indicated the large part they were taking in the public life of the State.

The one thing women needed everywhere was economic independence, but she believed they would obtain this by co-operation with men. She did not favour militant methods.

GIRLS' EDUCATION IN THE PUNJAB.

The director, Information Bureau, Punjab writes:—

The annual report on the progress of education in the Punjab for the year 1930-31 shows that notwithstanding the many difficulties imposed by reasons of finance, progress has been maintained in the education of girls. The total expenditure on girls' education during the

year under report was Rs. 25,15,120. The number of girls' schools increased by 439, of which 122 were recognised. It is further satisfactory to note that the number of girls at school have increased, in spite of all difficulties, to 184,301, thus giving a net increase of 15,561 for the year. The increase in enrolment in recognised schools was 13,042 and in unrecognised schools was only 2,519. The Lahore division stands first in the matter of female education, with 471 schools and 42,374 girls. Rawalpindi comes second with 412 schools and 26,221 girl pupils. Multan and Jullundur each have over 23,000 girls in about 340 schools, and Ambala division has 9,367 pupils and 216 schools. The demand for higher education is so large and insistent and has come so quickly that it will be necessary before long either to make further provision in the existing colleges, or to start an intermediate college for girls. During the year under report, several girls joined colleges for men, which may be taken as implying a distinct inclination towards co-education at the college stage.

Almost all Government schools have at least some space for play, while several have very large grounds. Their health has consequently been very good, especially as the parents of the girls make no difficulty about re-vaccination and inoculation for enteric, which is insisted upon for boarders, and encouraged for all pupils.

It is very satisfactory to note that during the year under review the training classes did very good work and the total number of trained mistresses who qualified was 388. Seven ladies took the bachelor of teaching degree

from the Central Training College. The Lady MacLagan College furnished 5 junior Anglo-vernacular trained teachers and the Kinnaird College 11.

Unfortunately the optimistic outlook held out by the secondary schools and colleges for women is sobered down a good deal by the lamentable state of primary education. It is forgotten that there is a greater need in the sphere of education, than in anything else, to build soundly on the foundation. The inspecting staff, however, are trying their best to evolve efficiency and regular work out of this chaotic muddle.

WOMEN IN SOVIET RUSSIA

The first step in the political activity of working women consisted in assemblies of delegates. These meetings are held under the auspices of various large enterprises, while smaller concerns band together in single groups. The working women, who are not members of these groups, are organized into small societies for political education.

The chief activity of the assembly of delegates consists in the political and economic education of the working and peasant women. These meetings are not confined, however, to instructing women in political fundamentals; they also awaken the interest of the illiterate in practical questions relating to their everyday life. For this purpose, the meetings are divided into various sections devoted to professional, legal, and industrial instruction. Special courses are given, teaching the mothers how to take care of their children, and how to organize their family life.

Thanks to the meetings and educational groups, women are taking more

and more part in political life, and especially in the elections. The following figures show the number of women voters who participated in the elections in those years: 1924-1925, 27.5 per cent.; 1925-1926, 28.1 per cent. In 1926-27, 30 per cent. of the women in the country districts and 51.4 per cent. of the women in the cities voted. In the same period, the number of women elected to office increased from 10 to 11 per cent. in the country and from 18 to 19.4 per cent. in the cities. Another fact testifying to the progress of our women is the increasing number of young girls attending school. In the professional schools, girls numbered about 40 percent of the total attendance in 1926-1927, and in technical schools they numbered 41.5 per cent.

Efforts are being made to improve the living conditions of the women peasants and workers, and to instruct them in housework. To this end the Soviet has set up permanent nurseries for the children of working women. Always with the idea of improving the condition of women, the State has established lying-in hospitals and clinics for mothers and children.

In order to bring the women of the nation together and to make them feel in close contact with distant comrades, the women's organizations make skilful use of the press. Moscow and Leningrad boast four newspapers for working and peasant women, and their circulation totals 325,000 copies. In all of the Soviet Republics, we have fifteen women's newspapers, six of them in Oriental languages. Another achievement has been the creation of a written language, and even of an alphabet,

for people who never possessed any form of script.

The Government has also made considerable headway in improving the living conditions of the nomads of Siberia and the inhabitants of the Volga Valley, giving them all opportunity to study and a chance to improve their lot. Since sanitary dwelling is the first line of defence in the fight against heavy mortality, various local groups, especially among the nomads of Siberia and Asia, have issued decrees forbidding the housing together of human beings and animals.

In so far as the position of women is concerned, the local authorities in Yakutsk, Turkestan, the territory of the Uzbeys, Tartary, and Azerbaijan have granted them civil and political equality, in accordance with the Constitution of the Soviet Union, as proclaimed through its decrees. The most significant of these decrees is the one stating that women have an equal right with men to own land; and other laws have forbidden the purchase of women. In fact this custom has been defined in the civil code as slave traffic.

In 1925, eighteen women's clubs in Azerbaijan had 1,080 members. During the same year in the same province 34 organizations with 479 members attacked illiteracy. Now 13.6 per cent. of the members of the local Soviet are women, numbering six thousand in all. In the year 1925, five women in Turkestan were members of the Soviet. The next year the number increased to twelve, and in 1927 to twenty-one. In the elections 455,000 women were eligible to vote, and 130,000, or 28 per cent., cast their ballots.

The women's Communist group in the Republic of Yakutsk in 1925 numbered only 33 members. During the first year the number of women elected to the local Soviet varied between 4 and 16 per cent. In the same period three Yakutsk women were elected to the Central Executive Committee of the Autonomous Yakutsk Republic. The women's group also established a nursery and a tailoring establishment where thirty Yakutsk women worked. In this Republic, where the population is scattered over so wide a territory, school instruction is difficult, and travelling schools have been organized to raise the cultural level of the people. Reports state that the Yakutsk women have shown themselves eager to learn. Frequently girls come from far off provinces to the Central Committee to learn and work at the same time. During this period the girls go to school for twenty days and then work for ten.

I have confined my examples of the emancipation of women to two Asiatic republics. Of these, Azerbaijan has made the greatest progress and Yakutsk the least. The real efforts for reform date back not more than three or four years, but there is already time enough to perceive that a real and significant movement is under way to improve the lot of Russian women all the way from the Caucasus Mountains to the Arctic Circle and the foothills of the Himalayas.

Stri-Dharma

WOMEN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Statistics which have recently been published by the Czechoslovakian Association of University women show that more than 5,000 women are at present

studying at Czechoslovakian Universities and more than 300 at the Higher Technical Schools. There are more than 900 women doctors in the country, partly engaged in private practice and partly serving in the various Public Health Services. Seven women are lecturers at Universities, over 800 are on the teaching staff of secondary schools and more than 80 work in establishments of scientific research and in public libraries.

Czechoslovakia has now nine women advocates and almost 90 candidates for this profession, one is assistant to a "Notaire" and three are preparing themselves for the position of "Notaire", while there are 28 candidates for the Bench—a profession which has been recently thrown open to women. Eighteen University women are employed in various municipal services. There are now quite a number of women functionaries in the Civil Service, some in higher positions and a few occupying the posts of Heads of Sections. 15 women have passed their examinations as apothecaries and are employed in dispensaries.

Among those who have graduated from the Higher Technical Schools, some are occupied in private enterprises, some in factories, while others have attained good positions in commerce. We have quite a number of women architects, engineers and mathematicians. The society of Czechoslovakian Engineers counts 40 women among its members.

Stri Dharma

WOMEN'S EMPIRE CONFERENCE.

The British Commonwealth League Conference, which opened at the

Friends' House' was attended by women delegates from many parts of the British Empire. Australia and India were especially well represented.

The subjects for consideration include the civil rights of married women, racial intermixture, woman suffrage in India, in Quebec, in Bermuda, and in Malta, medical service for native women

and a series of resolutions, relating to the aboriginals of Australia. The discussions on the resolutions were of special value, because so many facts emerged that threw a light on conditions and problems of women's life in many countries, and showed where co-operation between women of the Commonwealth is required.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

MAY.

Dr. Burt, Switzerland	3	2	0
Miss Hecon, Madras	3	8	0
Mrs. Sinnatamby, Ceylon	4	12	9
Dr. L. Samuel, Sholingur	4	12	0.

JUNE.

1. Khan Bahadur Ammoo Sahib, Trichinopoly	2	8	0
2. Mrs. K. M. Abraham, Calcutta	2	8	0
3. N. K. Ayyangar Esq., Bombay	3	12	0
4. Mrs. Achayya, Madras	3	12	0
5. Mrs. Banninga, Pasumalai	2	4	0
6. Napoleon Bernard Esq., America	7	0	0
7. S. Krishna Bhagath Esq., Tellichery	2	8	0
8. Miss Brandt, Cooch-Behar	2	2	0
9. Srimati Jesua Bala Devi, Kurseong	2	8	0
10. Major A. S. Cowdell, V. D., Ootacamund	2	8	0
11. Mrs. T. P. Das, Bangalore	2	8	0
12. Mrs. S. K. Ghosh, Rangamati	2	8	0
13. Mrs. D. S. Herrick, America	4	0	0
14. Head-mistress, English High School for Girls, Trivandrum	3	2	0
15. Mrs. D. Isaac, Dehra Dun	2	2	0
16. S. R. Josyer Esq. Mysore	2	2	0

17. Mrs. Kumarappa, Mysore	2	8	0
18. Mrs. Kunji Kannan, Cannanore	2	8	0
19. Dr. Joanna Lyons, Rawalpindi	2	2	0
20. Mrs. Lazrado, Coimbatore	2	2	0
21. Mrs. Mirza, Bangalore	2	8	0
22. Mrs. Matthai, Ootacamund	3	12	0
23. N. T. Master Esq., Bombay	2	8	0
24. W. H. Mitchell Esq., Calicut	2	8	0
25. Miss Marshall, Vellore	2	2	0
26. Manikya Muthayya Esq., Badagara	2	2	0
27. Rao Sahib K. A. Mukundan, Calicut	2	8	0
28. Mrs. N. K. Murthi, Madras	3	10	0
29. Mrs. W. R. C. Paul, Ceylon	2	8	0
30. N. Ramachandran Esq., Tiruvarur	2	2	0
31. Mrs. A. K. Raghavan, Palghat	2	2	0
32. Sreemathi S. Runganayaki Amma, Devangere	2	8	0
33. Ramaswamy Iyengar Esq., Sivaganga	2	2	0
34. Mrs. P. Sanjeeva Rao, Benares	2	2	0
35. G. Sreenivasa Iyer Esq., Dindigul	2	2	0
36. Mrs. Shankaran, Cannanore	1	8	0
37. Secy. Women's Intermediate College, Bangalore	2	8	0
38. Secy., Ladies' Club, Mangalore	2	8	0
39. G. P. Therian Esq., Erode	2	8	0
40. Mrs. Ammu Thampurathi, Perinthalamanna	2	2	0
41. J. V. Thomas Esq, Dharapuram	2	8	0
42. Mrs. Tampoe, England	7	4	0
43. Mrs. Verghese, Ernakulam	2	2	0
44. Mrs. A. Verghese, Choughat	2	8	0
45. Mrs. Vijiaraghavan, Ootacamund	3	12	0
46. Mrs. P. Venkataramana Rao, Guntur	3	10	0
47. Dr. C. T. Williams, Ceylon	2	2	0

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