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THE



INDIAN LADIES'

MAGAZINE

Vol. VI.]

MAY & JUNE

[No. 3.]

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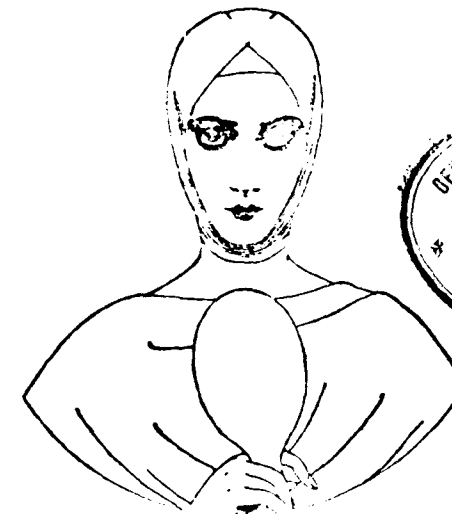
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Vol:—VI.

No. 3

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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 colms. 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

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"SUN-DOWN"

In flaming light the sun goes down
Behind the tow'rs of yonder town;
And spires, their tall and shapely heights,
Rear in the purple, ev'ning lights.

A grandeur wakes upon the sea,
In beauty of tranquillity;
And peace unfolds her raiment white,
Upon the dewy dawn of night.

The harbour lamps are just aglow,
The sleepy sail is white and slow,
Upon the reef the moan of night
Sounds like the spectre of dim light.

Men pass me by with careless nod,
Few think on Man—fewer on God;
And loneliness upon me creeps,
Like isolation on the deeps.

I stretch unto the Heav'ns, my hands;
None looks on me and understands;
And from my soul a light is fled,
Like spirits passing to the dead.

In flaming light, the sun goes down;
With footsteps slow, I seek the town;
And all the wonder of the sea,
Is only sorrow unto me.

Herbert Porter.



DINDIGUL LADIES' CLUB



Winners of cups in the Tournaments in Indoor Games
at The Annamalaiar Ladies Club, with the
Za nindarini of Kumaramangalam (centre),
who gave away the cups.



THE LADIES' RECREATION CLUB. GUNTUR

IKKAVAMMA, A MALAYALAM POETESS.

By C. N. Anantaramayya Sastri



THE Sanskrit saying, which states that poetry culminates in the drama, is perhaps applicable to Sanskrit *Nataka* (drama) most. Ikkavamma, whose husband was as well-known as herself, undertook the very noteworthy, and to her pleasant, task of dramatising the story of Subhadra and Arjuna in five acts. No character can be introduced without being artfully announced. No act is divided into compartmental scenes, except for the prologue, to which no supreme character can have access. No act can portray the events of more than one day, though fortunately for the dramatists, and more so for the good name of the science of dramaturgy, the interval between two acts can be of any length. Ikkavamma not only comes unscathed out of such ordeals, but has also given life-like representation to Krishna, the intelligent social reformer, to Balachandra, the inevitable master of orthodoxy, to Uddhava, the go-between, to Subhadra, the forward but reasonable bride, to Duryodhana, the intelligent but persistently bad counter-pret of the hero, to Karna, the faithful but proudly unscrupulous associate of the hero, to Sakuni, the maternal uncle of Duryodhana who stoops to a lower level than Duryo-

dhana himself, and even to the servants.

If, on the one hand, Ikkavu Amma has not lost sight of the requirements of modern times in dwelling on an old theme, as does Bernard Shaw in his drama *Joan of Arc*, she has not also failed to show her proficiency in Sanskrit in this Malayalam drama. She shows this, not by introducing untoward Sanskrit forms in the midst of Malayalam words, but by availing herself of an opportunity to introduce two Sanskrit *slokas* (verses). She makes Arjuna address Subhadra in a Sanskrit verse, when he has to leave her reluctantly, and makes Subhadra reply in the same way! We almost imagine the dramatist herself in the position of Subhadra. In Subhadra's *sloka*, the authoress unconsciously proves that she is familiar with the hero's *sloka* in Kalidasa's greatest work, *Sakuntala*, though she deftly adapts it to the heroine with fourfold effect. *Sakuntala* is made to understand that the lily does not suffer as much as the moon, when the sun is on the horizon, to illustrate that she cannot suffer as much as the hero from Cupid's arrows. Subhadra replies to Arjuna that the sun does not suffer from separation, as much as the lotus-pond; nor does the moon as much as the lily-pond. Kalidasa illustrates the meagre appearance of the moon during

IKKAVAMMA

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day-time, if at all *he* (not *she* as in English) is perceived then. The poetess of Tottakkadu house refers to the starved appearance of the lotus and lily, when their spouses meet them the next morning and at nightfall respectively.

Ikkavu Amma also shows her familiarity with *Veni-Samhara* in the

prelude to *Subhadrarjunam*, though Batta Narayana's *Nataka* had not been rendered into Malayalam when the drama we are considering was written.

No lady before or since has utilised scholarship in Sanskrit for the benefit of an Indian language with so much credit and honour, as Ikkavamma, the Malayalam authoress.

SPRING, LIKE A WHITE-ROBED ANGEL

Spring, like a white-robed angel,

Passed by my door in May :

She touched the blossoms pink and white,

She filled the bowers with delight,

But vanished all too soon

One lovely day in June :

Her silken skirts, like rustling leaves,

Made music 'neath the silent eaves,

But summer caught the tune,

As Spring went by in June.

H. P.

COMPANIONSHIP BETWEEN MEN & WOMEN

By W. R. S. S.



ALL over the world we find a certain amount of antagonism between the sexes. So, in certain well-known universities, the men resent the intrusion of women; there are exclusive clubs for men; even in men's clubs there are special rooms, which are *taboo* to women, and so on.

It is curious that this antagonism is so clearly evident in men; while, as far as can be seen, women are not inherently antipathetic to the company of men at most times; and, if women do fight for and succeed in getting institutions exclusively their own, they do so somewhat as a retaliation to what strikes them as the unreasonable attitude of the stupid male.

Tennyson's Princess writes:—

"O brother, you have known the
pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation, when
we heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their
women's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the
poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal
gift a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack with-
in the fire,
Where smoulder their dead des-
pots, and of those—

Mothers—that, all-prophetic
pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running
flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at
the heart
Made for all noble motion: and I
saw
That equal baseness lived in
sleeker times
With smoother men: the old
leaves leaven'd all:
Millions of throats would bawl
for civic rights,
No woman named: therefore I
set my face against
All men, and lived but for mine
own.
Far off from men I built a fold
for them."

We know the experiment was shattered by a rout of saucy boys, who broke in upon the women and marred their plans. From this, can we presume that women are weaker than men, and so must lean on them and seek their support or fail? Surely, such an admission by women is not an indication of frailty, but of strength and wisdom and straight-forwardness? To admit the truth is always a sign of greatness.

Take, however, the average educated man, especially the Indian. He

scarcely sees his women-folk during the mornings except perhaps at meals, when he may kindly exchange a word or two with them, if not buried in his paper. He spends the whole day in his office, returns home, changes and runs away to the club, to return late for dinner and then to bed. When asked why he does not bring his wife or sister to his club, he will generally, Adam-wise, say: "I asked her, but she wouldn't come". I submit that there are ways and ways of asking. If, as often happens, a woman is requested to come to the club in tones which clearly indicate that the man is nobly doing his duty, but that it is a great sacrifice and a nuisance to him to drag a woman about always, surely the woman, who not only is supersensitive in such matters but also is capable, unlike the average selfish, self-centred male, of self-sacrifice, will politely refuse, greatly to the satisfaction of the man, who goes off in a glow of complacent, having-done-my-duty, virtuousness, to grumble over his food and the worries of his household, when he does deign to return.

Suppose, oh wondrous chance!—it does happen that a woman is persuaded to go to the club. She goes hopefully, wishing to be treated as a comrade and an equal. What then happens often enough? The atmosphere is strained because of her presence. The men feel awkward and cheated of what they imagine is their freedom. They fawn upon the miserable woman, fall over each other in offering ridiculous drinks, and jump about like marionettes scattering superfluous chairs about! So, the woman determines not to come again. She is too polite to say why, and the men

grumble and say, "There you are! Our wives do not like clubs. They prefer to stay at home. What can we do? We have done our best."

The littler the man, the more he pretends to be manly, and one of his conceptions of manliness is to avoid women in his hours of leisure. And, how does a man realise his manhood away from women? He may indulge in crude jokes and drink too much. Is this manly? He may swear. Is this manly? Is it manly indeed to behave at any time in a manner, which would not be *right* in the company of good women?

Admitted that it is good at times for men to be by themselves and for women also, does it follow that it is good always to be separate? If recreation is essential to man as a relief from office work, so also is recreation essential as a relief from the woman's ceaseless domestic toil; and recreation in one another's company is not only cheaper, but vitally necessary. The crudities of man, which have nothing whatever to do with true manliness, want toning down by the gentle presence of womanhood. The charm and value of good companionship between men and women is inestimable. As Emerson says:—

"Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to employ all the resources of each and acquaint each with the strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world, which is or ought to be

known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman".

[W. R. S. S. omits to note that part of man's avoidance of woman is due to shyness on his part, which makes it impossible often for him to be happy in her presence. Women would, of course, like to think that this *gaucherie* is due to an inferiority-complex; but surely man will not admit it! Then again, part of the awkwardness is due to woman's own self-consciousness, which is very apparent especially in India. A woman may go occasionally to a club; but will she make herself social there? Will she try agreeably to surmount the barrier between herself and the men? Or will she sit stiff and awkward, ever on the defensive against what may appear familiarity, but which on the part of the male is but an effort

to be friendly. W. R. S. S., therefore, must not chivalrously lay the whole blame on the man. He is right, of course, in decrying the selfishness of the latter, when he tries to keep woman away from his own recreation, partly because he wishes to have his freedom, partly because he thinks woman, being inferior to him in skill as well as in physique, will spoil his sport. The latter fact is quite true, a woman does very often spoil a man's games. But, at the same time, as W. R. S. S. says, the man should put up with it, sometimes at least. Ought he not to consider that his loss in this matter will be equalised by gain in other factors? Has not woman very often to put up with man's untidiness, his carelessness, his superiority, when he does deign to bestow his society on her in his house?

Editor, I. L. M.]

"If a man and a woman love each other, marriage is the sweetest thing in the world. The heart of each is in the bosom of the other, and all their joy is doubled, and their sorrows made nothing of, unless it be the loss of a little baby, and then they know they will see it again. And nothing can bother them, not loss of wealth when they have each other, nor persecution when they have love between them. And the imperfections of each are welcome even, because they are something to be understanding of, gentle toward. And when one dies, the other dies a little too, and is purified and has little body. And the other is often near the remaining one, telling him, or telling her, that just a few springs or a few winters, a little revolving of the stars, and they shall both know the cool, untroubled eternity of God".

(Selected)

EDITOR'S NOTE

Domestic Science



HE words, "Make domestic science a part of the curriculum for women", have become a sort of slogan in India. To add to that, we have the new formula, "study the mentality of the Indian child." I grant that these two factors are very necessary in the education of the Indian woman; but, having done both, where shall we be? Shall we be satisfied? I do not think so. On the other hand, I am inclined to agree with the Indian gentleman, who said to a Domestic Science specialist: "My two daughters attend a High School and learn Domestic Science, but nothing they learn can be applied to our home."

This is quite true. There is no use in making Domestic Science a theoretical training in a theoretical school, even under the tuition of the very best of Domestic Science teachers. What is wanted, first of all is practical training. The lessons must be gradually instilled into our girls, and so pleasantly taught that they will become a part of their young mentality. Secondly, the teaching must be extended to include, not only the usually-recognised factors of domestic science; but also something outside, which is essentially a need of domestic culture. I mean the *making* of a home. Miss Park defines domestic science as "a study of the most fundamental problems affecting a home and a community. Domestic Science was

not in itself a true science, but rather a collection of applications to every-day life of various sciences such as Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Zoology, Physiology and Bacteriology." This is certainly a very necessary study; it is more necessary still to "apply the truths learnt to the improvement of the health and efficiency of homes or in the betterment of poorer sisters." These are very noble objects indeed; but what I am cavilling at is the full application of the words "the efficiency of homes." Time and again we have been told that Indian women should be taught in schools to run their homes well. But is this really being done? How can the teaching of a few dry-as-dust principles about hygiene and even cleanliness ever improve homes? I grant that girls may learn from them how to give healthy food to people. I grant they may even be taught the principles of motherhood and of looking after young children. But are they taught how to make home home?

Are they taught the courage to apply the principles they have been taught to practical life? Are they taught the humility necessary with the courage to carry out the ideas? No, and no. The weakness of modern youth, with all its good points, is carelessness and intolerance, which, even when not meant to be so, appear to the older generation as arrogance

and insolence. The younger generation rubs the older generation up the wrong way; it meddles where it ought not to meddle; and the worst thing is that it destroys often without construction. Again, what is really necessary in the making of a home is not quite the food, not quite the comfort, not quite the arrangements; but something which includes them all, and yet which is outside them all;—a genial presence, which interests, charms and contents at once, which makes the inmates treasure the thought of home, and persuades guests to come again. I am glad that the All-India Women's Industrial Conference realised this point, when it laid down that "in all the education of girls in India, the ideals of motherhood and the making of the home beautiful and attractive should be kept uppermost."

I am glad also that The Lady Irwin College of Home Science at Delhi has at last been opened and that Lady Bhore said that its ideal was "to equip students with ability to fit themselves for whatever sphere of life they might engage themselves in in after-life. For instance, they might be model teachers, wives, mothers and hostesses. Above all, they might radiate gentleness, hospitality and dignity, so characteristic of Indian womanhood." We hope that the college will concentrate on what is essentially necessary in this matter.

I hope I shall be pardoned if for a short time I discuss the arguments advanced against the inclusion of domestic science as an optional for women. Mr. Hanumantha Rao has declared that such inclusion will not lower the standard of women's education; that it does not militate

against the freedom of women, in that it is optional; and that it is not true to say it is not cultural, since it is a very comprehensive course. I agree with him in many points. At the same time, I ask whether it is right to include domestic science as a university subject? I think not. It should really be taught in the High School, and later on there can be a finishing school or college to make the teaching practical. This ought to be in a separate institution. The inclusion of domestic science in the university course will make the latter too easy for women, since after all it is their own subject. No doubt, many women will look forward to this inclusion; but will they get much other education besides? Will not many of them just take domestic science and be satisfied? Is not a higher education, even though in general and apparently useless subjects, as necessary for women, as for men? I think it is and, by the inclusion of domestic science, such an aim may be frustrated. There is no use in making life too utilitarian and material. As Dr. Metcalfe said in the Mysore Senate sometime ago: "India has a lot of lee-way to make up in the sphere of women's higher culture. The matter is urgent, even more necessary on account of the women's contribution to the home environment of the rising generation, the present nature of which seems to be chiefly responsible for the fact that the Indian youth usually is less informed on general affairs and is intellectually less mature than his Western brother of similar age. An important effect, which will certainly follow on the extension of higher culture among Indian women, will be an

improvement in standards of living and a consequent improvement of physical and general health of the educated communities."

Then again, no doubt "the normal thing for the large majority of women is home-making;" but should they not know intensively about some other things besides? If "domestic equipment is what both man and woman have to use for their mutual benefit," and if "man should attend to one phase of domestic life and women should attend to another phase of it," then let a differential course of domestic science be included in the university curriculum for men also!

It is quite true that "the home of even a highly-cultured Indian hardly bears the stamp of civilized life, for the reason that his partner is not equipped with the culture that makes home a thing of utility, beauty and joy." But I would like it remembered that, in the first place, home culture cannot mean domestic science alone, but must include many other forms of general culture; and in the second place, home cannot

be made a thing of beauty and joy, unless the spirit of domesticity is taught, as well as the sense of it. To teach domestic science, good teachers, patient and all-comprehensive, are required. They must know the science, not only by mere training at schools, but also by experience of the real thing. And the science of *home-making*, I shall not call it *domestic science*, must, as I said before, be taught in an institution by itself, and also by itself as a separate course. It need not necessarily carry a diploma or a certificate of merit with it; for why should our girls need to be induced by such to take up the subject? Imagine having a number of trained domestic science girls parading before a man who is seeking a wife; imagine making a diploma necessary as an eligibility for marriage! A terrible idea indeed! On the other hand, imagine a beautiful happy practising school, after a school or college career, to which many girls and women will flock, not for diplomas or certificates, but just for the pleasure of learning, in order that they make life beautiful for others! A happy thought indeed!

CHINESE WISDOM.

A mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river.

A clever man turns great troubles into little ones, and little ones into none at all.

Everything is difficult at first.

To do a good trade wants nothing but resolution; to do a large one, nothing but application.

Don't buy everything that's cheap and you'll escape being taken in.

Virtue is the base of the prosperity of an empire.

The loftiest towers rise from the ground.

A man without thought for the future must soon have present sorrow.

(From The Treasure Chest)

INDIAN ASTROLOGY

By Madabhushi

I am very much indebted to the Editor of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* for giving me this opportunity to write a few words on

Indian Astrology. Some believe in it, some laugh at it and the rest are quite indifferent to it. But the words, *lucky* and *unlucky*, are frequently used by all people, irrespective of their belief in Astrology, without thinking about the exact significance of these two words. When we analyse our own mind, we find that we use these words in circumstances subjected to influences, for which we cannot have any rational or logical explanation. What astrologers do is to attribute these influences to the planets, instead of calling a man either lucky or unlucky. By a careful analysis of the influence of the planets extending over ages, they undertake to predict even the lucky and unlucky periods. I do not want to enter into a detailed discussion of the truth or otherwise of astrology; but I shall proceed to give a short account of it.

On a clear moonless night, we see the sky bedecked with shining stars. On account of the rotation of the earth, the stars which rise in the East set in the West. It appears as if the stars are fixed in a dome which revolves round us. The dome is called the celestial sphere. The Sun, the Moon and the planets do not occupy fixed positions in the dome with regard

to the stars. The path of the sun in the celestial sphere is called the Ecliptic. The paths of the planets and the moon lie very close to the ecliptic on either side of it.

To fix the positions of the moving planets, the strip of the celestial sphere, in which their paths lie, is divided into 12 equal parts called the Zodiac constellations or signs. Each of these signs is divided into 30 equal parts called degrees. There are further subdivisions for more accurate work, which we need not consider now. Astronomers have names to these signs as follows:—
(1) Aries—the ram—Mesha. (2) Taurus—the bull—Vrishabha. (3) Gemini—the pair—Mithuna. (4) Cancer—Crab—Karkataka. (5) Leo—the Lion—Simha. (6) Virgo—the maiden—Kanya. (7) Libra—the scales—Thula. (8) Scorpio—the scorpion—Vrischika. (9) Sagittarius—the archer—Dhanus. (10) Capricorn—Crocodile—Makara. (11) Aquarius—Water-pot—Kumbha. (12) Pisces—the fish—Meena.

The odd signs are called male signs and the even signs female. The male signs denote a fierce, manly disposition and the female signs denote a gentle nature.

Indian Astrology deals only with the seven planets, the Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn. But Western astrology includes two more, recently discovered

planets, Uranus and Neptune, the Indra and Varuna of Hindu Mythology. In Indian astrology, instead of these two, we have two more imaginary planets, Rahu and Ketu, which are no planets at all, but the two imaginary points of intersection of the paths of the Sun and the Moon.

The Sun represents the soul of an individual, the Moon his mind or *manas*, Mars, his energy, Mercury his speech, Jupiter his knowledge, Venus his worldly pleasures, and Saturn his worries.

Again, among the celestial beings, the Sun and the Moon exert very great influence on living beings of this earth, both by their proximity and size. They give us very life. The greater the heat and light to which any part of the earth is subjected, the greater is the presence of both animal and vegetable life. As such, the Sun and the Moon are the Kings among the celestial beings, Mars the Commander-in-Chief, Mercury the Prince of Wales, Jupiter and Venus are the ministers and Saturn is the servant.

The influence of the planets varies with their position in the Zodiacal signs. The Sun is exalted in Aries, Moon in Taurus, Mars in Capricorn, Mercury in Virgo, Jupiter in Cancer, Venus in Pisces and Saturn in Libra. Planets in their exaltation bring pleasure, happiness, influence and prestige. The Planets in their seventh houses from exaltation, are said to be debilitated. Mars, for example, is debilitated in Cancer, the seventh sign from Capricorn. Debilitated planets are powerless; they are responsible for all sorts of worries, loss of prestige, and influence.

For example, if the Sun and Moon

are exalted in the 10th and 3rd degrees of Aries and Taurus respectively in a person's horoscope, he will be a King. But if they are debilitated in the 10th and 3rd degrees of Libra and Scorpio respectively, the person will be blind, ill-dressed and penniless. Each planet is associated with a definite direction, a definite colour, a definite mineral, a definite precious stone, a definite duration of time, a definite kind of food and so on. With each zodiacal sign is associated a definite colour, direction, sex and so on, so that every phase of the highly-complex human life can be read with the aid of the planets and the signs in which they are placed.

On account of the rotation of the earth, every point of the ecliptic makes one complete revolution in a day of 24 hours. At any particular moment, some sign or other must be rising. The rising sign is called the ascendant. The next sign to rise is called the 2nd house and so on. The seventh sign from the ascendant will be diametrically opposite to it and therefore will be generally setting. The sign in the mid-heaven (vertically over-head) will be the tenth house according to this reckoning and the sign that has completely set is the 12th house.

The ascendant indicates the colour of the body, strength, health and fame.

2nd house:—family, wealth, speech, eyes, etc.

3rd house:—courage, brothers, cars, etc.

4th house:—mother, house-property, comfort, chastity in woman.

5th house:—intelligence, short journey, inherited riches and children.

6th house:—enemies and disease.

7th house:—marriage and conjugal happiness.

8th house:—married life in women, longevity and death.

9th house:—father, long journey, wealth, children in the case of women.

10th house:—profession and power.

11th house:—income.

12th house:—expenditure and salvation (Moksha).

These twelve houses with the planets, which are situated in them, are sufficient for every aspect of human life. I have attempted to give an idea of the fundamental principles

of astrology in the preceeding few lines. Western astrologers, like Allan Leo and Sepharial, have discussed the influence of these planets, eclipses, sun-spots etc. on human life from a scientific point of view.

[N.B.—We do not hold a brief for astrology; but it is good to know a little about all things. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," says the immortal Hamlet, and who are we to gainsay him? Each one to his own belief, and may God speed the best! EDITOR, I. L. M.]

"Women write books from several motives, the principal one being that, unknown to herself, a woman will get rid in this way of her own self-consciousness. It is hard on the public; it is a blessing in disguise to her friends. Some women write books, because they are lonely. An absorbing occupation, even if badly performed, helps to pass the time and they yearn to see themselves in print,—a most natural desire on their part, but one to be discouraged. Other women write, because they say they love it. I am not sure that this type is not the worst of the lot. They imagine, because they love it, they must necessarily do it well. The deduction is a poor one. And a few a very few, write because they have really something to say, something to tell, something new,—no not new, there is nothing new under the sun,—but a fresh way of telling an old story. A burning force, something stronger than themselves, which is another name for genius, compels them to speak, to give their message, and the world is the gainer".

(Selected)



Miss Nurjehan Khatun Jenetia
Hussain, B.A., B.T., L.T.D.,

who has been appointed as District Inspectress of Schools, Ranchi. She is the first Bihari Muslim Lady to secure a teacher's Diploma from the London University.



Miss Kapila Khandvala,
a graduate of the Bombay University (B.A. B.T.), who proceeded to the United States in 1930, on the Levi Barbour scholarship of the University of Michigan. She took her M.A. degree in Sociology and Education in June 1931. In 1931-32 she was at the New York School of Social Work on the Elizabeth Gamble Fellowship, where she had practical training in different social work organisations. Before returning to India she visited social and educational institutions in England, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Soviet Russia and other places.

Photo:— Indian News Agency. Srirangam.

INTOLERANT WOMEN

G. K. Pillai



OW intolerant, one exclaims, when a young wife shows extreme jealousy; but it is intolerance we must remember, born of the most intense and devoted love, the love for her husband, the love, that will not brook even the shadow of a rival.

A wife alone can feel that love. The image of the man, who won her heart fills it completely. It is her most valued and cherished jewel, and she guards it well and truly.

The husband may have his world of varied interests—his work, his sport, his hobbies, his pleasures, but his love is her world; she lives, moves and has her being in it. And this makes her intensely apprehensive of even imaginary dangers.

Possibly, at times, he interprets her passionate devotion to him as an irksome restraint sought to be imposed on him by the mere caprice of a too jealous fancy. He is perplexed, even annoyed. The truth is that he is unable to penetrate the depths of her love and devotion for him. His vision can sweep only over the surface of things, with perhaps a wider range and a more varied colour.

Possibly, again, her reason tells her, he is the same as before, the man who has won her heart; only the first onset of his passion has settled into a steady full stream of enduring affection, which is all hers, and only hers. But her ever-present anxiety, lest the idol of

her heart should be injured or even stained ever so slightly, lends, at times, to her actions the appearance of unreasonable caprice. What is this anxiety but a phase assumed by the pure bright flame of devoted love?

This genuine love of a woman for her husband does not stop with his mere person. It grows with time; it extends to and embraces all that touches and concerns him, his home, his children, his health, his comforts, in fact, she comes to feel she has no separate interest from him at all.

Her husband must be happy at home, and successful and honoured outside; his children—and hers—must be happy, healthy, and well-brought up; his home, where she presides, must be bright, sunny and happy, no kind of cloud should darken it ever so slightly.

Such being her feelings and sentiments, and such too her anxiety to guard her man from anything that might disturb his equipoise, it is little wonder, that, to an outsider, she appears in the role of an intolerant woman.

Intolerant women! Let them be, for, they it is that keep "home fires burning," and rear up the nation's bulwarks and its ornaments—its glorious manhood and its radiant womanhood. They are the nation's guardian angels.

[N.B. And yet the world can do without intolerance!

Ed. I. L. M.]



Miss. Barucha, a student of the Lady Irwin College of Women, garlanding H. E. The Viceroy, when he opened the institution in Delhi.



H. H. The Ranisaheb of Savantvadi with a black leopard, bagged in the Amboli jungles.

Photos: By courtesy of *The Illustrated Weekly of India*.

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. She meets a stranger, called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she has answered. She arranges to marry him, and gets his permission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work.]

CHAPTER 4

Janaki and Seshan were quietly married, before their families knew anything of the affair. After that, the former had a violent quarrel with her step-mother, in which her father was as usual silent. Nothing was disclosed about the episode with Sivaram, the step-mother being, as Janaki knew, afraid of her own insistence on marriage with Natesan being disclosed. Sivaram himself had disappeared from their ken. Janaki, innocent as she was, felt no scruples about him at all and did not worry further about the matter. About her own husband, she kept an open mind, in spite of some unpleasant remarks her step-mother made about him. "You know, of course, that his father lends money at an unscrupulous rate of interest. No doubt you are happy because you have plenty of money now; but that money was earned at the cost of tears. Your Seshan was ready to marry any one, and so were you, any one except my Natesan. Well, I predict no good of this mad match, and

I hope you will be punished well for your disobedience."

The young couple left for Tarapur at last, where Seshan had taken work in the Government college. Janaki looked forward very much to her own house, where she intended questing for detective work. She did not wish to use the money, which her father-in-law had settled on them. She had said as much to Seshan, and he had agreed with her.

"How are you going to start your work?" asked Seshan, as they sat in their comfortable first-class carriage. Janaki had rather objected to such a luxury, having been rather parsimoniously brought up herself of necessity; but her husband evidently did not believe too much in saving, and after all, this was his honeymoon journey, he said.

"I don't know yet," she replied. "I shall wait my chance. It will come soon, I am sure."

"Haven't you any cut-and-dry methods then? Don't you wish to follow any special detective, Sherlock Holmes, for instance, or that great Frenchman, Poirot and—and—"

"None of those indeed. My method will be my own. I shall keep a perfectly open mind, harbour no prejudices, take things as they come, etc."

"Well, that sounds all right, but you must have some sort of aim,

mustn't you? Whom do you wish chiefly to help, the police, or people?"

"People, of course, especially women; and—and—I really wish to help them by working out certain ideals. I shall not take up every case, for instance, but just special ones, where some moral principles are brought out and emphasized."

"What are your ideals?"

"I really cannot say; but what do you say to this? I shall tell people that they must love India and not despise her ways. Then foreigners will come to respect us."

"How do you propose to bring that about?"

"I don't know. By just setting things right, wherever I can. For instance, if the criminal I detect is a very much Westernised man, I shall tell him he is properly punished for his defection of India."

"Ha-ha!"

"Don't laugh. You promised to be tolerant."

"I am not really laughing at you. Carry on, my dear."

"Then, I shall try to show that service to others is the best duty on earth. I shall hold up the dignity of labour and humble work. And I shall show that in true service, there must be no distinctions of caste or creed, birth or position."

"Brave!"

"Then, I shall tell people that they must be natural and single-hearted and sincere; and then only will they be understood by the world. There must be a little more openness and frankness in life; not so much diplomacy or smugness, or conventionality."

"Splendid."

"And then I shall try to make women independent of men, yet willing enough to take good advice and recognise good intentions. There must be no antagonism to men; still we must strive for equality with them."

"I hope you won't become a suffragette."

"No-no," she said impatiently.

"What about politics?"

"Avoid them, except where they enter into my problems."

"Religion?"

"What is religion really except to obey one God and serve Him. Aren't we all of one religion?"

"We are. My dear Janaki, if you will do all this, you will be a real benefactor to humanity."

"Will I?" she asked modestly; but immediately continued on a complacent note. "I shall do my best to help those who cannot help themselves, especially women, as I said. I shall help them in their home-problems, their domestic wrangles and difficulties. I shall unravel their little tangles, unknot their little puzzles, etc. What do you say?"

"That you have a very noble ideal in view. All that I ask is that you do not become a prig."

"Never," she cried indignantly, and then added with a smile, "but you must help me by keeping me in place."

"What I, a mere man?"

"Yes, you. Did I not say, women should take good advice? By the way, Seshan, before we enter into our life, may I ask you one thing? Then, I shall try not to touch on it again. You said your past would be thought undesirable by others, and that you went into it in order to revenge yourself

on your enemy. How could you do that, Seshan? What sort of a past was it?"

"My dear, rest content, for I shall tell you nothing but this. Cannot good sometimes be done by wrong methods, though people do say that the end does not justify the means? Cannot revenge on one evil-doer be the cause of attack on a whole class of evil-doers? But there, I have said too much; you must not worry me further. Have you forgotten our pact?"

"No, no, Seshan; forgive me."

"Of one thing, however, I think I must warn you. If I see the man who wronged me, probably I shall go for him. I don't think I can answer for myself in that case."

"But I shall be there, my dear, to hold you back."

"I'll be glad if you will indeed."

CHAPTER 5.

When the train arrived at their station, the young couple got out, a rather distinguished-looking pair, he tall and manly, and she his feminine counterpart, being womanly and equally tall and in addition very happy-looking. Seshan accompanied the servant to the luggage-van to see to his heavy baggage; Janaki stood on guard over the smaller pieces. As she twirled her umbrella and idly watched the passengers, something seemed to catch her eye, and she eagerly bent forward. Her gaze was fixed on a man and woman passing by; they were evidently husband and wife, but their conduct did not savour either of the East or the West; for neither did he lead the way as in India; nor did he walk by her side as in Europe. Their attitude indeed

savoured more of the gaoler and his prisoner; for he walked behind her and evidently kept strict watch on her. His eyes were attentively bent on her every movement, nay even her glance. If they wandered at all from her, it was always to the rear. Following their look, Janaki was aware that another man was following them, a stout fair fellow, dressed in *Khaddar*, which suited him rather well. This individual had a rather assured look on his face, but seemed not to be aware of the others.

Janaki's brain worked hard. They were Indians; even if modern, they did not cater to European fashions; so there must be some reason for their attitude. The first two must be husband and wife. The husband evidently suspected his wife of something; and, since there was a suspected man at the back, he evidently thought her in collusion with that one. Why? It must be the eternal triangle; he thought her illegally in love with another man than her husband.

Was it a case of love-jealousy, or just possession-jealousy? Evidently the former, for the woman was a fair good-looking pretty creature; and there seemed to be yearning in his gaze, as well as suspicion and anger. Looking at the woman as she came to this conclusion, Janaki discerned that the poor thing was crying; and that too as surreptitiously as possible. So, she must be a good girl, innocent and not offending, except by mistake. Was she in love with her husband, or with the other man? Ah! that could not be decided at once, Janaki thought. The husband seemed worthy enough to be loved; for, even with the scowl on his face, he was a fine-looking fellow, dark but boldly

handsome. She felt a touch on her arm and looked round. Seshan had come back, and was regarding her with a smile.

"Whither away, fair maiden? Where do your thoughts wander?"

"Just in front of me, Seshan; come here, close to me. Pretend, my friend, pretend. Don't be so obvious. There, that's right. Do you see that couple there?"

Under cover of extracting some change from his pocket, Seshan did as his wife requested.

"Yes, I see them," he replied.

"What do you think of them?"

"He is a bad-tempered fool, and she a pretty creature. Why, she is crying! I wonder if he has beaten her."

"I don't think so; but he is cross with her. And there is somebody else. I can't see him anywhere now. Seshan, I want to follow them. I must unravel this domestic tangle, and give them back their happiness and trust in each other."

"Did they ever have it?" he growled.

"I swear they did. Come, Seshan, find a way."

"Very well. You follow them out to the barrier. Here are the tickets. Wait for me there. Here, porter, hurry."

Janaki hurriedly went to the ticket-collector. Her suspected couple were just outside, in the middle of the usual out-going crowd, having got on to the main road. The other man was not to be seen. But, looking all round, she saw a hurrying figure on a side-road and felt sure it must be he.

She could not stand still. Her feet

seemed to be on pins, her head felt unsteady.

Then, she heard Seshan's voice, and immediately felt a sense of relief. She was glad he was there to help her.

"All right, Janaki. Steady on. Here, *julka*-man, bring your cart here. That's right. Porter, hoist this *saman* into it. Rama," he called to the servant. "You bring the other things to the T. B. Janaki, get in."

She hesitated. "And you?"

"Didn't you ask me to be skipper here? Obey me".

She grinned and squeezed into the bandy, which started with a terrific jolt. The driver cracked his whip, and they lumbered away. Janaki looked back and saw her husband on the main road. She leaned back satisfied. She reached the Travellers' Bungalow and was soon engulfed in the throes of arranging things, even though temporarily, in their part of the building. And all the time her mind was with Seshan and his victims. After a while, he arrived, hot and dusty; and sinking into a chair called for a lemon-squash.

"You are a nice detective, aren't you?" he grumbled to his wife. "You do the thinking, and I do the working, eh."

"It was you who elected to do it, not I," she retorted. "Well, what happened?"

"Nothing. I know where they live, that's all."

"Nothing happened?" she asked disappointedly.

"What could happen? You didn't expect him to kill her, did you?"

"Of course not, you silly man. What shall we do then?"

"Let's rest for a while. Then, after the food is ready, I must go off to college. Tell Rama to hurry, Janaki."

Janaki's further questions extorted the fact from her tired husband that their interesting friends lived in a spacious house in a large compound somewhere beyond the bazaar. But, if they had to walk from the station, how could they live in a big house?" she queried; but he did not reply. He had fallen into a doze, and so she was forced to be satisfied. In the afternoon, when her husband returned, she refreshed him with a very pleasant tea. A little later with a pretty smile she suggested a walk.

"Or better still, we can get a taxi and go for a drive. Let us go around the town and look for a house. Seshan.

We don't always wish to stay here, do we?"

"And you wish to look for your two criminals, don't you? I must say, you make a pretty eager 'tec; but that you will be a successful one I beg leave to doubt. You are much too interfering, and you come to conclusions too quickly. Tell me all that you think, Janaki."

She told him, and he rather laughed at her; but so kindly that she was not offended. They set out on their drive, and, after a turn round, reached the part where their unknown friends lived. Seshan pointed out the house to his wife.

"Let's go in, and ask if the house is to let," she said.

(To be continued)

THE MATRIMONIAL COLUMN

H. Kaveri Bai

ACT I. SCENE I.

[Mr. Prakasam at his literary work, elbows resting on the table and hands holding his head. Kalyani standing by.]

Kalyani: Papa, won't you come in to dinner? You come straight from school and sit to those horrid papers. It is hardly two months since you were down with the 'flu, and you know Dr. Murty advised you to rest as much as possible. Come to dinner like a nice father, won't you?

Mr. Prakasam, (lifting his haggard face to his daughter's: I have no appetite, dear. Tell Mamma to go on with dinner. I am not inclined to eat at all. There's a darling, go.

Kalyani: Mamma won't eat, nor will I, unless you come. There, I have said it. We are quite strong and healthy, and you are so pale and weak. Why must we feed, when you, who are toiling for our bread, deny yourself?

Mr. Prakasam: Don't worry your poor head, child. I shall be all right soon. It is only this cut in my pay which is like a nightmare to me. Let me earn a few more rupees from my tuition and this book, to keep our heads afloat. Better wear out life, than face this awful come-down. *(sighs)*

Kalyani: Papa, you frighten me with all that talk. What shall we do if you die? You are like the root of a

tree, and we the branches. Only, if you are fit and strong, do we flourish.

Mr. Prakasam, (drawing Kalyani close to him): My child, you don't understand. Your metaphor can be modified. Branches can be removed from the parent tree, and planted in the soil, where they strike out roots and grow independently.

I have done my duty by my eldest son and daughter. Yet, your brother has disappointed me. In spite of all the money I spent to educate him, I am nothing to him now. He enjoyed the lion's share of my earnings, which ought to have gone equally to you all, because I had hoped he would stand by me to bring up the rest of you. I had arranged for a bride for him with a rich dowry, which might have come in handy for you now. But he married after his own heart, and never looks at us now. The centre of his whole being at present is his father-in-law's house.

Then, after spending whatever there was left, to give your sister a dowry, I had to struggle hard to educate your other brothers. Gangadar is a sensible boy, works faithfully at his books. Anand is a thorn in my side; he wastes his time and my hard-earned money. He does not yet realize that he must make hay while the sun shines. His friends are quite enough for him.

But, let the boys go. My chief concern is for you. If I could see you comfortably settled, I could indeed die in peace. Do you think that, if I depended upon my salary alone, I could scrape together anything for your marriage portion?

Kalyani: Papa, do not kill yourself on my account. Two years more, and Gangadar will be in a position to

help you, and we can live in comfort. Who is to rejoice if you are in the grave when that time comes?

Mr. Prakasam: My dear child, you are only sixteen, and a woman at that. What can you understand about the economic condition of the country? I, for one, am not too sure that Gangadar will find a job waiting for him directly he finishes his B. A. You have no idea, how many hundreds are wearing out their lives, hunting for jobs, glad to sell their qualifications, experience and talents, for the lowest price that may be forthcoming, but without any success.

Kalyani: But Gangadar is such a clever lad, Papa. Somehow, he will manage to get a job.

Mr. Prakasam: What became of poor Govinda Rao, such a bright and promising lad? His parents constantly reproached him for not getting employment, even when he was wandering day and night in search of one. He went to Madras on a wild-goose chase, thinking there would be plenty of work there. Tramping day and night for two months, he realized the hopelessness of the situation, and ended his troubles by hanging himself. Even his identity would not have been known, but for the S. S. L. C. register in his pocket. You know his story well, you have seen the agony and remorse of his parents. Would you have me drive Gangadar to his death like that?

Kalyani: But Papa, you should not sacrifice your own life on any account. Oh, was not the cut on fat salaries enough, that even hand-to-month existences could not be spared! Is Providence blind?

Mr. Prakasam: The 10% cut only

touches the luxuries of the highly-placed. For us, it is eating into our vitals.

you now, but you shall not disturb me like this hereafter.

(Exit both).

SCENE II

But my child, you will please oblige me and be off to dinner. You have disturbed me quite enough. There's a dear, go.

Kalyani: One thing more, Papa; why are you so dead against educating me? I wept when you stopped me from school, and you would not be moved, even when the Headmistress came and begged you to permit me to continue. Though I have left school, I have not been idle, you know. I have been studying hard and improving my knowledge. If you would only put me to school again, it would give me the time of my life, and save you the worry about my dowry. I beg you, Papa—

Mr. Prakasam: Kalyani, you know that I have forbidden you this topic. The world must not say that poverty forced me to send you out of the purdah, which is an honour for women; and I shall maintain yours at any price.

Kalyani: But excuse me this once. So many girls are leaving the purdah nowadays that nobody thinks of talking nonsense about them. Look at Savitri for instance.

Mr. Prakasam: You would make a rare lawyer in argument—a modern Portia! Savitri's father is a Collector, my daughter, whereas yours is only a poor school-master. Society will fawn on Savitri and trample you down. God grant that your future life may be as happy, as it is unfortunate now. You won't let me continue, you mischievous little minx? Very well, have your own way for once. I am going with

[Mr. Prakasam's room again. Enter Gangadar.]

Gangadar: Sir, let me help you.

Mr. Prakasam: Thank you, my boy; but if you can really spare the time, save up energy for yourself. Leave me alone. I am an old man and my days are done.

Gangadar: Is anybody very old at fifty, Sir? But you are burning the candle at both ends.

Mr. Prakasam: What would you have me do then?

Gangadar: Father, you must give up your tuition to me. I can easily manage that, since it is my own subject. As for sister, in our caste, girls are kept unmarried till twenty, or even longer. Sissy is only sixteen. Leave her responsibility to me, and have some peace of mind.

Mr. Prakasam: I am overjoyed to have so dutiful and affectionate a son, my boy. But, my lad, you do not know the world.

Gangadar: At least, let us educate Sissy, and make her independent. She is an intelligent girl, and a girl's education does not cost the same as a boy's if there is the right kind of school in one's own place, as we have here.

Mr. Prakasam: Stop! you have spoken enough. I am shocked at your want of self-respect. You have not spoken like a member of the family, whose ladies have for generations guarded their modesty behind the purdah. Gangadar, you must make a solemn promise, that, in case I die be-

INDIAN LADIES

can always expect satisfaction in the selection of their

CLOTHING,

if they make it a point to go straight, or write, ————— to the —————

WHITE SHOP

The Home
of Fashion
Style Choice
Quality
and Value

in every article of clothing.

SWADSHI SAREES

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KEWALRAM CHELLARAM

KEWALRAM'S

9-11 RATTAN BAZAR,

MADRAS

THIS IS
YOUR
SHOPPING
PLACE

fore Kalyani is married, you will not bring her out of her seclusion and dishonour my memory.

Gangadar, (sighs and answers reluctantly): I promise, father.

Mr. Prakasam: Our child is yet innocent. But young girls are apt to get giddy, and should be either sent to school, or given away in marriage.

Gangadar: An idea strikes me. I don't know how you will like it.

Mr. Prakasam: Go on.

Gangadar: You have seen matrimonial advertisements in the newspapers. Suppose we try the same agency!

Mr. Prakasam: What an ideal—That's the last straw at which a drowning man clutches—ha-ha-ha—And why not? Am I not a drowning man? But you forget that only articles of commercial value command a sale in the market. Ha ha ha.....My daughter.....without a farthing for her dower, put up for auction! Just fancy!

Who wants virtue or beauty, unaccompanied by gold, my son?

Gangadar: What harm is there in just trying, father? There might exist some young fellow, not altogether given to the profit-and-loss method of estimating worth.

Mr. Prakasam: In that case, an advertisement is the worst method of securing such a man.

Gangadar: Leave everything to me, father. If the fates are kind, we may receive an unexpected reward.

(Mr. Prakasam does not answer, but sits with his face hidden.)

(Curtain)

SCENE III.

(A temple. Kalyani before Sri Krishna's shrine, garlanding the image.)

Kalyani: Lord of the Universe, Almighty God, a miserable mortal looks up to thee. Oh, hear my humble supplication!

Nothing is hid from thee, thou All-knowing One. Thou seest the anguish of my heart, even before my lips give utterance to it. The night is dark and dangerous. I, a timid girl, step out of the protecting shelter of my home, and tread the dark mazes of the silent streets to seek thee.

Oh, Son of Nanda, turn not thy face away from me, nor be silent. I ask not gifts for myself, but a boon for thy servant, my father, whose life is slowly ebbing out. Ah, hasten to save him, I implore thee. All things are possible unto thee. One word of thine will turn our hopelessness into joy.

Here, in my bosom, reposes a little phial containing painless death. I went to the hospital with a sore throat, and, somehow, when the doctor left me, for a moment, managed to steal a bottle of chloroform.

Call it not theft, Lord. Thou didst steal butter for a jest. But I stole the poison for safety, if ruffians should lay hands on me in my lonely walks.

Give me leave to depart, and keep evil-minded *Rakshasas* from my path, as I retrace my steps homeward and grant that my nightly pilgrimage to this holy shrine, may not be known to mortal beings.

ACT II—SCENE I

[Durga reclining in an easy-chair with a newspaper on his lap. Enter Gopal, who blindfolds Durga playfully with his hands.]

Durga: Hands off, I say, or I'll go for you. Who can the silly ass be, but Albert?

Gopal: Wrong, guess again.

Durga: Why Gopal, it's never you! Hands off, old sinner. Whence spring you so suddenly?

Gopal: From the clouds, to catch you snoozing at four o'clock in the evening, or day-dreaming about some fair damsel. Pray, which is it?

Durga: This is a scholar's den, my boy. Damsels are for you. But to what good fortune do I owe this happy meeting?

Gopal: I have come to tell you that we are on the selection list already.

Durga: Developing second sight?

Gopal: Can you be still living in Utopia my dear fellow? Some chaps can foresee the result before the test.

Durga: But I declare, it is vicious. Everything should be as fair in business as in sports. Ah, I could say bitter things, when I see jobbery, exploitation, and all the other wrongs, by which some take unfair advantage of others.

Gopal: Well, well, leave all that alone. Have you seen the matrimonial column to-day?

No? Well, just listen; I'll read it.

"Wanted a young and educated Naidu to marry a beautiful, educated and well-accomplished girl of sixteen. No dowry. Respectable family."

Durga: A girl of sixteen?

Gopal: You can safely allow a 20% discount.

Durga: Do you want to try?

Gopal: Bless your heart, man. What! A penniless girl? Can beauty and accomplishments help to pay one's passage to England or the States?

Durga: Will you never cease to

be mercenary? A good woman can make you more happy than all your foreign diplomas and your wads of bank notes.

Gopal: A good woman may be anything you please. I have no faith in women.

Durga: I would not blast a woman's reputation, till I was sure that she is really smirched.

Gopal: Never mind. Are you game for a little adventure? Let us make the acquaintance of this young lady here, without her parent's knowledge, and see if she is really above reproach.

Durga: Your whole mind is so perverted, that you see everying distorted and out of shape.

Gopal: The same applies to you. Nothing can convince you that the number of really virtuous men and women in the world is a negligible quantity.

Durga: If you admit that there are virtuous people in existence, I am satisfied, though I don't agree with your ratio.

Gopal: Therefore, I suggest this adventure. If the girl of this advertisement is of the Madonna type, it will help to straighten my crooked outlook.

Durga: What business have you to meddle with her affairs, when you don't mean to marry her?

Gopal: Am I obliged to give any explanation to you? Then have it. I want a little amusement.

Durga: You vile, insinuating, malicious old serpent, what has that poor girl done to you to provoke such heartless villainy? Well, I have an idea too. I am sure that this advertise-

ment is a sham one, put in out of sheer malice or some jealous hatred. Then you will find yourself in a nice pickle.

ACT III SCENE I

[The temple again. Kalyani kneeling before the image. Gopal prowling near, watching her.]

Kalyani: Is it all in vain that I turn to thee for succour?

That suitor, who came for my hand, has gone disappointed, because I possess no worldly fortune. But let that be, I care not what becomes of me. But, Lord, hasten and save my father. He is stricken down, because I am rejected.

These are flowers gathered on the hedge, but they contain the offering of this humble heart. Lord Gopala, accept this garland and give me my heart's desire.

Gopal, [entering]: Lady, my name happens to be Gopal. You have called upon me. Can your humble slave be of any service?

Kalyani, (shrinking from him): Sir, who may you be? Kindly let me pass.

Gopal: So soon? When you leave your bed at dead of night, and make excursions abroad, you can surely stay for a little *tete-a-tete*. You must have prepared yourself for an adventure before you started?

Kalyani: Sir, these are evil words. You can see that this is the house of God, and can understand that I came here for no evil purpose.

Gopal: Maiden, many things are done in the house of God. Nay, God has answered your prayer in sending me to you. Don't feel shy, but come to me.

Kalyani: Where will you take me, Sir?

Gopal: Wherever I go. You shall be my queen.

Kalyani: Sir, if this had been God's answer to my prayer, you would have gone to my father, and spoken to him. You would not waylay a helpless woman like this.

Gopal: Yes, I have been to your father who was not prepared to part with a few thousands for you. Still I did not want to return, without a sight of you. And so I have been hanging about the house. I thanked my stars, when I saw you stealing out in the middle of the night, and I shadowed you all the way down here. You are a beautiful woman and I want you. There are many kinds of marriage. I want to be your Dushyanta, and you to be my Sakuntala. Even if I marry another woman for her millions, those millions shall be at your feet. Your father shall be free from his anxiety about you, as soon as you choose me.

Kalyani, (standing with face covered): And so you are the honoured guest we entertained in our house for three days? Sir, if there is a scrap of honour anywhere in you, go your own way and leave me alone.

Gopal, (with vicious laughter): Honour, virtue and goodness are all relative terms, my lady; they have no absolute value. Do not be duped by meaningless ideals. In any case, your reputation is doomed.

Kalyani: Away with you! I shall guard my name to the last breath.

Gopal: Are you so sure about your fair name after this interview?

my furious beauty? Where will that name be when I publish the fact of our midnight meeting here?

Kalyani: God and man are against me. But, Sir, being a human being, you must have a human heart somewhere. As a man, is it not your duty to protect a woman from evil? I appeal to your chivalry. Oh Sir, spare me. If the world judges me unfairly, on account of circumstances, I shall still rejoice in a free conscience.

Gopal: Shall I now let you flout me with all your pretty speeches? Don't you know that with all your grand ideas, you are on the hammer, like a beast for sale?

Kalyani: That's a lie! A most wicked lie!

Gopal: A lie? Then I will be honest for once. Will you kindly explain what this means? (Draws out the advertisement and the correspondence about herself and shows them to her). Do you still doubt?

Kalyani: (sinking against the altar with a bloodless face.): Did my father really advertise me like that, my father who held family honour more sacred than life? Is it true, or am I dreaming?

Gopal: If it were a dream, better give in to me, so that, when you wake, you will be none the worse for it.

Kalyani: Yes. You are right. Betrayed by a parent and forsaken by God, where shall I go, to whom shall I turn for help? But first let me go to my house, and take a last look at those faces which I shall never more see.

Gopal: You won't escape, once I let you go?

Kalyani: (with hollow laughter.): When you have the power to publish

and proclaim my history? If you doubt me, keep this jewel. Give me a sheet from your pocket book and I shall record my promise in my own handwriting and under my own signature. Can I commit myself in a more damning way? My father's perfidy—God forgive him—has driven me to this. There is a limit to human endurance.

Gopal: Well, I can see you are in dead earnest. I shall follow you as far as your gate and wait for you there. Join me in fifteen minutes, will you? You shall not regret coming to me.

SCENE III

[Kalyani's bed-room. Kalyani sitting on the edge of her bed and giving way to silent grief.]

Kalyani: It is done. I have taken my last farewell of those, who were all in all to me in this world. My father groans in his sleep. My mother lies like one petrified with sorrow. Gangadar is tossing on his bed, raving about his books. Anand lies snoring as if the world had no cares. I am the youngest, but my life has been the stormiest.

This humiliation has filled my cup to overflowing. I have drained its bitterness to the dregs. What have I done to deserve so much pain?

Perhaps there was some awful crime in a past existence, of which I know nothing now. The penalty ought to have been exacted then, not when I am so harmless and deserving of pity, not when I have spent my sixteen years of life in worship and devotion, trying to lead a blameless life. Man-forsaken, God-forsaken, what is left for me?

The wicked man at the gate has given me fifteen minutes' grace. I live only fifteen minutes more. It is hard

to think—but peace and oblivion are welcome. I shall foil him in a way that he least suspects. (Gets up and goes to the table and takes out writing materials).

My first and last letter to my father and mother. They shall hear me speak, after I am dead. There is no other course. Should I live, ignominy, worse than a hundred thousand deaths, will be their portion and mine. (She sighs and writes.)

It is done, my second task. The final act of my life's drama is over. I shall place the letter on my pillow and lie down as if to go to sleep. But I shall never wake again. What a bril-

liant thought, that made me purloin this blessed phial. Yes, I shall be safe and happy soon. Good-bye, Papa and Mamma, and my brothers and sister. I am paying for your peace of mind. It is a blessed privilege. Good-bye, my life, with all its sorrows and troubles—too heavy to bear. God shield all innocent women from the clutches of yonder devil at the gate! (She takes the phial out of her bosom, stretches herself on the bed, draws the sheet over her whole length, covering herself from head to foot like a corpse, pours out the chloroform on a handkerchief and holds it tight to her face.)

A PLEA FOR SAVING

In these stirring days of retrenchment and economy, one vital problem that presses most for an early solution and one that receives considerable attention at the hands of modern economists and publicists, is the question of individual saving, as the basis of national economy and ultimate greatness.

It is sad that, in Indian households, economy is little practised by youngsters and elders. Little boys and children do often prove spendthrifts and their wasteful practice has done more harm than good in that it has strongly implanted in their minds a tendency to ignore entirely the benefits of a little saving which, as time goes on, develops into a small capital, which in turn furnishes a safe investment for future use. As saving is understood to mean postponed consumption when divested of its economic garb, any

member can provide himself with fine opportunities to use his capital later with the utmost degree of advantage possible. Though at first sight this may appear a commonplace and rather mean thing for most to follow, I am certain that it will surely answer the imperative need for external capital in India, whereby most Indian industries are financed today.

In order to combat the pernicious practice of extravagance, I would humbly suggest that, to begin with, Indian parents and guardians should educate their boys and girls in the mechanism of individual saving and inculcate in their youthful minds a sense of economy coupled with its manifold advantages. Every day, any trifling amount, say, an anna or more as the case may be, may be kept apart. As days, weeks, months and years roll by, the amount will

increase and this sum can be periodically deposited in the Savings Bank, which is not only a place of safe-keeping, but also gives interest on the deposit. With the advance of years, when boys grow up to be energetic youths and strong men, as a first start in life, they can buy some shares with their saved capital in any indus-

trial concerns, hoping later to become managers and so rise until they are flourishing business magnates. In the case of girls, the amount can be used for marriage expenses or for some emergency, for which the need of capital may be keenly felt.

V. Thangaswami

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) THE DECEITFUL JACKAL

A jackal and a pig had been friends for a very long time. They roamed together, fed together and lived together. But a time came when food was very scarce for the jackal, whereas the pig always had plenty of roots and fruit to feed on. So, as the days passed, the jackal became thinner, while the pig grew fat and plump. The jackal compared his miserable condition with the pig's healthy condition and he got ever so jealous. "If I go on like this any longer," thought he, "I shall surely perish and the pig, maybe, will feed on my carcass." And he worked himself into such a rage that a very cruel and wicked plan entered his head.

"Friend pig," he said casually one day, "I cannot imagine how you relish dry roots and stale fruit for a meal. I know of a plantation where the sugar-cane is exceedingly sweet and juicy. Do you desire to eat your fill? Then come, follow me."

The simple pig, glad at the prospect of a change of diet, and without any suspicion of what was in store for him, willingly followed the jackal, who did indeed lead him to a very fine sugar-cane plantation. Here, the pig, with the greatest satisfaction, began to crunch and munch the juicy stalks. While he was enjoying himself, the jackal broke silence.

"Friend pig," he said, "I have an inclination to howl. Do you mind?"

"For mercy's sake hold your

tongue" cried the pig. "The watchmen will come upon us. You can run fast and escape; but I'm not fleet of foot; I'll get caught."

"I can't help it, pig," persisted the jackal. "We jackals are like that. But have no fear. I'll howl in a low tone." And he had his way.

After a while, however, he again made the same request, and though the pig refused stoutly, he did as he wished. A short pause and he wished to howl still more; and, in spite of the pig's pleadings, he raised his voice so loud and long that the watchmen were roused and came pelting to the spot with sticks and spears. Both jackal and pig, of course, bolted; but, as the poor pig was stout and ungainly, he was soon caught and beaten to death, and his body left to lie where it had fallen.

When the watchmen had withdrawn and all was quiet, the jackal returned to the spot in great glee. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, "my plan has met with success. I can eat my fill now"; and he licked his lips and gorged himself upon his late faithful and trusting friend.

"Well I'm full," he breathed at length. "And this portion of the rump still remains; it will answer for tomorrow. But how about the day after and the days succeeding?" He thought deeply and suddenly exclaimed: "Ah! I know. This rump will be the means to ensure my future meals." So say-

ing, he took hold of the rump and went to a drummer.

"Mr. Drummer," he said, "will you sell me a drum? I shall pay the price of it in pork."

"Yes, certainly," said the drummer as he brought out a drum. "How much weight will you give?"

"Four pounds. Get me the scales and weights." But the drummer had no sooner stepped into the house for that purpose than the mean jackal ran away with both drum and pork.

Now two days later the jackal, taking the drum, stealthily entered a village temple and concealed himself behind the seat of an idol; and being sure that in that position he would not be observed, he began to beat the drum lustily with his paws. The noise attracted the cottagers to the temple. Very strange it seemed to them that the sound of drumming should proceed, as it were, from the belly of the idol. They took it for a summons and prostrated themselves, saying: "O gracious goddess, behold thy humble servants. Speak and we shall obey."

And the wily jackal made reply: "O ye villagers, you offer me fruit, but never flesh. Listen. I command that two black fowls be sacrificed to me every day. Take care to leave the fowl at my feet and to withdraw and shut the temple door. And let no man dare to enter the temple for worship, until my anger is appeased and it pleases me to speak again."

The villagers promised to do as they were told and withdrew in great fear.

So then, by this cunning dodge, the jackal ate fowl to his heart's content for several days. He found life so easy and his quarters so cosy, that he seldom went outside, except it be at night-fall to drink water.

But, while the jackal enjoyed his days, the cottagers talked about the affair. One intelligent fellow suggested that it was proper with a deity to eat wholly all that was offered, and not leave feathers lying about as if some animal had fed greedily. So

some bold men determined to keep watch; and one day, after the daily sacrifice, they peeped through the chinks in the temple door.

Behold! They saw no god but a common, live jackal. Sticks were fetched; the temple was surrounded; the door thrown open. The jackal, his deceit discovered, tried to make a bold dash for liberty, but was overpowered and clubbed to death. Then his lifeless body was hung up high on a tree for the crows and kites to peck at.

He had paid the price of his deceit.

H. OSWALD PEREIRA.

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

It is a very important factor in one's life to develop a sense of responsibility, when one is still young, especially public responsibility. Many of us are apt to think, that, being only a few in the midst of thousands, it does not matter how we behave, or what we do. But just think, if all of us do things that ought not to be done, trusting that they do not matter, what a horrid place the world would be to live in.

There is one particular thing I would like to emphasise in this letter, and that is the scattering of rubbish and litter in public thoroughfares and in parks and picnic resorts.

Almost every street in India and even the main roads are scattered with paper, dry leaves, cigarette wrappers, tram and bus tickets and other debris. No one thinks twice of reading a letter, tearing it into pieces, and throwing it on the road in India. "Others do it," they say—"why shouldn't we?"—and so it goes on—until our India, our beautiful country, looks dishevelled and untidy, and the reputation goes abroad that Eastern cities are well-known for their rubbish.

Most of the girls and boys in England are taught this sense of public responsibility in their schools. When they are taken out to picnics, the

master or mistress in charge is very careful to see that no pieces of paper or other rubbish is left behind. The picnic resort has to be left clean and fresh, just as it was when they first went there. There is a regular campaign going on all over England, and in other cities of Europe as well, to keep the country absolutely clean.

Do you not think that it is up to

us to do something like this for lovely India? If each one of you remembers your own duty, and never leaves any rubbish behind, but is always scrupulously clean in habits, you will do a great deal towards the development of a beautiful nation.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

By an Indian Woman

(1) Women's Rights.

New proposals have been made by the representatives of the All-India Women's Conference, the Women's Indian Association, and the National Council of Women in India, after the publication of the *White Paper* suggestions, regarding franchise for women. After urging that the principle of equality between the sexes should be definitely placed in the declaration of citizenship rights in the Constitution Act, the proposals recommend that men and women should be eligible for equal membership in the Upper House, the property qualification for which should be supplemented by educational qualifications; that they are opposed to reservation of seats for women both in the Provincial and Federal legislature; that they object to the election of women to the Federal Assembly from the Provincial legislatures by the indirect system; that the communal award should be protested against and a system of joint electorates be demanded; and that, since adult franchise cannot be granted, the following system be recommended:

"(a) We recommend that for women literacy (ability to read and write in any one language) should be substituted for the higher educational qualifications proposed in the *White Paper* for voters in the elections for the Provincial Legislatures, and the same qualifications, viz., literacy

(ability to read and write in any one language), be the standard for women voters in the election for the Federal Legislatures.

(b) We accept the property qualifications as recommended in the *White Paper* for eligibility to vote in elections to the Provincial and Federal Legislatures.

(c) We strongly disapprove of the proposed special condition under which women may be enfranchised, namely being the wife or widow of a person possessing the property qualification at present entitling him to vote for the Provincial Legislatures, and we consider that our rights as citizens should not depend on marriage. We would therefore recommend that in addition to (a) and (b) women of 21 years of age and over be enfranchised in all urban areas. The number thus enfranchised would be approximately seven millions and odd, including those already enfranchised under (a) and (b) in the urban areas. The registration of voters should, we recommend, depend on the personal application of the claimant."

Mrs. Subbarayan thus criticises the suggestions for franchise:

"It is surprising that the new memorandum of the three organisations of women accepts the highly restricted and differential property qualification recommended by the *White Paper* for the Federal Assembly franchise. Unfortu-

The City College, Madras.

Your Sons and Daughters can Carve out Bright Careers in Different lines without Passing

Either the Intermediate or the B. A. Degree Examination.

The City College will equip them fully, at minimum cost and trouble, to fight the battle of life successfully and to carve out brilliant careers in any line in which they show aptitude. This is done through the *Senior Cambridge* course.

The Value of the Senior Cambridge Certificate in all Lines is great

Read the following extracts:—

Government Service.

Ref. Public Service Commission Examination at Madras, Bombay Calcutta, Allahabad, Lahore and Simla on the 3rd July, 1933 for the recruitment of 1st and 2nd Division clerks:

"...The following are at present the Scales of Pay. They are subject to a percentage cut so long as it lasts, and the question of reducing these scales for new entrants is under consideration.

First Division.

	Rs.
1. Secretariat	... 175—500
2. Army Headquarters	... 175—450
3. Attached Offices	... 120—350

Candidates.....must be graduates of a University incorporated by an Act of the Central or Provincial Legislature in India or must have passed the *Cambridge School Certificate Examination*."

Delhi, }
25th March, 1933. }

(Sd.) D. REYNELL,
Secretary,

Public Service Commission.

Junior Cambridge Certificate Holders.

"Candidates applying for the Public Service Commission Examination held annually at Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi, Madras and Simla, for the recruitment of clerks and typists must have passed the Junior Cambridge Local Examination or the Matriculation Examination of a University incorporated by an Act of the Governor-General or a Provincial Legislature in India or the Mysore or the Oosmania University." (Vide Public Service Commission Regulations, Simla, dated 19—5—1932).

The Starting Salary is Rs. 75 for this. Among our candidates who have benefited by passing this exam. are,

(Certain posts being reserved for Ladies only)

K. C. SEN, Clerk, Engineer-in-Chief Office, Army Headquarter's, Simla.

V. SUBRAMANYAM, Clerk, Director-General of Post and Telegraphs, New Delhi.

have been reduced to 5 to 1 by the Lothian Committee proposals, will have now to be subjected to the wide difference of literacy among men and women, that of the former being 15:6, while that of the latter is only 2:9, half of these probably being disqualified by being under age.

The women of India, says Mrs. Menon, "will continue to hitch their waggon to the star, notwithstanding the usual absurd comments about their proposals being too idealistic." In spite of the general opposition to the election of women, the fact remains that, in municipalities at least, special intelligence among women is not lost sight of, but preferred to average talents in men, as shown by the election of women candidates like Mrs. Mitra, Mrs. Nehru and Mrs. Sukthanker. There are many prejudices against women in India; at the same time, however, they are not really regarded as less than men. That Indian women will not be too unworthy of trust is apparent from the fact that, while men on all sides were agitating for separate electorates etc., women universally united in refusing all communal and other differences. "They did not even mind if they were not returned to the future legislatures for the next 100 years; all the tempting baits put forward by the Lothian Committee for the reservation of seats did not produce much response from women."

Such a wide bond of sympathy must naturally draw all women together in a common ideal of service. Instead of undignifiedly rushing into electioneering campaigns, women will, we hope, "know that the larger interests of the country will entice only a few from the domestic sphere; the large majority among them will continue as before but with an awakened consciousness. They will rouse themselves from the depressed feeling of utter helplessness and take interest in what concerns them and the country. Such an awakening is possible only by sweeping changes, by rousing the masses into political consciousness."

And this awakening can only come

about by abolishing gradually the illiteracy now existing among the great population of India. Unless the minds of our mass population are freed by education, there can be no possibility of a universal desire for legitimate privileges.

(2) Conferences of Hindi Poetesses.

The first meeting ever held of Hindi poetesses was the All-India Mahila Kavi Sammelan, which met at Allahabad in April, presided over by Srimathi Subhadra Devi Chouhand, a famous poetess of the Central Provinces, and attended by about 1000 women. The conference, we are told, which owed its inception to the efforts of the Vice-Chancellor of the Prayag Mahila Vidyapitha, had as its aim the encouragement among women of the study of old and new Hindi poetry. Some interesting points were brought out in the speeches of the chairwoman and the president. Poetry, it was pointed out, gave a better opportunity of expression for men than for women, since women reacted more quickly to its emotional side. The poet, it was true, "moulded in his own exquisite way the principles of the historian, the sociologist and the religious preceptor;" but it was upon the hearts of people that the impressions were made. "It was love and sacrifice, which raised human beings above the level of brutes, and who had ever sacrificed and loved like women? It was woman, who had inspired man to his greatest deeds and highest devotion." Moreover, without the help of women no poetry could be perfect, since a woman alone could describe the feelings of a woman. And it was woman who, by not imitating the language of men, should see that the language of poetry was not warped, so that "there would be a gulf of difference between the popular and the literary language."

Different periods in Indian poetry were mapped out. The Vedas, being the oldest literature of the world, expressed a great deal through the heart and so women were able to contribute their proper share to literature in the Vedic period. Then came

the time when philosophy took the lead in poetry, and during that time women fell back. When Hindi poetry was started, women again became prominent; and we get wonderful poetry from Mirabai and other poetesses. In later years, women were contributing a good deal to Khariboli, or Chhayabad Hindi poetry.

Many resolutions were recorded, not only requesting encouragement for women-versifiers in towns as well as in villages, but also advising the adoption by poets of their verses to modern conditions and modern information. Every year, an All-India Mahila Kavi Sammelan should be held, and prizes should be offered for the best books and poems of the year, as had already been done by some people in Calcutta.

(3) Lady Irwin College for Women.

We are glad that the Lady Irwin College for women in Home science has at last been opened. We wish it every success. Owing its inception to the second All-India Women's Conference, and guided by a special committee of women educational experts, the College ought to do well. The aims of the committee are ideal: "They decided to confine themselves to Home Science for the present. There were two courses, one being for the training of teachers in Domestic Science, comprising among other subjects, Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Dietetics, Hygiene, Public Health, Civics, Mothercraft, needlework, music, painting, and gardening. They aimed, furthermore, at starting courses in Physical Culture and allied activities.

A practising school would later on also be necessary. In regard to the non-teachers' course, it consisted of a year's syllabus, and included most of the subjects of the longer course, but without technical subjects like Physics and Chemistry."

(4) Mysore Women's College.

We are glad to note that there is a prospect of starting a Residential College for women at Bangalore, by the union of the two existing colleges both now ill-equipped. As

Dr. Metcalfe, the Vice-Chancellor of the Mysore University, said: "The University to-day is touching merely the fringe of the problem of higher education of women, and it should be its object to attract in much larger numbers women students, who are destined to undertake as their life's mission the cares and responsibilities of the home."

"At this time of rapid change and development of social institutions in India, it is the duty of our Universities to fit the whole educated population for new privileges and responsibilities. Up to now the appeal has been directed almost entirely to the male half. We must now turn our attention more particularly to the hitherto neglected half of the domestic unit. The importance of an intensive campaign in this direction can hardly be over-estimated."

"In view of the importance of the matter from general considerations and of the immediate necessity for removing our women students from cramped quarters and unhygienic conditions, I am strongly of opinion that the Mysore University should take the step of instituting a worthy college for women as soon as may be practicable."

(5) Rescue work in Madras.

We are glad that there is a scheme afoot for training women in rescue work. Miss Shepherd, the expert worker, we are told, is intending to take up the work. It is indeed right that it should be realised that real reform can be gained chiefly by a personal appeal to the better side of human nature. It is all very well to close brothels and to force unfortunate women into rescue homes. But it is better still to educate them for the better. This is a work "for good women, selfless women, educated women." Particulars of training can be had from the Secretary, Women's Indian Association, Egmore.

(6) Mrs. Dass on Travancore Women.

Mrs. Saranghadhara Dass (Madame Freesa Houseworth), in her address to the students of H. H. The Maharaja's School of Arts, remarked that she had visited South India with the explicit intention of learning from

Record Results in the Senior Cambridge Examination of December 1932.

Here are the results of a few of our successful candidates :—

Name & Address	Eng-lish	Mathe-matics	Lan-guage	Optio-nal	Hy-giene
1. Miss G. Chellamma, c/o. Mr. P.V. Nair, Forest Range Officer, Ayyalur, Madura Dt.	C	C	S	C	C
2. Dr. Appalanarasayya, Kontiwada, Attili P.O., W. Godavari District.	C	C	G	S	G
3. Dr. P. Narasimha Rao Naidu, Sub-Assistant Surgeon, Gooty.	C	C	C	S	G
4. Dr. E.K.P. Nambiar, Kannambra, Manchappa, via Ottapalam, Malabar.	G	G	G	C	A

The symbols 'C', 'G' and 'A' denote respectively 'credit' 'good' 'very good'. Thus, you see that 'G' and 'A' are standards higher than 'credit'. 'S' represents ordinary pass.

Even among failed candidates, many have secured credits in four subjects, but have failed owing to their want of attention in only one or two subjects.

In the December 1933 Examination, we expect 100% SUCCESS

as a result of the vast improvements we have effected in our lectures.

Here is what another of our successful candidates who underwent our course for 5 months, writes :—

"I was a postal tuition student of the City College, Madras, from what I think is the remotest corner of India. From my experience I can sincerely say that the mode of instructions of the above said institute is *wonderfully novel and stimulating*. Last year, I took up the tuition only about 5 months before the examination and I am surprised to find that I passed out with credit in two subjects.

Besides, the greatest noteworthy thing of the institute is that its Principal, Mr. K. S. R. Acharya, is an extraordinarily sympathetic and painstaking gentleman. In my case at least, I have been so much won over by his special care and kindness for me, that I shall ever feel proud to be of any service to the institution and to his person.

I wish every success to the College and long life and prosperity to its reverend father, Mr. K. S. R. Acharya."

Kambrial, Dt. Attock,
Wt: 17-4-33.

(Sd.) SYED IKRAM ALI,
Medical Officer.

✕[Now is the time for you to join. Special attractive terms to
[Medical] Licentiate. Admission closes on the 15th of June 1933.
The City College, }
G. T. Madras. }
[K. S. R. ACHARYA, B.A., L.T.,
F.R.E.S. (Lond.), Principal.

nately, the memorandum gives no reasons to explain why the representatives of these organisations are prepared to accept a property qualification for the Federal Assembly franchise, which progressive opinion in India and England has declared to be unduly restricted.

I am surprised that they are proposing that 'the registration of voters should depend on the personal application of the claimant'. It is not clear whether this recommendation applies to *all* voters. In any case this condition will be *very* hard on women.

I have grave doubts whether the new proposal of some of our women to enfranchise all adult women in urban areas as a means for raising the voting strength of women will be accepted as a practical and reasonable measure. Certainly there cannot be any objection from women to the women's electorate being enlarged by the adoption of this measure in addition to the recommendations of the Indian Franchise Committee. But it will be most unfair to substitute this proposal in the place of the recommendation of the Franchise Committee prescribing the possession of a specified property qualification by the husband as a special qualification for women. I have no doubt that if such a scheme were adopted it would differentiate unfairly between women in urban areas and those in rural areas. Statistics show that far more women will be qualified for the franchise, in urban areas than in rural areas under a property or tax qualification. There is no doubt that under an educational qualification too, however low it be, the number of women qualified to vote will be considerably larger in urban areas than in rural areas, as education is certainly more advanced in towns than in villages. The new proposal to have adult franchise for women in urban areas only will of course be of no value to women in rural areas. I feel that a fair distribution of voting power is as important a question as that of having an adequate number of women voters on the electorate. I feel that this contention does a serious injustice to

the educated few in villages, who are doing useful public work. They certainly deserve encouragement to stand for election to legislatures and I am sure that their practical experience of work on administrative public bodies will be of great value in the deliberations of our legislature. We must bear in mind the importance of the educative value of the franchise itself to women. In India, women in rural areas are in a much less advanced stage than the women in urban areas and they specially need the stimulating effect of the franchise to awaken in them a full sense of civic responsibility. It should also be noted that in a vast and predominantly agricultural country like India the population in villages is much larger than that in towns and hence forms the bulk of the total population in the country. Such a large population will receive only a negligible share of women's votes under this new proposal. Is it fair to deprive these women of their rightful share of the women's vote and all the advantages that go with it. From personal knowledge I have no hesitation to state that women in rural areas believe that it is neither strange nor wrong for a woman to have the vote by virtue of her husband's property qualification, just as she accepts his name and shares his home. I am also sure that there is a strong desire among them to have that franchise and I am confident that they will make good use of it when they secure it. For these reasons I would strongly urge that the proposal of the Indian Franchise committee to prescribe the husband's property qualification as a franchise qualification for women should not be abandoned."

In a very interesting letter written to the *Hindu* about franchise proposals for women, Mrs. Lakshmi Menon deprecates the suggestion of the White Paper that a sufficiently high educational standard be made uniform for both the sexes, which will tend to make the disparity between men and women greater. The present proportion of 30 men to 1 woman voter, which would

actual experience the difference between women of North India and South India. She was pleased to say that Travancore women seemed more liberal, more free and their sense of duty more keen. She observed that Travancore women were fully aware of the enviable powers of womanhood and that they did not feel ashamed of them. Northern Indian women, though they ruled the home, were inclined to hide the fact from their husbands; but in Travancore women used all their powers without diffidence.

Turning to education, Mr. Dass deplored the discouraging fact that modern education tended to be more useful for job-hunting rather than for cultural progress. It put back some homely instincts and methods; not teaching girls the things they required, such as home-keeping, handicraft, child-rearing, hygiene, cottage-industries and home decoration, which were all essentials to real womanhood.

She was glad that a committee of distinguished educationists had been appointed to enquire into, and report on, education in the State. She suggested that systems of education different for boys and girls should be adopted in elementary, secondary and collegiate studies; that throughout more attention must be focussed on practical affairs than on purely literary matters; and that women's education should be inseparably linked to their life and growth.

(7) The Women's Political Union of Ceylon.

The fifth annual report of the *Women's Political Union of Ceylon* is an encouraging one. The work of the past year, we are told, was spent in studying general conditions and necessary reforms. Though it might be thought that the Union had not been active enough, yet it was watchful of women's problems, and regularly met to discharge duties. It will be remembered that it played a good part in obtaining the vote for the women of Ceylon, without which there would be no women sitting on their State Council

today. It must also be noted, says the report, that unless there is a standing body of women distinctly political, matters relating to politics and dealing with the government of women and children cannot be conveniently directed to the proper authorities.

The Union, therefore, is a Women's unit, watching for opportunities to lead the country towards better conditions.

It is interesting to know that a Students' Hostel was started after joining forces with the Christian Council. Some of the members, who visited the Mental Hospital, Angoda, feeling that separate provision should be made for mentally-deficient children, urged upon Government the necessity for providing a separate ward for these unfortunates. The building of small Maternity Homes attached to the existing Welfare Centres in Colombo was another problem that was urged during the last few months. Other activities included the "Censorship of Films", the establishment of a National Orphanage, Land-colonisation for long-term prisoners, synchronizing of school vacations, and the teaching of *Housecraft* in vernacular schools.

The Union is affiliated to the *International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship*, which provides many opportunities for being in touch with the world's activities. A steady correspondence is kept up and literature is received on various subjects.

In June, the co-operation of the Union was sought in a movement to remove disabilities in the nationality of married women. In October, it nominated a representative to the *Economic Conference* that was organised by the *League of Nations*.

The Union is also affiliated to the *Women's Indian Association of Madras*.

(8) The Second Eastern Women's Rights Congress in Persia.

This congress, under the presidency of the Queen of Persia, who sent a personal representative, has shewn once again, and that too very forcibly, how

well the Feminist movement has been advancing in the East. The Mohammedan populations of Persia, Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, sent their representatives to the Congress; and every important question almost of women's rights was discussed during the five days of meeting. One of the chief points was the education of girls and children, some of the problems being the compulsory education of girls, the equalisation of the curriculum for girls in graded schools with that of boys, the opening of co-educational institutions for adolescents, the Montessori system of kindergartens, the opening of child-welfare schools, and the need of getting education in Western countries. Equality was claimed for women, in society, divorce, marriage laws, personal status, civil and political rights, franchise and public government work. Social reform movements were also touched on, such as maternal welfare movements, temperance, birth-control, the rescue of fallen women etc., and urgent warnings were issued against undue Westernisation in manners and customs.

All well-wishers of India will rejoice at this forward movement among her Islam women, even while deprecating the fact that that advance is still almost completely limited to the upper, the more educated and the more leisured classes. Many good Western ideas have filtered through, however, and Turkey has led the fashion in introducing the new civilization. Persia has advanced together with Turkey, weight being given to the reforms by command of the Dictator. It was a pity that Afghanistan held back.

(9) Report of the commission of enquiry on traffic in women and children in the East.

The League of Nations has just issued this report.

The Commission which went to the East was composed of Mr. Basoom JOHNSON (United States), Chairman, Mme. Alma SUNDQUIST (Sweden), and M. Karol PINDOR (Poland). The Commission left Europe in October,

1930 and returned in March 1932, after visiting Japan, China, Hong-Kong, Macao, the Philippine Islands, Indo-China, Netherlands, East Indies, Straits Settlements, the Federated and non-federated Malay States, Siam, India, Ceylon, Persia, Iraq, the territories of the Levant under French mandate, and Palestine.

The general part of the report, which was drawn up by M. Pindor, studies the traffic, grouping the victims by races, and examines the position of Western women. It shows that in the Middle and Far East these women seek only Western men as their clients, as opposed to the Near East, where they also accept native clients. It then describes the position of Russian women victims of the international traffic in the Far East. There are exiles and refugees as a result of the events in Russia. Part of these unfortunate women, deprived of every means of livelihood, are lost in the lonely districts of Manchuria, where, in exchange for their upkeep, they practise prostitution.

More or less large numbers of Chinese victims of the traffic are to be found in all the territories of the Far East to the South of China and in the Middle East as far West as India. The report studies the social conditions that go to help the recruiting of these Chinese women and gives much information on the subterfuges used by the traffickers in various Eastern ports.

The women of the Philippine Islands and the Anamite women in Indo-China do not appear to be victims of the international traffic. Cases of traffic in Malay women are almost non-existent. Very few Hindu, Persian, Arab or Jewish women are victims of the international traffic.

The report insists on the necessity for international co-operation and suggests the creation of central authorities in each country to receive information concerning the traffic in women and children and exchange this information with each other. Licensed houses form the surest market for international traffickers and their suppression would

make it possible to attack the evil at its root.

The enquirers recommend collaboration between the authorities and missions and private organisations. They consider that the further spread of education will help to strengthen the campaign against the traffic.

(10) Women in the Soviet Union.

We learn that on the 20th anniversary of the International Women's day, the Soviet government awarded orders of merit to women for efficient public work. We are told that "a net-work of cultural and social institutions has made it possible for women to leave tedious and stupefying domestic hearths and become active participants in the labour and struggles of the Soviet." This matter makes one think. Why should "domestic hearths" be dubbed "tedious

and stupefying?" Do we wish for such a situation in India? Certainly not, if we may judge by general opinion; and necessarily not, if we may go by tradition. The Madras Mail asks whether the position of women under the communist regime in Russia has improved or deteriorated, and comes to the conclusion that probably it has improved in practical ways. The working mother is treated better than her type anywhere else. Women are also proving their efficiency as a basis for their claim to equality with men. At the same time, however, "in the industrial towns at any rate, the family as a unit is tending to disappear; marriage tends to be regarded as a purely biological function, and the children are brought up to ignore that there is any such thing as home?" Is this advisable, or desirable?

THE BOAT RACE

Each nation has its own great days when the majority of its population comes out to have a real good time. England has her share, among which is the annual Boat-Race between the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. This race, is extremely interesting and exciting to those who are keen followers of the science of rowing, but to the average Londoner it is of no real importance, because he is ignorant of the finer points of the sport. Of the thousands who line the banks from Putney to Mortlake for hours on end to see about forty seconds of rowing, some consider themselves followers of Cambridge, others think that they are followers of Oxford, and all wear the respective hues of blue; yet at heart, they have not come to watch two crews race over a four-mile course, but to see 'a little bit of England in her best humour.'

It was rather a dull day when I woke up with every intention of seeing the Boat-Race from Hammersmith; the crowd, which on such occasions as this seems to have been congregated

for ever so long a time, was the same mass of surging good-humour, which foreigners soon recognise in England. There was no notice taken of any one.

Punch and Judy shows were stationed nearly every hundred yards or so, and those ever-living characters were drawing crowds, of which even a 'non-stop-variety-entertainment' might well be envious. The unfortunate 'Tobies' yelped when required, but for the greater part of the time, they were watching with bitterness other dogs enjoying themselves in fetching sticks and such like objects from the surface of the river. There were philanthropic vendors of every description, each trying to shout his rival down. One amazing man was selling what he called 'real gold watches' for the ridiculous sum of six pence. Another promised to be able to turn eggs into ten shilling notes, a useful man to have about the house. Another boasted of the ability of turning himself into a 'Bunsen Burner', if the audience would only wait until he had collected a fortune of thirty copper pennies. The

whole bank was crowded with performances of feats of skill and strength, in which the average English crowd seems to take a delight.

After walking some distance along the bank, I was able to get quite a commanding position in the third row, and there I spent three hours waiting for the annual exhibition of rowing. The crowd round about indulged in a light lunch of sandwiches and liquid refreshments of various descriptions. The hours soon passed away, and when the time for the start of the race came, I was feeling quite as fresh as ever.

Gradually as four o'clock approached, the river was cleared for the race. Tugs of immense magnitude seemed to have disappeared, and barges of joyous folk were being pulled alongside the shore. The tide was higher than ever, and whenever one of the heavier police-launches went by, huge waves broke on to the embankment. The philanthropists and vendors exerted themselves with more vigour in order to raise a fortune in copper. Although still cloudy, the sky was peppered with aeroplanes, and an occasional gyroscopic contrivance could be seen floating about. Every person, as well as animals and motor-vehicles, had a ribbon or something to indicate their colours.

At four o'clock precisely, the race started with the crash of a gun. The two flags opposite, displaying the two shades of blue, which so far had been

only objects of little importance, now became the centre of attention. Every one had his eyes on them, and cheered or looked morose as they went up or down. Suddenly, there was great excitement lower down the river and gradually the two crews could be seen pulling viciously at their oars. It was a magnificent display of perfect discipline. After these extraordinarily small boats, dashed a tremendous crowd of light motor-launches containing 'old blues' by the score, who completely obstructed the view. The waves created made the barges alongside the bank roll considerably, and some of the passengers turned a nasty hue and retreat hurriedly below. When the crews had passed us, the flags again became the centre of interest until the dark-blue one was finally lowered which signified that Cambridge had won. The wireless broad-caster, after having worked himself into a terrific frenzy, panted out 'Good-bye everybody' in a breathless voice.

Everyone immediately went away after the finish, some homewards and so to tea, others to Piccadilly Circus where they knew that the undergraduates of the rival 'Varsities' would soon try to seize police-helmets. The spirit of London only said to herself 'that's over' and began to prepare for the revels of the Cup-final.

'YOUNG INDIAN'

A CONFERENCE OF INDIA'S WOMEN

It is not to be surprised at that at a time, when the needs of India are so patent and when the young generation is waking up, various women's societies should meet together in conference and assemble not only their committees, but also their Members for inspiration, information and instruction. Social work today is a science; it is not enough to wash a baby's sores, something must be done to improve the conditions which produce the sores! It is not

sufficient to try and cure rickets, instruction regarding food necessary to build up the constitution of mother and child must be given. It is not enough to give two mornings a week to distribute milk and apply linaments to wounds, we must, day in and day out, if God has put us in better circumstances, try and think out the problems of poverty and unemployment and agricultural depression and think of ways and means and suggestions to the

Legislature and Municipalities as to how to avoid the recurrence of these evils. Let us remember the old definition of Jonah, one of the apostles of Christianity: "Pure Religion and undefiled is to visit the widow and the fatherless and to keep yourself unspotted from the world". Worldly motives have often taken men into municipal and political life for self-advancement, for notoriety and not for the beneficent purpose of making it possible for men and women to live in better surroundings and to bring peace and concord into the world.

I have even heard people say, "if there were no poor in the world how should I obtain merit? How should I gain the reward for unselfishness or charity?" What a low conception of any humanitarian service which we may feel called to give!

The poet, Bridges, pictures the spirit of man as "a chariot speeding twixt Earth and Heaven,

Drawn by winged horses, and the Charioteer thereon

Upright with eyes upon the goal and mind alert,

Controlling his strong steeds that spurned the drifting cloud,

As now, they sank and mounted on their heavenward flight."

The poet goes on to say:—

"The names of the two horses are *Selfhood* and *Breed*.

The charioteer is *Reason*, and the whip in hand

Is not to urge on the steeds, nor to incite to blood;.....

He wieldeth it to make them ware of his presence.

And hold them obedient to the *reign of his will*."

As I read these words, it flashed into my mind that this is why our days are days of Conferences. Reason must curb natural instincts, whether of self or breed and a conference properly conducted gives an opportunity for the

play of reason. Men may say satirically, "Women talk." But we say, "Women think", and it is the action of reason and thinking that we bring to play on each other that constitutes the import of conferences. A conference to be really practical must, again to use the words of the poet, not consist of one breed. True service is mutual; service, whether of hand or brain, is of one to the other, not a charity, nor a condescension.

Actuated by these thoughts I came to India to attend the Quadrennial Conference of the Y. W. C. A., as the oldest promoter now living of the Young Women's Christian Association of India, Burma and Ceylon. I was not allured, as many are, by the beauties of Ootacamund, but wished to ascend, with one hundred and three accredited delegates, "the hill of happiness", Anandagiri, now known throughout India as the meeting-place of girls and women of all creeds and races. It was a pleasure to sit under the presidency of an Indian Woman, whose career, I have watched since she was a little girl living in England, but truly Indian in all her likings. She used to accompany me when intent on social work, in which we feel all students should take a part, to the Y. W. C. A. Clubs in the slums, and so got into personal touch with the lives of the uneducated, which it is one of the objects of the Young Women's Christian Association to improve.

The subject of the Quadrennial Conference was "Our Responsibility in a changing world", and we had the advantage of the presence of the World's Y. W. C. A. General Secretary, who is now on a visit to the East and has just returned from China and Japan, where our movement is entirely in the hands of Chinese and Japanese Women, helped through the generous sympathy of the U. S. A. by many of its finest women sent to work under the Chinese Committee. She said that she had found that the Y. W. C. A. had a true international mission in the world, for the Japanese women are willing to attend a conference in China even at a time when they are politically at variance

Whether the Christian spirit and purpose of these women will be able to overcome the political and warlike propensities of the leaders and military rulers of these two countries remains to be seen, but the international Christian purpose of the Y. W. C. A. will not be fulfilled until the women of the East come in larger numbers as single individuals or as delegates to make their contribution to a World's conference.

The subject, "A changing world", was illustrated forcibly to me, when I compared the Quadrennial Conference over which I had been called on to preside in Calcutta in 1912, and this. That Conference consisted mainly of Anglo-Indians and foreign delegates resident in the country, some of whom indeed had made it their home; was arranged by leaders from abroad; for although Bengali, Mahratti, Tamil and Urdu Branches existed from the early beginning of the National Association in 1891, women save for a few leading ones like the Sorabjis, Bhores and Ramabai, were mostly in purdah or kept

in a kind of purdah-outlook, by their men-folk.

When I tell your free and independent students, who come unchaperoned to London, of this conference, they will hardly believe that the changed world into which they have been born was otherwise, so short a time as twenty years ago.

One of the objects of a Y. W. C. A. Quadrennial Conference is to review the past Quadrennium, and to vote for the necessary changes in the next, and to find out what are the things that do not change but that are eternal. To Quote the poet, Bridges, again:

"Ideas and influences spiritually discerned

Are of their essence pure: but in the lot of man

Nothing is wholly pure; yet all hindrance to good—be good and evil two in love, or one in strife—,

"Maketh occasion for it, by contrast heightening,

"Iy challenge arousing virtue to act."

EMILY KINNAIRD.

THE PYKARA WORKS

The opening of the Pykara hydro-electric scheme has put me in mind of my visit to the place about a year ago. The grand scenery of India is at all times apparent; but the intrinsic beauty of its natural surroundings can only be properly understood when one goes on a tour from one out-of-the-way place to another. That India has stupendous natural resources, unexploited and unharnessed, can easily be understood. When therefore, some part of this wonderful source is being tapped for the use of humanity, great interest is aroused.

We were lucky enough to be near the Pykara falls during our camp, and we took the opportunity of visiting the Singara Estate, where the Power-house is situated.

Our way lay through an elephant forest; but, though we saw evidences of

their passage in broken trees, torn-off branches and trampled undergrowth, no glimpses of the monsters themselves were vouchsafed us and we were told that at that time of day all animals were wont to rest in the interior depths of the forest. The driver of our car told us that once at night he had seen as many as forty elephants, which had decamped hurriedly by his switching off and on his lights. We were also informed that there was a rogue elephant about!

We passed a little temple, dedicated to the Goddess Masini Amma, from whom the village there takes its name. In that village, centuries before, there had been an ancient Hindu King, the remains of whose fortresses and castles could yet be seen in ruins on the hills. As we progressed on our way, first bearing away from, and then approaching

the heights, there could also be seen the whole gradient of the Pykara scheme, starting from the watch-tower at the top and falling away apparently towards the power-house at the foot. This latter was of concrete built around steel girders. There was also a huge *transformery* structure, which with its rugged surroundings of unfinished and progressing work looked very picturesque. We had hoped to be taken to the top and back again in trucks of the haulage railway, but we were stopped at the second station, because women were not allowed to go up the last half, which was very steep!

Anyhow, we were glad to be sent up even so far. As the electric winch drew up our trolley on its iron cable, we moved slowly and laboriously. The magnificent panorama of rolling hills and dales, spreading downs and valleys, velvety *sholals* and splendid forests, fell away before us in lessening terraces. We were simply thrilled and longed to go up higher; but there we were, hedged in by the eternal inferiority, and, if you like, the helpless fragility, of the weaker sex! All around us were huge pipes, some of them already rivetted together; cement earth works were in construction, small machines and engines were at work, and men and women toiled up and down with loads and bundles. It was an inspiring sight indeed!

There were really two schemes at work, we were told, the Glen Morgan scheme and the Pykara scheme, the former being really an auxiliary scheme to supply power for the construction of the bigger

project. There was a temporary plant at work, which was already supplying power to Conoor, Ootacamund, to various tea estates in the Nilgiris and to Coimbatore. Eventually, Erode, Salem, Calicut, Pollachi, and the Anamalais areas would be reached. The estimated cost within ten years of operation would be enormous.

At the beginning, about 3000 workmen had been employed, but were fewer later and would not be many when the scheme was finished. A special train was really required to carry some of the engines and machines from the Mettupalayam Railway Station, as there would be only an inch or two to spare for passage on either side of the railway truck. In this connection, I must not forget to mention the huge Scammell Lorry, 40 feet by 10 feet, up at the top station, which could carry a ten-ton load of pipes, and before which a pilot car had always to go to announce the approach of the monster!

The Pykara river with its falls to the North-West of the Nilgiri Plateau, capable of tremendous horse-power, is dammed and diverted into a huge reservoir, from which two huge high-pressure pipes, varying in diameter from 27 inches at the top to 21 inches at the bottom, lead down at a steep gradient of about 4 miles, through buttresses and escapements, into a power-house at the bottom. There the generated enormous force of water would work huge dynamos, which would eventually supply the great electric power needed.

A huge scheme indeed, well worked-out, well planned and deserving great success.

A visitor.

THE HIMALAYAS

Now that the ascent of the highest peak in the Himalayas is anticipated so eagerly, it will be interesting to know something of the birth of that stupendous range, the highest in the world. In ancient Indian mythology, as we know, the Himalayan mountain is

described as the father of Uma, the bride of Siva. It was the residence of the Gandharvas, those half-divine beings, who were so much associated with the romance of old myths: in it was the peak Kailasa, the home of the great God, Siva; and from it was

brought the medicinal plant with which Hanuman raised Lakshmana from death to life.

The scientific origin of the Himalayas is interesting; and from an account of it in St. Paul's College Magazine, I take the following: Two hemispheres of this earth existed from the earliest geological times; one to the north called the European Continent and the other to the south called Gondwana land. Unbroken land connection, it was believed, existed, where now are the oceans. The two great spheres were divided by the Tethys ocean, which was the old name of the Mediterranean, which once flowed over the Himalayas and the Alps. Many portions of this great sea began to subside in the form of troughs, into which sediments were loaded by the great rivers. The ocean-bed began to sink. At the same time, the Gondwana hemisphere was split up by volcanic eruptions, and much of it sank beneath the sea. The rest became separated into India (Deccan), Africa, Malay Archipelago and Australia, by oceans.

The adjustment of the land thus caused began to lead to pressure and instability in other parts, in order to restore equilibrium. Some parts were more stable than others. Peninsular India became a rigid and steady block; against it the sediments accumulated in the Tethys began to be squeezed by pressure from the North. Being flexible, they were folded and piled till the ocean bed rose ever higher, and then the water fell away. This upheaval occurred in several phases and at long intervals; and the result was the highest chain of mountains on the earth, the latest of these being the Sivalik hills. The fossils found in the Himalayan area speak of its origin from the oceanic bed. It is expected that other upheavals will take place and that parallel ranges will be formed, the process continuing till the highest elevation is reached. Then denudation may come and cut down the Himalayas to sea-level, perhaps when no "men" are left on earth, or at least when the human beings then existing will be quite different from us, their ancestors.

OBSERVATIONS

COURTING

When modern woman is claiming equality with men, has she thought of whether she ought to propose marriage, as men do? It is not always *leap-year*, you know. Yet, imagine two or three women running round one desirable man, proposing marriage! Rather a horrible idea, isn't it?

Yet it will come to that, I suppose. As a matter of fact, in India, an eligible man is proposed to, but only by parents!

Courting by even men was not countenanced till recently in India.

Mr. Anantaramayya Sastri tells us the following about courting in India. Kalidasa put into the mouth of a disciple words which would make out that *courting* is courting disaster.

There are very few stories of courting in Sanskrit, except in dramas where even a pre-puberty marriage is changed into a post-puberty one, as in *Janakee Parinaya* for the sake of the dramatic plot. Most of what are known as *Swayamvaras* are not necessarily marriages with courting. Nala courted Damayanti only through a swan and in his disguise as a messenger, wherein he could not be his own advocate. Indumati chose Raghu indeed. But, in the case of Sita and Droupadi, it was Hobson's choice. Rukmini chose Krishna *with a vengeance*. There was no courting in Krishna's other marriages either. Subhadra married Arjuna, her cousin. She drew a picture of Arjuna, as Dushyanta did of Sakuntala and as the heroine of the Tamil Drama, Kalavati, did of the hero; but it is only too plain in the play that the occasions

were rare when the portrait of the hero was looked at by the heroine. Subhadra asks it "why it should be looked at;" the servant-maid answering that it was for the pleasure of her mistress herself.

Courting is so rare indeed in Indian stories that Chandu Menon in his novel, *Indulekha*, has consciously given it large space. It has also to be admitted that courting is now more prevalent in Kerala than in other parts of India.

Speaking of new works, Tekkekunnattu Kalyani Kutti Amma has published a story in verse, which would again go to show that women have no knack of choosing aright.

Avvai, the tamil poetess, is not for child-marriage but is not for wooing either.

UGLY FACTS OF LIFE

The other day. I was reading a novel in which a mother tried to hide from her children ugliness in life and rude reality. It was another case of Prince Siddharta, before he became the Buddha. But the mother failed, for not only did the real truths of life come as unsettling shocks to her children; but also the latter found themselves unfitted for them. Taught that the obtaining of material happiness and peace of mind was the only aim in life, they tried to shirk all evil consequences of thoughtless deeds; they forgot that life meant service to others as well as to themselves. "They had been kept happy in a nursery and school-room paradise, with pain and sorrow and sin shut out. Well now, they were just not going to let these things into their lives."

"There is nothing so old and implacable as that resentment of the undisciplined against those, who seem to be keeping away from them the happiness, which they have come to expect as a right. This feeling would atrophy tenderness and pity; then comes the next stage, the cruel desire to pass on some of the hurt." "They

had the eager restless challenging look of those who feel themselves in a confined space, and are determined to fight for their share of food and fun and air,—as if they could not afford to wait or to miss a single sensation because life was so short." "She was one with the resentful, cheated millions, who have been told that perfect happiness is obtainable in this world if only material circumstances are well-managed." "....." "When he thought all chance of happiness in life had been taken away, he could not bear it; could not face the thought of being unhappy."

UNSELFISHNESS!

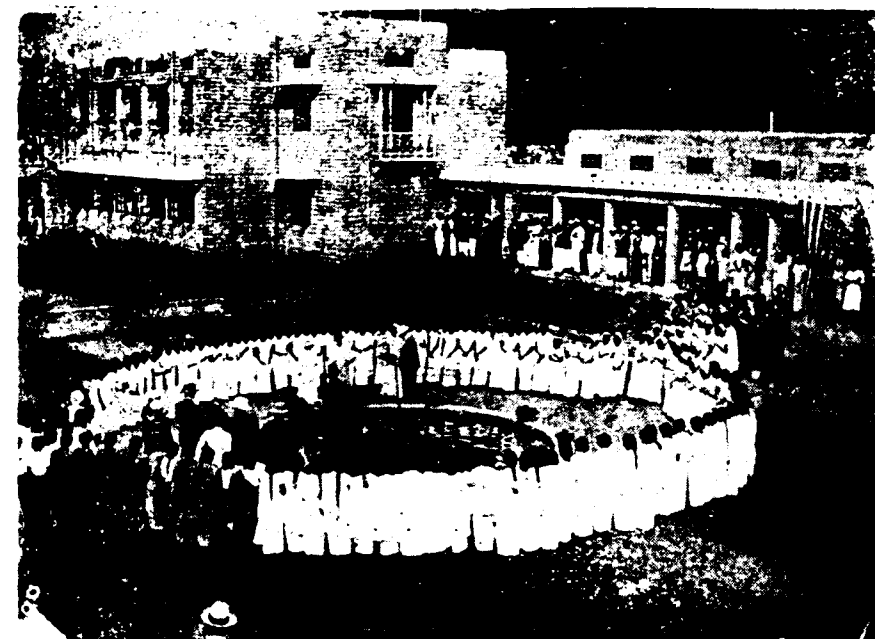
I was surprised to read the other day of the great misery due to *unselfishness*! Yet it is true in a way. The children of a doting mother may grow up to be selfish husbands and wives. An unselfish wife may cause a helpless husband; and *vice versa*. And so on. Moreover, every one has a right to consider himself or herself in many ways, for "self-interest is a potent motive force in life." A wife or a husband may need peace and quiet very often by themselves, even though their family may think them selfish. And why not? And what about those religious people who seek salvation for their own souls? Yet is not the very effort to pretend to be selfish, when there is a longing to be unselfish, the very *acme* of altruism? So, the fact remains that, in spite of evil, which necessitates further evil, the ideal of true selflessness can be kept intact and absolutely clear.

NATURAL?

There is so much luxury in the world now, so much condoned immorality, so much laxity of standards, so much lowering of aims. And yet, all is excused by the plea that we are natural. The beasts of the earth are also natural!

MAITHILI.

TWO PICTURES OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, VELLORE.





BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

Indian women and art in life, by K. H. Vakil; Taraporevala Sons and Co., Bombay; price Rs. 2.

The author speaks of art in Indian homes as the special study of women, and wishes to have "a rational approach to the appreciation of the heritage and future of Indian art." The book is a valuable one, in spite of too much criticism and the dearth of good illustrations; for it demands that art should not be undertaken "for art's sake," but should be faithful to life.

"The Mahilamithram", Kottayam.

This is an excellent Anglo-verna-

cular Monthly with a good educative aim. It is ably edited by Miss Anna John, M. A., L. T., B. Sc. (London) and caters to the needs and tastes of women. The last number contains articles of interest and instruction and many good pictures. It is a periodical, which should be widely read by women and all those who are interested in their welfare. The competitions arranged and advertised by the Editor are encouraging. Considering the good get-up and standard, the subscription of Rs. 2/8 per year is not at all too much.

K. P. P. TAMPY.

OUR CINEMA PAGE

At the Cinema a few days ago, I saw a picture of a ship going to lonely stations at Christmas time, just to bring a little joy and cheer to people, who have lived, through duty, far-away from friends and relatives. What a noble ideal of spiritual service this is!

Another time, I saw a picture of a good woman. Lily Christine, old-fashioned in a way, modest, self-respecting, moral, yet caught into a whirl of intrigue, of which she had no idea at all at the beginning. How are the innocent caught by the wily! What can they do against deceit, which is incomprehensible to them? Yet, a narrow but sure pathway may be found, as it was by Lily Christine, when the spirit keeps unswerving on its ideals, seeking not merely its own good, but the good of others.

Looking at the advertisements of the film of *Sati-Savitri*, I have unaccountably felt depressed. Analysing my feeling to myself, I came to the conclusion that my unease was due to the word *Sati*. I am loath to discourage, of course, the ideal of "wife-devotion," which is the basis of a *Sati*.

But, I have often felt the futility of such an ideal alone, when it is not united with other ideals of self-culture. Our Indian women are recognised *Pativratas* (devoted to husbands). All honour to them! May they long be so; for they uphold one of our traditional standards. But does not the idea of submission alone conduce to much inferiority in modern days? The point here is that, if a woman takes it as her only aim in life to be true to her husband, is she fulfilling her whole duty? Does she not owe some duty to others? Is she not a public unit, as well as a family unit?

Ought she not therefore to educate herself and to find leisure for outside service as well? She ought: and yet even in the exigencies of such work she must be true to her ideal of husband-devotion.

But, if the latter presupposes an adherence to unworthy standards and a disloyalty to correct duty, what then? What should our Indian woman do? I suggest that she should be truer to her own standard of duty than to her husband's.

What then about divorce? I wonder.

OUR CHESS PAGE

By Bharadwaja

I am selecting for this month one of A. Alekhin's best games for study.

French Defence.

- | White. | Black. |
|--|-------------|
| Dr. S. Tarrasch | A. Alekhin. |
| 1. P-K 4 | P-K 3 |
| 2. P-Q 4 | P-Q 4 |
| 3. Kt-QB 3 | Kt-KB 3 |
| The variation 4. P x P, PxP; 5. B-Kt 5 brings white no advantage at all after 5.....Kt-KB 3, which is favoured by the author and was successfully tried elsewhere. | |
| 4. ... | B-Kt 5 |
| 5 PxP This variation has gradually fallen into disuse of late years. | |
| 5. P-K 5 | P-Kr 3 |
| 6. B-Q 2 | B x Kt |
| 7. P x B | Kt-K 5 |
| 8. Q-Kt 4 | K-B 1! |
| 9. P-K R 4! etc., Here too black disposes of sufficient resources from the defensive point of view. Interesting too is the following continuation:— | |
| 9. ... | B-K 2 |
| 10. P-KKt 3! | P-QB 4 |
| (10) B-B 3 would be better. | |
| 11. Kt P x P... | |
| 12. P-R 5! | P x Kt. |
| 13. P-R 6 | P x P |
| 14. R-Kt 1 | Q-R 4 (Ch) |
| 15. K-K 2 | Q x P |
| 16. P-R 7 | Q x R |
| 17. P x R Q (ch) | K-Q 2 |
| 18. Q x BP | Q x P Ch |
| 19. K-B 3 | Kt-B 8! |
| 20. Q (Kt 4) x P ch | K-B 2 |
| 21. Q-B 4 ch | K-Kt 3 |
| 22. Q (K6)-K3 Ch | B-B 4 |
| 23. P-Kt 8-Q | P-Kt 8-Q |
| 24. R-R 6!! | 2 x B |
| 24. ... | Q x B |
| 25. Q-Kt 4 ch | Q-Kt 4 |
| 26. Q-Q 8 ch | K-R 3 |
| 27. Q (K3)-R3 ch. and mate in two moves | |

This game is worth study in all its aspects and is highly commended.

A LAGGARD LOVER

"I once heard a rhyme, I forgot
who 'twas by,
Concerning a curate, one Julian Fry;
I can't quite remember how the
rhyme ran,
But this is the way that I think
it began.
This curate we speak of, this
Julian Fry,
On a maiden named Myrtle had
long set his eye;
And she for her part, I may
venture to say,
Was more than prepared to meet
him halfway.
But, alas, in her presence, his
courage ebbed out,
Though she wished to assist him,
there isn't a doubt,
But all was in vain, for whenever
he tried
To propose to the maid, his tongue,
it was tied.
One night they were sitting playing
at CHESS
(Their skill at the game could not
have been less),
Before very long, the men were
all gone,
Excepting the Kings, but still they
played on.
At length poor Miss Myrtle looked
up from the play,
Annoyed without doubt at her
lover's delay,
"It seems" murmured she "that for
ever we're fated,
TO BE LIKE THE KINGS, AND
NEVER GET MATED! ! " "

(H. T. BLAND)

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

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

As tennis is becoming more and more popular for Indian women, the problem of an appropriate costume for them to wear is becoming more and more acute.

Expert opinion re-iterates that first-class tennis cannot be played in a sari. Signorina Valerio was shocked at hearing that we do not wear frocks for tennis, and C. Ramaswami, in the *Field-Madras* says that many Indian women tennis players show great promise of improvement, but that it was a pity they insisted on wearing the sari.

Miss Leila Row, the only Indian woman who has achieved a standard of some merit in the game, wears a frock.

Many amateurs, however, who can play the game a little better than the average woman, feel that the sari does not hamper their play, and they insist on wearing it for tournaments. The fact remains, however, that these women, who do adhere to the Indian costume never seem to improve their game above a certain standard, and there is no doubt that they are very slow on their feet. The sari, then, must hamper their movements to a certain extent, besides being more bother than a frock.

What is to be the solution? Indian women are definitely against wearing European dress, as they say it does not suit them, and they are too self-conscious and shy to appear in public in a

foreign costume. Besides, they think it is not loyal to disown their own national costume.

Some players have solved the difficulty by wearing *pyjamas* such as those worn by women in the Punjab. This, they say, is Indian, as well as comfortable. It needs a great deal of courage, however, for South Indian women to play in public in such a costume, and this fashion has not found much favour in the eyes of tennis enthusiasts. Another costume worn by women players is a frock and a tiny sari on top of it. But one might as well wear a frock then!

The best costume, probably will be to wear a blouse and a fairly thick white skirt, well-shaped and comfortable, reaching about half-way between ankles and knees, and a thin half-sari on top, held in place at the waist with a gold belt. This costume indicates the modesty of the sari, besides giving the necessary comfort and scope for free-play.

If, however, Indian women persist in wearing the full sari, they should on no account wear heavy thick ones; but light thin cotton saris, falling well above the ankles, and loosely draped. The sari should also be pinned on the shoulder, and the loose end fastened some-where, so that it does not flap about, and hamper the movements of the player.

SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

Entertainment is an art in itself, and to be the perfect hostess at a large party is indeed very difficult. I know a lady, who, although she had been accustomed to entertaining people all her life, felt fearfully nervous before the arrival of her guests, and always

kept worrying and bothering herself about the perfect arrangement of every little detail, until her guests trooped in. Then, of course, being the ideal hostess, all things went like clock-work, and her guests always had a perfect time.

Another lady I knew always thought she had not enough refreshments, although she usually had enough to feed an army.

It is a strange fact, however, that it is usually those hostesses, who are inclined to be a little nervous of the success of their parties, who prove themselves ideal entertainers. Those women, who are complacent and placid, and never trouble too much about their arrangements to entertain their guests, usually fail as hostesses, and their parties are a bore.

It will be well for the hostess to remember a few points:—

1. Never invite guests, who are diametrically opposed to each other, to the same party. A sober and sedate old-fashioned gentleman or lady in the midst of flighty young creatures, will always be a damper, and one gloomy person in a jolly crowd ruins the whole show. The converse is also true. *i. e.* one modern young lady who is out to paint the town red, in the midst of a number of religious enthusiasts, will make every one in the room uncomfortable. I know a very young ultra-modern Indian woman, who was invited to a Purdah dinner, and who was so out of place that she left the room exclaiming loudly, "Oh, I'm so bored."

2. Always try to vary the kind of parties you have. There are some people who try to return their obligations by having parties at fairly regular intervals, and never varying the programme. It's always tea and tennis, or dinner and music, or some such

routine. How much cosier it would be to have varied little parties, and invite guests to suit the occasion; for instance there would be no point in asking some one to dinner and bridge, if that person does not know how to play the game, and has to sit out and watch all the evening.

3. The great secret of a perfect hostess is to enjoy her party as much as the guest, and not to appear as if she is doing a duty, and as if she is longing for the party to be over. There are some hostesses who have charity parties; but who appear to be such martyrs all the time, that their attitude reacts on the guests; and, though the latter may be poor, they are conscious of this superiority complex on the part of their hostess, and long to get home.

4. Never make a difference among your guests. Some hostesses pander to position and pay court to a high official's wife all the time, leaving their other guests to look after themselves. The point is, why invite them if you are hardly going to take notice of them? They would much rather stay at home than suffer your patronage.

This is the age of parties, and a variety of parties at that, from the rollicking cock-tail pyjama screams to the sedate missionary tea. It is an ideal time for the born-entertainer to have free scope to practise her talents, and it is up to every hostess to be a perfect entertainer and to give her guests a thoroughly good time.

"Paddy"

COOKERY NOTES

Pineapple Omelet

7 eggs, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated cheese,
1 teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter,
3 tablespoons milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups crushed
or cream, pineapple.

Separate the eggs; beat the yolks with an egg-beater until fluffy. Add salt, milk or cream and cheese and con-

tinue beating until well-mixed. Melt the butter in an omelet pan or frying pan, tipping the pan so that the sides are buttered. Beat the egg-whites until stiff and fold in the yolk mixture. Pour into the frying pan and cook over a very low heat until nicely browned on the under-side. Then place in a moderate oven for about three minutes to dry

off the top. Meanwhile put the undrained pineapple into a saucepan and boil until thick. This takes about ten minutes. When the omelet is done, make a cut across the centre, turn pineapple on one side of omelet, fold over the other side and serve immediately.

Puffy Sandwich

2 eggs,

Grated yellow cheese,

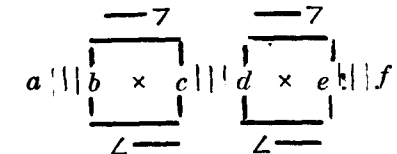
Sliced bacon, 4 slices of bread.

Beat the two eggs and mix with enough grated yellow cheese to make a smooth paste. Spread on thick slices of bread and arrange bacon across the top. Broil until the bacon is done and the cheese-egg mixture puffy and lightly browned. Serve with thick slices of broiled tomato for a quick and delicious luncheon.—

From The Parent's Magazine

NEEDLE—WORK NOTES

Here is a pretty and unique design for a sari border. Work groups, each of three running stitches, into a length of strong and washable ribbon, in silk of a contrasting colour, taking the stitches under the material from group to group, taking care not to pull too hard, or ruck up material. Then, from group to group, take a strand of another colour, leaving loops; thus, pass the needle under three stitches, from *a* to *b*; then, leaving a loop upwards, go from *c* to *d*; again leaving a loop upwards of the same length go from *e* to *f*. Go right down to end of material; then turn and work back; thus, fasten at *f*, go under stitches to *e*, leave a loop down;



pass from *d* to *c*; leave another downward loop; pass from *b* to *a*; fasten off. The loops can be held down later in the form of circles, squares, triangles or any other design, by minute stitches. In the centre of the space formed, where *x* is marked, work a flower or a star with silk or spangles.

After the work is over, sew a piece of material, same as the sari, all along the border at the back to hide the evidence of work.

K S

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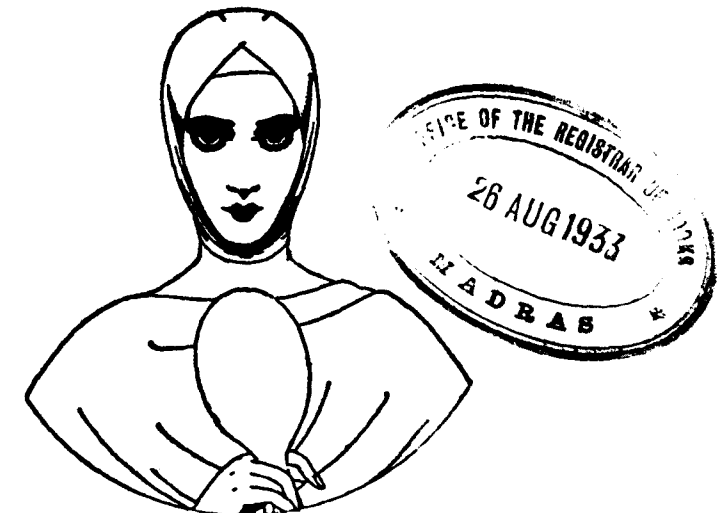
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While fully conscious of the imperfections of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, we hope that the public will help us to tackle the present situation. We shall be most happy to receive suggestions, and we hope that our journal will have the generous support 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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All contributions, subscribers' orders, advertisements, enquiries, and remittances should be addressed to The Editor, INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE, Lismoyle, Harrington Road Chetput, Madras.

A TEMPLE IN KALAHASTI



Harrington Road,
Chetput, Madras.
August 1933.

Dear friend,

The Indian Ladies' Magazine was republished in 1927, and we have been conducting it under very difficult circumstances. The number of subscribers is only 400, which is not large enough for us to continue the publication on self-supporting terms. A considerable sum of money has been paid towards its expenses by us, and the time has now come to consider whether the journal should be continued or not. Please let us know your opinion of the magazine. If you are in favour of its continuation, we shall be most grateful if you can secure for us at least one new subscriber.

I remain,
Yours faithfully
K. SATTHIANADHAN.
Editor.

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The
INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

No. 4.

BECAUSE OF CHARACTER

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Him not the straits of circumstance,
Nor may the rapids of desire,
Corrupt or overbear; he stands
Because of character.

The ruined sot bemoans his lot,
His days are dross, his life's a loss.
While see him stand commanding still,
The man of character.

He buildeth still his human self,
He fears no shipwreck: flags a' flyin' g,
He reins the foaming steeds of waves,
The man with character.

(All rights reserved by the author)
(Per K. P. P. Tampi)

INDIA IN SHAKESPEARE

By Miss Fitzgerald



HE sunshine of India and her natural beauty, her peoples and their philosophy, and her wealth in natural resources, has captured the fancy of English writers of all ages. Most of the Elizabethan, Georgian and Victorian poets of repute, have made references to India and things Indian.

Chaucer's *merchant* swore by 'Saint Thomas of India'. Milton spoke of Ind and the 'gorgeous East', while Spenser referred to the 'wealth of the East'. Dryden wrote a play on Aurangzebe. Johnson took pleasure in corresponding with Warren Hastings in India. Goldsmith and Burke very nearly went to India. Scuthey's "*Curse of Kichama*" and Moore's "*Lalla Rookh*" have Eastern themes. Byron, too, was to have gone to India, and his biographer Moore believed that he would have written on Rajput themes if he had actually gone there.

Again, there is a clear impression of the influence of Indian philosophy on the thoughts of all the great poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, and Mathew Arnold. Wordsworth was a mystic in the Eastern sense; and Shelley was Hindu in sentiment, for the Advaitic doctrine of Maya found expression in his work. Browning expressed the Hindu belief of *re-incarnation* in a stanza in his famous poem "*Rabbi Ben Ezra*". And Mathew Arnold might be regarded as one to

whom the ideal of *renunciation* appealed.

The earlier Elizabethans knew India only as a distant but fabulously wealthy country. Later, however, when the English voyagers formed their trading company in the 16th century and sailed to the East, the Elizabethan knowledge of India began to grow, although it was often highly misleading. Shakespeare's references to India indicate that Englishmen were attracted there by her riches. But the poet's fancy was not only kindled by her wealth; but also Indian scenery, Indian characters, and Indian customs fascinated him.

In "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" (II, 2), there is a passage where Shakespeare describes a merchants' voyage. Titania says to Oberon:

"Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow

sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the
flood.

When we have laughed to see the sails
conceive
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton
wind;

Which she, with pretty and with
swimming gait
Following ther womb then rich with my
young squire),

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with mercandise."

Then Shakespeare gives a list of countries visited by Elizabethan traders. In "*The Merchant of Venice*" (III, 2), Bassanio asks Solanio:

"What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and
[England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?"

In "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" (I, 3), Falstaff, referring to Mistresses Ford and Page, says:

"They shall be my East and West
[Indies,
and I will trade to them both."

'East and West Indies' refer, of course, to India; the most important of all countries and affording the richest trade to the Englishman.

In "*Macbeth*" (IV, 3), Macduff says to Malcolm:

"I would not be the villain that thou
[thinkest
For the whole space that's in the
tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot."

Here the common idea among the Elizabethans about India's wealth finds expression.

In "*King Henry IV*" (pt. I, III, 1), Mortimer says of his father-in-law:
"In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well-read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a
[lion,

And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India."

The wealth of India was in her mines, abounding with gems and other

precious stones, that formed one of the commodities the English traded in with India. So the 'bountifulness' of Indian mines became with them a metaphor for liberality and magnificence.

Again, in "*Henry VIII*" (I, 1), the Duke of Norfolk uses the metaphor,

"Today, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen
[gods,
Shone down the English, and, to-morrow, they
[morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man that
[stood
Show'd like a mine."

The Elizabethans knew that India was also the 'bed' of pearls. In "*Troilus and Cressida*" (I, 1), Troilus speaks to himself:

"Her bed is India; there she lies,
a pearl";
and he would go and win her, like the merchant-voyagers who sailed to India and brought pearls from there.

Shakespeare fancied that India was so rich in spices that the very air was laden with the odour. It was in this 'spiced air' that Titania and the mother of her page-boy used to gossip:

"In the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side."

The magnificence and grandeur of Mughal durbars and coronations when the king, powdered with gold dust and seed pearl, sat on a throne of gold and ivory, attended by handsome little page-boys, while pearls and jewels were strewn at his feet, roused Shakespeare's imagination. In "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" (II, 1), the fairy King feels envious of these pretty page-boys:

"Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant hath

A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian The Sun, that looks upon his worship-
king". per,

Again, in "*Antony and Cleopatra*"
(II. 5), Cleopatra says to the messenger:
"I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
[speak'st :

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive
[to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee."

Shakespeare refers to sun-worship
in India, but this betrays his meagre
knowledge of India's religion and
beliefs. In "*Love's Labour's Lost*"
(IV, 3), Biron, in his lover's enthusiasm,
asks :

"Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of
[Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous
[East,
Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken
[blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedi-
[lent breast ?"

Similarly, in "*All's Well that Ends
Well*" (I, 3), Helen confessing her love
for Bertram says:

"Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore

But knows of him no more."

We find Shakespeare making
Titania snub her 'lord' Oberon, by asking
"Why art thou here

Come from the furthest steepe of India?"
(*Midsummer Night's Dream* II,1).

We could say therefore that he was
to some extent familiar with the physi-
cal features of India.

In "*The Merchant of Venice*" (III,2),
Bassanio compares the golden casket to
"the beauteous scarf,
Veiling an Indian beauty."

Here, perhaps, Shakespeare has in
his mind the 'purdah' system of India;
and the custom prevalent generally of
marrying without the bride having been
previously seen by the bridegroom, as
will be seen by the scroll:

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

Shakespeare also refers to a number
of Indian plants and animals.

A PRAYER FOR RAIMENT

"Clothe my body, if Thou wilt, in sober hue ;
The homely wren hides easily from view.
Yet deck my mind in gold and silver sheen
Like a dove's plumes with rainbow lights between.
And for my soul—give me as blithe array
As Thy blue kingfisher wears every day."

From *The Treasure Chest*.

THE HELLENISTIC AGE

By I. D. Tangaswami



ON the sixth of July, three hundred and fifty-six years before the birth of Christ, the temple of Diana at Ephesus took fire, and all the wise men who were then at Ephesus "ran about the town beating their faces and crying that the day had brought forth the great scourge and destroyer of Asia". On the same day, three messengers ran with extraordinary tidings to Philip, the King of Macedon, who had just taken the city of Potidoea. The first messenger informed him that Parmenio had routed the Illyrians in a great battle; the second that his race horse had won the prize at the Olympic games; and the third that his wife Olympias had been delivered of a boy-child. Philip's joy was great and the soothsayers increased it by their prediction that a son born among three victories must grow up to be invincible. This marvellous boy became known to history as Alexander the Great.

Alexander was but twenty years of age when he succeeded his father to the throne of Macedon. Before his death thirteen years later, he had conquered a vast Empire in the East, comprising regions unknown and fabulous to the Europeans of those days. His "journey of conquest was marked by heaps of bones on battlefields and by blackened ashes of ruined towns." But at the same time, he planted cities and colonies as he passed. The influence of Greece travelled along with him over the then-

known world; and, in the vast inheritance that the Greeks acquired from him, Greece itself formed a small item. Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt became Greek lands, and soon Greek learning took root in them and thrived more vigorously than in Greece.

Alexander was the first to discover that the Orientals were not barbarians, as the Greeks fondly imagined. When his master, Aristotle, advised him to treat Orientals differently from the Greeks, he brushed aside the advice as antiquated. He moved breathlessly from country to country, having no time to consolidate the conquests he had made, with the result that his untimely death in his camp at Babylon plunged his Empire into utter confusion. Forty-five years of wars and carnage followed, in which most of the companions and successors of Alexander lost their lives. Many of the satraps of the Empire shook off the royal yoke and became independent princes assuming the title of kings. But this confusion is also marked by the rise of a perfectly new epoch in Hellenic and Eastern history, an epoch of Hellenistic culture.

Just at this time, a violent foreign element intruded itself into the crumbling empire and threatened to overthrow all its civilisation. A Celtic wave swept over Macedonia and Thrace and entered Asia. But this barbarous invasion only knitted together the feelings and interests of the Greek-speaking people. Even an Indian or an

Ethiopian was looked upon as something different from these barbarian Celts, if he only spoke the Greek language.

Out of the confusion into which the Alexandrian Empire had been plunged, there arose three kingdoms fairly strong and stable, and some others less strong and stable. All these were permeated with the civilisation and language of Greece; and with their rise commences the golden age of Hellenism.

The kingdom of Egypt passed into the hands of Ptolemy, one of Alexander's generals. Its throne was occupied by his descendants until it was conquered by the Romans within a few years of the Christian era. To the land of the Pharaohs the advent of the Ptolemaic dynasty marked altogether a new period. Ptolemy established his capital in Alexandria, a city founded by Alexander himself; and by increasing and beautifying it, he made it by far the greatest city in the Alexandrian Empire and a model for all the rest. Greek learning found its most congenial home there. The town reached its highest level of greatness and splendour during the reigns of the first three Ptolemies, which extended over a century. A museum was established which corresponded somewhat to a modern university. It was a kind of college with a hall where the professors dined together, with rooms for lectures and a theatre for public disputations. Attached to it were a garden of medicinal plants, a menagerie of wild beasts and birds and a famous library of seven hundred thousand volumes. It attracted all who desired knowledge and, like mediaeval universities, it turned into a huge engine of instruction.

It was there that the Old Testament of the Bible and the Zend Avesta of the Zoroastrians were translated into Greek under royal patronage. There, lexicons and grammars were first compiled, geography was elevated to a science, stars were mapped and catalogued, anatomy was studied, chemical experiments were made and Euclid produced that work "which every school-boy knows".

While Ptolemy established a Greek dynasty in Egypt, Selucus, another of Alexander's generals did the same in Syria by the banks of the Euphrates. Syria's capital, Antioch, was built on the model of Alexandria and, though it did not rise up to the level of Alexandria, its greatness and splendour were so great that people of all nations flocked to it to enjoy the fruits of Greek culture and to commune in the Greek tongue. The descendants of Selucus were as fond of science and letters as the Ptolemies. One of them, who came a century later and received the surnames of 'Epiphanes', the *Illustrious* and 'Epimanes' the *Madman* (the latter with greater justification), is well-known to the readers of the "Books of Maccabees", which by some learned men is considered to have been excluded from the Bible by curious perversity and mental blindness. He was a humane and enlightened prince, but in his enthusiasm for Greek culture and civilisation he attempted to Europeanise that most conservative of people, the Jews of Jerusalem. In doing so, he betrayed himself into barbarous and useless crimes, which got for him the reputation of a Nero.

There were two other centres of Hellenistic culture, which deserve as

much mention as Alexandria and Antioch. The three big kingdoms which rose on the break-up of the Alexandrian Empire began to decline. The brilliance of Egypt became dim after the reign of the first three Ptolemies; the Macedonian kings ceased to be splendid; and even Syria became enervated. The chief glory of Hellenism now began to fall to the secondary powers, of which Rhodes and Pergamum were the most prominent. The island of Rhodes was the station of the Peloponnesian fleet in the pre-Alexandrine days. When kings arose all over Alexander's Empire, the small free states found it necessary to secure their independence by federating together. The Rhodian republic was the chief organiser and leader of a federation of mercantile cities, whose navy had attained to considerable celebrity. Its code of commercial morality was so high that everyone trusted it with investments. Its system of marine mercantile law was considered so perfect that all Hellenistic states accepted it. Even down to the Roman times it was regarded as one of the best places to send young men to for their education. The great Roman general, Julius Cæsar, is said to have studied elocution there for two years.

Rhodes had its rival in the monarchical state of Pergamum. One of its kings vanquished the Celtic barbarians who had settled in the province of Galatia and attained thereby great popularity among his subjects. He represented the art and culture of Hellenism as much as any of the Ptolemies. A history of Greek art cannot be written without a chapter on the style and character of the Pergamum school. The court was fashioned on

the model of Alexandria with a great library, and the amiable character of the royal house, which was not marred by murders and jealousies, gave tone to the society of the capital. No Hellenistic city bears a more enviable character, not only for art and literature, but also for peacefulness and contentment.

During the forty-five years of war and confusion which followed the demise of Alexander, two schools of philosophy arose and influenced life to a considerable extent in Hellenistic centres. The philosophies of Epicurus and Zeno known respectively as Epicureanism and Stoicism were practical, though not entirely without speculation. They were essentially cosmopolitan, holding that "there was no longer Jew or Gentile, Greek or Barbarian, bond or free". In this they were, unlike the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, fit for all the world which spoke the Greek language.

It must be observed that in the Hellenistic age, the Greek literature could not be so original and vigorous as the literature of Greece before the days of Alexander. In the new Hellenistic centres created by his conquests, the Greek language was only an artificial plant cultivated for carrying on commerce. It is, therefore, no matter for surprise that literature was shallow and somewhat debased. Still, there was such a variety of learning that the period forms an important epoch in the history of the world's culture.

By the decree of the Judge of the Nations, the pomp and power of the Alexandrian Empire became in course of time one with Nineveh and Tyre! For more than half a century, two great

republics outside the Greek world fought each other for the mastery of the West. After a stubborn war characterised by marvellous exploits, Carthage submitted to Rome. Intoxicated with this good fortune, Rome turned to the East, betraying itself into ruthless ambition and greed for plunder. One kingdom after another in Greece and the East were reduced into Roman provinces, until the whole Empire of Alexander became the Empire of Rome.

Rome's contact with the East demonstrated that, although the Romans were superior in force of arms, they were remarkably inferior in culture. So conscious were they of the inferiority that they longed to be recognised as members of the Hellenistic world and as worthy of friendly relationship with the East. They based their claim to membership on their descent from the Trojans; and by this stupid snobbery they caused no little merriment in Eastern Courts, to whom there was no claim beyond Alexander!

The influence of Hellenism on Rome was at first not altogether very healthy. The Romans were attracted to Greek literature only by its superficial aspects. They were not altogether without a literature of their own, but their books were vastly inferior to those possessed by the Greeks. It was therefore inevitable that they should mould their literature on Greek models. In

all their diplomatic correspondence with the East, they employed the Greek language and insisted that a knowledge of Greek should form an important part of a noble's education. The majority of fashionable young Romans were thus led to borrow their ideas from the debased and shallow culture, which obtained in Alexandria and other Hellenistic centres. In return for what they received from the Hellenists, they imparted to them some of their own foibles! The princes of the East learned all the faults and insolences of the Roman character. "Roman selfishness and greed very soon made horrible inroads upon the prosperity of the Hellenistic world". Fortunately, there were among the Romans some who were far less impure and much better than the majority. These learned the best that Greek writings had recorded on philosophy, history, poetry and arts and bequeathed them to the world in the Roman form.

The vast empire established by the genius of Alexander, although broken up on his death by his ambitious generals, was held together in spirit and culture by unity in language, interests and commerce. In course of time it sank into dependence on another power and lost its history. But its ideas continued to influence the march of the civilised world for centuries afterwards.

If the sad old world should jump a cog
Sometime, in its dizzy spinning,
And go off the track with a sudden jog,
What an end would come to the sinning;
What a rest from strife and the burdens of life,
For the millions of people in it;
What a way out of care and worry and wear,
All in a beautiful minute!

E. W. Wilcox.

CEYLON, THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE

(By Lily Dexter Greene.)



Of travel through the Orient is to find so many places of rare beauty and wonderful attractiveness, that it would not be at all difficult to imagine that one had found the Garden of Eden, that perfect abode of our first parents.

Ceylon, that isle o'er which the "spicey breezes blow," claims to be the most beautiful island in the world. Whether or not this claim can be proven, it is quite true that it is a place of rare beauty, with fascinating scenes on every hand.

To the inhabitant of India and especially to the devout Hindu, it is associated with the great Indian Epic, the Ramayana, for in that account Sita, the beautiful and faithful wife of Rama, was carried off to Ceylon. There the inhabitants of the island watched over her and, when Rama went to her rescue, he was assisted by Hanuman the king of the monkeys, who helped to construct a bridge by which she escaped from the demon Ravana.

While standing on the deck of the steamer, the scene is one of rare beauty and attractiveness. The red soil, the red buildings, the blue sky and the deeper blue of the ocean, with the varied shades of green in the rich tropical vegetation, all combine to paint a most artistic picture of extreme loveliness.

All about us in the harbour, huge

steamers flying flags of their respective nations attract our attention. Most unique in appearance is the *catamaran*, a quaint sort of row-boat with long poles tied at one side for balance, but seldom seen in the harbour, owing to the danger of being overturned by the small craft.

The broad marine drive from the jetty to the Hotel is indeed an enjoyable trip. One drives past the residence of the Governor of the Island, then passes the long line of military barracks, next enters a long open space of seashore on the right and finally reaches the great esplanade on the left.

The *Jinriksha*, which carries you swiftly through this changing panorama, adds to the picturesque aspect of the charming ride along this wonderful road. Graceful palms and quaint little huts, surrounded by plantain clumps and the constantly-shifting crowd of folks in picturesque garments, make a moving picture full of Oriental color and beautiful scenes.

An idea of the size of the Island may be had from the fact that it takes nine days to go around it by steamer.

It has a fascinating history, which dates back to many centuries before Christ. It has been invaded in turn by Brahmans, Tamils, Portuguese, Dutch and British.

A trip to Ceylon would not be complete without the journey by rail to

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EDITORIAL NOTE. ADVANCE OF INDIAN WOMEN.



Too much, I think, is being made of the home complex for women at the present time. Every one is afraid that woman will come to be man - woman, and that her virtues of domesticity will wear away to nothing. Now, there is no denying that the home is first of all the sphere of a woman. That must form the bed-rock of her career. But have you considered the following points? *First*, man has a share in the home also and therefore an equal partnership in it. But your reply will be that man does shoulder this part of his responsibility, for he earns for his home, takes up a certain part of his children's education etc.. But how many men there are, who do not do the latter on the plea of heavy business worries? And do you think it is easy for a woman to be father as well as mother to her children and to endure alone the unending troubles of domesticity? *Secondly*, there are said to be more women than men in this world. What is to happen to the surplus women? Is polygamy to be encouraged, or is the world of business going to be thrown open more and more freely to women? *Thirdly*, home should not mean the domestic sphere alone, but should include a good deal of the outside world as well. Home means the atmosphere of home, which should warm, charm and endear society and the state also. Moreover, home should be widened by outside influences. As Sri Abhyambal says:—

"It cannot be dissociated from its relation to and its bearing upon the society and the nation. The home should be vitalised and enriched by the broadening and liberalising influences of the larger social and national life. The woman in the home is the proper medium of communication between the home and the larger life outside its limits. Hence, the wider her outlook the better will be the home."

Fourthly, woman has as good a brain as man, as good an endurance and a moral character, though her physical strength is less. Is she then to waste her brain only on the home? Should she not try her hand—and a capable hand it is too—on public affairs? "Women's activities and usefulness are bound to overflow the limits of home, and it should be the function of education to regulate and direct them into channels of varied usefulness covering the wide expanses of life. It is now being recognised that in its full unfoldment the personality of women is such as to shed its wholesome influence, not only over the home but also over the entire range of all departments of life."

What sort of education then should be given to women? There is no need always for them to claim equality with men. Let them strike out their own line, remembering that much of their work is complementary to man's, in the home as well as in public. At the same time there is no need that

Kandy, the ancient capital of the Island, where dwelt the former Kings of Ceylon. The scenery, as we pass up and around the mountain sides, is a constantly-changing, fascinating panorama with glimpses of quaint little houses nestling in the midst of dense sheltering groves of trees, with cultivated fields and gardens almost hidden from view by the luxuriant vegetation of the great old forest trees and with signs of growth and life on every side. The terraced hillsides are full of cultivated paddy fields, while great plantations of tea and cocoa are scattered along the steep slopes.

Villages and busy crowds are to be seen pursuing their various occupations. Here and there we find schools with scores of lively, bright-faced boys and girls climbing intellectual heights.

Ceylon, like all Eastern lands, is full of many peoples speaking many tongues. The pure Singalese are a most attractive people. They are thin and tall and seemingly not very strong, but in lands where a vegetable diet is used, people are usually stronger than they seem. The women wear graceful garments wrapped around their bodies, the skirt long and clinging, the

bodice low and prettily trimmed both at the top and bottom with frills and laces. The men too drape their garments about them, but their most noticeable custom is that of allowing their hair to grow long. They do it up in a knot at the back and then fasten it with a peculiar semi-circular tortoise-shell comb.

The little children have beautiful black eyes with long drooping lashes, and though they are sometimes clothed in one thin little garment of brilliant colour; more often they content themselves with a string of beads around the neck.

Here as in India the washermen beat the clothes on flat stones, then rinse them in cold water and finally spread them out on the sands to dry and bleach in the hot tropical sunshine. It is astonishing what results come from such primitive methods.

Here too, crowds of people gather on all festival occasions, and in garments of every hue, and in groups great and small surge through the temples and sacred shrines of this wonderfully interesting island of verdure and luxuriant tropical beauty.

BY A POOL

By a pool,
Shady, cool,
Lilies grew,
Kingcups too:
Squirrels came,
Timid, tame,
And they drank
At the bar k.

Beauteous fountain
By the mountain,
Sparkled clear,
In the air:
Sunlight laughed,
Where I quaffed,
And I thrilled,
Heaven-filled!

Herbert Porter.

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women's education should be limited in other ways, in the anxiety that they should remain womanly beings, especially in India. As I said in our last number, a training in domestic study is needed for our women, but it should not be made a part of the university course. Other ways must be found to impart it, as a pleasure, not as an unwelcome duty. Apart from this, all the fields of culture and education must be thrown open to women as well as to men, for "a cultured woman is as valuable an asset to the home as the educated man is". This does not mean at any time that all women should take up the higher education of men. No; but only those who have shown a special liking, or a special aptitude for it, and those women who cannot, or who will not, accept marriage as their career.

Hear the plaint of an Indian in England, about the women of his nation, who migrate to the foreign country:—"The majority, however, of the women who come to England for post-graduate courses are deplorably different. They have to be chaperoned during their voyage and chaperoned throughout their stay here. The hide-bound social restrictions, to which they have been used, cling to them so tenaciously that they are helpless to take advantage of their freedom.

A woman of this type is happiest when left to herself in her own rooms with her cooking vessels. She craves no desire for sports or the recreations available at clubs, theatres or talkies, as she is uncomfortable in crowds. Her face contorts painfully through shyness, when a man sits next to her in a crowded train or restaurant."

Hear again the lament of an Indian about his women in sport. "But the majority of our species of the female sex are shy at open-air exercise, whatever form it may take, except perhaps a surreptitious walk by the street walls late in the evening. Indian women retain a form that is supple and graceful and can be developed into an artistic mould. But early marriage and early immolation on the altar of marriage leaves an Indian girl at the age of twenty-five a dowdy immobile being, who looks more like a grand-mother than a mother of six babies. Surely, our girls can do better with their early training, which can be safely utilised in making them freer, nobler and more enchanting."

Different sections of our society are blamed for this state of affairs. Mr. Chinna Durai would blame the man. "Men, who have fabricated a type of society through which to hold them in perpetual subjection, those men who laboriously turn over the pages of ancient scriptures to argue in what high honour our women were and have to be held, need only glance at the present society, which they have either made or tolerated, for their answer."

But I do not think that men in India alone are to blame for their antagonism to women. Men all over the world somehow naturally do not seem to wish the gentler sex to invade their haunts. Take the modern cry of Cambridge. "No more women," we are told was the title for an annual May Week revue. "We hope that this will be a turning-point in the history of the Footlights", said the manager of that club. "The title alone should serve to show that we regard the departure from

tradition as a mistake". There are again some clubs in England, which are exclusive to men; and those old institutions, which admitted women, did so only after vigorous protest. This antipathy therefore seems to be a natural one, but one wonders as to the cause. Is it the fear that the prized solemnity of such institutions will be dissipated by trifling and flippancy? Is it the dread that the freedom of men will be limited by unnecessary chivalry? Is it merely the result of the age-long diversity of the sexes? Whatever it is, it should be respected in a measure by women, who on their side, should not try to force themselves on the men, constantly claim equality, or for ever try to imitate them. Why should they? Are not the standards of feminism good ones? Do men try to ape women?

Apart from their men, Indian women have also to blame themselves, their apathy, their conventionalism, their conservatism. Far from forging a way for themselves, so many of our women do not even come forward to accept, may even refuse, the opportunities of advance given them. All over the world, in Russia, in Japan, in Turkey, in Persia, women are claiming independence; and it is time our women joined in. Gandhiji "calls upon women to demand and inspire respect by ceasing to think of themselves as the objects of masculine desire only. Let them forget their bodies and enter into public life, assume the risks, and suffer the consequences of their convictions. When it comes to suffering, women will always surpass men. Let women have no fear. The weakest will be able to preserve her honour."

There is no doubt, however, that a minority of Indian women is breaking its bonds. "Educated women", says Mr N. S. Subba Rao, "happily have not left the matter in doubt, and claim for their sex equality of educational and occupational opportunities. They are not likely to be deflected from this view by any specious suggestion." An article written in *The Modern Review* on the progress of women's progress in India by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur Sahiba, gives us valuable information. The origin of the movement, as we know, may be traced to the work of reformers like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, Swami Dayanad, Mrs. Ranade, Pundita Ramabai and some Christian missionaries. Then came the response in India to the emancipation of women in the West after the war. The Women's Indian Association was started in Madras in 1917 and spread all over Southern India. There are other like associations, such as the Federation of University women in India, the National Council of Women in India and several Provincial Women's Councils. Not to be omitted is the All India Women's Conference, which has already held six annual sessions. It was this conference, which started the All India Education Fund Association, which in its turn had the central training institution for women opened in Delhi. Also it was helpful in getting the Child Marriage restraint Act passed. There are also societies for women everywhere, such as The Saroj Nalini Dutt Mahila Samiti in Poona, the Seva Sadans in Bombay and Madras, the College of Arts for women in Nagpur, the Womens' University in Poona, the Vanita Vish-

rams in Bombay, Ahmedabad etc., rescue homes, widows' homes, schools for social workers, child-welfare and maternity homes, Ladies' Recreation Clubs, special schools for girls, and many others. Women are taking part in public life, in councils, on benches of justice, in municipal bodies and public committees, and as inspectresses, teachers, speakers, doctors, nurses and health visitors. In literature also they are gaining fame, as shown by the names of Toru Dutt and Sarojini Naidu. The education of girls is progressing. There was an increase of 1171 in schools for girls, and a rise from 80463 to 1389241 in the number in such schools, besides those studying in boys' schools. Women are working hard for the abolishing of social evils, such as early marriage, non-marriage of widows, the purdah system, polygamy, drink, and are trying to reform conditions of women in villages, industrial areas and so on. Women have also found a rich field in political service and Swadeshi propaganda. Yet there is much to be done in every quarter and in every direction. As the Rajkumari remarks, "To serve whole-heartedly, to give without stint, is an essential part of the development of a

free woman. We have to battle against apathy, prejudices, and ignorance, but there is within us now a passion for reform which, I like to believe, has been kindled at an altar where burns the flame of love for God and man. The women of India are no longer willing to submit to standards, whether legal, political or ethical, which have been set for them by the male conscience of the community; we are passionately aware that such standards have often been allowed to imply the complete subordination or even degradation of whole classes of women; we are aware of the necessity of finding and being judged by our own standards of free human beings, voluntarily accepted. We will, I am sure, resolutely refuse to accept any safety in any sphere for one class at the cost of any of our sisters. We are striving to learn that the claim of the race is greater than any personal happiness. We realise that there is no short cut out of our difficulties, that the road may be long and wearisome, but there is always hope in the great and unifying principle which guides us and in the light of which we can go forward with patience and courage to learn, to think and to strive—the principle of reverence and love."

A PROMINENT INDIAN LADY

Lady Vidyagaori Ramanbai Nilkanth.

The interesting personality of this noble lady ought to be placed before the world. Her autobiography will surely serve as an ideal and a guide to the present and later generations of women. She has done innumerable philanthropic

actions. Here are two:—

Once I went to her bungalow to consult her about the Gujarat Ladies' Club. I saw her surrounded by Harijan boys, to whom she was teaching the vernacular alphabet. In this way she

THREE PROMINENT INDIAN WOMEN

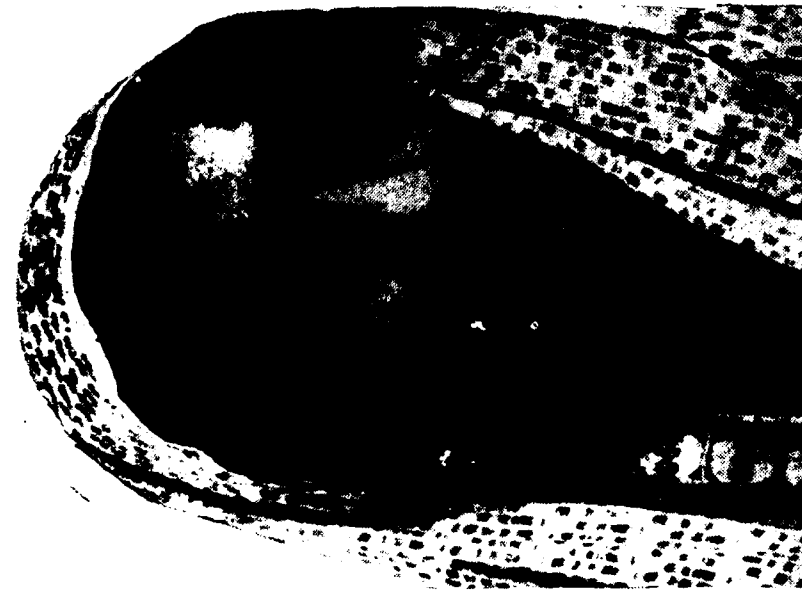


Her Highness Shrimathi Rani Bowramanni, Rani of Nellai, was the President of the All-India Shrimadveer Saiva Mahila Parishat, held at Dharwar on 18th and 19th of May.

Photo:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.



Lady Vidyagaori Ramanbai Nilkanth



Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, daughter of the late Rajah Sir Harnam Singh of Kapurthala, who has been claiming equality for women before the Joint Select Committee, London.

By courtesy of *The Illustrated Weekly of India*.

FIVE WINNERS OF WOMEN'S PRIZES



Miss Muktha Subba Rao won cups in tennis singles, Badminton Doubles, and Finger Billiards, in the Tournament conducted by the Hyderabad Ladies' Recreation Club.

Baby Kuruvilla aged 11 and **Thangamma Kuruvilla** aged 8, daughters of Mr. P. V. Kuruvilla, Teacher, V. M. Girls' School, Trevancore, were awarded Gold Medals in appreciation of their musical talents.

Miss D. Jenkins, a 12 year old girl Student of the Christ Church Girls' School, Jubbulpore, (C. P.) has been awarded the title of "Miss Examination held recently in the New Central Beauty competition held recently in the New Central Cafe, Jubbulpore.

Mrs. Leela Bai Kamath of Mangalore, has come out first in the Madras Presidency in the Rashtra Basha Hindi Examination held recently. She was also awarded the first prize in the elocution competition held on the occasion of the All Karnataka Hindi Conference.

Photos:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

DETECTIVE JANAKI

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gives much help to Harijans quietly and without show, just as to actions of every-day routine. Moreover, her charity to the depressed classes started some years ago, when there was no agitation for the abolition of untouchability, but when on the contrary the dominant superiority and mastery of orthodox Hindus was keeping down the so-called lower orders.

Another benevolent action of hers was to save a *chhipa* family from destruction. A *chhipa* boy was working so hard for Lady Vidyagaori in the Ahmedabad Municipality works that I felt interested and asked him his name and address. After answering me, he

told me something more about her and said that she had saved the family from destruction by giving a large sum of money in charity to his mother at the time of his father's death, when she and her children intended to die from poison because of their wretched condition.

She is a member of the Ahmedabad Municipality, the treasurer of the Gujarat Ladies' Club, Hon. Secretary of the Gujarat Vernacular Society, and she conducts many functions of social service. She writes books and contributes learned articles to the 'Budhi-Prakash' and to other magazines.

Devdatt I. Tripathi.

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. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she has answered. She marries him, after gaining his permission to carry on with her hobby which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house.)

CHAPTER VI.

He assented, and they drove in. No one came to greet them; and they

went to the back of the house to get hold of some one.

Soon, the dark handsome man, whom Janaki had seen at the station, came out and told them the house was not for rent. Janaki was now at a loss. What could they do further, she wondered.

Seshan came to the rescue as usual. Even in her anxiety, Janaki found time to credit him with that.

"Can we go in and look at some of the rooms?" he asked with a charming smile. "My wife and I are anxious to build a house; and yours looks such a nice one, that I thought we could get some ideas from it."

The man hesitated. "My wife's not very well," he said.

Janaki pricked up her ears at once. Had he beaten her, or punished her in any way?

"But we won't disturb her," Seshan hastened to add. "We just want to look at the principal rooms."

"Speak for yourself," Janaki mumbled under her breath.

They went into the front-room. It was very barely furnished, and their host thought it his duty to apologise. "We have just returned to the house after a long absence, and we have to get in furniture yet," he said.

"Didn't you come this morning?" Seshan asked pleasantly. "I thought I saw you at the station."

"Did you?" asked the man with a scowl.

"Now, why is he so cross?" Janaki said to herself, and where is his poor little wife?"

They saw two or three rooms, for, though poor-looking, the house was a large one. Then Janaki pricked up her ears. Behind one of the closed doors of what seemed the principal room, she thought she heard the sound of sobbing. As if accidentally, she pushed against the door, and it fell open. She hastened to apologise, even while she continued to open the door further. The host's scowl deepened. He came forward, but Janaki, with the assurance of desperation, stepped into the room.

"What a nice view you have from that window?" she cried, hoping generally there was one, and it happened there was. She went forward, then suddenly stopped.

"Oh! I am sorry," she exclaimed. "I did not know there was any one here. I didn't mean to disturb. But oh,

what's the matter?" She had reason enough to say this, for the figure on the bed was huddled into a shaking sobbing heap.

"She - she has a headache," muttered the man, who had followed. Janaki went to the woman and put a gentle hand on her shoulder. A startled face, convulsed with weeping, showed itself and Janaki, her pity completely aroused, tenderly enquired if the headache was very severe. For answer, the girl, for she seemed to be very young, hid her face again, and burst into a fresh fit of sobbing.

Seshan put his hand on the man's arm, and drew him, reluctant though he was, from the room.

"Leave them alone," he asserted. "My wife will know how to make her better. Your poor wife seems to be suffering much."

He had much ado to keep the man's distracted attention occupied; but he managed somehow to keep him away from the room for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, his Janaki appeared, rather distraught but with an unmistakably triumphant expression on her face.

"She is better, and she wants to sleep. Shall we go now, Seshan?"

Then, she turned to her host. "Mr. Anantayya," she said, "thank you so much for allowing us to come in, and me to speak to your wife. She is a charming girl. May we come again?"

"Yes-yes," mumbled the unfortunate man, wholly at a loss. What to do before this assertive, astonishing young woman?

Janaki would not say much in the car, except that she had discovered

INDIAN LADIES

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"I am sure there must be some mistake," Janaki murmured consolingly. "It is good of you to believe in her; but I assure you there isn't any doubt", he growled. "She is not so innocent as she looks."

Janaki stared at him.

"She insists on meeting that man," continued the angry husband. "Even last night she tried to meet him, I tell you. She did meet him in fact, and I actually heard her whisper an appointment for tonight. What can I do with a woman like that? She is indeed mad about him. Oh, I could strangle her!"

Janaki shuddered. But she murmured, "I am sure there must be some explanation. Who is the man?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. All that I know is that he actually had the boldness to follow us here."

"Will you leave me alone for a while with you wife?" pleaded Janaki.

"You can talk to her if you like. But I shall tell you one thing. I cannot believe in any of her protestations. She has gone too far for that."

She went into the wife's room and after a while Janaki joined them. She seemed to have been weeping, but she also looked happy. Yet, she would not tell Anantayya anything about her interview.

"I told you there was an explanation," she asserted, "and there is. But you will not believe it without proof. May I suggest one thing? You say she is meeting the man tonight. Shall we watch her and see what happens?"

"You have not arranged anything with her, have you?" he asked suspiciously.

"Certainly not," cried Janaki. "Do you agree to my plan?" The man looked dubious, but he consented. So, Seshan and Janaki went away, after arranging to come to the house secretly at night.

In the car, our heroine said to her husband: "Her brother is the cause of all this trouble. He seems to have got in with a bad set, of whom this man is one. He has some deep hold over the poor boy, and is blackmailing him. It is to try to get him out of his clutches that Sita has been meeting him."

"Why didn't she tell her husband about it?"

"She is afraid of him. He seems to have all along been overbearing with her, and so cross. Besides, the man wants money, and she knows they have none to spare. She is so frightened that her husband may betray her brother to the police."

"What's he done?"

"She almost made me promise not to tell anyone; but I told her that we both meant well to her and hers. I believe he joined in with a gang of 'Good Robbers', as they call themselves, who steal from rich and bad people to give to the poor and good. Did you say anything, Seshan?"

Her husband had exclaimed something, and now he said, "Yes, I thought I had heard about that gang. They became very bad at last, I think, deteriorated into just ordinary robbers. I might know this man. What is his name, did you say?"

"Murugesan".

"I have heard of him. In fact, I think he knows me, and I may be able to square things for Anantayya's wife. But, let us wait and see what happens

tonight. If she is innocent, she is certain to furnish proofs of it."

That night, they quietly slipped into Anantayya's house and were taken to a side-room. The irate husband stayed with them, after announcing, that, as he had done the night before, he had locked his wife alone into her room.

"How could she have got out then?" asked Seshan.

"Oh, through the window. I thought I had bolted it from outside; but this is an old house, and she escaped."

"To-night?"

"He will come to her at the back-door and try to open it for her. I heard her say something about it, before I interrupted her and dragged her away last night. She thinks, however, that I don't know that."

"How can we watch her then?" asked Seshan.

"In other words spy on her?" sadly said Janaki.

"There is a sort of shed just there. We can stay in it."

"Won't she suspect it?"

"It has been full of firewood, and she will think there will be no place for anyone to stand there. But I have managed to empty half of it without her knowing."

"Won't she be afraid that you'll catch her again?"

"She may, but yet she may risk things. I told you she was a devil."

So they waited and at midnight they had their reward. In the almost complete darkness, almost before they knew it, a man had slipped up and the door had opened quietly.

He went in. Anantayya, inarticulate with anger, began to froth at the

mouth. Janaki put her hand on his arm and murmured,

"Wait, wait. Be patient."

But she looked frightened. The wronged husband started forward; she followed, but Seshan hesitated. Janaki, however, whispered to him to come on.

"There is nothing wrong, I tell you. Come, but keep an eye on that poor man. He is mad with anger."

So they tip-toed to the window and looked in. They heard whispers; but it was only after a few seconds that they could see two people standing at the other end of the room.

"How to get nearer?" asked Janaki.

"The other window—the other window," stuttered Anantayya. "There is a slit in it".

So they went there and were able to hear something, but not to see, for the culprits were out of their angle of vision.

The woman seemed to be pleading for mercy: the man was adamant. At last, she gave in.

"Very well, but God help me. To-morrow, come at this time, and I shall give you what you want. But, will you keep your promise?"

"You know, what I want, don't you?" asked the man roughly. The money, or you——?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you, you pretty woman. Listen. If you play me false, you will be sorry you were ever born. Shall I go then?"

"God, God," Janaki heard Anantayya mutter, and Janaki tightened the unconscious hold she had on her husband's arm.

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something; but at the house she burst out with the story.

"They have been together only a few months; and they are very poor, for the man is the owner of lands, which are paying badly. She seems to be in trouble about her brother, who has become involved in some unpleasant circumstances. She won't tell me what they are; and I had no time to coax her to do so."

"Is her husband angry with her? You thought he was."

"I was right," she said triumphantly; "He is cross, but she won't tell me why."

"She seems a very secretive person."

"She is quite right to be so, isn't she? After all, I am a stranger to her."

"Then, why force yourself into her affairs?"

"I don't know. I just feel I must help, and I shall do it too. She is such a nice girl. They are quite modern in their views, you know, by which I mean they are not conventionally conservative. She told me her husband's name freely, though a typical Indian woman will hesitate to do so. Her own is Sita."

After two days, she persuaded her husband to take her again to the house, on the pretext of enquiring after Sita's health.

Anantayya met them with a deeper scowl than ever. "You must not go in to my wife today," he said point-blank to Janaki. "Her headache is worse than ever, and your visit to her did her more harm than good."

The poor little detective felt nonplussed, but gallantly tried to appear not so. She pulled up her slender figure in a very dignified manner, and

frowned at the man. But, nonchalant as she appeared, her brain was working hard. And that it was working to some purpose could be seen from her next step. She turned suddenly on her host, and said to him.

"Please excuse me, but tell me why you are angry with her."

He was taken aback, and could only mutter,

"Angry? Who told you? Did she say it?"

"Certainly not. She is not that kind. You must not be unjust to her like that."

"I-I am not unjust."

"Then, why go on always suspecting her? Why not trust her? She is a sweet woman."

"Sweet to you, but a very devil inside."

It was Janaki's turn to be taken aback.

"A-a-devil?" she queried.

"You are surprised, eh? Well, you need to be. Everything that glitters is not gold, you know. You have dared to interfere in our matters; and you shall be made to interfere. Come here, come and see my wife, and I shall tell you before her what she has done to me."

Seshan thought it was high time to interfere. "My wife meant well to you and yours," he said; "if you don't like her interference, we shall go away. Come Janaki."

But Janaki would not listen. She caught the man before he went into his wife's room and whispered to him,

"What's she done?"

"She-she has been meeting a man, I tell you, a strange man, she, lately married to me, the girl whom I loved, who," his voice failed him.

The door slowly opened. Then, all at once things seemed to happen.

There was a roar, and a shot, and then a shriek.

Janaki heard herself scream. "He has got a revolver. Has he shot them?"

Then, Seshan closed with Anantayya, trying to get hold of his revolver. Janaki trembled. Suppose the weapon went off and shot Seshan. Oh God—

But Seshan got it and threw it aside.

"Now be quiet, you madman," he cried. "Come with me, and let us see what you have done. Janaki, take the torch from my pocket and show the way."

What a man of resource he was, thought Janaki even at that moment of stress; and how glad she was that he was safe.

With the light of the torch, they went into the room, and found dead silence. Sita had fainted in a corner, and the other man lay unconscious on the threshold.

"Have I - killed them? asked the husband.

"No, they move. Let us see." They found that Sita was unhurt, but the man's arm was broken. Anantayya broke into a satisfied chuckle.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, instead of laughing," Janaki cried shrilly. "Suppose you had killed them."

"I would have been very pleased! The unhappy wretches!"

"Oh, man, man, how cruel you are. But there, he has wakened. Bravo, Seshan, I did not know you could be a doctor too. You have bound up his arm beautifully. What does he say, Seshan?"

But Seshan did not hear her, for he was trying to quiet the villain. But the wounded man's eyes were blazing.

"If you - have betrayed me," they heard the man cry, "beware."

"Never, you know I would not do that", Seshan muttered. "But you will let her go now, won't you?"

"The brother?"

"Leave him alone; he seems to be a fool and a mad boy. I'll help you, if you want."

Anantayya had listened with open mouth; but now he could no longer hold himself in.

"What's all this"? he roared. "Are you too in league with him?"

"Stop, hush, she is coming to."

"Let her die if she likes, the baggage."

"Anantayya, bethink yourself. Can't you guess what's happened?"

"What?"

And then, they told him everything. At first, he would not believe them, but gradually assurance came to him. The injured man confirmed everything with grunts.

"But - but - she may have been willing to give herself to that wretch."

"Not she? She would have somehow managed to give him the money."

"Yes," they heard a plaintive voice crying. "I - I was going to confess to you and beg you for help. We - we - could have sold my *Kasumalai* (necklace of sovereigns)."

They heard Anantayya gulp, then he went down on his knees before his wife with a great cry. "My dear, my dear, why did you not come to me before? I might have killed you." He began to blubber.

THREE WOMEN PIONEERS OF INDIA



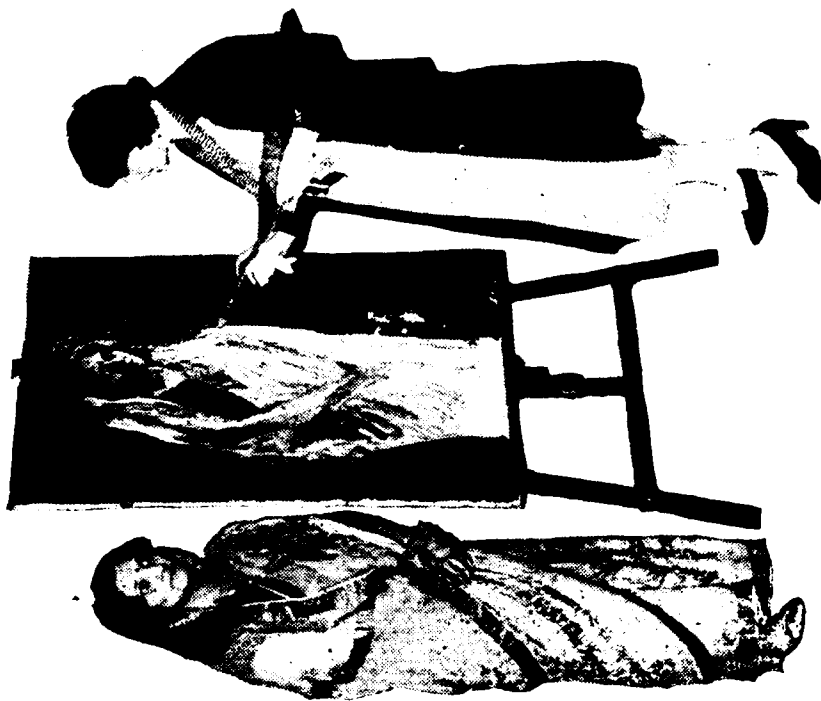
Dr. Mrs. Malinibai Sukhtankar, a prominent social worker, has been unanimously elected Chairman of the Bombay Schools Committee for 1933-34. This is the first time in the history of the Bombay city that a woman is elected to this post.

Mrs. Kamalabai Tilak M. A., Professor of English Literature, has been appointed Principal of the Benares College of the Benares University. She is a well-known Marathi writer and the first woman member of the Benares University Syndicate, also a member of the Senate.

Srimathi E. K. Janaki Ammal, M. A., D. Sc., F. L. S., Professor of the Botany, H. H. The Maharaja's College of Science, Trivandrum, has been appointed a member of the Travancore Public Service Recruitment Committee, *vice* Miss. D. H. Watts, resigned.

Photos:—R. Venkoba Rao, Srirangam.

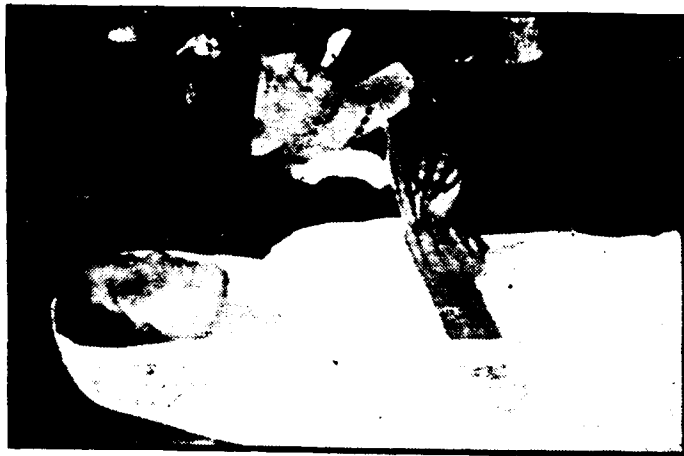
Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



Indian Writer and Feminist — Mme. Veverka, wife of the Czechoslovakian Minister to the United States, paints a portrait of the well-known Indian writer and feminist, Mrs. Mayadevi Gangulee.

Photo, U.P.S.

By courtesy of The Illustrated Weekly of India



Regum Shah Nawaz,

who was one of the delegates to the Round Table Conferences, is now charming large audiences in England by her interesting addresses. She is a very good speaker.

Janaki found herself sobbing. She drew Seshan and the wounded man away from the room. "He was always sorry for her," she murmured, "and he always loved her. Come away."

They took the man to a friend, who was a doctor. After the wound was attended to, they arranged that he should sleep there that night, and go away the next morning.

"How did you persuade him, Seshan?" asked Janaki a little later. "I heard all sorts of things. He threatened you, and yet, he seemed to be afraid of you."

"Well, you see, I knew him, and I knew something against him and have therefore a hold over him. I threatened to inform against him, if he proceeded further."

"I see. But if he belongs to a gang of robbers, you might have been able to get the whole of them, if you had put pressure on the man. Why did you let him go?"

"If I had given him up to the police, he would have betrayed Sita's brother; and then where would our friends have been?"

"He threatened you. There is no fear for you, is there?"

"None at all, you foolish child."

"Who is the head of this gang? There must be one, I suppose."

"There is; or there was, for the gang was broken up. I hear; and after that some of the members became really bad thieves. Still, Murugesan is too loyal to him, to betray him. There was some strange bond of affection between the boss and his gangsters."

"I would like to meet that man."

"Why?"

"He would be my hero, I am sure."

"Even though he is a wrong-doer."

"But he does wrong with good intentions. Never mind though about him. Let me thank you, Seshan, for your great help. You have helped me nobly. What would I have done without you?"

"It was you, who started the whole affair."

"True; and I am so glad that my friends are so happy. Aren't you?"

"I am."

"You'll help me again?"

"Well - yes. I must, I suppose, with such a dominant wife as you."

"Let us shake hands again over our compact." They did so, like the truest of friends, and each thrilled at the idea that he had the other always as a sure and steadfast stand-by. But Janaki, in addition, trembled with exquisite love and hero-worship.

CONTENTMENT

Saint Francis, was a preacher in Italy and France; but he did not teach folk in order to gain money. He was content with very simple fare so long as he felt he was helping people by his preaching; and he begged his food from house to house.

One day he and his comrade, Brother Masseo, came to a town and Francis went down one street and Brother Masseo down another. Now, Francis was a small man and mean to look at, and Masseo was handsome and tall; and people gave but few scraps of food to Francis, and plenty to Brother Masseo. They met again outside the gate of the town, at a spot where a clear brook ran, and they sat on a large flat stone by the waterside, and on the stone put the broken bread, which the people had given them.

"Brother Masseo," cried Saint Francis, with a joyful face "we are not worthy of so vast a treasure."

"Indeed," said Masseo, "but I see naught in this broken bread that can be called a treasure. We have no cloth, no knife, no plate, no bowl, no table, no servant."

"But," replied the Saint, "we have bread to eat, a good table to place it on, and sweet water to drink from this stream."

From *The Treasure Chest*.

SLENDERNESS OF THREADS

By Prof. Dr. K. S. L. Guthrie

Slender the threads by which hang
destinies;
A word misplaced will alienate a friend;
The word of charm wins life-long loyalty;
A slight distraction brings our life to
end.

The choice twixt applicants is critical;
The choice of fields of labor is occult;
Even an advertisement forces choice;
Trifling the cause, momentous the result.

A whisper is enough to mar or save;
The Voice that comes from Heaven,
to the ears,
Telling which way to turn, to left or
right,
That subtle urgency, softly disappears.
So delicate the motions holiest,
No wonder that they seem so very rare;
Rarely of them can we be capable;
Precious the gust that wanders on
elsewhere!

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Per. K. P. P. TAMPY.

PITCHAI'S PLUCK—A STORY

By S. S. Ram

The No. 6 toddy shop of Khanpur was unusually busy one April evening. It was situated in the centre of an extensive coccanut tope at one end of the village. A merry little group of village folk sat in a small ring at the foot of a tall palm. They had been toiling hard in the sweltering heat of the tropical sun. The shop-owner was giving a generous supply of his ambrosial liquor to his customers. As the pot of elixir went round from hand to hand, mirthful music and pleasant chat began to fill the air. "Annei! (Brother), how happy we feel now after the day's work! What care we so long as our contractor, Chudalai, owns this tavern? We pay our regular visits to this temple of joy, but why does not our friend, Suppan, ever join our company? He works like a devil in his field all day long and goes home in the evening, without ever tasting this life-giving liquor. We must try to bring him here one day and show him the true way of

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life;" thus spoke Verian to his friend. And after that, these votaries of Bacchus tried hard to divert their good friend from the royal road of righteousness.

Suppan was a young man of seven and twenty, sturdy of body and strong of mind. He was as brisk and blithe as a grass-hopper, singing merry snatches of songs while at work. He was the life of his dear little wife, Pitchai. She looked after the house, while he was away in the fields and helped him in many ways. In the evenings, the loving couple partook of well-cooked food with peace and contentment and spent an hour or two in happy conversation.

Some years rolled on. But the happiness of the couple, instead of increasing with the advance of time, began to diminish rapidly. The conspirators had been successful in dragging good Suppan to that dark and dismal

abyss in life, from which once having entered, one seldom escapes. He took to the habit of drinking liquor, which was at first supplied free to him; then, when the temptation became irresistible, he began to pay for it from his slender income. His strength slowly ebbed away, and with it his courage. He soon became the butt of his good neighbours. Poor Pitchai could not wean him from the evil. She entreated him to remember their former days of peace and prosperity. In sober moments, the man would swear that he would no more touch the poison, but the approach of evening always made his mind wander towards the tavern and his associates. He was sometimes even found lying senseless on the road. In short, where happiness and peace had dwelt in that little cottage, misery and quarrels now reigned supreme.

One day, Suppan went out as usual to work in the fields. His wife, who had begun to taste the bitter pangs of poverty, prepared the meal and awaited the arrival of her husband. The sunset paled into night. He did not return. Anxiety naturally took possession of the faithful lady's mind. She looked out again and again to see if he was coming, but he was not to be seen. The neighbours, being informed of this, went out to look for him in different directions, but no trace of him could they get. Pitchai waited in agony for a day or two, hoping that he would return. But all her hopes proved in vain. The villagers began to gossip about the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Suppan. The bereaved wife could not bear the neighbours' taunts and the awful solitude. So one night she left her humble home, and walked away like a mad woman, she knew not where. She went on and on like a rudderless boat drifting in a vast ocean. She gave up all hopes of ever again seeing her husband, so unaccountably lost to her. She had none else in the world to look after her. What was she to do? Whither to go? She went past the vast stretches of green and gold that lay on the outskirts of the village, and slept under a spreading banyan tree till dawn. She woke up with the

sun and continued her aimless journey, depending upon the hospitality of some good rustics for the day.

The night came again, clear and moonlit. The skies were studded with stars, and the earth was dense with tall and mighty trees, that were the pride of the forest. Their tops waved in the gusty wind. The rustle of their leaves, the hideous shapes cast by their waving branches, coupled with the weird noises produced by the nocturnal rambles of the forest folk, could not have failed to strike the stoutest heart with terror and recall to painful memory the stories of ghosts and spirits, related by old people. Imagine a young woman walking unescorted in such surroundings and at such an uncanny hour. But Pitchai's moral courage kept her up from breaking down. The sylvan solitude probably presented to her only its charming aspect.

It was nearing midnight. The moon was just overhead. At the foot of a hill she saw a ruined heap of crumbling walls and mounds of earth. A dark opening yawned in one of the mounds, and a pale streak of light was seen burning at the mouth. Shadows of turbaned heads and bearded faces and tall staffs were seen moving hither and thither. Evidently they were the silhouettes of human beings, who had usurped the dismal abodes of the beasts and birds of the forest. Stories of *Rakshasas* rushed to Pitchai's mind. But, undaunted, she moved on and climbed up the bent branch of a tree, from where she could, while unseen herself, command a full view of all that went on below.

The little group consisted of about ten men, all of tall stature, stout and brawny. In the centre of them, moved a man, slightly taller than the rest, with decorous tread and stately mien, which indicated that he was the chieftain of the gang. The leader beckoned his men to form a ring round him and spoke to them in a language full of hard gutturals and sibilations. One with a fair degree of common sense could understand from the situation that this was a band of robbers impa-

tiently waiting at their usual tryst for some of their comrades. They had met there that night to perform certain cruel ceremonies calculated to propitiate their tutelary deity. Pitchai saw that some uncanny preparations for a sacrifice were being made ready. At last, the auspicious hour according to them seemed to have arrived. But the victim for sacrifice was not in evidence. The chieftain walked up and down with impatient tread, gnashing his teeth and wringing his hands, evidently very perturbed in mind. He appeared to be in fear that the auspicious moment was going past.

Suddenly, two men appeared in hot haste, carrying a burden which resembled a dead body. They set down their load and explained, after making a low obeisance, the cause of their delay. The leader's anger was great. He ordered the men to remove the body to another spot at a little distance. This was done. All the members of the gang stood in prayerful meditation. The leader made a rapid descent into a dark and dismal subterranean passage and brought back some costly jewels and several bags of gold. Then, he returned to the vault, evidently for some more hidden treasure; but suddenly he reappeared terrified. He fancied he had seen strange and weird

creatures flitting before his eyes with huge torches in their bony hands, from which flowed a stream of liquid, which burnt away all that it fell upon. His words of awe struck his followers dumb. Then suddenly, to add to their terror, they heard an eerie voice like that of some disembodied spirit, crying "Leave your ill-gotten wealth and the creature that you have brought for sacrifice, you sinners. If you remain here another instant, you will be reduced to a handful of ashes. Fly for your lives, and settle down in some village like good mortals, casting off your cloak of sin." There was naturally a stampede and everyone took to their heels, leaving behind everything, and were soon out of sight. The rest of the night passed away in silence. At dawn, Pitchai came down from the tree and directed her steps towards that awful pit. There, to her wonder and amazement, lay her husband Suppan, tied hand and foot with strong cords. She cut the knots and set him free, who, but for her pluck and courage at the hour of crisis, would have been the victim of the sacrifice. The couple, by divine intervention as it were, once again were united, and all the treasures stored by the robbers went to make their re-union happier than ever before.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

1. Indian Women's franchise.

Indian women have not been silent about this important question. At a meeting of the last Indian Association in London, Begum Shah Nawaz, emphasised the necessity for a fair proportion in the voting strength of men and women. She said, "Whatever might be the special qualifications ultimately accepted by Parliament, all Indian women were agreed that nothing less than the numbers recommended by the Lothian Committee for the Provincial Legislatures would be acceptable. They hoped also that the British Government would reconsider the proportion to be

given to women as voters for the Federal Assembly."

Mrs. Rama Rao, speaking for the women's Association, recommended the enfranchisement of urban areas which would form a basis for later adult suffrage. Women would resist communalism altogether, and would even object to reservation of seats, if it meant racial division.

Some English women, at the same meeting, spoke up for India. Lady Hartog said that women were needed to emphasize the importance of education and medical aid for women and children. The Hon. Mary Pickford,

said that the *White Paper* proposals had not done justice to the claims of women. Mrs. Rathbone, M. P., said that, since the *White Paper* offered nothing more than the present meagre proportion, there should be at least reservation of seats for women, as a necessity for the advance of social reform.

Speaking at a meeting of the British Commonwealth League, Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur representing the All-India Women's Conference, said "that the women of India were inspired with the sole desire to point out the right road towards national solidarity, for which India was yearning and without which there would not be peace."

Later, the Raj Kumari, with Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi and Mrs. Hamid Ali, said at another meeting that they stood against the sex-bar in all rights to citizens; and that if they could not get adult suffrage, they wished that the women's vote should be based on simple literacy. We hear that the Indian woman's delegation in London refused to appear before any other body than the Select committee as a whole. They gave some reasons for their refusal, and there seems a possibility of their being satisfied, but not till October of this year.

2. Co-education.

One is glad to notice that the necessity for co-education is being emphasized by our leaders. Mrs. Subbaroyan in a speech of hers, averred that such would be a necessity for some years more, on account of the poverty of India. The Punjab University Union, we are told by the Hindu, reported that "not only would co-education terminate the inferiority complex, from which the Punjab student generally suffers when in the presence of ladies, but it would also get rid of the various represses and complexes, which have such a bad psychological effect. Co-education is the prime need of the moment"

In Bombay, co-education has been successfully carried on. (In Madras, it has not been such a success in the

colleges, for somehow, there have been difficulties of misunderstanding. The Mohommedans naturally are not for it, as reported by the Islamic research Institute. But the commission on Christian higher education in India has reported that co-education, as well as the other method, were needed, provided that there were women as well as men teachers, with the same privileges for both. If co-education does not teach boys and girls to mix happily fraternally together, what can? There will be dangers, but they must be risked. There is so much separation between the men and women in India that one recognised way at least must not only be tolerated, but also encouraged. It is not necessary to speak of the advantages of co-education; they are, or ought to be, well-known. All that remains is to allow it to be carried on; if not, what can be the use of throwing open equal vocations to women and men? A mutual understanding, if not to be wholly based on sex, must start from childhood, continue through youth, and last into maturity; then only will it be successful.

3. Protection of women and children.

Much work is being done in Geneva for the protection of women and children, as told us by their *News* series. The advisory Commission for this purpose met in its twelfth session lately. After drawing attention to the connection between the traffic in women and the existence of licensed houses in the Far East, and after examining reports on the campaign against this traffic, gratification was expressed at the progress made in Persia, Turkey, Egypt, the Sudan and Mexico. Then some heavier penalties, than at present existing, were thought of to be applied to traffickers.

Questions were considered of the early education and training of blind children, of better production of films for educating and amusing children, of the improvement of courts for juvenile offenders, of the better protection of illegitimate children, of the ameliora-

tion of the effects of the economic crisis on young people, and of the rendering of help to the children of itinerant works.

4. The Seva Sadan, Bombay.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the Seva Sadan society in Bombay is encouraging. We know that the object of the society is to "spread the gospel of social service and social work among women, especially women with means and leisure to bring them into contact with their less fortunate sisters, to create in the former a bond of sympathy for the latter, and thus to provide facilities for the Sevikas qualifying as lady missionaries for social, educational, medical and other good work on unsectarian lines." Various activities are tried to further this aim. In the educational department, the Marathi normal classes, the practising schools, the home education classes etc., give general enlightenment of various kinds. The *Industrial* section tries to provide work for poor women, as well as to teach them home industries. In the classes for embroidery, cooking, laundry, hosiery, and tailoring are about 150 women working. The *medical* department trains nurses and offers scholarships; the *social* side takes up visiting and relief work; while *Sevikas* or *sisters of service* are housed and trained in *Ashrams*.

The society's needs are, we are told: "(i) Immediate extension of residential accommodation and (ii) sufficient funds for a Marathi Primary School in connection with our Training Classes. The year has been one of very great anxiety and difficulty on account of the general political unrest, communal riots and unprecedented trade depression. Proposals for strengthening the teaching staff could not be carried out for want of sufficient funds. The primary School has suffered on account of want of proper accommodation, and far from pursuing a policy of expansion, we have been compelled to curtail our work and managed so far with the strictest economy and even retrenchment, wherever possible. Hence our earnest appeal to all to continue

the fullest measure of their generous support."

5. Women Teachers.

It is good to know that in modern days the importance of a training in teaching is being emphasized. As a daily paper said lately, "it is one thing to impart education in the old time-honoured manner, but entirely different to give it on the modern up-to-date scientific lines. If this is true of education in general, much more does it hold good in the case of primary education, which concerns itself with the training and moulding of the child-mind."

The child's view-point and way of thinking about a subject is generally absent from the minds of generality of our school masters, and mistresses. For the most part, the adult view is engrafted on the child-mind, which upsets one of the most rudimentary principles of primary education."

The training institute for women in Bombay, started within the last two years by the New Educational Society under the lead of Mr. Chakradev, seems to be making a success in women teachers. Forty-four women teachers under training, with a staff of twelve, covering thirteen subjects of the syllabus, is indeed a good result. Moreover, the help of two qualified teachers of the London University and a lady M.A. of Michigan has been gained, in addition to the work done by trained teachers of the Bombay University. We wish the institute all success.

6. Girls and Boys.

Are girls more intelligent than boys? That they are sometimes so is evidenced from what was reported in a Cawnpore paper about the results obtained at Christ Church College. Mr. S. C. Chatterjee, the Principal, said "let me turn your attention from the results obtained by the college as a whole to the highly creditable performance of the seven lady students who took the various examinations. That all of them passed leaves no doubt that, if only boys were the equals of girls in intelligence and industry, the staff of

this college could obtain cent per cent passes! At all events the fact that three of these girls, Miss Pramela Hoon, Miss Naja Unwalla and Miss Padmabai Rao, succeeded in obtaining second class marks in the intermediate examination after less than a year's preparation, whereas so many boys fail to obtain the bare minimum pass marks after spending full two years at college, is conclusive proof that the gentleman who proposed in the Legislative Council the other day that diplomas and degrees should be made cheaper for girls, was casting a perfectly undeserved slur on the competence of the fair sex."

7. Women in foreign countries.

The women's movement is advancing apace in *China*. Women are being made equal to men in law, in offices, and vocations, in churches and committees, in teaching and in business houses. "In 1901 a magazine was published in Tokyo advocating the rights of Chinese women. After the Revolution of 1911, women presented a petition to the Nanking Government asking for equal rights in government education and marriage and urging the abolition of the slave trade and concubinage. Their demands were not then heeded. In 1922 however, the women students of Peking organized the women's Suffrage Association and the Women's Rights League. These two associations spread quickly. They aimed at equality in government, education, marriage, property and inheritance and equal pay for equal work. Hunan first gave women equal rights and in 1921 elected a woman to the Peking Parliament.

During recent years women's organisations have increased rapidly. These have achieved most in Canton. In March 1927, for instance, 25000 women joined a public parade in that city. Women threw themselves enthusiastically into the Nationalist Movement. A few Nationalist cadet schools for girls were also established, in which girls received the same training as boys, and some girls were sent to Russia for training. The Y. W. C. A. co-operated with these women's movements in a

number of ways. Some reaction against and within this movement has appeared. But women in *China* are moving into a new social position. They are becoming articulate. The consciousness of their own solidarity has grown."

And lately women police have been appointed in *China*, in spite of much opposition.

In *France*, girls are ready to vote. The *Stri-dharma* mentions the comments of an American magazine writer; "For one thing", she says, "it is as much a matter of course to-day for the French girl as for the French boy to finish at the *lycee*, and it is usual to ask her: 'What do you plan to do after that?' for there is no longer the supposition that she will simply stay home and help mother. On the contrary she goes on now to some higher commercial school where she is trained to be some secretary to some important man and so must understand politics and commercial law; or she goes into the faculty of letters or medicine and takes her degrees with the intention of practising; or she enters the *Beaux-Arts* and competes for the *grand prix* on equal terms with the men.....The idea is beginning to be accepted that there is a new order of things."

In *Japan*, great changes have taken place. In the *Stri-dharma* is mentioned an article by Diane O'Connel, in which it is stated that in the last half-century, the usual "portrait of a highly decorative but also backward number of society is under-going a fade-out, in favour of an efficient person with a sound-headed will of her own, a composite of girl office-worker, sales-woman, telephone operator, teacher, nurse, factory worker and message girl."

"Women", Miss O'Connel explains, "have not yet been granted full political suffrage by the Japanese Diet, although they take a keen interest in politics and indirectly exert great influence. The Imperial Diet in 1920-21 repealed the clause in Article V of the public police regulations, which prohibited women from attending or holding political meetings. There are now numerous women writers and lecturers on social

and political problems, and in recent elections women speakers have been in great demand. Japan has five women suffrage parties, two quite large. The census of October, 1930, showed that there are 13,563,813 women and 13,730,000 men of voting age in Japan. The total population of Japan proper is 64,450,005-32,390,155 males and 32,059,850 females. The number of voters of both sexes are very close and fears have been expressed that the women might outvote the men, as Japanese women are very much in earnest and serious-minded about political affairs."

8. Women Drivers.

There are now half a million women drivers in Britain, of whom approximately 150,000 own their own cars. One motoring organization alone has 80,000 women members. All of this has come out since 1926. A girl of 28, driving a small six-cylinder British car of a make, which was popular some years ago but is now sold only in comparatively small numbers, was announced as the winner of the R.A.C. rally in Hastings.

An Indian Woman.

IN MAN'S REALM:

LIFE OF VYASA—THE SAGE

By Dr. H. W. B. Moreno.

The full name of Vyasa, the Sage, was Krishna Dwaipayana Veda Vyasa. He lived in India about 3000 B. C. It was he who composed the Mahabharata with the eighteen parvas or divisions, as well as a key to the Patanjali Philosophy. In the Bhagavadgita, he gives a complete outline of the religious philosophy of the East. He ranks as one of the greatest philosophers of the world. He was dark in complexion, hence he was sometimes called Krishna. He was born in an island or Dwipa, hence he was known as Dwaipayana; it was he who collected the Vedas together and divided them into four parts; and on that account he became famous with the title of Veda Vyasa.

The story recounts his birth as of heaven. It is stated that once an angel or Apsara named Adrika despised a Brahman, having herself received overtures from the Brahman; as a result, the Brahman became very angry and cursed her, decreeing that she would fall from heaven and be turned into a fish. Adrika begged for mercy from Indra, the king of Gods, at whose Court she had been appointed as a dancer. Indra decided that Adrika would be able to

re-enter heaven only after she had given birth to a child on earth. Thus Adrika was turned into a fish and was confined to the waters of the Jumna. It is said that certain fishermen caught this fish and when they had cut it open, they discovered a male and female child lodged inside. They brought the children before King Basu, who was their lord. He could not recognise who the children were, so he returned the female one to the head-fisherman, and kept for himself the male one. The little girl was named Matsyagandha. She was brought up by the head-fisherman, who was himself named Dasaraj. When the girl attained maturity, she was engaged in the occupation of rowing people across the river Jumna.

One day the sage Parasara, while crossing the river, fell a victim to the charms and beauty of the slender fish-girl. Instead of going across to the other side of the river, he ordered her to land him on the island in the midst of the river, and he persuaded her to stay with him. She lived with him for some time. Vyasa was born to them. Parasara departed with the new-born babe, deserting Matsyagandha there,

who continued in her solitude on the lonely isle. A few years later, Matsyagandha was seen by Santanu, a king of the lunar line, who ruled in Hastinapur. Santanu was charmed with her remarkable beauty and took her to him as his wife. Matsyagandha, now named Satyawati, bore two sons to Santanu, but she could never forget her first son Vyasa, and at times used to call aloud for Vyasa in the palace, in her fits of loneliness.

Meanwhile, Vyasa was brought up by his father Parasara in his hermitage, where he learned many Sastras or Scriptures, afterwards becoming the wisest and best of all the sages. He resolved then to write a book dealing with all the subjects of the world. He thought that the bulk of the volume would be very great, so he began to look about for a swift and ready hand who could follow his dictation. Brahma appeared then to Vyasa and instructed him to seek the assistance of Ganesha, the god with the elephant's head, who being an expert in the art of writing agreed to Vyasa's proposal, but stipulated as a condition that when he commenced to write with his pen he should not stop on any account; if Vyasa allowed his pen to rest even for a moment, he would desist from writing any more.

As there was no other suitable person available, Vyasa agreed to this condition, but in turn he made Ganesha agree to take down his dictation, only after he had fully understood the meaning of each stanza; so the two began. It is not possible for any body to compose a book without a pause, so Vyasa occasionally dictated some very difficult stanzas, the meaning of which Ganesha took some time to understand. Naturally the flow of the pen of Ganesha became less and less. While Ganesha delayed, Vyasa would compose mentally several other stanzas. In this way, Ganesha could never keep up with the sage. The difficult passages are known as "Vyasa Kutha" and many of them appear in the Mahabharata which Vyasa composed.

Vyasa's Mahabharata contains the

history of the kings belonging to the lunar line. He describes the great battle of Kurukshetra fought between the Pandavas and the Kurus. The Pandavas and the Kurus were cousins to one another. The Kurus usurped the kingdom of the Pandavas, hence the Pandavas declared war against the Kauravas and ultimately annihilated them at the end of the struggle, suffering themselves great slaughter in the onslaughts they made.

In some places Vyasa is described as taking sides in the affairs of the kings of the lunar line. He favoured much Yudhisthir, the eldest brother of the Pandavas and saved him from many disasters on several occasions. After the battle of Kurukshetra, the priests advised Yudhisthir to perform a Yajra (a religious sacrifice), in order to be saved from the effects of the sins caused by the deaths of so many men in the battle. When Yudhisthir found he had no means to meet the expense of the Yajna, Vyasa, understanding the dilemma, came to the place and stood before Yudhisthir. He indicated a place in the Himalayas to Yudhisthir, from where a large quantity of gold could be dug out, which had been stored there long before the battle of Kurukshetra. Later, when the Kaurava wives were very afflicted over the deaths of the Kauravas, Vyasa in order to console them showed them their respective husbands in the water of the lake Samanta Panchakain, by dint of his spiritual power.

In his old age, Vyasa became very proud of his learning as well as of his spiritual power. He heard that Annapurna, the Goddess of food, used always to be found in Benares, and because of her Benares had become the holiest place in India. It was said that the Goddess always arranged that food should be given to her worshippers there. Vyasa was a devotee of the Goddess and he was the friend of the Goddess. Annapurna became annoyed then at the supremacy of the Goddess and went to her to reprove her to her face.

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who continued in her solitude on the lonely isle. A few years later, Matsyagandha was seen by Santanu, a king of the lunar line, who ruled in Hastinapur. Santanu was charmed with her remarkable beauty and took her to him as his wife. Matsyagandha, now named Satyawati, bore two sons to Santanu, but she could never forget her first son Vyasa, and at times used to call aloud for Vyasa in the palace, in her fits of loneliness.

Meanwhile, Vyasa was brought up by his father Parasara in his hermitage, where he learned many Sastras or Scriptures, afterwards becoming the wisest and best of all the sages. He resolved then to write a book dealing with all the subjects of the world. He thought that the bulk of the volume would be very great, so he began to look about for a swift and ready hand who could follow his dictation. Brahma appeared then to Vyasa and instructed him to seek the assistance of Ganesha, the god with the elephant's head, who being an expert in the art of writing agreed to Vyasa's proposal, but stipulated as a condition that when he commenced to write with his pen he should not stop on any account; if Vyasa allowed his pen to rest even for a moment, he would desist from writing any more.

As there was no other suitable person available, Vyasa agreed to this condition, but in turn he made Ganesha agree to take down his dictation, only after he had fully understood the meaning of each stanza; so the two began. It is not possible for any body to compose a book without a pause, so Vyasa occasionally dictated some very difficult stanzas, the meaning of which Ganesha took some time to understand. Naturally the flow of the pen of Ganesha became less and less. While Ganesha delayed, Vyasa would compose mentally several other stanzas. In this way, Ganesha could never keep up with the sage. The difficult passages are known as "Vyasa Kutas," and many of them appear in the Mahabharata which Vyasa composed.

Vyasa's Mahabharata contains the

history of the kings belonging to the lunar line. He describes the great battle of Kurukshetra fought between the Pandavas and the Kurus. The Pandavas and the Kurus were cousins to one another. The Kurus usurped the kingdom of the Pandavas, hence the Pandavas declared war against the Kauravas and ultimately annihilated them at the end of the struggle, suffering themselves great slaughter in the onslaughts they made.

In some places Vyasa is described as taking sides in the affairs of the kings of the lunar line. He favoured much Yudhishthir, the eldest brother of the Pandavas and saved him from many disasters on several occasions. After the battle of Kurukshetra, the priests advised Yudhishthir to perform a Yajna (a religious sacrifice), in order to be saved from the effects of the sins caused by the deaths of so many men in the battle. When Yudhishthir found he had no means to meet the expense of the Yajna, Vyasa, understanding the dilemma, came to the place and stood before Yudhishthir. He indicated a place in the Himalayas to Yudhishthir, from where a large quantity of gold could be dug out, which had been stored there long before the battle of Kurukshetra. Later, when the Kaurava wives were very afflicted over the deaths of the Kauravas, Vyasa in order to console them showed them their respective husbands in the water of the lake Samanta Panchakain, by dint of his spiritual power.

In his old age, Vyasa became very proud of his learning as well as of his spiritual power. He heard that Annapurna, the Goddess of food, used always to be found in Benares, and because of her Benares had become the holiest place in India. It was said that the Goddess always arraigned that food should be given to her worshippers there. Vyasa was a devotee of the God Visweswar, the husband of the Goddess Annapurna; he became annoyed then at the supremacy of the Goddess and went to Benares to rebuke her to her face.

Vyasa had no food with him ; when however he became hungry, he went on begging from door to door in Benares, but none gave him alms, so Vyasa was forced to fast. The Goddess appeared before him out of pity, with plenty of food in her hand, still Vyasa did not acknowledge her supremacy. Annapurna became vexed at his behaviour and cursed him that he would not be able to bring down his arms to take any food within the reach of his mouth, so long he remained within the boundaries of Benares. Thus Vyasa passed a week in Benares in great distress. At last, he could not bear his sufferings and accordingly left Benares. He went to the other side of the Ganges and sat on the bank, where he began to worship his favourite deity Visweswar. Vyasa determined to create a greater and a holier place of pilgrimage there, where he rested.

When Vyasa was deeply engaged in worshipping there, by chance an old woman came and said aloud to herself : "I see here is a Sadhu worshipping ; this must be a holy place. Let me pass my remaining days here, so that I may be able to attain salvation." Vyasa hearing her words was very pleased with her and allowed her to remain there. After a while, the old woman said to Vyasa : "My son, can you say what will be my fate if I die in this spot?" Vyasa replied : "Mother! you will be able to attain salvation instantly after death, if you die here." The old woman requested Vyasa to speak aloud, as she was very hard of hearing. Vyasa

repeated his words louder, but she seemed unable to catch them. Vyasa became louder and louder, but still the old woman could not hear. His voice became hoarse with shouting, and at last he became very disgusted. With extreme anger he cried : "You will be an ass in the next life if you die here." The old woman was able to hear his words that time and said : "Then whoever will die here will be born as an ass in the next world. Is that so?" The angry sage replied : "Yes, yes, cannot you hear?" The old woman then was instantly transformed into the Goddess Annapurna and said : "Thy will be done." Vyasa instantly recognised her. His pride had to kiss the ground. He fell at her lotus feet and asked her pardon. Annapurna forgave him and said : "Henceforth this place will be known as Vyasa Kashi after your name. This place will be a holy place only for a day, when men will come here on pilgrimage, and the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year this place will be forsaken by them as an unholy spot. I have now no objection to your living in Benares." The Goddess disappeared and Vyasa returned to Benares to pass the remainder of his days there.

There is a tradition in Benares to this day that the spirit of Vyasa comes once in a year to Benares to take his bath in the Ganges and to see the Goddess.

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Per. K. P. P. TAMPY,

A WOMAN'S LOVE

By G. K. Pillai

Of all the phases of love, that which a woman has for her child is the noblest and best. That man who is blessed with a loving wife, who is also a happy mother, has indeed an ideal home.

A woman's love is a priceless gem: and the happiest woman is both mother

and wife. The more she shares her love with her dear ones, the more it grows and brighter, just as the steady flame of a tiny lamp helps to impart light to many torches.

"It is really wonderful," said a young mother to her friend, "I thought

I had given all my love to my husband, but now my little son has come into my life, and I love him so very, very much. I feel the little one has increased my love for my husband twofold."

"And I am so very much more happy," she continued ; "is it because my little darling is almost a reproduction in miniature of my husband?" And her face beamed with happiness.

A woman's self-less love, indeed, is the golden bond which binds, cherishes and ennobles a happy home.

Can there be a truer friend to man than the woman of his heart—let her be the mother of his childhood or the sharer

of his life's fortunes as his wife? A motherless childhood is a sad, sad thing; but the plight of a man without a wife to care, and be cared for, is indeed dreary and often terrible.

Here, I recollect an Eastern sage's words: "He that hath a loving ideal wife to rule his home, wanteth none beneath the sun, but without her, having all else, he truly hath none."

Sons, honour your mothers; husbands, honour, love and cherish your wives; for, whatever you are, or may be, please remember it is really "the hand that rocks the cradle that rules empires." And that is no mere figure of speech.



Wife: Oh, look! There were burglars in the house last night!"

Husband: "Yes, I knew. The idiots made such a row,

I couldn't sleep."

GOSHA LIBRARIES

The importance of encouraging women to read good books cannot be over-estimated. The usual complaint of an Indian woman is that she is too busy to read. She has a hundred domestic duties which take up all her time, and, even if she does happen to have an hour or two to spare, the children do not allow her to read. Every woman however should spare a little time a day for some quiet reading, in order to educate herself, and broaden her outlook on life.

Very often, women are unable to come in contact with good books, as they are too shy to go to public libraries to choose books. For this reason, every library should have a gosha section, where women can go without hesitation and choose what they want. A woman librarian can be in charge of this section. She should be well-educated, and have a good knowledge of the books in the library, so that she can give advice to readers, and guide them to read the best books.

The library should be stocked, not only with fiction; but with books on all subjects, especially those that are of interest to women, such as domestic science, good house-keeping, the psychology of the child, and other such

topics. Good biographies, books of travel and exploration, and essays and plays are also essential.

The reading-room should be well kept and clean, and possess comfortable chairs to sit on. Silence should be enforced and there should be all the modern women's journals and magazines, besides a few choice general ones.

It should be possible to circulate books, so that those women, who are unable to go to the library, can choose books at home from a well-kept, up-to-date catalogue.

It would not be a bad idea to have informal chats and debates at the library once or twice a week, conducted by enlightened women, or by well-known visitors to the town. Lectures and lantern or cinema shows could also be arranged.

The library movement is gaining rapid ground in India; but so far, there are very few gosha libraries. If each existing general library, therefore, made it a point to set aside a room for the use of women alone, the country would stand to gain a great deal. Such a scheme would be of special value in the mofussil.

An Indian Woman.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1. THE LITTLE MOUSE.

(A story)

Achyutan walked along gently by the sea-shore. The waves frothed and habbled gently at his feet, sometimes rippling over them, but he took no heed of them. The breeze blew softly on his uncapped head, ruffling his black curls, but he was not aware of it. All around him was the sweet beauty of nature kissed by the setting sun; but he did not

look at it. Or perhaps, he was conscious of them in his inside mind, and therefore it might be said that he looked somewhat happy. But on the surface he thought not of them at all.

He was happy indeed. He was young; he was good-looking; he was studying for the Intermediate, and was high in the favour of both masters and class-mates. He had good and rich parents and there was even a whisper that a marriage was being arranged for

him soon. But of the latter he felt rather shy, and somewhat avoided thinking of it, for as yet he felt no loneliness in his life.

Some distance ahead of him, he saw three figures sitting on the sand. Two of them were his friends, who were waiting for him; but who was the third?

The latter was a young zamindar, Sreenivasan by name, who was soon to join their college. Achyutan was inclined to like him at first sight; for he had a frank and bold face with a winning smile and buoyant look. But, on a second look, he thought he was too womanish, for his curved lips were red with betel; his locks were oiled and curled; his clothes were edged with a wide border of gold lace; he had a strong smell of *Attar* (scent) on him. Yet he spoke well; and the four friends were soon thick in argument about anything and everything, as youth is generally inclined to be.

Sometime later came a suggestion, which rather startled our young friend. Why did he keep himself so aloof from the town-people, asked Sreenivasan. No doubt, he was busy with his studies and sports, but he had no business to be so reserved. Why, he was losing all the joy of youth; and youth would pass soon. He was so clever and good-looking too. He was depriving his friends of the real pleasure of his company. Would he join them at a music-party that evening? He could be back home for the evening meal, and so satisfy his old parents. After all, was there a greater duty on earth than to honour one's elders?

So Achyutan went to the music-party, and he liked it. Later, he was drawn in to *nautch* parties, then to card-parties; gradually he began to indulge in rich food; slowly he grew accustomed to strong drinks. And so it went on, till he neglected his studies and lost his proud eminence in college.

A few months later, he was again walking by the sea, though how he had been allowed to go there, he did not know. He was so much in demand by his so-called friends. And he liked them and all his new-found pleasures. But

somehow he was glad to be away; for in his heart of hearts he was still a simple lad.

But what a different Achyutan he was now! The waves lapped softly at his feet, and he hated them for making him sticky with sand. The breeze blew gently on his head, but he cursed it for disarranging his perfumed hair; the scenery was beautiful around him in the soft light, but he thought only that it would soon be growing dark.

Suddenly, he was aware of a medley of voices ahead of him, somewhere beyond the bend in the shore, where the *casurina* tope came down close to the sea. A dog barked violently; gruff voices were raised in raucous laughter, and a boy's thin voice first protested in frightened tones, then rose into a scream.

Achyutan ran forward, and soon he came upon a scene, which enraged him. Some rough bullies were gathered round a small figure, whom they were pushing rudely hither and thither. They were even poking him with sticks and gently slapping him. Probably, it was all fun for them, but the child seemed to be terrified. Our friend rushed in, delivered a blow here and a push there, and soon had his little victim free. The boy held his hand tight with both his little trembling fists.

"Hullo, young Achyutan," cried a familiar voice. "What are you doing here, and, why so fierce?" "Hullo", cried Achyutan, recognising one of his friends of the card table. "What are you doing here?"

"Playing with this little man and teaching him to be brave. Did you think we were going to eat him?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. That's all I can say."

"Indeed? Just because we were teaching sense to this little whimpering brat? Was that why you landed me that blow just now?"

"I did not recognise you, as a matter of fact", replied Achyutan; "but I would have done the same, even if I had."

"Really? Well, don't forget that

SNAKE-BITE AND ITS CURE

(By a Journalist)

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

In Travancore there are different kinds of poisonous snakes and there are several doctors (native physicians *Visha Vaidyas*) too, who doctor snake-bite cases. Here is an account of a case of snake-poison successfully treated.

X-d is a genial old man of Travancore, a sound Sanskrit scholar and a good doctor, who sometimes practises Mantravadam (exorcism). He lives a very retired life in a small village in Travancore.

From early boyhood this man had a fancy for travel. When he was only 13, he left home in company with a former servant of the family. First he went to Guruvayoor, a place associated with many incidents of traditional celebrity and the Satyagraha centre of the present day, where he worshipped Lord Krishna. Then he went to Gokarnam, the limit of Parasurama's land; and here he fell in with a Nepalese *Yogi* (pilgrim), who with his disciples had been travelling down from the foot of the Himalayas. That very day a marvellous cure had been effected by the *Yogi*. The corpse of a wood-cutter, who had died from snake-bite had been stopped on its way to cremation. After satisfying himself that life, according to him, was not actually extinct, the *Yogi* had poured a few drops into the nostrils of the dead man and applied some restoratives, a few hours after which the man had recovered consciousness. The next day the supposed dead man was completely all right.

This incident made our young traveller resolve to follow the fortunes of the *Yogi*. For more than a year he accompanied the latter on his wanderings, doing all he could to secure his approbation, and at last he had

his reward. Before the *Yogi* finally left the Dekkhan, he called the young volunteer to his side and asked him to mention his dearest wish. One can easily guess what it was and after trying in vain to deter the young man from his purpose the sage initiated him into the mysteries of *Guruda Thrayakshara* and *Panchakshara*. X-d however was strictly enjoined on no account to accept remuneration for his services and not to cause needless suffering to the "poor" snakes.

The next few years of X-d's life were spent in perfecting himself in his art. Old *Grandhas* on the subject were hunted up; live snakes were charmed out of their holes and cure-experiments frequently made. At last, the matter reached the ears of his mother, who strictly ordered him not to practise this unholy art. For several years this interdict continued; but when at last he resumed practice it was with the hearty approval and the blessing of his mother; and this was how it happened. One evening a faithful old servant of X-d's mother was bitten by a snake and his case was reported to be hopeless. When the old lady heard of it, she ran to her son and asked him to take up the case and try his cure. He at once had the body brought to his own quarters and applied restoratives. A tender plantain sheath was brought and cut into the shape of a serpent with head, tail, etc. complete. This was laid over the body with the head just touching the wound. Mantras were recited and finally the doctor (X-d) took a knife and dealt the sheath three furious stabs. The man was then ordered to be taken home and left to sleep. The next day he was well and in two days he was completely all right. From that day the ban on X-d was removed and

with the good wishes of his mother and other elders he was left free to practise the art which he had been at so much pains to learn.

Thereafter, X-d devoted himself to his art with great success. News came from far and near and was brought to him. And rare indeed are those in which he has not been able to bring about a cure. He has attained to such perfection in his art that he is said to feel a sort of premonition of a new case, which would arrive at a particular hour. A few years ago, a friend of mine was an eye-witness to such. A number of people from Kumananellur, a small town near Kottayam in Central Travancore, arrived with the body of a man bitten by a snake at the landing place near X-d's house at night. X-d, expecting their arrival, had sent his servant to meet them with the message to return home at once as the man had died on the way. And true enough, when the body was examined, it was found that life had ebbed out. Such premonitions are based on a small treatise in verse called *Dhuta Lakshanam*, meaning literally "signs from the messenger". The age and caste of the messenger, the direction from which he comes, the first word he utters to the doctor, the then posture and attitude of the doctor and many more of such details which any man might ordinarily regard as worthless, are the data from which inferences are drawn. Diagnosis thus seems to proceed more from within than without. And yet one's scepticism meets with many a check in actual experience.

There are several different methods of cure, and there are seven or eight ancient treatises bearing on the subject, viz.,

*"Narayaneeyam Uddesam
Ulpalam Haramekhala
Lakshanamritam Ashanga
Hrydam Kalavanchakam"*

Of these, *Narayaniyam* and *Lakshanamritam* are the works generally followed in Malabar, though another

treatise not among the number, called *Jalaviktu*, also has a fair following. *Narayaniyam* is the most important of these. No counterpart in Sanskrit has hitherto been met with. And, as Malabar with its magic and its wonders, its serpents and serpent-groves, has been noted for snake-charming and snake-worship from the earliest times, it may fairly be presumed to be an indigenous work. It sets out with a classification of snakes into 4 *Varnas* and 8 *Yonies* and these into a hundred and twenty varieties.

The treatise then proceeds to describe the characteristics of the different kinds of snakes etc. Some of these *grandhas* are extremely rare, while probably the names alone of a few others have survived. *Jalaviktu* has been set in print, though copies are not generally available.

The methods of treatment prescribed in the above works come under the three classes, *Mantra* (exorcism), *Tantra* (making displays with the hand, e.g. the stabbing of the plantain-sheath described above), and *Oushadhi* (medicine). From an examination of the bitten part, the *Visha Vaidya* or doctor is able to judge the variety of the snake that caused the wound, the time that has elapsed since the bite, the size of the snake etc.,

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As regards the mantras and medicines alike, strict secrecy is enjoined and observed. Many of our snake charmers are known to possess special knowledge regarding the efficacy of diverse roots and herbs. Such knowledge becomes hereditary in the family. A remarkable aspect about our *Visha Vaidyas* is that they never receive remuneration for their services. The offer of a fee is regarded as an unmitigated insult and the acceptance a sin.

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FASHION NOTES

It is interesting to notice the vogues in fashion for different colours. Marvellous are the new tints now being used, and marvellous their several harmonious mixtures. *The Rangoon Times* tells us that it was a woman-designer, who hit on the idea of bestowing interesting names upon tones in materials.

I was told some years ago in England by an English lady that she loved the colours used by Indian women. They were deep and rich, and compared favourably with the cruder tints adopted in England soon after the war. But, the deeper colours are going out of fashion even in India; and in their stead are coming lighter tones. Sarees now can be had in lovely soft shades, for which, even while there is regret for the deeper tones, much can be said. These light colours with gold borders on them tend to give a peculiar youthful bloom even to older faces. And certainly, if they are worn with

proper combinations of colour, they are admirable. One is glad to notice, says the *Rangoon Times*, that red is coming back, not the deep red of old perhaps, but other pretty shades of it, such as the *Shanghai* red, which is like Chinese lacquer red; and *Pomegranate* red, which again is of two varieties, the colours of the ripe and the unripe fruit. These can be well mixed with shades of yellow and heliotrope. *Wheat-yellow* is the yellow of maize, and is a pretty shade. *Blue* is used in different shades from *light navy* to *deep-sea blue*. It is often mixed with white. *Grey* is a very favourite shade in the West; and it is a pity that it is not so well patronised in the East, as it is thought rather a mourning colour and too old for young people. But there are lovely tints of it. *Battleship grey*, *eel grey*, *cloud grey* etc., can be harmonised with harsher black or purplish-red and better still with tints of lavender, and of blue.

SISTER SUSIE.

BOOK NOTES

By a Book-worm

The Golden Boat; by Rabindranath Tagore (George Allen and Unwin, price 4sh. (d.))

There are thirty-three sketches here, which have been translated from the original, and which have appeared in the *Hindu Illustrated Weekly*, covering the period of fifty years of Tagore's writing-period.

"The sketches in this volume are of uneven quality. Some have the clarity and the firmness of outline of a crystal, others are casual and anecdotal. Tagore's fondness for the parable and his use of familiar symbolism are amply illustrated. But there are at least a dozen sketches here which have in them

something of the immortal quality of the world's great fables,—they are at once absorbing stories and profoundly revealing commentaries on the mysteries of life. The universal element in them comes home to us with a vivid particularity and at the same time with a convincing inevitability. It is not in all of these sketches that one finds this quality. Where the poet is merely venting a temporary irritation or attacking a social anomaly, one feels that the artist is merged and lost in the propagandist. But, taken on the whole, this little volume gives a fair idea of the range and intensity of the poet's extraordinary output."

Roerich; A monograph. (International Art Centre, 310 Riverside, New York city; price Rs 3)

This is a splendidly-edited and beautifully-bound volume, marked with the inspiring and significant sign of the International Art Centre of the Roerich Museum at New York. H. E. Prof. Nicholas de Roerich is a personality in the domain of modern art. This art is distinctly original. His delightful and decorative colour sense, fine sensitive drawing, exquisite finish, inner meaning, noble message, and above all his mystic glamour have won for him a seat of honour in the long galaxy of artists.

This book contains 63 reproductions, chosen from over 2000 paintings by Roerich. There is a universal appeal in all the paintings in this collection, which speaks to the heart of men. As has been expressed so well by Roerich himself, "The sign of beauty will open all sacred gates. Beneath the sign of beauty, we walk joyfully. With beauty we conquer. Through beauty we pray. In beauty we are united."

K. P. P. TAMPY.

Indian Land and Life pictures: by F. H. Rauleder. (B. M. Press Book Shop, Mangalore; price annas 8.)

Friederich Rauleder, the well-known German artist, who has settled down in Mangalore as the head of the Basel Mission Press, has to his credit a brilliant collection of excellent paintings, depicting typical scenes of rural life in India. The pictures are encased in an attractive wrapper which reveals the elegance of the printing done at the B. M. Press. One is enabled to get a bird's eye view of a representative Indian village from Rauleder's Paintings.

K. P. P. TAMPY.

Purdah; The status of Indian women; by Frieda Hausworth (Mrs. Sarangadhara Das) (Kegan Paul, London; 10sh. 6d.)

This is one of the books, which cannot be treated lightly because

written by a foreigner about India. The authoress who is married to an Indian, has had much acquaintance with Indian life, and writes sympathetically and with understanding. She does condemn some aspects of life; but she also admires others, especially the charm of the Indian woman. Some of her strictures apply more to North India than South India. Her prayer for the emancipation of women is a stirring one;

"Only by setting their women free and opening wide to them the door to absolute self-determination in all forms of expression and development, by restoring to them their Vedic status, the unrestricted use and training of all bodily, mental, and spiritual faculties both in the home and in society, will Indian men be able to achieve their own personal emancipation. Only free adult girls will be able to become true mates and balanced mothers, break through the vicious circle of mis-directed emotional and psychic strength, and in addition restore the wasted physical forces of the Hindu race."

Hindu Heaven; by Max Wyllie (Gollancz; 7sh. (d.))

It is rather sad that novels of Indian life are mostly written, if written at all, by foreigners, who, after only a slight acquaintance with India, think they know all about it. The angle of vision presented by them, is very often all wrong. In the book in question, the hero is said to love Indians, but his love is that of a grown-man towards children. He calls them "a race of incorrigible children, children still living back from the turnpike of the world's progress; children with the transparent deceits of children and their persistent lies, with their prattling and their tattling and their botched box of paints, their imaginary heroisms and their incredible conceits." We certainly do not wish ourselves represented in this wise; nor do we wish to have any thing to do with clever "pathological studies", which yet show very little of true and instinctive sympathy.

Form-room plays for girls; by E. R. and L. W. Farraday. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London.)

A good book, well-written, well-arranged, with plenty of stage, costume and music directions. There are also plays of Eastern countries, some of which, however, are exaggerated. It is time that an Indian thought of writing a book of this sort for Indian girls.

Infants and children - their feeding and growth; by F. H. Bartlett, M. D. (Farrar and Rinehart; \$ 1'50)

This book is meant to guide a mother in the daily care of her baby, chiefly in the methods of prevention of illness.

Child Psychology; by B. J. Johnson (Charles C. Thomas, \$ 4'0).

Here is gathered "valuable psychological material on basic problems in child development", useful material for a text-book in college courses on child psychology.

Building a girl's personality; by R. S. Cavan and J. T. Cavan (The Abingdon Press, \$ 1'50.)

"Written from the standpoint of social psychology, but with a sane and balanced outlook derived from many years' experience, the authors make us see what the situation is in which the modern girl finds herself—in relation to her family, her friends, her beaux, her school, her job, her church and her community; and they suggest ways of helping that girl achieve an integrated personality, with a sustaining philosophy of life and standards and ideals, not too much at variance with the rest of the world, but commensurate with her own personality and convictions."

(The last three books mentioned here are advertised in *The Parents' Magazine*, 4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago, Ill.)

Shadowy Bricks; by M. E. Frances Bellerby (Richard Clay and Sons, Blackfriars House, London E. C., 6sh.)

This is a novel, which describes how to develop the natural capabilities of children of various classes.

Why I like Compton Mackenzie's books.

"Compton Mackenzie is my favourite author," writes Mr. Leland J. Berry. "As a novelist he stands, in my opinion, head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries, for, unlike Mackenzie, they are not true entertainers."

In the long range of his books are characters that exist vividly in the mind's eye; Jenny Pearl, the immortal Major Knat, Miss Mamie Pepworth - Norton, Sylvia Scarlett and Olympia Leigh, are but a few of his delightfully-drawn characters.

Mackenzie moves along a path of his own choosing in pursuit of romance both real and legendary. He hates with uncompromising hate the soul-less industrialism of modern life. But, with it all, he never attempts to force his opinions down one's throat; rather he airs his own views, and etches his own pen pictures, with the sure philosophy of his own magnificent egoism, that allows other people to believe exactly what they like.

But the vitality of the man! It is apparently ceaseless and tireless. It both pushes him onward and holds him back, pushes him on through spurring his ambition to greater obligations, and holds him back because many other critics and contemporary writers regard his vitality as frivolity and have no hesitation in saying so. But I love the sheer indomitable courage of Mackenzie. I feel that he is pointing a way to a lovely world that is fast being left behind by the new world of commercialism.

Lakshmi Bai, (A Malayalam Ladies' Magazine)

'Lakshmi Bai' is a monthly Magazine published from Trichur under the Editorship of that veteran Journalist, Mr. V. Narayana Menon of

Vellakkal House, Trichur. The Journal was started 28 years ago and the number on the table is the '1st issue of Volume 29. The Journal was started in memory of the late Rani Lakshmi Bayi C. I. of Travancore and it is being patronised by the leading men and women of Malabar. Though several Malayalam magazines devoted to the cause of women in Malabar were started in these parts, only very few are seen now-a-days to appear regularly and punctually. To conduct a decent magazine in the present state of journalism is indeed uphill work; but the conductors of this Malayalam Ladies' Journal

deserve to be congratulated on the success they have achieved so far. The present number as usual, contains a number of very interesting readable matter and it maintains its level of literary excellence. There are some excellent story writers to this magazine and almost every issue contains interesting short stories, which, if collected and published in book form will be much appreciated by the Malayalam-speaking community.

The annual subscription is only Rs. 2/- per annum and copies can be had of Mr. V. Krishna Menon, Trichur.

OBSERVATIONS

By Maithili

1. Marriage.

It is all very well to talk of the necessity and the advantages of advance. One forgets the disadvantages and the drawbacks of it. Take the question of married life for instance. There is no doubt that the modern world is turning against it. It has no hold in Russia now. In other countries it is shied at often. Yet perhaps one is wrong in saying that marriage is not advocated now-a-days. It is indeed; but not the marriage of olden times, which used to last for eternity. In modern times, it too often ends in divorce, separation and freedom to seek a new alliance. Is this the marriage Christ spoke of? No. Yet the difficulties of married life are many. Even in the nineteenth century, with its honest Victorians conventionalism, the troubles of matrimony were by no means minimised. Even further back, we have people writing against it. In an article in the *Hindu*, I have come across some quotations from authors, who were doubtful about married life. Socrates, Montaigne, Dr. Johnson, Steele denied the possibility of a perfect marriage. Jeremy Taylor said: "Marriage hath

in it less of beauty and more of safety than the single life; it hath more care but less danger."

It is not a mere platitude to aver that the secret of a perfect marriage is love and mutual understanding. As Rousseau said, "If only one could prolong the joy of love in marriage, we should have paradise on earth. That is a thing which has never been seen hither-to." Too true alas! In the West, love or what is called love, comes before marriage; it often passes away after it. In the East it develops after marriage; sometimes it may never come at all. Which is preferable? I certainly advocate the former, for, transient as it may be, it carries a bliss and a beauty about it, which can never be obtained in the latter, even with its sound basis of companionship.

I was interested to read that an experiment in marriage is being made at Indianapolis. Appalled at the increasing divorce rate, a few rare spirits have gathered together and instituted a course in marriage at Butler University, meant for unmarried as well as for married people. It is not meant, of course, to control love, but to make

married life happy. "Marital happiness," said Dean Bailey, explaining his theory to the *Indianapolis Times*, "is not a matter of sentiment, but a matter of knowledge, ideals, ethical control. We will seek to present a realistic, scientific, and intelligent attitude toward the whole subject of modern marriage with the hope that such an attitude may carry over into future legislation dealing with marriage and human relationships within the family group."

2. Women's Conferences.

All honour to women's conferences, the theories they advance and the resolutions they set forward. They help to formulate public opinion, without which indeed nothing public can really be accomplished. Moreover, the conference in each unit helps to bring that unit into line with other units. They encourage the new spirit of progress among women. "In recent years, the placid waters of the lives of women of India have been stirred by a current of anxiety to emerge from obscurity. Wedded as they have been for ages to obsolete and antediluvian ways and methods, it is no wonder that they are now animated by a new spirit and are demanding the recognition of their rights and the removal of their social disabilities. It is a healthy sign betokening a healthy progress."

Conferences and committees exist for guiding and training women in social and public work. Moreover, it is by the help of conferences that individual worth is recognised and encouraged to participate in co-operative methods. Finally, conferences intensify the ideals of service, which ought to be the aim of every public work undertaken.

But, all conferences must remember that theories alone are not of much use, unless practice is enforced, and that worthily.

3. An ideal type.

In the *Indian Review*, I came across the following description of Uma, the heroine of Kalidasa's *Kumarasambhava*;

and I thought to myself what an ideal type it would be for our women. There may not always be the beauty of Uma; but there can be the charm, the dignity, the modesty, and the beauty of character. Her soul was 'like a star and dwelt apart'. "She was a goddess and yet how human in her thoughts, feeling and actions, with all the bashfulness, tenderness and delicacy of a woman! The story of her love has a spiritual meaning which we miss in the loves of heroines elsewhere in literature. She is the child of the towering Himalayas, and the divine Mena. From her father she inherited high-soaring spirit and snow-like purity, and from her mother enchanting beauty and capacity for meditation and penance. She was brought up amidst the beautiful and sublime scenery round about the Himalayas and her beauty of form and feature was moulded and perfected by the sights and sounds of Nature, in the midst of which she lived and had her being. Her face combined the loveliness of the moon with the beauty of a lotus. Her neck was so wondrously graceful that it was difficult to say whether the pearl necklace encircling it lent beauty to it or the neck imparted beauty to the necklace. The beauty of her long, arching brows put to shame the beauty of the bow of the god Cupid. Her hair was so magnificent that the female Chamari deer, on seeing her tresses, would undoubtedly have slackened their love for their hair, if lower animals were endowed with a sense of shame. Her feet, while walking, had the ever-shifting beauty of land-lotuses. She passed her childhood in happy freedom on the sands of the Ganges."

4. Pleasure for orphans.

All over England we have been hearing of voluntary contributions towards expeditions of orphan children to sea-side resorts and other places, where they could have a little happiness and fresh-air recreation. I have always thought this a great idea, and I am glad the Madras Rotary Club has been organising outings for the children of the civil orphan asylum. Why should not our Indian poor children, as

the Hindu said, be helped in the same way by Indians. There are many of us, who do much towards the entertainment of well-to-do people, to show appreciation of their philanthropy. As the Bible says, "To him that hath not much shall be given." But can we not reverse this saying and help poorer people, especially the dear little ones of the street. How they would love it; and

after all the cost will not be much, just a few Indian sweets, and a bus to take the children out. And I would advise that this be done independently, and not through child-welfare homes; for, after all the latter have their own patrons. No doubt, the welfare homes will minimise trouble; but let us not mind a few extra difficulties to achieve our purpose.

GRAMAPHONE NOTES

By Leland J. Berry

It would hardly be surprising if, under existing conditions, the level of gramophone music had dropped to a purely commercialised basis, but it is encouraging to see that, actually, a generous leaven of the classics is to be found in the monthly lists. We learn that at the Darlington Musical Festival Mr. George H. Williams String Quartet won the first prize in their section with a performance of the *Beethoven Quartet* in F major (Op. 18, No. 1).

A very welcome addition to the recorded Caesars of music is his *Symphonic Variations* for piano and orchestra on Columbia this month, in which Gieseking plays the solo part, with the support of Sir Henry J. Wood and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The work is on two Columbia records, (LX 192-LX193).

With their pre-eminence as exponents of chamber music, the Lener String Quartet enter the Columbia list this month with the famous slow movement from *Schubert's* greatest quartet, *Death and the Maiden*, so-called because the variations of the slow movement are founded on some phrases of the song of this name, which was composed some four or five years before.

The full beauty and variety of Solomon's piano art is conveyed in his latest Columbia record of *Liszt's* 15th *Hungarian Rhapsody* and Chopin's

Polonaise in A (Op. 40), (DX441)

Up to now we have only heard that tenor "discovery" of Columbia, Charles Kullman, in ballads of popular character, so it is interesting to find him in his first grand opera-recording—a field in which he actually made his name and fame with the Berlin public. The disc contains two well-known grand opera songs—*All Hail Thou Dwelling* (from Act 3 *Faust*) and the "*Flower Song*" (From Act 2 of *Carmen*) (DX442).

The new March record on Columbia by the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, embraces the church settings of *Psalms 15 and 84* (K. J. Pye), 19 (Hopkins and Sir Walford Davies), and 81 (M. Boyle), and forms one of the most beautiful records of the kind yet issued. No sacred recordings have ever created so profound an impression as these by the famous Choir of St. George's in the Windsor Chapel, the acknowledged fount of cathedral music at its best (DX 443).

We have had a number of fine recordings from pupils of Tobias Matthay; now we have the master himself playing two of his own compositions on a Columbia record. This record is of immense importance, since it perpetuates in practice the famous theories of touch, tone and technique, expounded for half a century by the greatest English teacher of the piano. The items played by Tobias

Matthay are: *Prelude and Bravura* (from a "Suite of Studies"), *Twilight Hills* and *Windsprites* (from a collection entitled *On Surrey Hills*) (DX444).

The announcement by Columbia this month of an album containing Massenet's opera, *Manon*, will give delight to opera lovers who have longed for more frequent performance and closer acquaintance with this romantic work. Mlle. Feraldy was selected to take the title role. The famous *Dream Song* of Act I, with M. Rogatchewsky, in which Feraldy's lovely, liquid voice is heard at its best, is a notable example of the many beautiful airs in this work.

In support of her is a cast composed of the principals of the Paris Opera and Chorus of the Opera Comique, with the Orchestra conducted by Elie Cohen. *Manon* is contained in a free art album with French libretto and English supplement, giving cast, story of the opera and notes on the records. The numbers of the opera, complete, are LX202 to LX219—complete for £5 5s Od.

"*Song Carnival of 1932 stars*" one of the new Columbia records this month—presents twelve of the year's best popular songs, sung and played by famous stars. Thus we actually have Flanagan and Allen in their *Underneath the Arches* song; Peggy Wood in *She didn't Say Yes*; Albert Sandler and His Orchestra in *Paradise*; the Carlyle Cousins in *Auf Wiedersehen* and *The clouds will soon roll by*, not to mention Dan Donovan, who sings two songs, and the Debroy Somers Band, which plays throughout (DX432).

A real novelty in records is always refreshing and we have this in a new Columbia issue by Malcolm McEachern (who is Mr. Jetsam in *Flotsam and Jetsam*). Considerable fun is created by Mr. McEachern's bass against a bassoon, the vehicles being specially written versions of the old songs *My Grandfather's Clock* and *Lucy Long*. While adhering to the tunes we know so well, McEachern has treated them as humorous paraphrases and the result is both novel and delightful (DB1017).

It was a clever idea of Henry Hall to select all the sweet-hearts of the

songs of yesterday and combine them in one melodious whole, as he has done. We have *Sweet-hearts of Yesterday* on Columbia, with Mr. Hall directing the B. B. C. Dance Orchestra. No less than seventeen sweet-heart tunes, including *My Old Dutch* and *My Pretty Jane*, are packed into this 10 inch record, and in presentation they form one of the best-recorded performances this popular artist has given us (DB1030).

When Columbia issued the first record by the boys of St. Mary of the Angels Choir School, everyone marvelled that boys from the slums of London trained for such a short space of time, could give such infinitely sweet notes and excellent enunciation. Now, they have made a further record to delight the ears and touch the heart with the freshness of their singing—five old songs, the titles of which are *Bluebells of Scotland*, *My love's an Arbutus*, *Won't You go My Way*, *Clear the Track* and *The Drunken Sailor* (DB1027).

There are two interesting new cinema organ recordings on Columbia—one of *Classical Fragments*, the other of waltzes based on old music-hall airs. Sidney Torch is responsible for the first. He has one of the greatest cinema organs in Europe at his command, and he makes full use of it.

Terance Casey plays the other record. *Waltzland*, He has taken ten popular old melodies, (*There's a Long, Long Trail* and *Let the Great Big World keep Turning* are included) and has transformed them into waltzes (DB1010).

All the world knows Lionel Tertis as the supreme exponent of the viola, and music lovers owe a vast debt to the gramophone for the fact that in this instrument alone the art of this celebrated player is available a thousand times more often than it is possible to hear him in person. Two little gems by Wolstenholme — *The Answer* and *Allegretto* — which form the subjects of a new Lionel Tertis record, display that luscious tone that Tertis alone seems to produce (DB1022).

Albert Sandler and his picked team of musicians stand easily first as wireless favourites. They can always be

relied upon to give us tasteful renderings of light orchestral music, and *Rosa Mia* with *The Fairies Gavotte* announced by Columbia, are delightful examples of their polished execution.

There are not many songs in English balladry finer than *Passing By*, which the late E. C. Purcell (no relation to the great Henry Purcell) may justly claim to have made him famous. Dennis Noble has sung it with exquisite tenderness, and apart from his flawless diction, his sustained note is really lovely. On the reverse side he sings Somervell's refreshingly sweet *Gentle Maiden*, a fitting companion.

Charles Penrose and Company are spreading miles of smiles with their latest Columbia concoctions, *Laugh and You'll Feel Grand* and *Let's Laugh Together, Mike*. The very tunes seem

to be amused in these side-splitting laughter songs DB1021.

C. B. Cochran's latest musical show *Mother of Pearl* (Delysia is the mother, Pearl her daughter), has created a furore up North, and is now setting up fresh, triumphal records. Its principal numbers, *Every Woman Thinks She Wants to Wander* and *When Any-body Plays or Sings*, have been done in dance form on Columbia on two records. There is also a beautifully-played selection of *Mother of Pearl* by the Debroy Somers Band, introducing eight tunes from the show.

The Columbia Company report that, according to record sales, the popular songs enjoying the greatest vogue today are *Let's put out the lights please*, *I don't want to go to bed*, *Balloons*, *Her Name is Mary*, and *Brother, can you spare a dime?*

CINEMA NOTES

It is pleasing to note that *Karma*, the first Indian talking picture to be made in English, was fairly well-received in England. Miss Devika Rani, the daughter of the late Lt. Col. M.N. Choudhari, I. M. S. is well-known in society and admired for her upholding of Indian tradition; and it is interesting to note that women like her are actually showing themselves in public and on the cinema screen. Truly our women are advancing, and in the right direction too. Time was when even Western women found it hard to appear on the stage. Some months ago, an article in the *Madras Mail*, reviewing the origin and progress of the Madras Dramatic Society, mentioned the time when "the ladies on whom the society most relied, expressed their inability to appear in public", thus forcing the witnessing of dramatic performances to be limited only to a select audience. This is why perhaps stage names were adopted by women, while men appeared under their own names.

Miss Devika's views about film-acting are worth quoting.

"Film acting is a new form of art in itself, besides combining so many other arts; and I suppose I may claim that I have always lived in surroundings, where art was regarded as a natural part of every-day life. When I was quite young I learned much about religion and philosophy and literature. But my heart was in music and painting and dancing. I studied all three, and was fortunate enough to travel extensively in Europe with my father, and was thus able to learn something about the art of other countries. I believe my own medium of self-expression, or perhaps I should say that which suits me best, to be the screen, and particularly the talking picture. The film is less restricted than the stage. You can switch from scene to scene in the twinkling of an eye. You can do in five seconds what it would take half a dozen scene-shifters five minutes to do on the stage."

In reviewing the criticism on *Karma*, one is somewhat struck by the divergent views expressed. One paper remarks: "Mr. Rai has succeeded only

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in his secondary intention. The romance moves stiffly and at certain points would gain by sharper definition of the issues at stake; the dialogue is altogether too formal for a tale which is nothing if it is not a tale of passion. Once or twice attempts creditable in themselves are made to give needed increases of momentum to the narrative, but the devices used are generally wasted for want of timely preparation. Miss Devika Rani is a princess who, for all her grace, never fully persuades us that she is in love, but she like most of the actors is handicapped by having to speak English. They give the impression of having rehearsed sentence by sentence. Their pronunciation is wonderfully correct, but spontaneity is too high a price to pay for correctness."

On the other hand another paper says, "The picture was enthusiastically received by critics and public alike, and they are unanimous in their opinion that India has produced in the person of Devika Rani a screen star whose performances in *Karma* could not have been improved upon by any of the established favourites of Europe and Hollywood. Indeed her charm and delicate acting reveal artistic genius. The attractions of the film are varied, but not the least among them is the charming part played by Miss Rani, portraying to a high extent the subdued culture and delicate reserve of the Indian wife immersed in deep grief.

One gathers from this difference of appreciation that the mentality of Indian women has not yet been properly estimated by the world. Those, who are all for modern progress, find her rather old-fashioned, conventional and stilted in public; those who are apt to hold back a little, find her admirable. To the former, she would appear not advanced enough; to the latter she is just right. I am glad, however, that this fact shows that our Indian woman has a definite personality of her own, which rather stands out from the general. I hope that she will retain this exclusiveness in a way and not completely swim with the tide. At the same time, she must be careful not altogether to swim against it, if she

is to maintain progress. Modern advance may not be all that may be desired; but it is advance and that often in the right direction.

The opinion of Joan Crawford, one of the cinema stars, on the modern girl is worth quoting.

"I think I know modern girls rather well, I have dined with them, worked with them, golfed with them. They have told me their secrets and I have told them mine. They are very frank. They do discuss things that weren't much talked about some years ago. They 'pet' more openly than was the custom in mother's day. They are 'wise', undoubtedly. They come to know the facts of life very early. But this last fact is undoubtedly their greatest protection.

"Your modern girl may talk a lot about the 'new freedom', but when it comes down to action, she dreams of the 'one lover' even more definitely than did the girls of forty years ago. And, because she knows life, she cannot be surprised by lies and falsehoods as was the frequent occurrence in a day when girls' minds must be kept free from truth at all costs! Too little knowledge brought a lot of heartaches in the old days, which girls are being spared to-day."

The nineteenth birthday of Paramount Studios, which has just been celebrated, brings back many old memories, writes L. J. Berry, to all those who remember the early struggles of the film companies.

At the end of 1913, Paramount began its first motion picture in an old barn in Hollywood. It was called THE SQUAW MAN, and the company was then known as the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Corporation.

Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille, who has just produced the million dollar spectacle, The Sign of the Cross, had organised the film company a short time before in New York and decided on the particular picture because Lustin Farnum had just finished a starring tour in it. They put up 5,000 dollars each and offered Farnum a third interest in

the organisation for his services but he chose rather to take a weekly salary. The third partnership, therefore was taken up by Samuel Goldwyn.

With the Company's capital, De Mille went to Hollywood and rented a citrus grove, and the barn on the small ranch became the studio headquarters. When Paramount moved its studios to the present site in Marathon Street, the old barn went as well and now occupies a place of honour.

"A remarkable idea is to be used in the filming of Rouben Mamoulian's new picture, *The Song of Songs*. Most of the action takes place in a medieval castle and series of sets will harmonise with the great variety of emotions experienced by Miss Dietrich as the heroine of the famous Suderman novel. One might almost say that the story is told in scenes.

The castle is perched on a rock surrounded by a moat and guarded by heavy gates and iron portcullis. Gloomy courtyards and dimly-lit rooms continue the depressing mood of the set.

The other sets are wedded to different emotions in the same way. The girl's lover, in the beginning, is a struggling young artist, but his unpretentious workshop in a sordid street is a land of enchantment to the girl, because of her happiness. Similarly when, after her father's death the girl goes to live with her slatternly aunt in a poor

quarter of Berlin, the scene changes and becomes the epitome of drabness.

It is surprising to note how much screen actors have sometimes to suffer. In *For the love of Mike*, there is a long and arduous struggle between four characters for the possession of a vase which contains a valuable paper. From a light-hearted *Rugger scrum*, the action developed into a dance and stern chase terminating in a watery victory for one side and defeat for the other. Harcourt Brooks, as the gardener, was handicapped by handcuffs which dangled from one wrist. After a series of falls, the bracelets chafed his wrist sorely, and to prevent further bruising an invisible bandage was fastened beneath the steel band. Hal Gordon, as the village constable, was the chief sufferer. He had to submit to a hearty kick on the shin, which he minded not at all until the padding he had fixed slipped at the critical moment. Later, he had to run with Bobby Howes astride his shoulders, execute several comedy falls, ending finally fully dressed in eight feet of water. Exhaustion was one of his chief discomforts at the completion of the scenes. Arthur Riscoe, as the ally of Bobby Howes, who is starring in this film, had to submit to a blow on the head, with a 'property' vase.

However all three sufferers cheerfully declared it "was all in a day's march", and were "on the set" first thing the following morning.

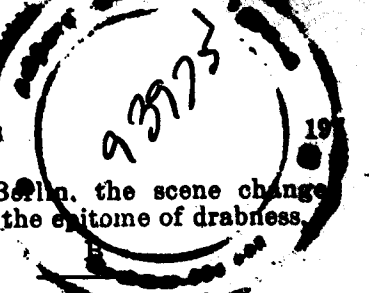
NEEDLE WORK NOTES

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