

The
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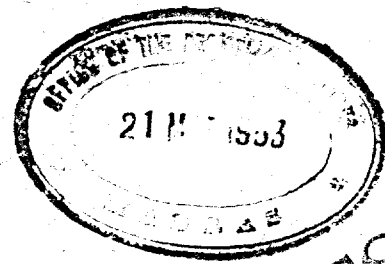
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THE



INDIAN LADIES'

MAGAZINE

JANUARY & FEBRUARY 1933.

[No. 1

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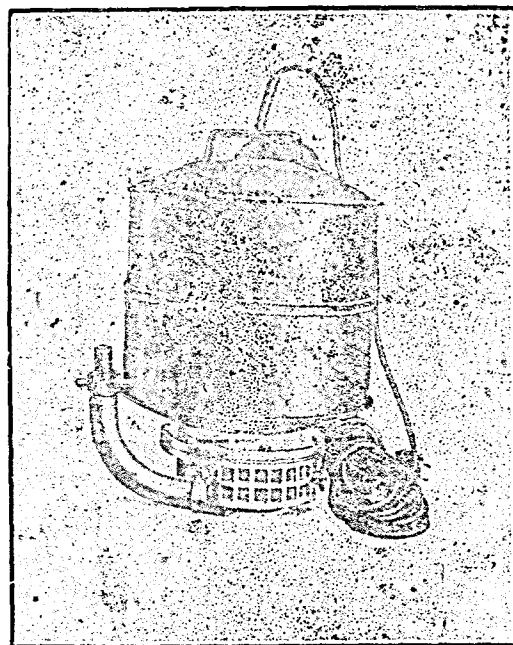


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The Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Vol:—VI.

No. 1

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The Indian Ladies Magazine.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine was started in 1901, discontinued in 1918, and republished in 1927. It is the main purpose of this Magazine to help forward the cause of women's education in India, partly by representing and interpreting the inner life of Indian womanhood as a whole; partly by making itself a mouthpiece for the aspirations of the educated section, in whom our chief hope lies; partly by bringing forward the example of the social, literary and philanthropic work of women of the West; and partly by holding up the ancient ideals of Indian womanhood, which are true and generous enough to be applied in many instances to modern life. It is hoped, therefore, that the I. L. M. will prove a bond of union, not only among the different sections of the women of India, but also between the men and women of India, and between Indian women and their foreign sisters.

While fully conscious of the imperfections of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, we hope that the public will help us to tackle the present situation. We shall be most happy to receive suggestions, and we hope that our journal will have the generous support of all well-wishers of India. We shall welcome articles and pictures of interest, as well as suggestions for improving the Magazine.

The Magazine Will Contain Many Illustrations and Articles:

General,	Editorial notes,
Literary,	Correspondence and discussion,
Educational,	Fashion notes,
Descriptive,	Special cols. from Indian women
A character sketch from life or	Articles for men,
from books,	Children's columns,
News & notes on woman's life in	Household hints,
India,	Cookery,
News & notes on woman's life out-	Needlework,
side India,	Book Reviews,
Special articles,	Health Notes,
Stories and fancies,	Chess Notes,
Serial stories,	Gramophone Notes,
Original verses,	Medical Articles,
Things seen,	Selections.

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The
INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VI.

JANUARY & FEBRUARY, 1933.

No. 1.

EVENING.

With the fading lights of evening,
Pass the cares of Life away ;
There is silence on the ocean,
Peace falls on the dying day.

Sea-birds float on lazy pinion ;
On the distance, hangs a haze ;
Ships, like specks, upon the waters,
Catch my vacant, wand'ring gaze.

And I wonder where they're sailing,
Whither go they-to what port ;
And what freight, or human cargo,
Carry they, with timbers taut.

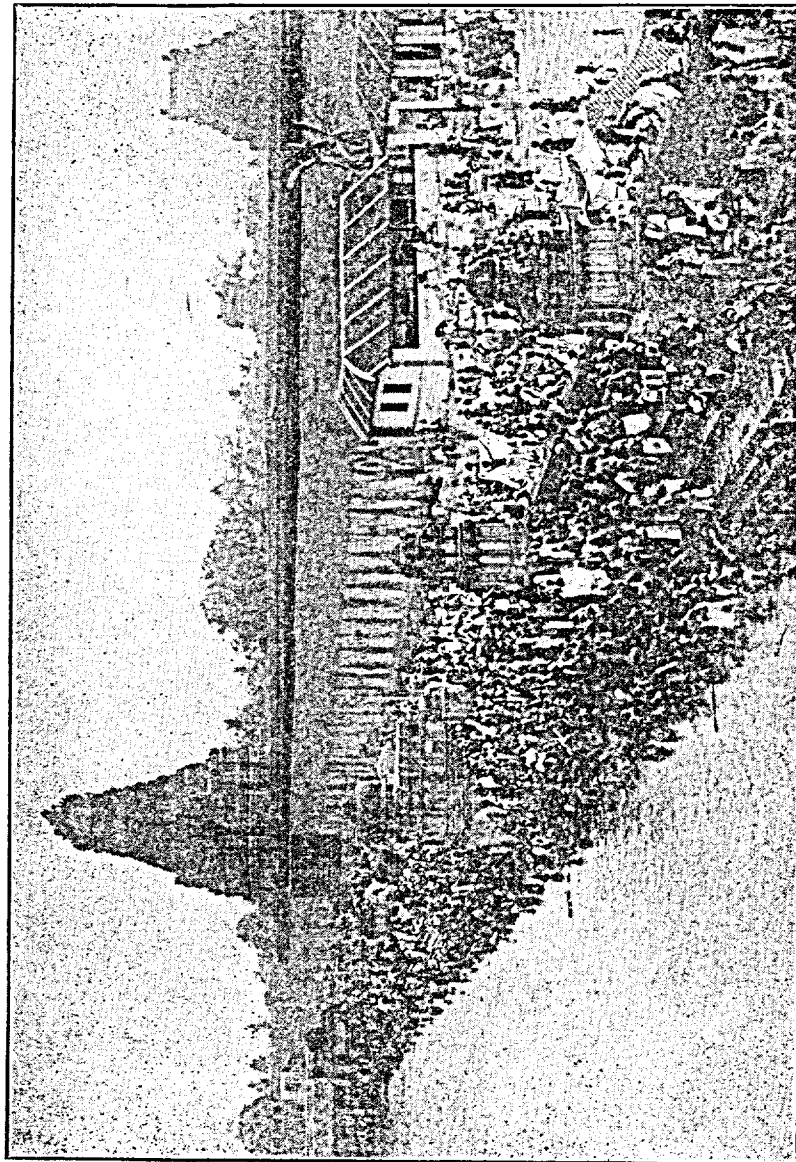
Too, I think how Earth is sailing,
Thro' an infinite sea of blue ;
Like a gallant ship that's making
Port for me, and port for you.

And I wonder what our life is,
What shall be the end of all,
In the sure, but dusky, future,
When Time's evening shadows fall

What shall be the end of travel ?
Sail we on a shoreless sea ?
Shall the spirit seek for ever,
Bounds to dim Eternity ?

Are the Universes endless,
And these worlds but ports of call ?
How I long to know the mystery,
Hid beyond this swirling ball !

Herbert Porter.



HOLY BATH AT KAMALALAYAM
[Sent by N. Ramabhadran Esq., Tiruvannamalai.]

IN CHILD'S REALM

By V. Thangaswami

.....A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

—Wordsworth.

"At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,
And then the whining school-boy, with
[his satchel]
And shining morning face, creeping like
[snail]
Unwillingly to school."—Shakespeare.

George Henry Payne, in his book, *The Child in Human Progress*, says, "More has been written about the child in the last 50 years than had been written in the world in all the civilised times up to the beginning of this half-century."

One can indicate the various phases of childhood, portrayed in different hues by different thinkers, seers, poets, philosophers and religionists. They were child-lovers, and chose the child as the vehicle of their teachings, demonstrating to the world in ample measure the theory that infancy and childhood go hand-in-hand with philosophy and religion.

Says Mr. K. S. Ramaswami Sastri in his book on *Sir Rabindranath Tagore*, "The paintings of the Madonna and her child in the West, the beautiful story of Krishna's boyhood in Gokula, the description of Parvathi's girlhood and Sri Subramania's boyhood as found in

Kalidasa's *Kumarasambhava*, the delineation of Bharata in Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*, the description of the little child in *Silas Marner*, and innumerable other instances, will occur to all. In our religion, the realisation of the child's place in our spiritual economy is vivid and full. A religion, that worships God as child in Vinayaka, Subramania and Balakrishna, cannot be charged with any lack of appreciation of the beauty of the child-soul."

Does not the reader remember how Longfellow, the poet perhaps best-loved by children in America, sings of the innocent glories of childhood?

"Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

What are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?"

Was it any wonder that children loved Longfellow; that they wrote him letters and greeted him whenever they met him in the streets; that in Cambridge, where he lived, they commemorated his seventy-second birthday, by presenting him with a beautiful arm-chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree," under which the "village

smithy stood," of which he had so beautifully sung?

As I read the above lines of Longfellow, I am forcibly reminded of the great Galilean, the lover of little ones, who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." On another occasion, when one of his disciples asked Jesus, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" He called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

Among the lake poets of England, Wordsworth is an outstanding figure, combining in a unique fashion the rare qualities of a poet and a philosopher. To him, "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." His *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, "an inspired invocation to the child," reveals with beauty and truth his recollections of early childhood.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

... ..
... ..
Behold the child among his new-born

[blisses,

A six years' darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand
he lies,

Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's
[eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of
[human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned
[art;

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part:
Filling from time to time his 'humor-
ous stage'

With all the persons, down to palsied
Age,
That life brings with her in her equip-
age;

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

.....
.....
.....
Thou little child, yet glorious in the

might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou
provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at
strife?

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

..... of grave concern and alarm to Words-
 worth. He cries out,
 "O blessed vision! happy child!
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed Thou art so exquisitely wild,
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest, I think of thee with many fears
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in For what may be thy lot in future
 his breast: years."

Not for these I raise The self-same idea is reiterated in
 The song of thanks and praise; his *Prelude* thus—

..... "Our childhood sits,
 But for those first affections, Our simple childhood sits upon a throne
 Those shadowy recollections, That hath more power than all the
 Which, be they what they may, elements.
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day, I guess not what this tells of Being
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing; past,

..... Nor what it augurs of the life to come;
 Hence, in a season of calm weather But so it is; and, in that dubious hour,
 Though inland far we be, That twilight—when we first begin to
 Our souls have sight of that immortal see

..... This dawning earth, to recognise,
 Which brought us hither; expect,
 Can in a moment travel thither— And, in the long probation that ensues,
 And see the children sport upon the
 shore, We know where we have friends."

And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."
 Saint Thiruvalluvar is famous in
 Wordsworth has thus given excel- Tamil Literature for his epigrammatic
 lent expression to the sublimity of sayings on most abstruse subjects, the
 childhood in what may be called the collection of which is known as *Thiru-*
 most haunting poetry in the English *kural*. In the seventh chapter of this
 language. He longs to be a child all book, he says,

"The flute is sweet,
 And the guitar dulcet:
 So they say, who have
 Not heard the babbling
 Speech of their little ones."

"My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

The future of the child is a matter

Tagore's love of children is great.
 When one comes across the following
 passage in *The Crescent Moon*, one assur-
 edly feels that there is a superb touch
 of saintliness about children:

"On the seashore of endless worlds,
 children meet. The infinite sky is
 motionless overhead and the restless
 water is boisterous. On the seashore of

endless worlds, the children meet with children play. On the seashore of
 shouts and dances. endless worlds is the great meeting of
 children."

"They build their houses with sand Again, it is through the medium of
 and they play with empty shells. With the inquisitive little boy in his *Post*
 withered leaves they weave their boats *Office* that Tagore brings home to the
 and smilingly float them on the vast readers the philosophy of the "undis-
 deep. Children have their play on the covered country from whose bourne no
 seashore of worlds. traveller returns."

"They know not how to swim, they The votaries of Islam remind
 know not how to cast nets. Pearl us of the lines of Saddi: "Remember
 fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail the day when you were born. All were
 in their ships, while children gather laughing but you were crying; lead
 pebbles and scatter them again. They such a life that when you die, while
 seek not for hidden treasures, they others weep, you go laughing."

"The sea surges up with laughter I wish that all children may, as
 and pale gleams the smile of the sea they grow older, learn the true sense of
 beach. Death-dealing waves sing conduct from the poet who has said:
 meaningless ballads to the children, "Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
 even like a mother while rocking her That every man in arms should wish to
 baby's cradle. The sea plays with be?
 children, and pale gleams the smile of It is the generous spirit who, when
 the sea beach. brought

"On the seashore of endless worlds Among the tasks of real life, hath
 children meet. Tempest roams in the wrought
 pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the Upon the plan that pleased his boyish
 trackless water, death is abroad and thought."

A HAPPY HOME.

The sweetest and happiest homes—homes to which
 men in weary life look back with yearnings too deep
 for tears; homes whose recollections linger round our
 manhood like light and the sunshine and the sweet air,
 into which no base things intrude—are homes where
 brethren dwell together in unity: where, because all
 love God, all love their brothers also; where, because
 all are very dear to all, each is dearer to each than to
 himself.

Canon Farrar.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON PUBLIC LIFE

By Kamala



FROM all sides now, both from men and from women, we get the demand that women should work together with men, freely and without distinction in all public matters. This has been emphasised by several speakers throughout India; and has met with a wide response, not only from mixed bodies of enquiry like the Round Table Conference, the Simon Commission and the Franchise Committee, but also from influential people of our own extensive country. The latter fact is amply proved by three considerations; first that the improvement of the scope, condition and education of women is a very progressive one; second, that women are being admitted into many professions closed to them before; third, that they are being elected to Local, Municipal and Legislative bodies everywhere.

This is as it should be, for even in our cosmopolitan India the equal rights of women with men were recognised from time immemorial, even indeed from the ancient mythological ages, when the God Siva was portrayed as sharing his body with his consort. The advance of women has two great and good results, like the quality of Mercy, which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It benefits not only women as it must, but

also benefits those with whom they become associated; for it gives them that sweet contact with the softer, gentler, tenderer, more tactful section of humanity, which is so necessary now in these hard days of matter-of-fact materialism and selfish individualism. There is no denying the inference that the salvation of India depends on the increase of useful femininity, which means the growing strength of educated and advanced citizenship among the women of India.

There are several ways and methods by which woman can make her refining touch felt in public life. But, at the outset, be it understood lest it should rouse the antagonism of the stronger half of humanity, that, when I ascribe refinement to women, I do not for a moment deny that virtue to men. Certainly not; but I do say that it is more apparent in women and more on the surface, because it is not submerged by other matters, as it is in men with their wider sphere of action. Women appear kinder and gentler on account of the very nature of the duties, which have hitherto been assigned to them, and which, whatever may be said, must form the basis of their activities, even when they advance further. And this raises another question. When women take an equal part with men in every phase of life, will they lose their more

softening touch? One hopes not, even while averring that it cannot be so; for, it cannot be denied that, however equal women may become to men, there is yet a certain something in men, notably on the side of physical strength, which cannot be reached by women; and herein, to balance this inherent superiority in man, lies the inherent superiority of women, their womanhood in fact, that charming, pleasant beauty of body and mind, which manhood can never attain.

The profession, in which Indian women have made themselves more felt than anywhere else, is that of teaching. We know the value of the mother to the child and the girl; and the highest tribute that can be paid to a woman-teacher of the young is that she can in some measure take the place of a mother. She can therefore be very valuable as such alone; but in modern days her sphere has been widened. She is being admitted even as a teacher to grown-up boys; and here her influence for good cannot be underrated. Discipline, of course, may suffer, but the instilling of chivalry for the members of the weaker sex, and through them to those wanting assistance in any way, will be remarkable. The same thing can be said of medicine. One of the accusations under which a man-doctor sometimes suffers is that, by constant intercourse with pain, he becomes callous to, and unsympathetic with, suffering. I think that such a charge can never be laid on the best woman-doctor available. Where indeed can a woman's gentle touch be transcended, especially in hospitals and sick houses? Moreover, under certain circumstances, women-doctors

are the best for women-patients, especially in *gosha*-ridden India. Think of a man-doctor feeling a patient's pulse through a hole in the purdah, or examining her heart with a stethoscope placed in position by a woman-friend; or sounding a sick person, whose face is covered! Yet such things have happened.

A woman's influence in sanitation and health-work is great. Where cleanliness has to be taught without offence to ignorant people, it is the woman's tact, which counts more than a man's thoroughness. She is also well-suited to Child-welfare and Maternity work.

The same kindliness, womanly tact and tenderness will be very helpful in rural reconstruction, village work, social reform, social service and other forms of social work. It has often, no doubt, been said that women are *catty* with each other; but I think that there is nothing like a woman to draw out another woman and get the best or the worst out of her.

A woman's hand can be seen to advantage in city-planning, garden-arrangements and house-decoration.

She can also use her influence for good on Legislative bodies, District Boards and Municipal Councils. In such institutions, a woman's presence counts for much, as it induces courtesy, chivalry, thoughtfulness, and above all conduces towards an absence of hot arguments and quarrelsome interference. I have been told by a woman-friend, who was on a District-board that, when she happened to be absent from a meeting, there arose a big argument about something trivial, from which arose much bad feeling!

I am very glad women are now

being given many places in Bench Courts as Honorary Magistrates. This is a great step forward. So is that of a woman standing for election, instead of seeking nomination by government. I once enquired of a man-friend whether he thought women's tactics could be any better than those of men canvassing for votes. He said certainly they could be so; for there would be dignity and reserve present, as well as modesty and reticence in not making too rash promises in return for votes, added to a great avoidance of certain questionable methods! One might also say, that women seem to be less touched than men by communal feeling in their patriotism. May they always remain so!

In politics, therefore, women can do much. The very fact sometimes that they have thought fit to interest themselves practically in a certain business, will add weight to that business. We know for certain how effective women were, and are, in *Swadeshi* campaigns.

As Presidents, Secretaries, members of committees and active agents of clubs and associations, women can be very useful, while showing no want of efficiency, intelligence or energy in organising and practical service.

In all these departments, it can be said that sometimes women may spoil business. Where once before there was the most absolute discipline and order under the rule of mere men, the presence of women often conduces towards a certain gentle, but unmistakable, relaxation. Woman with her

emotional impulses, her sometimes unnecessary instincts, and her one-sided ways of argument, will often disorganise instituted principles and methods; added to which her desire for admiration, her undoubted tendency to flirt, and her proneness constantly to add to her own charm, are sometimes rather disconcerting. This is to be regretted of course; but is not this state of things balanced by certain advantages? Besides, is not this very relaxation sometimes to be appreciated? What is the use of being entirely like a machine? Is not a human being to be something better and beyond that, and does not life need softening touches? But then, I know that the reply would be that everything should have its own place, and that business must be business. However, this is no place in which to discuss this question, as it tends to bring us out of the reach of this paper.

As Mrs. Subbaroyan said lately, every honour brings its own responsibility. It is granted that women must take part in every section of national life; but they must use their advantages wisely and prudently, keeping their own nationality without undue foreign imitation; fraternising happily with men and ready to shoulder equally the burdens of office, yet preserving their own womanliness by never neglecting their homes, which should indeed be their first duty; and never arrogating privileges to themselves without preparing themselves for the same.

A POETESS OF MODERN INDIA,

By Raman T. Parikh



HE name of Mrs. Naidu became popular among the intellectual classes of modern India, and well-known in Europe and America, through the appreciative essays of Arthur Symonds and Edmund Gosse. There have been a number of poetesses in India as attractive as lilies in the valley, but, as a lyric poetess who has written in English, Mrs. Naidu is really the greatest and the most original, even as Dr. Tagore is the greatest poet of modern India. Mrs. Naidu is a less voluminous writer than Dr. Tagore, but the contents of her poems never fail to impress the readers with her peculiar originality. A critic actually states that she is superior to Tagore from a merely poetical point of view, though she cannot be compared with the greatness of the latter. The power of Mrs. Naidu is born from the native soil of India. She is not a clever mechanical imitator of the West; but her thought is really "an expression of tropical and primitive emotions." The nature and soul of her country are well-expressed in her poems. She possesses the beauty, colour, and splendour of a queen; the fascination of full-grown womanhood; and the strong and saturating sense which conveys our imagination into the world of mystic inner happiness. The Eastern and Western cultures are skillfully interwoven in her; and the essence of real Eastern womanhood is seen in her, even though

she uses the language of the West.

A biographical sketch of her will not be out of place. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was born on 13th February, 1879, in Hyderabad (Deccan). Her father, Aghornath Chattopadhyaya, was a descendant of an old family of Brahmans, who are very well-known in Eastern Bengal as patrons of Sanskrit and as honest observers of the *Yoga*. She herself was honoured with the title of Doctor of Science by the Edinburgh University in 1897, and afterwards her ability speedily obtained recognition in other Universities.

She was the eldest of the family. Her father was very earnest about her education. We cannot hear her own story without feeling that her father's affection was warmest for her. Mrs. Naidu was taught English from her girlhood, which she did not like altogether. One day when she was nine years old, she was confined by her father to a room all day long as a punishment for her reluctance to learn English, whereby she was roused and became at last a great English scholar. Her father intended at first to make her a scientist or a mathematician, but her poetical genius led her into another world. When she was 11 years old, we are told that one day, being puzzled to solve a problem of Algebra, she wrote a poem instead of the answer to the problem. This was the first step in her poetical career. When she was 13, she wrote 1300 lines within only six

days; she also wrote without any preparation a long drama of 2000 lines. She continually wrote down her impressions; and her precocity and wonderful talent gained her the name of the "Infant Prodigy". Her frail constitution was further impaired in health by her studies and she was prohibited by her doctor at last from much reading and writing. We are told indeed that more than half of the books she ever read were gone through between 14 and 16 years of age.

She passed the Entrance examination of the Madras University when she was 12 years old, which fact created a great sensation in India. When she was 15 years, a great incident took place in her life. This was her romance with Dr. Govindaraju Naidu (physician to H.H. the Nizam). The family of Doctor Naidu was not Brahmin, although it was a distinguished one. Not only did objection come from her father, but also from the family of Dr. Naidu. Sarojini went to England in 1895 as a scholar of the Nizam's University and at first studied at King's College in London and then at Girton. Her sojourn in England for 3 years gave her stimulus and encouragement. Her knowledge of English became greatly refined and she gained the acquaintance of Symons and Gosse. In September 1898, she returned to Hyderabad and married Dr. Naidu, breaking the long-established custom of caste-discrimination, in spite of the objections and sneers of the greater part of India.

Her maiden work, "*The Golden Threshold*" (issued in London in 1905), was welcomed in India and won great admiration in Europe and America. This book has been praised wherever

English poetry is appreciated. There is a beautiful episode about the circumstances under which it was written. When the poetess was 13 years old, studying at King's College, she brought a little bundle of her poetry to Edmund Gosse and asked him for criticism. It was admirably written from the point of view of substance and form, but it was an imitation of English poems and lacked individuality. Gosse advised her to disregard the old manuscript and write with Indian consciousness a poem that should spring from the great ground of India. The poetess, who as we know is a woman of talent, understanding and a strong artistic sense, accepted this advice heartily, threw away her manuscript and sang to India with her young Indian soul; the result was, "*The Golden Threshold*". In 1912, she published the "*Bird of Time*", in which it can be seen that her sentiments became more ripened, her view of life more evolved, and her poetical talent more glorious. The poetess, who had always been advised by Gosse to return to India, prayed from the bottom of her heart that she might construct a new India of high tone in her verses. In response, she was touched by a great spirit and inspired by courage to accomplish her mission. She is certainly a patriotic poetess, stimulating Indian women to growth. In this collection of poems, there are not a few which are full of the voices of racial consciousness, rich with newly-awakened power.

Mrs. Naidu, whose literary activity has not been heard of since she published "*The Broken Wing*," has gained immense popularity by her

silvery eloquence. Her intonation is always vivacious, her voice is wonderfully penetrating, and her topics are always chosen from interesting current events and expressed in flowery language, full of fancy, sentiment, emotion and intuition. Her graceful manner also and her charming presence have contributed to her popularity. The poetess, first of all, makes her appeal to students, who adore her as their idol. She exhorts them to live pure and earnest lives in honour of their beloved country. She has also never spared her efforts in the cause of Indian women, begging for their social freedom and insisting on sex-equality.

Mrs. Naidu, in response to the call of patriotic duty, went to England at the time of the Round Table conference, in order to stand by the Indian representatives. She visited European countries afterwards and was welcomed everywhere, especially in Sweden. At the great meeting for International woman-suffrage held in Geneva, she delivered a very impressive speech, in which she pointed out and corrected some wrong ideas about the ability and real status of Indian women. At lectures in Paris and in the principal cities in England, she fascinated the audience by her telling eloquence. She went also to South Africa and America.

The title "*Peace Maker*" is most appropriate to Mrs. Naidu. It is her life-mission to bring both Hindus and Mohamedans together in the unity of the glorious civilization of several thousand years. She is also doing her very best to bring all castes together into one religious group. "Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's personal charms are many. Some of us,

who are privileged to know her intimately, cannot but regard her with high admiration for some of her excellent personal qualities, which endear her to one and all who come into contact with her. Her exquisite courtesy, her child-like simplicity, combine to make her the most lovable of friends and the most courteous of hosts. She is the embodiment of the very highest culture that one can think of, having been the product of both Oriental and Occidental civilizations. A sense of culture greets one on entering her drawing-room, where dwells the very spirit of beauty, while comfort has not been neglected. There is a happy combination of beauty and comfort, side by side, beautiful objects of Eastern craft, richly-coloured carpets and curtains, flower vases containing clusters of flowers, seeking to please the aesthetic sense of visitors, while lounges meant for comfort-loving people are also provided. Though fragile in person, there is yet a dainty grace in Sarojini's personality. Of her eyes, it might be recalled, Arthur Symons, has said: 'Her eyes were like deep pools, and you seemed to fall through them into depths below depths.' Mrs. Naidu is an engaging conversationalist. Her wit and vivacity add zest to her conversation. Sarojini loves a company of friends more than anything else. When she was once told by her doctor that she should rest and not receive friends or visitors, she had dozens of them pouring into her room! People, who have only seen Sarojini move from town to town, like some royal personage in public life, hardly realise that she has another side to her life."

OLD WHITE ROADS

Could you by chance have lain where I have lain
 Among the lime trees, 'neath star-studded skies ;
 Could you, my dear, have heard that haunting strain
 And dreamed with me, and watched the new moon rise ;
 O had you paused, and in one moment's gaze
 Lifted your soul beyond all space and time,
 And had you felt the breath of yesterdays
 Long vanished now ;—then in some other clime
 Your body would have danced along with me
 Those old white roads familiar to you,
 And with that swift rebirth of memory
 Your heart would suddenly have wakened too:
 For in that brief all-comprehensive glance
 You might—ah, who can tell ;—have known Romance,

E. H. D' Alwis,
Colombo, Ceylon.

Sing, gay little bird in the trees,
 Pleased with the warmth of the mid-summer breeze,
 You make my garden a glory of song,
 Oh, sweet little bird, linger long !

Shine, great golden sun in the skies,
 Your coming has opened the world's dreaming eyes,
 We laugh and we sing, wrapt in your beam,
 Oh, great golden sun, stay whilst we dream !

Peep, little stars on Night's peaceful breast,
 Bring us the quiet we crave and the rest,
 Bring peace and content to the weary and worn,
 Until we behold the shores of Dawn !

LELAND J. BERRY.



Mrs. M. S. Sreshta,
 who was returned unopposed to the Mangalore Taluk Board. She is the first Lady to enter this Board. She is also a member of the Mangalore Municipal Council, of the South Kanara Secondary Education Board and of the University Extension Lectures Board a Lady Visitor to the Mangalore Jail; and Honorary Secretary of the Mangalore Ladies' Club.



Mrs. Sneha Sobhana Rakshit, B. A., B. T.
 who has been appointed Tutor in English in the College Department of the Pithapuram Raja's College, Cocanada. She is the wife of Mr. B. B. Rakshit, M. A., Lecturer in the same College. Prior to her appointment, she was for some time tutor to the Raja Saheb's daughters at Pithapuram. She is the first lady to be appointed to a public institution in the Northern Circars.

AN OLD KINGDOM OF TRAVANCORE

By a Journalist



Miss Shaila Bala Das, Hony. Magistrate of Patna, is the first lady to be elected a Member of the Senate of the Patna University. This is the first time that the right of representation on the Senate has been granted to the Council of Women, which was recognised as a public body only recently.

Photo :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



IGNATI or the kingdom of Quilon, at the beginning was *Jayasimhanad*, which in course of time became corrupted into *Desinganad*. The old name came from its ruler *Jayasimhan*, who married the Queen of *Kupakas* and ruled Quilon. It is said that their son, *Ravi Varma Kulasekhara*, established his capital at Quilon and extended his territory by conquests up to *Conjeevaram*.

* * *

The Kings and Queens who ruled this kingdom were very powerful in those days and had 20,000 horsemen and many archers. In speaking of this Kingdom and its capital, *Barbosa* says (1503):—

".....It is a great city and good seaport, which is named *Coulam* in which dwell many Moors and Gentiles and Christians. They are great merchants and very rich and own many ships with which they trade to *Cholamandel*, the island of *Ceylon*, *Bengal*, *Malacca*, *Sumatra* and *Pegu*; these do not trade with *Cambay*. There is also in this city much pepper. They have a gentile King, a great lord of much territory and wealth and of numerous men-at-arms, who for the most part, are great archers.".....

When the Portuguese Admiral *Cabral* was at *Cochin*, an attempt was made

to bring him to Quilon for purposes of trade. But he seems to have declined the offer. But in 1502, when *Vasco de Gama* was at *Cochin* (during his 2nd visit to *Cochin*) the then Queen of Quilon sent him a message, requesting him to send two of his ships to Quilon to load them with pepper, but he again hesitated and replied to the Queen that since he had entered into a treaty with the King of *Cochin* he could only send ships to Quilon, if the King of *Cochin* allowed him to do so. The Queen of Quilon at once wrote to the King of *Cochin* and got the necessary permission, and the Portuguese sent two of their ships to Quilon. The captains of these two ships were *Diago Fernandez Pereira* and *Francisco Marecos*. *Joa de Sa Pereira*, who went in the ship as the agent of the Portuguese, went on shore and paid his respects to the Queen. He handed over to her a letter from *Vasco de Gama* and also a present of a handsome mirror and some curios. The Queen had the ships loaded with pepper and spices in 10 days and sent also some presents to *Vasco de Gama*.

When *Alfonso de Albuquerque* came to *Cochin*, he also sent vessels to Quilon, to trade for pepper. At this time the Raja of Quilon was a minor and the Queen Dowager ruled the kingdom as Regent. *Albuquerque* visited Quilon and had an interview

with the King. The following account of the interview will be read with much interest:— *.....a meeting betwixt the King and the Captain was resolved on, and upon the day fixed the Captain ordered out six boats, armed and elegantly decorated with velvet at the stern, with flags flying, himself dressed in gold brocade, with gold chains and other ornaments in honor of his Sovereign: the crew were dressed also in form. The whole, being arranged, were ordered to lay close in with the beach and wait the coming of the King. In an hour the King came down, attended by an innumerable concourse of people, all marshalled in procession, according to their several degrees, the whole closing with the King seated cross-legged on an ivory chair and carried by four persons. The King was dressed in embroidered silk, with an upper robe of gold muslin: he wore rings of a considerable value and had on his head a crimson velvet cap highly ornamented with jewels and long chains of pearls and brilliants hanging from the top of the cap, with his hair flowing loose upon his shoulders. There were a number of elephants and Persian horses followed by the train, which made an elegant appearance. A number of various warlike instruments joined in the procession, playing as they passed. Soon as they arrived opposite to where the boats lay, they made a halt: immediately the captain made the signal for a salute from the ships, the band playing all the time; he then was rowed to the shore to have the honor of kissing the King's hand. The King, perceiving this, ordered all his people to retire some distance in order to convince the

Portugese of the confidence he had in the Captain by meeting him alone. Compliments being paid and the ceremony being gone through, the following compact was mutually entered into by each party: that the King should annually grant to the Portugese all the spices which his territory produced, which we agreed to take at prices stipulated, paying for the same in goods at regulated prices. We also requested that, whoever was left as agent for the King of Portugal, should have right of punishment or trying any of his Portugese Majesty's subjects who should remain on the land. This the King granted, though with reluctance, considering it as an interference with his judicial right. The whole, being transcribed in silver letters, was properly signed and sealed and thus the matter was concluded....."

But this state of affairs did not continue long. The Moors wanted to get all the pepper for themselves and they influenced the Raja's ministers; this resulted in a war between the Quilon Raja's forces and the Portugese. Then again, peace was restored. Now there came a change in the Governorship. The new Governor, Lopo Soares de Albergaria, thought it most necessary to be on amicable terms with the Raja of Quilon and so he sent messengers from Cochin to conclude a treaty with him. The Raja at this time was a minor. "His elder sister, known as Ali Pandari Rani and styled as Attingal Tampuratti (the Rani of Attingal), reigned as Regent and was a friend of the Portugese." This Rani concluded a treaty with the Portugese on the 25th September 1516.

Soon the Dutch made their appearance and drove the Portugese from Cochin, Quilon and other places. The Dutch also made treaties with the rulers of Quilon. In 1662, Nieuhoff was appointed Chief Director of the Dutch East India Company at Quilon, and he entered into a treaty with the Queen of Quilon on very favourable terms. On the 2nd March 1664, Nieuhoff met the Queen in person and the following account of the interview taken from Churchill's Collection of Voyages and Travels, Vol. II, Page 231, will be read with much interest;

".....The 2nd of March with break of day, the Viceroy of the King of Travancore called by them Gorepe, the Chief Commander of the Negroes called Mattade Pulo, and myself set out for the Court of the Queen of Koulong (Quilon) which was then kept at Calliere (Kallada.) We arrived there about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and as soon as notice was given of our arrival we were sent for to court where, after I had delivered the presents and laid the money down for pepper, I was introduced into Her Majesty's presence. She had a guard of above 700 soldiers about her, all clad after the Malabar fashion: the Queen's attirement being no more than a piece of callicoe wrapt round her middle, the upper part of her body appearing for the most part naked, with a piece of callicoe hanging carelessly

round her shoulders. Her ears, which were very long, her neck and arms were adorned with precious stones, gold rings and bracelets and her head covered with a piece of white callicoe. She was past her middle age, of a brown complexion, with black hair tied in a knot behind, but of a majestic mein, she being a Princess who shewed great deal of conduct in the management of her affairs. After I had paid the usual compliments, I shewed her the proposition I was to make to her in writing: which she ordered to be read twice.....and she agreed to all our propositions which were accordingly signed immediately.....I then desired leave to depart.....which she readily granted, and at the same time took a golden bracelet from her arms which she presented to me as a token of her good inclinations to the company.....I returned my hearty thanks, desiring her once more not to withdraw her favour from the Company.....".

During the reign of His Highness Marthanda Varma, Maharaja of Travancore (Venad) the Rajah of Quilon, with the assistance of the Dutch, waged war with the Travancore Raja, but he was completely defeated, and in 1742 his kingdom of Quilon was annexed to the kingdom of Venad or Travancore.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) THE VALUE OF MUSIC.



IT IS interesting to notice that Indian music is beginning to take its proper place in the educative culture of India. Not only is it being included in the University curriculum; but it is also now often mentioned in newspapers as an item of public interest. This "renaissance of music", as *The Morning Star* states, is very pleasant, as it tends to raise that art from its old standard. Instead of being relegated to people of a certain, rather looked-down-on, profession, it is now, thanks largely to the influence of Dr. Tagore, happily being taken up by many respectable Indian women. It is also pleasant that North and South are borrowing from one another and mingling their standards of music. Moreover, the value of orchestral music and community-singing is being recognised.

Music has an unconscious appeal to most people; and we know Shakespeare's condemnation of those unfortunates who have no appreciation at all of it. True music, through the world of imagination, must lead us into reality, and interpret the meaning of Nature to us, even as painting and sculpture do. The artist depicts "true or inspired ideals, seen in a moment to be ideal, that is to say, the result of all the highest powers of the imagination, engaged in the discovery and apprehension of the purest truths, and having so arranged them as best to show their

preciousness and exalt their clearness." And this revelation of physical as well as mental truth he does in an intimate way, revealing the personal relation of Nature to us. As Tagore says, "A description of the sunrise has its eternal interest for us,—because there it is not the fact of the sunrise, but its relation to ourselves, which is the object of perennial interest." But is not Nature the work of God? Therefore, Art is really "the revelation of the Infinite." "The infinite side of man must have its revealments in some symbols, which have the elements of immortality." "In Art, the person in us is sending its answers to the Supreme Person, who reveals Himself to us in a world of endless beauty across the lightless world of effects."

A condition of Art, therefore, is the mimetic instinct, according to Ruskin. But, according to Emerson, besides imitation, creation also is necessary and more important than the other. Therefore a great necessity of Art is the development of creative power. In this development, there must be unity as well as detachment. As Emerson says, "A squirrel leaping from bough to bough, and making the wood but one wide tree for his pleasure, fills the eye not less than a lion, is beautiful, self-sufficing and stands then and there for nature."

Music, as one of the fine arts, can realise all that we have said. It is a valuable tonic to man. As the Duchess of Atholl lately said, "Music can lift us to heights far above this earthly

sphere. Music shows us the human soul, and can reach out to something infinitely greater than what we are accustomed to see and hear around us. It seems to me that music is of great value in these days of materialism and agnosticism, when attempts are even being made to eliminate religion. If you hear a boy whistling in the street, you know there is not much the matter with him. One of the nicest things to hear is Negroes singing at their work, as I did in South Africa. Singing makes you good-tempered. It is difficult, if not impossible, to sing when you are angry. I cannot imagine any better way of learning to concentrate on work or learning accuracy than the study of any musical instrument, such as the piano. A boy or girl, loving music and desiring to interpret it accurately, must unconsciously acquire the sense of the values you see illustrated in the music. Bach's music seems to me like an ideal debating society, where every one is good-mannered in discussion, every one gets a fair hearing, and a conclusion is reached, which is satisfactory to every one."

It is obvious, therefore, that music, is really a universal art; and yet how different are its manifestations? How divergent is the Western method from the Eastern? It is pleasant, however, to notice that, not only is the West trying to understand Eastern music, but that also the East is appreciating Western music. And why not? The principles of both must naturally be the same.

Charity, however, begins at home. And, much as I love Western music, I would like Indian music adopted more in India into schools and other places

of education, for purposes of recreation, as well as for instruction. At the same time there must be a note of warning, to be careful, as was said sometime ago, that the musical art is not lowered to suit popular requirements. It is sad that among some sections of India, notably the Indian Christian community, Indian music is hardly known in the home. Western music, both vocal and instrumental, is the fashion. Ask a child to play something, and she rattles off a foreign piece on the piano. Ask another to sing, and you get an English song. And the pity of it is that much of this is cheap music like *Jazz* and dance selections. A great cause for this state of affairs is the method of teaching music that is usually adopted in convents and English-teaching schools, where little of the Indian art is taught, and where physical exercise is done chiefly to foreign music. Then, there are the Trinity College and Royal College music examinations, which are being competed for so assiduously in India. As I said before, it is good to learn foreign music; but tuition should not end there. Tests in Indian music must also be worked for; and I am glad that this side is being gradually developed in modern days. There is no doubt that Western music is really more convenient in some ways, especially where action songs and drill are concerned. But then, in this matter, there can be a line of development also, in the Indian style, if encouragement is given for fresh composition. Besides that, there is the great classical music of India, than which surely there cannot be a greater. But, because it is not properly understood, it is neglected as difficult of accomplishment. Is this

wise, or expedient? What is really necessary in my opinion is to teach our children Indian music first, while instilling into them at the same time a love for the music of other nations, and thus giving them a true appreciation of the principles of this divine and universal art.

(2) OUR FRIENDS AMONG THE "UNTOUCHABLES".

So much attention is now being focussed on these people that one has somehow come to reckon them as a sort of mechanical item; their humanity, by which I mean their foibles as well as their virtues, have somewhat been lost sight of. But Mahatma Gandhi has, with his usual perspicacity, drawn attention to this aspect in his fifth statement. First emphasizing the fact that the deplorable condition of the Harijans as he calls them, is due to the rigidity of Caste-Hindus, whose co-operation will naturally lead to improvement, he concentrates on the internal reform necessary among the former. The promotion of hygiene and cleanliness among them, the avoidance of the refuse food offered them as charity, the giving-up of carrion food and intoxicating liquors, improved methods of unclean work, and the imparting of some education at least to their children, are some of the points emphasised.

To this is added the necessity for the abolition of untouchability among the untouchables themselves, otherwise it will be a case of the biter being bitten. The Harijan, when he wants toleration from others, must show the same magnanimity himself. Apart from barriers among themselves, I believe

some of them have barriers even against Brahmins. This, of course, probably is more defensive than offensive. In any case it is up to them to win their fight, as Gandhiji says, by self-suffering, by courtesy, dignity and gentleness, by which methods "the absolute justice of their cause will be justified".

Are the Harijans capable of such magnanimity? It is the opinion of many caste people that they will not be so, till generations of culture have changed their outlook. This is true in a way, as it is also true about others than "untouchables". Some time must intervene before the full change will come. But in the meanwhile, there must be teaching and encouragement of culture by those who are in the know. There must also be granted the real principle of equality. Finally, there must be love and friendship, which is bound to gain a response.

One needs indeed to become friendly with our depressed classes. I have often, while going into camp, come into contact with this unfortunate people; and I have generally found them very interesting, helpful and efficient. In the first place, there is a great deal of intelligence in them, added to energy, alertness, a real desire to please and a true sense of devotion. As regards the latter, I am positive. I know the proverb goes that an *untouchable* cannot be faithful even to his own mother; but, rightly or wrongly, I have come to the conclusion that he is capable of keeping faith. All that he wants is real kindness and interest and a true appreciation of his work. Take our *untouchable* servants for instance. Can we find more devoted adherents than these? Day in and day

out, for the remuneration of a few rupees, often at the expense of much abuse and sometimes beating, they give us good and faithful service, doing things which caste-servants turn up their aristocratic noses at. Ay, and they are efficient too. In proof of this, take the interesting fact that now-a-days, these men are being employed as butlers, *chokras* and general *factotums* even in caste-clubs and hotels, being allowed even to serve with food their august caste-employers. Add to this the other interesting fact that by education many of these people are raising themselves to responsible positions in schools, hospitals, revenue and other work, and we get undoubted proof of their capability and worth.

I have noticed the interest that these simple-hearted and childlike people take in outside affairs. I have taken pictures of women, who insist on their photos being taken. Sometimes groups of people come flocking to our car, when we stop to enquire our direction, and take the keenest interest in its arrangements. Sometimes, half-fed people, come gathering around us when we stop to take rest in a field. An old woman by the way, gave us 4 tender cocoanuts to refresh ourselves with; I offered her 8 annas for them (the proper price being only annas 4) and she gravely returned me the excess, refusing to receive it as *Bakshesh*. So many of these women too have brought of their own accord pretty flowers, and even offered us milk and other refreshments. And most of them are *gentlefolk* at heart, however ignorant they may be. And some of them are so thoughtful and gentle. Not to be forgotten are the children; the beautiful

black-eyed babies of India, so precocious and yet so childlike.

The occupations of these people are beyond number. The women often work with the men, but it is noticeable that the former are given the lighter tasks and are sheltered and looked after by their men-folk. Chivalry, therefore, exists even in depressed India! "But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and the Harijan is by no means dull. He has his humour; some of it rough perhaps, but amusing all the same. He has his *fairs* which are a special weekly feature of mofussil towns and villages. At these fairs, everything is sold, several kinds of rice and grain,—I never knew so many existed,—grocery, condiments, cakes and biscuits, vegetables and fruits of all kinds, clothes, cheap and artificial jewelry, beads, leather work, necessities for carts, books, knick-knacks of all sorts, even hair-pins and cattle. To these fairs come people from all the neighbouring places, to buy as well as to sell. Sometimes they travel a whole day and night by country-carts, and a great trouble are these conveyances to the poor motorist! These fairs afford recreation of various kinds; we ourselves furnished an amusing centre with our cameras! There is the juggler man with his tricks; there is the snake-man; there is the monkey-man, and there is the "religious bull". Have you ever seen it? Laden with lace and silk cloths and trappings, strings of beads and jewels of all kinds, which are usually gifts from the charitable-minded, the beast nods its intelligent head in correct replies to its master's rapping and scraping on the drum. "Once for yes and twice for no", he cries and

proceeds to eulogise his pet in fantastic terms, for it is a sacred bull. If he sights a rich-looking customer, he makes the bull agree to his praises of him. Sometimes, he tells a love-story, in which the bull is the angry husband, and a small calf the sinning wife. And, the bull ramps and stamps and roars and walks away, and only comes back after many prayers! Sometimes, either the bull or the calf has some eccentric physical feature, such as an extra toe, or a double hump, or a special tumour, and great is the crowd attracted by such.

Sometimes, our Harijans go out in picnics to the sea-shore, spending a whole day there, bathing, cooking, eating, playing games and so on, the women especially having a grand and unusual time.

Sometimes, dances are indulged in, which are occasionally symbolic. Some are religious dances, in which each figure puts on a fancy head and face-piece, representing one of the minor spirits.

Then again, there are the temples, which are such an attraction, as we have seen from the papers, to the Harijans, and are looked upon as such a test of their position. Besides these, there are the annual car festivals, at which the excitement is very great.

The Harijans, in a word, are loveable, as well as the opposite, like so many of the paradoxes of charming India!

(3) THE NAUTCH DANCE.

Much interest has been aroused by the controversy about the future of the nautch dance; and the comments of various well-informed people on the

question are very illuminating. On the one hand are those who, like Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi, would, in order to eradicate the evil of the Devadasi system, prevent the Devadasis from singing and dancing, not only in Hindu temples, but also on public occasions, even though the result may be that the art of the nautch may disappear altogether, if otherwise the dedication of girls to temple service cannot be prevented. But there is the other side which condemns the reformer "purists", who have merely succeeded in killing existing institutions instead of giving them a new turn and new life. It is argued that the nautch should never be allowed to die out, as it is a beautiful art taught and practised by divinities in ancient times, and exhibits the utmost poetry of motion, as well as the most wonderful symbolism, as "a form of ritual worship, and a mimetic interpretation of Puranic stories." To quote Mrs. Arundale: "Dancing is a divine art. It is the expression of divine rhythm in gestures. If you can dance, you can understand life better. To me dancing is as noble as service in a church, or worship in a temple." Yet there ought not to be any question of the issue which should arise. Purity and morality should in no case be subordinated to the cultivation of the arts. It was by so doing, I think, that the Greeks and Romans in ancient days became degenerate and decadent and lost their Empires. And here of course we must draw a distinction between true art and art as it is accepted by the world. True art must be associated with the utmost culture, which means not only discipline and self-control, but also a cultivation of the special art in

question together with the widest principles of the mind, which include of course every side of morality. But art, as often accepted by the world, has a different meaning; and it is because of this difference that many have to be in sympathy with Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi, when she discourages exhibitions of nautch dancing by Devadasis at entertainments and on public occasions.

As a matter of fact, I must confess that I am not a great admirer of the nautch, but agree with Mr. S. Sreenivasa Sastry, when he says.

"I am sceptical about the merits of this ancient Indian art. I doubt whether there are many people who can explain the meanings of the various signs, symbols and the movements of the dancer. In any case there is no natural or necessary connection between the signs and the sentiments of the songs."

But this view of course, should not be brought in; since people like us must plead ignorance of the art. Nor should the other view be accentuated that "audiences are attracted more by the dancers rather than the dance"; for there has been expressed the opposite opinion that such wonderful exhibitions of art with the help of the human body, can do no harm at all except to evil minds.

Let us grant, therefore that the art of the nautch should on no account be lost. Yet, the question arises as to which class it should be relegated. The opinions both of the public and of the Devadasis themselves seem to be that it is impossible to separate dancing from temple service, and that "the art itself cannot be practised by any community

other than that, which has been practising it from ancient times."

Therefore, there seem to be only two courses left; one of them, as the Madras Mail says, is "reforming the Devadasi without impairing her artistic training or the functions which are found to be inseparably associated with it. This reform may be found in a reversion to earlier conditions, as the Devadasis themselves suggest, or it may be found in a direction more in conformity with modern ideas. The fundamental difficulty is to make the functions of the Devadasi respectable." Why should not this be possible? The Devadasis themselves say that they are not as bad as they are thought to be, for "the institution of Devadasis is not synonymous with prostitution"; that it is not right to blame a whole class for the defection of a few; and that even here internal reform is helping to improve lost morals.

The other course is to make nautch dancing itself so respectable and high-placed, that it can be taken up by respectable women, and yet keep its ancient principles intact. Why should it not be taken out of the hands of the professional nautch caste? Why should not dancing and temple-service be separated? Surely, a school, where the correct nautch dance can be taught by the Devadasis themselves, can be started. One gentleman, who is well acquainted with drama, suggests that the Madras Music Academy, should organise classes and lectures, not only in music, but also in dancing. Someone else has brought forward the example of the "American lady who travelled through India and made a good fortune by imitating the Indian dances. I must

say she did it remarkably well and acquired the grace of an Indian woman." As to the method of the dance, one must admit of course that the form and the symbolism ought not to be altered, if the nautch is to be preserved in its original form; yet, there is the feeling, expressed by Mr. Sreenivasa Sastry that "if there is a revival of dancing, it must be less conventional and much more easily intelligible." One could add that, to suit the modern world, some of its principles should be re-interpreted, and that in a somewhat new way. "If all this is carefully and sympathetically done, there will be no reason to affirm that nautch in future will not be the type of dancing which is done at present."

If the nautch is an institution worth preserving it will somehow manage to live on. As Mrs. M. Reddi said: "Any art or culture worth surviving will certainly hold its own against all times and against all conditions. Our attempt should be to free it from its ugly association and the incrustations of ages which now keep it dim and repulsive to many, so that the divine art may be learned, practised by royal ladies and by all good and noble women, as it was by goddesses of old. Then only India's art, the rich legacy of ages, will shine brighter and will command the respect and admiration of the world."

Such a double process viz., that of reforming the Devadasi, and that of making the nautch dance universally practised, will take a long time; but it can be done. Already we see signs of the adoption of dancing by respectable people, especially in the North. It is up to the South to follow quickly.

In the meanwhile, it will be better not to get nautch dancing recognised in public as a part of public entertainment. But the *Madras Mail* suggests that "if dancing is to be made respectable, performances would have to be encouraged, and not prohibited." This argument, however, can cut the other way too; for encouragement may be a stimulus to the vice in the system, as also to the virtue, which is certainly not desirable. Therefore as a well-known and well-travelled advocate of Madras says: "Nobody objects to the arts of dancing and singing; nor does anybody consider them to be undesirable; but their association with Devadasis is undesirable. The present system of Devadasis will be put an end to in course of time and it will not be difficult to revive the arts of dancing and singing afterwards. If it is a question of choice between *Barathanatyam* and the purity of Hindu society, I would certainly sacrifice the former in favour of the latter, though I am sure that no such contingency will arise."

DETECTIVE JANAKI

By K. S.

CHAPTER I.



JANAKI stood with her face half-turned towards the inner room, listening and yet pretending not to listen. Was her step-mother coming out again? Was there going to be more abuse, or had her fury burnt out into sullenness, as it sometimes did? Had the last word then been said? Oh, what a pity it all was!

Seen thus, the girl made quite a charming figure. Tall and slender she was, and her sari was most artistically draped around her. There were clusters of star-like jasmines in her smooth knot of black hair, which served to outline the graceful curve of her neck. The oval contour of her fair face showed very smooth and clear; her chiselled nose stood out well; her eyes were large and glowing. But there was sullenness and defiance in her attitude; something repressed and inhibited. She looked as if she felt she had not acted right, and yet as if she could do nothing to ease the situation. She seemed indeed a creature foiled. She looked as if she feared to face some situation, and yet wished to be made to face it. The paradox gave her a look of furtive shrewdness, which seemed somewhat alien to her.

Suddenly, what she anticipated, what indeed she seemed to want, happened. There was a quick patter of

feet and a rustle of skirts from inside and another woman appeared on the scene. She was a mere girl herself, perhaps a little older than Janaki, but she had nothing undecided about her. Her every action and word was full of purpose. She seemed to hate the other girl.

"You are still here, are you, you baggage? Haven't you gone yet?"

"Do you really wish me to go?"

"That's left to you. You can please yourself."

"But, what will my father say? He is sure to—to—blame you?" Janaki had a low voice and now it acquired a peculiarly poignant quality from its tremulousness; but it was evident that the other woman had no use for such things, as appeared from her sneer.

"Do you actually mean to say that you are thinking of me? Or, is that a pose? My girl, you can't deceive me. I know you for what you are, a vain, stubborn, useless, thoughtless creature, who thinks nothing of bringing disgrace on your father's family. I always told your father it was silly of him to send you to college. Now you've become conceited, and can think of nothing but admiration from silly boys, and flirting with them. You always crave for excitement."

"Why don't you get me some work to do then?"

"Work? I like that. You'll get more conceited than ever then. You think you are a great creature; but you

know that, if your father hears of this latest escapade of yours, he will not be quiet? Do you think he will merely blame me? No, Miss; he'll punish in some way, even though he is so fond of you, the silly man. And you know it, and that's why you are afraid."

"I've not done anything very wrong."

"Haven't you? Did I not see you in the arms of that young man? Was that right, you wicked girl? Did you think it was right to be away for hours with him? You know that Sivaram is not a good boy. He is always flirting with girls. You've again and again been warned against him. You say you lost your way and came back by a round-about route. But, how can I believe you? Even if I do, what will the world say? And you an Indian girl properly brought up! You-you-hussy, who do you think you are! You are a shame to us; you ought to be sent away somewhere and locked up. If I had my will, I would beat you black and blue, or starve you, till you repented. I—why, even now ————"

"Stop, stop", cried the younger girl, covering her little ears with her hands. "Remember that you are driving me too far. If father knows the way you treat me ————"

"Why don't you tell it to him then? Haven't you told it to him yet? No? I am surprised; but try it and see."

"Whatever I am, I am not a sneak," said Janaki proudly.

"I know exactly what you are, my girl. You are a hypocrite, who is really afraid to face the situation. You are really afraid of what your father will say. Shall I tell him that you kissed Sivaram?"

"I didn't kiss him; he kissed me", said the other sullenly. "He took me by surprise."

"That's what all sinners say; everything is the fault of others."

"And, aren't you also afraid? Isn't that why you are giving me a way of escape?"

"I afraid? Certainly not. I'm only sorry for you. I want to help you to save yourself?"

"How? By marrying that hideous cousin of yours? I'd rather die, or be disgraced. And you know my father also hates the idea."

"I know," said the step-mother sullenly. "I know how stupid your father is about you. He thinks you are a paragon and must marry a paragon. But he won't stand by you, if he hears about this last affair."

"Of course, he will."

"Very well then," said the other, pretending to turn away, but really looking at her step-daughter with furtive eyes. "Do as you please."

"What I've done, whether right or wrong, may come out in any case. I don't trust you overmuch, step-mother."

"Don't you? Well, I don't care. You're an ungrateful girl; but I shall still try to help you. Don't you know that, even if secrets come out, if you are safely married, you are all right, and none can say anything? And your father will be pleased, and will not scold you for your disgraceful action."

"And yet you think, though I have shamed myself, I'm good enough to enter into an alliance with you?"

The other looked taken aback for a moment, but quickly recovered herself.

"Am I not allied to you now. Can I escape the connection?"

"No, you can't, step-mother. I'm very sorry indeed for you."

There was a silence. Then, Janaki turned proudly, though with a certain look of pleading, to the other woman.

"Won't you let me off then? Say nothing about what you saw at the last moment — the —"

"Kiss — ah — ha — that's the rub, isn't it? You don't want your father to hear about it?"

"He won't understand."

"All right, I shan't tell him, if you will do as I say."

"Never."

"Just try, my girl. Go and stay at my aunt's house, and try to make friends with Natesan. He is a good boy, though he is ugly and looks stupid."

"I hate him."

"The other man has turned your head. And yet, Natesan is worth a hundred of him."

"Step-mother, it is my money you are after. Even my father, fond as he

is of you, suspects it."

"Stop, you wicked girl; stop your ugly mouth."

"Very well. Since you say there's no way out of it ———"

She broke off, her voice breaking into sobs, and rushed down the steps, up the drive and out of the gate. Her step-mother stared after her. Twice she opened her lips to speak, and twice closed them. After all, what could the girl do? Run to the other man? Surely, she would not do that, whatever happened. Janaki knew what the result of that would be. She could not so lightly give up house and home, and dignity and name. And yet, she had looked mad and broken.

"Janaki," she called coldly, but Janaki did not even turn her head; perhaps she had not heard.

"Well, well —"

And compressing her lips, the step-mother went in. Every one must reap the fruits of his or her own action, she thought to herself.

(To be continued.)

"Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes?"

Selected.

"MODERN?"

By T. Rajagopalacharya

CHAPTER 1

When Miss Rupavathi B. A. was asked to stay with the Salivahans of Vadalur, her mother gave her some sound advice. "For Heaven's sake, Rupa!" she said, "don't part your hair sideways, or your aunt won't ask you again or see your face."

"Oh! damn it," exclaimed Rupavathi, slipping her vanity-case inside her suit-case.

"And don't use your Madras slang at any time, unintentionally or intentionally."

"I shall take good care about that", Rupa replied.

"And for goodness' sake don't be vain and modern."

Rupa faced her mother scornfully, the picture of injured innocence. "I may be modern, but am I ever vain?"

"Well, well, don't be vulgar. I meant only that by 'vain'."

"May I not be humorous?"

Her mother thought for a while. "Occasionally after dinner perhaps."

"But how can I be humorous without being vulgar?"

"In that case", warned her mother, "You must never be funny."

Rupa was positively vexed. "What you want me to do is never to be myself."

Her mother sighed. "You simply take offence and understand nothing, my dear. I am only solicitous about your welfare."

Then she tried to look innocent. "I

believe it is a beautiful place, and your uncle's son is very handsome. Besides he is the only son of the family, which is rich. So you must try to satisfy them by your docile and modest conduct."

"Oh, this is a scheme to get rid of your educated daughter by matrimony, isn't it?" Rupa asked, blushing and laughing. Her mother went inside without replying, to ask the maid-servant to get ready to go with her daughter.

As she came back, Rupa cried peevishly. "Why should I require an escort? Do you think I'm not bold enough to travel by myself after my years of collegiate study."

"No, no, don't speak like a fool. They'll think it funny if you go alone."

As Rupa was slipping her beautiful feet into a pair of very fashionable slippers, her mother cried: "What is this? Please do take them off. They won't like to see you in them."

"I refuse to go then."

Her mother allowed her her point. "Why are you carrying those trashy novels? They'll simply betray your taste."

"How am I to spend my time there? No, no, mother, don't be too hard. I know you are over-solicitous, in order that I may make a good impression. But, if you make any more restrictions, I shall refuse to go."

"Well, well, have your own way and let us leave the rest to chance."

As the train steamed slowly out of

the station, Rupa's mother tried her last chance, moving with the train for some distance, holding on to the carriage-window. "If you care anything for your mother, throw those awful slippers and books out of the window."

But Rupa appeared not to hear. She waved and grinned, till she was out of sight. After a good night's sleep, she stepped out upon the uninviting platform of a village station and was met by a respectable-looking car-driver, who drove her three miles through labyrinthine ways to the gates of 'Vadalur House.' Her aunt came out with extended arms to meet her, while all the servants, including the cook, peeped from every possible corner of the house to have a glimpse of so literate a guest from the metropolis.

CHAPTER 2.

Young Salivahan had gone to the river to bathe. He came slowly back, with sacred ashes on his forehead and body. He was very handsome, and he stood six feet high and looked a veritable athlete. Though he was twenty-three years old, three years older than Rupavathi, he had systematically refused all offers of marriage hitherto, for some reason or another. Though he had come out first in the Presidency in his Botany Hon. Examination, his father for orthodox reasons had not allowed him to compete for the I. C. S. examination, because he would be asked to go to England. Three years had passed since he had last seen his cousin. And he was stupefied now to see her transformed into a typical, ultra-modern girl. Her glorious beauty did not allow him to make any comment. Salivahan could not be familiar with her

now, as he had been once. "Glad to see you, Rupa! I heard from mother about your proposed visit. Have you finished your morning coffee? Let me go and change now." Rupa considered him gravely, as he bounded upstairs. "This", she was thinking, "is my fate. I feel it in my bones. This is love at first sight. This handsome young cousin must be mine. None else can have him. I shall see to that." Salivahan's fine voice rang through the house, as he sang some *slokas*, while dressing. After he had finished, she went upstairs to have an idea of his study. Salivahan scrupulously showed everything to her. She was glad to find that their tastes agreed in many ways. "Do you like my slippers?" enquired Rupa, as she went to a corner to take them off. He shot a furtive look at them, then stared out of the window. "Answer me," Rupa persisted. "Do you, or don't you?"

"Why do you wear them?" he burst out at last.

"You are awfully conventional, you know," said Rupa gently.

"Why do you wear them?" he repeated frowning.

"To keep my feet dainty of course," she replied.

He glanced at her bare neck and his face fell. "This is a shame", he said. "Don't mistake me Rupa. From children we have been playmates and hence I can criticise you. Your dress may look nice at Madras, but you are offending my parents unconsciously."

"In what way?" she asked. "That any one should get themselves dressed like you in a bodice which leaves the neck so bare!" and he waved his hand sorrowfully. While she was still

choking with rage, her aunt called her down, to see many inquisitive and curious neighbours, who had come to the house to have an idea about Rupa, for she was to them the newest wonder of the world.

One day, it was proposed to visit the Vadalur temple two miles off. There was no car-track, so that everybody had to walk. "We always prefer to take a walk every week-end to the temple to keep us fit," her aunt apologised. "Are you a good walker, dear," she enquired kindly. Rupa made a rapid mental calculation. "It is possible. Yes, if I die for it, I can", she thought to herself and replied.

"Oh yes, aunt!"

"Good. Then go and get ready."

Rupa went up to Salivahan's room and dashed off a few lines to her mother. "Dearest Mother,

I have arrived here safe and sound and the people look at me with the wonder of a rustic at an elephant. And Salivahan is not at all charming, as he once was.

Best love,
RUPAVATHI."

She changed her saree and dressed prettily. "Now then, my girl!" she told her reflection in the glass, "you have got to try hard for him and good luck to you." And try she did, but her luck was out. The troop started and she trudged along bad roads, tumbled down occasionally, and the walk to her was very painful. Sheer weariness robbed her of all her bright modernism; she had expected Salivahan to help her carefully, but he followed his mother and did nothing more. The country air, however, did her immense good.

At last, the time came for Rupa's last customary week-end visit to the temple. Her aunt had a slight cold and preferred to stay back. Rupa was given the option to go, or not to go. But she wished to go. Salivahan for his part felt it rather awkward to escort Rupavathi all alone, even though the house-maid followed them. They started for the temple. Suddenly she twisted her ankle badly.

"Come on quick, Rupa, it's getting late," shouted Salivahan, who had walked on some distance in front.

"Stupid," thought Rupa writhing in agony. Then she waved him on impatiently. "I'm not coming any further. You go on. I'm tired."

"Oh, all right."

His tone was disappointed and annoyed. Rupa sat down with the house-maid and wept with mortification. "It is finished", she said to herself as she limped back home. She said nothing about her sprain to her aunt and Salivahan returned soon after. Later, he asked her casually.

"What is the matter with your ankle?"

"Sprained."

"When?"

"When I followed you to-day."

"Why on earth did you not tell me?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I did not want to stop your progress," she said and walked away very abruptly.

The next day came the morning of her departure. Rupa came down beautifully dressed. Salivahan had not gone to the river as usual. "What is the matter, cousin? Why don't you go to

the river to-day?" she exclaimed, staring at him.

"Because I wanted to stay and look after your ankle," said he, sitting beside her.

Rupa tossed her head. "It did not appear to inspire you with much sympathy yesterday. I thought you lacked courtesy and chivalry."

"How was I to know?" he burst out. "All I thought was that you had invented an excuse to return home. Besides, I wished to punish you."

Rupa stared at him coldly. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"I left you alone, because I wanted you to understand how I felt at the scant courtesy you bestowed on me under my own roof. I thought you were too proud."

Rupa gazed sadly at her toes. "What can it matter to you?"

"But it does matter, Rupa. You perhaps don't know why I am refusing all offers of marriage one after another. And Rupa, when I see you now in this glorious dress, you are marvellous."

Rupa's heart leapt. "How do I look, my dear cousin?"

"I don't know, Rupa, but something within me tells me that I have loved you all along." Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. A bold step indeed! "If I ever marry, it will be only you. Do you love me at least a little?"

"What a low opinion you have of me, my dear cousin? Is it because you think I'm educated?"

"Not that, my dear, but because I appear an odd person, and rigidly orthodox. There are fellows, whom your parents may have in view for you, who are better qualified in all respects than myself."

"Don't talk rot, Salivahan. Do you know I wrote to my mother that you are ugly, meaning to give her a surprise later? But my heart has been always satisfied with you. Salivahan, why did you put on such a rough criticising exterior when I came to your house? You treated me badly until yesterday."

"That's another story," he murmured.

THE LIBRARY MOVEMENT IN BARODA

The Library movement in Baroda dates from 1910, when H. H. the Maharaja Gaekwad, touring for the second time in the United States, engaged the services of a library expert as organiser and director of a State Library Department.

The Library Department comprises

two sections, the Central Library and the Country section. The former includes a free and open-access lending library and a reference library, with a newspaper reading room, as well as a ladies' library and reading room, and a children's play-room. This play-room is one of the most interesting and original

features of the Library; it is a large and airy hall, well-furnished and decorated, and provided with English and vernacular books and papers, together with a variety of indoor games, amusements and occupations, such as draughts, jigsaw puzzles, word-making and word-taking, mosaic-work, designing, meccano, etc. The Central Library circulates more books than any other library in India, and is perhaps the third largest one in the country: it has nearly 124,000 books; and last year circulated about 132,500 volumes. (These figures are inclusive of the Travelling Library section), The Travelling Library Branch circulates books by means of travelling libraries. These libraries consist of boxes, each holding from 15 to 30 books, and made strong enough to withstand hard wear. They are dispatched free of charge to any library, school or other institution in the State, even the freight both ways being borne by the Department. About 22,000 volumes were circulated in this manner last year.

The most important function of the Country section is the subsidizing and control of the town and village libraries. As far back as 1903, His Highness commenced giving subsidies to the rural libraries. Four years later, rules were laid down, under which the Department has been running ever since. When a community has succeeded in collecting Rs. 100, Rs. 300 or Rs. 700—the sum depending on whether it is a village, an ordinary town or the chief town of the district—a similar sum is granted by the Library Department and another similar sum by the District Board. In some cases, the Municipal Board also gives contributions. If a library building is required,

the people have only to find one-third of the cost, the remainder being contributed in equal quotas by the Government and the District Board. Finally, to provide a nucleus for a new village library, the local committee can purchase, for Rs. 25 only, a collection of good Gujarati books worth Rs. 100, the rest of the money being found by the State.

The people have not been slow in taking advantage of these liberal facilities for self-culture. Up to now, all the 45 towns and 813 of the villages have been provided with free libraries, which can boast an aggregate stock of 612,403 volumes, and a gross circulation of 425,811 volumes amongst 79,403 readers. There are also 119 newspaper reading rooms. This is an encouraging record for 20 years' work. Moreover, no less than 119 libraries now possess buildings of their own. Rules are laid down for the proper management of these libraries. They are visited by the Assistant Curator, who also gathers groups of town and village librarians at convenient centres to give courses of study in management, and to discuss with them various practical problems. Directions and hints and lists of good books are published by the Department in the *Pustakalaya*, a Gujarati monthly magazine devoted to library interests. During the rainy weather, library classes are held in Baroda. Although not left without guidance, the libraries are yet given a large amount of autonomy, and the people learn to take a genuine interest in the local library, which often becomes the centre of social and cultural activities for the village or town. The needs of ladies are not forgotten, for books are sent to their houses through

the head mistress of the girls' school.

The associated libraries have established a State Library Association, which has held very successful conferences at various centres. The organisers of the conferences seek to do propaganda work by inviting educationalists, officials and social workers from outside Baroda to these meetings.

An interesting feature of these conferences is an exhibition of books, pictures, charts, posters, etc., where-with the value and importance of public libraries are emphasised. Many publishers and other firms send samples of their books and material, including Macmillan's, the Cambridge University Press, and A. & C. Black, Mudie's Library, J. Boots' Library, The Times Book Club, the Democrat Printing Co. of Madison (Mass.), H. W. Wilson Co. of New York, and Gaylord Brothers of Syracuse, New York.

A novel method in propaganda is the institution of a Library Day throughout the State, on which special efforts are made to demonstrate the value of libraries and to collect funds from the public. This is conducted on the same lines as Hospital Sunday in England.

The Baroda Library Association has also established a Co-operative Society for the wholesale purchase of books, periodicals and supplies. It is receiving year by year increasing patronage from the 982 libraries and reading rooms of the State, as well as from outside institutions. Publishing work is also undertaken by this Society, the latest works being a classified and priced catalogue of 8,000 good books in

the Gujarati language, a directory of the libraries of Gujarat, and a revised scheme of classification for Gujarati books.

Baroda has also tried to do some missionary work outside the State. Library training classes have been held, to which outsiders have been invited. Again, the staff of the Baroda Library published for some nine years the *Library Miscellany*, a magazine in three languages, devoted to the spread of the "library gospel." The Library Department also holds library exhibitions and arranges for library stalls, when exhibitions are held, in Calcutta, Madras, Gwalior, Ahmedabad, Chandernagore and other towns. The Baroda Library Department was represented by a collection of exhibits in the British Empire Exhibition held at Wembley in 1924. A small selection of books, photographs and coloured charts was forwarded to the library exhibition held in connection with the World Conference of Librarians convened in Rome in June 1929.

The *Gaekwad's Oriental Series* was launched in 1915 by the Central Library, in order to publish critically-edited editions of unpublished Sanskrit manuscripts and other books of interest to research scholars. 58 Volumes have already appeared, and 17 are in the press. The success of the series was so remarkable that in 1927 the Oriental Institute was established to carry on the work, and to take charge of the 13,000 Sanskrit manuscripts and the 6,000 printed books, which had been collected by the Central Library.

SHOULD GRAND-PARENTS INTERFERE?

The mother-in-law problem has always been a very difficult one in India. In some Hindu houses, the mother stays on with her son after he is married, and almost always she wishes to wield the upper hand, and have complete control over her daughter-in-law. Usually, the son has too much respect for, and is too afraid of, his mother, to disobey her, and however much he may wish to give his wife the upper hand in domestic affairs, he generally listens to his mother's orders, and expects his wife to do the same.

The difference in age, however, between a son and his mother, is not so great, as between grand-parents and grand-children and, where the ideals and aspirations of a child may more or less coincide with those of its parents, they are bound to be much more modern, broad-minded and different from those of their grand-parents. It is therefore, a fatal mistake for an old lady or an old man to dictate to the grand-daughter or grandson, especially in India, where grand-children are often quite grown-up, and capable of looking after themselves. It is this arbitrary rule of the older generation over the younger that is creating a great deal of unrest and dissatisfaction among the youth of India, in some cases, causing them to revolt against their old ancestral customs and habits.

Our sympathies, without doubt, are on the side of the grand-children. Their grand-parents have been trained in quite a different school. They are old-fashioned, rigid and superstitious, and they expect the modern generation to be as conservative as themselves. They are easily shocked at the breaking of the smallest convention, and, having a great many leisure hours at their disposal, they are given to talking scandal, and criticising all the changes that happen with the passage of time. On the other hand, the younger generation is also to blame, in that it is too intolerant and impetuous, and is losing that respect and courtesy for older people, which was once so inherent a part of India. What then, is to happen to our modern youth? Are grand-parents never to interfere with them? Are they to listen to nothing but the dictates of modern aspirations and ideals? It is a very hard question to answer; but in the mean-while, the fact has to be faced that grand-parents and grand-children still dwell in the same houses, and that the parents, who are the middle generation, have a very hard time indeed. Their affections are divided between their children and their parents. Their ideals and views on life are neither modern nor ancient; they sympathise with both the young and the old, and the result is that they constantly have either to be peace-

makers or else stand up for one side or the other, and be the agents of endless quarrels and discords in the house-hold.

I have often heard people say that the older generation must be wiped out before the younger can have free scope to bring about reforms and re-organise all the undesirable old conventions. But, in spite of dis-agreements and discords, are not our grand-parents the very spirit of that dear old India that is fast dying out? Are they not the monarchs of the joint family, and the supreme rulers of an orthodox house-hold?

In the near future, grand-parents will probably continue their interference and arbitrary commands, and grand-children will continue to resent them, and so life will proceed, until the older generation will die out, and the spirit of modernism will take the upper hand, breaking down all customs and habits that stand in its way, until our boys and girls will follow their own sweet way, and live their lives according to their desires.

PUNKAJAM.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1). *Our Serial Story.*

DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUSPENSE.

An hour later Vasant revived and the parents and sisters and the three boys felt an unspeakable relief, the joy of which was too great to last long. Dr. Vikram however knew what was to follow, and, not desiring the children to keep a vigil all night long, encouraged them to go to bed. But he sat up hour after hour, strange fears racking his brain and heart, yet with outward composure.

"Do you know me, my boy?" he sadly asked when, in a short gleam of consciousness, Vasant fixed a puzzled look on his father's face.

"You are father," replied the child in a feeble, shaking voice.

His mother's heart danced within her and she was ready to forget the torture of the previous hour.

But soon a fever came on, and

Vasant's temperature continued high for days, that drew their impression in fire and steel on the minds of the dear ones waiting in anxious suspense. Delirium set in and Dr. Vikram fearing to trust his own medical experience, sent for another physician and there was no want of proper aid, as this doctor was in constant attendance. Their holiday trip taking such a tragic turn, Bala and Anand were unwilling to inconvenience the family with their presence, and begged leave to return home. Harsh words thoughtlessly spoken and unkind actions thoughtlessly done, that had many a time grieved the poor boy and made him miserable, now rose to the surface from the forgotten depths of consciousness, armed with deadly stings of remorse that inflicted cruel pain on the crushed hearts of those who watched his symptoms night and day. The tears they shed were blood-drops wrung from the core of the heart.

Raji and Babu, unaware that their brother's life was hanging in the

balance, played as usual, only passing casual remarks, when they saw the grief of the others. Often, without knowing the cause they would sob, because others were weeping, and often too they grew fretful, especially the younger child, when the chauffeur or the gardener would carry them off to play in a remote part of the garden.

They all sadly recollected the brief interval of reason after the swoon and before the fever, and asked themselves loudly in the anguish of the soul, whether such joy would be vouchsafed to them once more. Mohun, conscience-stricken, suffered pangs such as few mortals experience.

"Is our brother going to leave us?" Seeta asked once with a look of settled despair in her large eyes.

"I don't know, Seeta. What shall we do?" was all that Mohun could say, wringing his hands.

Mrs. Vikram begged the doctor to tell her the truth. He merely replied that the pulse was not uniform, as was to be expected.

"However, you need not unnecessarily worry yourself, Madam, for as long as there is life there is hope".

"Oh, why did I ever punish my child for disobedience when he committed a little fault? Oh, if he is only spared, I shall never more so much as use a harsh word to him." Here her speech failed, and the poor broken hearted mother raised her voice and wept. When friends tried to console her with encouraging words, she spoke as if in a dream, unheeding their presence.

"I can hear him calling us with his sweet voice. But he is going away from his mother." She flung herself on the floor and closed her eyes tight.

The physician's words to Dr. Vikram were, "you must keep up your fortitude, sir, for the sake of the others. Tomorrow is the crisis. The spine has received a shock, the extent of which events only can show. The delirium will result either in a coma, in which the child will pass away peacefully, or bring back consciousness and slow recovery. But you must be brave. Let them not know what a few hours tomorrow may mean to the child's life."

The morrow arrived. A death-like silence fell over the house. The children were all kept out of the main block and the doors were closed. The very servants felt unable to go about their work for anxiety. Dr. Vikram alone was permitted to stay in the sick room. There was absolute silence, since it was feared that the slightest shock to the patient's nerves would settle his doom.

In the Sparrow Room, which many a time, their games and sports and mischief had witnessed, the children waited with heavy hearts to hear whether one of them would perhaps never more join them again and bring back the olden times.

"Let us pray instead of crying, Rook," suggested Mohun, "God may yet spare our brother's life. Mother says, God hears children's prayers. So let us beg hard."

All three knelt reverently, folding their hands. Mohun offered a prayer, a boyish supplication only, but such as rose to heaven from a bruised heart. He prayed, confessing childish sins, and promising to grow up wiser and better. His voice often broke down with sobs which mingled with those of the girls.

After rising, they fixed their intent

gaze on the house. The doors would soon open and their father would come out to meet them, but oh God, with what news would he greet them? Nay, his very countenance would speak before his lips parted in speech. They longed for, yet shrank with terror from, the sound of the opening door.

As the long-expected creaking came, louder than they had expected it to be, Rukmini gave a loud cry and hid her face and Mohun caught both his sisters and gasped. Then the words that they heard seemed to fall, like distant music in dreams — Vasant would live.

They wept again, loud sobs, but this time their tears were of unbounded joy. They were to maintain silence for the rest of the day and not go near the sick room, nor take peeps at the patient. There was still to be long and careful nursing in a quiet atmosphere, but the intolerable suspense had ended in hope. They did not mind now how long it took Vasant to recover completely and share their lives once more. Surely God had answered their penitent prayers.

Vasant lived, but it was long before he could walk, or play once more. He was always a weak child, but now he looked like the skeleton they had seen in their father's medical books and shuddered at, but with a skin stretched over it. It was sad to see him laugh in a faint gurgling voice, and to hear the languid speech which tired him in a few seconds. Only his large wistful eyes he would turn on people and things, and seemed to gather all intelligence through them alone, and make known his wishes likewise. His parents and brothers and sisters loaded him with

presents; even little Babu came and laid a flute on the bed, and afterwards ran away with it. A packet full of beautiful pictures and a parcel containing a toy-locomotive, a sub-marine, a steamer and an aeroplane, arrived from his cousins, Bala and Anand, who begged that Vasant might come and spend some part of his convalescent time with them. His mother announced that, as soon as he was well enough for some excitement, the children should give an entertainment in his honour to the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood and distribute presents to the sick poor in hospitals.

H. KAVERI BAI.

(To be continued)

(2) THE CRIMINAL.

(A short play for small children)

by Padmini Satthianadhan

CHARACTERS.

Father	} Their children.
Mother	
Santi	
Ramu	
Govind	
Jaya	

Scene:— A large sitting room, furnished in Indian and English style-combined. At one corner, there is a low *devan* full of cushions, and on the other side, is a large wall-shelf, reaching down to the floor, in front of which hangs an orange curtain. All the cushions and the carpet are either of orange or dark red. In the centre of the room is a low carved table, on which stands a bowl of red roses.

Santi, aged twelve, and wearing a skirt and blouse, is reclining on the *devan*, happily reading a book. She sighs contentedly, and turns over a page. Enter her mother, a pretty lady, dressed

in a dark red sari, with flowers in her hair.

Mother: Now, Santi, I'm going out to attend a meeting. As it's raining, I don't want the children to go out. You know Ayah is ill; so please look after them, and see that they don't get into mischief.

Santi: (grumbling) Oh, mother, I'm so interested in this book. I don't want to look after them. They are so naughty and they never listen to me.

Mother: They will to-day, dear. I have spoken to them. And surely you can do this much for me, Santi? Is this how you show your love for me? The moment I ask you to do anything, you grumble.

Santi: (running to her mother and kissing her) Oh, mother, I'm so sorry. I'll look after them, and I'll make them be ever so good.

Mother: Thank you dear, and now, I must go. Goodbye, and be good.

(Exit mother)

Santi: Now, I must call those three little imps, and make them sit down here quietly. I wish Ayah was not ill. I wonder where those children are. Ramu, Govind, Jaya, come here at once. Oh yes, I know what I'll do. I'll have a reading club, and read aloud to them. Then, I can look after them, and read at the same time. Ramu, Govind, Jaya, where are you. Oh dear, how long they take to come (yawns).

(Enter Ramu aged ten, Govind aged eight, and little Jaya aged six. The boys wear shorts and shirts, Jaya is dressed in a tiny Kornat skirt and a white blouse).

Santi: You naughty children, what were you doing?

Ramu: Oh, shut up, Santi, don't

pretend to be a grand-mother. Why should we obey you?

Santi: Because mother told me to look after you, and you're to do exactly as I tell you.

Ramu: (putting out his tongue at her) Oh, all right, Grand-ma, what do you want us to do?

Jaya: We were having such a lovely game up-stairs, a regular war with pillows. Govind and I were the Allies, and Ramu was Germany. It was such fun.

Santi: (looking disgusted) Pooh, now I expect all the pillows are torn, and the feathers flying about.

Govind: What an old woman you are, Santi. You never play with us these days. You are always reading. The only thing you join us in is acting, and all of us loathe acting. Ugh, you behave as if you are forty.

Santi: Thank you for your opinion, Govind. And, now, to prove that I am forty, I am going to have a reading club this evening, and you three are to listen to me.

Ramu: (groaning) Oh, Oh, I knew you would suggest something silly like that. You're a regular book-worm.

Santi: It will do you good to be a book-worm. You wouldn't be the last in your class every time then. I'll go and get the book.

(Exit Santi).

(Ramu sits thinking for a second or two and then suddenly slaps his knee in ecstasy).

Jaya: (snuggling up to him) What is it, Ramu dear?

Ramu: I'm going to pay Santi back. I'll have my revenge for

wasting a whole evening with her precious reading club.

Govind: (excited) What are you going to do?

Ramu: You'll see soon. Now, Jaya, listen. About a minute after Santi starts reading, pretend to go to sleep, and start snoring. She—she's coming, keep quiet.

(Enter Santi with a book)

Govind: What are you going to read to us, Santi?

Santi: Hansel and Grethel.

Ramu: But we know that story almost by heart. You've told it to us about five hundred times.

Santi: Never mind. I love it, and it won't do you any harm to listen to it again.

(She sits down at one end of the dewan, and the others at the other.)

Santi: (reads) "Hansel one day took his sister Grethel by the hand, and said, 'Since our poor mother died, we have had no happy days; for our new mother beats us all day long, and when we go near her, she pushes us way. We have nothing but——'

(Jaya suddenly collapses on Govind's knee and snores)

Govind: There you are, you've put her to sleep with your rubbish.

Santi: Pinch her, wake her up.

Ramu: Oh, Santi, you naughty girl, you know it is wrong to pinch any one.

Santi: You know what I mean. Shake her. Oh dear, how she is snoring.

Ramu: Why should I wake her up? It's good for little girls to sleep. And Govind also looks terribly sleepy.

Santi: I think you are all selfish, wicked people. Very well then, I'll

stop this reading. What do you want to do now?

Jaya: (slowly opening her eyes) Oh, Ramu, I'm so tired of snoring; can I get up now.

Ramu: Shs—Shs—Shut up.

Santi: There you are, I knew you were up to some trick. You made the poor child pretend. Really, you are the limit, Ramu.

Govind: Well, it doesn't matter if he is the limit or not; but what shall we do now? You promised to stop reading, Santi, so you can't start that again.

Ramu: I know; let's act at being in a Law Court. Santi, you love acting. The hardest part is to be the criminal. You be the villain. I'm the judge, Jaya is a witness and Govind is the policeman.

Santi: (very excited) Oh, how lovely! I'll be the criminal. I've stolen the Rani's necklace. Govind catches me and brings me to the court. You can sit on that high table, Ramu and be the judge. I'll stand on this stool, which can be the prisoner's dock. This rug can be the witness-box. I'll put on father's rain-coat as the criminal.

Govind can put on his hat as the policeman. You wear this chair-back as a judge's wig, Ramu. (Takes away one of the chair-backs and gives it to Ramu; he ties it round his head). And Jaya, you wear this turban. (Takes a table-cloth and ties it round Jaya's head.) Now, Govind and I will go out and come back. You be seated on that table, Ramu.

(Exit Santi and Govind)

Ramu: (sitting on table). Now Jaya, you are the witness. When I ask you if you speak nothing but the truth, you must say, 'I speak the truth and

nothing but the truth.' Then you must tell us that you found the criminal stealing the queen's necklace, and called the police-man.

(Re-enter Santi in her father's rain-coat, and led by Govind wearing his father's hat. Santi stands on the stool in front of Ramu, and Govind beside her).

Govind: (saluting Ramu). Please, your honour, this man stole the Queen's necklace.

Ramu: How much is it worth?

Govind: 500 rupees, your honour.

Ramu: Call the first witness.

Jaya: (standing up and repeating hurriedly) I speak nothing but the truth.

Ramu: Wait silly, I have to ask you, and then you speak. Swear that you speak nothing but the truth.

Jaya: But I've said so already, and you know mother has always told me never to tell lies.

Ramu: Oh, what a silly you are! Pretend now; say, 'You speak nothing but the truth.' (Govind and Santi giggle).

Jaya: You speak nothing but the truth. (The others laugh)

Ramu: Of all the idiots! Say, 'I speak nothing but the truth.'

Jaya: I speak nothing but the truth.

Ramu: Did you see yonder criminal stealing the queen's necklace?

Jaya: I never saw her stealing anything. You just told me to speak the truth. How can I tell you a lie?

Ramu: Oh, you fool, pretend; can't you imagine it? Say, 'I saw her stealing the queen's necklace and called the policeman.'

Jaya: (automatically). I saw her steal the Queen's necklace and called

the policeman.

Ramu: Thank you, you may sit down. Now, have you anything to say, Mr. Accused.

Santi: Please your honour, I plead *not guilty*. It was my twin-brother who stole the necklace. He and I look exactly alike each other.

Ramu: Ho, ho, a good excuse. Constable, did you not take the necklace out of yonder accused's pocket?

Govind: Yes, your honour, I took it out of his own pocket.

Ramu: Then, I commit him to ten years rigorous imprisonment.

Put him in prison at once.

Santi: (pretending to weep). Oh, have pity on me, your Lordship, I have a wife and nine children to look after. Have mercy, Sir.

(The others tie up her hands, and take her to the wall-shelf. They pull away the curtain, and put Santi in and lock the door. Then they clap their hands, and laugh delightedly).

Ramu: I've got her at last. Hurray, Let's play *I spy* now. We can't go out, because it's pouring with rain. I'll close my eyes here, (going to a table), and you both hide.

(Govind hides behind a chair at the other end of the room, and Jaya gets under the *devan*:)

Govind and Jaya: *I spy*.

(Ramu opens his eyes and stares. In the mean while Santi bangs on the door and screams 'Open, open you naughty things. Open the door'. Govind comes out of his hiding place and tries to reach the table where Ramu has closed his eyes. Ramu chases him. They knock down

the centre table. There is a terrible crash. The flower-bowl falls and is broken. Santi bangs louder at the door of the wall-shelf. Jaya peeps out of her hiding-place. Enter mother. There is a dead silence, except for the banging of the door and Santi's screams for help from within the wall-shelf.

Mother: Why, what is all this? What has happened? (More bangs and screams from within the wall shelf). Where's Santi? I believe you've locked her up. Open the door at once, Ramu.

(Ramu opens the door, and Santi comes out weeping, still in her father's rain-coat).

Mother: What a funny costume! My poor Santi, (unties her wrists), how sore they are. What on earth has happened? And look at the mess, and my lovely vase broken, and all of you with such funny things on your heads. Don't cry, Santi. I'll punish the others. Now, all three of you go and stand in three corners until father comes, and then, you will all be smacked.

(Ramu, Govind and Jaya go to three corners, and stand with their faces to the wall — enter father).

Father: Hullo, hullo, hullo, what is all this? What on earth has happened? What an awful mess!

Mother: I want you to smack Govind and Ramu hard four times each, and Jaya softly twice. They've been very naughty.

Father: With pleasure, they're the naughtiest children I've come across. (Takes cane from corner).

Takes off his coat and rolls up his shirt-sleeves, then winks humourously at his wife). Come here Ramu. Hold your hand out. (Ramu holds out his hand bravely. Father lifts his hand to strike).

Santi: Serves you right, you little wretch!

Curtain.

(3) SUNSET.

T. M. KRISHNAMURTHI,

Aged 14.

The bashful crimson flames, in flowery coolness, come
And curl in the playful briny spray,
As if flowers and flames were one,
And blush so sweet as they play!

The last ruby tip of the silent ceremonial Sun
Does adorn the crest of the hungry ocean fair!
And lo! the clouds do fade,—the colours shine
And anon, a thin darkness envelops there!

(4) A ZIPPLANE.

It was a pleasant summer evening. The sun was shining in the west. The red clouds surrounded him on all sides, and among them he shone like a ball of gold. His smooth slanting rays gently touched the heads of men. The school-boys were taking rest in the field. Many people were sitting on the seats, by the road side. The wind blew softly, except for sudden gusts, which made the trees tremble. In one of these, a leaf arose and began to whirl round. Then it rose high into the sky. A humourist, who was passing by called to a student and said, "It is a new kind of *Zipplane*". The boy was exceedingly

glad at the news, and spread it over the field. All gathered together with their heads up to the sky. People who were going by on the road were also attracted towards this mystery. Soon the news went all over the city. Some Brahmins, who had never seen a *Zipplane* before, looked up the *Panchanga* and found that it was a sign of ill-omen to the country. Then they rushed towards the field, crying, "It is a bad omen." Everybody sought advice from them and were told to blow up the *Zipplane*, or it would be worse for them.

Some took *lathis* and some others ran to bring pistols from their houses. The city was in a serious condition, for a regular revolution seemed to take place. Even policemen armed themselves and marched towards the field. Some people, without understanding the real meaning of a *Zipplane*, said that a "Jetty" was flying in the sky. The wonder and anxiety everybody felt was not to be expressed in black and white. The field seemed to become a fighting-ground, as everyone started aiming something at the *Zipplane*. Suddenly the wind gradually began to cease. Then the supposed *Zipplane* descended to earth. No gunner there was, who failed to shoot at it; but scarcely any shot struck it. All ran towards it with great anxiety, only to find that it was a leaf.

"Think twice before you do"

B. S. JAYAMMA,

IVth form.

(5) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

It is interesting to draw aside the veil of time, and to try and peer into

the dim ages of the past, millions of years ago, in order to fathom the earliest history of this earth on which we live. Today we see green trees and purple hills, and the blue, blue sea, and mighty, swift, flowing rivers. Man, as the most intellectual living being, rules supreme over animals and birds, and all around us we realise that there is beauty and health and happiness, and also, sorrow, dearth and despair; but aeons of years ago, according to the earliest geological history of this earth, there were no living beings, no trees and flowers; in fact, there was probably no solid portion of the earth then in existence, which is known to human beings today. The only way, therefore, to trace the conditions of the earth in its earliest period, is to call in the help of astronomers, and look into their researches; for the earth, whatever it was not, at the very beginning was at least a planet, belonging to a group of planets that revolve around the sun. Its earliest stages, therefore, can only be studied with reference to the whole planetary system.

According to the Nebular hypothesis, it is supposed that our whole solar system, once existed as a Nebula, or a mass of cloudy matter, which was made up of incandescent vapours or gases, or masses of stones in rapid movement. Eventually these materials began to condense, and threw off rings which rotated around the central nebula. As condensation went on, these rings broke up and hit each other with such violence, that the immense heat produced probably made them condense again. At last, however, they became planets, with moons or satellites around them, and the planetary system was

formed. The sun is the original hot nucleus of the Nebula, around which the planets revolve. As the materials, which went to form a planet, cooled, they arranged themselves according to their weight — the heaviest being in the centre, and the lightest outside; and, as cooling continued, the outer layers, naturally, grew quite cold. Thus, the first layer round our earth is the *Atmosphere*, which is made up of gases or vapours. Then comes a layer of water called the *Hydrosphere*, which covers about two-thirds of the surface of the earth. Then comes the solid part or *Lithosphere*, which lies under the water, and appears above it as dry land, and is made up of rocks etc. Below the Lithosphere there are probably very heavy metallic materials.

At the beginning, there was no solid land at all, and it took a long time for a hard surface to appear. The earth was first a glowing, red-hot nucleus enveloped by the atmosphere, which possessed a great deal of vapour. This vapour condensed and became the Ocean, which was at first very hot.

It was very hard, however, to prove what really happened in the early beginnings, and not until solid land was formed could any satisfactory speculation be made. After the formation of solid land, the history of the earth has been divided into five ages of

time, bringing it up to recent times. First of all, there was the *Archaean* age when the earth consisted mostly of rocks, and when few or no traces of any life could be found. Then came the *Palaeozoic* age, when ancient life first began. This period is also called the *Primary*, and is made up of a long succession of ages, when the earliest kind of living things were formed. The third age is the *Mesozoic* or *Secondary* period, when living beings became more advanced types. Next came the *Cainozoic* or *Tertiary* age. In this age, living things that exist to-day, were found, but man had not yet appeared. Last came the *Quaternary* or *Post-tertiary* and *Recent* age when man appeared on earth. Each of these divisions were yet again divided into periods, and you can imagine for how many ages and ages this earth has been revolving patiently around the sun.

How small and petty we human beings seem, when we realise that this earth existed for so long, without a trace of us being found on its surface.

It will take up too much space and time for me to go here, into any more details of the history of the earth, but you can always read up for yourselves in geological books, and I dare say you have already learnt all that I have told you at school.

Yours sincerely, PADMINI.

LESSONS FROM VIOLETS FOR WOMEN

By E. Green Cheyne

Women are regarded more or less as weaker than men. May I say that this is spiritually true? But how many of our sisters have learnt the spirit of contentment and humility so deeply as to agree with this consideration?

We cannot say that men are perfect, but we may say that they are somehow or other stronger than us in mind; but surely they want their women-friends to help them, as much as we need our men-friends to guide us. But what can we do when we are regarded as unequal? Let us, however, remember that there is no difference in the spirit of patriotism which springs from the spirit of love; and love rings out pride and haughtiness, but rings in humility and self-denial instead.

When we work by the spirit of love for the sake of our country, let us, as women, rest content, though no one knows that we are contributors to its peace. Let us remember the lessons

derived from the violets, those humble plants, so seemingly mean in their hidden and unvisited places, but contentedly and ceaselessly adding their ever-fresh sweetness to the air.

So, like these humble plants let us rest content and like them too let us not cease in doing good to others by our thoughts, by our words, and most of all by our services, which must be the fruit of our thoughts and words.

The violets do not reach the same height as other flowers; but their sweetness is often greater. Therefore, sisters, let us learn from these flowers the spirit of humility and contentment, until one day our indefatigable services for others, which may have been unnoticed for years, will be rewarded by peace in our country. Then, we shall be seen by the world's observant eyes as humble contributors towards the good of our dear mother-land.

MUSIC NOTES

(1) THE ART OF MUSIC MAKING.

It is not enough that we merely listen to music, we must understand it at the same time. An impartial opinion is valueless, whilst a studied opinion, if not always authoritative, contains much of the precious truth that is gleaned from knowledge. Just at the present

time when we are bombarded on all sides by a continual stream of music, it is necessary that we should know, at least those of us who make any pretence at all of loving music, something of the ingredients that have gone into the making of the music we hear.

Starting at the bottom and working

upwards, it is obvious that we must, when judging the merits of a piece of music, consider everything connected with it when it was written, why it was written, who composed it, and its general theme. It is not the words of a few chosen critics that separate good music from bad, it is the music's own intrinsic power, e. g., its own particular merits. We may not agree with the opinion of a select few who applaud music to the skies, but at the same time we must pause before we hastily condemn a work as formless and discordant. Why was it written? Was it by some particular inspiration? It is these all-important items that we must discover for ourselves before we banish the works of any composer from our lives.

We all have different tastes of course. It is these different tastes and types that Thomas Fielden (the well-known director of Music at Charterhouse School) sets out to explain in his book, "*Music and Character*"—Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 6/- net. I found the chapter "*Illustration of Good Music*" (appendix I) to be of real value to the ordinary listener. There is much in little here, for in a few words, and with the aid of a few bars of music introduced into the midst of the text, Fielden shows us how a really healthy tune can be changed to a sentimental dirge by simply lowering the line of melody a tone in places. The Chapter on how to cultivate an 'ear' for music is interesting, but the Chapter that gives a definition of Music and Character is nothing short of absorbing. Like everything else, music must be made a subject of deep study before one can hope to look upon it, or talk upon it, with any genuine authority or enjoyment.

(2) MUSIC NOTES

Happy is the little pianist of-to-day, for a vast wealth of pretty music is available for his pleasure and education. Colin Dale has presented us with an attractive suite of fairly easy pianoforte pieces under the title *Camp Fires* (Augener & Co. 2/6) There are five pieces in the suite *On the march*; *Striking camp*;

Night in the Forest; *Up with the lark*; *And a long day ahead of us*. A second suite by the same composer *Star Pieces* (Augener & Co. 2/-), containing three short compositions is more ambitious, but hardly as attractive as the first suite.

The four pieces that are the first numbers to be published in the new *Flower Series* of pianoforte composition are of undoubted interest to the ordinary pianist, who is in a fairly advanced stage of playing. *Cornflower* by King-Fewster is a spritely little dance in 2/4 time in the key of Bb major. The second part of this piece is tricky and should be good practice for the cultivation of light fingering. Number two of the series, *Dancing Bluebells*, by Charles G. Mortimer calls for precise handling, as the dotted notes imply. No. 3, *Nodding Daffodils*, by Leonard Peck is moderately easy, the melody, for the greater portion of the piece, lying in the left hand. No. 4, *Tall Lilies*, also by Leonard Peck, is again moderately easy, possessing rather a plainly-straightforward style of accompaniment and melody. This series of pianoforte pieces come from the well-known house of Bosworth & Company, who are responsible for many published successes in all branches of musical art.

Although they were published some time ago I have only just come into contact with two compositions by Blanche H. Rennie, the well-known teacher of pianoforte playing at the Midland School of Music. *Tarry Awhile* is a suite of six easy teaching pieces for the piano (Bosworth & Co. 2/6). The composer's experience in this direction is so sound and authoritative that we may take up such a suite of pieces with confidence, and may place them in the hands of young pupils with the knowledge that they will benefit from, and enjoy, the happy little pieces wedded so attractively to words written by the composer of the music. Blanche Rennie's second piece, *Running Water* (Bosworth & Co. 1/6), is a pianoforte solo which is decidedly more suited for practice than for recreation. The line of melody flows along evenly in ascending and descending quavers.

Liszt's *Liebestraum* has been arranged as a duet for soprano and contralto, to words by Norman Wair (Paxton & Co 2/-). The effect is rather good, and should prove a popular programme piece, for it will be a novelty to many to present this famous melody in duet form. Two short songs by Stanford Robinson, published under one cover

(Paxton 2/-), should, with their musically accompaniment, be useful as encore numbers. The first *What is all the Wealth of Earth?* written by the well-known writer, L. Garth Peach, has a slightly happier effect than Leigh Hunt's *Jennie kiss'd me*.

L. J. BERRY.

GRAMAPHONE NOTES

I have had the undoubted pleasure of hearing three very important and outstanding Indian Records. The first of these is Mahatma Gandhi's *Spiritual Message to the World* (LBE 50) The Mahatma's voice rings out with clarity, and he is an impressive speaker; I say impressive, because he conducts a speech like an ordinary conversation, without any of that domineering effusiveness that characterises the efforts of so many well-known public men. The record has no political significance whatever, being merely Mahatma Gandhi's version of what modern moral conduct should be in everyday use. Next, I was more than intrigued to hear Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's reading of a few of her own poems on record LBE 51. Of the five poems she reads, or recites, I particularly liked *The Lonely Child*. She brings home to the listener

the intense longing of the lonely little child for someone to play with, asking of the Wind, "Will you be my brother?" and craving for a mother's arms in which to nestle down to sleep through the long dark hours of night;—altogether one of the prettiest little lyrics I have heard for some time. Mrs. Naidu recites *The Palanquin-Bearers* in a somewhat monotonous style, marring an otherwise notable performance.

H. H. The Aga Khan in *His Message to the Islam World*, brings a note of inspiration and courage into his speech (record VE 12). This record has been released in England, but it is, of course, of prime interest to many of the peoples of India, who look to H. H. The Aga Khan as a Westernised disciple of their faith.

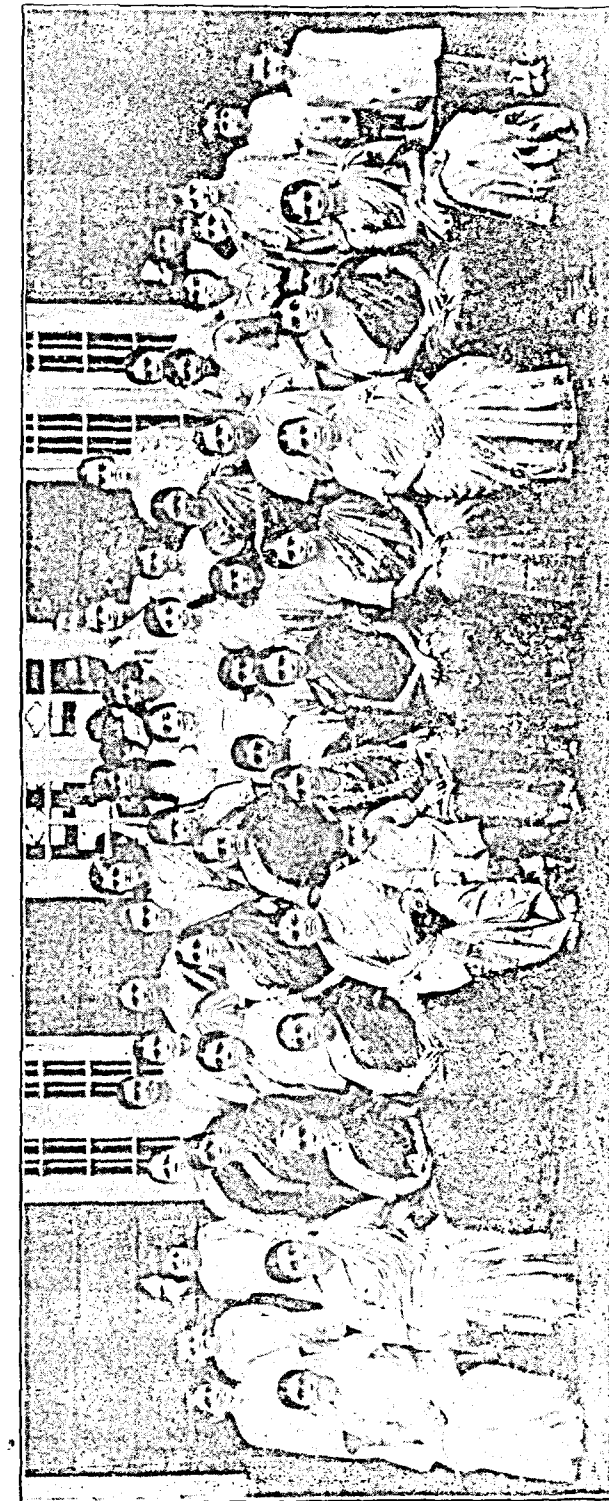
LELAND J. BERRY

OUR CHESS PAGE

The short game affords an interesting study on failures which are the pillars of success. I give one here.

White.	Black.
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3
3. B-B4	B-B4
4. Kt-B3	KKt-B3
5. Castles.	Castles.
6. Kt-Q5	Kt x P
7. P-Q3	B x P (Ch)
8. R x B	Kt x R
9. K x Kt	P-Q3
10. B-KKt5	Q-Q2

11. P-KR3	P-B3
12. Kt x KBP (ch)	K-R1- double check.
13. Kt x Q!!	B x K
14. K-Kt1	R-B4
15. B-K3	Kt-K2
16. Kt-Kt5	P-Q4
17. Q-R5	P-R3
18. P-KKt4	R-KB3
19. Kt x R	PQ x B
20. Kt x KP	B-K3
21. B-Q4	P-QKt3
22. Kt - Kt6 (ch)	Kt x Kt
23. Q x KRP (ch)	K-Kt1
24. Q-KtP Mate.	



THE MANGALORE LADIES' CLUB

The response for the Chess Club is still meagre. There are two Colleges in Madras, Queen Mary's College, and Women's Christian College. Why should they not adopt the noble examples of the sister colleges of the Continent, where they encourage the Chess Tourney?

A very interesting point has been raised time and again, whether it is right to warn or not to warn, when an opponent is in danger of exceeding the time limit in a tournament. It is very likely that the man in time-trouble will resent the warning, as it will spoil his train of thought, or arouse vexed feelings.

Irrespective of etiquette, a warning should never be given, for all is fair in love and war. In a game, the opponent will certainly seek to catch the other sleeping and it is up to the winner to be on the alert. No one can know in war, if it is the bullet, the shrapnel, the poison gas, or the revolver that he will have to face. A good soldier must be ready for all contingencies. As in life, so in chess.

All correspondence relating to chess should be addressed to Bharadwaja, C/o., The Indian Ladies Magazine, Madras.

(To be continued.)

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Flowered silks are being used a great deal for saris, these days. Most modern Indian girls are giving up plain colours, and taking to materials printed with various kinds of designs. The dark blue sari, with silver star embroidery, shown in one of our diagrams, is very pretty, indeed. Any dark colours, embroidered with stars of silver or gold, ought to be very effective; but the present-day fashion seems to be all for light colours, chiefly because it is felt in most circles that dark colours only suit very light-complexioned women. Thin Georgette or crepe saris, decorated heavily with gold or silver spangles seem to be the vogue among Mohomadan and Persian Ladies. They are very beautiful indeed, and at a wedding, or a party, the shimmer of gold and silver makes the scene very gay and cheerful; but one cannot help feeling that the effect is rather too gorgeous and over-done.

Materials printed with different coloured flowers, such as the sari of red and white material, shown in our other diagram, look very original and pretty. Sometimes, such flowered materials without any silver or gold borders, are a change from the usual

style. Some materials are self-bordered, and can be worn without any additional border being sewn on.

It is becoming the fashion now for Indian girls to tint their nails. Some are satisfied with only staining their finger nails, and others colour both their toe and finger nails. It used to be our ancient habit to colour our nails with henna, and this custom is being re-started by manicurists. Sandals with all the toes exposed are becoming very popular, and sometimes red toe nails peeping out from under the folds of the long sari look rather pretty.

The great craze is to match everything one wears, from the little velvet and gold slippers on the feet, to the flowers in the hair. Time was, when our Indian women did not trouble themselves too much about dress or fashion; but today, how different is the story! "I want a blue sari," says a girl, "to match a blue locket I have." It is no doubt a good sign that Indian ladies are taking so keen an interest in the dress-problem. It shows that they are more alive.

SISTER SUSIE.



The picture of the lady standing shows a new style now being worn by Parsi ladies—of red and white material with silver and gold edge. The lady sitting shows another unique fashion, which may be carried out in contrasting, but harmonious, colours.

By courtesy of the Times Illustrated Weekly of Bombay.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

It is often a problem how to clean carpets and floors, especially in India, where dust gathers so rapidly, and stains suddenly seem to appear from nowhere at all. I was looking through a Household Manual recently, and came across the following hints for cleaning carpets and floors, which I thought would be useful for Indian women.

In order to brighten up the carpet and remove the dust, it is a good plan to save some used tea-leaves from the tea-pot, squeeze out the water from them, and then rub them into the carpet. The carpet should then be well swept with an ordinary broom.

If a carpet needs washing, four table-spoons of ammonia should be added to a bucket of water, and the carpet should be scrubbed with soap, a scrub-

bing brush and cloth. The water in the bucket should be changed often.

Sometimes, instead of taking up a carpet frequently and having it beaten and swept, it is a safe remedy to mop the carpet well with a cloth wrung from clean water. Before mopping, however, the carpet should be thoroughly swept.

White-wash stains can be removed from the floor by a good scrubbing with soap and water. Oil stains can be softened with turpentine and then scraped off. Ink stains can be removed from the floor by scouring with a mixture of wet sand and a little oil of vitriol, and then rinsing with strong potassium bicarbonate.

PADDY.

OUR CINEMA PAGE

One of the chief tendencies to be deprecated seems to be the imitation of Western life and manners, without regard to the difference of the social and moral atmospheres of East and West. Such a "servile apishness", in the words of Mr. Abdul Raheem, in *Sound & Shadow*, "degenerates into a vulgar, meaningless and positively repulsive mimicry". He instances the love scenes imported into Indian Films, as well as some "ridiculous situations and sham and disgusting feats", which are foreign to India.

Another blemish is the characteristic depiction of Kings and important personalities. "An Indian playwright cannot, as a rule, think of any subject without having a King or Raja as the central figure of his theme. This is one of the reasons why Kings and Rajas loom so large in Indian films. But the tragedy is that these screen Kings and Rajas are almost always extremely mean, idiotic

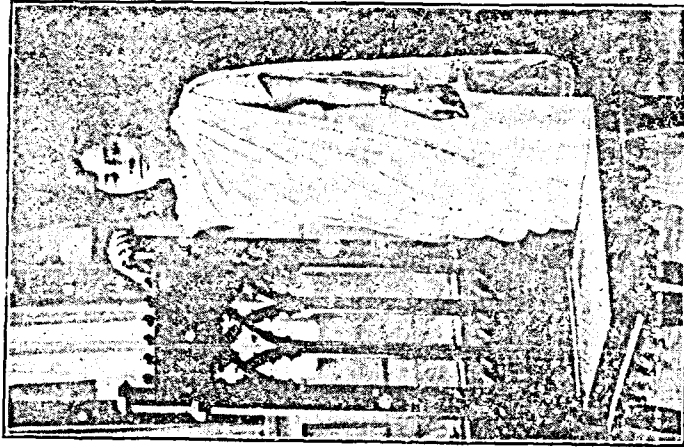
and awfully licentious sub-human creatures, utterly devoid of any sense of decency or decorum and hopelessly incapable of their high and responsible office. You will find a Raja here doting upon a dancing-girl, who forms his only concern in life; another Raja there conspiring with a band of rascals against his neighbouring ruler, whose daughter has refused to become an easy prey to the gratification of his passions, and so on. These characters are quite imaginary and do not claim to have prototypes in the real history of India, one may argue. Even then, they constitute a mean satire on her glorious past and leave a very unhealthy impression on the growing mind."

The Cinema, therefore, in India in spite of its great potentialities for good in teaching the illiterate masses, is unfortunately doing harm. "It has been given to wholly inefficient hands. With a very few honourable



NALINI TURKHU
in *Sacred Ganges*

By courtesy of Sound and Shadow



Her Highness, the Rani Saheb of Mandi, who presided at the Cawnpore Music Conference held recently.

Photos:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



UNIVERSITY MUSIC CONFERENCE AT ALLAHABAD.

Group Photo of the Prize Winners, who were awarded cups, gold medals and certificates.

exceptions, Indian actors and actresses of today are quite useless and illiterate persons, with no qualifications whatever other than their fearlessness of the stigma, which is unfortunately attached to film-career in our country and on account of which young men and women of good education, culture, and respectable social position are still afraid of trying their chances on the

screen. Unless well-talented and highly-educated men and women, who understand human psychology and can correctly translate it into their actions and facial expressions, come forward and take the place of those who now so largely figure in our films, the cinema industry in our country is bound to fall on evil days."

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

(Selected)

The Golden Book of Tagore
A homage to Rabindranath Tagore from India and the World in celebration of his seventieth birthday. Edited by Ramananda Chatterjee. Calcutta, 1931.

The Message of the "Gita". By D. S. Sarma, M. A.:— M. R. Seshan, Madras.

"Women's Place in Industry and Home". (Routledge 10/6).

The author has made here an intensive study of women's work, paid and unpaid. She deals with its distribution, as compared with that of men's, and with the remuneration obtained in different trades. She examines carefully the reasons why women are paid less than men, showing that it is due in part to the fact that their average age in industry is lower because many only remain in it for a few years, leaving to marry. Secondly, the expectation of marriage militates against expenditure on training, whilst in professions there is less financial assistance available in the shape of grants and scholarships.

After some discussion of family allowances and other methods of securing better conditions for women workers, Miss Anthony suggests remedies. In conclusion, she strikes a more hopeful note, when she says that views on marriage are changing and a belief is grow-

ing that freedom and justice have no respect for persons, and that Government ought "to secure for every individual the maximum of mental, moral and physical freedom consistent with the general and increasing welfare of society as a whole."

Stri-Dharma.

Though written primarily for the bachelor girl in England, who has to fend for herself, any housewife will find *Kitchenette Cookery* an aid to imagination. Miss Adele Adair wrote "for people with small incomes," and nearly all her recipes can be prepared on a gas ring and with the minimum of utensils. She gives clear instructions for the preparation of any number of dishes from soups to savouries. Sandwiches, salads and sweets are not forgotten, while no less than 45 breakfast dishes are suggested—a proof that simple cookery need not be monotonous. Recipes for cocktails, 'cups' and even for cold tea drinks are included in this very comprehensive little volume.

There is a wide demand for hints on sewing, and Miss Vera Willis is an expert who can give valuable information about one branch of this art. *Embroidery Stitches* is very well illustrated with a variety of stitches and designs, while the text clearly explains how to make them.

People, who talk as though their mouths were stuffed with cotton-wool, are only too common. Such individuals should find Mr. Cuthbert Samuel's book, *The Art of the Elocutionist*, exceedingly useful. How we speak is described with illustrations, and some useful breathing exercises are given, together with suggestions for curing impediments in speech. Rhythm, tone, facial expression, etc., are discussed for the benefit of those who wish to recite, and selected passages for practice are included in this book, which is suitable for either pupil or teacher.

Daily Times of Bombay.

Great Travel Stories of all Nations. Edited by Elizebeth D'Oyley, 10s 6d net. This unique and comprehensive volume contains narratives by some of the most famous explorers and adventurers of the present day, as well as many remarkable stories by travellers of times past. The British section includes Gertrude Bells, Cunningham Graham, Howard Carter, Sir Francis Younghusband, H. M. Tomlinson, F. S. Smythe, Captain Scott, and Bertram Thomas, besides Mungo Park, Kinglake, Layard, Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Doughty,

Stevenson, and others. Twenty-four nations are represented.

Perspective in Drawing. By Miss D. D. Sawyer, Art Teacher at Brighton Diocesan Training College. Messrs. B. T. Batsford, London. 5s net.

This is a book on Perspective for those taking up the study of drawing, written by a teacher of long experience. The success of Miss D. D. SAWER'S earlier work, "Everyday Art at School and Home", was widely recognised, while the real originality of its methods caused something akin to a sensation in educational circles. "Perspective in Drawing" is written in the same manner, and sets out to show the student what to look for and what to expect; and though the subject is treated in sketch form, the underlying principles are formulated and insisted on throughout, and the reasons for pictorial effects simply and concisely explained. A feature of the method is that, in addition to the usual problems of perspective of shape and proportion, the effects of atmosphere, tone and colour are also dealt with, so that the book will be found immediately useful to those engaged in out-door sketching or landscape-drawing from memory.

COOKERY NOTES

(1) Infant and invalid foods from Cholam:—By M. Suryanarayana, Assistant to the Government Agricultural Chemist.

Many people are acquainted with products of the types of Benger's Food, Mellin's Food, Horlick's Malted Milk, Grape nuts, Force and Malt Extract. These are called infant and invalid foods, as they are predigested by a series of chemical and biochemical processes in the factory and put up in a form in which they are easily assimilated by infants and by people with weak digestive powers. The basis of all these foods is *Malt*, a product usually prepared from barley, which is not

cultivated in South India, with the exception of a few acres on the Nilgiris.

In 1922, the Department of Industries, Madras, interested itself in the problem of the preparation of malted foods in India and the investigation of the possibilities of large scale operations with cholam, which, it was shewn, could replace barley.

It has been shown as a result of these experiments that control of temperature is possible even in the hottest part of the year at Coimbatore and that malts of uniform quality can be successfully manufactured from cholam.

As regards the value of cholam

malt in breakfast, infant and invalid foods for continuous use, it can best be described by a quotation from Mr. Viswanath's report published in 1925:—

"Since the time cholam malt was discovered in 1917, I have been using it for myself and my children and no untoward result have been noticed. In one instance, in the case of a patient in my own household cholam malt was continuously used as the sole food for over two months with considerable benefit to the patient when other foods were out of question."

Method of preparation.

(1) Take good, sound, cleaned cholam.

(2) Soak it in clean water for one day and one night, changing the water at least four times in the interval.

(3) After soaking, heap up the grain till sprouts appear, covering the heap with a wet cloth. Then spread thinly and evenly on a clean mat with occasional sprinkling of water.

(4) When the sprouts are about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long, dry them in the shade for half a day, and then in the sun till well-dried.

(5) The dried grain should be slightly moistened and pounded for removing the husk and sprouts. (N. B.—Remove sprouts as completely as possible, as they taste bitter.)

(6) After removing the husk, the clean grain is slightly roasted in a frying pan over a slow fire till the grains are just browned.

(7) The final product is now ready for grinding, for which a coffee grinder or a stone mill can be used. At first, the malt is ground coarse—into grists—and passed through a sieve, to get fine meal with the highest diastasic activity and nutritive value. The coarse fraction is winnowed to remove a portion of the husk, and ground a second time into a fine powder. Sieving again will give a second grade flour, which contains a portion of the husk. The portion retained by the sieve may be fed to cattle or poultry.

(8) *Preparation of the food.* The first grade fine meal may be mixed with twice its quantity of arrowroot flour and the second grade meal with its own quantity of arrowroot flour, and bottled perfectly airtight. For domestic purposes, it is better to grind fresh, or quantity required for a week's use may be prepared at a time. To serve the food, the malt is made into a thin paste with hot water; and the paste, after standing for 2 to 3 minutes, is poured on to some boiling water with constant stirring. After boiling for another two minutes, and allowing to settle, the clear liquid is strained through a cloth; milk and sugar are then added to taste. If the second grade malt is not desired, the coarse fraction may be boiled with water for a few minutes and strained through a cloth and served as before, with addition of milk and sugar. The residue may be fed to cattle. (Adapted from the Madras Agricultural Journal)

(2) Almond Nougat

Stir one cupful of pulverized sugar with the juice of a large lemon over the fire. Do not leave any lumps, or it will become grainy. Stir in all the almonds, which are blanched or scalded and cut fine, that it will take up. Turn out on a greased plate, and roll perfectly square with a rolling pin.

Almond Toffee

Cook together one pound of brown sugar, four tablespoons of butter, and half a cup of cream or milk, for twenty minutes without stirring. Boil until the mixture will form a hard ball when dropped into water. Add one-fourth of a cup of almonds, blanched and cut into strips. Pour out into a buttered dish, and mark into squares when nearly cold.

The Treasure Chest.

NEWS AND NOTES

(Selected)

Women-Poets of Andhra.

Mr. V. N. Bhusan acquaints us with some of the prominent women-poets of Andhra in an article in *Triveni*:

Kuppamamba of the thirteenth century was an unfortunate young girl-widow who sang sweetly of her saddest thoughts; and these poetic wailings are suspected to have been made use of by Ayyalaraju Ramabhadra Kavi—one of the *Ashtaliggajas* of the Court of Krishnadevaraya—in his famous work, *Sikala Katha Sara Sangraha*. Next, Kumari Molla of the sixteenth century has, by her translation of the *Ramayanam*, which even today is extremely popular, taken an abiding place in the galaxy of our literary stalwarts. To the same century belongs Mohanangi, daughter of the great royal poet and patron of letters, Krishnadevaraya. She was the author of the no-longer-extant *Marichi Parinaya*, a *kavya* of great charm and invaluable merit.

Next, we have Muddu Palani of the eighteenth century—a courtesan attached to the harem of Pratapasimha of Tanjore, whose work *Radhika Swantvanam* is still read for its splendid descriptions, situations and delineation of character. Muddu Palani is also the translator of the famous *Saptapadi* songs of the celebrated Dravida poetess, Andal, collected under the caption, *Tiruppavai*.

In the nineteenth century we come across Tarigonda Venkamamba, a widow. Three of her important works—*Venkatachela Mahatmya*, *Mukhtikanta Vilasam* and *Bhagavata*—are most enthusiastically read for their spiritual tone and ethical outlook. To this same period belong two others—Bapamma, with her *Minakshi Sataka*, and Ratnamamba with her *Venkataramana Sataka*. These two works,

though small in compass, form a distinct contribution to the brilliant *Sataka* chapter in Telugu literature.

The Modern Review.

The Nayar Women

"The Nayar women of Kerala" is the subject of an interesting article in the October Number of the *Prabuddha Bharata* by Captain A. R. Poduval. The Nayar women of Kerala are a privileged class who legally, morally and traditionally are independent of their husbands and who also possess the sole right of the family property. In culture they equal men. The writer says:

"One might say, without much exaggeration, that the Nayar home of Kerala is permeated with the woman's atmosphere. But it should not be understood that men in such families are always henpecked and under the thumbs of the women. It is traditionally accepted that women with their practical instinct for the actualities of life are better equipped to conduct the several details of home management. They say that man at best is a clumsy animal, and a bachelor's den is the best example of a house under the management of a man.

Among Nayar girls, early marriages are unknown. Although to a large extent the selection of the would-be husband is a matter of parental concern, the would-be wife is always consulted about her likes and dislikes in the matter. It is seldom that accidental love-making launches one or the other of the couple into precipitate unions—to marry in a hurry and repent at leisure. Divorces are exceptionally rare in Kerala; for it is a free union, in which

both the husband and the wife have sufficient freedom to exercise their personality. And this would probably account for the rarity of divorce: for, though there is no social ban against it, man is so made that he takes particular care of that which he is most likely to lose."

The writer says with pride that the type of womanhood that sits exalted in Kerala, like a queen, is the Nayar lady of Kerala, for she has never known what it is to be of an inferior sex, any more than she can conceive of Eve in the Garden of Eden as inferior to Adam.

The Modern Review

Education of the Child.

Dr. Maria Montessori is known all over the world as the introducer of a system of child education. So her words on this branch of education deserve our attentive perusal. The following is quoted from *Prabuddha Bharata*:

"Here we have the great question of humanity and of education: *the child's work and the reciprocal relations between adult and child*. The child is growing into a man through his own efforts and the power of growth within himself: such intimate aid it is not in our power to give. We are producers of things in the outer world, and it is only these things that we can furnish as aids. But this child who is creating the man to be, is creating independently of us in a world of his own. The important matter is that he should be allowed full opportunity for complete development, that he may create a man who is strong and well-balanced. Our task is to enable the child to *live*.

The guiding impulse is seen to be different in the work done by the child and that done by the man. The child is active that he may grow; the adult, that he may produce. When we try to fit the child into our adult world, to force and squeeze him according to ideals we have formed of what his correct behaviour should be in order to give us the least amount of trouble,

we are deceiving ourselves into believing we are doing our best for him when actually we are distorting his development.

The work of the child is not guided by the intention to reach some external aim, its end and aim is action, to act, to continue to act as long as the inner self needs to satisfy its need for growth. So the external object is for the child merely a means, never an end. We have here a clear, well-defined, undeniable characteristic of the child's work.

The child must do all his work by himself. Here we have another truth. Who could ever help another to grow? Supposing growth to be fatiguing, who could lessen and relieve another's fatigue by co-operation?

Only if the adult sets obstacle does the child fight and defend himself. Almost all the sufferings of the child are due to this strife against the adult who has not understood him. The child works alone towards his own development, he does not stand in need of association or division of labour.

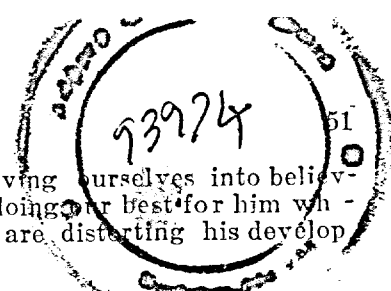
This, the necessary law of external discipline, which reigns in the field of adult production, has no part in the work of the child, for here there reigns another kind of discipline which is revealed to us through spontaneous actions of the loftiest kind, when the child has been placed in an environment favourable to his development."

The Modern Review.

Women and Education.

Lady Abdul Qadir, presiding at the All-India Constituent Women's Conference at Lahore, referred to the awakening among Indian women and said that women are working for a common nationality in India.

The courage displayed by many Indian women, who stepped into the arena of politics, had not only startled India but also impressed the whole of the civilised world; and their self-sacrifice and courage elicited admiration.



Dealing with the system of education imparted in the schools, Lady Qadir said:

"Hitherto instruction imparted to girls has been the same as that given to boys. A shorter and more useful course is needed for them now, when men themselves are realising even for their own purposes that the present system of education is defective and requires changes. Why should women be dragged along with men in the same beaten path and why should they not carve out for themselves new paths which might lead them to their goal?"

Status of Turkish Women.

The recent election of a Turkish girl as the 1932 International Beauty Queen is but one token of the revolutionary change that has been effected in the status of Turkish women by Kemal Pasha's regime of modernisation. The degree to which the emancipation of women in Turkey has proceeded in the last few years may scandalise the hide-bound ultra-orthodox Muslims in India; but thanks to that emancipation Turkish women have been enabled to render a great service to their country in almost every sphere of national life; whereas in India, says a writer in the *Bombay Chronicle*, Muslim women are yet unable to get rid of the *purdah*—a bane from the hygienic and other points of view. It is very gratifying indeed to learn that in Turkish cities thousands of girls are now employed in

banks and other business houses and that they have also begun to enter professions like Medicine.—*The Indian Review*.

Women Workers In Japan

An interesting, if not disturbing, feature of Japanese civilisation at present is the rate at which women are supplementing men in various occupations formerly served by male workers. Now the lowest wage in Japan for a young housemaid will be 5 *yen* a month and food, while the highest wage will be 100 *yen* for an expert lady secretary to a prosperous business man. Housemaids over 20 with good experience get from 30 to 80 *yens* a month. The number of unemployed among women is much less than among men.

An Oxford Record

Among the three winners of Craven Scholarships announced at Oxford is a woman undergraduate of Lady Margaret Hall, Miss Barbara Flower. She is the first woman to have won this scholarship and only the second to have made the attempt.

Miss Flower explained that the reason why she was only the second woman to enter was that women were not supposed to be sufficiently trained for it. To pass the examination, candidates had to translate English poetry into Latin.

Madras Mail

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

NOVEMBER.

1. Mrs. B. V. N. Rao, Vizagapatam
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4. Mrs. Thivy, Madras
5. Mrs. J. A. Isaacs, Calicut
6. Mrs. Roy, Cuttack
7. Mrs. Coelho, Madras
8. Dr. Tajuddin, Tanjore
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44. The Karnataka Publishing House, Bangalore
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46. Mrs. S. Mukerji, Dehra Dun
47. Hd. Master, Board High School, Quilandy
48. Miss Thomas Choudhry, Lucknow
49. Mrs. J. V. Arumugam, Ceylon
50. Mrs. S. Devasahayam, Korapet
51. Mrs. Nundy, Hyderabad
52. The Rev. Bishop Chitamber, Jubbulpore.
53. Miss J. Liers America.

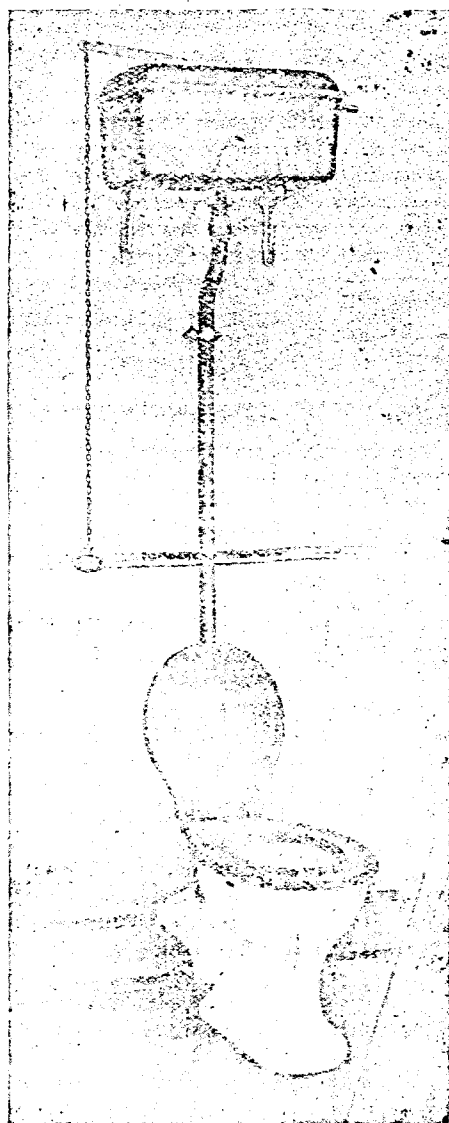
DECEMBER.

1. Mrs. V. Venkatachelliar, Kurnool
2. The Misses Owens, U. S. A.
3. N. Gordan Esq., Moradabad
4. Mrs. P. Ramalingam, Coimbatore
5. Miss. E. G. Cheyne, Cherrapunji
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It is with very great pleasure that we invite the attention of the Public to the message published in 'Swadesmitran' of the 9th instant, conveying Mahatma's blessings for the successful termination of the Exhibition.

The venue of the Exhibition is the extensive playgrounds of the Town High School, Kumbakonam. The plan of the lay-out drawn up provides in all an accommodation for about 220 stalls divided into several sections. The rent for each stall has been fixed at a very low sum and will include charges for Electric Lighting. A good number of these stalls have already been booked while applications are pouring in for others. Besides these, arrangements have also been made for putting up special stalls to exhibit cottage industries and demonstrate the processes of manufacture of various articles. There will also be a Museum Hall where Khadi and Swadesi articles will be exhibited. Thanks to the hearty co-operation offered by the A.I.S.A., the Khadi Section will be a special feature of the show and we are sure that every khadi manufacturer in India will be represented. The Managing Committee have reserved for themselves certain stalls for the convenience of small Exhibitors, who may not possess a sufficiently large number of articles to justify the booking of an independent stall. A large space has also been set apart for providing musical entertainment, and it is proposed to arrange for a variety of concerts. Space has also been reserved for providing refreshments, recreation and for agricultural and health sections.

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The Quadrennial Conference of the Y. W. C. A. of India, Burma and Ceylon will be held in Ootacamund in April 1933. The "Woman's Outlook" for the first quarter — January — March 1933, will be a special Conference number containing information and preparatory material for the help and guidance of all attending it. There will be many inspiring and challenging articles by well-known writers, such as Miss Van Doren, Rev. E. C. Dewick, The Archdeacon of Jaffna, Mrs. Hensman, President, Madras Y. W. C. A., etc. Also many other helpful contributions that all members and leaders of clubs and branches would find useful. Anyone attending the Conference as a delegate, a visitor or guest should possess a copy.

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THE
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MAGAZINE

MARCH & APRIL

[No. 2.]

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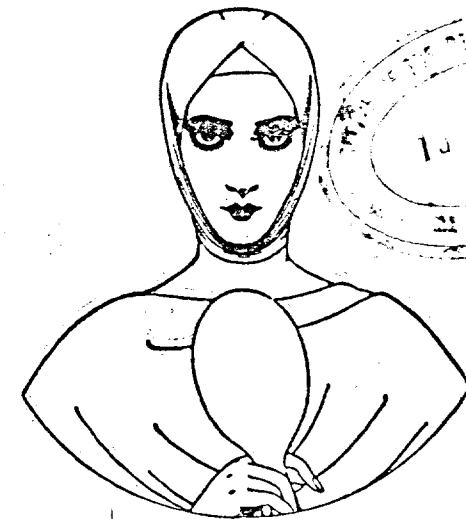
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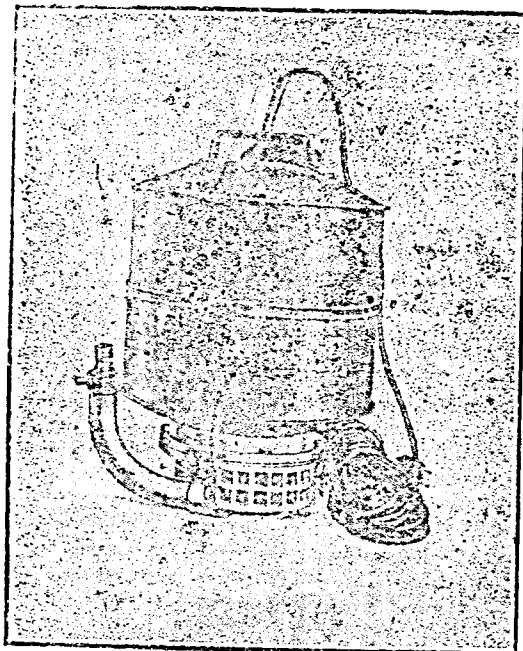
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The Indian Ladies Magazine.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine was started in 1901, discontinued in 1918, and republished in 1927. It is the main purpose of this *Magazine* to help forward the cause of women's education in India, partly by representing and interpreting the inner life of Indian womanhood as a whole; partly by making itself a mouthpiece for the aspirations of the educated section, in whom our chief hope lies; partly by bringing forward the example of the social, literary and philanthropic work of women of the West; and partly by holding up the ancient ideals of Indian womanhood, which are true and generous enough to be applied in many instances to modern life. It is hoped, therefore, that the I. L. M. will prove a bond of union, not only among the different sections of the women of India, but also between the men and women of India, and between Indian women and their foreign sisters.

While fully conscious of the imperfections of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, we hope that the public will help us to tackle the present situation. We shall be most happy to receive suggestions, and we hope that our journal will have the generous support of all well-wishers of India. We shall welcome articles and pictures of interest, as well as suggestions for improving the Magazine.

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Sri Krishna Training His Sister Subadra in Archery.

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The INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VI.

MARCH & APRIL, 1933.

No. 2

INDIAN WOMEN IN DAYS OF YORE

What freedom and what happiness prevailed
In days of yore, when maidens of this land,
Chaste, heroic souls, a wondrous band
Of women, dwelt unshackled and unveiled,
At perfect liberty! No customs spoiled
Their actions; 'neath no evil laws they toiled.

Oh maid of innocence and purity,
Sakuntala, the hermit-child; and you,
Oh great-souled Sita, Rama's wife so true;
Draupadi, the Pandav queen, and Sree
Krishna's lovely Rukmini,—ah here
Are but a few of those whom we revere!

Were they not taught the art of war? for see
Subhadra extend the mighty bow.
Her heavenly brother deigned to stoop so low
As to teach a woman gallant archery!
The beauteous wife of Arjun, mild-eyed, meek,
In paths of freedom, happiness did seek.

Ah, let us then in quest of liberty advance.
Let us throw aside the unbecoming laws
That bind our women down, for we have but to glance
At days of long ago, when maidens had no cause
To dwell in dark seclusion, hampered on all sides
With customs that all common sense derides.
Oh, let us dwell in freedom as in days of yore,
That the wrongs of Indian womanhood may live no more.

(See frontispiece)

An Indian Woman.

ANDAL, THE TAMIL POETESS

By Padmini Sathianadhan



CROSS a gulf of many thousands of years, let us hear the singing of Andal, the great Tamil poetess, "the jewel among the mystics":—

"O cuckoo, who singest merrily, playing with thy beak in the *Shenbaka* flowers, laden with honey,

"The God, who holds a white conch in his left hand, has not shown his form to me, but has entered into my heart and has made me suffer sorely.

"Wilt thou sing, but not too loudly, so that he may come to me?"

Is it not remarkable that, as far back as the eighth century, we possessed such a talented woman writer and saint? Need we then doubt the greatness of our Indian women or despair of possessing many famous leaders among them? Surely, now that times have advanced, and women are voicing their thoughts and beliefs more freely, we are capable of presenting to the world many more great and famous daughters of India!

It was in an age when materialism was growing and encouraging the pleasures and vanities of this world, that schools of mystic poets and saints sprang up in quest of spiritual truth and ultimate reality. There were two such main schools; one belonged to the *Saiva* mystics, the other to the *Vaishnava* mystics. The preachers of both of them made it a point to speak against the doctrines of other religious

sects that were beginning to take a firm footing in the country.

Andal belonged to the *Vaishnava* saints, and was one of twelve great writers called *Alvars*. She was born about 716 A.D. in a village called Villiputtur that was well-known because of Periyalvar, a great devotee of the God Vishnu, who dwelt there. There is a legend about Andal, which I am sure will interest our readers. The story goes that one day, while Periyalvar was collecting flowers for his Puja, a baby girl was found underneath the *basil* plants. He was over-joyed to find her, and brought her up as his own daughter; and while she was still young she began to study highly philosophical works, through which she became very devoted to Vishnu. She was known as *Nacchiyar* and *Sudik Koduttal*. There is an interesting myth about the last name. We are told that Andal, in her devotion to her God, used to consider herself his bride, and in secret would deck herself for a time with the flowers gathered by her foster-father, before they were used for worship. One day, however, a hair was found entangled in the garlands, and Periyalvar sent for his daughter and asked her how it had come there. She confessed the whole truth to him, and Periyalvar was forced to declare the flowers polluted, and do his Puja without them. While he was worshipping, however, the Lord Vishnu appeared to him and told him that "only those flowers once decked by

Andal would be acceptable to him." After that, Periyalvar realised the greatness of his daughter.

When it was time for Andal to be married, Periyalvar tried to find her a husband, but she refused to marry a mortal, and would consent to be the bride of Vishnu alone. She was therefore decked in wedding garments and taken to the Srirangam temple, where she was married to Vishnu, and great was the surprise of all who were there, when they beheld her disappearing into the God's arms.

Such were the tales told of Andal, one of the great poetesses of Southern India. She led a life of untiring devotion to God, and all her works speak of the mystic rapture of surrendering body and soul to the service of her Master.

"I garland thee with holy flowers and bow at thy feet and worship and praise thee thrice a day.

"If thou wilt not see that I live with, and serve without blemish, the God who slept on the sea of milk,

"I shall weep and mourn and thou wilt find it hard to comfort me.

"My suffering will be like that of the ox that is unyoked from its team and refuses to eat anything and pines away because of the separation."

Such were the words with which she invoked the Lord Krishna. Again she cried:

"Dost thou enter into the house and come to the inner courtyard where we have come to play? Dost thou show thyself and smile at us and break our hearts as well as our houses? Oh Govind, thou didst once measure the whole earth with one step and heaven with another. If the love thou hast for me should change, or if we were to quarrel, what would people say who have seen us together?"

Andal was the author of two books, The *Tirupavai* and the *Tiruvaimalai*. These were included among the works of the *Vaishnava* saints in *Naluyira Prabhandham*. Her writings were so pure and so full of religious fervour that it was no wonder she came to be considered a famous saint among the *Vaishnava* mystics, whose name is still cherished in the Tamil Nad. Such saints, who devote their whole lives in love and reverence to God are hard to find; and to Andal and the other *Saiva* and *Vaishnava* saints may be attributed the revival of art renaissance in Southern India. All honour therefore is due to this great Indian woman pioneer.

"Love's yoke shall never grieve thee,
Love's burden is so light,
Love's word cannot deceive thee,
Love's hope will cheer thy sight."

Selected.

ART AS A CAREER FOR INDIAN WOMEN

By Rohini



short time ago I came across an article in the "Illustrated Weekly of India" on "Making a living of art," and it made me wonder why our Indian women are so conservative in the choice of their careers, when they do happen to take up a profession. It seems to be a characteristic of the ladies of this country to be as unoriginal as possible in what they do. I can hear my readers say that I am unfair in this accusation. Indian women *are* progressing rapidly, and are no longer afraid of expressing their ideas and of living up to the courage of their convictions, they say. What about our women political leaders and social reformers? Have they not been most brave in the way they have left their old traditions and customs, and come forward to serve their country? True, our women are indeed advancing; but is not their advance only on certain lines that have become popular and fashionable? Because a few enterprising women have had the courage to open up a new way, others have followed on the already way-worn path. It still needs a great woman to do something quite new. The average Indian woman is still not capable of striking out an original line, and our ladies are still very much like goats in a herd that silently follow an

enterprising leader blindly, just because that is the easiest way.

But, to come to my subject, cannot Indian women make a living of art? The three most popular professions for women of today are doctoring, teaching and nursing; and it needs very little effort for them to flock in thousands to take them up. All those women, who do not get married and can afford an education, force themselves to pass examinations and obtain degrees in these professions, whether they feel they are fit for them or not. I have known girls in colleges, with a marvelous talent for painting or drawing, or with a wonderful gift for writing, yet struggling to pass examinations that had no appeal for them, in order that they may become teachers, and keep in the old groove. No doubt, there is a great need for quick methods of earning a livelihood, and it truly needs courage and hard work at the beginning for anyone to make a career out of art; but, just because a living is assured more easily in a certain way, it does not seem to be quite right that girls should lightly give up the gifts that Providence has specially bestowed on them, and go on slogging away at unsympathetic work.

There are many ways of making a living out of art. By art, I mean painting, drawing and sculpturing, music, and writing. Many men, even in

India, earn a livelihood out of such subjects. In the article, which I mentioned at the beginning, the author says, "There is no limit to what the girl of tomorrow will accomplish if she has the judgment to apply her talent along constructive lines. Leaving aside the realms of portraiture and oil painting, which must be limited to those of exceptional ability, innumerable other outlets are open to the clever student. What of dress and millinery design? Of mural art: interior decorating, illustrating; advertisement drawing; creative work in textiles and ceramics?" "Photography must also be reckoned among the artistic careers of the future. There is a growing tendency, deplored by some, but welcomed by others, to use the camera in illustrative and advertising work. Established studios can be persuaded to accept apprentices for training. The premium is high, but the results justify them."

Then again, writing is usually shunned by women in India. Because it needs too much energy to make the initial start, talent is dropped, and women follow a humdrum routine, instead of paying court to whatever aesthetic gift they possess. Journalism is a career that ought to be studied more minutely by our ladies. Not only can one carry on this work from a comfortable home, but also newspaper offices are beginning to welcome women, and it will not be at all amiss if some women join the staff of large newspaper offices. Women not knowing English need not despair, because there are many vernacular papers, which welcome contributions from women and pay for them. Those, who can write verse, stories or novels, should try to devote more time

to such occupations in order to produce good stuff. Our country is sadly in need of good novels depicting modern Indian life and manners. Only by talking about and thus familiarising our mode of living, can our land become well-known in other parts of the world. The Western world has fantastic ideas of Orientals, just because most of the books published about this country are by foreigners, or because they deal with heavy subjects such as politics, etc. What better service can a woman do her country than by writing light literature about it, and showing up the loveable qualities that prevail, in spite of evil customs and orthodox habits?

Lastly, there is music, which affords women a good career. Too many complaints cannot be made about this, because some of our women *have* now taken up the tuition of music. Public singing is, however, still confined to the professional dancing-class, and the sooner girls of more refined families show their art in public, the better will it be for the art itself.

It is needless for me to go into the professions of acting and dancing for Indian women. The public are fully awake to the absolute necessity of encouraging women of all classes, and not only the nautch-dancer, to popularise these arts, and many controversies are being brought before the public eye on this subject.

Let me close by saying that India is paying too little court to artistic and aesthetic matters, and Indian women will surely help their land a great deal if they devote more time and energy to the creation of art, and thus foster natural artistic talent, instead of abandoning it for more lucrative and reliable profes-

sions. After all, when one comes to value is known to the world, and her think of it, it is usually the beginning real merit is realised, she will be very of her career that is precarious greatly in demand, and her art will be- to a woman-artist; but, when once her come a great boon to her and to others.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

Lean on my arm, Beloved,
There is still far to go,
Ere we reach that Land of Promise,
Freed of ache and woe.

The way may be cold and dreary,
Devoid of lovely charms,
But why should you be soul-weary
Held safe in your lover's arms?

When the last of our journey is over,
We shall be old and frail.
What of it—my partner and rover—,
So long as our love shall prevail?

Lean on my arm, Beloved,
We must keep on our way,
Praying to God that each morrow
Will dawn on a fairer day!

LELAND J. BERRY.

COMMUNITY SINGING IN INDIA

By H. S. Hensman, Mysore.



IN India, music is not a factor of everyday life; it is kept apart, either as an accomplishment or a means of livelihood. Hence, it enters neither the individual nor the corporate life of the nation.

Community singing is exhilarating and all-compelling in its power of drawing people together into a bond of fellowship. On armistice day, as I listened at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, London, to the strains of the old Hymn, "O God, our Help, in ages past," sung by thousands of voices, I seemed to feel the pulse of English life, with its joys and sorrows throbbing through the ages. A moment such as this is unknown in India. Again, at several of the fashionable restaurants in London, where gay life is at its highest, where laughter, love and music abound, and luxury prevails in every little detail that meets the eye, the happy crowd at a sign from the conductor, breaks into perhaps the latest popular catch or the stirring chorus of an exciting jazz. There are so many songs there that every one knows. Young people feel that it is good, not only to be alive, but also to be together. Merry fellowship finds expression in merry song. Should not such experience be ours too?

Passing down Hammersmith, along

the red walls of St. Paul's, I have often heard the voices of boys in childish treble harmonising with the deepening tones of growing manhood. Several of the songs, sung together in the dim halls of such an old-world institution, will be a life-long memory in the mind of each one of the students studying there. Surely, our boys in India should not be defrauded of such pleasing memories!

On Lord Mayor's day in London, crowds lined the street, manoeuvring with great skill to get to the front line. Soon the procession passed, pageant after pageant punctuated by music from the several bands,—martial strains, joyous strains, compelling and inspiring. I wondered what it would mean in a time of war, when the same strains should marshal young lives to the gates of death, not with doubt and despair, but with fearless, high courage that was ready to face everything, forgetful of self in the love of home and country. Such a source of inspiration has not been our heritage.

One summer afternoon, I was present at a rehearsal in a girls' school. The day was lovely, as only a perfect summer's day in England can be, with blue skies, golden sunshine, roses everywhere and green velvety lawns beneath, the greenness of which cannot be met with elsewhere. It was a perfect setting for the group of girls, who were

acting, strong, sturdy, well-grown girls, fresh and charming in face and figure. It was a pastoral play they were rehearsing, and as the young voices rose and blended, now gay, now sad, now in harmony, now in unison, pictures of sylvan maids and their swains of old Arcadia, tripping and dancing in their flowery groves, rose in my mind in rapid succession. Our girls at the threshold of young life would certainly welcome such lively measures with much joy.

One more picture and I shall have done. Thousands with bowed heads gathered round the flower-filled graves of the crew of the ill-fated R. 101. As the last words were said, through the atmosphere of intense feeling, there floated from the bands, the strains of the hymn for the departed, "Now the labourer's task is over." The vast crowds joined in, and, as I listened to the grand words, it seemed as if death was no more a spectre, but a simple passing into the great Beyond. A vast wave of feeling passed over India at the death of the grand old man, Pandit Nehru Lal. Will not a hard arise to make music for such intense moments?

These are only scenes from the life of a nation. The music in the home, the congregational singing in places of

worship to the accompaniment of the grand organ, and the highly-finished performances in concert halls, reveal the development of music as a science and as an art. In India, the want of appropriate music for the several moods and occasions of life is very much felt. If we can only have community singing, I feel sure that differences of caste and creed will disappear. It should be taught in schools and colleges as a recognised part of the curriculum. Much hidden talent will then be cultivated.

We require masters to give us modern concerts. The music we now have was perfected in the ages of long ago. Though some attempts have been made in the present time to create new music, they are not far-reaching enough. A poet for words, a musician for their setting, and a common notation for each language centre, will meet a strongly-felt demand. It is time that some of the intelligence of our cultured minds is turned towards this cult. The poets of all ages and all countries have dwelt upon the charm of music. The human nature prevalent then prevails now, and hence a warm welcome will always be extended to music-makers. Should not community singing then be taken up, studied and popularised?

FORGET-ME-NOTS

Flowers for remembrance,
Forget-me-nots of blue,
Memories for the future
Dreams and thoughts of you!
Hopes, and dreams, and wishes
Forget-me-nots express,
Wishes—O, such wishes!
Lips could not confess.

God watched o'er these flowerets
Wiped them clean of fret,
Gave them you to send me
That I should not forget.
And so, this rose I'm sending
All diamonded with dew.
A sweet red rose that's bearing
My fondest love to you!

L. J. B.

THE FORSYTE SAGA

By I. D. Thangaswami



0 student of English literature would have failed to recall, when John Galsworthy's death was announced in January last, the six volumes which composed "The Forsyte Saga". As a distinguished literary work of an ideal tendency, the Saga won for him last year one of the five prizes awarded in the name of Alfred D. Nobel. 'The Man of Property', 'In Chancery', 'To Let', 'The White Monkey', 'The Silver Spoon' and 'Swan Song', not only draw a fascinating picture of a family in all its ramifications, but also give us an estimate, vivid, entertaining and almost accurate, of England during forty eventful years. The general title given to the six volumes was justified by the author himself in his introduction to the first of the series. "The word *Saga* might be objected to on the ground that it connotes the heroic and that there is little heroism in these pages. But it is used with a suitable irony; and, after all, this long tale, though it may deal with folk in frock coats, furbelows and a gilt-edged period, is not devoid of the essential heat of conflict".

The earliest man known of the Forsytes was a stout and sturdy agriculturist, who stood for England as it was before the Industrial era began, a static England which dug and wove and in which all the world lay in the parish. The second Forsyte, known as Superior

William Pitt's days when Napoleon tried to make France supreme. He was a stone-mason by trade and rose to the position of a Master-builder. Towards the end of his life, he moved to London where he continued his profession till his death, though living an aristocrat's life. When he died, he left behind him ten children and thirty thousand pounds. Victorian England with its principles of trade and individualism had its representatives in the children of Superior Dosset, who between them turned the thirty thousands left them into a cool million.

The tale opens with a family festival, at which the Forsytes gathered as an upper middle-class family in full plumage to celebrate the engagement of a Forsyte girl to an architect who possessed nothing. Four persons at the gathering were more remarkable than the others—June Forsyte, the engaged girl, who was the grand-daughter of the eldest son of Superior Dosset; Bosinney, the penniless architect, to whom June was engaged; Soames Forsyte, the grandson of Superior Dosset by his second son, James; and Irene Heron, whom fate had married to Soames three years before. Soames was a man of property, while Bosinney was a man of no property; and Irene had the passive countenance of a heathen goddess, while June was sprightly and active. June took her lover to Irene and said "Irene is my greatest chum; please be good friends, you two". Just then

Soames appeared from behind his wife. "He was seldom far from Irene's side at public functions and, even when separated by the exigencies of social intercourse, could be seen following her about with his eyes in which were strange expressions of watchfulness and longing". Indeed, the man of property could look upon many things 'around him as his own, but could not claim his wife's heart as his. She had refused him more than once, but cruel fate had aided him to win her. She had been an enigma to him on the day he had seen her for the first time and she had remained an enigma since. The fault lay not in her heart, but in Soames's Victorian faith that wives were the property of their husbands. "Where may you have been?" asked Soames once of his wife; "In heaven--out of this house", returned Irene. As soon as Bosinney saw Irene, he had no more eyes for June! She fled from her husband. Then, her love for Bosinney having come to naught by his life ending tragically, she returned to Soames like an animal wounded to death, not knowing where to turn. However, a long stay with the man, who treated her as if he had paid for and purchased her, was impossible. By circumstances she was driven soon to find another lover in her husband's own cousin, Jolyon.

Jolyon Forsyte, the father of June, was a bit of a mongrel and not a true Forsyte, for he had not the love for property which characterised the other Forsytes. He had deserted his wife and run away with an Austrian governess; and, when after long suffering his wife had died, he had married the governess. His father had had to renounce him, much to his grief, as all

his paternal affection could not shake off the burden imposed by convention. After fourteen years, Jolyon returned to the family-fold and in due time inherited his father's property. His father was also kind enough to leave Irene a life-interest in fifteen thousand pounds and to make Jolyon her trustee.

Soames began to abandon all hopes of retaining Irene. A young and fascinating French woman sitting at the receipt of custom in an unfashionable restaurant caught his attention one day and awakened a new interest in him. Annette might make a better item of property than Irene. But he himself could not give up Irene so easily. He again made attempts to hold her. But the more he did so the more he drove her towards his cousin, who was now a widower and whom she looked on as her protector from her husband's importunity. A resort to law was inevitable. Soames legally divorced Irene and married Annette. The marriage took place privately to avoid the frowns of his Forsyte relations, the same frowns which his cousin Jolyon had earned, when he married the Austrian governess.

Jolyon and Irene also married, but as man and wife they made a different couple altogether from Soames and Annette, and shone by contrast. The stiff English temperament of Soames could not harmonise with the vivacious French nature of Annette. The selfish motives, with which he had married Irene, now alienated Annette and brought about the same unhappiness. To pursue a woman for selfish ends is indeed to wrong her soul and is never productive of marital happiness.

The marriage of Soames to Annette

synchronised with a great event in the history of England. The chapter, called 'Passing of an Age', in which this event is commemorated, is one of the best in the Saga and "psychologically much more graphic and valuable than any passage of history". Queen Victoria died after a rich period of sixty-four years, which in itself constituted an epoch. It was an age during which "morals had changed", an age during which "God had become Mammon and Mammon so respectable as to deceive himself".

As a result of Jolyon's marriage with Irene and Soames's marriage with Annette, two new characters appeared to enhance considerably the interest of the Forsyte drama. Jolyon, the son of Jolyon by Irene, for shortness called Jon, came into the world six months before Fleur, the daughter of Soames by Annette. Soames had longed for a son to inherit his property, but fate had played a spiteful trick on him by presenting him with a daughter, while giving his enemy a son.

Eighteen years passed, during which Jolyon and Irene sedulously avoided meeting Soames. But, fate once again began its nefarious work! Jon and Fleur, who were eighteen, met at an exhibition. The boy standing before a picture glinted sideways at the girl; and the girl standing on the other side looked back at the boy. Love at first sight, a strong love! Soames observed it and Irene observed it. But the idea of their marrying! It was unthinkable to both sides. Soames dissuading Fleur from the idea, while Fleur was determined to stand by it, afforded a pathetic set-off to Irene

dissuading Jon and Jon yielding to his mother. Jon was parted from Fleur and went away to British Columbia; and Fleur, sick with rage and disappointment, consented to be led to the altar by the heir to a baronetcy.

The union of Fleur with this man was the "outward and visible sign of that merger of class in class which buttresses the political stability of a realm." The Great War had closed four years before and, as the aftermath of it, there existed in England, disintegration, superficiality, satiety and insincerity. Scarcely a hope raised by the war had been realised and all illusions had been rightly shattered. An eager rushing frenzy had taken hold of the people to enjoy life as much as they could and make up for the years lost through the war. The frenzy infected Fleur, who had always longed to live. "Life! oh, well, we know it is supposed to be a riddle, but we have given it up. We just want to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last." So said Fleur once to her cousin. Her husband, Michael Mont, a member of Parliament, was a sterling character and yet she could not get on well with him! A scapegrace of a poet, whom Michael had helped in getting his poems published, came between him and Fleur and kept him on tenterhooks for some time. Yet, though racked by jealousy, Michael would not spy on his wife. One evening, he sat in gloom, and perhaps for the first time, Fleur felt conscious that his cheerfulness was of real importance to her. Her heart misgave her and, asking what the matter was with him, she made a sly reference to her visit to

Wilfrid without his knowledge. "It is all right, Fleur", remarked Michael, "you must do what you like, you know. That's only fair". So far did his self-denial go! Time passed. Wilfrid left England for the East after a handshake with Michael, and Michael returned home happy.

At the beckoning of fate, a social rival to Fleur, who had now become a mother, appeared. The rival was a spendthrift daughter of a spendthrift aristocrat. She loved to be in the limelight and get all the enjoyment possible out of life, while not letting her friends down. The duel in social life of the two women led to a law suit, in which Fleur appeared as the defendant. Fleur triumphed, but felt defeated. "To attack modern morality was a good stunt with the Judge and the Jury and any one professionally pompous; but it makes one ridiculous now-a-days in society when everybody prides himself on lack of prejudice". Fleur had attacked modern morality in attacking her rival, and society therefore condemned her and ranged itself against her. "We have had a wretched week since the case", reported Michael to his father-in-law. Fleur felt so out of place that she wanted Michael to take her round the world. Michael could not do so, as he had to stick to his parliamentary business. Soames, at first, felt too insular, not to say too old, to leave England. Fleur wished, therefore, to go alone; but, Soames was too much of a father to let her do so, and decided to shake off his insularity and accompany her.

"In Modern Society one thing after another, this spice or that, ensures a kind of memoristic vacuum and Fleur

Mont's passage-of-arms with Marjorie Ferrar was by the spring of 1926 well-nigh forgotten". The general Strike which broke out in England in April '26 is still within the memory of people even in this country. Jon Forstye, after an absence of six years, had just returned to the old world with his American wife. He had not forgotten that he was an Englishman and, with patriotism, volunteered to do his bit in the general strike as a stoker. At the suggestion of her husband, Fleur had established a canteen for the volunteers, a stunt which raised her in the eyes of society. Looking down on the row of faces at her canteen table, Fleur saw Jon and felt within her heart as if she had met with honey-suckle in winter. The mere sight of him awakened in her all her old feelings. Fate once more took the lead. It helped Fleur to get the temerity to suggest to Jon that he belonged to her and that she had a right to claim him as her own. But, true to his conscience, Jon fled; leaving Fleur to feel that she had met with the final defeat of her life.

A few days later, Fleur carelessly throwing a lighted cigarette at a picture set fire to her father's house. While rescuing his valuable pictures, Soames saw Fleur trying to kill herself. In helping to save her from that desperate act, he himself was mortally wounded. As Fleur sat watching her dying father, the thought of Jon receded from her mind. She was stricken with remorse, when she recalled how good her father had been to her. Michael too, to his relief, learned that, though there had been something between her and Jon, it was now all over for good.

If the Saga had not ended with the death of Soames, it would not have ended fittingly. Rightly was the last book of the series termed 'Swan Song'. Even when the first three books were published in a complete form in 1922 in London and New York, the Anglo-Saxon world had come comparatively to the conclusion that they had in the trilogy "a powerful epic of English life, of international importance". The other books were happily added, and Gaisworthy's fame will ever rest securely

upon this long history of the Forsytes.

For fear of becoming too long, only the characters connected with the main plot have been dealt with. Many of the other characters also are interesting. But, the selfish Soames, the noble-minded Jolyon and the honest young Jon on the one side, and on the other, the flighty but unattractive June, the enigmatic but charming Irene and the beautiful but thoughtless Fleur, claim the greater attention.

"At the end of life we shall not be asked how much pleasure we had in it, but how much service we gave in it; not how happy we were, but how helpful we were."

"During a long life, I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver, and becomes a chain binding him with golden bands to the throne of God."

(From *The Treasure Chest*.)

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) THE MAHARANI OF PITHAPURAM



T was with the utmost regret that we heard of the untimely death, at the age of forty only, of the Maharani of Pithapuram.

Her passing-away has left a big gap in the ranks of the enlightened women of India, which cannot easily, if ever, be filled up. Though not much in the public eye as far as active service was concerned, she yet earned a good name for kindness of heart, charitableness of disposition and a great desire to be of service to others. Many were the needy and the helpless and the depressed, that she unobtrusively helped; and it was through her efforts, aided by her husband's of course, that several women in poor circumstances were enabled to continue their studies. The Maharani was ever anxious to help forward the cause of Indian women, and was of great aid to the many clubs and associations started there for. In her own Pithapuram, she started a Ladies' Club, which is progressing well; and she was of great help to the Ladies' Recreation Club at Madras.

She was a cultured lady. She knew English well; studied Sanskrit a bit, and was a great reader of Telugu books, both classical and modern. Indeed, it was her habit to keep women-*pandits* with her, with whom she could converse on great subjects in beautiful language. She was a deep thinker; her ideals not only being high in theory, as

I personally know, but also put to practical use in life. She was a great purchaser of Swadeshi materials.

She advocated physical culture and training for women, and could at one time play a fairly good game of tennis and badminton. She was a great traveller and had visited Western countries.

Her religion was of a simple, genuine and practical kind; and it was an irony of fate that her death was caused by some of her ceremonies at *Puja*-time, to which, true to her ideal of solitary worship, she admitted no one.

She was an efficient mother of six children, whom she brought up with thoughtful care and anxious solicitude. Much of her time indeed was given up to them, and their memories of her ought to stand them in good stead in their lives.

It is not easy to speak of her devoted companionship to her husband. Suffice it to say that it was an ideal one. The Maharani was a true *Pativrata* and always advocated that the truest duty of an Indian woman lay at home. Indeed, she was always great on Indian tradition.

The only blame that could be laid to her charge was that she kept herself and her daughters in *Purdah*. But then it must not be forgotten that she liked the custom, was comfortable in it, and was sincerely convinced that a woman could be of service to others through it, as well as outside it.

The esteem and love which were

Some Women Pioneers of India.

1. Miss Suravy Sinha, B. A., B. L., is the first Indian Bengali lady to take the Law degree of the Rangoon University. She intends to set up practice at Bassein, (Burma).

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

2. Srimathi Ratna Kumari Devi, aged 14, is the first Marwari Girl to pass the final Sanskrit examination of the Calcutta Sanskrit Association.

3. Miss Evelyn Basanti Mukand, was awarded the White Memorial Gold Medal by the University of Lucknow at the annual convocation, for being the First M. A. student of the Canning College in English for 1932.

Photos :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

4. Mrs. Savitri Hardas Kundanani has been nominated, for the first time in the tradition of the Sind Magistracy, as an Hon. Magistrate of Hyderabad, Sind, Bench Court. She is also a member of the School Board, Hyderabad, Sind, and was Chairman of the Municipal School Board, from 1928-1931 and lady Visitor, Central Prisons.

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

5. Mrs. Thibitha Moracha Gowder, is the first Badaga lady to be elected a Member of the Nilgiri Dt. Board.

6. Miss Sarah Pothan, a Graduate in law, practising in the local courts, is the first lady to be appointed by the Government of Travancore as a Judge and Hony. Magistrate of Village Panchayats and Bench Magistrate Courts in Travancore.

7. Mrs. Mahalaxmi Ammal, the first Devanga lady to be elected unopposed as a member of the Salem Dt. Board. She is also a councillor of Salem Municipality.

Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.





THE KURNOOL LADIES' CLUB



First Lady Pilot.

Miss K. N. Duncan,
of the Church of Scotland Mission, is
the first lady to pilot an aeroplane in
South India.

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

felt for her were evidenced by the great sorrow shown in her own country at her premature death. Her charming presence, her genial friendship, her gentle as well as elevating conversation, her simple faith, and her kindly guidance, endeared her to her friends; and it will be long before the memory of them will fade away in Southern India.

I give here a tribute from one of her young friends:

“‘A thousand claims to reverence
closed
In her as mother, wife and friend.’”

“This is, without the least exaggeration the truth about the late beloved Maharani of Pithapuram. There is an old tradition that ‘a cup of gold is to be found wherever a rainbow touches the earth’; and there are some people whose smile, the sound of whose voice, whose very presence, radiate joy and happiness around them. The late Maharani was one who belonged completely to this category. ‘A merry heart is a continual feast to others besides herself’. The Maharani’s ever cheerful disposition was a source of inspiration to her friends; and her wide sympathy, combined with something ardent and responsive in her temperament, attracted many people. She was all that was pure in womanhood. A devoted wife, a loving mother, a most sympathetic friend she undoubtedly was all her life-time.

“The Maharani was a most refined and cultured woman. She was well-versed in Sanscrit and English literature, but she was very modest about herself and flaunted no conspicuous intellectual claim.

“To us, young women, she was a great example. In her death, we have lost a most precious friend. The greatest honour we can do her is to try to follow in her footsteps, to be as kind, as loving, as God-fearing, as pure and as simple as she was all her life-time. May her spirit hover about us always and be a source of inspiration to us!”

(2) AVIATION FOR WOMEN.

It was with surprise and admiration, and yet with a certain amount of fear that lately I heard a young Indian girl proclaiming that she was taking lessons in flying. The first two feelings can easily be understood, but I think it is time that the third feeling is submerged. Indian mothers should no longer be afraid for their daughters, or at least should not allow their natural alarms to triumph. Indian girls must come out, as much as Western women; and one of the greatest things to which they can turn their attention in modern days is aviation. Now that woman’s scope has been enlarged, and she can set herself to do anything, is it not time for her to take to flying as well? And she is doing so. With Mrs. F. D. Patel as the first qualified woman-pilot, many Indian women are learning aviation; and time is sure to show that they can prove themselves as good at it as others. The wonderful flying feats of Mrs. Mollison have electrified the world, and have proved that the endurance and skill of women can be as great as that of men. Indeed, there can be no question of the suitability or not of women for the art. As Mr. Mollison was reported to have said recently, there can be great fliers among women as well as men. There is no need to relegate

aviation to any one sex. He says—"The figures showing the large number of women, who have taken out pilot's licenses, and who have shown themselves efficient in the mechanical side of aviation, tend to show woman's flying aptitude. If a woman proves herself more capable than a man, then she is entitled to fill the job. This argument may be opposed on economic grounds, but not I think on any other. Capable, hard-working women have the same right to success as men, provided they can prove their worth, and in the air they may find a splendid opportunity for so doing.

"I hold no brief for men or women pilots. All I wish to see is aviation getting the best talent available, be it male or female. Neither sex has an advantage in the flying game, unless it be in the fact that a man's powers of endurance can better stand the strain of an exceptional flight. Even then, I am inclined to think that the wonderful efforts of the world's best aviatrixes have proved that women are equally capable in that direction."

The chief qualities necessary for flying seem to be great endurance, a capability for very hard and single-minded work, tremendous grit, immense energy, and unfailing tenacity. There must be courage also; for when, as we know, a brave heart is necessary even for ordinary flying with someone else as pilot, greater must that courage be which can pilot a machine even with a skilled pilot to help, and greatest of all indeed must that heart be which can do her own flight alone and far, as Amy Mollison did. As Mr. Mollison says: "A number of inspiring qualities are necessary in the air-woman. It is not

a job that pampered daughters may take up merely for a *thrill*. You cannot enter flying and hope to succeed, if you do so solely with the idea of making it a temporary hobby. Lots of women have done so and have soon tired of their new toy. Flying does not lend itself to any, save those who are willing to work, and to work hard in its cause. If they are willing to do so, they may reap rewards.

"I would rate tenacity first among the necessary qualities of the woman-flier. Unless she is determined to devote her entire time, energy and mind to the job she may as well give it up. She must not be deterred by failure: rather she should allow her rebuffs to encourage her to greater effort. Do not think that I make these statements dogmatically, or with any wish to over-estimate the difficulties of my own profession. I say these things solely because I believe them, and in the hope that by doing so I may encourage the girl-flier of real grit, and discourage those who would enter aviation in a half-hearted manner."

Mrs. Mollison, as stated in an interview given by her to a member of the *Empire Literary Service*, is also of opinion that women can be of great use in flying. In the first place, they can be as good as men. "I doubt very much whether there is any form of activity in which women have become so prominent in such a short space of time. By this I do not refer only to the long-distance solo flights of famous women pilots, but to the astonishingly large number of women in many countries who have qualified as pilots and, even more important, have familiarised themselves with aeroplane

machinery to such an extent that they are competent engineers as well. Many of these women use their machines for both business and pleasure, and form an undoubted asset to the aviation world."

In the second place, women can popularise flying, for their very presence will prove that aviation has become fairly safe. Moreover, there is the question of comfort, convenience and ease in flying, which women can advance, as they have done so in motoring. As Mrs. Millison states: "When women take up flying *en masse*, you will soon notice material changes in aircraft which will herald a future of great comfort in the air. Machines will be very much more attractive and fitted with all sorts of happy conveniences which were unheard of in the past. I will not take it upon myself to draw a word picture of the 'plane of the future, but I fancy its development will be on the lines of the motor-car, and that the feminine touch will be apparent in nearly all machines.

"It is fairly easy to see that the hand of women can popularise flying considerably, and at the same time do much to advance this new and wonderful discovery. I am sufficiently air-

minded to realise that flying is the means of transport and communication of the future, but I also know that much still remains to be done before it is perfect. We can all talk glibly of the visionary machines of the future, and think of the time when we can travel from London to Sydney in three days, and in comfort. But much must be done before this comes about. New discoveries will follow only long and patient seeking and great 'planes will only follow hard work—work in which woman will play a conspicuous and worthy part."

Finally there seem to be many other ways in which women can be of benefit in flying, even if they cannot be "aces." Mrs. Mollison mentions the "perfect *Secretary*," who can pilot her employer in quick business trips; there can be also an advantage in *social* activities, if families can be piloted by women to different places. Women can be of use as *nurses* in flying ambulance services, also as *engineers*, *stewardesses* and *maids* in big air-ships. In fact there can be no end to their usefulness in the "air." And if a woman can be an efficient and famous pilot, and keep up her womanliness at the same time, as Amy has, great indeed will be her worth!

"THE IDEAL WOMAN"

OR

A POSSIBLE AVERAGE WOMAN

The article by Miss H. Kaveri Bai in the November-December number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is both amusing and dictatorial.

Before explaining why, a reference is necessary to the splendid article by N. R. Krishnamma in the same issue, on *Criticism*,—splendid because it is a logical discussion with a logical conclusion.

"Fault-finding", which is nothing other than criticism, is a weapon, the handling of which requires careful study and patience. The main rules for the use of this weapon are included in logic. A criticism based on a logical discussion is a fair criticism, and should give rise to constructive measures, as the process of reasoning involved should and will reveal all the weak links in the subject under attention.

Again, words with comparative meanings really convey nothing to the reader. "Words" in this case are those which are based on a moral foundation.

Now, Miss K. Bai uses many such words, the meaning of which depends on the reader's mentality. Consequently, in some cases, the article becomes a mass of disconnected thoughts with no binding links.

To give a list of these words in the article is impossible, because they are so many; but may Miss K. Bai be asked by what right did she use the words, "Vice, wickedness, sane-thinking,

chastity, fallen women, decent girls, virtue, moral and spiritual guidance, and loose?"

Truth, Beauty and Goodness are three ideals, which, up to the present, have not been realised and thus are still "ideals". Most men have their own conception of these three moral components, and till their absolute values are discovered there cannot be any *untruth, ugliness, or evil*. The question may well be asked, how can a man denounce evil to others, when he does not know what goodness means to men in general? (The use of the word "*man*" is purely for convenience and includes *woman* as well.)

Criticism on moral grounds is rather out of date. Modern writers plainly point out the benefits derived, when the marriage institution is a thing of the past, and where birth-control, and the state as the foster-mother of children, are in force. This condition, according to Miss Bai, would be one of "grossness and vulgarity", because she completely forgets that others have opinions differing from her own, or better still methods of evolving a result from some starting-point.

Criticism on reasoning is not out of place, but to advance a number of opinions based entirely on a moral code is "the absolute limit."

Miss Bai's statement, "Injures her health by smoking", is rather rash. She

goes on the principle of *cause and effect*, which is really applicable to what is known as non-living matter. Even here, according to modern science, this law is found to be far from true. But to apply it to mankind is rather unfair. Miss Bai infers that, because ninety-nine cases out of a hundred suffer bad health because of smoking, therefore the hundredth case should suffer as well as the others. The wish, that "it would be as easy as this", is a happy dream to most science.

Lindsay and Havelock Ellis merely offer their opinions and never attempt to "lay down the law". They merely draw reasonable conclusions from their data, and offer a possible theory.

As regards "skits, cartoons, and rhymes on costumes and cosmetics," Miss Bai misses the whole point, namely humour, which is the name given to that part of the brain, whose working produces laughter. The supposed meanness of the Scotchman is famous, and many jokes are in print as regards this assumed failing. But men from other races do not think the Scotchman mean or stingy. Far from it. The average Scotchman is considered a "splendid chap."

There are many sentences in Miss Bai's article, which can be grouped under the category of being based on a moral code, which none at present should have any right to hold, specially as far as I am concerned. The "Moral code", or that ability of Miss Bai's to draw the line between good and bad, is the gauntlet I throw down to her, and I sincerely hope that she will take it up and answer this article with as much satire as she is capable of. Discussions are interesting sometimes even to non-

combatants. Besides, the exploding of this "moral code" is most essential for India, for then perhaps we might become a group of students, knowing our unworthiness, instead of all trying to be leaders.

The consideration that all people are similar will abolish the ordinary fault-finder, because, to "remove the beam in thy own eye" will be the natural reaction. Criticism without a foundation is due to the superiority-complex, which like self-pity is a great stumbling-block.

I am afraid my opinion on my "Ideal woman" will not help. My "Ideal woman" only exists for myself, and though often I have tried to draw her either by words or lines, she is never complete on paper. She is unrealisable, and in that sense an "Ideal". As soon as she is in black and white, she can no longer be an ideal, but becomes a "common" woman.

A man.

[Note. "A Man" here is talking on general grounds. He avers that criticism must be based on logical discussion, that words with comparative meanings must be carefully used, and that every individual must express his or her own opinion in a humble and correct way. I am sure he includes within this dictum that criticism of what one thinks wrong need not wait till the absolute values of truth, beauty and goodness are evolved; otherwise I am afraid it will have to wait for ever. If one has to defer to modern writers, who defend utilitarian methods, I am afraid life will become very undesirably prosaic indeed. A world's moral standard can never be truly evolved; but individual standards can try to approach as near

as possible to that absolute ideal of morality, which must exist, and which I believe, is unalterable. There is no harm in trying to think of it. At the same time, as our "man" writes, the superiority-complex must be avoided.

Criticism, undoubtedly, *must* give rise to constructive methods; but what will the world be without destructive criticism? The very effort to approach an ideal in all such criticism must be its own apology.] *Editor, I. L. M.*

IS COURTSHIP A SIN?

As a result of our contact with the West, the modern young man has learnt to count the moments of his life in terms of romance; he is full of romantic sentimentality. He resents supervision and tries to find some idealism in real life, especially in marriage.

Some people believe in marriages being arranged by the respective parents, while others openly rebel against such an attitude. That parents should make a choice for their sons or daughters is an age-long custom still obtaining amongst us; but is it not based on a crude idea of marriage and does it not give rise to a disheartening outlook on life? They are perhaps not wrong, who hold that the boy and the girl ought to be sufficiently advanced socially and economically to make wise selections for themselves.

To ask parents to arrange a match is a seemingly simple and easy method, so far as the individual is concerned; but even then it may fail to bring about desired happy relations. What assurance have the parents that the girl and the boy of their choice will agree with the tastes and aspirations of each other? Not being infallible after all, their interference may make the buoyant and gay youth of romance figure in a sullen and morose light. What is vitally

necessary for a happy married life is sympathetic *rapprochement* in terms of common-sense psychology.

Without courtship, marriage is more often than not a crucifixion. It robs family-life of joy and inspiration. The man and the woman are so often at mental, emotional and idealistic odds with each other that they create a psychic complex and an inward instability of soul, which may haunt them all their lives; they are thrust into a vacuum by moral and legal systems, hedged about by ignorance and subjected to slurs by the orthodox. In such cases, the aspirations of life itself are killed, and liking, instead of quickening into true love, turns into bitter hatred which often ends in legal or social separation.

Love is the only valid basis for marriage; it is a mysterious attraction of two people for each other, an unanalysable mystery, and a thrill which can be all-sufficient for permanent happiness. Yet, social morality has aimed to keep human nature encased, for fear that release may mean a dangerous liberation of impulse upon society; but, like life, love and marriage cannot be controlled by subjection; and, whether older-fashioned people can succeed in annihilating the tender feelings of youth by treading ruthlessly upon them,

is a question to be answered only by the coming generation.

Marriage is not an agency of the state, through which multifarious self-seeking groups of humanity can work their will and aim at subjecting men and women to a life-long servitude; nor is it a medium for increasing and multiplying the population of the world. On the other hand, it is a blessing conferred on both the sexes by the Creator, and with it they become each other's keepers and collaborators. Marital relations should, therefore, be essentially human and personal; for woman is not a non-entity, neither is the man so; both have value and dignity.

Marriage should be a romantic, and not a prosaic, affair. Love at first sight, however, seems to be a wrong notion; and, it seems to me, the friendship acknowledged between a man and

a woman on their engagement-day, further ratified by the marriage-bond, can turn into true love only after a sufficiently long time has elapsed of association. When entering into a life-long agreement with each other, it is imperative that the boy and the girl should have known each other sufficiently well before.

Youth is drawn towards marriage by the vague phantom of romance, the unknown desire for untasted experiences and mysteries. This desire can be satisfied only by entering into friendship with other, which in course of time is likely to develop into courtship. Such a relationship is not likely to lead to antagonism in later life, but will enable the couple to look at marriage with eyes open, so as to build the wider fellowship which modern life requires.

S. K.

WE WHO ARE DEAD

We who are dead still watch the ages go
In gay procession down the aisles of

Our sleep-filled eyes look on your time,
Your pageantry of light, and shade, arrogant show,
And think—Alas, we now shall never and rhyme,
more

March proud-spirited with the sons of men,
No dawn will bring back to our alien shore

Life's sweetest things. They are beyond our ken.

How shall we slumber when our thoughts still hold

Soft liquid laughter, song, and quiet mirth,

Dreams we have known, adventure high and bold,

All colour glorifying your dear earth?

These things, though we have passed Death's dismal gate,

Our memories shall keep inviolate.

E. H. D'ALWIS.

STORMY SUNSET

A lurid light lit up the evening sky ;
 Black stood the temple *gopuram* lifted high ;
 From eastward, darkest clouds and
 thunder rolled,
 A vivid contrast to the western gold.

Glory and darkness, sunshine and
 thunder-shower
 Fought for the victory in that twilight
 hour ;

All verdure glowed in bright
 expectancy,
 And gave to beauty aid and sympathy.

The wondrous hour is o'er; the battle
 done ;
 To outward sight black darkness must
 have won,
 But glowing sunset's radiance, ere it
 cease,
 Has brought to darkening night its
 glory's peace.
 E. H. W.

AUNT J

(A character sketch)

Aunt J is my father's only sister. She got into our house and joined us long before I was put to school. She was very young and very healthy then and would have been superbly beautiful, had not my uncle died at the prime of life. You may wonder how a graceful girl becomes less graceful with the death of her husband. But you will not do so, when I disclose the fact that she was a Brahmin, and aggressively orthodox. The death of her partner meant the immediate removal of her jewels, the whole-sale shaving of her head, and the compulsory avoidance of fine sarees, in favour of the widow's repellent cream cloth. The withdrawal of these artificial adjuncts to feminine grace, not to speak of the poignant grief caused by the untimely demise of a man who was all the world to her, diminished the grace of my aunt's person.

Brought up within the unassailable citadel of orthodoxy, surrounded by the sparrow-like frivolity of the softer sex, and inspiring the fatal air of enslaving superstition, my aunt easily reconciled herself to her lot. Behold her, then, very punctual and punctilious in the observance of those religious rites, which the current generation in general, and myself in particular, are honouring by a zealous breach. She wakes up at sun-rise and after a cold bath smears her brow and limbs with a thick paint of the so-called sacred ash. When I get up and sit to the coffee prepared by my mother, my aunt has done with counting beads and chanting '*Jabams*'. She does her cooking herself, on her own hearth and never suffers my mother to defile the utensils with her profane touch. Eating her breakfast, the quality of which I have not till now tasted, though I have

oftentimes noticed its quantity to be in excess, my aunt invariably objects to my harmless coffee. A woman of the old school, she turns up her nose at this beverage, and others akin to it. But, being inured to this necessary evil, I feel I cannot possibly get on without it. And I am blessed with a kindly father, o whom a hot cup of strong coffee means more than a wagon-load of manna. So, on this question as on many others, my aunt's reprimands have little or no effect.

It is my religion to receive my friends, and be received by them with undisguised welcome. I can count upon some choice souls for melting away my cares, for entertaining me and for buoying my spirits up. They are drawn from several communities, but really are of one community, as I think. These chums of mine call on me every other day and we spend some time in foolish chatter. "How do you like our new 'demon' (meaning 'demonstrator')?" asks Chandar, and before I can reply, another is anxious to know whether I would initiate a debate on 'the bright side of co-education'. A third frets to know how our college may fare in the inter-collegiate cricket match. But, before my dear Damu can pour out his soul in our favourite ditty, my aunt is down upon him in right earnest and gives him a cruel stare, which is enough to drive him into a fright and make him look for the nearest exit.

It is my aunt's incurable disease to feel quite upset, whenever my friends come to me. There was a time when she used to rant and rave at me for gathering all sorts of 'fellows' into my room. But now that I have come of age, and my father trusts me to a fault,

the truculent critic has turned into a silent Satan. Her bigotry has reached such a climax that she cannot bring herself to like a non-Brahmin, nor even so much as look upon him. My aunt's love for me is so much more than any other aunt's for her nephew that she has taken it into her head that the choice of my friends is her responsibility. I can appreciate the selflessness of her motive, though it is quite impossible for me to tolerate the absurdity of her method.

It is my aunt's blind notion that the Brahmin is of the supreme 'good' and all but he of the infernal species. To hate the latter is her faith, her spiritual duty, her gate-way to the kingdom of God. I could tolerate, rather overlook, this bigoted belief of my aunt's, had not her previous practices run counter to her present prattle. For instance, in her palmy days, my aunt never refused a Pariah's gift, if it was given scot-free. My uncle's peons used to be regular sufferers from her profound greed. Though aunt J hated their caste, she tasted nothing bitter, nothing unpalatable or unsavoury either in heaps of jack-fruit, or in baskets of mangoes with which they constantly waited on her, to be in the good books of my uncle. She was a veritable pest to Palani Nadar, in whose palmyrah fruit she found supreme delight, and a regular nuisance to Sodalaimuthu whose jasmine-wreaths were her constant craving. Again, the bangle-wallah was a frequent drain upon my uncle's bank-balance, aunt J being one of his never-failing customers. She used to squeak with joy at his sight, and without the ghost of a scruple hold out her

hand to him. The bangle-wallah, you know, is not a Brahmin; but he had something to attract my aunt which no Brahmin has. Last but not least, my aunt had a servant-maid, a maid o' all work, who moved on close terms with her, though I have not the shadow of a doubt that the girl was drawn from a lower stratum of society.

All these and many other instances not only disclose aunt J's pathetic lack of reason and good sense, but also throw a flood of light on the adamant obstinacy into which she has forced herself to suit her new needs.

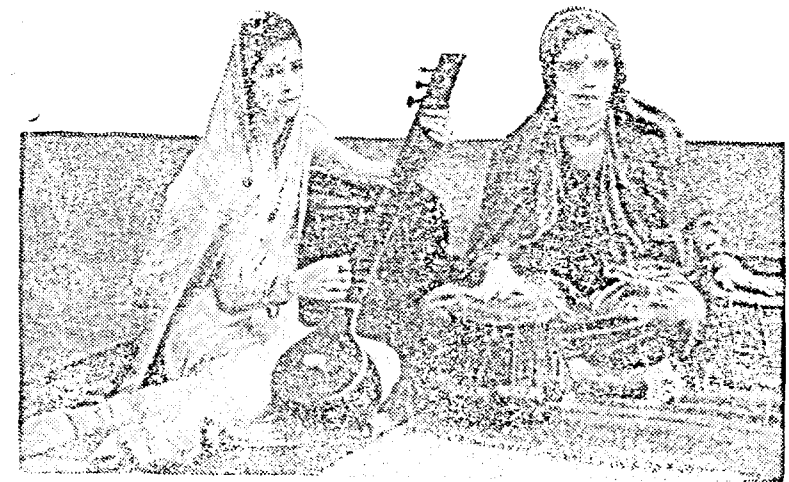
Failing to 'mend' me, my aunt tried all she could to change my father's attitude towards me. Times without number she importuned him into punishing me, that I might be liked by the village wise-acres and not be led astray by my companions. But to no effect.

Now she has given up this bad habit and taken to one which is worse still. Every day, she gads about, invades every open door, makes friends with every widow, no matter whether she is good, bad or indifferent, and chatters without end.

It must be said to the credit of aunt J. that she is an *unwearied* gossip. All illiterate women come under this category. Our widows in particular, are past masters in scandal; but, it is bare justice to my aunt to say that she easily outshines her colleagues. Her erudition is the admiration of her party. There is no Encyclopedia so exhaustive, no newspaper so up-to-date as aunt J. Seshi, the banker's daughter buys a Karachi silk. Her neighbours see it and that's all they know about it. But my aunt, far away from Seshi's door, gets the news sooner than anybody else

and knows besides the circumstances preceding the purchase of the silk, how many words passed between man and wife before the former loosened his purse-strings and the latter received the silk from the hawker's hand. Valam, the tobacco-magnate's third wife—young enough to be his third daughter—parades the street with a heavy load of gold and diamonds. Indigent drudges leave the hearth and run to the more congenial verandahs of their houses to get a 'darsan' of this mundane goddess decked in her costliest. Ambitious girls go in procession after her. An epidemic of stares and whispers breaks out. What woman's heart can gold despise? Nobody knows, and all are eager to know, what sums could have been lavished on this grand decoration. Different women guess differently, each asserting the truth of her version and the consequent falsity of the others; and, if the warfare of words does not mature into abuse, it is because my aunt's authentic authority intervenes and silences the crowd to patient hearing, by placing before it a statistical report of the number, nature and cost of the precious ornaments on the person of the tobacco-magnate's wife. Her itinerant propensities enable aunt J to know everything of everybody, and place her in an enviable position among the stay-at-home widows of our street.

My father loved his sister dearer than a brother. Her premature widowhood elicited a particular partiality to her. His opinion of her was that she was poor as a church-mouse and simple to a fault. Being a traveller by profession, he was in the dark about her local pursuits.



Bangalore Artistes

Miss Ivy Brown (left,) and Miss Dorothy Swan, who have recently been appearing in Bangalore in a series of Indian dances.—*Photo, Brown.*

By courtesy of The Illustrated Weekly of India.



Girl Student

of the Sir J. J. School of Art in Bombay, painting amid rural surroundings.

By courtesy of *The Illustrated Weekly of India*.

Now and then he would take leave and stay at home. My aunt also used to take leave and bury herself in her Ramayana or Mahabharata. But now, that retrenchment has thrown my father permanently out of a job, he lives with us. My aunt's ways have at last been brought to light. Several reports, vulgarly vexatious in quality, have relaxed the cords of his tranquillity and he is at his wit's end what to do with a sister, who has done him more harm than even the axe of retrenchment.

P. S. A. KRISHNAPPA.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

DETECTIVE JANAKI

By K. S.

[Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her: she must either marry Natesan, or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. What will she do now?]

CHAPTER 2

Janaki rushed out of her father's gate, as if possessed. She thought she heard her step-mother calling after her; but she did not hesitate. She went the length of the road and then she stopped. Reflection came to her. She was contemplating a drastic step. It behoved her to stop and consider. Should she really do as she had thought of doing, a short while ago? What, in the heat of her wrath had seemed the only thing worth doing in the circumstances, now, when it came to the actual doing of it, seemed a very a daring idea. How had she thought about it at all? And yet the fact remained that, not only had the idea been admitted by her, but that it was also one she had actually pondered over and worked on. Then, was

she a wicked girl, as her step-mother said she was? Perhaps. But really she had only played with the idea, feeling that she could draw back at any moment.

It had been this way. In one of her rare leisure moments, which she had in sheer desperation snatched from her heavy duties in the house, Janaki had glanced over a newspaper. Suddenly her eye had fallen on the astounding lines, "A young man of good family wants, with a view to marriage, to meet a girl, young, good-looking, and unconventional. If willing, please write Box 21, c/o., The Indian Record."

Magic words they had seemed to her, for they appeared exactly to fit her circumstances. Was she not all that the advertiser wished her to be? And yet what a risk! What sort of a young man would he prove to be?

Well then why not risk it? She could not stay on in that wretched house of her father's. All her high spirit, all her wonderful magnetism, were being stolen from her.

One can presume by this time that Janaki did have a high idea of herself! And why not? The spirit of unconviction did call for a great spirit, for courage and steadfastness. And Janaki was sure she had some of such qualities at least.

Or should she take up the other idea, that other mad plan of hers and her cronies? This was to a start a sort of women's detective agency, to enquire into certain criminal matters. Could they do it, she and Menaka and Sarada together, a trio of weak women, unused to such things? Why not again? Had not such a thing been done in novels? Were there not great women detectives? But then such detective work would not give her a house; she must live still in her father's home. Moreover, such work could be carried on, even if she was married.

So, she decided to act on the advertisement, if only for fun, and satisfy her curiosity. There was no need actually to act out the idea, after all, she thought, if she did not like it.

She had already written to the address given by the advertiser, not giving her name, but cautiously suggesting that she would like to meet the young man in question. A reply had come, suggesting a meeting-place in a corner of the public garden. A sign could be arranged for recognition. The meeting was due to take place very shortly.

She was by now in the park, but not at the exact place of the meeting. It was rather strange for her to be alone there, and many people glanced at the pretty girl in her pretty dress. Some recognised her as her father's daughter; but very few saluted her, for

in India, it does not become a well-bred man to greet a solitary Hindu girl directly, unless, of course, they are in a fast set.

As she stood hesitating, a stout burly form caught her eye, coming in at the gate. It was Natesan, her *bete noir*. He seemed to be looking for some one, perhaps for her.

Thereupon Janaki fled on fleet feet to the place of assignation.

CHAPTER 3.

The band was playing gaily in the park. Janaki stood uncertainly near a tall pillar, a lonely figure in the happy busy crowd. She felt herself in a very invidious position. Where would it end, this terrible situation, into which she had thrust herself? A dozen times she was on the point of turning tail and flying away. But a dozen times, her brave spirit kept her there.

Where was he, this rich, fine, man she was to meet? Oh, she felt so ashamed. She must escape, she must!

But just then, he appeared in view; that it was he she knew by the big button-hole of three-coloured flowers in the lapel of his coat, purple, red and white, rather a ridiculous thing for a man, but all the better therefore for recognition. And certainly the advertisement was right. He did look of good family; he was good looking too, superbly god-like in face and form; and he was richly, quietly dressed in Indian style.

He stood still and looked round. Janaki came forward a step. His eyes fell on her in due course. She raised her hand. His gaze stayed; and then she made the sign she had arranged in

her letter, a circle made round her face with three fingers and then a deep *namaskaram* (salutation with both hands together).

He came forward quietly, as if toward an old friend. They sauntered off casually, side by side, into a lonely path.

"Well?" said the man.

"Well?" said the girl.

"Will you marry me?"

"Who are you?"

He laughed and looked hard at her.

"I see after all you are rather a conventional creature. I had thought you a wild, harum-scarum miss; which idea your appearance certainly belies, in spite of the impish gleam in your eye, backed by the saucy tilt of your lips....."

Janaki by this time had drawn herself up very stiffly and withdrawn her gaze from him.

"I haven't given you permission to be familiar with me, have I?"

He laughed ironically.

"No, my lady, you have not. I humbly apologise."

There was no ridicule or sarcasm in his words or look, though Janaki looked carefully for it. She felt slightly mollified.

"My people are new to this neighbourhood. I belong to an orthodox family, which has come, during the last few months, to settle here. Perhaps your father knows about us."

"My father? But then", she burst out suddenly, "I cannot ask him".

"Then he too is an orthodox man, who dislikes unconventionalities, like this for instance".

"Can you blame him? Is such a thing usual, as that which is happening now?" asked Janaki.

"You mean our meeting? Certainly, I admit it is a very curious situation. What shall we do about it?"

"What do you suggest?"

"You came to meet me, as my advertisement suggested, with a view

to marriage. There's no use shirking that fact, is there?"

"No", murmured Janaki, in shame.

"Don't be upset," the man consoled, "you must have been forced by circumstances to come here, especially as you seem to be afraid of your father".

"That's quite true," the girl admitted. "It wasn't altogether my evil nature which made me risk this adventure. But how you must despise me!"

"I don't; I understand. Well then, let me go on. My family is not quite rich, and I am considered the black sheep of the family. Yet, I—I assure you, I have got my own share of honour, though others may not admit it. But, you must risk all that, if you marry me."

"And I am the daughter of Krishna Iyer, the Head Accountant of this place. I have passed my Inter., and would like to go on with my B. A. But my step-mother wishes me to marry a man, whom I dislike. So, you will understand this is a marriage of convenience for me. There can be no question of love. If I don't marry you, I'll be in a fix."

"Why?" He looked at her strangely.

"Through a harmless frolic, and because I was forced into certain circumstances."

"My wife must be above suspicion."

"Oh, as to that," she said tossing her head, "so must my husband be. But I assure you, I've done nothing wrong."

He seemed surprised by her lenient attitude. He had expected a burst of anger. He explained as much to her with a smile, and she smiled in return. Then he went on.

"My father is Ramana Iyer, an influential broker. I am Seshan. I graduated in England and have just got some educational work in a town rather far from here. If you marry me, you must come away with me."

"That would be best," she murmured. "Life wouldn't be worth living here with my step-mother all over me."

"Will you take me on trust then? It must be rather a case of *Bluebeard*, as far as my past is concerned; for I have had a past. You may come across some indications of it, which you don't like."

"Was it a dishonourable one?"

"Some people would say so."

"What do you say?"

"I liked it in a way."

"But you say it was a past," said Janaki. "Why did you give it up then, if you liked it?"

"I think I had better tell you my story, or at least part of it. You seem quite an intelligent girl and a large-hearted one."

He bowed to her; and she smiled at him; for, underneath his outward polish, she detected an inward appreciation. And, true to the maxim that approval in one breeds a reciprocal approval in another, especially in a woman, she felt her heart warming towards him. What a fine-looking man he was, and how good he looked! Surely, he couldn't have done anything bad; or perhaps his actions had been misunderstood and so considered wicked. His own motive for them must have been an honourable one. In any case, she would stick to him, whatever he disclosed.

"I am not going to tell you what my hobby was," he began. Janaki naturally looked disappointed, but brightened up, as he went on. "I shall tell you why I took it up. I had a beloved elder brother, he and I being the only two children of my family. You can imagine then how we appreciated each other. And he deserved all the love he could get; for he was a saint, a suffering saint. He had always been delicate and, as years passed, he grew more sickly. And this poor martyr, the most harmless man in the world, was done to death by a rich man, because forsooth, that man believed he had a grudge against our father, who is a broker, as I told you. Could anything be worse than that, I ask you." His voice broke a little, and he turned aside, pretending

to look at some people. Janaki felt her eyes smart, and blinked hard. The silence continued. At last, she murmured in a small voice:

"How did he do it?"

He turned sharply, and there was a hard glitter in his eyes.

"How? In a very underhand way, of course. My brother had met a girl, a cultured one, whom he liked very much. The girl herself admired him, and would have married him. Things indeed might have happened that way; but—but—this rogue somehow managed to poison her mind against my brother—and—he died."

"She couldn't have been a good girl, if she let down a sick man like that."

He turned sharply again.

"Make no mistake about that," he cried. "She also was a saint—a lovely saint."

Janaki felt her heart contract with an unknown painful feeling. He continued:

"No, she tried not to show him her changed feelings."

"How could she believe anything against him?"

"How could she not, when proof was brought?"

"Even then? And, even if he did wrong, he must have had a good motive."

"She—she was a very simple girl. She could not understand all that. And so, she tried not to show the change; but love's eyes are quick, and he found it out. His heart broke then."

"What happened to the girl?"

"I became engaged to her," he said simply. "I had loved her from the beginning; but had had to dissemble when my brother was alive. But then—oh—after a long time——"

A far-away look came into his eyes, and Janaki felt another stab of unhappy pain. She looked at him with blurred eyes.

"You loved her then?"

"I did; and I honoured her so much that I gave up my—my—hobby for her sake. You see, after the death of my brother, I felt I had to have my revenge against the rich man, and so—I—"

"What did you do?" asked Janaki.

"I won't tell you; but I gave it up, at the request of Sundari. She made me promise never to take it up again. So, when—she—died—"

An unholy feeling of joy possessed Janaki. She almost smiled; but recollected herself in time.

"She died then?" she asked stupidly. He nodded.

"Why do you wish to marry then?"

"I am the only remaining son of my father, who says I must marry. He wished to arrange a match for me, but I refused. He gave in then as he knows me well. If he does not indulge me in this, I shall never marry. But, he relies on my discretion, I know. So, I thought of advertising. I realise now how foolish I have been—for I might have fallen into a terrible mess. But the gods have been kind to me. I met you. And so, will you forgive me?"

She nodded, unable to speak, for there was a peculiar feeling in her heart; a dazed feeling, a sense of half-realisation, a hope, and a joy. Can you wonder she felt bewildered? There was deep pain in her heart, and yet she would not have relinquished that for the whole world. It was an exquisite sensation, and it was all centred in the man before her. She adored him.

"Dare I ask if you will marry me?"

She nodded again; and a look of pleased surprise replaced the pain in his eyes.

"I thank you, my dear," he said. "I shall try to see that you will never regret your noble decision. You realise of course—that—that I shall have no deep feeling for you. We shall just be friends, eh?"

"Of course," said Janaki, suddenly waking up and remembering that she must not betray her love for

this man. It would be a disgrace to her, if he suspected it. So, she smiled brightly.

"What shall we do when we get married?"

"We can both paint the world red, or—or start on plenty of good work. I shall try to second you in all your efforts, after my own duties are over."

"Then, I'll have a good deal of time of my own?"

"Perhaps. We can study together, go out together and so on, you know. We'll try to be good companions, as much as we can."

"Then, can I have a hobby of my own to spend my leisure time on? I have always been keen on it?"

"What is it?"

"Detective work"

He gave a great start, and emitted a loud whistle.

"What! You a detective? What makes you like that line?"

She explained, and then concluded,

"So, you see my friends, Sarada and Menaka, wish to be with me in this matter. We three are a sort of complement to each other. I suppose. Sarada is short and round and soft, sweet and gentle, rather submissive and yielding. Menaka is tall and regal, imperious and steady, thoughtful and slow-going, yet sensitive to a degree, though self-controlled. I am impulsive and skittish. We thought we would make a good detective agency. We wanted to call ourselves 'The Coterie.' But now we shall be separated. Can't you help me?"

He had turned sideways to her, while she was talking, and his head had been bent in thought. Now, he turned full to her and looked into her eyes with a quizzical look. There was a curious smile about his mobile lips.

"I can't promise; but, if I can, I'll help you. Let's leave it at that. Do you know anything of detective work?"

"I promise you, I shall be good at it. I have been training myself; and have read lots of books."

He laughed out-right at that, and then became serious as he saw she was vexed. "Don't be cross. I'm not laughing at you really. Well then, shall we strike the bargain?"

"I am a foolish, silly creature; but if I try to do right, will you be good to me, tolerant, non-interfering and understanding?"

"I will. And will you be true to me, whatever happens?"

"I will; if I wish to do anything drastic, I shall give you fair notice. But ordinarily I promise not to be rash, but to consult you on most matters."

"That's all I ask. If, for instance, you meet a man you like better than me, we can try to arrange matters, amicably, eh? And you must be understanding also and tolerant, and try not to think too badly of me, even if you hear bad things about me. Eh?"

"You also must do the same about me."

"But you said yours was only a harmless frolic."

"Even then, Seshan."

"Of course."

She smiled shyly upon him.

"We shall be friends, shall we, true friends?"

I shall always be at your service, my lady. Let's shake hands".

They did so; and both had the same thought. Had there ever before been such a bargain struck? But it was a happy one, for Janaki at least. She did not care what happened to her. She would be with her man.

From somewhere in the band-stand the voice of a *palli* (a fly-catcher) sounded.

"There speaks the truth; my father says that the *palli* never tells a lie," he exclaimed. I am sure that we shall be happy. But, are you superstitious? Never mind, we'll find out about each other later. There's time enough for that. Now let's make the necessary arrangements."

(To be continued.)

IN MAN'S REALM

King Dasarath

Of the long line of kings, who belonged to the great Manu dynasty, there was none who attained the Gadi at such a young age as Dasarath, the great hero. In his fifth year, his mother Indumathi, and in his fifteenth year his father Aza, died, but the great and noble qualities of King Dasarath were fostered under the guidance of able teachers. Soon the people became reconciled to the loss of their beloved ruler, the Emperor Aza.

The young King's humility and knowledge astonished the wise and aged men of the country. Though young in years, King Dasarath was aged in wisdom.

In the cabinet of King Dasarath,

there were Vasishta, Sumantra and eight other eminent men. Vasishta, the sage, was the family-priest of the King, and Sumantra the minister-in-chief. When the wit and wisdom and ability of the highly-accomplished ministers and the great qualities of the King were blended harmoniously, the country quite naturally increased in wealth and peace to an enviable extent. Though Dasarath had many beautiful ladies in the *harem*, which was quite usual with the Kings and Emperors of the day, he had only three wives. They were the daughters of the Kings of southern Kosala, Magadha and Kaikeya. The Queens were all beautiful and cultured, and the King led a happy life with them.

Dasarath was very popular with the Devas, or Gods. On many an occasion Devendra, the ruler of Heaven, sent his war-chariot for Dasarath, to fight against the Asuras, who were always at constant war with the Devas.

After a time, a gloom overtook the great Emperor's heart. He was growing in years, yet he had no child. It was the common belief then, as now that children are the most important source of happiness, not only in this world, but also in Heaven. The thought of the great dynasty of the Sun coming to an end troubled the Emperor day and night. The Queens sent up prayers, but all in vain. One night, Dasarath grew restless with sorrow. He paced the floor of his sleeping-chamber wrapped in strange and sorrowful thought. For a time he looked carelessly at the calm and beautiful river Sarayu and at the distant mountains. But all on a sudden, a thought came to him, his face grew pale, and with a deep sigh he retired to bed, but not to sleep.

What was the thought that baffled the great Emperor, who was known to be entire master of himself? It was as follows. While young, when indeed he was only fourteen, before he became Emperor, Dasarath had been very much interested in the art of the bow and arrow. He became exceptionally clever at shooting, and could set his aim even at the mere hearing of a sound. He loved to roam in the forest near the river Sarayu and enjoy this most favourite pastime of his. One night, he stood at the base of a huge tree and waited to catch sounds of animals coming to drink in the river. In the early morning, he thought he heard an elephant drinking water. Instantaneously, he shot his arrow towards the spot from where the sound issued.

A moaning sound, as if from a dying man in excruciating pain, reached the ears of the Prince. Next followed the sound of someone falling. Dasarath ran to the spot, and, to his horror, found he had mortally wounded a young lad, who had been

filling a jug with water, the sound produced by which had resembled that of an elephant drinking. The lad, in the agony of his pain, wailed aloud: "Oh God, I have not done any wrong to anybody. Why then should I be killed thus? Oh God, let me die, but who on earth is there to take care of my aged blind parents? What did I do that such a cruel fate should overtake me?"

The bow fell from the Prince's hand. He was bathed in perspiration. Tears of repentance and sorrow, fell from his eyes, brave Kshatriya prince though he was. And his heart almost broke with the sorrow, shame, repentance and pain, of the cruel deed he had most unknowingly done.

But Sindhu the lad, saw him and spoke thus to him: "Oh mighty King, you need not feel so grieved, for no crime was in your heart. It is my destiny that I should die thus. I do not at all bear any grudge or ill-will to you, because I know fully well that this is my inevitable Fate to which I should yield." He then told the Prince his own sad story and asked him to take the pitcher of water along the path to his aged parents, who had sent him for water.

Dasaratha, after the boy's death, proceeded step by step, with panting heart and bated breath, along the deep lane to the hut, where poor Sindhu's aged parents were eagerly expecting the arrival of their only son. On hearing the footsteps, thinking that their son was come, the aged Muni spoke thus in melancholy tones: "Son, we sent you long ago to bring us water. We are dying of thirst. Then, how is it that you have stayed out so long? Don't you know that we have none else to take care of us. Give water to your mother."

These words pierced the throbbing heart of the Prince. With stifled sobs and in murmurs, he told the whole story of what had taken place to the Muni and his wife, and fell prostrate before them, seeking pardon for the sin he had committed. The Muni and his wife swooned at the terrible news. When they recovered, the prince led them to the corpse of

Sindhu. The aged parents were mad with grief. They had no more desire to live. Their only stay was gone, never to return. They determined to give up their lives.

At their command, the Prince ordered a funeral pyre to be built. The last words of the Muni were: "Oh young Prince, it is good that you straightway informed us of the death of our dear Sindhu. Otherwise you would have been completely ruined. It is because you did the deed unwittingly and repent wholeheartedly, that you are alive now. Though our grief is limitless, we don't curse you. To be frank with you, my inner conscience tells me that a similar fate will befall you." With these heart-breaking words, the Muni and his wife went into the flames and followed their son into death.

This sad and harrowing incident came back to the King's mind. Next day, he sent for his priests and ministers, and consulted them about his unhappy circumstances. With a heavy heart, he asked the priests again to conduct ceremonies of repentance. Vasishta, the great sage, suggested that an *Aswa-Medha* (horse sacrifice) and a *Puthrakameshti* (an offering to beget children) should be done with the help of the famous sage Rishyasringa. Dasarath grew happy and forthwith issued orders for the *Yagams*.

Before the advent of spring, on the northern bank of the beautiful river Sarayu, a big court-hall and many smaller ones, were built. Many kings, war-lords, prelates, sages, and vassals were assembled. Dasarath went to the country of Anga and brought the great Rishyasringa. The whole city was bedecked.

Spring with its sweetness, beauty and fragrance came. The whole city, as well as the neighbouring places, were crowded with people. With the consent of the great sages, the Emperor let loose the horse, guarded by a number of warriors. After a year, the horse returned unmolested, showing, as it were beyond doubt, the eminence of Dasaratha. The sacrifice was then brought to a close with all pomp.

Next followed the greater and more important *Yagam*, *Puthrakameshti*. Rishyasringa, the good and godly priest, began to chant Mantras. The whole universe appeared to be in perfect calm and tranquility. Then, to the great surprise of all assembled in the big hall, there appeared right in the centre of the sacrificial fire a man's figure, blue in colour, with a blood-red beard and a shining face, and of an extraordinary dignity. His right hand was raised high over the flames and held a small golden vessel which contained a sacred *Payasam* (pudding). In sonorous tones, the figure addressed the Emperor thus:

"I am a messenger of Him, who has heard your prayers. This *Payasam* is the result of this glorious and successful sacrifice. Give this to your wives and they will have children, who are sure to bring glory and greatness to your dynasty."

Dasaratha prostrated himself before the figure. Then, with bated breath and extreme humility, he received the golden vessel from the hand of the heavenly messenger, who then disappeared.

With a joyful heart, the Emperor ran into the chamber where his wives were waiting for him. Half of the divine pudding he gave to his first wife, Kausalya. Half of the remaining was given to Kaikeyi. What was left behind after this division was given to Sumithra. The Queens were very pleased.

Thus ended the great sacrifice. Shortly after this, the three Queens became mothers. To Kausalya was born a handsome son at a most auspicious hour, when the gods rained flowers on Dasaratha's palace. The whole city rejoiced, and Dasaratha made many grateful offerings to heaven. To Kaikeyi was born also a son, and to Sumithra two.

Kausalya's son was named Rama, Kaikeyi's Bharatha, and Sumithra's sons, Lakshmana and Satrugna. The children grew up, loved and respected by all alike. Rama and Lakshmana became inseparable companions. So

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Read what her father writes to the City College on her success:

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K. S. R. ACHARYA, B.A., L.T., F.R.E.S. (Lond.),

Principal, The City College,

did Bharatha and Satrugna. The four boys grew up into strong, brave and enterprising youths. By the time they were fourteen, they had acquired very rare and remarkable skill in all branches of knowledge. They were just and truthful. Dasaratha felt that he was the happiest man on earth.

At last the time came, when, having grown considerably in years, he determined to leave the kingdom to his eldest son, Rama, and, as was the custom with aged monarchs, to spend the rest of his life in a secluded spot in the forests free from worldly turmoil. All preparations were made for the coronation of Prince Rama. But quite unexpectedly it did not take place, for Kaikeyi stood in the way.

At that critical moment she demanded the two boons which had been promised to her by Dasarath years before. The boons now asked for were that her son Bharatha should be made King and that Rama should be sent into exile for fourteen years. The poor King, true to his word, granted the two boons, though his heart broke with intense grief. And soon after, Rama, his first and most loved son, went into exile, and the old Emperor unable to bear his sorrow, fear and anxiety, his disappointment and despair, died, as had been foretold long before by the great Muni, whose only son his own hand had sent to meet his miserable doom.

K. P. P. Tampy

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Dr. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICNIC.

Seven weeks of careful nursing had restored Vasant to almost normal health. The children and their parents were anxious to celebrate the event by a treat to the poor. It was arranged that the boys and girls of the neighbouring farm-houses should be invited to a party of sports and games, magic shows, and distribution of sweets. Mohun and his sisters knew many tricks and they practised some rehearsals before the day of the function. Then they began counting up their savings to be spent on this occasion. Mohun's account was found to be very low. The truth came out when the lad was repeatedly questioned. He had given most of it to a poor class-mate, who used to starve in the afternoons, when the other boys had their lunch. Mohun feared his confession would displease his parents, but was pleasantly surprised at their approbation. What was lacking in the children's purse was made up by their parents.

The party was eventually a great success; and there was not a voice but breathed benediction on the head of Vasant, who had returned from death's door, as it were.

In honour of Vasant's recovery, a family picnic was also planned. The spot selected was a vast fruit-garden, overlooking the river and presenting glimpses of distant hills through the verdant foliage. The party set out at four o'clock one evening; rugs were spread on the grass under guava trees and refreshments taken. While about to have some games like riddle-guessing, story-telling and word-building, a heavy gale suddenly arose. The sand from the river-bed was furiously blown against hands and faces like sharp needle-points. Raji and Babu hid their faces in their mother's dress, and Vasant clung to his father for protection. The cups and saucers and other things were hastily picked up and put away by the servants. Abandoning all hopes of a long walk on the river-bank, our party began to retreat towards the road where the car was parked. But in this they were baffled, as all progress was made risky by the

fall of huge cocoanut branches and ripe heavy nuts.

As they stood thus bewildered, a venerable bearded man came up to them.

"Yonder cottage is my house. The way is clear in that direction. Pray, may I request you to come in there for shelter?"

The voice could not be resisted. A man seemingly low-born, and a farmer, he yet spoke like a king and his person commanded respect. As best as they might, the party made their way to the cottage. It was rather dark inside, probably due to the weather. The visitors were offered seats on a long low bench in the verandah, into which a line of rooms opened. The kitchen and the cowshed were apart from the main building with its straw-thatched roof, which was now covered with a mantle of *gourd* vegetable. Everything was astonishingly clean and neat inside. An elderly woman was introduced as the wife of the old man, and a young woman as his daughter-in-law. There were some children, not very well-dressed, but neat and tidy, something very rare for folk of that class.

"What a beautiful picture," exclaimed Rukmini as she looked round and rested her eyes on a landscape painting.

"Is the picture or the painter to be more admired, my child?" asked the venerable man.

Rukmini looked mutely at her mother. "The painter of course," replied Mrs. Vikram for her: "the brain that conceived the idea is infinitely greater than the product of the mind."

"Exactly so, madam," the sage replied and went on,

"The beauties and the grandeur and the mystery of the earth are painted by artists and sung by poets. Few but the gifted prophets contemplate the master mind, that created all the wonder. Is it not a pity that men of stupendous learning and knowledge are more prepared to believe in chances and silly theories than in a glorious and majestic God, the Maker of the universe? Man

cannot create a leaf, a worm, nor step beyond his own planet, yet he will confidently concoct fables about transcendent time and limitless space from his own scanty experience and his small span of life. Man-made theories are more dignified than God-inspired religion.

"But God dwells in this house. I cannot do without Him. With Him on my side, I can defy the world. There are many, many great and illustrious men who do not enjoy a thousandth part of the peace and contentment I enjoy. What is a world without God? It is a place of sin and misery and ugliness."

"There is truth in that," Dr. Vikram observed. "A godless world tends nowhere. Man wants more to satisfy his spiritual cravings than his little knowledge, which can take into account only things accessible to him. If the exalted beauties and truths of religion are thought silly notions, I know not what other contemptible terms can be used to indicate man-made theories and fables."

The discourse continued. It was astonishing how the old man could talk on God and religion. He made a deep impression on the minds of those who listened to his conversation, and it was not without regret that they all parted from the lowly family, so rich in their possession of peace and happiness.

"We are extremely glad you have graced our humble cottage," said the old woman, thanking Mrs. Vikram with joined and uplifted palms. "You are welcome to use our garden for your picnic grounds whenever you like."

"And I am extremely fortunate to have made your acquaintance," replied the guest.

The daughter-in-law now appeared with a basketful of luscious *guavas*, which she gave to the children. She humbly offered a dozen *drumsticks*, two cocoanuts and a *gourd* vegetable to Mrs. Vikram as a token of respect.

"Is this the child that was sick?" asked the old man pointing to Vasant.

"Yes, the same," answered his father. Then the venerable sage held his hands in benediction over the child's head and spoke,

"God has marked thee out for His own. May He abundantly bless thee."

He smiled at each of the others and said,

"Serve God in your youth. He will be your tower of strength all your days. Make Him your father, your friend, your guide and counsellor, and your lives will be victorious whatever happens."

Thus ended the picnic in honour of Vasant's recovery. Never in all their lives did any member of that day's picnic party forget that hour nor the words of the saint in the palm-thatched hut, where dwelt a joy unknown even in palaces.

Mohun's school year was drawing to a close; his parents planned a trip to Mysore for the mid-summer vacation. When the schools opened again, Rukmini and Seeta were to continue their studies; but for Vasant, another year's rest was announced. And so we take our leave of them.

(concluded)

H. KAVERI BAI.

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear children,

I am sure you will like to hear the story of the childhood of Buddha, the wonderful Prince, who gave up all his earthly riches and glory, his kingdom and his happy home, in order to live a hermit's life and go in search of eternal truth.

In a city on the white slopes of the snowy Himalayas lived a king called Suddhodana. To him was born a son, whom they called Siddhartha. The soothsayers had already predicted that this child would become a wonderful man, and therefore, a great festival was held in honour of his birth. Many holy men and merchants came from distant lands bringing gifts to the young Prince, and among them was a grey-

haired holy saint, who bowed before the baby and said, "Thou shalt preach the Law."

When Siddhartha was seven days old, his mother, Queen Maya, died and the good King brought his son up with great care, and in the lap of luxury. When the Prince was old enough to be educated, he was put under the tuition of a great sage, but so clever was the boy, that the sage himself was astonished at the child's learning and bowed before him, saying, "You are the teacher of your teachers, and I worship you, sweet Prince."

Prince Siddhartha was then given into the hands of skillful men, who taught him manly exercises and the art of the chase. But the young Buddha hated all forms of cruelty, even as a child, and one day, when his cousin, Devadatta, shot a swan, Siddhartha rescued the wounded bird, and after curing it finally set it free much to the consternation of Devadatta, who tried his best to catch it again.

The Prince grew up in the midst of pleasures and happiness, but somehow life seemed sad to him, and he often lost himself in deep meditation. At last, when he was eighteen, the King decided to have him married, and arranged that all the fairest maidens in the land should come to a feast, so that the Prince may choose a bride. It was hard, however, to please him, and even the most beautiful maiden did not attract him. But, when all about the Prince were just giving up hope of his choosing a bride, beautiful Yasodhara came up, and Siddhartha was captivated by her, who out-shone all the others in beauty, charm and modesty. The King was overjoyed to hear of his son's choice; but Yasodhara was not so easily won, for she came from a very noble house, and had many suitors. Her father made a condition that only the man who proved himself the most powerful and talented in the arts of war could claim Yasodhara for a bride. Many thought that Prince Siddhartha, being only a boy given to meditation, would not be able to win the fair maiden; but he soon

proved his strength and skill, and outshone all the other suitors.

Yasodhara was pleased at the result of the tournament, and with a loving heart she garlanded the Prince and whispered to him, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am all thine own."

The next few years were indeed happy ones for the Prince and Princess, who lived in a palace of pleasure, surrounded by luxury. King Suddhodana, knowing his son's thoughtful nature, took good care to shut out sadness and misery from his life, and the Prince lived for a little time in ignorance of the cruelties that existed in the hard world outside his palace. But he soon wished to get to know it and begged permission to be allowed outside his palace, and one day he left his comfortable home to wander about the city. Great was his misery at discovering sights of woe, sickness and misery. A heaviness came upon him, and he suddenly realised the inexora-

bleness of Death, and made up his mind to seek truth.

So, one dark night, he left the sleeping palace behind him, and renounced the life of comfort and luxury that he had so far led, and became a hermit.

This is the story of the childhood of Buddha, who discovered the way of peace.

How different is his childhood from that of Jesus! In what poor surroundings was He born, and what hardships He had to endure even as a child!

Is it not strange to realise that Buddha, "The Light of Asia," and Christ, "The Light of the World," were both children like you at one time?

I am afraid I have written a very long letter, and so I shall stop now.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

FASHION NOTES

The beauty of the sari lies in its drapery. In its folds, there must be flowing grace, there must be distinction, there must be distinctiveness. To achieve these ends is not easy; yet the women of Greece, I am sure, with their instinctive artistic taste, could have attained them; then, why not our Indian women? And truth to tell, they did so in olden days, but modern fashions are tending to spoil the effect.

To get the flowing lines of the sari along the figure, there must be no break. Unfortunately, one must confine the folds at the waist; and to this end, a not too tight belt worn over these folds, but underneath the drapery falling from the shoulder to the feet, would be very effective, in that it serves to model the figure. It stands to reason that the sari must be worn long, and that the garment underneath it should also be of the same length. And the sari must not be too tight at the knees or the

ankles, nor should it be too voluminous. The old Indian method of plaiting the material into folds at the waist, and of letting it flow out like a flower, is good and one deprecates the modern fashion of twisting the sari two or three times round the figure, which sometimes give the idea of a constricted bell.

Some people object to large designs, loud patterns, and too heavy material, as spoiling the effect of sari drapery. I think they are quite right; but there can be no objection, I think, to small, flowery or "creepery" designs, and also to spotted effects. It is necessary again to see that a border is not so heavy as to give the effect of weighing down a sari of thin material. It is most important also that the sari should be clean, fresh and uncrumpled, so that the full beauty of the folds is seen.

The continuation of the sari over the head has a very beautiful effect, but then it must be remembered that

not only is this often very uncomfortable in the heat of India, but that also it impedes quickness of movement.

It must also be remembered that since the sari is the national and only costume of Indian women, it must be graceful always, not only in mere repose, but also in all the modern activities thrown open to women. Therefore, much thought must be taken about the convenience and the coolness of material chosen; and the method of wearing should be such as to ensure ease and quickness of movement, along with the beauty of drapery. A tendency to deprecate is the method of letting the sari fall away from the shoulder in unconfined folds, so that again and again has it to be gathered up in the exigencies of business or social activi-

ties. Not only does this give an idea of untidiness, but it also entails in its haste the spoiling of symmetrical arrangement. At the same time, there should not be too much pinning-in, so as to appear like a fashion-plate. Some pins are necessary; but care should be taken that they are hidden, or, if they must be shewn, they must be pretty and tone in with the material.

Finally, the grace of the sari should not be spoiled by the unsuitability of its accompaniments. The jacket, the arrangement of the hair, the covering of the feet, the jewels, the bag, the handkerchief, even the *lingerie* should all be made to harmonise and look just right.

SISTER SUSIE.

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

Spinoza the Biographer, by Dr. Frederick Kettner; new Era Library Series; Roerich Museum Press, New York City; price \$ 2. 50.

This inspiring volume is the third book in series three of the "Heroic Series" of the New Era Library, a popular-priced collection of interesting and edifying books devoted to the great deeds and thoughts of centuries, edited most ably by the internationally-reputed Roerich centre at the city of New York.

Dr. Kettner, the author, is regarded a great Spinoza scholar and stands foremost among recognised students and interpreters of the great philosopher, who have strenuously endeavoured to popularise the lofty teachings of the master. The book is the outcome of Dr. Kettner's many years of careful study and research, and as such it claims profound praise.

H. G. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich has written an introduction to Dr. Kettner's book. He has been closely associated with the endeavours of Dr. Kettner, in connection with the renewal of enthusiasm for

Spinoza. The introduction is a valuable asset to the book. Prof. Roerich eloquently writes, "Amidst the tremors, errors, disillusionings of weak spirits the reality of this great, self-sacrificing personality astonishes one like a sudden meteor from the far-off world, affording us by its example lessons in the understanding of life, which are nurtured and felt in one's heart."

At present, in the world of youth, there is a general awakening and desire to know more about the teachings of Spinoza. There are bands of young men and women, especially in the Occidental world, who are most assiduous in studying Spinoza, who has boldly asserted that "Science has one destiny, to which all its branches are striving—namely, the highest perfecting of humanity..... Those who deny that men can attain virtue and truth, deprive themselves of these by the very denial. True cognizance generates only through the essence of things, or through knowledge." K. P. P. TAMPY.

Roerich Adamant, by H. E. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich; the International Art Centre, New York.

A first-rate collection of eighteen masterly essays from the gifted pen of Prof. N. de Roerich is contained in this delightfully got-up book. Prof. Roerich is known in the intellectual and cultural world as a great symbolic painter, an enthusiastic archaeologist, a pioneer artistic genius in the theatre, an eminent traveller, a learned philosopher, and a sound educationist. As an author he has won his laurels, and all his works are read over and over again. As the strong and sincere apostle of peace and culture, Nicholas de Roerich has earned for himself fame.

"Peace and Wisdom through Beauty", is the mighty message which is emphasised in this book. As Serge Whitman in his brief and bright introduction points out, "And truly Roerich's is that of one who reads from scrolls unseen by the neophyte. His spirit has prophesied visions of a new world, where strife and discord are no more, and where the power of Beauty in Action fills mankind with ineffable Love and understanding". All the essays are characterised by a deep feeling of earnestness and by a force of expression, which appeals alike to the head and the heart.

Some of the outstanding essays in this collection are The Path of Blessing, The Spiritual Garment, Truth, Activity,

The Standard of Beauty. The New Era, The Joy of Art and Adamant.

This volume is a mighty stride in awakening the minds of men to the need and glory of culture and peace. The author fully believes in, and prays for, a new world and is contributing his share towards the speedier attainment of it. His book is a sincere appeal to the world to make the lives of its inhabitants better.

K. P. P. TAMPY.

Leap-home and Gentle brawn, by F. Hanswirth Das; J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

A story of the silver-grey monkey, with purple black face, which is said to be the descendant of the legendary Hanuman. It is an intelligent animal tale for children, and the pictures are well-done.

The life of a Moghul Princess, Jahanara Begum, By A. Butensehon, with an introduction by Lawrence Binyon; George Routledge and Sons., Ltd., London.

The Begum is a daughter of Shah-jahan, the Emperor, of whose closing years, a tragic tale is powerfully written.

AMONG THE MUSIC

Through the courtesy of the Publishers (Messrs J. Curwen & Sons, 24, Berners Street, London W.I.), I have had the opportunity of becoming fully acquainted with a new Comic Opera in Two Acts, *San Marino*, the book and lyrics of which are by Stanley Guise, and the music by Alfred J. Silver.

Never have words and music been so happily wedded as they are in the opening chorus of mixed male and female voices:—

"Laden with spices, the breezes are swaying
Lazily round the quay.

Out to the westward, the sun lies a-dying,
Kissing farewell to the sea.

Lovely is life in an evening of glamour,
Sweet are the skies above,
Lapping of waves and the sea-birds
that clamour
Join in a song of love."

The words and lyrics throughout are well-written, humour and beauty each playing their respective parts when and where required; out of the many numbers in the book let me single out the following items for special men-

tion:—Song (Lola) and Chorus, *San Marino*, *Island Fair*; a waltz-serenade by Carlos, *Dearest*, *the Moonlight Calls Us*; the men's chorus in Act two, *Red Wine and White*; the duet by Lola and Carlos, *Your Heart for Mine*; and the Trio and Chorus, *Rosita! Pepita! Chiquita!*

Taking it on the whole, one can heartily applaud such a well-matched pair putting their heads together, as it were, and giving us *San Marino*. Being both educative and pleasurable, to perform this is just the very material to set before Amateur Operatic Societies. For, judiciously handled, it would become a source of delight for all types of audiences. The Libretto contains detailed instructions as to costumes, characters, dances, lighting, and general staging, points for which players and producers are deeply thankful.

From the house of Banks, County Arcade, Leeds, comes among other things the most attractive six-penny edition of high-class pianoforte music that anyone can wish to see. Each composition is published with a beautifully-coloured cover, and, in some cases the addition of violin and violoncello parts. Some of the latest numbers in this addition are:—*Pique Dame Overture* by Suppe; *Delibes' Scarf Dance* and *Pas Des Fleurs*; Johann Strauss's great waltz, *Voices of Spring*; and *Rose of Traltee*, the song that John

McCormack, the world-famous tenor, has made famous.

Spring Awakes, an allegro composition by Klaus Waldemann, is an interesting composition; though not unduly difficult, it will cause many pianists to stop and consider before they can make anything of it worth hearing.

For those pianists, who are just setting their feet on the royal road to music, I can think of few compositions that will give them greater help than Henri Malo's *First Book of Progressive Studies*; and the *County Scale and Arpeggio Manual* edited and arranged by G. H. Farnell (3 shillings). In this latter book, every type of scale and arpeggio is exploited to its fullest degree, and is invaluable to those students, who contemplate musical examinations for honours certificates or diplomas.

Teachers and pupils will welcome four new B. F. Wood Music Company publications, two of which are devoted to boy-pianists, *Our Boys, Books 1 and 2*; and two are devoted to girls, *Our Girls, Books 1 and 2*. When I say *devoted*, I mean that the books contain pieces of music calculated to appeal to boys and girls respectively. At two shillings per book, I have singled them out from a host of other music as ideal educational and recreative volumes of music.

LELAND J. BERRY.

CHESS GAMES

By Bharadwaja

	White.		Black.				
1.	P-Q 4	1.	P-Q 4	9.	P x Kt	9.	R-BS Q
2.	Kt-KB 3	2.	Kt-KB 3	10.	Kt-K 5 ch.	10.	K-K 2
3.	Kt-B 3	3.	Kt-B 3	11.	Kt x P (R 3)	11.	P x Kt
4.	B-B 4	4.	B-B 4	12.	BXP	12.	R-RSq
5.	P-K 3	5.	P-K 3	13.	Kt-B 6 (ch)	13.	K-KSq
6.	Kt-QKt 5	6.	Kt-QKt 5	14.	Kt x Q	14.	R x Kt
7.	P-QR 3	7.	P-QR 3	15.	P-QB 3	15.	B-Q 3
8.	Kt x P (ch)	8.	K-Q2	16.	B x B	16.	R x B
			stealing a	17.	B-Kt 5 (ch)	17.	K-B sq.
			march.	18.	R-R 8 (ch)	18.	K-K 2
				19.	R x R	19.	R-Q sq.
							Resigns ?

stealing a
march.

II

White.	Black.		
1. P-K 4	1. Kt-KB 3	19. Kt-KB 3	19. B-K 3
2. Kt-QB 3	2. P-KKt 4	20. K2Kt-Q 4	20. Q-Q 2
3. B-Kt 5	3. P-QR 3	21. Kt x B	21. BP x Kt
4. B-R 4	4. B-Kt 2	22. KP 4-K 5	22. Kt-Q 4
5. P-Q 3	5. B-R 3	23. Q-Q 4	23. P-QB 3
6. B-K 3	6. castles	24. Q-R 4	24. QPXP
7. Q-Q 2	7. P-QKt 4	25. Kt x QP	25. Q-Q 3
8. B-QKt 3	8. Kt-K sq.	26. K 5 Kt-KB 7	26. K-KKt 2
9. B x Kt P	9. B x B	27. Kt x Q ch	27. P x Kt
10. Q x B ch	10. K-R sq.	28. Castles KR	28. QR-KBSQ
11. Q-K 3	11. QKt-QB 3	29. QR-QSQ	29. K-KB 2
12. KKt-K 2	12. QKtP-QKt 5	30. QSQR-KSr	30. P-K 4
13. QKt-Kt Sq	13. QKt-R 4	31. P-Q 4	31. K-K 3
14. QKt-Q 2	14. Kt x B.	32. QP x KP	32. QP x P
15. BP x Kt	15. P-QR 4	33. K-R 2	33. K-Q 3
16. P-QR 4	16. R-KKt sq.	34. Q-R 6 ch	34. Kt-KB 3
17. P-KKt 3	17. Kt-KB 3	35. R-Q sq ch	35. K-QB 2
18. KRP-R 3	18. QP-Q 3	36. Q-K 6 (K 3)	36. Kt-Q 2
		37. Q-R 7 (ch)	37. K-B sq.
		38. R x Kt	38. R-Q sq.
		39. Q-B 7 (mat)	

OUR CINEMA PAGE

The Growth of Talkies

The talking motion picture, as "Sound and Shadow" tells us, means the employment of a highly technical process, which is a sort of continuous electrical circuit. It involves first the conversion into possible use of small units of electrical energy, then their fixation, and finally their amplification, which must be delivered unmarred.

The pressure exerted by vibrating bodies through the atmosphere on other bodies produces sound by its fluctuations. There are, we are told, three characteristics of sound. The first is *Pitch*, which is measured by the number of pulsations per second, the audible range being 16 to 16,000 vibrations or cycles per second. The second is *Volume*, which is measured by the intensity of pressure. The third is *quality* or timbre, which is caused by the presence of overtones, which have more than the frequency of the original note. In speech, the range of such is not much and the cycles can be produced by a recording and reproducing

system. But, in music, a much higher range is necessary.

Thomas Edison, in 1877 patented that special recording of sound, which could again reproduce sound. Instead of being in wavy lines as before, he recorded them on a cylinder which had a spiral groove. On a thin sheet of tin foil placed on this, a steel stylus, which was attached to a drum-head of skin, impressed a groove of different depths, caused by the vibrations of the drum-head's diaphragm, acted on by the rotations of the cylinder. When the same groove was re-traversed, naturally the reproduction of the sound was caused.

After this, Bell and Tainter in 1887 patented the *graphophone*, which was the first practical phonograph. In 1887, Berliner patented the *gramophone*. But, it must be remembered that it was only by the developments of the *telephone*, which was invented in 1875 by Dr. Bell that the gramophone was finally profited.

Scenes from,

Setu Bandam



By courtesy of Sound and Shadow.

The electrical transmission and amplification of sound, as found in the telephone, finally did the trick.

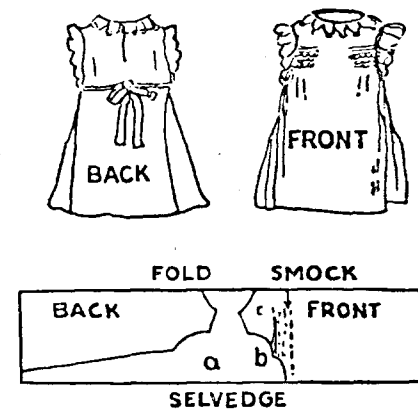
The most powerful agent of sound-recording and reproducing seems to be the vacuum tube, through which was made possible the transcontinental long-distance telephone. This was achieved by organised research made by many men, which was perfected in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. During the great war, more research was undertaken with a view towards radio communication and very sensitive detection of sound. The *transmitter* became the *microphone*; the *receiver* grew into the loud *speaker*. Finally, one by one, came to pass, "the public address systems, high quality broadcasting, electrical

recording, the orthophonic phonograph, picture transmission by wire, and the printer telegraph.

Thus, in 1925, some of the elements necessary for *talking* pictures existed. The motion pictures had already been industrialised. In 1926, the Warner Brothers established a sort of sound studio in New York, and a tentative programme of short numbers was presented to a surprised audience. It was recorded, we are told, on discs like the one used in the phonograph, but larger, and revolving more slowly. In 1927, sound was shewn recorded on film, and dialogue was used. In 1928, the "*talkies*" became so supreme as to develop into a large industrial concern.

NEEDLE—WORK NOTES

A Child's Party Frock



This is a simple frock for a little girl's first party. For an 18 inch frock, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material are ample. Fold

the material down the middle and cut out, as in diagram A. Gather from a to b and smock. Then join the seams and hem. A dainty picot-edged ruff of contrasting colour is stitched round the neck and arm-holes. A sash is attached under the arms and tied at the back.

When scalloping an edge, if the work is well-pressed with a hot iron on the wrong side before cutting out the scallops, there is very little danger of cutting the knots, as so often happens. If the embroidered article is linen, and is laundered before it is cut away, all the "drawn" appearance due to shrinking, which so often results from the first wash, will be avoided.

R. P. PURUSHOTTAM.

COOKERY NOTES

Afghan Palao

Bone a good-sized chicken by making a long incision in the back and removing all the bones through it. Place the latter in a vessel, adding salt, ginger, a few flakes of garlic, two onions, 4 pepper corns, a few grains each of aniseed and coriander seed, and boil the whole over a slow fire for 1½ hours.

At the same time, soak a pound or so of best table rice in enough water to cover it and set aside. When the soup is ready, fry the rice, adding a stick or two of cinnamon, three whole carda-

moms and four cloves for 5 or 8 minutes. Add the whole to the soup with a few bleached almonds and raisins, and cook for about 15 minutes. Remove the vessel from the fire, place some live coals on the cover until the soup has been absorbed by the rice, leaving it dry. Now stuff the bored chicken with half the palao rice. Sew up the incision and roast (grill) in ghee until ready.

Serve hot, placing the rest of the rice around the chicken. K. B.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

What a comfort a well-ordered house-hold is to visitors and inmates. I shall compare two houses here, from which it will become quite obvious to the reader as to what I mean by well-ordered.

One house was all dark and dingy. The windows were not opened properly and the doors were not only half-shut, but sometimes banging in the wind. In the sitting-room, there were only a few chairs to sit on, and not one of them was comfortable or well-placed. No trouble whatever had been taken over the furnishing of the house. The walls had no pictures and the curtains were dishevelled and hung crooked. The whole house was untidy and unkempt, as if the house-wife had not taken any trouble over the arrangement. If people wanted to read, or to play a game of cards, it took about a quarter of an hour to adjust the lamps into proper positions, and another quarter of an hour to arrange the chairs and tables. In short, there was no comfort in the house-hold, and it looked as if it had not been re-arranged for days. Piles of old magazines and children's toys were

left in corners and on tables. If one wished to write a letter, it was hard to find a pen and some paper. Meals were always late and guests usually were kept waiting for a long time. Servants were careless, indifferent, sullen, and noisy. How people can find a home in such surroundings seems almost unbelievable! One always pities the man, when he comes home tired from his work, longing for a cup of tea, and finds his wife still in her afternoon sleep, with the children running about unrestrained, with nothing ready for him, and no welcome smile to greet him.

Is it not almost a crime that wives can become so casual?

And now, let us take a glimpse of other houses, where things are kept scrupulously clean, everything is in its place, and easily found. All the details are thought out so carefully by the wife, that she knows exactly where an ash-tray or a foot-stool is most needed, or where a comfortable chair should be placed in order to catch the light and the breeze from the fan. The management of the whole house-hold

runs as if on well-oiled wheels; of course, there is always the danger of becoming used to too much routine, and being too strict about tidiness; but the wise house-wife will allow just that amount of laxity and freedom, that will make all her friends and her husband and children adore her. It is as bad to be tyrannical in tidiness as to allow untidiness, but how happy are those who strike the happy mean,

and know exactly how to manage their homes.

PADDY.

To remove ink or iron-mould stains from white linen:—

Well soak the spots in milk and cover with salt; leave for a time before washing.

R. P. PURUSHOTTAM.

WOMEN'S FRANCHISE

The women of India must be grateful to Mrs. Subbaroyan and Begum Shah Nawaz for their efforts at the Round Table Conferences towards making the voting strength of the women of India equal to that of the men. At present, there is a vast discrepancy, the proportion of men-voters to the total adult male population being 10%, while that of women to their own community is 6%. As we know, the Indian Franchise Committee in 1932, known as the Lothian Committee, proposed to extend the franchise by special qualifications for women more than for men, and also by giving the voting power to the wives and widows of men-voters. Even then, their voting strength as compared to that of men would be 1:4 in most provinces, and even 1:9 in others. But many objections were made. Let me quote Mrs. Subbaroyan on them:

"Some of the Provincial Governments in India are anxious to lessen the total electorate proposed by the Lothian Committee by cutting down their recommendations for women's franchise. The orthodox and conservative parties in India will not favour any proposal, which will give the women increased opportunities for participation in public life. They are also afraid that it will break down some of our social customs, like Purdah. There is a section of opinion in England and among Europeans in India which is opposed to any progressive scheme in India. Then there is the opposition from a section of our own women which is the most serious. Certain women's organisations have de-

clared that they are strongly opposed to any form of special qualifications for women. But their objections have been invariably coupled with a demand for adult franchise which would secure for women real equality with men in voting power. Therefore, these organisations demand a greater and not a lesser measure of enfranchisement for women than the Lothian Committee offer. It should also be noted that these objections were certainly not made unanimously by all branches of these associations. A very widely-signed memorandum from the women of Bengal, some of whom are prominent members of these associations, supported these special qualifications. Many witnesses, some of them speaking on behalf of other important women's organisations, in both their oral and written evidence before the Lothian Committee, also advocated special qualifications. But unfortunately opponents to women's advancement are ignoring these facts and unfairly using the arguments of the aforesaid section of Indian Women's organisations as evidence that the women of India do not want the measure of enfranchisement recommended for them by the Lothian Committee."

Now, the White Paper has laid it down that, though the number of women electors will be increased and though a special reservation of seats for women will be made, yet the ratio of women to men-electors will for practical purposes remain the same.

Yet, at a recent conference of the

All-India Women's Conference, it was, as we know, determined that:

"This conference fully adheres to the stand it has taken in regard to the question of franchise in all its bearings as pertaining to the status of women in the future constitution of India. It expresses its firm belief in perfect sex-equality and demands that women shall possess equal citizen rights with men. No disability, either legal or social, shall be attached to women on account of sex."

At the same time, it is a great comfort that many leaders are against the present franchise proposals for women.

As Lord Lothian himself is reported to have said after the White Paper was published:

"The proposal to enfranchise is grossly inadequate and must be altered."

"Unless I misread signs of the times, there will be considerable opposition to these recommendations, when they come before the Joint Select Committee. Unless women in this country and in India who understand the problem are prepared to put pressure on their M. Ps. and on the Select Committee itself, I am afraid, these proposals will be whittled. I should regard that as a disaster. There is no country in the world where it is more important that women should have adequate representation than India to-day.....If in the new constitution a very small number of women is placed on the roll, the politician who is seeking election will pay attention to those enfranchised, tending to ignore those who are not. The proportion of one woman to five men was small enough, and if it were whittled away, the vote will be almost valueless as an instrument of bringing about the social reformations urgently needed in India."

Begum Shah Nawaz has remarked:

"I fail to understand why His Majesty's Government did not accept even the recommendations of the Lothian Committee regarding women's franchise. It has come as a great surprise to most of us. Literacy as a qualification for women voters has been drop-

ped altogether and all the differential qualifications for women voters to the Federal Assembly recommended by the Franchise Committee have not been accepted. This is a gross injustice to the women of India and makes the task of those of us who are working for co-operation very difficult indeed".

Mrs. Subbaroyan says:

"I think the proposals for women's franchise in the White Paper are most disappointing. They will give women a far smaller measure of franchise rights than the barely adequate one recommended by the Lothian Committee for them. I think the Government are optimistic when they estimate that the ratio of women to men voters will be approximately 1:5, for the Federal Assembly will for practical purposes remain unchanged. The Government do not give any figures to explain how they came to this conclusion. The high educational qualification for women for provincial franchise in several provinces and for the Federal Assembly will bring only a very few women on the electoral rolls and disparity between men and women will be greater than the Government expect. I am particularly keen on women having an adequate share of the voting power for the Assembly and I am glad that the Government appreciate the importance of a large women's electorate and I hope that their proposals will be modified by the Joint Select Committee, so as to enable women to have an effective voice in election. It is greatly to be regretted that no memorandum on women's franchise was placed before the Third Round Table Conference to enable the Conference to take cognizance of the strong desire of Indian women for an adequate franchise. The position would certainly have been better today if our women had clearly expressed their opinion supporting the Lothian Committee's recommendations as the minimum they would accept, or put forward alternative constructive proposals. This neglect has unfortunately allowed opposition to extension of women's franchise to succeed in influencing the British Government to propose to lower the strength recommended by the Lothian Com-

mittee. I would appeal to our women to realise that, as there is no possibility of the Select Committee or Parliament recommending adult franchise, it is their duty to put forward in clear terms, proposals which will give them if not complete equality, at least reasonable voting strength. I would warn them that there is no doubt that, if the White Paper proposals are adopted, the women's vote will continue to be a negligible factor in our elections. Let not our women allow sentiment or theories to deprive the whole womanhood of India of their share of the responsibility in returning representatives to our future Legislatures, in the first formative and vital years of India under the new Constitution."

It has been proposed, therefore that a representative committee of ten members should be appointed, from the A. I. W. C. the National Council of the women of India and the Women's Indian Association, to study the question carefully and formulate proposals. We hope that this council will do its best to solve the problem.

We are assured that the British Government is very sympathetic towards Indian women. The handsome apology made in *The White Paper* for its conservative attitude runs as follows:—

"His Majesty's Government fully appreciate the importance of a large women electorate for the Federal Assembly and their proposal to leave the ratio of electors at the point now suggested is made only after exhaustive

discussion with Indian authorities and in view both of the administrative difficulties involved in any further increase and of the objections to a differential franchise based on education, by adoption of which alone any substantial addition to the women electorate could conveniently be made in present conditions."

Mrs. Subbaroyan's idea is that since, there are no other practical schemes to be found, the Lothian Committee's scheme, which gives a strength of 600,000 voters, though not at all perfect, should be agreed to temporarily at least, "as a definite stepping-stone towards raising the voting strength of women, until we have complete adult franchise". Mrs. Muthulakshimi Reddi, on the other hand, along with other men and women, is of opinion that the vote should be given to all the adult women in urban areas alone, together with those that are qualified on the same terms as men. Both the suggestions are imperfect, in that they do not satisfy the absolute ideal of equality laid down. It is left to us to consider whether we shall be justified in holding rigidly to the end in view, or give in partly for the present, so that later we may gain strength. In any case, there is no doubt that women must be allowed to prove their own efficiency so well that their inclusion will appear absolutely necessary in the franchise on the same terms as men.

It is left to Indian women to formulate their ideal and to gain some means to achieve it in its fulness and purity.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Hindu Divorce Bill:—

It was interesting to note that by a majority of one vote, the Assembly on February 2nd accepted Sir Hari Singh Gour's principle of the Bill on Hindu Divorce, allowing Hindu wives the right to divorce their husbands on the grounds of impotence, imbecility or

leprosy. It was noteworthy that the Government and the Muslims remained neutral and refused to vote. Only Hindus voted, and an interesting debate took place, and at the end of the discussion, the measure was given into the hands of a select committee. Naturally, there was a great deal of orthodox opposition in the assembly, and some of

the members opined that Hindu marriages could not be dissolved. According to Sir H. S. Gour, "the Bill, provided the much-needed social reform and was of a humane nature. There was life and vigour in Hinduism to adapt itself to changing conditions and he was sure that the change proposed would be acceptable by the House, as it was necessitated by modern conditions." The two diametrically opposite views on the Bill can be understood from two quotations. The first was in favour of the Bill in a letter from a Hindu widow: "Is it possible that an infinitely wise and compassionate God insists that a helpless woman should remain the wife of an imbecile or impotent man, or of one suffering of an incurable and contagious disease? Can this add to the joy of paradise?" The opposite standpoint was expressed by The Marwari Association in Calcutta: "Hindu marriages are really made in heaven and they cannot be unmade by any human hand. That being the Hindu conception of marriage, the bill under notice can only be characterised as an attack on Hindu religion and as such the bill should be thrown out." I wonder what the outcome will be.

Suppression of Immoral Traffic.

As Bombay and Madras have declared it illegal to have brothels, Calcutta and other parts of Bengal are agitating for a similar legislation and the All Bengal Women's Union, that was started in March 1932, is carrying on excellent work in this line. A petition, supported by about 17,000 people, was collected by the Union from all over Bengal and sent to the council. Women organised meetings in various places. A fund was raised for the organisation of an Industrial Home for the care of those women who have been rescued, and already nearly Rs. 3,000 has been collected. A deputation went to the Governor, and various other plans are being tried on practical lines. The President of the Union is H. H. Dowager Maharani Suchari Devee of Mayurbhanj; and we are told

that Donations will be gratefully accepted.

It would be good if Madras bestirred itself to raise funds for the construction of buildings for rescued women. It is all very well to fight an evil; but, when that evil is too deep-seated to be eradicated, surely steps must be taken to mitigate the bad results thereof.

Physical Education for Women:—

Though it was only a short time ago that attention was drawn to woman's education, rapid progress has been made in the Madras Presidency, and it is a pleasure to see school and College Girls indulging in beautiful exercise. The Madras Government undertook a definite programme of Physical education for women in 1921 and a 'woman specialist' was appointed. The chief aim was to ensure that "as far as possible each school child should receive that form of exercise most suitable for her."

The first step some years ago had been to train teachers to cope with the child's need, and for this reason classes had been opened every Saturday morning for Secondary School teachers in the city, and close supervision was kept in each school. In the mofussil, tours of inspection and instruction were organised. In 1928, the examination for a Teachers' certificate in Physical Training was abolished, and a Physical Education Class was opened which is in existence now. Specialists are therefore trained in the subject. Only graduates and those holding a secondary grade teacher's certificate are admitted to this class, and further they must be passed as physically fit by a doctor. A Diploma is given at the end of the course, and they are then pronounced fit to become Physical Instructresses. 43 posts for Physical Instructresses have been created. Only 2 have been filled so far, which shows that we need more women to undertake Physical Education. The three big Colleges in Madras have each a qualified teacher now. It is encouraging to know that the value of Physical Education

has at last been realised in this Presidency; but it still has to be developed intensively.

Signorina Valerio:—

Lawn tennis enthusiasts all over India have been inspired by watching Italy's No. 1 woman player exhibit her great skill and talent in this country. While admiring her play and enjoying her fine style, we have felt pangs of regret at having so few Indian Women who are at all good at tennis. Leila Row is our only Indian woman representative worthy of being termed a first class tennis player. What has happened to us? Is it our costume, or our usual indifference and lethargy, that prevents us from reaching even a second-rate standard? I had the great pleasure of being introduced in Madras to Signorina Valerio, and the first question she asked me was:—"Do you play tennis in a sari?" On hearing my reply in the affirmative, she remarked,

"You are indeed brave."

Most good tennis players seem to regard the sari as an absolutely impracticable costume for tennis, and still what are we to wear? We would like readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* to offer suggestions on this critical point.

What a wonderful player the Signorina is! How swift and agile, how accurate and strong, and how clever in her placing, as well as in the changing of her tactics at the critical time. Every item of her game seems to be so well-studied, back-hand and forehand drives, volleying, and last but not least foot-work. Having watched her play, we feel that she has been a real education to all of us. I shall quote the instructions for tennis players here, which she gave to the *Field, Madras*.

(1) "Training: If you want to play good tennis, you must lead a simple and sporting life. You must not drink and smoke and you must go to bed early not later than 11 p. m.)

(2) Regular Practice: Wall practice is extremely good. Even between two players, keep the ball in play as long as possible. Llanglen used to keep it up on an average of 200 times, sending it from one court to the other without hard shots or placing too much.

(3) The players should stand close at the net and volley softly as many times as possible. It gives you the eye and quickness on the feet.

(4) Practise service well and try to have a good placing second service.

I specialise in Singles and I am not a better Doubles player, since I have no opportunities of playing. It is very difficult to find a player who is good in both. Cochet and Tilden are geniuses."

It is cheering to note that the Signorina considers Madras "one of the best tennis provinces".

Women and Untouchability:—

That women are taking it as a solemn duty to fight the evil of untouchability can be seen from the innumerable protest meetings and the interesting discussions that are being carried on in all parts of India. Mr. S. Ranga Aiyar's Bill appeals to many because it goes straight to the point, and embraces the whole of India. Mahatma Gandhi, however, says that this Bill "abolishes legal untouchability, leaving social and religious untouchability to its fate". Here is the Bill:—"Notwithstanding anything contained in any existing enactment, regulation, or order, and notwithstanding any custom, usage or interpretation of law, no penalty, disadvantage or disability shall be imposed upon, or any discrimination made, against any subject of the state on the ground that such person belongs to an untouchable caste or class among Hindus, and no court, civil or criminal, shall recognise any custom of untouchability or base its adjudication on such a custom."

Women can help in the great campaign against untouchability, not

only by voicing their opinions in public, but also by making it a point to abolish every trace of this evil custom in their own homes, and by educating their children not to feel any prejudice against Harijans. Perhaps, if every woman takes it as a religious duty to train her child's mind to revolt against untouchability, this unfortunate custom will completely disappear thirty or forty years hence. Women, therefore, have a great responsibility in the future happiness of India.

The All-India Nudist Society :—

It was with great surprise that we

read of the formation of The All-India Nudist Society at Sialkot. In the manifesto of the Society it is stated that the object is to promote nudism in order to improve "the moral, physique, and health of the race." Surely, however, less drastic ways of improving the race can be thought of. Besides, does nudism not pervert morals, instead of improving them? Our Indians, I am sure, are too sensible to further such a movement; and I am certain it will be squashed in its very infancy.

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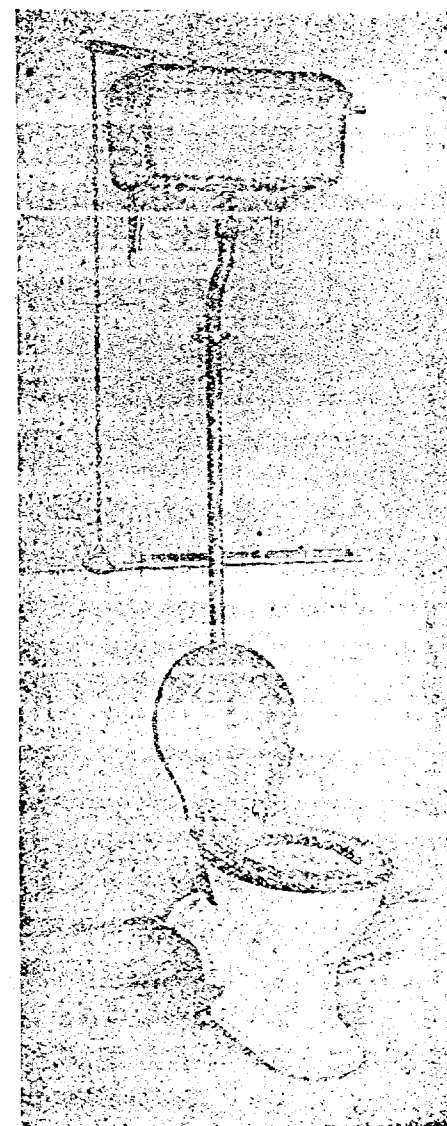
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