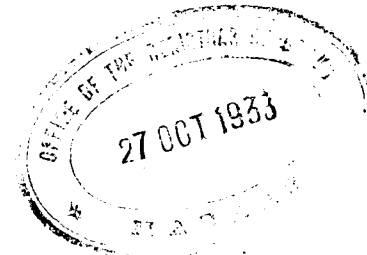
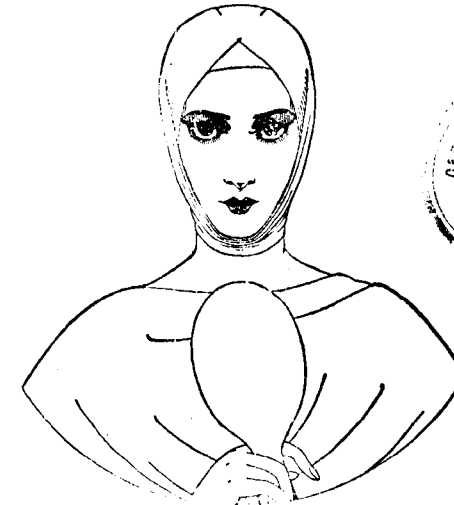


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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol:—VI.

No. 5

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CONTENTS

	Page.
The Garland—Verses—Susi David	201
Dr. Maria Montessori—An Outstanding Personality	202
Is not Woman superior to Man?—Prithi Chand Bhatia	204
Editor's Note—The place of women	207
Life and Death—Verses—Herbert Porter	210
Kanya-Kumari—K. Gomathy Amma	211
Primary education in India—S. Mallaparajatarao	213
Our Serial Story—Detective Janaki—Chapter VII.—K. S.	215
The Old London shows—Miss Fitzgerald	221
Dr. Annie Besant	223
The Cleavage—Susi David	224
The Burglary—A Story—T. K. Venkataraman	225
Buying and Selling—A Sketch—Kamalini	228
What Next?—Rohini	230
Indian Dancing	231
In the realm of Women	233
Y. W. C. A. Notes—Emily Kinnaid	236
Our Children's Pages—(1) A story; (2) A catechism; (3) A game; (4) A letter to our young people	238
Our Fashion Suggestions	240
Book notes—a book-worm	241
Observations—Maithili	242
Cinema Notes	243
Household Hints—Paddy	244
Needle-Work Notes	245
Acknowledgments—for August and September	246
Malayalam Section	248
Telugu Section	254
Tamil Section	258

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

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

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DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

AN OUTSTANDING PERSONALITY

Dr. Maria Montessori needs no introduction to the practical pedagogic world. She belongs to Italy, the country that has contributed not a little towards the culture and civilization of the West. She is well-versed in medicine also and was an assistant doctor at the "Psychiatric Clinic" of the University of Rome, which was engaged in treating feeble-minded children. For two years she was in this institution and became interested in idiots. A special method of education had been devised for them by a Frenchman named Edward Seguin. Madame Montessori found herself so interested that at last she gave up her hospital duties and devoted her attention entirely to a study of it. She began to put Edward Seguin's methods into practice, and tried her own original ideas also. Her first set of defective children, after receiving education under her guidance, was sent up for an examination, which was also attended by normal children from various schools. The 'idiots' passed the test and Madame Montessori was surprised, not because her feeble-minded ones had got through the test, but because the average intelligent children had not displayed any more intelligence than their unfortunate brothers and sisters. She was convinced that there was something wrong with the education of normal children. Before long, she wanted to try the same methods of teaching for them as well. Her argument was that if any particular method of teaching could succeed in developing the intelligence of feeble-minded children, it ought to develop the intelligence of ordinary ones with more satisfactory results.

The Italian government was then reconstructing the tenements of the working classes of Rome and Madame Montessori was asked in 1906 to organize infant schools in those buildings. This was her opportunity. Those infant schools within the tenements were the first fruits of her experience, her wide reading and originality. She called them "Children's Houses." They became so popular with the working-classes and so useful, that before long her plan was adopted almost all over Italy for the education of infants. To-day, not only

Italy but all civilized countries, have adopted the 'Montessori Method' wholly or partially. Dr. Montessori is still carrying on experiments and if there are any defects in the present system, they are sure to be remedied.

Dr. Montessori contends that no system of education can achieve its end without an individual study of the child to begin with, on the part of the instructor. All her teachers are women, and she is of opinion that women are by nature well adapted to handle little ones, an opinion that is confirmed by all educationalists. Instructresses should not only get well-acquainted with child-psychology, but should also possess a scientific spirit. They must carry out little psychological experiments and anthropological observations. They must observe the children under their care, before doing anything in the way of educating them, and in this they are to be guided by their study of character.

The school is within the house. The education is entirely free and, once a week at least, mothers are invited to talk with the Instructress, giving her information concerning the home-life of the children, and receiving helpful guidance from her. Careful monthly records are kept of the height, weight, head and chest measurements, conditions of the eyes, teeth, hair, muscles and of every other important physical condition with respect to each child. By such means and with the help of a permanent physician attached to the 'house', the health of the children is safeguarded. Any tendency to rickets, defective sight, and other early weaknesses are easily detected, while personal cleanliness, proper feeding, and correct deportment are insisted upon from the earliest years.

The furniture and environment of each one of the Children's Houses, are simple, attractive, and comfortable. There is an open space near each school, so that children may be free to go out and come in as they like through-out the day. Desks, benches, and stationary chairs do not find a place there. Instead, we find small tables, firm but light, so that little children can easily carry them about. Similarly, there are little

attractive chairs and arm-chairs. There are wash-stands also in the Children's Houses, placed so low that they can be used even by a three-year old child. There are little white-enamelled basins, pitchers, side-shelves for the soap-dishes, nail-brushes tooth-brushes, towels, etc. The didactic materials, specially invented by Dr. Montessori for the sense-training of the children, are kept in small cupboards, and their tops provide space for potted plants, small aquariums and various toys. The black-boards are hung in such a way that even the smallest child can use them, and they have small cases attached to them for chalk-pieces.

Dr. Montessori believes that discipline must come through liberty and there is the greatest freedom for children under her methods. The only limit to the child's liberty is the collective interest of the Children's House. It should not offend or annoy others; but all the rest of its activities are not only permitted, but carefully observed by the teacher. Spontaneous movements are not arrested, nor are arbitrary tasks imposed for the sake of discipline. According to Dr. Montessori, the chief aim of the teacher should be "to discipline children for activity, for work, for good, not for immobility, not for passivity, not for obedience. A room, in which children move about usefully, intelligently, and voluntarily, without committing any rough or rude act, would be a classroom very well disciplined." The Instructress is to help children to learn to walk without assistance, to run, to go up and down-stairs, to dress and undress themselves, to bathe themselves, to speak distinctly and to express their own words carefully. It is also Dr. Montessori's opinion that needless help is an actual hindrance to the development of natural forces. The children are with the Instructress from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. in the winter and from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. in the summer. These long hours include lunch and a short sleep. Collective lessons are not given, and the individual lessons that are given are short, simple and objective. If children make mistakes, the Instructress does not punish them or make them feel that they have made mistakes. She simply smiles, gives the particular child a friendly caress and takes away the object. Long hours are necessary if she is thus to follow a direct line of action, which will be helpful to the growth of the child. And, as if by magic force, they are disciplined slowly and collectively.

The greatest contribution of Dr. Montessori to Pedagogy is perhaps her elaborate, yet simple, methods for the training of the senses. This is chiefly carried on by means of actual objects and according to individual guidance. The Instructress must not permit the child to strive after auto-education to the extent of weariness. The greatest triumph of educational methods is to bring about the spontaneous progress of the child. To have mentally grasped something is, for the child, only a point of departure for further intellectual effort. When it begins to understand the meaning of an exercise, it then begins to enjoy repeating it with the most evident satisfaction. It also takes interest in it, because, by means of it, it is developing its physical activities. Hence the child's sense of sight, sound, touch, weight, form, colour, etc., are all developed on natural lines by simple exercises based on suitable didactic materials; writing precedes reading, the latter being considered as the interpretation of an idea from written signs, while both of these exercises are based upon whole words. The system thus prepares directly for the mastery of the three Rules, and all the exercises are designed to foster habits of attention, carefulness, and self-expression, leading up to the needs of practical every-day life. Muscular education is also fully provided for by a simple gymnastic apparatus, by games, by free gymnastics and by what are termed educational and respiratory gymnastics, embodying a series of exercises tending to assist the normal development of physiological movements like walking, breathing and speaking. Such other movements, as are useful in the ordinary activities of life, like dressing and undressing, buttoning clothes, lacing shoes, gardening, watering plants, feeding domestic pets, etc., also receive careful training.

"Dr. Montessori's contribution represents the constructive effort of a woman. It springs from a combination of womanly sympathy and intuition, broad social out-look, scientific training, intensive and long-continued study of educational problems, and to crown all, varied and unusual experience as a teacher and educational leader."

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CANNANORE.

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

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SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER, 1933

No. 5.

THE GARLAND

The garland, which the earth does weave for Thee.
Is exquisite. Flow'rs gathered in the wild
Of artless life i' creation's early hour
Fragrant with green-clad mountain sympathy;
Some blossoms gathered from the fenced grove
Of culture, shy with tints of governed love;
Some lily-white in spotless purity,
Renunciation-yellow some, some red
With passion or with parted pain, some blue
With trust, and some with hope of light-green hue,
Are wrought with care on Time's unbroken thread.
Today I add my own wee little flower,
E'en tho' its hue be faint and fragrance mild,
And it's unworthy of that company.

SUSI P. DAVID.



ANUSOOYA BLESSING SITA.

IS NOT WOMAN SUPERIOR TO MAN ?

(By Prithi Chand Bhatia)

While there is so much of discussion going on about the rights and the position of women in Indian society today, one school of thought believing that woman is man's equal, the other holding that she is man's inferior, the truth remains unnoticed, the truth that has been established by almost all the religions of India, namely, that woman is, has always been, and shall continue to be, from many points of view, superior to man.

Let us not be misled that only 'man' has a noble origin, not 'woman.' According to the Bible, both man and woman have the same origin, for it says, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, etc. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." Genesis, 1. 26, 27.

Here *man* means 'man and woman.' The Holy Quran also tells us that both man and woman have the same noble origin. In the Mahabharata, Brahma says, that he fashioned the first woman "faultless in beauty and in all her qualities from whatever was most excellent in the several members of different creatures." *Manu* (Chapter V, 130) says, "The mouth of a woman is constantly pure," and he ranks it with "the running waters and the sunbeam."

Every religion has ordained its followers to respect women. Christianity says, "Entreat the elder woman as mother," 1. Tim. 52. The very opening verse of the Chapter Al-Nisa of the Holy Quran says, "And respect devoutly Allah, by whom you beseech one another, and women," so that the Quran places woman second to God. At another place, Mohammed says, "None respects

women but he who is himself good, none disrespects women but he who is himself wicked," so that one's very treatment towards women can determine whether one is good or wicked. Even speaking ill of a woman is considered an evil. In *Sura xxiv.* 4, it is written, "And those who asperse chaste women, and then bring not four witnesses, scourge them with eighty stripes, and believe not their testimony for ever."

Turning to the Hindu religion, we find innumerable examples of respect shown to women. Manu, the greatest Hindu lawgiver, says, "Whosoever accosts a woman shall do so by the title of *sister*, and way must be made for her even as for the aged, for a priest, a prince, a bridegroom;" and, in the law of hospitality, he ordains that "expectant mothers, brides and damsels shall have food before all other guests." (*Education, art. 12.*) Women have got to be respected, even if they belong to one's enemy.

All religions admit the value of wives to their husbands.

Turning to Christianity, we find written in clear words in 1 Cor. 7, that "the woman is the glory of the man;" in Prov. 12, 4, that "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." That places the virtuous woman over the head of the man.

Khalifa Omar says, "After faith, no blessing is equal to a good wife," so that he places the woman second to faith. Abu Suleman says, "A good wife is not a blessing of this world only, but also of the next." "A good wife irradiates the house and is a goddess of wealth." In short, she is a goddess, who scatters sunshine and sprinkles happiness in the house. And the Hindu religion makes it almost the duty of every husband to

honour his wife. Thus, Manu (*Chapter III, verse 55*) says, "A good wife must be honoured by her husband."

Let us now turn to the poets. Milton calls a woman the sum total of all that is holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet. He calls her the fairest of creation. He says,

"Oh fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom
excell'd

Whatever can to sight or thought be
formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet."

Thomas Otway quite clearly admits the superiority of women. He believes that the woman was created to train and temper man. So he sings:

"Oh woman, lovely woman, nature
made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes
without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like
you."

Butler admits that the strongest of men bow their heads before women. Thus he goes;

"Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail."

Thomas Moore very rightly feels the overlordship of women:

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."

And nobody can question the truth of the saying that "man has his will, but woman has her way." A Roman proverb says, "Women and dogs set men together by the ears." There is another saying that "Men rule the world, women rule them." A French precept goes: "Women can accomplish all, because they rule the persons who govern all." There is a verse in Sanskrit which says that women excel men in many things—strength, endurance, intake of food, etc. And Shakespeare says, "Women are angels, wooing." Do not all these clearly show the superiority of woman to man?

Sheikh M. K. Kidwai in his book, 'Woman', writes:

"Women must remain women—they must be the guardians of the souls of man; they must be his saviours, keeping him back from becoming a sentiment-less, heartless brute, or an unfeeling automaton."

Now in what actually does the superiority of women consist?

The very fact that "there is no better criterion of the refinement of a nation than the condition of the fair sex therein," establishes their superiority in certain respects. The woman drives the chariot wheel of progress and of civilization. Forward the women of a country, forward the country; backward the women of a country, backward the country.

The destiny of a nation lies in the hands of a woman. She may make the child a ruler of the world, she may turn him into a worthless idiot. Woman rules the destiny of man. The future man is at the mercy of the present woman. She may make him or mar him. It is the training in childhood that counts. Nay, the woman begins to exert her influence on man, while yet in the womb. Abhimanyu learnt the way to go inside the *Chakr Viyuh*, while yet in the womb. Napoleon was given his first lessons of bravery a few months before he was born. His mother, before that, had to run from place to place, yet she always kept with her pictures of Greek and Roman heroes; and sang songs of those heroes, thus creating in Napoleon a heroic spirit.

Women were responsible for the bravery and chivalry of the Middle Ages. Women ordered, as it were, men to show feats of bravery in tournaments, which were held, more or less, for the amusement of the ladies.

Time and experience have shown that the strongest men have been mere puppets in the hands of their wives. Jehangir wrote in his autobiography that he had sold his life to his wife for a cup of wine. Even angels bowed their heads before women. Savitri won a victory over the angel of Death.

Speaking medically, women represent the more stable portion of the race. There is

less fatal sickness among women, and they are longer-lived. Statistics and census figures from all over the world confirm the conclusion. A woman is better constituted physiologically in certain respects. A man of thirty-three years (in the prime of life) has only a percentage of 30.6 of fat in his muscles, while a woman of 22 (also in the prime of life) has 44.1. That gives her a greater power of endurance, which renders her capable of resisting diseases and temptations. There have not been many women-robbers, thieves, murderers or drunkards in the world. Look at the prisons. How many of the captives and the criminals are women? Woman is generally less afflicted with throat and chest complaints than man. It shows she has more of stamina or staying power for sustained work over prolonged periods. Hysteria is getting unpopular with the onrush of freedom. "Repress her less, and there will be fewer cases of hysteria, which is often but a rebellion against senseless check, from within or without."

Amongst women, there have been queens, heroines, writers, scientists, spiritualists, mathematicians, leaders, teachers and saints. Who does not know the names of Victoria, Elizabeth, Razia, Chand-Bibi, Ahalya Bai, Nur Jehan and Mumtaz Mahal, the illustrious rulers that kept the people spell-bound? Madame Curie made a name in science. Joan of Arc sacrificed her life for the sake of her country. Florence Nightingale gave away her life for the service of humanity. Marie Corelli and George Elliot were novelists, Maitri and Gargi beat the greatest *rishis* in the field of spiritualism. Lila Wati was the inventor of algebra; and chess is said to have been invented by a woman. Dr. Montessori stands out amongst the educationists.

Women are also conscious of the fact that they are placed in a better position than men. Lady Oxford, the famous journalist, writes in a British Paper, "Had I been born a Smith, a Brown, or a Green, I might have written well, but it would have taken the public some time to recognise my style,

as so many far better writers than myself have only been appreciated late in life.....I might have tried journalism, but I doubt if I could ever have been good enough to become a professional."

Further on, she says, "In spite of women being born with certain physical disabilities, they are stronger than men. We have seen them swimming the Channel, shooting at Bisley and flying to every corner of the Globe; and it is a recognised fact that they can sit up night after night nursing the sick in a way which few men would willingly undertake."

"In scholastic competition, my sex, considering the short time they have enjoyed a University Education, are extremely proficient." In the end, she says, "A woman's instinct is inscrutable; she arrives at right and rapid conclusions which leave the male sex far behind."

Men cannot compete with women as teachers. "A mother is better than a hundred schoolmasters." This fact has been recognised all over Europe. This is why in Primary Schools in Europe, there is not a single man-teacher. S. B. Bray writes, "Women are eminently fitted to train young children of either sex: they have a natural bent for this kind of work. The spirit of childhood unfortunately forsakes the great majority of men; whereas woman, to a large extent, subtly weaves it into the texture of her life with wonderful effect. She still sees the world, as in a vision, 'apparalled in celestial light,' and brings the refining influence of her soul power to bear upon her educational work."

Having considered all these facts, one cannot but say with the poet,

"Let men say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman, rules them still."

N.B.—We hope there will be replies to this article from men. Surely, they have the right to consider themselves superior to women in some respects! At least, I hope they do!

Editor, I. L. M.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The Place of Women

The privileges of women are increasing, and so are their responsibilities. No enlightened women can deny that, for they know that honours should be won, not for fame or notoriety, but for the sake of influence, by which to increase service to the world.

We know that the extent and nature of the field of women's activity are subjects of controversy. Years ago, most people were agreed, at least in India, that the only work for women was in their homes. Now, the position has advanced. The home is still however woman's first vocation. Signor Mussolini says: "I am sure that I am not mistaken when I say that this is for her the dearest and sweetest form of activity, the one which she holds most at heart. In her home, be it great or small, woman must be the queen and ruler, and not an idle or lazy queen, but a 'reggitrice' or 'reggitora' fine old words which are still used along the Italian countryside, and which mean, 'she who holds the reins'."

But all women have not homes. There are many who must work. And that is where the controversy comes. Where should they work? Herr Hitler, we are told, "is putting woman back into her niche in Germany." Miss Ursula Bloom writes in the *Daily Herald* that she thinks that quite right. She avers that women were not a success in the public activities they took on from 1914. The fact that women have taken on so many of men's jobs is one of the reasons for the present unemployment crisis; for women have made themselves martyrs in offices, and have undersold men. Yet, they have not succeeded in securing prominence for themselves. The able politician, the clever lawyer, the efficient financier, the successful doctor, is found more among men than women. And why? Because the women, who earn their living, are not always

the women, who really count, who really have brains and energy. Such women are more found at home, where they are the queens of life. And where are the women, who will not accept a good marriage, if such is offered to them? What becomes of their public work then? But, Miss Bloom says that they are defeating their own ends; for there are not enough wage-earners to marry them, since they themselves have taken to wage-earning.

The view of the inefficiency of women in business is shared by Signor Mussolini. He says in the *Brisbane Courier*, "It is difficult to guess whether some of the women who occupy public posts will eventually succeed in the future in achieving a fame equal to that already achieved by man in the field of politics, without, of course, including queens and empresses. Hitherto, we have never heard of any woman who has succeeded in giving a new and original imprint to any branch of political activity."

According to him, women have not been able to do much in the field even of social legislation. For instance, they have not advanced much the cause of *prohibition* in the United States. Therefore, it appears, as if they can never scale to high eminence. Has there been, he asks, "a great symphonic woman composer, a great woman architect a really great woman painter or sculptress"? Even high philosophy is not attainable by them.

Therefore, Signor Mussolini does not wish women's right to vote to be enlarged. Nor does he wish them to enter too much into the life of politics. "The art of politics is a task of originality, balance and synthesis, which I do not consider adapted to the female mind, which is generally more analytical and given to details, nor to woman's

temperament, often impulsive and capable of being influenced by suggestion."

Signor Mussolini, however, is an admirer of women's special qualities. He says he does appreciate the talents and qualities of some women. He admits that the vote of the average woman-voter is not worse than that of the average man-voter. And he admits the charms of womanhood. He says,

"My opinion about woman is that she is superior to man in the intrinsic qualities of intuition, adaptability, assimilability, comprehension, goodness, generosity, and above all, love for the home and family, and that she possesses, too, a boundless spirit of sacrifice."

What then, are we to think about ourselves? I think the best method is not to argue or boast, but to work on to the best of our ability, wherever we are placed. This applies specially to India; what many of us are doing at present is to fritter away our energies in arguments, in conferences, in theories. Let us settle down to practical work, achieving what we can. Let those among us, who can gain prominence, do it. And I am sure, there are many who can do so, in spite of Signor Mussolini. Only, their field of activity may not be the same as that of men. Their dominant personality may not be completely compared with the dominant personality of men. Yet each must have a definite personality, which can attain to its respective greatness. What is the use of forever arguing and imitating men? Is not womanhood as distinctive a creation as manhood? There must be some difference between the two. Why else did God create men and women?

There are many fields left open for woman. A woman for instance, can be great in international activities, by advice and by influence. No less a person than Mrs. Josephine Bernard, the Honorary International and Inter-state secretary of the National Council of women of Queensland, said in one of her addresses, reported in the Brisbane Courier, that women were able to do a great amount of practical international work. The principal

organisations "were the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Y. W. C. A., and the International Alliance for Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship. Many organisations were included in the second group, including University and various other professional women, the Catholic Women's League, and Girl Guides. Finally there was the all-embracing organisation known as the National Council of Women, with its 40 federated national councils, having, in all, a membership of about 40,000,000 women."

All such meet in International conference and pass resolutions, which help in working up public opinion. The women, who were workers, acted together with the men on more or less a plane of equality.

Let women then try to build up a feeling of international unity. As Sir S. Radhakrishna said lately, while at work on the International Commission of the League of Nations "While science and organisation are building up a single world-body, the world does not yet function as a single organism. I believe that the Eastern nations, China and India, who are pacifist by tradition and temperament, have a good deal to contribute to the new world-culture. They are the necessary complement and corrective to the dominant, rationalist pragmatism of the West. They may not be advanced politically, but political values are not the highest, nor are they all the values. If we are servants of the values of spirit, of truth and justice, peace and honour, let us adopt in our lives—and with our lives—the maxim: So Long as One Man is in Prison, I am Not Free; So Long as One Nation is Subject, I Belong to it."

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu emphasised the same in her addresses on *Youth and to-morrow* at Hyderabad.

"Speaking from the fullness and wideness of her experience, she might say that the ideal for to-morrow was the marvellous unity of life, not its diversity. They heard too much of diversities in creeds, faiths, cultures;

but the trend of youth was to identify itself with the great common ideals of life. Turn where they would, there was coming into its own a great Republic of Youth, unfettered by barriers of country, community or creed. Their perspective might be wrong on occasions, but to-morrow held forth to all of them a common heritage. The mission of youth to-morrow would be the creation of a new brotherhood."

Is this not then a great work for Indian women to-day? Let us remember that Mrs. Naidu is a keen politician, and yet she can bow to international standards.

Then, there is the realm of society for women to work in. As Signor Mussolini said:

"But there is a field open to the gifts and activities of women, of all women from the humblest to the most intelligent and proudest, in a magnificent manner, even outside the precincts of the home. It is the field of social organisation and assistance. In this human work of charity, namely of love, the characteristic virtues of the feminine soul and intelligence are precious and irreplaceable."

To come down from the heights to the plains, from general principles to humble details, is not so easy. Let us, however, take a few of the latter, leaving aside those so much stressed on usually, *viz.*, the care of home, husbands and children.

Mrs. P. K. Ray, fellow of Calcutta University, is reported to have talked about the necessity for overlooking the training of girls between 14 and 20. "If we want to preserve the details of Indian womanhood, that are inherited from the past, we must safe-guard certain matters, when girls are first coming out of their teens," she said. Is this not true? Here then is a work for Indian women, where they can be of much use.

There are the sick, the suffering, and the disabled to help. Hospitals want nurses and probationers; towns need health-visitors and health-workers. There are the prisons to work in. Note the example of Senorita

Victoria Kent, the first woman-member of Parliament in Spain. In 1931, she was elected Director-general of Prisons in Spain; she began her task bravely. She cleaned up the prisons and regulated social rules, mixed with criminals and thieves, sympathised with prisoners. All of us cannot have her opportunities, but every one of us can do something to help those who are thus punished.

Then, there is farm-life to be considered. Government employment in modern days is far preferred to land-life; but why should that be so? Is not the latter more independent, more healthy and more congenial work? I was much interested in reading of Hitler's experiment in settling city workers on land. Breaking up big estates into small ones, he wanted experienced men to live on the land and teach the beginners. From such co-operation, a wonderful farm emerged with houses, machinery, schools, silk-farming, baking etc. Some of this can be done in India, if only there is initiative. And thus a part of the problem of unemployment can be solved.

Then, there is educational service to be done to the illiterate. We need women "who can concentrate on that work and devote their whole lives to the uplifting of the masses." I was struck the other day by the Delhi education officer's warning, "Education seems to be widening the gulf between the educated classes and the masses, thereby endangering the harmonious working of future constitutions, and between men and women, thereby endangering social harmony in our homes. The only means of preventing the gulf from widening to a dangerous extent is to push forward rapidly those who lag behind, namely, women and the illiterate masses." And many of these masses are the depressed classes or the Harijans.

Is some of this not the special work of women?

They can do much to give a measure of uplift to these people. They can hold classes in their homes for illiterate young men and women about twenty-five years of age, who have to spend their time in work.

They can mix with the poor and the depressed classes of the *paracheries* near them. Real friendship and interest in such people will always meet with a quick and pleasant response.

Women can also be kind to their servants and teach them good and clean habits. The same applies to their children. It is not an easy task thus to see to cleanliness.

In the first place, it leads to misunderstanding and bitterness. In the second, it needs constant reiteration of correction, and therefore calls for infinite patience.

One thing, one should always keep in mind. It is easier to go down to a lower level than to climb upwards. Let us, however, attempt the latter in every walk of life.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I stood on the brink of Life's fugitive years,
With a heart full of sadness and eyes wet with tears.

Dim wraiths of remembrance came hauntingly by,
And weird emblems of midnight fell on the dark sky.

There depth upon depth of black vapours upcurled,
Hiding night's lamps from a gloom-stricken world.

A shadow I saw in the distance depart;
And a shadow hath fear for a frightened heart.

In silence, enshrouded humanity slept,
Thus, alone with the cold Earth, deep vigil I kept.

I gazed down life's vista of shadow and gloom,
And discerned thro' its sables naught but a tomb.

Deep sunk in my soul were the woes of mankind,
And I longed to bring peace to the wretched in mind.

Then morning, fair morning, when mists roll away,
Dawned with hope and sweet gladness again for the day.

Across the expanse of the infinite blue,
The pure songs of the angels awakened anew.

The glory of Heaven spread over the Earth,
And my dull load of sorrow fell with the sun's birth.

Then a vision of splendour my spirit did shake—
And I knew that mankind sleeps Death's sleep—to awake!

HERBERT PORTER.

KANYA-KUMARI.

(CAPE COMORIN)

(by K. Gomathy Amma)

A smooth, straight and undulating road runs through the plains of Nanjinad. After you leave Nagercoil, there are few things to divert your attention. All, all along, plains—bare plains—and in the distance, the end of the chain of the Western Ghats. At Suchindram, you see the tower of the temple, famous in South India for its car festival. It is just on the road—the temple of Siva—the first and the last thing to attract you on your way to the Cape from Nagercoil. After eight miles of pleasant and smooth driving in the car (from Suchindram), all at once the scene changes from the dry plains and rocks to a vision of blue, blue all around. The deep blue of the seas, the light blue of the skies above, hold everywhere a majestic serenity and silence. The mind is in a state of tension, as the car glides along by itself, as it were, to the end of the road, right on to the sands. One would think the car would simply go on, rushing right into the waters. The car stops suddenly; and for a moment the heart also stops. The confluence of the three mighty seas, the constant roaring of the waves of the three in unison, the blazing sun high above, reflecting its rays on the ever-moving waters, the bathing ghats, the steps leading to the several sacred *thirthas*, behind you and on the left side of the road the palaces and summer residences and season resorts of Travancore's royal blood and gentry, the Residency, the Traveller's Bungalow, close by a convent and a church, the *satrams* (inns), and above all, the golden dome of the temple, guarded by high stone walls, adjoining it the inevitable Brahmin quarters, hotels and clubs and a market, miles and miles of sand, and jutting into the seas rock-hills huge and small,—make you forget everything else; the vision keeps you entranced. O wonderful!

Travancore, it is said, is the Kashmir of S. Indja. For scenes of luxuriant natural beauty, waving palms and lengths of beautiful paddy fields, back-waters and lakes and rivers and mountains, numerous temples and quaint houses,—North Travancore cannot be excelled anywhere in S. India. South Travancore has little of natural beauty, or nothing at all. The old palaces of Travancore's ancient history, the forts and ruins, the Pechippara Dam, the famous temples of Suchindram and Kumara Koil,—these are the few that can be of any real interest in South Travancore. But this sacred spot, this Kanya-Kumari, combines in itself varied interests, geographical, historical and religious. It is worth a thousand other natural beauties.

Take a cool plunge in the sea before sunset. To the orthodox Hindu, there is no dearth of *Punya* here; *thirthams* and sacred baths are everywhere. The ordinary man gets down to the waters by the special and most important ghat, the *mathru theertham*. A space as broad as a tank is closed in by rocks all around, between which water gets in, only waist-deep, but it is always like a calm pool. One can simply wade through and cross to the real *theertham*. Here the waves rush in, all fury and force; and, to protect bathers from drowning, steps have been built and strong iron chains are attached all round from one rock to another, to catch and keep back any one from being taken away to mid-ocean. These precautions enable one to enjoy a cool dip in the sea. Outside the precincts of these iron chains, it is quite unsafe to bathe, on account of rocks and eddies and whirlpools and what not. Orthodox pilgrims take their plunge in couples, father and son, mother and son, husband and wife, and so on. You enjoy

your bathe and get on land,—the sticky sensation of salt is inevitable—"no gains without pains," and go thence to the temple. It is the hour of *sandhya—deepam* and *pooja*. The temple is built of stone and during the day no spark of sunlight can enter the precincts. At night, it is easier to find the way in, by help of the lights all round the *Pradakshin* way. The correct entrance to the temple is closed,—it has been so now for a very long period; there is a tradition connected with it. So you go round to the right doorway, where Travancore's sentinels keep vigil night and day, and through the sub-door come right round to the *sanctum sanctorum*. An image in granite of a young girl of twelve is there; that is Kanya-Kumari Devi (the Virgin Goddess). There is no dearth of decoration, floral or otherwise. Then the temple bells chime and *Pooja* begins. As one chants the sacred *slokas* "Nityananda karee, Varabhaya karee, Soundarya ratna karee," the stone walls chant them back in turn, and one is moved to deep reverence of the mighty power of the Virgin Goddess, at the brink of the three mighty seas, the waves of which fall humbly prostrate at her feet as it were, even while their power is such that one mighty wave of them can drown the whole structure, as well as the powerless stone image. "O Guardian Goddess of Travancore, of *Bharat-bhumi*! Thy power is manifold! Hail, hail to Thee!"

You come away from the temple in a mood of silent awe and deep-felt reverence, and the flash of the diamonds of the goddess dazzling your eyes. A thousand lights light up the chamber of the holy of holies, yet the flash of the diamonds excels everything and spreads a heavenly radiance all around. But it is the sparkle of the Brahma *sakthi* of the Virgin Goddess that is seen; for no diamonds can

have such a shine. It is said that, in days gone by, the Eastern temple door, facing the seas, was always kept open, and throughout the night, the flash of the diamonds acted as the "light house" of the cape. Some foreign traders, passing that way, knew the tale and coveted the stones; they dropped anchor and got ashore and entered the temple to rob the Goddess. But, they were powerless to touch it even, and went away, experiencing a great loss to their trade as punishment. From that time onwards, the great Eastern door is always closed, according to the deity's orders, and from that day no ship can get to the land there.

Sunset and sunrise at the cape are worth seeing. But to me, the cape on a moon-lit night presents the most memorable sight. It is simply grand. The beautiful moon shedding its rays on the ripples and waves, the lull in the roar of the waves, a soft cool breeze, the dead silence of the night, the twinkling of the stars, the distant flute in the temple announcing the hour for sleep of the deity, when, like a little child, she is put to bed in a golden cradle and rocked to the accompaniment of slow, sweet, soothing, softly-chanted songs of nautch-girls, the distant flickering light from stray moving ships sailing by and crossing the seas, the miles and miles of white sand, the dark waters hemming you in all around, except for the strip of land beneath you and behind you,—how grand, how majestic, how wonderful! Surely, not even the hard-hearted cynic, nor the pronounced atheist, can help feeling a sense of the mighty power that rules the world, in the deep stillness, broken only by the lulled roar of the waves, as if ceaselessly reminding one of the vast power of creation.

PRIMARY EDUCATION IN INDIA

The importing of a ready-made system from America, England or Germany, however successful it may have been there, will not solve our problem. Those systems must be studied carefully and their basic principles and psychological foundations clearly understood. Equipped with that knowledge and also with deep living understanding of the peculiar needs and conditions of this country, its hoary civilization, its vastness, tropical climate, industrial and economic backwardness and the phenomenally short life of its people, the educationist and legislator must set themselves to the task with noble fervour. The result will then be a system of primary education, which will be what it ought to be, a perennial fountain of knowledge and life to the nation.

Education is the harmonious development of all the powers of man with a view to make him an efficient individual, capable of performing the duties and bearing the responsibilities, which his life in society imposes on him, and also capable of enjoying the little span of life granted to him on this earth. It is not expected that primary education should work miracles. But primary education, if it is worth its name, must be in a way complete in itself and must aim within its limits at achieving the object of education. Primary education is clearly defined in article 14 of the 'Indian Educational Policy' as "The instruction of the masses through the vernacular in such subjects as will best stimulate their intelligence and fit them for their position in life,"—a very clear and comprehensive definition. It was found in 1854 that the consideration of measures to that end had been too much neglected and a considerable increase of expenditure in Primary education was contemplated and achieved.

The Primary School course comprises five classes, from the first to the fifth, and covers a period of five years. Not an inconsiderable period, especially in view of the poverty and short life of the average Indian. The age rules of the S. S. L. C. Examination do not contemplate, or rather do not advise, the completion of the Primary Course before the tenth year. Usually, a boy spends from the 8th to the 12th year in a Primary School. In rural areas the boys are older.

What is the state of the boy as he comes out of this five years' course and how does he differ from his friend, who has not undergone the course, but who in other respects has lived under the same conditions? It is on the reply given by facts to this question that the judgment on the present Primary education must depend. The pupil has been taught a little of Geography, History, Nature Study and Arithmetic, a few English sentences and some vernacular. At the end of a year after leaving school he retains not more than a few names relating to History and Geography, sometimes a few English words and in the vernacular just enough to pass for a literate before a Census officer and to record his vote at a polling station. No wonder that he has forgotten the rest, for he has no use for it in life. His friend, who has not passed through the school, is often superior to him in physique, has got into the habit of doing some useful labour, has fewer needs and higher powers of enduring hardships and privations and is therefore better fitted for life. This is the picture that thrusts itself daily upon our notice. In spite of its definition in The Indian Educational Policy, in practice the Primary School has come to mean nothing if not a ladder to the First Form of the Secondary School, "whose aim is the diffusion of European knowledge", but whose actual achievement is preparation of clerks, as expressed in The Indian Educational Policy itself.

It seems clear, from a strict consideration of economy, that English should be dropped and that no distinction should be made between the Primary department of a Secondary School and an Elementary School. The introduction of a foreign language to a pupil before he is well-grounded in his mother tongue and before his mind has reached a certain degree of development is against the accepted educational principle. The Indian Educational Policy itself lays down 12 as the proper age for commencing the teaching of a foreign language. To the omission of English in the 4th and 5th classes, the objection may perhaps be raised that the six years of the Secondary School Course, from the 1st to the 6th Form, is too short for the attainment of the required standard of efficiency. But, there need be no fear

of that sort. The enhanced mental development ensured by the modified curriculum, in itself a great gain, makes it easier for the boy to assimilate, and profit by, the teaching of English commenced in the first form, and at the end of six years of intensive English teaching he is sure to show at least as much proficiency in English as at the end of the S. S. L. C. course under the present dispensation. History and Geography are now given more prominence than their usefulness in after-life justifies. One period a week for each subject will do, and only the most important topics and prominent features should be dealt with. There are important subjects like hand-work to be considered. To quote a sentence from a valuable lecture delivered by Mr. P. W. Fyson, then Inspector of Schools, "Hand-work is a very important part of education for the double reason that it helps the education of the brain and that indirectly by the training of the hand it will improve the industry of the country." The making of baskets, mats, fans and such articles of daily use will give scope to the expression of the creative instinct so natural to a human being and will make school life useful and interesting. In the 4th and 5th classes this hand-work must pass into vocational training, which, during the Secondary School course, should be continued and made fuller and more refined. A very large majority of the pupils are sons of agriculturists and take to agriculture after leaving the Primary school. This makes essential the inclusion of agriculture in the curriculum. In classes 1, 2 and 3, it may take the shape of play and pleasure-work and observation in the school garden. In the 4th and 5th classes, it should take a vocational turn.

It is common experience that nothing, next to religion, can lighten difficulties and sorrows so well as music. The famished labourer, forgetting in his rustic song his hunger and exhaustion, and the poor and care-worn villagers losing themselves in the ecstasy of the evening dance or 'bhajan', furnish ample evidence, if evidence were wanted, of the alchemy of music. Is it not our duty to make use of this in the building up of our educational system? All that is desired is that music should be one of the subjects of the curriculum, in order to enable every boy or girl to sing with interest and enjoyment.

More attention should be paid to physical culture. Hygiene must be taught to pupils on

rational lines dealing more with health and the methods of attaining it than with disease and its myriad forms. Pupils must be made to play a lot in the open air and sun. The value of breathing exercises and dances and 'bhajans' cannot be exaggerated. There is no doubt that a boy or girl cannot be made all healthy by school alone, but that parental co-operation is needed in the home; yet the school must strive to be a place of health, joy and beauty.

Fortunately the climate does not necessitate, even forbids, costly buildings and elaborate furniture. In this connection, the admirable words of Mr. Fyson must be quoted. "It is unnecessary to have expensive brick buildings... As regards furniture, it is better to my mind that the pupils sit on the earthen floor with mats under them than on a wooden bench with their legs dangling off the ground."

With regard to the school hours, educationists and doctors are agreed that morning is the best time for work and noon the time for rest in this country. The school day must be shortened and the school year lengthened. A good suggestion of a four hours' day, with 4 periods of 40 minutes each, from 7 to 9-40 in the morning, and 2 periods of the same duration from 3 to 4-20 in the evening, is proposed. The evenings can be given to hand-work, music and games. Of the 24 morning periods every week, 8 may be given to Arithmetic, 8 to the Vernacular, 2 to Nature-Study, 2 to hand-writing, 3 to general knowledge, History and Geography and 1 to Drawing. The school should not be kept closed for more than ninety days in the year, Sundays, festivals and a short vacation at the close of the year, all together.

In this, as in the matter of furniture and the subjects and methods chosen, we must learn something from the old-fashioned pial schools. Attention for instance can be given to the systematic cultivation of memory, which is so essential. Pupils can be made to get by heart a lot of *satakams* and other good poetry, which will persist in the mind to the close of life, as a source of joy and inspiration for ever.

Much depends on the quality of the teachers employed. Better pay must be given and better men must be employed than is now the case in Elementary Schools. A number of elementary schools, now being aided, may be closed down with no loss to education. A proper adjustment between quantity and quality must be found.

Now there is much overlapping of educational effort. In the same village we find an elementary school for Hindu boys, another for girls, still another for Muhammadan boys, and another still for depressed classes, and all these are starving for want of funds and pupils. They can all be amalgamated into one school and with the money so saved the staff may be strengthened, the instruction made more useful and comprehensive, and the inspecting staff lessened. Also, co-education of the children of different communities is the best solvent for the communal troubles, which have unfortunately become

the marked feature of our age. Again, whatever may be said of the segregation of sexes during the Secondary School course, in the Primary School it is not only meaningless, but also an unmitigated evil.

As schools of the right type are provided, gradually compulsion should be introduced. It is needless to say that primary education should be as free as air and water and sunshine, as useful too, and as naturally adapted for the growth of the child-mind as they are for the growth of the child-body.

SINGARAZU MALLAPARAJANA RAO.

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 had answered. He tells her he has a past which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting 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, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding.)

CHAPTER VII

Elated by her success, Janaki was sure now that she was a born detective. Her husband evidently agreed with her; for, whenever she called him into consultation, the peculiar twinkle of excitement could be observed in his eyes also. He too seemed to be on the *Qui vive*.

Janaki, after much thought, proceeded to put an advertisement in the papers. It ran as follows: "Women, who have domestic problems to be solved, or who have become involved in troublesome affairs, will find a friendly helper in an Indian woman detective, who has set herself to work of this kind. Apply Box 10, c/o The Indian Tribune, Tarapur."

Quite a modest advertisement, it must be admitted, but destined to be of great use in Tarapur.

Having issued her invitation, Janaki, like the spider in her parlour, sat waiting, but with what a different outlook to the little insect!

For many days she awaited a call. At last it came. An old Brahmin woman was brought into her study. Naturally she was a shy, diffident, frightened creature. She was dressed in rather poor clothes and stood at the entrance, reluctant to be parted from the old man, evidently her husband, who had accompanied her. Janaki asked them to sit down on a carpet placed against the wall, and sat with them herself; with a piece of paper and a pencil in her hands, gradually, she drew the story out of them, for each supplemented the other. They seemed a harmless, innocent sort of couple.

"I am worried about my daughter who is our only child," said the woman. "My husband rather admires the education given now-a-days to women, and wished to give it to Nalini, though I was against it. So we sent her to the Government Girls' School for some years. He would not let her be married, though, many offers have come for her. She passed the highest examination there." She turned to her husband, at a loss for the name.

"The S. S. L. C.," murmured the man. "Yes, I can never remember the name. Then we sent her to college—"

"The Queen Victoria College in M—"

"She became a boarder there; and we missed her very much at home."

"Is she your only child?" asked Janaki. The woman eagerly assented, too eagerly,

thought Janaki; but there was a shade of hesitation in the man's reply, which the detective made a note of.

"She passed her F.A., and B. A., and came home. She wanted to do another examination—"

"The L. T." said the man.

"Yes; but we could not afford her any more money. We had sold all our lands, and had only a small plot left, on which our house was built. She was very disappointed, and I am sorry to say she was rather cross. We humour her as much as possible, but she is not happy."

"Did she wish to find work outside home?" asked Janaki.

"Yes; she wanted to join many Samajams and Sangams, like—"

"The Child-welfare association, the Ladies' club, the Indian congress, the Swadeshi guild, and so on."

"We could not afford her every thing; but she joined one or two affairs. Then, she is always wanting to play tennis and asks for shoes and grand clothes. She is also keen on giving up caste distinctions. Oh, I tell you education has spoiled our girl. I blame my husband for every thing."

The old man squirmed and writhed, and Janaki, in pity for him, murmured,

"Gently, gently. But tell me why you are just now worried about her."

"I—I am afraid, she has taken to meeting some bad people. She goes out late at nights to the beach here. I feel so afraid for her. Once, I tried to follow her, but she was so angry with me. Her father won't do anything, because he says we must trust the girl, and that trust will beget trust. But I! oh, Indian girls ought not to behave like this. I am so frightened for my girl. I don't know what is—happening," and the poor woman burst into bitter tears. Janaki turned to the husband, and asked him if he knew any of the people she was meeting. He shook his head; her friends belonged to associations and guilds. The girl hated interference, he said, and was inclined to be haughty and sullen when questioned.

"As for me, I have faith in her, and I think she must be carefully treated. She is a good girl, but,—"

and his voice trailed away.

Janaki dismissed the couple, with instructions to come again in a few days, and report

further developments. In the meanwhile, she would devote thought to their case, she said, and do her best to help them.

It seemed to her that the problem called for a different person than herself; and then she thought of another member of "The Coterie," the sweet, soft, gentle Sarada, a college girl like herself, not doing any real work, but longing to find some business to be interested in. Janaki indeed would rather have preferred her other friend, tall, dignified, thoughtful, Menaka, but that damsel had just been married. So only Sarada was left. She wondered if she could come to Tarapur for a few days. Her parents were quite pleasant people, progressive and tolerant. She could but try.

She was successful. Sarada could be spared for a few days. Janaki welcomed her friend eagerly and so did Seshan. They made a splendid "Trio." Sarada began to interest herself in the various activities of the town, and she did better in the case than Janaki expected. Soon, she came across the recalcitrant girl, Nalini; and with her gentle and soft yet efficient ways she wormed herself into the good graces of the girl.

"I like Nalini," she reported to Janaki. "She is a good girl, but very headstrong and thinks rather too highly of herself. She won't brook interference with what she calls her freedom."

"Have you found out who her friends are?"

"Oh, she has a lot of them; some belong to the lower castes and the Panchamas."

"Whom does she meet at night?"

"She won't tell me yet. Either they belong to some secret guild, into which I can't be initiated so soon; or they are some of her own friends."

"You haven't come across anyone, who might be a brother, have you?"

"Why, no: has she any brothers?"

"She might have. The old people were rather reticent about that. By the way, is there any one with whom she is more intimate than the others?"

"Well, there might be one. I'm not sure though."

"Keep an eye on him then."

With all those precautions, however, something unexpected soon happened. The old father ran trembling to her one day, and told her that his daughter was lost. She could not be found anywhere in any of her usual haunts.

"Oh, madam, you don't think she has been killed, do you?"

"No, no, I am, sure not. Did she have any jewels on her?"

"Nothing; our Nalini has a dislike for jewels."

"Have you told the police?"

"Yes, we were forced to, as they began to suspect something from our enquiries in the town; but what is the use of the police? Oh, madam, please help. This is the first time we have heard of one like you."

"I have not been able to help you much."

"Not outwardly, but our girl has become much quieter and gentler of late. I think Sarala Devi has influenced her; and it was you who brought her here."

"So you know all that, do you?"

"Yes," he said simply.

"Did your daughter know?"

"I don't think so."

"Where did she go last night?"

"To the ruined temple on the beach as usual. I followed her a little way, because my wife worried me to. But I could not go far without her seeing me. So I came back. She came last night at ten o'clock, and quietly went to bed, after scolding us for sitting up for her. Oh, she is not a bad girl, my Nalini. She is really very fond of us."

Tears came into his eyes as he spoke. But, instead of bringing pity to Janaki, they seemed to harden her; for she turned on him sternly.

"Natesan, I am going to be stern with you. You have been very remiss, you know. What is the use of hiding things from me, and yet asking me to help you."

"Hiding things? We?"

"Yes, you and your wife. Tell me now where is your other child, the one you had by your first wife?" Janaki quailed as she asked the question, for she was making rather a long shot in the dark, having only deduced it from the couple's behaviour.

"My-my child?" the old man quavered, and then fell on his knees and all but embraced Janaki's feet.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful," he cried, raising his streaming eyes to the roof. "Oh, lady, you are a goddess. How did you know?"

"Never mind. Tell me about that child."

Janaki did not know whether the child was a boy or a girl, and so she was careful to use equivocal words.

"My son," the old man said sadly at last, "was ten years old when I married again. Now, he will be about thirty. He was a good boy, but some years after my second marriage he began to get into bad company. He neglected his studies and became wild in his behaviour."

"Why?"

"I don't know; perhaps, his step-mother was too strict and—and—unkind. Perhaps, he was jealous of his little sister, who was then about twelve. You see, we were sending her to school and spending a lot of money on her clothes. We rather neglected him. In any case, he got into bad ways; and made matters worse by being very harsh to us. That's why I am inclined to be lenient in the case of Nalini."

"What became of the boy?"

"He left us", said the old man simply. "He mixed with the Panchamas, and finally wished to marry one of their girls. I put my foot down then, of course, and he went away."

"Aren't you afraid that in revenge he might be turning your Nalini against you?"

"How can he? The boy went off to Rangoon with his wife about three years ago, and I have not heard from him since. And I know he has not come back, for I have made careful enquiries."

"Had his wife no relatives here?"

"No, she was a stranger to this town, a poor nurse, who came to work at the hospital."

A week later, the old parents came again and looked very reproachfully at Janaki, though they said nothing much. Janaki knew that their great fear was that the girl might have been done away with, and her body hidden somewhere, though why she should have such an enemy they did not know. The old man remarked sadly that Janaki seemed to have forgotten them, as she apparently had so much to do in the poorer quarters of the town. Janaki looked a little ashamed of herself, though she deprecated their attitude.

"Please don't think", she said, "that I am giving up your case. I still think about your daughter. And I am also in touch with the police about her. But I have found some other work to do, as I have so much leisure."

"But what makes you take up with the Panchamas? You are going the way of my son and daughter. Why are all moderners so interested now-a-days about the depressed classes? After all, they were born to be the servants and the chattels of the higher castes."

"Oh don't say that," protested Janaki. "No one is born to be a servant. Every one must have his chance of advancement. Besides, the lower castes have much good in them, which has not come to the surface, because of their down-trodden condition."

"They will never be up to any real good. You cannot trust a low-caste man. The proverb goes that he will rob his own mother."

"Certainly not. They are like that, because they have never been given a chance. It requires generations of culture to eradicate faults and inculcate virtues. Where have the low-castes ever had that? On the other hand, we high-castes have more or less always been in an atmosphere of good breeding."

"Well, well, you will all find out your mistake sooner or later."

"In the meanwhile, let us do our best for them."

The old parents went away weeping. They were very near the end of their tether.

Seshan was of great help to Janaki in her social work. He seemed to have a few good friends in the poor district; and he requested them to take the two girls about. From place to place, they went about, seeking out very needy cases for urgent help, helping the sick, comforting the distressed, teaching the children, inculcating the laws of cleanliness and health. And they were very popular and really useful, for their teachings were direct, yet kindly, and very practical.

One day, after about a week, Janaki begged Seshan to go with her.

"I have something to talk about with you. You will be interested," she said.

They made their way to one of the very poor quarters, where some Christians lived. The little house they went to was quite spotless in spite of poor furnishings; and the woman, who came to greet them was neat, and the chairs they were given to sit on were clean.

"Good-morning," smiled Janaki. "I hear you have a very sick woman here."

"Yes, madam, very sick indeed; but now better."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She-she was burnt badly on the legs-and-arms; the cooking oil spirted up one day and fell on her."

"Who treated her?"

"Oh, we ourselves. Sometimes, simple home remedies are much better than hospital medicines. And sometimes, we can get good Indian medicines."

"Some of the Indian medicine doctors here are but quacks, and you must be careful."

"And some of the hospital medicines are but water. Oh, madam, please excuse me. We know you very well: we have heard well of you; but sometimes the hospital is useless."

"What looks to you like water, may be just clean, colourless medicine, you know. But tell me, your sick friend here is a new arrival, isn't she? When did she come?"

"She came only the other day—let me see—a-week ago, ten days."

The hesitancy in the woman's speech sometimes, direct as she was at other times, puzzled Seshan; but Janaki only looked wise.

"Can we see her?"

"I-I'll go and see if she is awake, madam."

Left alone, the two looked at each other; but had no time to say anything. The woman was back almost at once.

"Madam, I am sorry to say she is sleeping."

"Of course, we must not disturb her. We'll come again; Goodbye. Ah, there are your children, one, two, three, four, of them. How nice they look! How do you manage to keep them so clean?"

"Oh, madam, God helps us."

The young couple went away.

"There seems to be a puzzle there," said Seshan. "There's something queer about the other woman's illness."

"Add to it the fact that two weeks ago I saw these same children, and they were all in tatters. Look at them now."

"They must have come across some money then. Perhaps, their sick friend is helping them. Was that why you asked if she was a new arrival? Oh, you are a clever creature, Janaki. But, why do you wish to worry over their finances?"



Srimalathi T. NARAYANI AMMA, B.A., who has been nominated a member of the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly, Travancore State.



Miss D. H. Watts, who has been nominated to the Upper House of the Sri Chitra State Council, Travancore. Miss Watts was the Principal of the Women's College in Travancore and is the sister of the late Mr. M. E. Watts, ex-Dewan of Travancore State.



HIGH COURT.

Miss DILNAWAZ BYRAMJI, who was recently enrolled as an Advocate of Bombay High Court. She is the second Parsi Woman Lawyer to be enrolled, the first being Mrs. Lam. (Formerly Miss Mithan Tata).

"Haven't I got to see if they require money help?" asked Janaki somewhat fallaciously. Seshan looked critically at her, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well, keep your own counsel. If you don't wish to confide in your own husband, what can he do?"

Janaki caught eagerly at his hand. "It is not that, Seshan, you know it's not. The thing is, I am not at all sure about something."

"Why not consult me then?"

"I will, I will. But I don't want you to think me too foolish. See? Will you come with me to-morrow again? Please come, Oh, Seshan, I like you to be with me. You are so lazy now-a-days. I hardly see you."

"You have your friend, my dear."

"But-but—never mind."

He looked at her rather fondly; but her gaze was downcast. A peculiar expression came into his face. Then he turned away, merely saying, "I'll come with you tomorrow."

Janaki looked after him rather sadly.

"What's to be done?" she murmured. "After all, we said we'd be friends."

The next day they went to the same place. The invalid was sleeping again, they were told; but they said they would wait.

"What is the use of waiting, madam? I told you she is better; there is no need to do anything for her now."

"I must see if she wants help from our society."

"She wants no money, madam; she has got some of her own; and, as for nursing her, my husband and I can do it between us."

"I like to see her wounds, and see if I can prevent them festering."

"I told you they are better, madam."

"Well then," said the strangely-persistent visitor, "I-I can see if I can prevent big scars, can't I?"

"Well" said the as-strangely-persistent hostess, "May I say you are interfering too much? You must not come in, madam, where you are not wanted. Besides, she is a very shy woman, and will not like to exhibit her wounds and scars...Why can't you leave her alone?" she asked suddenly in a fury of exasperation.

"Come, Janaki, let us go," murmured Seshan, who was rather ill at ease. But Janaki, usually the most sensitive of creatures, appeared to have developed a very thick skin suddenly, and would not budge. Instead, she suddenly seemed to be ill.

"I am very tired," she said. "The fact is I have been sick, and started work too soon. Oh, I feel so strange. My head whirls, and my legs are trembling. I—I wonder if it is a heart-attack."

She looked so ill and tremulous, that Seshan, who had already sprung to her aid, was very scared. He asked if his wife could lie down anywhere. But the woman shook her head, there were no spare beds.

Janaki began to groan, and leaned heavily on Seshan's arm.

"Shall I go for the doctor?" he whispered, "or shall I get you some brandy?"

"Nothing," Janaki murmured. "Water—can I have some water?"

The woman perforce had to go to fetch some, and Janaki took the opportunity to whisper in her husband's ear. He nodded rather doubtfully and looked happier; but the tired lines seemed to deepen in her face. He began to fan her vigorously with his handkerchief in his spare hand.

When the water came, the hostess was asked to go for a fan; then for a mat to lie down on. Finally, she was requested to get some coffee.

"I shall have to make you some," she said, reluctantly.

"Go and make it then," cried Seshan almost rudely. "What are you making all this fuss for, woman? Dash it all, have you no heart? If it is a question of money, we shall pay you double of course."

"I have enough money," she said sullenly, and had the grace to go away rather shame-facedly.

Two minutes passed, and then Janaki jumped up, all her illness miraculously gone.

"Quick, quick," she whispered, "The kitchen is on the other side."

"How do you know?"

"Haven't I eyes? But there's no time to waste. You stand here; I'll rush in. If she comes out, tell her, I have gone to lie down."



THE LADY GRADUATES FOR THIS YEAR OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

in the inner room. Dash it all, what can she do to us?"

She disappeared, and Seshan stood with his heart in his mouth. He hated to be thought unnecessarily officious. Besides, he did not know what his wife's game was. But he was beginning to guess.

There was a low cry from inside the room; then quick words. A minute afterwards, Janaki came running from the room, made a grab at Seshan's arm, and dragged him inside.

"Quick, quick," she panted, "I have found her, I have found her."

"Whom? Do you mean Nalini?"

"Yes."

"Grand girl!"

On the bed, a girl was sitting up, bearing signs of illness indeed, but now evidently much better. She looked very worried, however, and cross.

"How did you find me?"

"You are Nalini, aren't you?"

"Yes; there is no use of hiding myself now, is there? Why did you look for me? Everything is spoilt now;" and hiding her face in her hands she burst into tears.

Janaki ran to her and fell on her knees by the bed-side.

"My dear, my dear, we wish you well. Don't be afraid. You shall have your husband, you shall have everything you want."

The sick girl looked at her wonderingly.

"You are all right; but what will my parents say? Oh, they are incorrigible, and I don't blame them either. But I think I have a right to my own life."

"You have indeed" said Janaki, and whispered persuasively, "Can I see him?"

"Yes." The sick girl clapped her hands, and the woman whom they knew, who had indeed been standing just at the entrance of the room for a little while, came in. She looked rather pleased, though she tried to frown at Janaki. But the latter laughed.

"I am not at all cross with you, my dear," she cried. "I quite understand your anxiety for her. Where is your brother?"

Then she turned to Seshan and said; "This lady's brother is Nalini's husband and they are both related to the wife of Nalini's long-lost

brother. He and his wife have come back, and it was through them that Nalini met her husband."

Seshan looked astonished. "My dear, you are really great. How did you know all this?"

"I guessed something from what I heard about Nalini's brother, and the rest I got out of your friends, Rama and Hari. They are extraordinarily capable and so loyal to you. How do you manage to make them so fond of you, Seshan?"

He blushed and turned his head aside. Janaki gazed at him shyly, and then turned to greet a young man, who had just come in, a fine, well-set-up fellow, handsome and straight-gazing, clothed in pure white *khadder*, which made him look like a king. His glance brightened as it fell on Nalini.

"We couldn't help it," he said simply. "We met in the child-welfare work. I am a medical man, without much practice, but I am getting on. I have not much caste to speak of, and I knew her people wouldn't let her marry me, so we eloped. We used to meet at night on the beach."

"I guessed as much; but why didn't you have the courage of your convictions, and come openly for her?"

"She would not let me, and after all it is her happiness I want. So I brought her here, and then she fell ill from over-anxiety. What will you do now?"

"I shall see what I can do with the old people, and then come for you here, if they are amenable. I think they will be, for they love their girl. If not, you can both go your own way."

"Oh, I hope they will be kind," cried Nalini. They evidently were; for, after a long interview, Janaki took Nalini and her husband, whose name was Mahadevan, to them. What happened between them, we can guess from the fact that thereafter they were all friends. Of course, Nalini had lost her caste, and could not eat with them. But she and her husband were given many a meal in their house, and I am sure that later on the old people must have forgotten their prejudices enough to eat with them in private at least, if not openly. And they liked their son-in-law very much. He became their doctor, and was able to keep the old couple in health for many happy years.

As for the long-lost brother, well, he was not far away; and he and his wife also often visited the old parents.

And Seshan and Janaki felt very happy in the new happiness they had promoted. Janaki

indeed thrilled with it, and wished she could be as happy as Nalini. But Seshan was as quiet and calm and placid as usual, and her yearning heart failed within her.

(To be continued)

THE OLD LONDON SHOWS.

(By Miss Fitzgerald)

The London of long ago had plenty of delightful wonder-shows, panoramas, dioramas, and wondrous mechanical toys, that men, women and children went to see. Then, too, as now, the Picture Palaces led the way. Then, as now, people loved to be transported by the cunning of the showman to distant parts of the earth and to travel among the wonderful sights of Nature and the glorious works of man. But what is done now by "shooting", old London did by hand-painted scenes.

The first of these picture-shows was Panorama. This was a huge single picture, without beginning or end, which completely surrounded the spectator. In later years, the space between the painted canvas and the spectator was occupied by modellings, and by merging the one into the other the spectator had the illusion of real distance. Robert Barker, an artist, is said to have been the first producer of panorama. One day, as Robert was looking on from under an umbrella, put up to keep off the sun, at the beautiful surroundings from the top of Cotton Hill in Edinburgh, the view he saw thus presented itself to him as an endless ribbon capable of being reproduced just as he saw it. He took up the idea, and, with the help of some of his rich friends, produced his first panorama in Leicester Square in 1789. It was a view of London from the Albion Mills at the south end of Black-friars Bridge by Thomas Girtin. This was followed by the Fleet at Spithead, and the Bay of Naples. Several years later the Battle of Waterloo was produced. Jerusalem was a popular subject, and was painted twice. The Battle

of the Nile, Trafalgar, the Coronation of George IV, and Pompeii were also shown.

Another series was shown at what was called the Eidophusicon, in the Haymarket. It started with a view of London from Greenwich Park; but, later, seems to have shown scenes, giving "startling atmospheric effects, conflagrations". There was a storm at sea with a shipwreck which advertised: "Satan and Pandemonium, Milton's great Hall of Demons." A learned dog and musical glasses were among the sideshows there. The conflagrations evidently became too realistic, for the place was burnt down in the last year of the 18th century. Reynolds and Gainsborough patronised this show.

The panorama developed into the Diorama, which greatly excited the people. It consisted of a huge picture, of which parts were transparent, in order to give different lighting effects, such as moonlight, sunshine, and lightning. The first diorama, which came from Paris in 1832, was shown at Regent's Park. It consisted of two great pictures set up side by side in gigantic frames, each 80 feet wide and 40 feet high.

One of the first two pictures thus exhibited was of the interior of Canterbury Cathedral; and it is recorded that £200 were collected in one day. A few years later the destruction of York Minster by fire was shown. This picture caused great excitement on account of its lighting effects, which were so realistic that one day the scenery caught fire and the place was destroyed.

Then came the exhibition of continuous scenes, something like the present cinema

showing a panoramic view. The first picture of this kind that was advertised as being four miles long, and that took one hour and a half to display, was that of the Mississippi, shown at Savile House, Leicester Square, in 1849. Another picture was the ascent of Mont Blanc, shown at the Egyptian Hall. This picture was shown 528 times and attracted nearly 200,000 people.

In the Gallery of Illustrations in Regent Street was shown a picture, advertised thus: "The husbandman will be found pursuing his useful toil from seed-time to harvest; his occupation in the field from the earliest budding spring to the gathering of the ripe, golden crops; his more serious duties, his church and his God, form prominent features in the illustration.

"The sports of the field, pertaining to the highest classes, as followed by them in the beginning of the eighteenth century; the peasant's pastime, his Maypole and rustic dance, enjoyed after the labour of the day, are not omitted.

"Grand moving diorama of the Overland Route to India—daily at 12, 3, and 8."

This was shown more than 1600 times, and over a quarter of a million people went to see it.

Another moving diorama, illustrating the routes of a tour through Europe, was shown by Charles Marshall in the Tourist Gallery at Her Majesty's Concert room, Haymarket. It was accompanied by "descriptive lecture and appropriate music". It may be supposed that the idea of modern *lantern lectures* originated from this.

Another place of attraction was the Colosseum, built on the model of the Pantheon at Rome, by Horner in 1824, which contained a panoramic view of London as seen from above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This was an enormous picture covering nearly 50,000 sq. feet and was said to be the biggest painting in Britain. A second picture was afterwards exhibited showing the same view of London by night with moon-light effects.

There was exhibited in another building a cyclorama of Lisbon, showing in ten scenes the terrific spectacle of the great earthquake of 1755, "the uplifting sea and o'ertoppling city, and all the frightful devastation of flood and fire, accompanied by characteristic performances on the Appollonicon." This Appollonicon was a huge musical instrument built on the principle of the organ, but representing all the instruments of a full wind orchestra.

Besides these picture-shows, there were in Old London numerous other amusements and galleries or museums, as we would call them nowadays, that captivated Old Londoners with astonishment. A huge model of the Earth, with its surface, was built in Leicester Square in 1851. "Models of inventions, works of art, and specimens of novel manufacture" were exhibited at a gallery of Practical Science, near the Strand in 1832. It was at the Polytechnic, established in imitation of the Gallery of Science, in Regent Street, exhibiting various mechanical and electrical apparatus, that Leon Foucault repeated his famous experiment proving the "rotation" of the Earth. But the popular amusement here was a side-show that produced a ghost before the audience.

In these and several other places, mechanical toys were the objects of great amusement and attraction. There were many automaton, such as a boy who wrote and drew with a pencil, a magician who answered questions, a chess player, a rope-dancer, a singing nightingale, an "invisible girl" who sang, and flute-players. The famous Egyptian Hall, and Madame Tussaud's great exhibition of wax figures, "renowned for the numerous groups of characters, great as explorers for the world's guidance, great as political leaders and adventurers, great as soldiers and sailors on whom the world will look with admiration, great as villains at whom the world shudders"—set up in Marylebone Road, were also places of great attraction for the people of London of long ago.

DR. ANNIE BESANT

The death of this "warrior spirit" has removed from our midst a veteran, whose name might almost have been conjured with at one time. She was, as Mr. Jinarajadasa puts it, orator, teacher, leader, fighter, woman, mother, and saint of God. As her friend said of her: "She made men. That is the testimony of so many of us, who have stood near her, rejoicing to be of her company of fighters. She has indeed 'made' us, teaching us how to plan for victory after each defeat, how to trust in ourselves, because she trusted us."

She was a very far-seeing woman. As Bernard Shaw said of her: "Mrs. Besant is a woman of swift decisions. She sampled many movements and societies before she finally found herself; and her transitions were not gradual; she always came into a movement with a bound, and was preaching the new faith before the astonished spectators had the least suspicion that the old one was shaken."

To many people, the value of Dr. Besant's life was undermined by her changes of faith and policy. But nothing could obscure her force of personality, her immense powers of organisation and executive, her wonderful resourcefulness and her keen desire for service. Her work was a strenuous one. Mr. Jinarajadasa mentions in his life of her, that she was more Irish than English by birth. She married a clergyman when she was twenty. As she grew older, she seceded from the Christian tradition and became a *Free-thinker*. She left her husband, with whom her life had become a tragedy. Her first struggle was for the liberty of the Press and the right of the public, over the pamphlet on Birth-control, known as the *Knowlton* pamphlet. In 1879, at the age of 33, she matriculated; in 1881, she passed the *Intermediate*. She gave lectures in Science

and Politics to workmen; and in 1885, she joined the Fabian Society.

After some time, she became dissatisfied with Free Thought, and came into contact with Madame Blavatsky. She became her disciple, with the idea of 'dealing with the root of all evils in the light of laws, which govern all existence, so that every evil could be eliminated as the result of new out-flowings of the streams of life.' She began to work among the Theosophists, whose President she became in 1907, after the death of Col. Olcott. Her wonderful oratorical power gave her a great influence in her aim to "make Theosophy practical." She travelled to many countries of Europe, during the course of her duties.

She came to India only in 1893, though she had often talked of it as her "motherland" and had advocated its cause in a pamphlet as early as 1875. The religious life of India strangely attracted her; and she was able to expound its old philosophy with wonderful intuition. She thus became a champion of the "vanished greatness" of India. In 1898, with the help of a group of Indians and foreigners, she founded the Central Hindu College at Benares, and was given the honorary title of Doctor of Letters. Later, she organised the Theosophical Educational Institute.

Dr. Besant had at heart the cause of youth. She organised "The sons and daughters of India", and the Indian Boy Scout movement. She also worked hard for social reform.

The political life of Dr. Besant is well known. She often said she had entered it for the sake of young people, who, because their grievances were not redressed by government, were being attracted by the gospel of violence. She started

newspapers, in which she expounded her views. She drew together the groups of the Indian National Congress into the "All India Home-Rule League." What she thought was the apathy of Britain to India, even after the signal services of the latter in the great war, forced her further into politics. In 1916 and 1917, she was "externed" and "interned" by Government. This raised her popularity so much that, upon her release, she was elected President of the National Congress.

Mahatma Gandhi's campaign of non-co-operation made her disagree with him in certain important aspects. She thus lost some of her popular leadership; but nothing daunted, she started the "National convention" movement, which tried to get into law the "Commonwealth of India" bill, by which India was to become a full Dominion, with certain reservations; but

it failed. Thus Dr. Besant pursued a unique line of her own, supporting Government when she felt it right, and denouncing it otherwise.

Dr. Besant's views with regard to "a World Teacher" and Krishnamurthi are known. She believed in *Yoga* power, and interested herself much in occultism. She also became associated with the French "Supreme Council of universal co-masonry."

She was always a great promoter of schemes for the advance of women. She encouraged the *Swadeshi* movement, and was a great advocate of cottage weaving and other industries. As the Madras Mail said:—"Her programme for the advancement of India was many-sided; but none was more insistent that nations did not thrive by politics alone. India will mourn her passing deeply; for with all her faults she was a great character."

THE CLEAVAGE.

In the sad bosom of eternity
Let this great cleavage rest! In amity
The grass will grow about it, flowers will bloom
And nod their heads over the silent doom;
Gay travellers hand in hand will by it pass,
Yet will not know the secret 'neath the grass;
The sun will shine upon it, and the rain
Will fill the crannies, knowing not the pain;
The winds will sail by laughing in their quest
Of fragrance, and the stars serene will smile
Over it as if on the land o' the blest.
Only you and I wilt know what is
Beneath that smiling surface of calm bliss,
Beneath the benediction of its guile!

SUSI P. DAVID.

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.

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Patriotism & Elegance
Combined in

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SWADESHI
AT ITS BEST

Look sharp as you walk
along shop windows at

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MADRAS.

This will surely Attract you.

THE BURGLARY

A Story, by T. K. Venkataraman

I am an old man and the incident happened many years ago; but, I cannot bear to think about it even now. Frankly, I should say that it was all due to the incessant nagging of my wife. Mark you, all fellows in the world are not born clever, but my wife seemed to think that I was the only fool in the whole of creation. Whatever I did was wrong in her estimation. I admit that, whenever I went out to make purchases, the whole world seemed to be united in an infernal conspiracy to saddle me with its worst and most unsaleable products. The vegetables I purchased in the market proved for the most part stale and bad, even though I had the mortification of paying for them higher prices than usual. The same happened with groceries. The real difficulty was that I believed that other people were as honest as myself, and accepted what they said in good faith. Since we were unable to keep a servant, I had to go out to make the necessary purchases and face my wife's reproaches every time.

Well, I could have borne with this constant ridicule, but a worse development happened. One day, a stray bull entered the house and rushed about, destroying and damaging things. Now, ever since I was a child, I have an inexplicable dread of cows and bulls; and, quite unaware of what I was doing, I ran upstairs, emitting hoarse screams, and hid myself below the bed. You can imagine my chagrin when my wife, who drove the bull out with a stout stick, began to lament that, though she knew she had married a fool, she had believed till now that he was at least a man. There began from then a constant tirade against what she called my "cowardice and timidity."

It was this which drove me to a desperate resolution. One can stand being called a

fool, but when he is taunted with a sarcastic request to dress in a *saree* and hide in the attic, then, surely, it is the limit. The only way to redeem my character seemed to be to give my wife an ocular demonstration of my physical courage. But how? Face another bull? Impossible. Smash a scorpion? I could not trust my nerves even to do that, and besides, my wife was doing it almost daily in the kitchen. My brain worked, and at last there was a flash of inspiration. Why not stage a burglary? I knew a friend who was fairly intimate with actors. It would be a fine thing to get one to impersonate a burglar. While he was, according to plan, fiddling about with the silver vessels in the kitchen, I would rouse my sleeping wife and, calmly whispering to her not to fear, I would boldly descend the stairs and appear on the scene. Seeing my intrepid approach, the burglar would lose heart and fly from the scene, abandoning his spoils. Then would I turn with a triumphant glance towards my quaking wife, and seek comfort for all the past in the worshipful admiration shining in her eyes. My reputation would be rehabilitated; and more, my wife, who would have learnt to respect me, might also cease to allude to any other defect in me. I toyed with this plan, and it seemed every moment to be more and more dazzling.

I lost no time in secretly slipping out and seeking my friend. He was something of a practical joker and easily fell in with my plan. There was an old man, who had acted as the Robber in "Satharam" several times, and he would be available for our purposes at a hire of Rs. 20. I was to leave the back-door open on the night agreed upon as suitable, and the man would slip into the kitchen and noisily move the silver ware about. As soon as I appeared, he was to rush out by the same backdoor and make

himself scarce. Next day, he would be paid the sum promised to him.

The eventual night came. It was, as we cleverly fixed it, a new-moon night. As the dusk settled down, my nerves became taut. This night was to be a landmark in the history of my life. The dawn of next day would see the dawn of a new life, free from domestic squabbles and worry, a life of harmony and felicity. The gloom of the night was rendered worse by a clouded sky, and a high wind rattled the doors and windows. My wife and myself had retired upstairs quite early, and, of course, I had not forgotten to leave the back-door open.

My wife soon fell asleep, but my nerves were tense, and, as the hours crept on, I tossed about in excitement. The clock struck the hour of midnight, and yet, there was no sign. Had the man forgotten? After all this trouble, was the plan to miscarry? Rain had been falling for some time, and perhaps, the man had been stopped by the inclemency of the weather. This conviction gathered strength, as another hour passed without anything happening. A languor, born of the reaction following my previous excitement, gradually stole upon me, and unconsciously I dropped into slumber.

I was dreaming that I was grappling with a burglar seated upon a bull, and that the bull was hitting me repeatedly with his tail. I awoke to find my wife trying to rouse me. I gathered that she had heard some noise in the kitchen and she proposed that we should go down and investigate. I rejoiced. So, the man had kept his word! I saw that the weather had cleared, and the wind and rain had stopped. I turned to my wife and said, with easy assurance, "Don't worry, my dear. I'll go down and confront the thief. You just keep cool and remain here———" Before I could say more, however, she cut me short. "You are wasting precious time in speaking. Let us go at once", and she went down before me.

Somewhat crestfallen, I followed and just as we reached the kitchen, I beheld the

burglar—a tall, burly fellow—working with an electric torch and gathering up our silver into a huge bag. Well, he was going one bit further than warranted by my instructions, which directed him simply to move the things about and make a noise. Here, he was striving to heap them into his bag with the greatest possible expedition and very stealthily. I admired the realism of his acting.

It was just then that my wife screamed. The burglar, who evidently had not noticed our arrival—again I admired his acting,—started, put out his torch, and rushed at us. In the profound darkness which followed, I made a false step, slipped, and fell flat, hitting my head on a stone slab. My head swam and everything was obliterated for a time.

* * * *

When I recovered, it was broad daylight, and I was on the bed in our room. I wondered whether I had dreamt all the happenings of the night, but a dull ache in my head and a bandage there proved that I had really passed through them. I wondered what my wife was thinking. As soon as I could get up, I must meet my friend, and pay him the money promised to the actor. What a superb fellow! How cleverly he had stimulated surprise when he saw us! Had it not been for that unfortunate slip which made me unconscious, I might have made a show of pursuing him and proving my resolute courage. What had my wife thought? And, who had taken me up to bed and bandaged my wound? Perhaps, my wife had raised an alarm, and got the neighbours to help and go for the doctor. How that dull pain in the forehead troubled me! Reasoned thought seemed impossible. But where was my wife?

Just then she entered, and I was shocked to see that she had been weeping. Was it concern for me? I marvelled at the depth of love, which had slumbered beneath her apparent contempt. I must really cheer her up, poor thing. Just as I was preparing to greet her gaily, she saw that I was

awake and exclaimed in icy accents, "Why did you forget to close the back-door?"

Imagine my surprise and pain! She had chosen this moment, just when I had recovered consciousness, to begin fault-finding. Before I could recover from my surprise, and reply, she continued "Did I not ask you repeatedly whether you had closed the back-door? Did you not swear that you had done so?" (It was all true) "Fool, that I was, to have accepted your assurance! I ought to have gone and seen to that!"

Curious, illogical nature of women! She was making a fuss about that back-door, as if her life depended on that, when there were more important things to speak about. I summoned up as much dignity as I could, and said, "My dear, I never thought that, while I am stretched on this bed of pain, when my whole life is hanging in balance, that you are capable of attacking me—and, more, attacking me on this paltry issue."

My wife darted a scornful glance at me. "You need not put me off by this talk of pain and death", she exclaimed. "The doctor who bandaged your forehead told me that you were only stunned by the fall and had quite a minor contusion and that you will be all right in about two days. But, what you call a petty matter is, to me, rather serious, for it was your failure to close the back-door which gave opportunity to the burglar and which has led to the loss of all our silver vessels—all of them given by my parents." She began to sob again.

I was dumbfounded. Finally, I pieced out from her the whole sordid story. Seeing our approach, the burglar had taken up the bag and rushed towards the door. It was my instinctive recoil from him, which had led to my slip and fall. My wife too had fallen back a little, and the burglar had rushed out. She had tried, too late, to hold him by his cloth, but he had shaken her off and vanished through the back-door with the bag. Then, my wife had raised the alarm. Neighbours had come,

and while some of them had helped me to my bed and sent for medical aid, others had followed the path of the burglar—but in vain. The police had also been informed. Everybody had agreed that the burglar had entered through the unfastened back-door, and he had apparently vanished in the dark without leaving a clue behind.

I need not describe to you what I felt. Again, I had believed in the honesty of an individual, and had been punished. Still, I flattered to myself that it would be an easy matter to track the actor, as he was well-known to my friend. My first duty must therefore be to see him. I felt so optimistic of success that I roused myself from the bed, and assured my wife that I was starting at once on the track of the thief. If I expected her to show a thrill of pleased interest, I was disappointed. She merely turned aside, saying "better men have tried already to do that and failed."

I reached my friend's house, and he came out to meet me eagerly. "I was just about to send for you," he said. I, at once, felt that he had heard everything, and perhaps had already recovered the silver. With a joyful exclamation, I shook him warmly by the hand, and asked "Where have you kept the silver?"

My friend turned a bewildered face to me. "What are you talking about?" he asked. "This is no time for joking," he continued, "you know that silly scheme you arranged for a mock-burglary. I was a fool to have entered into the thing. Anyway, just as the man I arranged for it was entering your street in the make-up required for his part, unluckily, he was challenged by a police-constable on his beat. The actor, fearing that his appearance was suspicious, lost his nerve and foolishly fled. But, he was old and feeble, and the pursuing constable young and stalwart. No explanation could save him then, and he was marched in disgrace to the police station. His eager entreaties induced the officer of the station to send for me, and it was not without great

difficulty that I secured his release next morning. I am afraid that you will have to give compensation to the man, and it will have to be at least Rs. 50. Please send it on immediately; otherwise, the fellow might create immense trouble."

I was shocked. All my hopes tumbled to the ground. Then, if the actor we had engaged, had never come to the house, it must have been some real burglar who had seized the opportunity and made a clean haul of my things. I mumbled assent,

and hastily returned home. My wife was at the entrance, and rather unkindly asked "Where is the thief? and where are the silver vessels?"

We never got back the silver vessels, and I never mention the word "silver" before my wife even now. You ask, "What about the compensation to the actor?" Well, I had to pay him Rs. 70, as the fellow refused to accept anything below that. I could not safely defy him, you know!

BUYING AND SELLING

(A SKETCH)

Have you, dear reader, ever entered a shop with the idea of grasping the psychology of buying and selling? If not, you had better come along with me to the China Bazaar Road, and I'll show you some of the most amusing spectacles a shop can provide. However, I must warn you that, this being a summer month and the time about 11 a.m., the weather is anything but pleasant. But, if you will "weather the weather", I assure you that you will not have come in vain, and you will thank me for making you logically fathom the nervy attitude of the poor men waiting at the counter.

Here we are. Let us hurry along to one of those shops. Don't give yourself away. Here is the shop-keeper. He will give us two seats in a quiet corner. Let's sit and watch all that happens. Do you notice that old and young dames alike are pouring into the shop, for this is the fashionable hour for shopping. Ah! there's a smart young lady entering. She has a companion too.

Young lady—have you got *Swadeshi* voile?

Seller—We have *Swadeshi* and foreign stuff, Madam, anything to suit your taste.

Young lady—But you ought not to keep foreign stuff. Hasn't all the picketing taught you that?

Seller—We can't help it, Madam. There is a great demand for foreign cloth too.

Young lady—People who ask for foreign cloth ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Seller—That's not for me to say, Madam. We must note on which side our bread is buttered. In these days of depression, people ask for foreign stuff, because it is cheaper.

Young lady—Is there need to talk so much? Will you show me that green stuff? (Turning to her companion) It's a pretty shade, dear, isn't it? It will go very well with my yellow Benares sari.

Companion—That it will
Young lady to the seller—Are you sure this is made in India?

Seller—Yes, made in Bombay, you see, by the mark on it.

Young lady—Oh! but lots of cheap Japan cloth are dumped down as *Swadeshi* now-a-days.

Seller—No Madam, see the trade mark.

Young lady—I don't believe in trade marks.

Seller—How many yards of the green voile do you require, Madam?

Young lady—You seem to be in a great hurry. I don't want the green voile, thanks; besides they sell the same stuff cheaper next door. (Turning to her companion) Let's go to the other shop, dear.

And immediately they make their exit. Then an old lady enters, followed by a young girl.

Old lady—Will you show me some Madura saris?

Seller—Yes, Madam.

He brings out a dozen saris.

Old lady—I don't like these colours.

Seller—We have got some more, Madam.

Old lady—(impatiently) Then, why don't you show them? How are we to choose what we want, if you keep all the saris inside.

Seller—Sorry, Madam.

And off he goes to bring back dozens of saris, and piles them on the counter.

Young girl—(enthusiastically) Buy the orange sari. It is gorgeous.

Old lady—My husband hates bright colours. He likes me to wear only brown and slate.

Young girl—That is a pity. The orange looks beautiful.

Old lady—I would like to ask my husband and then buy the sari. Can I take it on approval?

Seller—Sorry, Madam, but our terms are strictly cash.

Old lady—How disappointing, and I did so want the orange sari.

Young girl—Then why not buy it?

Old lady—Oh! but supposing my husband doesn't like the colour?

Seller—It is cheap Madam, only Rs. 7-8-0.

Old lady—But I can't waste Rs. 7-8-0 in these hard times.

Seller—Times are hard for us too, Madam.

Old lady—I'm sorry.

Seller—Which sari will you choose, Madam.

Old lady—Which would you suggest?

Seller—Here's a nice brown sari with a beautiful border.

Old lady—It's such an ugly brown.

Seller—Then, why not choose pink?

Old lady—I hate pink. It's such a common colour.

Seller—Which will you choose, Madam? Here's a pretty buff-coloured sari.

Old lady—I don't care for any of these. I did so much want to take the orange sari on approval. (Then looking at the time) Oh! It's 12 o'clock and I meant to go to the Dentist at 12. What a tiresome thing shopping is! I have no time to choose now. I shall come another day. Meanwhile, try to keep the orange sari. I'm keen on buying it.

With these words, she hurries out of the shop, the young girl promptly following her.

KAMALINI.

WHAT NEXT?

What is the most characteristic feature of the modern age? Why, surely no one will hesitate in saying that it is the era of the emancipation of women. History can boast of no other period when women have progressed or "degenerated," as some old-fashioned people may say, to such an extent as now. Years hence, when the rights of women have been achieved and made secure by the ardent women reformers of to-day, girls will probably say, "Oh yes, the Twentieth Century was a wonderful age. What would our status have been now, if not for the women of those days?"

Are not the demands of women and their search for thrills and sensations, however, rather inclined to revolutionise the world a little too much? One cannot help wondering what is going to happen to the up-bringing of children, and where the modern craze is going to lead women in their desire for originality in dress and action.

Taking the home, it is clear that the modern woman is rather bored with such an institution. Quiet hours with her husband and children are a pleasure which the woman of to-day does not often appreciate. Restlessness and a longing to be always doing something have warped some women's minds and their affections are not deep enough to allow them to find pleasure in the company of their own family. Hence, the marriage tie is loosening its hold.

The bringing-up of children is also of not such paramount interest to the mother as it used to be in the past. It has either become stereotyped and prosaic, or has dwindled down to carelessness. A woman is either crazy about psychological methods of training, and thus dwarfs much of her common-sense and the dictates of her own heart, or else, she is too interested in outside occupations to trouble about per-

sonal supervision of her children, and leaves them in the hands of servants or governesses.

And what of the modern woman's dress and her elaborate make-ups? Where is she going to stop, or is she steadily leading the way back to the days of Adam, as seems evident by the popularity of nudism that is gaining such rapid ground? At the slightest rise of temperature in Europe, women find an excuse to dress in bathing costumes and parade the streets. Tired of their own feminine dress, they pose to the camera man in men's attire, their faces thick with powder and paint. So far is the desire to be original leading them that they have detachable eye-lashes, and finger-nails, and change the shape of their eyebrows. Is there much that is natural left in the modern woman? Is it not a case of superficial artificiality with very little genuineness within, except in a few cases?

Lastly, there is the search for individual happiness, which has progressed so much, that many a woman seeks her own comfort and pleasure to the detriment of other considerations. In a frantic quest to be in the lime-light and to break records, we hear of wonderful deeds done by women all over the world. They are admired to a certain extent; but are these modern qualities of bravado and selfish pleasure-seeking in any way better than those womanly qualities that our mothers and grand-mothers could boast of?

Let us survey the women of the world rapidly. Many of the women of America, England and France seem to have one aim in view, which is to rise up and claim their rights, to have a good time and to show that women are the ruling force in this world. Russia has worked out a new moral code, different to the rest of the world, where women have found a place in the State, which has satisfied their longings,

WHAT NEXT

and where they are neither ignored nor suppressed. Germany, under the Hitler regime, has suddenly met with a re-action, and women are being driven back to their homes, and made to realise that the house is the only place for them. Japan is bravely struggling on toward freedom, and women are striving to break the old regime and make their importance felt, and India

is trying to do the same, but her difficulties are so great, and her old-world habits have taken such firm root, that it is hard indeed to step forward.

To a looker-on, this state of affairs all the world over is indeed unique, and one wonders what is going to happen next.

ROHINI.

INDIAN DANCING

That dignity and grandeur can combine as well with romance as with mystery, and that such a harmony belongs especially to India, was proved by the exhibition of Uday Shankar's dances in Madras. They took one's breath away, at least they did mine. And what pleased some people most was the clean and decent (I use the word advisedly) atmosphere of the whole exhibition. English producers of Indian dances will do well to take a lesson from Uday Shankar. Their practice usually is to depict the dancers as almost nude, appealing very much to the sex instinct. There was nothing of that sort here. There was no attempt at bizarre attraction at all; there were only beauty of costume, harmony of colour and grandeur of motion. The uninformed observer missed, of course, the meaning of the gestures employed, which appeared peculiarly innocent, quiet and matter-of-fact. There might have been many mistakes in technique, production and interpretation but the general effect was a pleasant one.

The ladies with Uday Shankar have caught his spirit splendidly. Everything was lightness, suppleness, charm, beauty and grace. Combined with this was artistic technique, "the sovereign mastery of the bodily means of expression which goes so far, that every muscle takes part in this astounding language of the body. The flowing, easy and almost unreal play of the head, the neck, the hands, the toes and the legs, produce a whole orchestra of feelings." The various dances thrilled the absolutely-silent audience, and made them long for the

regime of ancient days, when all was simple-hearted wonder at the mystery of heaven and the majesty of the Gods. The *Tandava Nritya* (Siva dance) was a specially attractive piece. One great thing to be noticed in these dances was the suitability of the musical instruments to each dance, though it must be admitted that some of them were too noisy and rather primitive. And for that, Uday Shankar's determination is alone responsible, which was that he should choose Indians and Indian music to interpret India. Yet, there were none of the "voluptuous vagaries," or "vulgar contortions" usually belonging to nautch dancing, which make it sometimes so disagreeable to a certain type of people.

Shankar's dances are classically Indian in tone; and he has based them a good deal on a sympathetic consideration of the Ajanta cave paintings. In addition, his training in England, together with his study of painting, have combined to give him perfection and charm.

Uday Shankar belongs to the city of Udayapur. His father was Pandit Shyam Shankar, Private Secretary to H. H. the Maharaja of Jhalawar. From childhood, Uday showed signs of artistic genius, which were encouraged by his people; and he was able to go to England and graduate with honours from the London Royal College of Arts. He won prizes for two paintings. He was also a good musician. Uday however had always been an advocate of the classic dance of ancient India, and

he had studied the dance-forms of the paintings of Ajanta. So, he was helped to choose his destiny, when he was hesitating between painting and dancing. Encouraged by several friends, he was fortunate enough to catch the attention of Madame Pavlova, the great Russian dancer. Attracted by his figure, which "was perfect for dancing", she chose him to help her in the production of her *Radha-Krishna Ballet*. She said,

"In this ballet, we all have learnt from Uday Shankar. He taught me how to dance; he has designed the costumes; he has arranged the scenes; in short, the Ballet is his creation."

In spite of his success, however, Uday Shankar longed to interpret his own country in dance. He left Pavlova and settled in Paris. There he sought for and studied for four years, in libraries and museums, the dance-science of India, even while he was almost starving. But the clouds lifted after a while; in 1928, he began to give his own recital and met with success after success in many capitals of Europe. But still he felt that Western orchestras could never supply the music for his dances. So, he returned to India; chose his own company of Indian musicians and dancers, and returned to Europe. With his head-quarters at Paris, he visits different countries and gets a welcome everywhere. "If one's eyes are cultured enough," says a critic, "and his ears are delicate enough, he cannot fail to notice that there are lofty moments of sheer loveliness in the dance-art of Shankar, when his feet dance on the very heart of music; his arms dance with the music that is hidden in the very soul of beauty; and his eyes dance with the animated rays of the mystery music of the cosmos. At such moments of dynamic intensity and ineffable beauty, music itself becomes dance; and Uday Shankar becomes dance itself."

Dr. Tagore was so interested in Uday's dancing that he sent him the following message:—

"There was a time when in the heart of our country, the flow of dance followed a buoyant life. Through passage of time that flow is choked up, leaving us bereft of the spontaneous language of joy, and exposing stagnant pools of muddy impurities. In an unfortunate country, where life's vigour has waned, dancing vitiates into a catering for a diseased mind that has lost its normal appetites, even as we find in the dance of our professional dancing girls. It is for you to give it health and strength and richness."

* * *

How interesting are folk-dances, when well-arranged, and well-exhibited. *The Modern Review* mentions some Bengali group dances, recently exhibited in Delhi. In spite of criticisms that the dances of one race might not be of interest to other races, and that dances of primitive agricultural types might not appeal to people of higher culture, the performance aroused a great deal of interest. *The Rai Beshe* dance was of the martial type and emphasised the movements of the muscles, combining dignity and energy with pleasure. The *Dhali* dance was also a martial one and portrayed the movements of warriors in battle. The *Kathi* dance claimed to be a classical one, and had a fine rhythm of its own. The *Jari* dance combined nimble steps, harmony of pose and beautiful rhythm.

It is interesting to note that this exhibition, arranged by Mr. G. S. Dutt, I.C.S., caused a feeling that such dances should be included in an educational curriculum, for the sake of art, as well as for physical culture. Sri Cowasji Jehangir said that "a new educational horizon has been unveiled by the performers of these Bengali folk dances." We are glad that the movement is being opened out in fields out-side Bengal.

KAMALA.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

1. Social service for women.

The Statesman sometime ago mentioned the review of the work of women's social organisations in Calcutta, made by speakers at a meeting of the Bengal Presidency Council of Women and the All India Medical Women's Conference. It was mentioned that this council had been formed to co-ordinate the work, and to do service through existing associations. *The All-Bengal Women's Union* had some part in getting the Bengal Suppression of Immoral Traffic Bill passed; though it was not exactly what they had asked for, still, it gave them work to do in starting hostels for the rescued.

The Society for the Protection of Children in India had been active.

The Bengal league of Social service for women, mentioning the high infant and maternity morality in India, said that social work could be properly done only by medical training in subjects like civics, economy, etc.; hence, training schools for such were being started.

The Indian association of Mental Hygiene was becoming very popular. The Tuberculosis Association was striving to combat the dread disease. There was not enough room for the segregation of infective cases; but much could be done by spreading the gospel of the prevention of this plague.

2. The All-India Women's Conference, Calcutta, had its half-yearly meeting, at which progress was reported. There were given lectures on Arithmetic and Bengali reading and literature, arranged by the *Refresher courses sub-committee*. Parks were being thrown open for the use of ladies and children; health-sheets and letters suggesting help for medical inspection were sent to schools; adult classes were carried on three times a week.

Addresses were given on social subjects, like the Hindu widow's inheritance bill, the Sarada act, the franchise, divorce reform and the suppression of immoral traffic.

The *Buste* improvement Sub-committee has been doing good work, such as the starting of adult female night-schools. Arrangements were also made for the next session during the Christmas week.

3. The Lady Reading Hospital for women and children, Simla, has made good progress, according to its ninth annual report. A new feature has been the use of the Jubbal-Irwin wing, financed by the Raja of Jubbal, who also gave donations towards other work. New buildings for nurses were being built, having been generously provided for by a donation of Rs. 5000 from H. E. Lady Willingdon. What was needed now was a good, open and sunny ward for children.

4. Indian women's franchise.

Some dissatisfaction has been felt by, what was called by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, "the cavalier treatment accorded to us in official quarters;" even while there was pleasure at "the reception of our case by large bodies of progressive women in the country." The need for the urgency of extension of women's franchise is keenly felt, as the *Manchester Guardian* says; but how to do it has not yet been definitely suggested. Politicians are too busy with the Nationalist movement to pay much attention to the needs of women. The question seems to have been shelved somewhat; but there is a great danger in delay. Women certainly do not wish the new constitution to be formed without adequate representation of themselves.

We need exact and particular suggestions, which are at the same time practical and possible. Men's votes are being extended by allowing less property and educational

qualifications and by admitting trade unionists. Such improvements, however, do not much effect Indian women. There are also many disadvantages in the two suggestions already made, that the wives of men-voters, and that all women of urban areas, should be enfranchised. Yet there is no doubt at all that more women's voices must be raised in questions of urgent importance to them, as part of the nation. The obvious course is to advance the education of women, give them more property, get them included in trade unions. There must also be trouble taken to educate public opinion in the matter of women's public work. Some of the points raised at the select committee with regard to this matter deserve consideration. One is that some Indian women seem to have objections to give necessary information about themselves to officials, who wish to have them enrolled. Besides, the husbands in some places have a prejudice against giving the names of their wives, and *vice versa*. There will also be a difficulty in receiving applications from women, which would, most of them have to be done personally. There would thus be great trouble and difficulty in drawing up a roll of women, especially in rural areas. In all such questions, therefore, there will be great need for the education of women. But all that means time. In the mean-while, urgent suggestions are needed, and the women's point of view should be kept open before the public.

5. Women's Institutes in Ceylon.

A lecture on this subject, as a Ceylon paper states, was delivered broadcast by Miss L. de Fonseka. Two years ago, the first Samitya or *Woman's Institute*, was opened in Ceylon. With a central board in Colombo holding quarterly meetings, there were provincial committees, which opened Institutes in other places; the Honorary Secretary for such was usually the village school-mistress. These institutes have been of much use to peasant women, through talks on agricultural subjects. Market-gardening has been improved by

competitions; old cottage industries and home-crafts have been renewed; and interest has been awakened in health-problems and mother-craft. The following is a synopsis of the Samitya leaflet:

"It will unite women of all races, of all creeds, of all communities in a common bond of friendship. It is a group of women in country districts, who meet at regular monthly intervals for mutual help and friendly intercourse. The members study how to increase and improve their home-grown food crops, and how to use them to the best advantage. They consider national questions such as infant welfare, sanitation, prevention of disease, etc. They learn the value and the interest of co-operative effort. They learn to make many useful and beautiful things for their homes or for sale. The Samitya is a centre of social life in the village. The Mahila Samityas are non-sectarian and non-political. They are all part of one great whole, the Lanka Mahila Samiti, and are open to all women in country districts."

6. Mixed marriages.

These seem to be considered a great danger to the Parsee community. The *Times of India* mentions a meeting of nearly 5000 Parsees to consider the question. The tendency of Parsi men to marry non-Parsi women was deprecated; and it was affirmed that there was no reason why Parsi women should follow the example. The results in the case of women were much worse than in the case of men, for the latter, with their children, would be no more members of the Parsi community, but be made to join that of their husbands. The Parsi ideal of women was in danger of being undermined by the laxity in Western Countries.

"A woman's chief work is in her family, and her chief virtues are modesty and devotion. A woman who is modest in dress, speech and behaviour, honours her parents, elders and husbands, works lovingly in her family and lives respectably, is really worthy to be honoured according to our holy religion."

Therefore, Mr. M.P. Kharegat said that it was the duty of "parents, teachers, and all members of the community not to put wrong ideas into the minds of children, but to explain to them their duties towards their religion, God, family and community, and teach them how to carry them out, and prevent inexperienced girls from having familiar intercourse with men of other communities."

In the modern era of internationalism, such resolutions seem to savour of unnecessary rigidity and dogmatism. Though many Parsi leaders said distinctly that they did not in any way mean ill-will to other communities, one deprecates such an attitude; yet still, every one must act according to his own taste, and every race knows its own needs.

7. An Indian girl as chess champion.

It is very gratifying to note the success of Miss Fatima in chess, who actually has become the British women's chess champion. She won nine games, drawing the other, out of ten; four of ten opponents were ex-champions. Miss Fatima is twenty-one, and she started to play chess only two years ago. She says she likes it "even better than dancing." We congratulate her and wish her further success.

8. Crimes against women.

We are glad to note from the *Modern Review* that H.E. the Governor of Bengal has emphasised the need for agitation to reduce offences against women, which he calls "a peculiarly cowardly form of crime, regarding which one perhaps hears more now-a-days than previously. Bengal was not worse than any other district in that respect; but the point had to be faced. There were peculiar difficulties to tackle, but the British Government had to provide even-handed justice in this matter as in others."

In Lahore also, the evil seems great, and the Hindu Youth's League has strongly called attention to the matter. A big public meeting was held, and an Indian lady-

doctor asked Hindu youths "not to care for the indifference of the big people, but rather to gird up their loins to fight the evil."

9. We are happy to hear that Mrs. Hensman has been made a member of the university council of Mysore. This is the first time a woman has been appointed to that post and we congratulate her heartily. Mrs. Hensman has already been doing very good work as Principal of the Women's Intermediate College of Bangalore, her services being lent from Mysore, where she is the Principal of the Maharani Women's College. It is good that Mysore is so rapidly recognising the value of women workers.

We congratulate Mrs. W. H. Theobald, who is already a Municipal Councillor in Mysore, on being nominated to serve on the Advisory committee for Mysore Railways.

We are glad to note from *the Hindu* that a model English school for Moslem girls is to be started at Dacca.

The Vocational Institute for women in Mysore, has actually sent up some pupils to appear for the special needlework examination of the *City and Guilds of London Institute*. 26 out of 29 candidates passed, 15 securing a first class. This same institute is also preparing pupils in Hindi, opening Nursery schools, with sections for dumb girls.

The women of Ceylon have been able to get an ordinance allowing women to enter the legal profession

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Jawaherlal has organised a women's service in right earnest at the Cawnpore Harijan Seva Sangh.

It is with pleasure that we record the news of a donation of Rs. 3,200 for the addition of an eye clinic to the main

Hospital of Bilaspur. The magnanimous donor is the Rani Sahiba of Pandania estate, C. P. More philanthropists like this lady are needed everywhere in India now.

We read in the *Mahratta* that the Rani Sahiba of Sangli writes as follows in her preface to Mr. Chiplunkar's book about women :—

"Women's role in society as the complement of man need in no way be looked down upon. That the true mission of woman is to be the friend, comfort and support of man, rather than his competitor in the race of life, does not at all detract anything from her position and self-respect; on the contrary it adds to the nobility of her sex."

The first International Congress of women, was a great success. The delegates of twenty-six countries met at Chicago to discuss the new place of woman in the world. There were well-known women, like Margaret Bondfield, the only woman ever on an English Cabinet; Rachel Croudy, once on the League of Nations; Dr. Muthulakshmi

Reddi of Madras; Baroness Ishimoto from Japan; and Selma Ekram from Turkey. There were many problems discussed. The results of introducing monogamy in Turkey were talked about, such as illegitimate children, old maids and wild young girls. The position of women under the present economic crisis was discussed; and it was laid down that woman on the whole should be on a more equal footing with man.

It is interesting to note, from the *Hindu* that an all-women's polo match was held for the first time at Ranelagh, that seat of one of the most conservative clubs of the West. The match was between the National School of Equitation and South-down (Brighton). The energy of the women in asking for two more "chukkers", after the time limit was up, was wondered at. The riding of many of the ladies was much admired, though some of the older men grumbled that "women have no right to ride so well." Capt. Neale hopes to make the game more popular among women. He has already fifteen members under training, and hopes to produce several new teams.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

India's Women after a Conference.

Critics of conferences are sharp with their tongues in remarking on the time spent by women in talking! Be it noted that men spend just as much time in talking as women (if not more?)! But, granted that we talk, there is abundant evidence that we work also, and are more conscientious than men, when we take our courage in our hands, join a Conference or Council, and open our lips at it in defiance of old customs, because we feel that the present state of things in the world demands our help. We women, who had been in conference at Anandagiri, the Y. W. C. A. Conference place, had indeed talked because we had come from all parts of India. Burmah and

Ceylon from America, from Australia, Denmark, England and New Zealand, and had wanted to know each other's minds and what was needed in the Y. W. C. A. organisation for the different mentalities of different nations, and what better service we could render to the increasing number of girls who enter into industrial life, from the little girls who pick and pluck and pack tea on our Indian hills, to the tiny children who are forced into the insanitary, crowded and dangerous areas of industry, at a time when Industrialism threatens to bring new conditions into every land for weal or woe. There was regret expressed that, owing to the financial situation, no vote could be

taken to repeat the Naigaum experiment near Bombay, and to appoint a further National Secretary to organise Y. W. C. A. extension work of this sort; but Miss Hawkins was appointed for the present as adviser and we were to seek to make known among young women, who could volunteer, our need for helpers.

The finding of the Conference was:

"It recommends that work among schoolgirls be a part of the general work of the Association; that close co-operation be maintained between schoolgirl and student, and between student and general membership; that former schoolgirl and student members, no longer in touch with any branch, be urged to join the scattered membership of the Association; and that voluntary leaders be formed in each district area, to develop the scattered membership."

Such girls will be the wives of employers of labour, of Zamindars and other men of influence, and they will be able to influence their husbands' action for the provision of better conditions among their employees.

The provision of clubs, educative, religious and recreational, is another plan by which the Y. W. C. A. seeks to provide many girl-employees and professional women with places of social intercourse. On a hill of Ooty, is a charming spot, which the Y. W. C. A. possesses for holiday and recreational purposes; and here may be seen, morning and evening, on the tennis-courts below, a practical demonstration of what the Y. W. C. A. provides in many small places. The Blue Triangle Club meets in these premises, finds friendship and a widening interest, after hard work in a business house. An interesting "At Home" was held at which the members were aroused to their responsibilities of membership and told of the development of the Blue Triangle Club under the enthusiastic leadership of Miss Gillman. To show the appreciation of the young members, we append below the impromptu song which was composed by one of them for the occasion:

The Blue Triangle Club Song

We're the girls of the Great Blue Triangle,
The sign with its corners three,
That all thro' the years have stood for
Truth, Love and Loyalty.
If you're ever bored and weary,
We'll tell you what you must do—
Join the Club of the Great Blue Triangle
And you'll promptly cease feeling blue.
Three cheers for our dear Blue Triangle,
Three cheers for our dear B. T. C.
'Tis the Club that makes every one happy,
The Club of the bright B. T.
We belong to the great Blue Triangle
The Club that is famed far and near,
For linking us lassies together
In friendship and good cheer.
We work and we play and are merry,
We learn to take and to give,
To brighten our own small corner
Of the world in which we live.

The special feature of the Conference was the large number of Indian delegates, and the eighth finding was passed with great unanimity:

"The Conference recommends that the future development of the Association should be along indigenous lines as far as possible; that a great effort should be made to secure voluntary leaders, and train secretaries, who have a good knowledge of the language and of the background of the people among whom the work is done; that voluntary leadership should be encouraged, and training courses, camps, or week-end conferences, arranged for these members; that efforts should be made to secure voluntary translation secretaries in different language areas, and that they, through the medium of existing Christian periodicals, or by their own translations, should provide information regarding the work of the Y. W. C. A.

Any one wishing to help, or to hear more, should write to the National General

Secretary, Miss Begge, National Office, 194, Corporation Street, Calcutta, and ask for a visit from the Field General Secretary, Miss Wilson, who will be travelling round.

Another suggested way was a subscription for a copy of the new Periodical "Every Member", a few annas a year including postage.

There are still many subjects to which the directions of members must continually through the next Quadrennium be called, subjects which specially affect women and the home life of the future. Our membership must remain awake to these, and enlist the help of all other women in pro-

moting the better conditions enjoined in the closing recommendations:

(a) That the danger of condoning a less-than-living wage level through the housing and feeding work carried on by the Association, be fully faced before acquiring new buildings, or receiving gifts of money for such purposes;

(b) That in undertaking any social work, the Association be aware of the need of attacking the causes of social evils, rather than bringing palliatives to existing conditions."

EMILY KINNAIRD.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) A Story.

It was a stifling day, for the clouds had gathered in the sky, and, like a thick blanket of dark grey, they enveloped the hot earth. Thunder was in the air, and a big storm was brewing.

Sarala, who had just returned from school, had taken her tea, and was standing on the front door-step, gazing lethargically at the still trees outside. Her friends in the next compound would be playing those happy riotous games of which she was so fond, but today, some how, she felt much too weary to join them.

"I'll stay at home and play with Rollo," she said to herself. "And then perhaps mother will read me a story before I go to bed. I wish mother would come back from her meeting, through. Why do I feel as if something terrible is going to happen?"

Then, she went through the empty house, calling for Rollo, her little dog; but nowhere could she find him.

"Why, where on earth can he be," she thought, and went once more to the front door to see if he was in the garden. Then, all of a sudden, she saw a small fluffy

little animal wedge its way through an opening in the gate, and in a streak he was out, alone in the wide world.

Sarala, in a panic to see her beloved little pet let loose on the streets, at the mercy of humming ears and raging dogs, called to the servants to come to the rescue.

"Govind, Govind. Bakyam, Veera, come here at once; Rollo has run out of the gate—he's lost, come at once—hurry, hurry!"

In a flash, the servants came running out; but alas, they were too late, for the dog was not to be seen; and, just as the servants were preparing to go down the road, a loud report was heard from the opposite house, where lived an ugly old angry man, who hated dogs, and always boasted that he would shoot any dog that came near him.

"Oh, oh," cried Sarala. "He has shot my dog—my own little Rollo. What shall I do, what shall I do?" and just then, there was a flash of lightning, a clap of thunder, and the rain came down in torrents.

"Saralamma, run back, go in," cried Bakyam, the old Ayah. "Govind and Veera will look for the dog. You are getting



Miss SAROJINI MATHAN aged 6, daughter of Prof. Manmohanlal, of Amritsar, who delighted large audience recently with her dancing.

(Photo by the Indian News Agency, Srirangam.)



A BRILLIANT STUDENT.

Miss Monica Dutt, B.A., B.T., was the first lady graduate from the Christian Dutt Family of Rambagan. She is the great niece of the late Miss Toru Dutt, the Bengali poetess. She was educated at Calcutta, and went to England in 1931, with a scholarship from the All-India Women's Educational Association. There she took her Teacher's Training at the Maria Grey Training College at Cambridge. She has been trained in Music also, having passed the Senior Trinity College Examination. She has had, in addition, a physical training course at the Y. W. C. A. We wish her success in her tuition at the Victoria Girls' High School.

wet," and she hurried her young mistress in, while Govind and Veera, poor boys, went in the rain to the old man's house in front, for they were very fond of Rollo, and very afraid that he had been shot.

In the meanwhile, Sarala, with tears in her eyes, went indoors, and anxiously waited for her mother to come back. Each minute seemed like an hour, and the terrible dread that her dog was dead, out there in the rain, made her almost choke.

Every evil hour, however, comes to an end, and just as the lightning was becoming brighter and the thunder more fearsome, came the hoot of a motor-car in the distance, and five minutes later Sarala was telling her tale of woe.

"I'm sure there must be some mistake," said her mother. "No man can be so cruel as to kill a dog just for entering his compound. I'll go and see him at once." And, just as she was getting into the car again, Govind and Veera returned, saying they could not speak to the old man in the opposite house, as he was in a terrible temper, no one dared go near him.

"He has killed my dog. What shall I do, what shall I do?" wailed Sarala, with tears pouring down her cheeks.

"Now, don't worry, dear," said her mother, "Rollo is sure to be all right. Come with me, and we'll go and ask the old man."

So Sarala got into the car, and in the pouring rain they went to the opposite house. What was their surprise to see, just outside the gate, under a tiny shrub, a white blob quivering with fear and shivering with cold.

"What is that?" asked Sarala and the driver took the car near the animal and stopped. Immediately, they heard a whimper of joy, and in a minute there was Rollo wagging his tail and asking to be let in.

"Mummy, there's Rollo," exclaimed Sarala, mad with joy, and in jumped the naughty little dog, all wet with mud and rain.

"I told you he couldn't have been shot," said Sarala's mother. "The old man must have been shooting a flying fox, or a crow."

And so Sarala found her dog again, and returned home happy and contented.

P. SATTHIANADHAN.

(2) A Children's Catechism.

Come to me, child, come to my knee,
Remember these few things—please
listen to me:

What was not built in a day? It was
Rome!

What is the sweetest spot on the
earth? Home!

What must you do to keep care away?
Just dash into fun and frolic and play!

What is the aim that must prejudice
kill?

To treat every man as brother-man
still!

Whom must we call the richest man?
Well,

He who wears contentment as a bright
jewel!

How must one travel life's uneven
miles?

With head erect, with smiles, and
more smiles!

(3) A Game for Children.

Arrange articles, which suggest flowers, as list below, on a table. Number them, and provide a slip of paper and pencil to each guest for guessing the names of the flowers:—

1. A cup of butter. *Buttercup.*
2. Picture of a person's mouth. *Tulips.*
3. Picture of several flocks of sheep, or two pictures of one flock of sheep. *Phlox.*
4. Several rows of toothpicks. *Rose.*
5. A watch or clock set at four o'clock. *Four-o'clock.*
6. A fox fur and a glove. *Foxglove.*
7. Picture of a snow-capped mountain. *Snow-on-the-mountain.*

8. Peas in a dish of sugar. *Sweet peas.*
9. A pea placed on a large printed E. *Peony.*
10. A small horn together with a piece of vine. *Trumpet vine.*
11. Two pans followed with the letter E. *Pansy.*
12. Cut from a magazine a large letter E and place it under a cut-out *M. Anemone.*

(From the *Treasure Chest*)

(4) Our letter to our young people.

DEAR CHILDREN,

As important an item in a human being's life as working, eating, drinking and sleeping, is the taking of exercise. Today, educational institutions are beginning to realise the importance of sport and physical training, and girls and boys in most schools have to undergo certain forms of set exercises.

Our India, however, has not got enough sportsmen, and still less sportswomen of fame. We, when young, fail to realise that one ought to strive and win glory in

some sort of game or another, just as much as in our studies. Sport leads a nation to glory as much as intellectual triumphs, and it has the extra advantage of building up a sound body and of making us strong men and women.

We ought to, therefore, cultivate efficiency at some form of sport, so that we can, when old enough, bring credit to our country, and win laurels for it. True, we have famous sportsmen today, but how few compared to other nations, and how poorly represented our Indian women are!

Perhaps, in the next generation, when the girls and boys of today have become grown citizens, the story will be a different one, and we shall have famous Indian sportsmen and women representing us all over the world. The best way of achieving this result is to encourage any little aptitude you may have for any particular game in your school days, and then you will be surprised to see how good you will become at that game.

Yours sincerely,
PADDY.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

It is an age-old custom with the average rich Indian woman always to wear a gold chain round her neck. A happily-married Indian woman, or an unmarried girl, must wear at least a bare amount of jewellery, such as ear-rings, a pair of bangles and a necklace, otherwise she will look like a widow.

Indian women also like wearing gold ornaments, as anything cheap ill befits a well-to-do lady. They carry this idea of publicly flaunting their wealth to such an extent sometimes, that they load little children with jewels, until it becomes positively dangerous for a child to be left alone.

It is time, however, for our women to realise that one's birth and wealth should

show in one's culture and mode of living, rather than in the price of the clothes and ornaments one wears. Taking this point into consideration, therefore, where is the harm of wearing cheap bead necklaces to match one's sari on occasions that do not need very elaborate dressing? Cheap ornaments, as long as they are not imitations, and show plainly what they really are, look very well indeed for the work-a-day girl or the busy woman.

It is said, however, that the vogue of enormous bead necklaces is over in Europe, and that the fashion this autumn is going to be metal. Women are going to wreath their necks with machine-cut chromium or some metal of the modern age. New necklaces are to be made of

either slender metal chains or thick coils of metal. Whether this fashion will suit our Indian sari or not will have to be seen. In the meantime, it will be rather amusing watching our Western sisters tackle their metal chains.

SISTER SUSIE.

Book notes—by a book-worm.

1. **The sacred Kural**; H. A. Popley; Association Press, 5, Russel St., Calcutta; Price Rs. 2 and Re. 1-4.

The book provides English translations of selected couplets from the *Kural* or Tamil Veda, by Tiruvalluvar. There are some notes by Mr. Popley, which are quite valuable, in spite of some mistakes of inference and deduction.

Thoughts from Rabindranath Tagore; Macmillan & Co., London. This is a valuable collection, culled from Dr. Tagore's English writings, striking the reader with the wonderful simplicity of comparison employed, to elucidate some of the deepest ideas of philosophy.

The Rani of Jhansi; a historical play, by Phillip Cox; George Allen and Irwin; price 5sh. This book claims to have two aims; viz., to present historic data in a picturesque manner, and to "bridge the gulf of ignorance and prejudice that separates Britain and India." Mr. Cox compares his gallant and beautiful heroine, Lakshmi Bai, with Joan of Arc. This play, of course, cannot be compared with Bernard Shaw's *Joan of Arc*; but serves its purpose in a fashion.

Mother and Babe; by Lady Clementine Waring; J. P. Putnam; price 5 sh. This book contains poems and passages about children, from the Bible, from French, German and Latin books, from Chinese, Scottish, Irish and Welsh writers. It is a very valuable anthology.

Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary; by Sir Edwin Arnold; published by T. S. Swaminathan, Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras; Price Rs. 2-8-0.

This book, published in 1883, has again been given to the public, and contains verses written round the many names of Allah. It narrates fine Islamic traditions and stories.

Civilizing Ourselves; by Everett Dean Martin; W. W. Norton; price \$. 3-0-0. The modern social system is discussed without mercy; and the doctrine laid down that the only salvation in America as a nation and as individuals depends upon the ability to think, to achieve a critical analysis and re-valuation of ideals and illustrations—ancient and modern.

The Way of all Women; by M. Esther Harding; Longmans, Green; Price \$. 3-0-0. The book tries to estimate the impress of life on "the primary type of woman." It examines the new type of woman, which may arise and her responses to the modern conditions of life.

(These two books are mentioned in *The Parents' Magazine*, America.)

OBSERVATIONS BY MAITHILI

All over India, there is a great need for social service of every kind. The poor, the sick, the infirm, the mentally-diseased, the maimed, the blind, the leper, all need help. *The Hindu* mentions the efforts of Miss Hawkins at industrial welfare in Bombay. It is interesting to note that she did not start work of that sort, without an intensive training; for social service needs good training of efficient work, as much as other services. She is an M.A., of the Sheffield University. Even in college, she did some service to soldiers, sailors and emigrants; she also was the leader of a group of farm-workers. Later, she was on a staff, which selected women for working in the factory and machine-shop of a munition-working firm. "The work there comprised selecting and engaging women for the factory, looking after their health and safety, arranging any necessary transfers from one job to another, investigating any grievances, dismissals, and only confirming them if satisfied of their rightness, supervising arrangements for provision of food, for ambulance or first-aid rooms, hearing and endeavouring to settle domestic and personal worries and problems. The department also through us had to advise on factory regulations, to study absenteeism, labour turnover, working conditions and anything that in any way concerned the fact of employing women." Then Miss Hawkins worked with an engineering firm, after which she graduated in Industrial Psychology at the London University. She went to Calcutta in 1924, and worked up the employment bureau in the Y.W.C.A. there. Then she returned to England and did work for the welfare staff of the *Fine cotton spinners and Doublers Association of mills*. She came back to India in 1931, and worked up the Naigaum social service in the Y.W.C.A., Bombay. She has also helped the mill-owners of Bombay to improve mill conditions.

The *Stri-Dharma* speaks of the wife of the President of America as a very versatile woman. Mrs. Roosevelt is a great house-keeper, as well as an asset to society. She is a pleasant woman, calm, intelligent, gentle, soothing. She is a great advocate of physical exercise. She can teach, speak, write, edit and organise. She does not allow her life to be restricted by the routine of her husband's office.

She has always been interested in movements of social welfare. She does extensive charity. She is a great advocate of women's rights, saying "It is vital that women should know what are the problems before the nation, and study these problems and work intelligently on solutions." She likes women not only to hold office in public, but also to carry out their responsibilities bravely and effectually.

She has five children and three grand-children. She has brought them up with a great deal of liberty. "I should be very unhappy", she said, "if I thought that in the future the lives of my children were to be restricted or dominated by the fact that their father has been elected to the Presidency. Their lives are their own and it is their essential privilege, their birthright, to keep them so. I have always felt that parents make a wonderful background and every one of us need a background; but I am no believer in parents' retaining the parental attitude as their children grow up. They should try, I think, to switch over to the role of friends—close friends—and if, in that capacity children come to them with their confidences and problems, try to give them the benefit of their experience."

I was amused the other day at coming across the following statement about women in the *Mahabharata*. The characteristics of





MISS SABITA

(By the way) Sound and Shadow

the *Kali Yuga* are described. This is the *dark* age, in which there is very little of virtue, and very much of sin. Less of truth, littleness of knowledge, absence of wisdom, dwindling of asceticism will exist together with "avarice, anger, ignorance, desire and enmity." There will be many evils of society. Among such, those connected with women are: "Men will consider their wives as *only* friends. Men and women will become *perfectly* free in their conduct. When this age will come, they will not tolerate one another's acts. The wife will not remain content with her husband. The women will be *very* harsh in speech; they will become *pitiless* and fond of *weeping*. They will *never* obey the orders of their husbands."

What does all the above point to, except the new freedom and scope given to modern women! Is the latter then so reprehensible? It seems to be; and yet consolation can be taken from the thought that such conduct seems to be only in relativity. I think the words, I have underlined, in the quotation above, should be taken into account. For women to be *only* friends to their husbands; for women to be *perfectly* free in their conduct, to be *very* harsh in speech, to be *pitiless* and *never* to obey their husbands, are certainly reprehensible ideas. But to give up freedom for the sake of its dangers, and for the sake of safety absolutely to go back to the old standards of submission, will be also reprehensible.

Mr. Anantaramayya Sastri writes thus about *friendship*:

"The word for friendship in tamil is *Anpu*. I wish to elaborate the grandeur that I find in the term.

To begin with, it comes from the demonstrative vowel showing distance, *a*, whereas *Inpu* and *Inpam* originate from the demonstrative vowel showing proximity. In my conception, the Dravidians connoted that which is other-worldly (not in the bad sense) and divine: by *anpu* and that which is binding to this world by *Inpu*. The effectively-reasonable friendship and good-will towards the whole of humanity and the humanitarian treatment of animals is *Perinpam*, the big happiness in this world and particularly in the next.

The *anpu* towards an individual of the different sex with the circumstance of *manam*, marriage, is so very important that the idiom 'he who has *anpu*' means only *husband* and 'she who has *anpu*' means only *wife*.

Some may say, 'perhaps with great truth, that the happiest marriages are those based on friendship rather than on passionate love.' This is part of a sentence culled from *The Times of India*, and *perhaps* is the only word that possibly can be dropped in it.

Where can we expect such a word as *anpu*, connecting the only other life to which we are eligible, with good-will that finds its culmination in matrimony. The husband is also termed *Kanavan*, which I interpret as *the very eye to the wife*."

CINEMA NOTES

What is wrong with Indian Talkies?

We often hear this question discussed in papers. *Sound and Shadow* avers that real "technique and art" have not been at all considered; but only talking, dancing and singing; and even in the latter unnecessary songs are introduced, which spoil the effect

of the story. Moreover, it is not right to "cram pictures with the lower type of music under the guidance of sound-engineers, who have no intimate knowledge of it." Surely, if good music is to be encouraged, it should be done carefully. But, at the same time, the point remains, that a Cinema Talkie is not all music.

Again, *Sound and Shadow* deplores the selection made of artists. "Favoritism goes a long way", it says. Moreover, popular artists in one picture are introduced into others, without considering whether the new role is suitable or not, and without taking into effect that one can be bored with the similarity of acting, which the selected artist is bound to introduce into his several parts.

In vernacular Talkies, there is often the mistake made of introducing costumes and habits, which are not those of the country selected. For instance, discrimination should be used in the fashion of wearing the *sari*. A Telugu lady cannot wear it over her head, as the Bengali and Parsi ones do. This sort of difficulty is especially accentuated in historical films. A Director should know well, not only the language of the country, whose film he is producing, but also its songs and music.

There is no doubt that vernacular talkies are a great attraction now; but how long will the attraction last? The great advantage of such films is that they are in an understandable language to the uneducated man. It is up to Cinema producers to see that it will last always and depend, not merely on curiosity, but also on real interest. There is a vast future picture before our talkies; but it has to be developed with care. One chief feature seems to be that the hurry and confusion of Western films should be avoided. Very often, in such, the story is not at all understood by the ordinary Cinema-goer, since the rapidity with which scene after scene is overlapped and passed over, is very annoying.

An Observer.

Household Hints

Accidents happen to valuable ornaments sometimes, and it is often a problem to the housewife how to clean stains and do away with oil marks. Here are a few hints which I came across in the "Natal Witness," which ought to be of great help to the Indian woman.

1. If oil has spilled over a leather-bound book, sponge it with Ammonia or Benzine, and dry it in the open air. Cushion covers when stained with oil can be cleaned with Eucalyptus oil.

2. Plain wood articles which have been soiled should be washed with warm soapy water; but, when the stains are due to candle grease oil, a paste of *fuller's earth* and boiling soapsuds should be made, and rubbed in well and then left to dry. Then it should be rubbed off with soft soap and sand, and thoroughly dried.

3. So many glass vases develop brown stains inside, after a little use. These can be removed by pouring a little hot water and adding about half a teaspoonful of sand, particularly bird sand, and shaking vigorously for a minute or two. Then the sandy water should be poured out, and the vase rinsed and left to dry.

4. Methylated spirits clean photo-frame glasses. A table-spoon of the spirit should be mixed with a pint of water, and a cloth soaked in it. This cloth should then be wrung out and rubbed on the glass. Then it should be wrung out again, and some talcum powder should be sprinkled on it. The glass should be rubbed with this once more, and then it should be dried with chamois leather. The glass will then shine like crystal.

5. Ivory knick-knacks can be cleaned with *sal volatile*. Apply it with a soft tooth-brush and then wash the article in luke-warm water, after all the dirt is removed. Hot water should not be used, as the ivory will be destroyed.

6. Brass and copper ornaments should be rubbed with flannel moistened with Ammonia, and then polished with a soft duster. If they are very tarnished, they should be rubbed with a cut lemon dipped in salt over the worst parts, washed in wet soapy water, and rinsed and polished with a soft cloth. If rubbed with furniture polish after being cleaned, they keep bright for a long time.

"PADDY"

NEEDLE WORK NOTES

BEAD-BORDERS

Very pretty patterns for either blouses or saris.

Materials required:—

Cut-glass coloured beads, bead needles, and J. and P. Coats, white cotton. No. 50.

Design I

To make this, two kinds of beads are required, bluish-grey and gold. Thread 2 blue-grey beads and 1 gold bead, then holding all three in position, leave the gold bead, and pass needle back through the blue-grey bead just above the gold bead. Continue the same for length required.

The pretty effect is given by the gold beads.



Design II

This is a pretty daisy chain for which blue and gold beads are required.

Thread 4 blue beads and 1 gold bead, keeping all in position, pass needle through first blue bead nearest the knot on end of thread from top hole of the bead. Draw thread up, and half the design will have been formed with the gold bead in the centre. Now thread 3 blue beads, and pass needle through the 4th blue bead first-threaded, and which now lies right above centre gold bead. Draw up thread closely, and the daisy is formed. Repeat for length required.



COOKERY NOTES

1. Dhuthpad or Kova—a milk-sweet.

Ingredients

1 seer of good buffalo milk.
1 lb. sugar.

Boil milk down to a thick cream, stirring all the time. When about the consistency

of porridge, put in the sugar, and keep on stirring over a slow fire, till the mixture retains its shape when a drop is allowed to fall in a saucer of water. Remove from the fire, and with a potato-masher knead well for a little while, to give smoothness to the paste.

While still hot, smear a little ghee on the palms of the hands, form into balls the size required, and press out gently between the fingers into shape like biscuits, leaving the impression of the thumb and middle finger on the top and under. Allow to dry on greased plates.

2. Gulabijam.

Ingredients

1 seer good buffalo milk
1 cup sugar.
½ viss flour (sifted)
Ghee

Boil milk down to the thickness of soft dough. Bring down from the fire and allow to cool.

Meanwhile, make a thin syrup of the sugar, till it just threads between the fingers. Remove from the fire and keep aside.

Now put half of the flour into the boiled milk and knead well. Using the remaining flour on the hands to prevent sticking, take equal quantities of the cream, and shape into rolls one inch long and about the thickness of the little finger.

Fry gently in ghee 3 or 4 at a time. When dark brown, remove and drop into syrup.

When the next set has been fried and is ready to be removed, the sweets dropped into the syrup may be removed and placed on a plate. If allowed to soak too long, the *gulabijam* will get broken.

The remaining syrup may be poured over all the *gulabijams* on the plate.

N. B. 1½ seers = 1 Madras Measure or 1 Padi.

3. Walnut Sandwiches

Cut strips of cheese to fit small slices of bread or crackers. Toast slowly in an oven at home, or on a long-handled wire toaster, over a picnic fire. While the cheese is warm, press perfect halved walnuts down in the centre of each sandwich.

4. Roast Chicken, Cowboy Style

Dress a fat young chicken, dust inside and out with salt and flour. Arrange several thin slices of bacon inside the chicken and stretch two slices across the breast, fastening them under the wings. Tie the legs and wings down neatly to the sides of the fowl. Place the chicken inside a clean flour sack (kept for this purpose), or wrap securely in a clean

towel. Tie well, dash in a bowl of clean cold water, wrap in a second towel, which has been wrung out of cold water, and then wrap in several thicknesses of brown paper or newspaper, wetting each paper well, after it has been tied in place. Let the fire burn down until there is a good bed of coals. Rake out a clean place among the coals to place the chicken, taking care that none of the coals can touch the wrappings. Cover the chicken with cold ashes, all over the sides and top, and then pile on the hot embers and live coals. Bake this way for one hour. Carefully remove coals and wrappings and you will have a deliciously-cooked chicken.

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സിലോൺ-ഒരു മനോഹരദീപ്.

പൗരസ്ത്യ രാജ്യങ്ങളിൽ സഞ്ചരിക്കുന്നതായാൽ അത്യന്തകുറവായ് ആകർഷണീയങ്ങളും അതിയായ ഭംഗിയുള്ളവയും ആയ പല പ്രവിഭാഗങ്ങളും ഒന്നാം ആദി പിതാവിന്റെ ഉൽകൃഷ്ട വാസസ്ഥലമായിരുന്ന ഈ ഡാനിലെ ഉഗ്രാനം തന്നെയല്ല നാം കാണുന്നത് എന്നു ഉറപ്പിക്കാൻ പ്രയാസമായി വരികയില്ല.

സിലോൺ—സുഗന്ധ മരമാരുതൻ വീശിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ആ ദീപ് - ഭൂലോകത്തിൽവെച്ച് ഏറ്റവും മനോഹരമായ ദീപാണെന്നാണ് വെച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്. ഈ അഭിപ്രായം ശരിയാണെന്നു അല്ലെന്നു തെളിയിക്കുന്ന കാര്യം ഇരിക്കട്ടെ. ഈ സ്ഥലം ഒരു അസാധാരണ ഭംഗിയോടുകൂടിയതും അതിമനോഹരമായ പ്രകൃതിവിഭാസത്തോടുകൂടിയതും ആണെന്നുള്ളതു തർക്കമറ്റ വാസ്തവമാണ്.

ഇത്രാ നിവാസികൾക്കെല്ലാവർക്കും, പ്രത്യേകിച്ച് ഈശ്വരവിചാരമുള്ള ഹിന്ദുക്കൾക്ക്, ഈ സ്ഥലം, ശ്രീരാമന്റെ പത്നി, സൗന്ദര്യവതിയും പതിവുതയുമായ, സീതയെ കട്ടുകൊണ്ടു പോയി സൂക്ഷിച്ച സ്ഥലമാണെന്നു രാമായണ കഥയിൽ വിവരിച്ചതായതുകൊണ്ട് പ്രത്യേകിച്ചും സാന്നിധ്യമുള്ള ഒന്നാണ്. അന്ന് ആ ദീപിലെ നിവാസികൾ സീതയെ കാത്തു രക്ഷിച്ചുവെന്നും ശ്രീരാമൻ ആ ദേവിയെ രക്ഷപ്പെടുത്തുവാനായി ചെന്ന സമയത്ത് വാനര രാജാവായ ഹനുമാൻ സഹായത്തിന്നു കൂടെ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നുവെന്നും ഒരു ഗംഭീരമായ പാലം കെട്ടി സീതാദേവിയ്ക്കു രാവണരാക്ഷസന്റെ അധീനത്തിൽനിന്നു ഓടി രക്ഷ പ്രാപിക്കുവാൻ സംഗതിയായിരുന്നെന്നും ആ കഥയിൽ ചോർത്തിയിരിക്കുന്നു.

സിലോൺ തുറമുഖത്തിലുള്ള ഒരു കപ്പലിന്റെ മുകളിൽനിന്നു നോക്കിയാൽ കാണുന്ന കാഴ്ച അതിമനോഹരവും ആകർഷണീയവുമാണെന്നാണ്. ചുക്കുന്ന മണ്ണു, ചുക്കുന്ന കെട്ടിടങ്ങൾ, നീലനിറത്തിലുള്ള ആകാശം, സമുദ്രജലത്തിന്റെ കടും നീലനിറം, ഉഷ്ണരാജ്യങ്ങളിൽ കാണുന്ന പുല്ലു, ചെടി മുതലായവയുടെ വിവിധനിലയിലുള്ള പച്ചനിറം, ഇവയെല്ലാം ഒന്നിച്ചുചേർന്ന് പ്രകൃതിമാധുര്യം തുളുമ്പുന്ന ഒരു നിരർപ്പസുന്ദരചിത്രത്തെ വരച്ചു കാട്ടിത്തരുന്നു.

തുറമുഖത്ത് നമ്മുടെ ചുറ്റും അതാത് രാജ്യങ്ങളിലെ കൊടികളുകൾ പറച്ചിച്ചു കൊണ്ട് ഗംഭീരന്മാരായ തീക്കപ്പലുകൾ നമ്മുടെ ശ്രദ്ധയെ ആകർഷിക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ അവയിൽ എല്ലാറ്റിലുംവെച്ച് കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു ഏറ്റവും കേവലമായവ കട്ടമരങ്ങൾ എന്നു പറയുന്നതു ശ്രദ്ധേയമാണിരിക്കുന്നു. മറിയാതിരിക്കാൻ അവയുടെ ഒരു വശത്തു കറേ നീളമുള്ള മരക്കുണുക്കൾ കെട്ടി ഞാത്തിയിരിക്കും. ചെറുകപ്പലുകളുമായി മുട്ടി മറിയുന്നതു ഭയപ്പെട്ട് ഈ കട്ടമരങ്ങൾ അധികം തുറമുഖത്ത് വന്നു കാണുകയില്ല.

കപ്പലിൽനിന്നു കരയ്ക്കിറങ്ങി നില്ക്കുന്നതു പാലത്തിൽനിന്നു ധോട്ടലിലേയ്ക്കുള്ള വിസ്മയമുള്ള പാതയിൽക്കൂടി കടലോരംപടി ചെയ്യാനുള്ള വണ്ടിയാത്ര വളരെ ആപ്തദണ്ഡനമാണ്. ദ്വീപിലെ ഗവണ്മെന്റുടെ അനുമതി കടന്നാൽ പിന്നെ പട്ടാളക്കാർക്കുവേണ്ടി വളരെ നീളത്തിൽ കെട്ടിയിട്ടിട്ടുള്ള പാളയങ്ങളായി. അതും കടന്നു ചെല്ലുന്നതു പാതയുടെ വലത്തു ഭാഗത്തായി വിശാലമായ കടൽക്കരയിലേക്കാണ്. അതും കടന്ന് അവിസാനം എത്തുന്നത് പാതയുടെ ഇടത്തുവശത്തുള്ള വലുതായ പൂർവ്വതോരണത്തിലാണ്.

ഈ മനോഹരമായ പാതയിൽക്കൂടേയുള്ള യാത്രക്ക് ഒരു പ്രത്യേകത ഉണ്ടാക്കുന്നത് അതിപ്രഗത്ഥിത മാറിമാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ചിത്രാവലിയിൽക്കൂടെ നമ്മളെ വലിച്ചുകൊണ്ടു പോകുന്ന കൈവണ്ടികളാണ്. ഭംഗിയുള്ള കേരവൃക്ഷങ്ങളും, ചുറ്റും വാഴകളുടേതോടുകൂടി പ്രാകൃതഭാഷയിലുള്ള ചെറുകുടികളും, വിചിത്രവസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ധരിച്ച് അടിക്കടി മാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ജനതകളും, എല്ലാം ചേർന്നു അതിമനോഹരമായ കാഴ്ചകളോടുകൂടിയ പൌരസ്ത്യ നിറപ്പകിട്ടുള്ളതായ ഒരു ചലന ചിത്രത്തെ നമുക്ക് കാട്ടിത്തരുന്നു.

ഒരു തീക്കപ്പലിൽ യാത്ര ചെയ്യാൻ ദമ്പതൃ ദിവസംകൊണ്ടേ ഒരിക്കൽ ആ ദ്വീപിനെ വട്ടംചുറ്റി എത്താൻ സാധിക്കുകയെന്നതിൽനിന്ന് അതിന്റെ വിസ്മയത്തെ നമുക്കു ഗണിക്കാം.

ഈ ദ്വീപിന്റെ പൂർവ്വചരിത്രം വളരെ രസകരമാണ്. ക്രിസ്താബ്ദത്തിന്നു അന്നു വധി ശതവർഷങ്ങൾ മുമ്പു തുടങ്ങിയതാണ് ആ ചരിത്രം. ബ്രാഹ്മണർ, തമിഴർ, പറങ്കികൾ, ലന്തക്കാർ, ബ്രിട്ടീഷുകാർ, ഈ കൂട്ടരെല്ലാം വഴിക്കുവഴിയെ ഈ ദ്വീപിനെ ആക്രമിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്. പണ്ടുകാലത്ത് സിംഹള രാജാക്കന്മാരുടെ തലസ്ഥാനമായിരുന്ന കാണ്ടി പട്ടണത്തിലേയ്ക്കു ഒരു തീവണ്ടി യാത്ര ചെയ്യാതിരുന്നാൽ ഈ ദ്വീപിൽ പോകുന്നത് നിഷ്ഠുരമാണ്. പട്ടണ ചരിവുകളിൽക്കൂടി മേപ്പോട്ടു കയറുമ്പോൾ കാണുന്ന കാഴ്ച ഇടവിടാതെ മാറിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നതും നമ്മളെ മയക്കുന്നതുമായ ഒരു പരിപൂർണ്ണചിത്രംതന്നെയാണ്. നിബിഡമായ മരക്കുടിലുകളുടെ നിഴലിൽ സൂരക്കുതിരമായി സ്ഥിതിചെയ്ത അല്ലാപ്പുമാത്രം കാഴ്ചയ്ക്കു ഗോചരമായ വയുമായ ചെറു ഗൃഹങ്ങളും ചുറ്റുപാടും കൃഷിചെയ്യപ്പെട്ട വയലുകളും തോട്ടങ്ങളും മറച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്ന ഗംഭീരന്മാരായ വനവൃക്ഷങ്ങളുടെ ലതാബാഹുല്യവും, വളർച്ചയും പ്രസരിപ്പു നന്നാ ഭാഗങ്ങളിലും പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെടുത്തി കാണിക്കുന്നവയുമായ കാഴ്ചകളാണ്. പട്ടണചരിവുകൾ മേടുകൾക്കി നിരത്തി കൃഷി ചെയ്യുന്ന വയലുകളായിരിക്കുന്നു. ചെങ്കുത്തായ മലയോരങ്ങളിൽ തേയിലത്തോട്ടങ്ങളും കൊക്കോത്തോട്ടങ്ങളും അവിടവിടെയായി വെച്ചു പിടിപ്പിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു.

ഗ്രാമങ്ങളിൽ ജോലിത്തിരക്കുള്ള ജനങ്ങൾ അവരവരുടെ തൊഴിലുകളിൽ ബദ്ധശ്രദ്ധന്മാരാണ്. ചിലയിടങ്ങളിൽ പ്രസരിപ്പുള്ളവരും പ്രസന്നമുഖന്മാരായ ബാലന്മാരും പരിപിത ശുഷ്ണാന്തിയേറിയ ബാലികന്മാരും നിറഞ്ഞ കൈ പള്ളികളുടേയും കാണാം.

സിപോൺ രാജ്യം മറ്റു പൌരസ്ത്യ രാജ്യങ്ങളെപ്പോലെ പലേഭാഷകളും സംസാരിക്കുന്ന ജനങ്ങളാൽ നിറഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു. ശുദ്ധസിങ്കളന്മാർ വളരെ കൗതുകമുള്ളവരാണ്. അവർ മെച്ചത്തെ ദീർഘകായന്മാരും കാഴ്ചയിൽ ശക്തികറഞ്ഞവരുമാണ്. പക്ഷെ സസ്യഭുക്കായ ജനങ്ങൾ കാഴ്ചയിൽ തോന്നുന്നതിലധികം ശക്തിയുള്ളവരായിരിക്കും. സ്ത്രീകൾ ഭംഗിയുള്ള വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ദേഹം മൂടിധരിക്കുന്നു. പാവാട നീളമുള്ളതും കടുങ്ങിയതും മേൽക്കുപ്പായം നല്ല ഇറക്കമുള്ളതും കണ്ണത്തോടു ചേർന്നഭാഗവും കീഴ്ഭാഗവും തെറിയും കസവു വെച്ചിട്ടുള്ളവയുമാണ്. പുരുഷന്മാരും വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ദേഹം മൂടിധരിക്കും. എന്നാൽ അവർക്കുള്ള പ്രത്യേകതയെന്നതാണെന്നു വെച്ചാൽ അവരുടെ തലമുടി നീളത്തിൽ വളർത്തിയിട്ടുള്ളതാണ്. അവർ അതു പിൻഭാഗത്ത് കെട്ടിവെച്ച ഒരു വിശേഷമായ അർദ്ധചന്ദ്രാകൃതിയിലുള്ള കൊമ്പു ചീപ്പുകൊണ്ടു ബന്ധിക്കും. ചെറു കുട്ടികൾ ഭംഗിയുള്ളതും നീണ്ടു മറിഞ്ഞുകിടക്കുന്ന രോമങ്ങളോടുകൂടിയതുമായ ഇരുണ്ട കണ്ണുകളുള്ളവരാണ്. ചിലപ്പോൾ അവർ നിറപ്പകിട്ടുള്ള ഒരു നേരിയ വസ്ത്രം ധരിക്കാറുണ്ടെങ്കിലും സാധാരണയായി കഴുത്തിൽ ഒരു മണി കോർത്ത മാലമാത്രം ധരിച്ചിട്ടാണു കാണുക.

ഇവിടെ ഇന്ത്യയിലെ മാതിരിതന്നെ രജകന്മാർ വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ പരന്ന കല്ലുകുളിരേൽ അടിച്ചു പച്ചവെള്ളത്തിൽ തിരുമ്പി പൂച്ചിമണ്ണിൽ വിരിച്ച് സൂര്യരശ്മിയുടെ ശക്തികൊണ്ടു ഉണക്കി വെളുപ്പിച്ചാണ് അലക്കുന്നതു. ഈ അപരിഷ്കൃതരീതിയിലുള്ള പ്രവൃത്തികൊണ്ടു അവർക്കുണ്ടാകുന്ന ഫലപ്രാപ്തി കണ്ടാൽ ആർക്കും അത്ഭുതം തോന്നും.

ഇവിടേയും ഉത്സവകാലങ്ങളിൽ പലേ വർണ്ണത്തിലുള്ളവസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ധരിച്ചു ചെറിയതും വലിയതും ആയ സംഘങ്ങളായി ശേഖരിച്ച് ഈ പ്രകൃതി സമ്പൽസമൃദ്ധിയിൽ വിളയാടുന്ന മനോഹരദ്വീപിൽ പരിശുദ്ധക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളിലും കോവിലുകളിലും ജനങ്ങൾ തിരക്കി കടക്കുന്നു.

പ്രശ്നം.

പ്രശ്നം യന്മദർ അഭിമുഖം സന്നിധി. ഹിസ്റ്റോറിയൽ റെക്കോർഡ്സ് പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം. ഹിസ്റ്റോറിയൽ റെക്കോർഡ്സ് പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം. ഹിസ്റ്റോറിയൽ റെക്കോർഡ്സ് പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം.

പ്രശ്നം പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം. പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം. പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം. പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം. പ്രകാരം മഹാ പ്രശ്നം.

తల్లులు కలిగిన మహాంధారా, మీ తల్లులను ప్రేమతో ఘనపరచుడి; భార్యలుగల పురుషులారా, మీ భార్యలను ప్రేమించి, తగు మర్యాద చూపుచు, వారిని సంరక్షించుడి; విశేష గొప్పవారయి యున్నను, ముందు శత్రుగొప్పవారు కానయియున్నను, మీ భార్యలవంటి స్త్రీలేగదా “రాజ్యముల నేలబోవువారు పసిబిడ్డలుగా నున్నప్పుడు ఉయ్యాలలోపెట్టి యూపుదురు” అన్నవాక్యము సత్యమేగాని ఉత్తర ఉత్పేక్షకాదు నునుంది.

హిందూదేశ స్త్రీలయొక్క అభివృద్ధి.

(8) గృహధర్మమనిన ఏమి? భక్తుడు ఉపచర్యచేయుట, పిల్లలను కని పెంచుట, వంటచేసి కుటుంబమునకు కడుపునిండ పెట్టుటయేనా? అతిథి ధర్మములేదా? పరిశుభకార బుద్ధిలేదా? ఇరుగు పొరుగువారి కష్ట నిష్కారములను విచారింప యత్నింప గృహీధర్మము కాదా? సాంఘిక లాభములను దిద్దుటయు సంఘాభివృద్ధికొరకై యత్నించుటయు

[illegible]

మరియు క్రమము నహించడమందు స్త్రీల తరువాతనే పురుషులు గనుక స్త్రీలు ఎందుకును భయపడకుండునని వారిలో ఎంత యువకులురాలు సహితము తన మానమును కాపాడుకొనగలదని ఆయన నెలవిచ్చుచున్నారు. ప్రస్తుతము కొంతమంది స్త్రీలు తమను నిర్బంధించుచున్న పాశులును తెగగొట్టుకొని ముందు అంగవేయుచున్నారని చెప్పుటకు సందేహమేమిలేదు. తమ హక్కులను పోగొట్టుకొనజాలవని వారు విశదపరచుచున్నారు. ఈ మగ్గను “మాడరక్” రివ్యూ” అను పత్రికయందు రాజకుమారి అమృత్ కారమ్మ గారు హిందూదేశ స్త్రీల అభివృద్ధినిగూర్చి వ్రాయుచు అనేకముఖ్య సంగతులను తెలిపిరి. రాజారామ మోహనరావు, శేకవ చంద్రసెన్, దయానంద స్వామిలవారు, రానడేగారి సునత్ని, పండిత రామాబాయి, కొందరు క్రైస్తవ మతబోధకులు ప్రారంభమందు స్త్రీల అభివృద్ధికి కాగతులైయుని అందరికి తెలిసినవిషయమే. హిందూదేశ స్త్రీసమాజము చెన్నపురియందు 1917 వ సంవత్సరమును స్థాపించబడి క్రమేణ దక్షిణ దేశమంతయు వ్యాపించెను. మరియు అనేక స్త్రీసమాజములు మన దేశమందు వేరు వేరు ప్రదేశములలో స్థాపించబడియున్నవి. కుఖ్యముగా అఖిల భారత స్త్రీసమాజము సంవత్సరమున కొకసారి ఆరు వర్గాయములు సమావేశమై అనేక విషయములను చర్చించుచు బాల్యవివాహమును నిర్బంధపెట్టుటకు ప్రభుత్వమువారు శాసనము చేయుటయందు తోడ్పడెను. ఈ దినములలో స్త్రీలు అన్ని భారములు మోయుచు అన్ని విధముల దేశసేవ, సాంఘికసేవ చేయచొరబడుచున్నారు. రాజకీయ శాసన సభలయందును, పురపాలన సభలయందును, కళాశాలలయందును, వ్యాయసభలయందును, వైద్యనిపుణత్వమందును, విద్యాకాశాలయందును స్త్రీలు హెచ్చుకొని పనిచేయుచున్నారు. పాశ్చాత్య విద్యలయందు తోరుదత్తు, సరోజిని నాయుడును ప్రసిద్ధి చెందియున్నారు. బాలికల విద్యయును అభివృద్ధియగుచున్నది. బాలికలయొక్క పాఠశాలలు గత సంవత్సరములో 1,171 అధికమైనవి. అట్టి పాఠశాలలయందు చదువుకొను బాలికల సంఖ్య 80,483 నుంచి 13,89,241 కు అభివృద్ధి యాయెను. ఇదిగాక అనేక బాలికలు బాలర పాఠశాలలయందును చదువుకొనుచున్నారు. మరియు స్త్రీలు బాల్యవివాహము, విరేతు పునర్వివాహము లేకపోవుట, వదాళ, త్రాగుడు, ఒక పురుషునికి ఒక వత్తికన్నను ఎక్కువ స్త్రీలుండుట మొదలగు సాంఘిక దురాచారములను నివారించుటకై గట్టి ప్రయత్నములు చేయుచున్నారు. గ్రామములయందును ఘాట్ లీలు మొదలగు పనులుచేయు స్థలములయందుండు కీడులను తొలగించుటకును యత్నించుచున్నారు. రాజకీయ స్వదేశీ విషయములనుగూర్చి ప్రబోధించుటలోను అనేకమంది స్త్రీలు ఆసక్తి యుచొరవయును కనపరచుచున్నారు గాని అన్ని దిక్కులయందును అన్ని విషయములందును ఇంకను గొప్ప ప్రయత్నము చేయవలసియున్నది. ఈ సందర్భములో రాజకుమారియమ్మ గారు నెలవిచ్చిన దేవునగా:- సంపూర్ణావస్థాదయములో సేవచేయుటయు లోపములేక ఇచ్చుటయు స్వేచ్ఛారాలైన స్త్రీయొక్క లక్షణములైయున్నవి. నిర్లక్ష్యము, దురాభిప్రాయము, అజ్ఞానము మొదలగువాటికి విరుద్ధముగా పోరాడవలసియున్నను మార్పుల కలిగించవలెనే అభిలాష మాకు కలిగియున్నది. ఆది మానవుని యెడలను దేవుని యెడలను క్రేమ అనే దీపమువలన ప్రజ్వలించుచున్నది. ఇకను స్త్రీలు పురుషుడు కొరవట్టెల్ల నడువక తమకు ఉచితమని తోచినటుల స్వతంత్రముగా నడచెదరు. కష్టములను జూచి వెనుకీయము. గౌరవ ప్రేమలను దీక్షను వహించెదము. ముందుకు సాగెదము.

அழகுவாய்ந்த இலங்கைத் தீவு.

வாசனை பொதிந்த தென்றல் காற்று வீசப்பெற்ற இலங்காத் தீவு, இவ்வுலகில், அழகு வாய்ந்த தீவுகளில் சிறந்ததென்று, பெயர் வழங்கி வருகிறது. இவ்வளவு பூரண பொருத்தம், அதற்கு சகல விஷயத்தினுமில்லாவிடினும், அங்கு அபூர்வ அழகு சிறப்புகளும், மனதைக் கவர்ச்சி செய்யுங் காணிகளுமுண்டு.

புகைக் கப்பல் மேல்தெருக்கில் நின்று பார்க்கையில், அபூர்வ அழகு காணிகளையும், தோற்றங்களையும் காணலாம்.

அதின் செம்மண்ணும் சிவப்புக் கட்டடங்களும் நீல வர்ணமேகமும், கட்டி நீலம் போன்ற சமுத்திரத்தின் ஜலமும், உஷ்ண தேசங்களில் புஷ்களங்கமாய் முளைக்கும் அநேக விதமான பச்சைச் செடிகளும், இத்தீவுக்கு, ஒரு விநோத அழகையும் தோற்றத்தையும் கொடுக்கிறது. துறைமுகத்தில், பிரமாண்டமான புகை கப்பல்கள், தங்கள் தங்கள் சுய தேசங்களின் கொடிகளை பாய் மரங்களில் ஏற்றி எங்களை புடை சூழ்ந்து நங்கூரம் பாய்ந்திருப்பதையும் காணலாம். நீழக் கொம்புகளால், முனைகளில்மாத் திர மிணைக்கப்பட்டு, தண்மெலிக் கும், படகைப்போன்ற சாயலையுடைய கட்டை மரங்களை அங்கு காண்பது ஓர் அற்புதக் காட்சி. துறைமுகத்தில் ஒதுங்கியிருக்கும், சிறிய கப்பல்களால், இக்கட்டை மரங்களுக்கு சேதம் நேரிடுமாகையால், அநேகமாய் அவைகள் வெளிப்புறத்திலே கிடக்கும். துறைமுகத்திலிருந்து சாப்பாடு விடுதிக்குச் செல்லும்போது, அநேக விநோத காட்சிகளைக் காணலாம். இத்தீவின் தேசாதிபதியின் அரண்மனையைத் தாண்டினபின், பட்டணத்தார் தங்கும் வரிசைக் கட்டடங்களையும், வலது பக்கத்தில் வெறுமையான கடற்கரையையும், இடது பக்கத்தில் இராஜ வீதியையும் காணலாம். ரிக்ஷாவில் ஏறிச் செல்லுங்கால், இருபுறங்களிலு முள்ள பலவித விநோத காட்சிகள் அதிக சிறப்புற்றவையாய் துலங்குகின்றன. அழகிய பனைகளும், விநோதமான சிறிய குடிசைகளும், வானுழத் தோட்டங்களும், பலவர்ண உடைகளைப் பூண்டு சென்று கொண்டிருக்கும் கூட்டங்களும், கிழக்கத்திய தேசங்களில் காணப்படும் பல வித வர்ணங்கள், அழகிய காட்சிகள் முதலியவைகளை காட்டும், அசைவாடும் படத்தைப்போன்றிருக்கின்றன.

இத்தீவைச் சுற்றிவருவதற்கு முன்று தினங்கள் செல்லுமாகையால், இதன் சுற்றளவு எவ்வளவு என்று நீங்கள் நினைத்துக்கொள்ளலாம். கிறிஸ்துவின் ஜநத்திற்கு முந்திய அநேக நூற்றாண்டுகளில் ஆச்சரிய சம்பவங்கள் இங்கு நடைபெற்றுள்ளன. பிராமணர், தமிழர், போர்த்துகீசார், உலாந்துக்காரர், பிரிட்டிஷ்காரர், இதன்மேல் வரிசையாக படையெடுத்துச் சென்றிருக்கின்றனர். இலங்கைக்குப் போகிறவர்கள், பூர்வ அரசர்களின் தலைமை நகரமாகிய கண்டியைப் புகைவண்டியில் சென்று பார்த்து திரும்புவாராயின், அப்போர் கொத்தவர், இந்த அழகிய தீவை பூர்த்தியாய்ப் பார்க்கவில்லை யென்றே சொல்லவேண்டும். புகைவண்டியில் பிரயாணஞ் செய்யுங்கால், மலைகள் மேலும், அவைகளின் சாரல்களிலும், அவைகளைச் சுற்றிலும், நவீனமான காக்கிகளையும், அழகிய தோற்றங்களையும், அடர்த்தியான தோப்புகளில் புதைந்து கிடக்கும் விநோதமான சிறிய குடிசைகளும், பழைய காடுகளில் காணப்படும் அடர்த்தியும், புஷ்பங்கள்குமுமான மாங்கனால் மறைக்கட்டுக் கிடக்கும் நஞ்சைகளையும், தோட்டங்களையும், நானாபக்கங்களிலும் உள்ள செழிப்பையும் காணலாம்.

அடுக்கடுக்காயிருக்கும் மலைச்சார்புகளில் பயிரிட்டுள்ள நெல் புஞ்சைகளையும், செங்குத்தாயிருக்கும் சார்புகளில் தேயிலை, கொக்கோ முதலியவை விளையும் பெரிய தோட்டங்களையும் பார்க்கலாம்.

பலவித தொழில்களை புரிந்துவரும் கிராமத்தாரையும், வியாபாரக் கூட்டத்தையும் காணலாம். ஆங்காங்கு, சிறித்த முகங்களோடு, சுறுசுறுப்பாய்த்திரியும் பையன்களும், பெண்களும், கல்விதோச்சியடைய, சென்றுக்கொண்டிருக்கும் பள்ளிக்கூடங்களையும் காணலாம்.

அநேக கிழக்கத்திய நாடுகளைப்போல, இலங்கையிலும், அநேகவித ஜனங்களும், பாஷைகளும்முண்டு. கலப்பில்லாத சிங்களவர்கள், அழகுவாய்ந்தவர்கள், மெல்லிய தேகக் கூறும், உயர்ந்த வளர்ச்சியுமுடையவர்களாயிருப்பதினால், பார்வைக்குப் பலனைரைப்போல் தோன்றுகிறார்கள். ஆனால், மரக்கறி புசிப்பவர்கள், தோற்றத்திற்கு மெலிவாயிருந்தாலும், அவர்கள் வாஸ்தவமாக பெலசாலிகள் யென்பது திண்ணம். சிங்களவ ஸ்திரீகள் தங்கள் அழகிய ஆடைகளை தங்கள் உடம்பில் சுற்றிக்கொள்ளுகிறார்கள். அவர்களுடைய பாவாடைகள் நீழமும் இருக்கமாயிருக்கின்றன. அவர்களுடைய சட்டைகளின் கழுத்து, தாழ்ந்ததும், மேலுங்கீழும், அழகான லேசுக்களாலும், சுறுக்குகளாலும், ஜோடிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. புருஷர்களும், ஸ்திரீகளைப்போலவே, தங்கள் உடைகளைச் சுற்றிக் கட்டிக்கொள்ளுகிறார்கள். அவர்கள் தங்கள் தலையிரை, நீழமாக வளர்ப்பது வழக்கம். தங்கள் கூந்தல்களை பின்னாக முடித்து அவைகள் கலைந்துபோகாதபடி, அரைவட்டம்போன்ற ஆமை ஒட்டிச் சீப்பைச் சொருகிக் கொள்ளுகிறார்கள். சிறு பிள்ளைகளுக்கு அழகான கருப்பு விழியுள்ள கண்களுண்டு. இவைகளின் ரோமங்கள் நீண்டும் வளைந்துமிருக்கின்றன. பலவண்ணமான ஒரே மெல்லிய உடையைத் தரித்திருந்தாலும், அநேகமாய் அவர்களுடம்பில் காணப்படுவது, கழுத்தில் தொங்கும் மணிக்கோர்வையே.

இந்திய வண்ணரைப்போல, தட்டைக் கல்லில் துணிகளை அடித்து, குளிர்ந்த தண்ணீரில் அலசி, மணல்மேல் காயப்போட்டு கடும் வெயிலில் உலர்த்துகிறார்கள். இப்பூர்விக முறைகளினால், ஆச்சரிய நன்மைகள் உண்டாகின்றன.

திருவிழாக் காலங்களில் திரள் கூட்டமான ஜனங்களைக் காணலாம். பசுமையும், செழிப்பும், காந்தியுமுள்ள இத்தீவின், திரு ஸ்தலங்களுக்கும், ஆலயங்களுக்கும், பலவண்ண ஆடைகளைத் தரித்துக்கொண்டு, சிறு கூட்டமாயும், பெருங் கூட்டமாயும், ஜனங்கள் சென்று கொண்டிருப்பதைக் காணலாம்.

லில்ல டெக்ஸ்டர் கிரீன்.

Woman's Love.

ஒரு மாதுவின் காதல்

எல்லாக் காதல்களிலும், ஓர் தாய் தன் குழந்தையின்மேல் வைத்திருக்கும் அன்பு, சிறந்ததும், பெருமைவாய்ந்ததாய்மிருக்கின்றது. புருஷன்மேல் காதலாயிருக்கும் மனைவி, தாயைப்போல் மனரம்பிய முள்ளவளாயிருந்தால், அவளுடைய வீட்டை, நல்ல குடித்தன வீடுயென்று சொல்லலாம்.

ஒரு மாதுவின் காதல் விலைமதிக்கப்படாத சிறந்த இரத்தின கல்லுக்குச் சரியாயிருக்கிறது. மாதாவின் குணத்தையும், பத்தினியின் குணத்தையும் தொகுத்து எவன் காட்டுகிறானோ, அவளே மெய்யான பாக்கியவதி. ஒரு சிறிய விளக்கின் கொழுந்து, அநேக தீவட்டிகளை எரியச் செய்கிறாப்போல், ஓர் தாய் தன் குழந்தையை அதிகமாய்ச் சினேகிப்பது, காதலைப் பெருக்கி, துலங்கி நிற்கச் செய்கிறது.

“அது உண்மையாகவே, ஆச்சரியமாயிருக்கிறது. என் காதலையெல்லாம், என் புருஷன்மீது செல்வழித்துவிட்டேன் என்று நினைத்தேன். இப்போது, எனக்கு ஆண் குழந்தை யொன்று பிறந்திருக்கிறது. அவனை நான் மட்டுக்கு மிஞ்சி சினேகிக்கிறேன். இரண்டு விதத்தில் என் பர்த்தாவின்மீது நான் கொண்டிருக்கும் காதலை அதிகரிக்கச் செய்கிறது,” என்று ஒரு சிறு வயதுள்ள தாய், தன் தோழியைப் பார்த்துச் சொன்னாள். என் பர்த்தாவை அப்படியே உரித்துக்கொண்டு வந்தாற்போல், என் சிறு கண்மணி பிறந்திருப்பது, எனக்கு சொல்லக்கூடாத இன்பத்தைத் தருகிறது. இப்படி அவன் சம்பாஷித்துக் கொண்டிருக்கையில் அவன் முகம் ஆனந்த பாஷ்பத்தினால், மலர்ந்தது. சுயநலத்தைக் கருதாத ஒரு மாதாவின் காதல், ஒரு குடித்தனத்தை நிலைநிறுத்தி, ஸ்திரப்படுத்தி, முன்னேற்றமடையச் செய்யும்.

தன்னை ஆதரித்த தாயானாலும் சரி, தன் செல்வத்தை அனுபவித்த பாரியாளானாலுஞ் சரி, இருதயார்த்தமாய் சேவிக்கும் பெண்ணின் சினேகத்தைக் காட்டிலும், சிறந்த சினேகம் உலகில் காணக்கூடுமோ. தாயற்ற குழந்தையின் நிலைமை மிகப் பரிதாபம் நிறைந்துள்ளது. தன்னையும் தன் குடித்தனத்தையும் கவனிக்க, ஒரு மனையாள் இல்லாவிடின் அப்புருஷனின் நிலைமை பயங்கரமும் கொடியதுமாயிருக்கும்.

“ஒரு புருஷனுக்கு தன் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்த அன்பார்ந்த உத்தம பத்தினி இருப்பாளாயின் அவனுக்கு இப்பூவுலகில், குறைவற்ற செல்வம் கிடைக்கும். உலகத்தின் சகல சம்பத்துமிருந்தும், பாரியாளில்லாவிடின், புருஷன் ஓர் தரித்திரனென்று, கிழக்கத்திய பெரியோர் சொல்லிய வார்த்தைகள், இப்போது என் ஞாபகத்திற்கு வருகிறது.

ஆண் மக்களே, உங்கள் தாய்மாரை கண்ணியமாய் நடத்துங்கள். புருஷர்களே, உங்கள் பத்தினிகளை மகித்து, சினேகித்து, அவர்களையுங்கள். தொட்டிலை ஆட்டி உன்னை உறங்க வைத்ததாயே, நீ தொண்டைமான் ஆனாலும், உனக்கு ஆலோசனை சொல்பவன். ஆகையால் இந்த சத்திபத்தை உன் சகல நிலைமைகளிலும் நினைத்துக்கொள். மேற்சொன்னவைகள் மனோபாவங்கள் என்று எண்ணவேண்டாம்.

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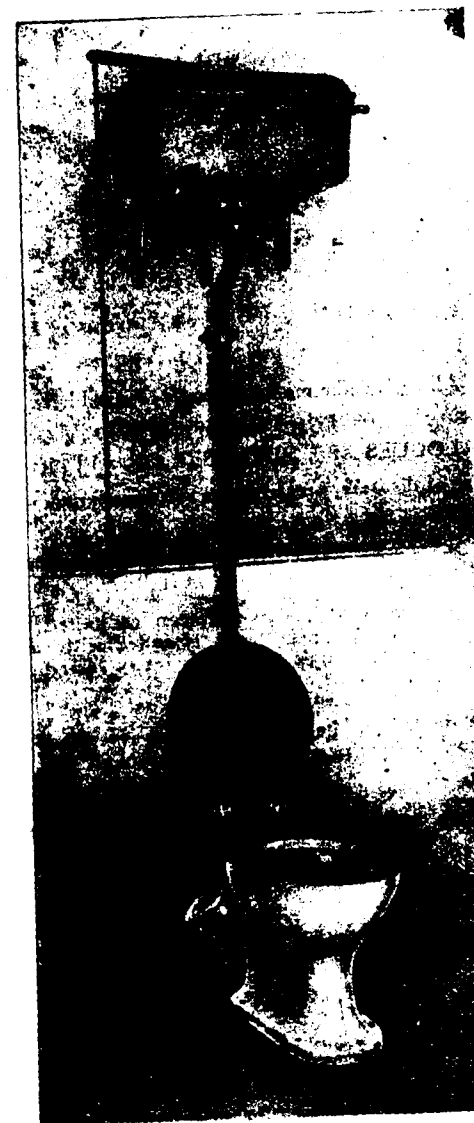
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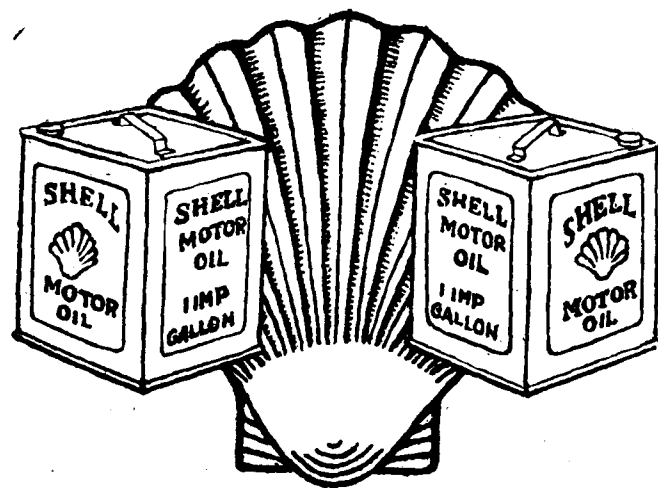
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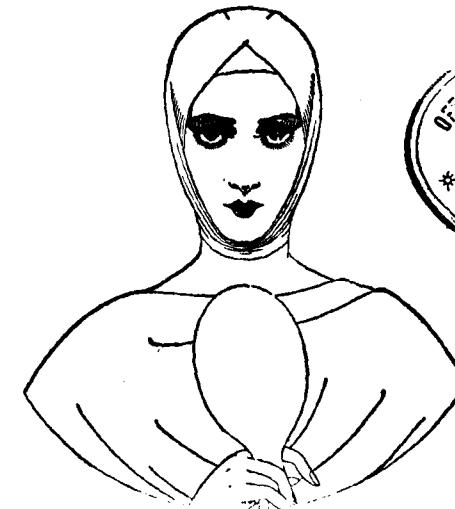
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Vol:—VI.

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CONTENTS

	Page
"Resolve"—Verses—selected	257
Christmas—Emily Kinnaird	258
Idealism of Indian women—Kamala	260
A short review of American Marriage and divorce—Eugenia Rives.	262
Editor's notes:—(1) Peace, (2) Misunderstandings between Indian and Foreign women, (3) Birth-control	265
In man's realm—Kagawa—E. K.	269
The Land of the Rising Sun—Shanthi	271
Our serial story—Detective Janaki, chapter VIII.—K. S.	273
The Importance of Hogenakal—V. Thangaswamy	278
The call of the soul—A story—Mrs. Krishnaswamy	280
In the realm of women—An Indian woman	286
"My longing for thee"—Ammuni	296
Is not man superior to woman?—N. Ramabhadran	296
Children's Pages.—(1) A story, (2) Our letter to our young people— Padmini	297
Chughtai, the Indian artist—P. Sathianadhan	299
Book-notes	299
Chess-notes—Bharadwaja	300
Cinema notes	302
Dancing in India	303
Fashion notes	304
Observations—Maithili	304
Household hints—Paddy	306
Cookery notes—selected	307
Tamil section—Mrs. Asirvatham	308
Urdu section	311
Acknowledgments	

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

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

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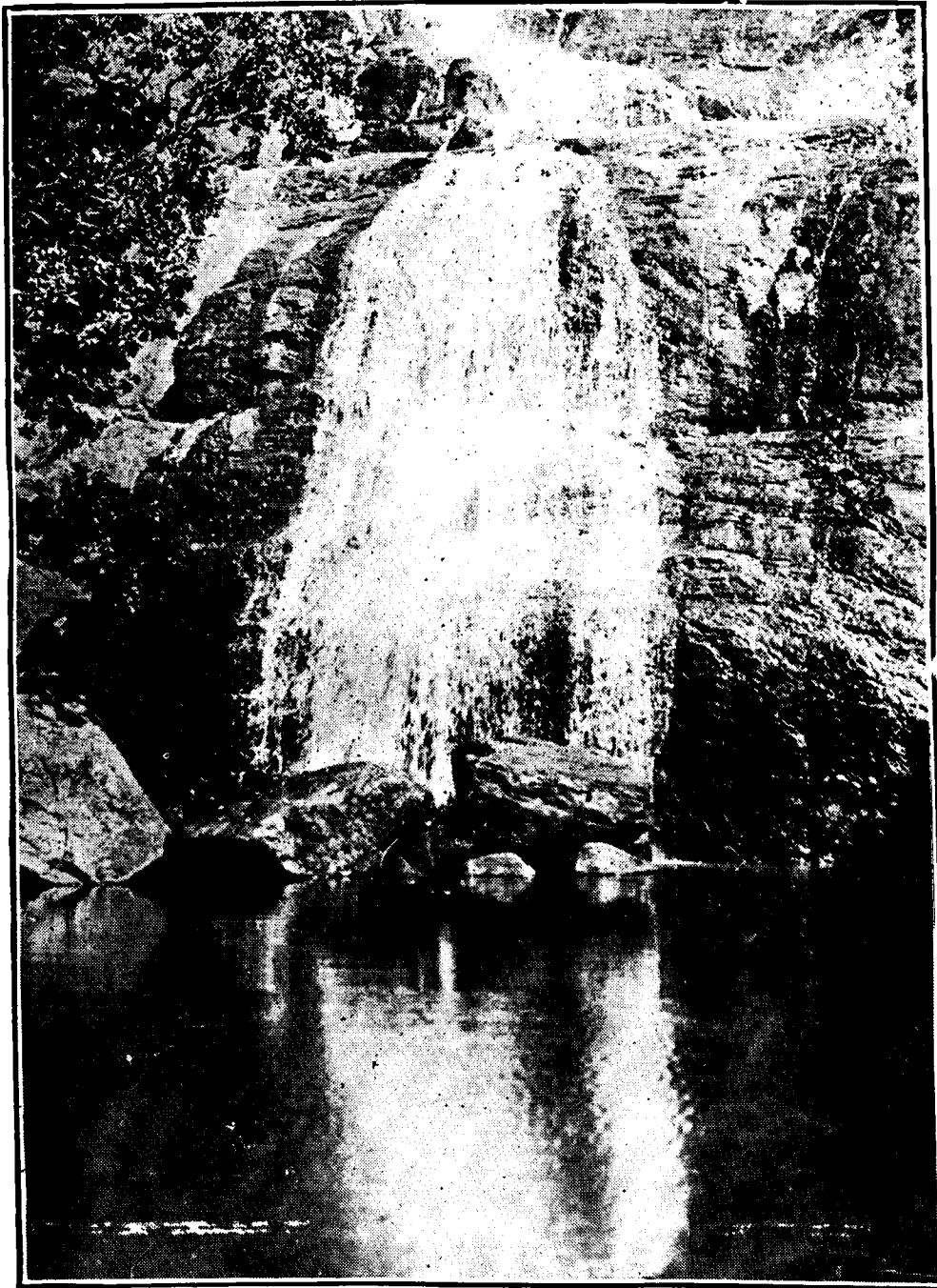
A RESOLVE FOR THE NEW YEAR

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope. Remember,
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of Promise, forgetting
Whatever the Past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the Past,
While you take your place in the line of Progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And, instead of regretting, resolve, resolve.
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled.
For see how the light of the New year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

R. W. WILCOX



THE SILVER CASCADE, KODAIKANAL

(Photo by A. J. Panayan)

CHRISTMAS

The festival, which bears the name of Christmas, is near upon us and in every part of the world there will be little groups of people, probably in every one of the 71 nations into which the world is divided, especially of children, who wake up early in the morning to be the first to give their time-honoured greeting of "a happy X'mas." Many of the latter will hang up their empty stockings for Father X'mas, coming down the open chimney, to fill with gifts. Others will go to the breakfast table and see an empty chair and a place at table laid for a guest; and, asking who is to be the visitor, will be told: "It is for the Christ-Child; it is His birthday; His presence, not in the flesh, but in the spirit, will add to our X'mas joy; so we put a chair for Him—." In India to-day, where Christianity has quietly become the third religion of the land, there will be many such greetings; some for the first time waking up to know what the joy of Christmas Day is. The remarkable thing of Christian joy is that its symbol is "giving, not receiving;" *Christmas* gifts have been prepared in factories and shops so cheap that all may share in them and little children learn through their earliest recollections that the coming of JESUS CHRIST into this world of sin and sorrow contains the promise of everlasting joy, because it is the memory of a life revealing the love of God and the life which cannot die. So Christmas, in the Christian year of commemoration, is followed in a few months by the celebration of the Resurrection. EASTER commemorates and renews all the promises of the birth of JESUS; while Whitsuntide, the third feast of commemoration, brings the experience of the two celebrations into every life, young or old, through the holy spirit.

But, there is something deeper than childish joy and pleasure-giving present in the celebration of Christmas; the world,

to-day more than ever, is torn by faction, by jealousy, by enmity, by commercial antagonisms, by racial animosities, by international mistakes. As we read our paper on that Saturday, when Germany walked out of the League of Nations, as Japan did some months back, we felt that East and West were kindred, and the thoughts of many of us went back to the Angels' Christmas song, which like many songs has still to be translated into life—"Peace on Earth."

If only the world had understood this message, if only the science of the twentieth century had transmuted the hates of human nature into love and turned the thoughts of humanity into channels of peace, instead of training the best of our young men to use their sinews and their brains for war, then indeed we should have seen different things to-day.

Has Christmas then no message? Can we not wish each other a happy, if not a merry, X'mas? Is there no hope for better times? Can women not stand out in the name of peace to forbid the slaughter, for which men of science and politicians seem to be preparing the world? What can be done?

Some of the sciences are teaching us that it is not physical force alone that rules the world; there is soul-force, there is thought-force, which can change things. To use such forces, we must train ourselves and train our children not to bow down to past opinions, not only to pass on time-honoured constitutions because they have dominated past actions, but also to think new thoughts and have a new faith in the power of thought. Then we, women, shall not necessarily hold to old standards; but, carrying on such methods, we shall mould to-day's thinking to higher ideals of what is right or wrong, what is just or unjust, and we shall seek to make our menfolk do the same.

There is a message of peace still in Christmas, however much it is unattended to by men or nations. It is God's message to the world, because "God so loved the world as to give His Son, that whosoever believeth" may have new life with new ideas and a new power to carry them out. Will every one of our readers do their best to think out these facts, and to discuss them with their friends with as much earnestness as they do the borders of their saries? Some one told C. F. Andrews that he ought to have called his new book "Christ in the Storm", instead of "Christ in the Silence", to which he replied truly: "My reply is that Christ's silent presence ought to be felt even in the most stormy days. But I know fully well, that, just in these very trials, great and small alike, lies the supreme test as to whether the inward peace which is in my own heart is genuine and comes from Christ Himself, or is just a transitory mood."

Many of us feel with C. F. Andrews that peace is no human attainment, but is a Christmas gift and the key-note, which, once struck in our hearts, does ring on, although "fighting within and fears without" may perturb sometimes. Like all God's gifts it has to be taken with empty hands and empty hearts, so that it may fill us. It is so beautifully true, that it is something "the world can neither give nor take away." Christmas "peace passes understanding", but does not pass possession, and its experience transmutes life.

So, in wishing readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine a happy Christmas, I am making no idle greeting, but directing troubled and puzzled hearts to an ever new source of consolation.

EMILY KINNAIRD.

TO THE EVENING STAR

When sunlight lingered near the horizon,
 You came to me with silent steps of love,
 Like an enraptured girl, and kissed my brow;
 You spread your mantle white about my face,
 You looked into mine eyes with craving eyes,
 You smiled thro' tears and caressed me with sighs.
 But, when I ope'd my arms to you, you rose
 As if offended, walked across the blue,
 Still turning back, and sought in th' sea repose.
 I waited thro' the dewy night for you,
 But then weary with despair fell asleep.
 When in the morning in my slumber deep
 You kissed me, I thought it was a dream embrace,
 And you, ere I could ope mine eyes, were gone!

SUSI P. DAVID.

IDEALISM OF INDIAN WOMEN

I was greatly interested in the article in the *Mahratta* from the pen of Mrs. Lakshmi Menon about the *Ideals of Indian womanhood*. She complained that the reality of the Indian woman is lost in the idealism of her, which has come down to us from remote ages. One agrees with her somewhat in this view. "The ideal of Indian womanhood as held forth by these is something like the German scholar's concept of an Indian woman. To him every Indian woman is a Sakuntala come to life, and he is gloriously ignorant of the realities—the grim, gruff, grotesque realities that make the Indian woman in being a somewhat different one from the ideal."

The ideal is certainly useless, unless the real approaches it in some measure at least. There is no use of treating woman as a goddess. She is only human, and all the dearer because she is human. "There is as much of the common clod in her as in everything else in Nature, that lives and grows, and what she needs from her father, husband, brother and friend is not adoration, worship and faith, but affection, love, co-operation and sympathy. In fact she demands nothing more or less than justice, fairness and equality. She wants an equal share of freedom, sunshine and fresh air, which would make her fit to bear her responsibilities and duties as a citizen and as a social unit. In other words, she demands her right, the right of every being, to be treated in a human and humane way."

However, in the first place, an ideal is never eulogised without a purpose. It is generally meant to be worked out in life. And, where can there ever be an actuality, without theorising? We all know that social reform becomes practicable, only after the education of public opinion by theories.

In the same way, a woman can achieve advance, only by contemplating the ideal.

Then again, when one talks of Sita, Sakuntala, or Droupadi, one does not expect the Indian woman to be a "combination of all our epic heroines", or "a marvellous receptacle of Puranic virtues." By no means. One expects her to be an ordinary, substantial, living woman, who tries her best to be *somewhat* like the ideals shown to her. Were not Sita, Savitri and Droupadi characters of every-day life? They were not ethereal beings, but just human women, victimised by circumstances, caught in the toils of sin, yet so steadfast and true that they eventually worked out their own happiness. They had many faults too. If one reads the epics carefully, one is aware of them. Sita, for instance, was the cause of the Ramayana war; it was her selfish but human desire for the golden deer, which made her husband follow it; it was her impulsive unreasonableness, her fretful impatience, her lack of faith in her husband, which forced her protector Lakshmana to follow Rama and leave her unguarded for Ravana to capture. Take Droupadi again; she grumbled always like a very woman at her trials, at the insults offered her, at the privations she had to undergo in the forest, at the apparent disregard by her husbands of her reputation; we hear her constantly nagging Yudhistira to fight with the Kurus; we even see her sending Bhima into danger for the sake of a few worthless flowers. With such faults, however, we see the strength of character, which eventually helped her husbands to win victory. We wish the same in our women. They can be as modern as they please; yet they must build their modesty on the Indian tradition. "The sacrifice of Sita, the devotion of Savitri, the endurance of

Droupadi", must be always a part of their character, even with the new freedom and equality, the new methods of work, the new fashions in physique and costume. And, when we say that Indian women must not forget the traditions of India, we mean especially that they must never go beyond bounds, as is the custom of Western women sometimes.

In the ancient era of India, as in the present one, there were ideals of various kinds. Some were good, others not to be followed. With independent heroines like Sita and Savitri, were mentioned those other characters, virtuous, yet with that utter slavishness which Mrs. Menon deplores. We deplore it with her. We lament the selfish ascendancy and superiority of the man as compared to the woman, the representation of the husband as a god to the woman. But, one must not forget that there are some women who *like* to be subject to man, apart even from their sense of duty. Are there not many Western women like that? Is it not the common saying that women like to be mastered by men? Is it not true that the more rough a man is, the more he is idolized sometimes? Leaving aside even that, we must also go to the root-idea of ancient wisdom, which is the extraordinary chastity of a "Pativrata", who, once she was married, remained true to her husband, and did not find it easy to run after other men or seek divorce, as modern women do. Be it remembered that, slavish though such an attitude seems, it yet was able to cope with the power even of gods and demons.

Perhaps, there is something to complain about the completeness of the sacrifice required in an Indian woman; but surely sacrifice is the supreme code of morality. Sacrifice of self has always been, and always will be, taught to be one of the greatest virtues. And with sacrifice a woman surely can still

keep her individuality. Nay, the sacrifice made by different women can be of various kinds, as dictated by their several individualities. But sacrifice must be differentiated from what is called "suppression of self, enforced by custom, conventions, and lack of opportunities." That is not what we require at all, and that was not what was always portrayed in our ancient heroines. They had plenty of individuality indeed. If they were really our ideals, we should know how to meet the present situation. But alas, we have sadly degenerated. And the blame for the backsliding must be laid, not on the impotency of the ancient ideals, but on the customs and conventions, which have supervened and have cramped our mentality, making us a "community of half-slaves." It is obvious that such a state must be changed, if we would have modern women as free as our ancient women, bound, yet free, equal, yet dependent, just as the free will of man is limited in Hindu philosophy by fate and *Karma*.

Complete idealism is not indeed needed, but there is no doubt that idealism itself is a valuable factor of advance.

As Swami Vivekananda said of Sita: "You may exhaust the literature of the world that is past, and I may assure you, that you will have to exhaust the literature of the future, before finding another Sita. Sita is unique; that character was depicted once for all. There may have been several Ramas perhaps, but never more than one Sita! She is the very type of the true Indian woman, for, all the ideals of a perfected woman have grown out of that one life of Sita; and here she stands these thousands of years, commanding the worship of every man, woman and child, throughout the length and breadth of the land of Aryavarta."

KAMALA.

A SHORT REVIEW OF AMERICAN MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

By Eugenia Rives, U.S.A.

The legal age for marriage in America is twenty-one for a man and eighteen years for a woman. If two people wish to marry before this age, they must secure parental consent. Without this, the marriage is considered illegal and subject to annulment by the parents. These laws hold true throughout the nation, even though there is a difference in some of the states. Most states are lenient and marriage is easily contracted. In fact, it is too easy. If more restrictions were placed upon marriage, divorces would not be so prevalent. The marriage, and not the divorce laws of America, need amending.

Parents have no direct part in the marriages of American youths. Scheming mothers often aid and abet the possibilities of their daughters by lavish entertaining, psychological manoeuvring, and by placing the child in the society of eligible males. It is generally ceded, however, that the young people meet and fall in love.

American courtship is a thing typical of this country. If two people are attracted, the man generally asks the girl's permission to call. If she grants the request, their meeting may mean a number of things, the beginning of a courtship that ends in marriage, the possibility of a life-long friendship. The one date may be the first and last between the two. Often times, there are cases where men tire of one woman and follow the lure of the siren who is gifted in the art of attracting men. The same applies to women.

The lack of parental restrictions and supervision of young people is a bit strange to those who are in the habit of seeing such. Cars and feminine independence have given the American girl an unlimited amount of freedom. She thinks nothing of riding for miles alone with her escort, or meeting him at a public place for an engagement. This regime has given each sex a greater opportunity for a better under-

standing of the other. Sentimental love is not sufficient for marriage. Modern girls demand a certain economic standard and have no desire to become house-hold drudges. They do not look upon marriage as a life-long contract, unless it measures up to what they expect and demand.

But in the midst of all of the so-called cold calculation of modern youth, there are some idealists who regard marriage as a sacred institution. They marry for altruistic love and strive to live in peace and self-sacrifice for the other. This type of youth, however, is so in the minority that often times deserving members of both sexes are forced to spend their lives in loneliness, because they cannot sacrifice their ideals on the altar of materialism.

When two people have decided they wish to marry, they begin plans for the wedding, which may be held in various settings. Some prefer the elaborate church affair with numerous attendants and great publicity. Others have much the same type, but conduct it in the home. Then, there are the simple church and home weddings where less money is spent. A number of people forego the conventional custom and elope, or go away and marry without divulging their plans. Ministers of the various churches are usually called upon to perform the marriage ceremonies; but a justice of peace, a country judge, the mayor of a city, the state governor, and the President of the United States, all have the same lawful right.

Two nationally-known elopement towns of America are Marion, Arkansas, and Gretna Green, Kentucky. A glamour of romance and sentiment has sprung up about these places, but records show that many of these elopement marriages end in the divorce courts. More divorces are granted to-day in America than ever before in the history of the nation. Statistics show that one-sixth, or sixteen marriages out of every hundred end in the divorce courts,

This rate is much higher in some places where as many as sixteen per cent. sever the marriage.

Statistics show that 37 per cent. of the divorces are granted during the first five years of marriage. This is because women and men of today refuse to live in compatibility when the divorce courts offer freedom. There is no safe age for American marriage. Contracts of forty years duration have been severed. Appalling as divorce figures are, they do not include the number of separations, where no lawful severance has been granted. Cases exist where a successful reuniting has been affected after separation, but the per cent. is about one out of a hundred.

The real and basic causes of divorces are never mentioned in the decree. It is decidedly more genteel to name the well-known reasons of desertion and infidelity than to state the truth.

During the World War, while the feverish intensity of patriotism and the glamour of militarism held sway, many people married. The seriousness of the relationship was lost, as infatuated couples rushed into it. Men felt that they were entitled to as much happiness as possible before facing death. Women were emotional and longed for the romantic. A certain class of females married solely for the purpose of securing the soldiers' monetary allotment.

The reaction of a high emotional tension eventually comes. Such was true of the war marriages. Cultured men and women found themselves bound to creatures of grossness, idealists to materialists, practical to impractical, brilliant to mediocre, amiable to acrimonious, mental to physical, and broad-minded to dogmatic bigots. The divorce court was the solution.

Grief among the causes of American divorces is that of youthful marriages and a lack of preparation for its responsibilities. American youth is well-educated for its professional life. Years of study are necessary before admission is granted. Yet, marriage is entered into hastily without any serious thought or preparation. Since marriage is a partnership dependent upon most rigid regulations, intensive training for its success is necessary.

The freedom of American living has had a tendency to separate people. Husbands are away from home attending to business. Wives are employed with social affairs and are often

away from home a number of months in the year. These separations tend to lessen the marriage bond. Husbands seek companionship among other women. Wives become interested in play-boys, who are unencumbered with business cares and have the time to amuse them. A gradual misunderstanding increases until there is no compatibility between the two people, who started life together with the intention of remaining lovers forever.

American homes have experienced a gradual breaking down since the era of the automobile and the picture show. People have forgotten how to spend an evening at home, engaged in worth-while reading. Young people demand excitement and crowd the theatres and highways in an attempt to capture it. Parents are engrossed with social obligations, which take them away from their children. Home is a place to keep cloths in and sleep. It is no longer a place to eat in, because public clubs, restaurants, and lunch counters afford ample opportunities for procuring food.

America as a nation is one of material ideals, where real idealism is derided and despised. Young people have learned to cloak their altruism and live in a hardened world, where no one may see beneath the surface. They adopt the slogan, "A short life and a merry one," and live accordingly. At heart they are fundamentally sound, but modern living has forced them to adopt this code in order to survive. They have learned that money, not only talks, but gives them entrance into the material world that is the goal of the majority. This materialism and lack of idealism has had its effect upon marriage. Men, who are faultlessly honest in their business dealings, often lie to their wives, while the latter in return deceive their mates.

Marriages of varied social stratas often end disastrously, because the variance in positions builds up a misunderstanding which soon amounts to disgust and repugnance. It is impossible for marriage to continue when such a condition exists.

A lack of understanding and sympathy for the rights and privileges of others often leads to a strained tension which dissipates marital happiness. Husbands lose themselves in business and forget those little attentions that women cherish above treasures. Wives become engrossed in their children and in social activities to the extent of excluding their husband except for the purpose of furnishing money.

When a divorce has been decided upon, either party may start proceedings. The age-old chivalrous trait in men prompts them to grant the wife the privilege, but if she refuses he may go ahead and file a suit. The 1930 statistics show an equal number of men and women making applications for divorces.

The first step in a divorce proceeding is securing the services of a lawyer. He files the petition for a certain number of days before the convening of the chancery court. When court convenes, he presents the case before the judge. If both parties appear in court, the case is termed as collusion and unlawful; it therefore is thrown out. If the case proceeds according to law and is uncontested by either party, the judge grants the decree and the couple is no longer married.

There are no universal divorce laws in America. Each state has its own. Some have capitalized on their laws and consider the divorce mill one of their chief business enterprises. Reno, Nevada, and Hot Springs, Arkansas, are the two outstanding divorce colonies of the country. Each place caters to the trade and has added attractions to lure prospective clients for the necessary resident periods. Traditions have sprung up around these towns, reporters have gathered material for feature stories, and sight-seers include them in their tours. Every American knows of Hot Springs and Reno.

A leniency in the divorce laws of Arkansas and Nevada is the cause of the amount of business in these two states. A person may stay in Nevada for six weeks and in Arkansas for ninety days and be considered a citizen. It is easier and more economical for people to establish residence in either of these states than to remain at home and attempt to overcome the restrictions.

Nevada recognizes practically any charge as a cause for divorce. Arkansas refuses to admit

that incompatibility is a legal cause. Desertion for one year without a reasonable cause, impotency of either party at the time of marriage, a former husband or wife at marriage, drunkenness, cruel and inhuman treatment, and adultery are the lawful causes for marriage severance in the state of Arkansas.

The case must come to court in the county where the complainant resides. Allegations must be proven to have occurred in the state, or be a legal cause in the state where the offence took place. The cause must have existed within the five-year period before the filing of the suit. If the parties have lived together after the offence has been committed, it is a sign of forgiveness and no grounds for divorce can be established.

Most women who sue for divorce apply for alimony, especially if there are children. The amount demanded is based upon the man's income. Several cases are on record, where men have sued successfully for alimony, but these instances are very rare.

The greatest tragedy of the divorce mills is the innocent child. A child denied the privilege of both parents' love is cheated of its birthright. Statistics show that children of divorced parents are greater social problems than those reared in a congenial home atmosphere. If parents could realize the intense suffering children endure, perhaps they would surrender some of their selfish desires.

Attempting a complete analysis of American marriage and divorce is a task psychologists have not wholly succeeded in accomplishing. Marriages will be broken and the divorce mill fed with its quota of marital wreckage, until American youth is trained for the great responsibility of marriage and enters into it with a spirit of sacrifice and godly idealism.

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EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) Peace

The approach of Christmas, when was born the Prince of Peace, accentuates the efforts being made everywhere for a world-settlement. The teaching of Christ, as based wholly on the principle of love, comes as a challenge to modern generations, "heightening our moral sensitive-ness", to such an extent that war with all its horrors seems somehow impossible to true progress; and such a feeling is not the effect of sentimentalism, but the gradual evolution of human consciousness and human growth.

At the Chicago Women's Congress, a trumpet call was sounded for "a world-understanding and a peace that will rest on the unshakable foundation of a natural understanding and trust between nations." In former days, such a peace seemed impossible; but now the world has become very small by means of the many methods of inter-communication. We see that pain, disease, poverty, crime, sorrow, are common to all the world. Joy and happiness and good must bow to the same law, and all barriers separating races and nations should be levelled away.

In this great work, women can accomplish much more than men. We see this by the agitation now going on among the women of the West for world-disarmament and peace. Some people, like Lord Raglan, have said that "women are apt to be more ferocious than men", for they see usually but their own view of a question. This charge, however, is all to the good, for it speaks of the blind loyalty of a woman to her cause. If then women see the real need for peace, great will be their efforts in favour of it. Indeed most women hate war, which means the loss of their loved men. To every rule, however, there must be an exception; and the exception here is the idea of some women that war means the satisfaction of honour, and the culmination of duty. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more", sang the old poet. It was thought to be honourable for fathers, husbands, brothers and sons to be killed for the sake of the country. Now, it is being discovered that it is not honour for one nation to

destroy another even for the sake of an ideal; but that true honour is to seek to accomplish that ideal by the paths of peace.

War has been lauded and advocated. It has not accomplished anything spiritual, nor has it satisfied the world-mind. Destruction and disunion have resulted from it, not construction and unity. It remains for peace to show what it can do, in the way of good building-up. As Nicholas Roerich said in *Stri-Dharma*, "Who, if not women, must now rise and unite in the name of culture and the beautiful? Because it was precisely a woman who was destined to be the first to proclaim the Resurrection."

To enumerate all that was accomplished and inspired by women would mean to describe the history of the world. It we speak about the bringing of the beautiful into the whole fulness of life, if we know that the predestined evolution rests upon the corner-stones of beauty and knowledge; then who shall be the most faithful ally and transmitter of these foundations into the depth of human consciousness?

Verily, it is not only the gatherings of women, regretting something or condemning something, which have already become conventional; but the union of women in the valiant, living exchange of all creative possibilities of unity, calling for the realization of the good, through united work, that will give the desired results."

(2) Misunderstandings between Indian and foreign women

Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi, on her return from her European and American tours, spoke about the interest created in British women by the struggle of Indian women for their rights. She said:—

"We were very much struck with the sincerity, with the earnestness and with the enthusiasm of the British women of all shades of opinion for the Indian women's cause. We had to attend a tea party or a dinner party or luncheon parties almost daily, at each of which there were invariably some informal discussions on our memorandum or short speeches by two or three of us. We found them extraordinarily

energetic, ever courteous, willing, nay, eager on their part to hear our point of view. The London Committee of the Women's Indian Association—an active and intelligent body of Indian and European women—has done much propaganda on our behalf. Miss Rathbone, the able energetic woman M.P., and an ardent feminist, had taken enormous trouble in collecting statistics of child-marriage, maternal and infantile mortality and prepared a memorandum embodying the above statistics and pointing out how the Government, both British and Indian, had failed to look after the health of the mothers and children, the primary concern of any civilised Government. Again, twelve British women associations had submitted a memorandum urging an enlarged women electorate and a larger representation of women in the future Indian legislatures."

This naturally is very pleasant hearing; one likes to think that a general interest for their own sex exists among women of different nationalities. Yet still, as the same Dr. Reddi said, there is much misrepresentation, caused by one-sided books like *Mother India and Purdah*. "The common people of England are thoroughly ignorant of Indian conditions. The only information that they get is through the interested British press, through speeches at party meetings and through reading of sensational books." This is quite true. It is a pity indeed that foreign writers are now thinking it right to write about Indian conditions, after only a short acquaintance with them, perhaps through interested parties, who wish to flatter them; perhaps through missionaries who naturally come in touch with the darker side of India, perhaps through Anglicised Indians, who are for ever craving for their foreign "homes." As *Purdahnashin* writes in the *Indian Review* :—

"Any interference by Western writers will certainly be more of a hindrance than a help. They can never really understand our home and social life, even though they may marry here and live amongst us. Their comments are bound to be tinged with either contempt or pity, and they will therefore be of no help to Indian people. If these women (or men) are really well-intentioned and are genuinely interested in our advancement, they must realise that they can best help us by resisting the temptation to pry into our nooks and corners and discuss in cold print anything that may seem unpleasant to their Western eyes."

Purdah is one of the customs misunderstood by outsiders. Now this custom is not one which conduces to national welfare; and no educated woman can defend it as deserving to be continued. Still, there are depths within depths, and it is good to see the point of view of the other side. *Purdahnashin* who has been in seclusion herself, tells us that purdah women do not lie under "the pall of a deep, degraded slumber." They take a keen interest in public affairs, and they are able to take part in the life of their country, even though they are behind the veil. That this is true is proved by the noble sovereignty and the capable statesmanship exhibited by many purdah rulers of India. "Perhaps because an Indian woman is shy, modest and retiring and does not skip, dance or flirt, she appears to a Western woman to be in a state of degraded slumber. We may not be as advanced as the modern women of the West. The author of *Purdah* is right when she states that more than in the case of other people, 'the Indian woman's development has its root in, is now feeling after, and will continue to express itself with, the currents of the ancient, exalted, religious and ethical conceptions of her race.' For this very reason the Western woman with her practical, business-like mind can never really understand the Indian woman. I cannot accept her explanation of the Indian attitude towards woman as 'ma' the mother. In my opinion, the attitude of even the husband to the wife, or the father to the daughter, typifies the very innate and strong respect for women which Indians in all ages have had. It has no relation to the 'physical mother.'"

Another subject of misunderstanding is the restriction of Indian girls in choosing their husbands. This custom again to educated minds savours of a backward age; but there are many people in India—nay, the majority—who are happy in it. A Begum writes, "So many of your marriages end in divorce and so many of your women prefer clothes and parties to a home. Among the Muslims of India, marriages are always arranged by parents. This may sound unromantic and even shocking, but such marriages are usually a success. Once married, the chances of friction are cut down to a minimum. Each partner in the marriage has well-defined rights and duties and each is determined to make the best of things. How many quarrels begin, because husbands want an

evening at the club or theatre alone and their wives feel hurt? In India, a husband leaves his wife at home as a matter of course. She would not dream of accompanying him anywhere in public. She has the consolation of knowing that he cannot spend the evening with someone else's wife or daughter, as he seldom has the opportunity of meeting those ladies."

Then, there is the question of work. The foreigner often thinks that the Indian woman usually has nothing to occupy herself with all day; but, as the Begum states, there is plenty for her to do. "Actually the average Indian housewife leads a busier life than the English woman of the same class. For one thing she would not think of turning her children over to a nurse. From their earliest years she cares for them herself. Even if she keeps a staff of servants and a *chef*, she supervises the kitchen and on most days cooks special dishes for her husband and children. This custom goes back to the days of the great Moghul Empresses. Indian women, however highly placed, never considered household work beneath their dignity. Dress occupies a smaller place in the life of Indian women than it does in that of Europeans. Education for women is not nearly so new in the East as in the West. When the Muslim civilisation was at its highest, women received exactly the same education as their brothers, and it is laid down by Islam as a solemn duty on all to give women an equal education."

Sometimes, the Indian misunderstands the foreigner. Here is what Swami Vivakananda said of the American girl:—"I should very much like our women to have your (American women's) intellectuality, but not if it must be at the cost of purity. I admire you for all that you know, but I dislike the way that you cover what is bad with roses and call it good. Intellectuality is not the highest good. Morality and spirituality are the things for which we strive. Our women are not so learned, but they are more pure. To all women, every man, save her husband, should be as her son. To all men, every woman, save his own wife, should be as his mother. When I look about me and see what you call gallantry, my soul is filled with disgust. Not until you learn to ignore the question of sex and to meet on a ground of common humanity, will your women really develop. Until then they are playthings, nothing more. All this is the cause of divorce. Your men bow low and offer a chair, but in another breath they offer compliments. They

say, 'Oh, Madam, how beautiful are your eyes!' What right have they to do this? How dare a man venture so far, and how can you women permit it? Such things develop the less noble side of humanity. They do not tend to noble ideals."

Now, everyone knows that there is much to be said in favour of the modern woman, which will present quite another aspect to that of the Swami's statement. But there it is. There are two sides to every question; and what is needed is that each side should understand and try to make allowances for the other. Dr. Reddi mentions two English ladies, who were glad to see her point of view. They said:—"We enjoyed your company, we found you better than we thought you were, and you also must have found us better than what you thought we were."

A give and take is indeed greatly needed.

(3) Birth-Control

The controversy now going on around the suggestion of Government to provide clinics for birth-control, will find an echo both in its *pros* and *cons* in the hearts of many, who will not care to come forward with their arguments. The great mass of such will be the women of India. It is the custom to regard them as down-trodden and under the absolute power of their men. The advocates of birth-control are obviously those who favour such an attitude. Indeed, has the inference ever suggested itself to anyone that those, who speak so much of the good effects of birth-control, seem to obviate altogether the share of women in the matter. Do they not seem to think that women are hopeless creatures in one of two ways, viz., either as altogether lacking self-control, or as completely wanting in will? Both such views ought not to be allowed by our advanced women, at this stage of their equality-claiming with men. I commend to them, therefore, this problem.

I confess that the suggestion to establish clinics came to me as a great shock. I felt just as the Rev. G. H. Lamb did, who wrote from Tanjore thus about birth-control: "All that is best in me rises up in moral revolt against this monstrous perversion of modern medical science." It was bad enough when birth-control was advocated in private. It is worse now that it is to be dragged into public usage. As Mr. Cotelingham wrote in the *Madras Mail*:—"Any

help given in hospitals or aided by Government will tend to destroy the finer instincts of the Indian home."

The majority of Indian mothers regard mother-hood as a blessing. I once commented rather unfavourably on the size of the family of rather a poor but educated lady. The reply was given with shocked surprise; "God has given us the children. How can we complain?" Is it easy, or is it right, to teach such people otherwise?

Birth-control is advocated for the sake of Indian women. This is the best argument that can be advanced in its favour. It is certainly sad to see the thousands of weak and ailing Indian mothers, with innumerable children hanging on to them. In this way, therefore, some Indian women may welcome birth-control. I heard one young Brahmin mother advising a young Christian girl not to get married early. "Look at me," she said, "I am so young, and I have so many children. What will happen as I grow older?" Another argument for birth-control is that it will teach the necessary principles to the illiterate. At present, it is they who do not cater for it; and so their numbers are increasing, as opposed to the lessening of the families of the more cultured, who naturally know more about birth-control. Thus, the nation is apt to degenerate gradually. Added to this, is the argument of course that correct teaching will obviate dangerous abuses. Yet, with all such good reasons, birth-control seems unsuited to India. Is it not self-control that is more necessary? I like to think that such a great soul as Mahatma Gandhi is against birth-control. The only control needed is self-control, according to him. After all, is not birth-control of the very earth, earthly? Does it not argue in a way that people have more body than soul in them, more materialism than spiritualism? And is it not wrong to encourage such ideals? That this is so is attested by the fact that so many religions are

against birth-control, indeed never thought of it.

With self-control should go education, not by means of clinics, but through moral teaching. It is an encouraging fact that such education has already accomplished something. Families are growing smaller even where birth-control has not been practised. There is a great deal of good, no doubt, that will result from birth-control; but there are many evils also. In the very first place is its adaptability to immorality. Who is to prevent the latter, and how?

Then again, birth-control is against nature. And as such, who knows what new diseases will follow in its train? It is said that it may even harm the health of the mother, in which case the good of it will be neutralised. The medical aspect of the question may, however, be left safely in the hands of medical men. With regard to the economic aspect, a late Minister said: "To say that birth-control would solve the problem of infant mortality would be a short-sighted view of the whole question. We have certainly not reached the margin of subsistence in this country; we can think of so many ways of procuring more food and providing for our comforts."

Again, there is no need blindly to follow a Western ideal; leaving aside the fact that even in the West some doubts about the advisability of it are being felt. And, in any case, the economic reasons there are different to those in India, for here we have more resources than in other places. Perhaps it is silly and foolish not to be able to chime in with the material requirements, which are so much to the fore now in all places, as the best inducements to national welfare. Yet, one cannot but agree with the Catholics in one of the resolutions passed by them, that they view "with alarm the proposal to establish birth-control clinics, which are subversive of morality, dangerous to the interests and welfare of the State and opposed to the Christian religion."

IN MAN'S REALM

KAGAWA

On the pages of history are written every now and then the names of great people; all the world, for instance, knows and honours Queen Victoria, or despises Nero. In the history of religion the same occurs; to take our Christian religion, first comes Peter, then Paul, who have both been immortalised in stone buildings: St. Paul's Cathedral, London, representing one branch of the Christian Church, St. Peter's, Rome, the other: as a Greek preacher remarked, 'there still remains the Apostle of love to be immortalised in stone'—St. John's United Cathedral remains to be built. We have Origin, Clement, Augustine; during the last century in the history of great social changes lived Abraham Lincoln and Wilberforce, who abolished slavery; Josephine Butler who raised morals; in religion, Luther, Calvin, Wesley; in theology, Canon Lindon, Dr. Dale, Forsyth and Fairbairn. It is not that others were not useful in their time; but it happens that a few names live through the centuries. The Roman Church only canonizes saints after death, for the reason that the names must be such as will bear the test of ages. It should be noted that they come from all classes; a saint is not the perquisite of any one community. In India, we have Gokale, Sadhu Sundar Singh, Mahatma Gandhi; in Japan, Kagawa.

The history of this man and of how he came to rise to be one of the leading advisers to the State is one of the extraordinary episodes in modern history; as his biographer says:—"Toyohiko Kagawa still stands at the flood-tide of life. But this flaming spirit, son of the mystic East, his message bursting eruptive and glowing out of the depths of a great heart with his adventurous soul flung out a ringing challenge to the world." Son of an unregenerate father, born out of wedlock, the off-spring of a dancing girl,—he yet from earliest dawn developed a passion for purity. He was born on July 10th 1888. His father legitimised him by adopting him; but his early death left orphaned the boy and his sister, who were sent to the ancestral home, where they were entrusted to the care of their father's

neglected wife and of their grand-mother, both of whom treated them with the greatest cruelty. Kagawa was, however, sent to the village school and to the Buddhist Temple to study Confucian classics. He liked school as something to get away from his cruel relatives, but he learned most from the paddy-fields, the culture of silk-worms, and other country pursuits. Later, he was sent to the Boys' Middle School; his mature ways, his refusal to run riot morally were soon a barrier between him and other boys, and in an agony he cried: "Oh, that the ship of life would sink and I could go down with it in peace."

Just at this critical stage, missionaries came into his life; their hearts and homes lifted him from the slough of despond. Above all, their teaching of the Book and the finding of the sympathy and love of JESUS CHRIST, changed his out-look; life took on a new meaning. In 1905, he entered the Presbyterian College, but in the second year he was stricken with tuberculosis and went to an isolated village by the sea to recuperate. By strength of will, he made a partial recovery and went to the Kobi Theological Seminary, until the call came in 1909 to live in the slums of Shinkawar, where he remained doing social Christian work for 14 years, contracting disease as he shared his tiny room, 6 feet by 6 feet, with the most degraded of the people.

We can divide his life into 5 sections:—

Kagawa as an author

His first novel was written when he was so poor that he had to write it on the pages of an old magazine.

His second book was "The Psychology of the poor", for which the publisher gave him £250 to be printed as a serial in his magazine; it was afterwards published and reached a circulation of 250,000.

His third book was "A Life of Christ for children."

His fourth "Across the death line."

His fifth was a book of poems.

His sixth book was on Economics.

His seventh work was entitled "The Shooter at the sun." During his days in prison he released this book, writing it on scraps of newspaper. After that, while still in prison, he prepared another book in his memory, as he had no paper to write on, and it became the most popular of all his works. It was the work called "Listening to the Voice in the wall."

The ninth book, "Passing from star to star", reached a circulation of 100,000. "A Grain of Wheat" is his last book and already 100,000 copies have been sold.

He has published altogether 50 books, selling 1,200,000; 30 Pamphlets and 35 Leaflets, selling 5,000,000. The fame he has won in the literary world has made him a national figure. The late Prime Minister announced that he had spent his first week-end of office reading this book as a good preparation for his new post! Kagawa receives £20,000 in royalties; in addition, his book-sales realise about £2000 a year; all the proceeds go to the three Settlements he has started.

Kagawa as a reader

He has a perfect craze for books; when he entered the Presbyterian College in 1905, he had read, to the astonishment of his fellow-students, such books as

Goethe's *Faust*, Kant's *Critic of pure reason*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Buskin's *Modern Painters*, Maxmuller's *Sacred Books of the East*.

Students called him the Transcendentalist, as he was so unlike most boys. His professors marvelled at the use he made of the College Library. He read every book there worth reading.

Kagawa as a Christian

His over-mastering life-purpose is found in the prayer: "O God, make me like Christ." "My-self and God, only we two", was his verdict on life in a prison-cell. His favourite hymn is "JESUS, keep me near the Cross." He says: "It is the Cross which alone can furnish the dynamic of a life devoted to lift this weary way-ward world back to GOD." There is nothing nebulous or intangible about his experience of GOD. GOD to him is infinitely more than the Absolute, more than Cosmic Energy. God is his Father, his Comrade, his Comforter, his great Ally. Kagawa

found at his conversion to Christianity that Christ had revealed GOD to Him, so that he had no shadow of a doubt that Christ was His Guide. The wisdom of Christ is seen in His refusal to theorize; for religion is not a theory, but a life; it was this that attracted Kagawa.

Kagawa as an Evangelist

Kagawa's one aim was to bring the out-cast Japanese into Christianity. He saw only 300,000 Christians among them, and he launched a five-years campaign to make them into 1,000,000; in 1929 he sounded a clarion note, and in 1930 a central committee management was formed, to which the name of "The Kingdom of GOD movement", was given. Its members are making a great crusade throughout the country, their message being: "The Gospel of Christ brings full, rounded, emancipation, economic, political, physical, psychological, and social." Kagawa was convinced that only Christ's way of life, and the operation of the Cross-principle on the whole realm of life can realise the prayer: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." His efforts to evangelize the whole of Japan rallied all the missionary and church forces of Japan into one gigantic five-years effort. Think of the variety of people he planned to reach; 30,000,000 farmers; 5,278,000 industrials; 1,500,000 fisherfolk; 459,000 miners; 1,033,000 tailors and public workers; 2,500,000 students. He has travelled up and down the country to carry his message; with his half-blind eyes looking, as it were, into a heavy mist, a mysterious psychic power guides him; and thousands listen to him enthralled by his message.

Kagawa as a Labour leader

Early in his career he declared that the slums are "The laboratory of life and of human society; from one point of view I am doing research work; I am an industrious scientist, I do not just administer palliatives." He was not simply a mender of spoiled lives. He found where the income was low and the death-rate high. Poverty, he saw, was the hand-maid to prostitution. To throw chastity on the market meant money without toil, so young women were willing to barter their souls rather than take a starvation wage.

A new spirit, Kagawa felt, was working in these toiling labourers; they were not willing to go on working without a living wage; and

early in 1921, some of the labourers issued a manifesto to the nation. This was the first attempt in Japan to benefit the labourers, an unheard-of procedure. Labourers were beginning to feel that they were personalities, not commodities to be bought and sold. They were not machines, but demanded the right to regulate their own circumstances. 30,000 labourers put their destinies into Kagawa's hands. He spoke daily, he opposed violence and destructive tactics, saying that there was but one course for the labourer, which was production motivated by love.

He was put in prison for 13 days and confined in a solitary cell.

He next organized an "All peasants' union" and again was charged; but this time the Government was on his side, for he had served on the Imperial Economic Commission, his work

having been recognised by them.

Thus, his life in the slums, his work of agricultural improvement, and above all his main object to center the necessary motive, spirit and goal for social reconstruction on JESUS CHRIST, have made him a national figure. Man-made morality resulting in an avaricious, economic system and degenerate politics, had brought about the present state of affairs; but "the spirit of Christ the Carpenter, said Kagawa, must be the soul and creative dynamic of all real social construction.

Those, who wish to follow the story of this remarkable leader, who is only to-day 45 years old and has already written 50 books, can obtain for the small sum of Rs. 2/4 his life, *Kagawa*, by William Ayling, at the Y. M. C. A. Publishing House, 5 Russell St., Calcutta.

E.K.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

The keynote of Japan's civilization is that it is both very modern and very ancient. Like its emblem, the Cherry Tree, its roots lie deep in the soil, with legends thousands of years old.

Japan is liked for its varied and colourful surroundings. One sees in this most modern of modern places, beautiful parks, schools, colleges, libraries, Government offices and towering department stores. Tram cars, motor-buses, taxi-cabs, motor-lorries, and swarms of bicycles traverse streets with much honking of horns and ringing of bells, whilst the peaceful rickshaw and the cart drawn by hand, progress quietly and at a leisurely pace. Many cyclists are trick-riders worthy of the circus. They pedal along unconcernedly, balancing several trays laden with bowls of soup piled one on the other. Sometimes, a gaily-dressed procession on foot, with fluttering banners, beating drums, and blaring trumpets will distribute handbills along the streets, advertising some-body's pills or theatrical performance. Accompanied by jingling bells, a seller of newspapers steps into the streets,

Between the main streets is a jumble of wooden houses, wireless aeriels, telegraph-poles and small factory chimneys. Here and there, modern buildings can be seen standing out like islands. There are many narrow alleys between the closely-set wooden houses. So one can understand why the fire-brigades of Japan get so much practice. Children abound everywhere, often carried on the backs of women, or of older children. Small boys display their spirit by fighting mock battles in the streets. Washing may be seen hanging out on small roof balconies, or *Kimonos* taken to pieces spread out on boards to dry.

At nights, the streets are ablaze with electric lights. The main shopping streets are overhung with even archways of electric lights. Theatres, dance-halls, moving picture shows and Cafes provide entertainment for city dwellers.

Contrasts in dress abound. Most of the men wear modern European clothes, but some prefer their more picturesque national costume. Dainty maidens in *Kimonos* walk side by side with modern girls. The *Geta* or wooden clogs worn

by those favouring the Japanese style of dress, make a constant 'Click-Clack' on the streets or pavements. At festival times small wayside stalls lit by calcium flares line the streets. During their annual festival, the streets are thronged with people paying ceremonial calls, and gay boys and girls playing battle-dore and shuttle-cock.

Here and there, a small way-side shrine offers a peaceful retreat from the bustle of city life. Probably the most impressive sight in any Japanese city is the Imperial Palace, a dignified reminder of old Japan, situated in the very centre of modern Tokyo. But just for a while step out of the main avenue of modernism and saunter into the quiet lanes, and you will see something reminiscent of old Japan.

Japanese do many things in a manner different from, and sometimes directly opposite to, the ways of "Foreigners". To the Japanese, foreign ways appear equally unaccountable.

Japanese books begin at the back, or what we call the end, the word "Finis" being put where we begin our books. Usually, the type runs from top to bottom and is read from right to left.

There is no letter "L" in Japanese, they will say "Remon" meaning "Lemon". When greeting each other or taking leave, Japanese people bow repeatedly.

White is worn at funerals and black at weddings. Men take precedence over women in all things.

Japanese houses are usually built of wood, one or two stories in height, with shingled or tiled roofs. The sides of the house, composed at night of sliding doors, are stowed away in boxes during the day-time. Inside the wooden doors are frequently found shutters of wood and glass which can be removed at will. There is usually a narrow veranda within, which is another series of sliding panels covered with semi-transparent paper. The rooms are divided from each other by opaque paper screens, which run in grooves at the top and bottom. By taking out these sliding screens, several rooms can be converted into one.

The floors of all living rooms are covered with thick mats, made of rushes and perfectly fitted together. These mats are always of the same size, six feet by three feet.

The principal room in a Japanese house is provided with a raised place of honour, a sacred place or alcove, made of beautiful wood. On its matted floor is usually displayed some rare curio in bronze or porcelain, and an arrangement of flowers in an artistic bronze vase. On the back wall is hung a hanging scroll picture. These are the adornments to that matted room.

As people sit and sleep on the matted floor, shoes must be removed at the entrance to the house. The necessity for bedsteads is prevented by quilts, which are brought in at night and laid wherever they happen to be most convenient. Cupboards are for the most part openings in the wall, screened in by small paper slides. Meals are taken with chop sticks and served separately on small lacquer trays to the guests, who are seated on the floor.

Geisha dances are the popular and universal forms of entertainment at banquets and at other functions in Japan.

The Japanese are an athletic race and are proficient at all forms of sport. Most of the bathing beaches are very popular and are crowded in summer. Tennis and golf also attract a very large number of Japanese.

A place of interest is Myonoshita, set among the glorious scenery of the Hakone Mountains. It is the best centre from which one can explore the beautiful district around Mount Fuji, Japan's highest mountain. Tokyo has many wide streets and fine modern buildings. It is a thoroughly progressive city and the worthy capital of a great Empire. The Imperial Palace, surrounded by old stone walls topped with pine trees, and an ancient moat, stands peacefully and majestically in the very centre of the modern city with its hustling life. In Nikko, there are magnificent temples. Richly carved and, lacquered, they stand majestically in a fine setting of giant cryptomeria trees. The mountain district around Nikko has many beautiful water-falls, the most famous being the Kegon fall, which is below Lake Chuzenji.

As a distinct contrast from our Indian streets, there are no beggars and one is impressed by the cleanliness apparent. "Politeness and honesty" seem to be the Japanese motto.

SHRIMATHI SEANTHI.



Engagement of Travancore Princess

H.H. The Princess Kartiga Tirunal, sister of H.H. The Maharaja of Travancore whose marriage will take place on the 25th January '34. The bridegroom, it is understood, is Mr. Goda Varma of the Poonagar family, a very ancient and noble family of Travancore. His Highness is seen on the right of the picture and on the left is his brother, Prince Marthanda Varma.

Photo by Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



OUR SERIAL STORY

Detective Janaki

(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 had answered. He tells her he has a past, which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his permission to go 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, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding. Then, she solves the disappearance of a girl and brings her happiness. And, all the while, she is in love with her own husband, while he is apparently indifferent.)

Chapter VIII.

Some days later, Janaki was sitting at the window of her room in the evening, gazing out at the strip of sea which was visible between two sand-hills, away across an undulating plain. It was quite a pretty view. Turning back, she would have been rewarded by quite as pretty a sight; for her room was a comfortable one, and well-arranged with good things. But Janaki seemed to be blind to the beauty around her; and there was a vague look in her large eyes. And soon those orbs clouded over, and two tears actually gathered. She tried to blink them back.

A step behind her made her blink harder. "What are you looking at, Janaki?" asked Seshan's voice. "The same view as usual? You seem to be very fond of it."

Janaki suddenly began to rub her eyes hard. "Oh, there is something in my eyes," she said.

"Let me see", said Seshan.

But Janaki would not let him see, even while she ached with the longing to do so. She was afraid he would suspect her tears.

"You seem to have a cold too", he said.

"Yes, of course", said Janaki in a muffled voice. "Anything in the eyes always affects the nose, doesn't it?"

Seshan sat on a chair, fidgetted a while, then drew up closer to her. Then, suddenly, he caught hold of one of her hands and pulled it away from her eyes.

"That's enough," he said, rather roughly for him. "Don't pretend any more. I know you've been crying."

At that, the tears burst out afresh, and began pouring down Janaki's face. She felt quite ashamed of herself. Seshan got up and walked about rather fiercely.

"Why are you sad, Janaki? I have been noting for sometime that you are unhappy. I feel very grieved, my dear. I know this is a dull life for you, and I am a stupid man. It's a pity you are tied to me."

Was he blind and deaf not to see or hear that she loved to be with him, thought Janaki. He continued:

"It was noble of you to marry me, in spite of my questionable past; and I am eternally grateful. You don't know how you've brightened my life." Janaki felt herself glowing.

"But with your beauty and your accomplishments, you ought to have married a better man."

She glowed more than ever at his praise.

"Would you like to go to your father's house for a while?" asked he.

"No, oh no."

"Why are you so cross with them? You seem to be afraid too of your step-mother."

"She was very unkind and unjust to me."

"Unjust? In what way? By the way, won't you tell me the story of that childish folly of yours, of which you spoke once?"

"Shall I? No, I won't. Yes, I will, if you'll tell me the secret of your past."

"I can't do that, Janaki; and you know that is for your sake."

"It can't be so bad as that?"

"M.....m.....It depends on how you take it."

"Well, then, I also can't tell you my secret?"

"Is that also a shady one?"

"No—no—yet it also depends."

Maharajkumari Sudha Rani of Burdwan, who appeared in the well-known Indian film of *Karma*.
(By Courtesy of the *Illustrated Weekly of India*).

"I don't like to think of my wife having such a secret from me."

"Perhaps, I'll tell it to you later. Don't let's worry about it now. We agreed to let bygones be bygones, didn't we?"

"So we did. Would you like to come with me for a drive?"

"Very well; and oh, Seshan—"

"What's it, my girl?"

Timidly she put one hand on his shoulder and gently brushed against him.

"Nothing, only I'm so happy."

"That's good. I thought you were sad just now. You seem to be a very volatile creature. Why are you happy?"

"Oh—just—to think of the joy we brought to that young couple the other day. I wish—I wish—never mind, let's go for our drive now."

With a gesture strange to him he caught her hand in both of his and pressed it hard. For a moment, he looked into her eyes, then with a shamed laugh turned away, and they went out of the room.

They were the proud possessors now of a trim little new two-seater; and so they buzzed away gaily on their drive, Janaki driving. A mile brought them to the end of the town, and before them lay a red, narrow road, curving between green fields, beyond which spread low-lying hills. It was an entrancing view, but Janaki slowed down, and then stopped.

"I wonder why there are so many cars and people round that house," she said, pointing to a mansion in a large compound rather by itself. "Is anything wrong? I would like to see. Poor Sakuntala, I hope nothing has happened to her or hers. She's a good girl."

"H.....m! She is pretty; but as to being good,—I don't know. She's a bit of a flirt, isn't she?"

"Well, yes, in a way. I suppose; she talks freely to men, like all modern girls. I thought you would have understood, Seshan," she added reproachfully.

"So I do," he returned. "But there seems to be something more here. What about that young fellow, who is always running after her, Chandrasekhara, the merchant. It's a wonder to me how her husband can allow the intimacy between them."

"Because he sees nothing wrong in it, I think."

"Why does he glower at them then? I tell you, I feel afraid sometimes of what he may do to her."

"Do you, indeed? Come, shall we go and see what's happened? You drive now, Seshan. I can't thread my way through that crowd."

Slowly they drove in and found a resting-place. There were not wanting people to give them gratuitous information as to what had occurred. Mr. Anandan was dead, had been drowned. It had happened only last night. His poor wife was in tears.

"Tears, idle tears," murmured Janaki to herself, though the wife deserved them she thought. And did she really feel the loss? Perhaps, she was glad she was free now. As for that young merchant, he would be still there, ready at her beck and call. Oh, it was a strange world. And so on—and so on.

Our young couple made more detailed enquiries. Mr. Anandan had gone out late the previous evening, as on other evenings, for his sea-bath. But he had not returned at his usual time. It had been thought that he had gone to visit some friends. Eight o'clock struck, then nine, still he had not returned. They had gone out with lanterns to look for him. No signs had been found for a long time; but at last, high up among the rocks, they had found his clothes discarded. He must have gone out to sea, been washed away and drowned. Poor man! His wife had not eaten or slept since. She was behaving indeed in a most exemplary manner, which was doing much to bring back alienated public opinion to her.

Had his body been found? No, it was thought it might come in later; or perhaps it had been washed away to another shore; or.....a shark might have got him. They must wait and see.

But, nothing more was heard or seen later of the dead man's body.

And soon the excitement about him subsided, as it does over every "nine-days wonder." The papers had many obituary notices about the deceased, and all were favourable. He had been a worthy man, an example of propriety and honesty, a good worker in his office, an ardent philanthropist, an energetic social reformer, a considerate friend, a worthy husband, and so on. If the dead man had only been able to hear what was said about him, surely he would have been happy, thought Seshan and Janaki.

And happy also he would have been about his wife, for she sorrowed bitterly for him. "All his jealousy would have taken to itself wings and flown away," said Janaki.

"Wait and see", said, her more cautious husband. "Chandrasekhara is still always there, I hear."

Seshan was right in his caution, as events proceeded. One day, Janaki came to him with a long face.

"What do you think?" she said, "I believe Sakuntala and Chandrasekhara have been seen the last few nights walking about together on the lonely beach. And last night, a rather terrible thing happened. They were attacked by a strange man. Chandrasekhara was thrown down and hurt a little. But, he managed to get up and limped home with her. The other one disappeared as suddenly as he appeared. Shall I go and see her?"

"Do."

Janaki got the story from her friend, intermixed with bursts of tears and sobs. The woman seemed rather dazed.

"I have been feeling so unhappy. And I felt that I must go out to the beach and search for my husband. He seemed to be calling out for me. I took the old gardener, Hari, with me for two nights; but he fell ill, and then Chandrasekhara offered to come with me. I trusted him. But oh, the wretch! I shall never speak to him again. I thought he was good, but he is a serpent, an adder. For three nights, he was all right, and then—then—he caught hold of me and began kissing me—"

"Had he never done that before?"

Sakuntala was indignant. "What do you think of me? Would I have allowed him to be near me, if he had done so? There were times when I thought he was inclined to be too free; but my husband was always there, and he himself said nothing to me; and I understood that he had no objection to my being friends with that man. As a matter of fact, it was my husband who allowed us to go about together occasionally, since he himself was so busy. I know some people did talk, but so long as my husband allowed it, what harm was there?"

"Your husband said nothing to you then?"

"He did not; sometimes he did look at me crossly, but I thought it was for other things.—And, after—his—death, Chandrasekhara has been very polite to me. So—so—I trusted him."

"Then, what happened?"

"He held me so tight that I could not do much to defend myself. I did manage to scream, and I pushed him away, and scratched his face."

I think the marks of my nails are there", she cried triumphantly. "And then, there seemed to be a cataclysm. There was a rush of steps, someone came and pulled him away, threw him down, and hit him and ran away."

"Didn't you see his face?"

"No, no, but he was tall and big, and reminded me a little of my poor dead one. Oh—oh—I wish he was here with me now."

"You want him back then?"

"Oh, I do, I do. I always loved him and adored him. But he—he—was sometimes so cold and distant to me, I don't know why; Time was, when we were so happy together, but that was before we came here. Oh, I am so lonely and I have not even a child to console me."

Janaki went home thoughtfully and told her husband about what had happened.

"How miserable death is", she said. "Death comes and breaks us, and takes away our people from us. It gives no time for quarrels to be patched up, for understandings to be cleared, for explanations to be made. And then, we long and long to talk and clear up things. But it's too late! Oh, Seshan, I wish—I wish—"

She could proceed no further, but went away, while he gazed after her with a strange expression.

Soon after this, Seshan observed that Janaki seemed to be more occupied than ever with her social work in the poorer quarters of the town. He knew by previous experience, that either this was an outlet to her forced inactivity with regard to some problem in hand, or provided a means for working out the same in correct perspective. All he could do was to wait and watch and not interfere unnecessarily, unless she consulted him, according to the tacit understanding between them.

Two weeks passed, nothing happened, and Seshan found a strange feeling of resentment growing in his heart, which grew stronger when his wife took it into her head to come home very often late for dinner. He was afraid for her safety, and he suggested some-body going with her; but she told him that she had two of the men he had recommended to her in their previous case.

"Raman and Hari are great men," she said, "they are my devoted attendants."

"Well, don't be too familiar with them," replied Seshan. "They may misinterpret some."

times; too free behaviour in a woman may be unwise."

"Very seldom, I think" said Janaki. "I always maintain that trust begets trust. Anyway, let's not argue about it now. I have some work to do. Good-bye, Seshan."

"When will you come back?"

"About eight, in time, I hope, for dinner. But don't wait for me."

"My dear, I cannot approve—"

But she was gone. Strangely uneasy in his mind, he went searching for her at eight o'clock. He went to the *Paracheri*; he knew she was often at the school-house, holding some meeting or another. But she was not there; then he was directed to the house of Nalini and Madhavan, whom we have met before. He went to a few other houses; finally he was told that she had started for home. "Was she alone?" he asked.

"Yes, she was; for Raman and Hari had gone on some business. Yet—wait—there was another man with her, a stranger, who had lately come to that town, a queer man. He seemed to know Janakiamma well."

"Did he?" said Seshan to himself, strangely jealous, and proceeded to follow them home.

On the way, he passed some lonely pieces of waste land, sometime he met coolies and others going home; but on the whole there were few people about. He hoped fervently that Janaki was safe; for that was the season for thieves.

Suddenly, as he turned a corner, from behind a low wall, he heard his wife's voice, unmistakable, because of its, to him, distinctive timbre.

"Oh, don't thank me too much," she said, "I have done nothing."

"Oh, you have, you have. You sought me out from so many people; you were kind to me; you have satisfied my longing heart—"

"Has she indeed?" growled Seshan to himself.

"And I—I—cannot tell you how much I admire you and—appreciate you."

"Does he, indeed, the wretch?"—from Seshan.

"Won't you be still kinder and satisfy me further? Please do. Without you, what can I do? Please, please be kind."

"Very well," said his wife.

Unable further to stand the situation, Seshan jumped over the wall, and spoke gruffly.

"What are you doing there, Janaki? Come home. And who is that with you?"

It seemed to him that he heard a sudden flurry in the darkness. Somebody else jumped over the wall and disappeared. Seshan was

very angry. He took one step forward to follow him, but Janaki rushed to him and held him fast.

"Stop, stop, Seshan. It's silly of him to run like that; but since he has gone, let him go."

"Who's he?"

"A friend. I shall tell you later exactly who he is."

"Why do you meet him secretly? Is this right on your part?"

"I admit it's not quite right, but you must trust me. Don't you trust me?"

Seshan felt more angry than ever, but managed to collect himself enough to be silent.

Keeping hold of his wife's hand he helped her in the darkness over the wall. Janaki too was silent, though there was a strange gladness in her heart; she liked her husband to be jealous.

When they were over the wall, she said,

"You don't answer my question, but I won't worry you, for I am nothing if not accommodating. But tell me, didn't you promise that you won't interfere with me if I did not meddle with you?"

"I did, but that was only if you did not do wrong. Isn't this wrong?"

"It may appear so but—"

"What will people say? You don't wish to be talked of, like Sakuntala, do you?"

"Why not? Yet, don't you trust me?"

"I do—but—"

"Are you jealous? I do believe you are."

He was silent so long that she grew alarmed. She sidled up to him.

"Don't be angry, Seshan," she pleaded.

"The time hasn't come yet to tell you everything. Give me one day more. But I'll mention one point now. This man, who was with me, was the one who attacked Sakuntala's lover."

"Indeed? Why do you take up with him then. Are you attracted by his violent methods?"

"Probably. But, don't be cross. Wait one day more. Now, isn't this a lovely night?"

But he was cross and would not answer, and strangely enough, she rejoiced in his stullenness, and clung to his arm, as if afraid of the darkness.

The next evening she asked him if he would go with her, and whether he would allow the other man to go with them. The fuming Seshan finally said he would.

It was late, when they started. They reached the beach.

Janaki stopped the car in the road close by, and they got out, but she bade the two men wait; while she went somewhere else in the car and fetched someone she wanted.

Seshan tried to make the man talk on ordinary subjects; but he only replied in syllables. So he walked about on one side, while the other man sat down and waited.

At last, the car was heard again. Presently, they heard the voices of women, Janaki's and another. Soon, the two appeared. The other woman's head was shrouded in her sari. She stood hesitating and evidently uncertain.

"Sakuntala", said Janaki, "I've brought you here to clear up a little misunderstanding. The man, who attacked Chandrasekhara the other day, wishes to apologise. He was afraid to come to the house, lest you might get him turned out. He wants to beg your pardon."

"Why?"

"For having insulted your friend."

"He's no friend of mine."

"But, he was", said the man in a deep, throaty voice, evidently feigned.

"He was, but he is not. I hate him, because he has proved himself a wicked man and a treacherous friend. I—trusted him, but he is false—Oh!" she cried in a burst of tears, and turned to her friend, "was it for this you brought me here? Oh, I am ashamed, ashamed."

Janaki put her arm around the trembling creature and soothed her.

"Why are you ashamed? Have you done anything wrong?"

"Never, never," said the other firmly. I only allowed the man as my friend, because my husband brought him, and only as long as he was good. When—but—why should I tell all this now."

Because—because—this gentleman wishes to assure himself that—but never mind. Come here, my friend."

The other man stepped forward, and suddenly a torch was flashed on his face. Seshan was a step behind, and could not see him; but Sakuntala gave a great cry, and suddenly crumpled up at their feet.

"A ghost, a ghost," she moaned. "Am I dead too, that I see his spirit. But, oh God, I thank thee for letting me see his face again;" and with that she fell to fondling the man's feet and sobbing over them.

Janaki sniffed and giggled nervously. Then she turned to her husband.

"Come," she said with a sobbing breath. "Let us go now, and wait in the car for them."

"Who is he?" asked the bewildered man.

"Can't you guess?"

"But how can he be her husband? He was dead."

"You foolish man, since he is her husband, he must be alive. As a matter of fact, he never died. He only pretended, because he wished to test her. You see he loved her and trusted her in a way; but he suspected her also in a way. And he didn't know what to do. He could not ask her, and so he hit on this method."

"Rather silly, and very selfish, wasn't it? He made his wife suffer agony."

"True, but he thought she might not be really sorry. If so, he would not have appeared again. But he found it otherwise."

"Who told him? You? Was it for that you met him?"

"Yes, I", cried Janaki proudly. "I knew he was alive, and I made enquiries about the new arrivals here, through Raman and Hari. Then, I sent a message to him, and he met me that night, and I explained everything."

"Forgive me, Janaki."

"Oh, but I was glad. No, no, I was sorry you did not trust me; but it was natural, wasn't it? Dash it all, when you have the evidence of your own eyes, you must believe, mustn't you?"

"Yes, but I should have known you better."

"True, oh king!"

"You have forgiven me then?"

"Of course."

"How did you begin to suspect he was alive?"

"You big, silly man, you might have done the same. When I heard that his body had not been found, or heard of, even after many days, I had a suspicion, especially as the currents were bound to carry the dead body to this shore. You see, I enquired. Then, she said the man who attacked Chandrasekhara was somewhat like her husband. Then, I felt sure. Of course intuition helped me. That's how a woman works, you know."

"You are wonderful, my dear, simply wonderful!"

"Well, well!"

They were sitting in their car by that time, and now a little silence fell between them, an understanding silence. Noiselessly they moved

closer to to each other. Once, Seshan's hand unconsciously touched hers. Whether he got a responsive pressure from her, one cannot say; but anyway, after a little hesitation, he let his hand lie on hers. And so they sat. Janaki's fingers quivered to clasp his; but she held herself well in, and sat calm. And so, time passed—happily, but unsatisfactorily—for her.

At last, the other couple arrived, very shy and self-conscious. Janaki, Sakuntala and Seshan squeezed themselves into the little car.

The other man stood outside.

"What about you?" asked Seshan.

"Oh, I shall join her later. I shall go away and pretend that I have just come back, after having been washed ashore somewhere else, and been ill and unconscious and so on. Won't that do?"

"Oh, quite, Anandan quite. Anything will do, so long as you are alive and together, eh? Good-bye for the present, then."

K. S.

(To be continued)

THE IMPORTANCE OF HOGENAKAL

By V. Thangaswami

A sight-seer, boarding a bus and traversing nine miles the superb ghat road due west of Pennagaram of the Dhar-mapuri Taluk will reach Hogenakal (otherwise known as *Bharadwaja Ashram*) on the river Cauvery, which marks the limits of Salem and Coimbatore districts. It is thirty miles off Mettur. The word "Hogenakal" in Canarese literally means "Smoking Rock." Set amidst hilly reserves, it is a picturesque spot, frequently resorted to by tourists, holiday-makers, picnickers and government officials. There are no inhabitants worth the name there and the practical desolation of the locality is occasionally relieved



BRAHMAKUNDAM FALLS.

by seasonal groups of visitors and numberless pilgrims during festivals. For the convenience of visitors, there are a Forest Rest House and, two Local Fund chatrams on the bank of the river. Sambhur, deer, bison, cheetah, peacock, abound in the immediate vicinity of this place and elephants have also been reported to have made their

appearance in the adjacent Alambadi and Mettur reserves. Hogenakal is, therefore, an attractive ground, not only for shikaris and game-lovers in and around Salem, but for Mysoreans as well.

There is a continuous supply of water all through the year and the river is in high floods, affording, during the *Adi* month, tempting bait for anglers. Yet, beauty has its own weak points to set it off; and it is lamentable that in such a charming place malaria lurks in sweet repose; for, it is said, any stay beyond three days is sure to bring on an attack of fever with its attendant ill-effects.

Mountains and rivers figure prominently in Hindu *puranas* and have always been identified with religion. The river Cauvery is no exception to the orthodox Hindu conception of divinity and, to all intents and purposes, it is looked upon as a goddess. Legend credits Brahma with the burning of *Ahavaniiyam*, *Gharahapathyam* and

Dakshinagni, three huge sacrificial fires, at *Brahmakundam* for the performance of *yagna* (sacrifice.) This is a mighty waterfall estimated to fall from a height of about 100 feet, where bathing is well-nigh impossible. There are two or three minor falls, of which *Ganathirtham* is an ideal bathing site, where a fair degree of protection is ensured to people by proper iron fencing. The place is so called, because of the unique facilities it affords for concentrating one's faculties of *gnana* on God. Truly, there is more in it than meets the eye. The water at the falls is said to be medicinal in effect and tones up the body and mind. Right opposite to this fall is to be seen a small cave, apparently carved out of a big boulder, where rishi Valmiki was believed to have done penance in days of yore. Tradition goes round that within one mile south of Hogenakal and two miles north of it are situated eight *thirthams* viz., *Agni*, *Brahma*, *Naradha*, *Negrodhaga*, *Sannat-kumara*, *Senku*, *Chakra* and *Asvatham*.

Just between the two chatrams already mentioned, situated on the bank of the river, is a small Siva temple in a poor state of repair, said to have been dedicated by sage Agastya to *Thirupurasundari Amman* and *Desavaraswami*. Every Monday, puja is performed by a priest. Government gives an allowance of Rs. 120 and has endowed some lands exclusively for religious purposes. A little way down the shrine and on the fringe of the water is *Agnithirtham*, otherwise called *Nagargettam*. The popular Hindu belief is that people, who have no children, overcome their misfortune by taking a sanctifying bath at this holy thirtham. These religious beliefs and ideals are contained in the eighteen cantos of *Bharadwaja-Samhita Brahmandapuram*, a book fast getting out of print.

As a pilgrim centre, Hogenakal attracts large crowds on two festive occasions, one in

Adi (July-August) when it is held that a plunge in the sacred river, especially on the eighteenth day of the month, is as much productive of purifying influences as a dip in the distant Ganges, or, for that matter, in the time-hoary tank in Kumbakonam during the Maha-Magham festival; and the other in *Tai*, during the *Tula* (or *Arpisi*) festival in November. During these two important festivals, about 30,000 to 40,000 people, mostly Brahmins, congregate merely for performing their ablutions in the sacred river, necessary arrangements being made by the Health and the Police departments.

The future of Hogenakal seems to be fraught with interesting developments. As a consequence of the Tirumangalam village having been submerged by the Cauvery-Mettur Project, the ryots thereof have just begun migrating to Uttamalai, not far off Hogenakal, where, thanks to the revenue authorities, about 200 acres of land have been assigned free to them; and it is gratifying to see that a tiny settlement is in making which, it is hoped, will ere long grow into a small hamlet.

This is what has been written about Hogenakal:

"The rugged picturesqueness and wild grandeur of the hill scenery round about Hogenakal is what has appealed to me so impressively. Almost all of it is composed of huge granite boulders, which appear as though they had been thrown together in sport by a race of Titans or Rakshashas in prehistoric times." "For a distracted mind, there is no place like it to give solace; for a feeble body, no atmosphere like it to act as a tonic." "I shall go again to that place when Madras lies heavy on me. I made acquaintance there with a life that reminds me of good days in my own which I do not want to forget."

THE CALL OF THE SOUL

By Mrs. Krishnaswamy

The sun sank with a refulgent glory of crimson, the light of closing day grew dimmer and dimmer. Rapidly night came on with its dark mantle spread wide, and embraced the world with a satisfied sigh. There came the stray call of a night bird. Silence reigned, only now and then broken by the chirping of a cricket and the flutter of a solitary bat which circled round and round with steady regularity.

Rukmani Ammal crossed the front part of the garden, turned to the right and came near a clump of trees. Two tall mango trees with spreading boughs stood within ten paces of each other. Thick ropes connected these above; and, hung by a length of the same, a narrow plank of light wood was swinging gaily to and fro. Seated on it was a girl of about sixteen. She jumped down lightly, saying "Of course, auntie, I am coming inside. Don't be worried".

"Sakuntala, how many times have I told you that being out of doors after dusk, amidst a dense growth of trees all by yourself, is neither decent nor safe? Well, if again you do it, off you go to your mother.

The girl never replied by a word, but slowly directed her steps towards the house.

Sakuntala's uncle, Nilakanta Iyer, was a retired manager of a successful oil company. He had quick brains and an open nature. But, his sound judgement and voice of authority, that had made him at once respected and obeyed, imperceptibly faded into oblivion in his domestic life. Rukmani Ammal had her own ideas of self-importance and matronly dignity.

That night she talked with her husband about that *unmanageable* niece of hers.

"I cannot understand that girl's nature. Sarasa's illness made me take charge of her for a while. Now, I regret my action".

"By what new freaks has she shocked you now?"

"I have nothing definite to complain about her. But her strange aloofness and odd nature clash every moment with my matter-of-fact life".

"Just leave the child to herself. She is a rare bud of humanity. Let her blossom unmolested".

Rukmani irrelevantly remarked, "Am I not rare, or any of the grand epithets that you string together?"

"Oh, well. You are quite good and fine. I am satisfied with you".

The day dawned. Birds chirped and cooed, the raucous cries of the crows rent the air and the morning breeze lightly kissed the slowly opening petals of perfumed flowers.

Sakuntala came out of the house with a flower-basket on her arm. She stood before every flowering plant, gazing long at the glory of its burden. She hesitatingly gathered a few flowers here and there and then retired to the coolest part of the garden, where a few jack-trees formed a semi-circle. A shower of dried leaves covered a rough stone seat that stood partly hidden by the trees. Sakuntala brushed aside the leaves and, seating herself on the seat, emptied the contents of the basket into her lap. She sorted out the flowers into separate groups and murmured "Oh, pure lily, can anything be lovelier than your virgin whiteness, the graceful inclination of your head and the fragrance of your heart? You beautiful rose, who is called the queen of flowers, who taught you to spread your petals in such an attractive display and entice the wandering bee with promise of a bountiful repast? You sparkling *champak* blossom, you shame the finest of metals by the molten gold of your petals."

"You crimson oleander, who can resist the temptation of your presence when you cry 'I live, I live, do not mistake me for the dead cloak of the setting sun!' Touches of beauty, you enrich life and make it worth while. What must be the omnipotent Power which created you? Come on, I shall weave you into a garland and delight in your perfection."

In no time she had made the wreath and thrown it around her neck. The picture she then made was startling. She was very slender and quite tall in stature. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair. Her large eyes held a peculiar light, haunting and mystic.

She seemed indeed the very spirit of the wood suddenly thrown into life and shape. She started when a clear voice came sharply. "Saku, how long will it take you to gather the flowers?"

When she entered the house, her aunt turned on her with surprise.

"What made you adorn yourself with that garland? It was intended for God's worship. Did you gather all the flowers?"

Sakuntala hastily took off the garland from her neck and stood nervously fingering it.

"I am sorry, aunt, I forgot. The flowers were so beautiful that I wanted to crush their sweetness against me. I did not cull all the flowers. The plants seemed so happy in possessing them that I left many untouched."

Rukmani Ammal remained silent for a few moments. Then she spoke. "Saraswati writes to-day she would like to have you back. Do you want to go?"

A glad look came into Sakuntala's eyes. "Of course, auntie. I shall be only too glad to be with mother again."

"It is so like you to be ungrateful. Do you think I took you here because I had something to gain? My poor sister has enough troubles to worry about. She partly confessed to me that you startled her at times. I brought you here, because I wanted you to mix with your healthy cousins and shake off the gloom that always envelops you. But you have never moved with them

naturally. I had planned to bring about your marriage too, but at the very mention of it you turned your cold face away and remained mute. This complete indifference turns my affection into nothing."

"I know I am much indebted to you, dear aunt. Unfortunately, when once I begin to talk, the bitterness of my heart submerges the goodness of my thoughts. But I am not really as bad as you think".

In the busiest part of George Town, in a tall three-storeyed house on an open verandah, a pale woman about thirty-five lay on an easy-chair. There were marks of great suffering in the faded face. Her figure was fragile and her hands hung listlessly by her side.

She turned her head at the sound of footsteps and her tired eyes brightened up. Sakuntala knelt by the chair and leant her head against her mother's knees.

"Mother dear, even now, they would not let me go. I had to wrench myself away". Saraswati Ammal smiled. "Dear Cinderella! well, how did you like the evening?"

There was a long-drawn sigh from the girl. "Yes, mother, it was delightful. They made me happy. But I frightened them with my death's mask and moth-eaten heart".

"Hush, child. You must not talk like that. You are in the best period of a girl's life. But you avoid every thing light, and turn your serious eyes on the grey side of life. Yet, I understand you better than anybody else, do I not?"

"Oh, mother, you know you are the anchor that holds fast the stormy ship of my soul. Without you, where shall I be? The spirit of my wronged father hovers nearer when I tend you."

Her mother spoke with an effort, after a while. "Let the past go. Bury it deep. Did you think of your aunt's proposal? She says the boy is quite presentable, the only son of his parents and very well off. If you are settled in life, you know I shall die happy".

"I have not decided yet. Mother, why can't you arrange it, if you desire so?"

"No, no, I shall not force you in anything."

A few days later, Sakuntala came to her mother with a letter in her hand.

"Look, mother, Kamala wants me to attend the garden-party that is to be held this evening at their house. She says she will not take a denial."

"Go by all means, child."

"But, I cannot. Parvati, our one servant, is sick. Who will attend to you when I am away?"

"Nonsense, child. I can very well look after myself. I wish you to go."

Sakuntala's friend, Kamala, was the lucky child of rich parents. She was engaged to be married to a young man with bright prospects and sterling qualities. Kamala knew very little of unhappiness. Her round face grew chubbier day by day and her dimples were unlimited. The return of her elder brother from England had been a joyous event in their house.

The party was an elaborate affair, arranged with much care and expense. The beautiful garden looked like a fairy palace. Japanese lanterns of various hues hung from the trees. Pavilions of pearl-grey and sea-green stood here and there with gaily-fluttering streamers on top of them. Dwarf palms and fancy crotons in glazed tubs were arranged with admirable taste and effect.

In a pale-blue saree, Kamala was hastening hither and thither, chatting, welcoming and chiding her many friends. She greeted Sakuntala warmly.

"Doubly welcome, Saki dear. I had some misgivings about your arrival."

The party ended as happily as it had begun; but a group of youths still sat inside a pavilion, chatting gaily.

Sakuntala had felt like a fish out of water. The flippant talk and careless laughter, mingled with irrelevant remarks and affected manners, alarmed and hurt her. She stole into the garden and sought a solitary place. Suddenly, a voice came from a few feet in front of her, behind a clump of crotons.

"She is nothing to look at. Her eyes are so depressing. One feels the touch of death when looking into them."

Another voice interrupted. "But, when she smiles, she is transfigured. That marble coldness of hers melts like snow in the sun."

She knew it was of her they talked. She tried to hasten away from the place, but her feet seemed rooted to the spot.

"Perhaps, she wants to attract men by her uncommon air. Probably, this modern Sakuntala is for ever seeking her fickle lover Dushyanta! She must have scared away the poor fellow by her pale form and her sad look!"

"Ramu, do not be so critical. Yet, I would not marry her for all the riches in the world!"

Like a hunted deer, she rushed from the place and reached the darkest corner of the deserted garden.

"Mother, am I very repulsive to look at?"

"What a strange question! You are lovely, my darling."

"Mother dear, I am in one of my worst moods today."

"It will pass off. By the way, have you come to any decision about that boy? will you marry him?"

"Never, mother, never. I shall not marry him or anybody."

She withdrew from the hall. On the threshold, she turned a bitter face.

"In your mother-love, you do not perceive my ugliness. Do you know, mother, people call me, death-like, a phantom and a siren?"

Saraswati Ammal sat musing for a long while. "Who put this thought into her head? Did I make a serious mistake when I let her go to that garden party? I am as helpless as a child. What will be the end, oh God? When will you gather me to your lotus Feet? Life extinct is better than life led thus."

Kamala sent a servant with a letter in the evening. "Can you, dear friend, come to me within an hour? It is very important. Please,

I beg of you, do come." Sakuntala promptly replied that she could not comply with her friend's wish, as she was feeling ill.

After a few days, Kamala visited them one evening. She was very excited and perturbed.

She drew Sakuntala aside and looked into her eyes earnestly. "Saku, can you guess why I summoned you so urgently that evening? I have got some news which will startle you out of your solemnity. But you are an obstinate witch and I hesitate to broach the matter before I have consulted your mother. Please give me leave to talk to her privately for some time and excuse my strange attitude."

After Kamala left, Saraswati called her daughter to her. "Sakuntala, I fully know your attitude towards marriage. But, my health does not appear to improve. Where will you be, my child, all alone and left to the mercy of the world, after my death? God has given you this life, because He wants you to better it, live it and reach Him in the end. My precious child, Kamala's brother, Gopal, seems to love you with all the strength of his manhood. He is a very nice young man, whom I shall be proud to call my son-in-law. Will you meet him, if he comes, and try to like and love him?"

Sakuntala stared helplessly before her. "Oh mother, I shall never do anything to hurt you. I shall meet him."

The next evening, Kamala and her brother came. Gopal was a tall, well-built young man of five and twenty. Saraswati Ammal was quite satisfied with him. She and Kamala discreetly left him with Sakuntala and withdrew from the room. Sakuntala's cool self-possession abruptly left her. She could not lift her eyes and look the young man squarely in the face. Gopal, who was gazing at her with a rapt expression, broke the unendurable silence. "I do not like to rush you into anything against your wish. I can only say that I love you, as no man ever did love a woman. My feelings have no words to express themselves. Look at me, and say if you can ever try to reciprocate my feelings?"

Sakuntala's heart hammered against her ribs and her head grew dizzy. Was it pleasure or pain that she felt? The words of Gopal slowly sank into her heart with a delicious sense of warmth and welcome. Her deep eyes bent lower and lower till the long lashes hid them quite. A faint whisper of protest came from her lips. "Can you kindly leave me to myself for a time? We shall meet tomorrow."

"Of course, beloved. I shall return only when you ask me to."

Long after Gopal's departure, Sakuntala sat thinking out this new evolution of her life. She had refused many suitable offers with cold indifference, because her mind could never for a moment dwell on any change in her life. Marriage, love and wedded happiness were the last thoughts in her head. But all in a moment, the solid foundations of her heart swayed. Gopal's face smiled and floated before her mind. She realised he was the gift of God to her. She accepted him.

One evening, Gopal and Sakuntala were together.

"Sakuntala, people call you gloomy and cold. But I only see the glorious light in your eyes, the sweet smile on your lips and the divine grace of your body. Tell me, what makes you so different from your fellow-creatures? Have you breathed and lived in this world, or are you just a golden cloud dropped from space and brought to life?"

"I know I am gloomy and cold. But, when you are beside me, I feel I live. But I am not happy. I am not to be so, for that is my curse."

"What makes you think so? In a few weeks, you will be my wife and nothing on earth is going to separate us."

"Don't you think mother is improving in health? She seems very peaceful and happy."

Gopal looked into Sakuntala's face tenderly. "Darling, have you suffered much?"

Sakuntala started. "Yes, I have suffered—without limit. Do you want to know how it began?"

"Yes, if it does not pain you much."

"My father came of a very poor family. One rich uncle of his undertook to educate and make a man of him. Father had not a happy time in his house. His aunt considered him the cheater of her children's dues. But his uncle was a gentleman and kept his promise. Father was a book-lover and a very studious scholar. When he was to appear for the Intermediate Examination, his uncle suddenly fell ill and died in a very short time. With him had to die my father's ambition for higher studies. Before he died, his uncle had made a sort of provision for him, by engaging him as estate and general manager to a zamindar-friend of his. In a few months, father took charge of his post. The zamindar had some difficulty in dispensing with the services of the previous manager, who was a shrewd and ambitious man of experience. He had so long lived on the fat of the land that he fought hard to stick to the remunerative post. But he had to go, because the zamindar could not break his promise to his dying friend. The ex-manager, Narayan Chetty, was a native of that place. He swore enmity to father, who worked hard to gain the confidence of the man who had so generously taken him on trust. He offered the ex-manager a vacant post in the home-management section. But the latter curtly declined. Father had been given comfortable quarters by the zamindar. Our house was situated in the very heart of a big tope. Father taught me many things about God, nature, truth and love. Years passed away rapidly. Father had a very dear friend, who had been his playmate and college friend. He used to come and stay in our house for days together. One day, the ex-manager, Narayan Chetty, came to our house and talked with father for a while. Afterwards, we learnt that he had come to accept the post offered long ago, if it still stood good.

I quite remember that night; father sat down to his supper with a joyous face. He told my mother 'This is a happy day. My conscience was now and then troubling me because of Narayan Chetty. You see, he lost a lucrative post when I stepped into

his shoes. To-night I am at peace with the world because no one thinks hardly of me.'

Three months passed after that. My father's friend stayed with us. One fine morning"—she choked a little and stopped.

"Dearest, say it in a few words. Do not agitate yourself."

"Yes, yes. My father was charged with the theft of a money bag containing Rs. 500. It had been collected, and put away for the night. Father had his office room in the right wing of the zamindar's house. He had checked the account, counted the money and put it into the bag, when he suddenly remembered that an important document connected with the transaction had been left in his own house. He went there to fetch it, after locking the office door. His friend lay on an easy chair reading in the verandah. When father explained in a few words why he had come, his friend cut in and laughingly claimed him. 'Oh, that can wait till the morning. You are so engrossed with your work that you scarcely give me your company. Sit down. Let us have a chat.'

Father sat long talking with him and then retired to bed.

The morning found him as usual in the office. When he placed the document in the drawer, he found with great alarm that the money-bag was missing. He searched every nook and corner of the room, but it was nowhere to be found. The zamindar kept his own council when he came to know of the affair. He did not call in the police. There was no sign of burglary. Father's fair name stood at stake. His friend's evidence was the only chance to establish his innocence. But poor father was destined to receive a mortal blow. The zamindar held a private enquiry, in which father was given a wide scope to defend himself. He called in his friend, who had seen him come empty-handed from the office and who had been engaged in talk with him for more than an hour. But the friend boldly declared that he had never seen or talked with him the previous night. That finished my father.

The zamindar spoke a few words to the effect that, as the *protege* of his dead friend, he did not wish to deal hardly with my father, but expected him to hand over charge as early as possible and quit the place. Father went away to a small house in a new country. After that, he had never a moment's happiness. His settled dejection brought on an attack of the nerves, and illness seized his hapless body. He died within two years of his ignominy. Again, we moved from the place, mother, myself and a devoted servant and came here. Mother's delicate health broke down. She has been practically an invalid all these four years.

Just eleven months ago, a long letter came from the zamindar. Father's innocence had been proved by the death-bed confession of Narayan Chetty. He had been seized suddenly by a dreadful epidemic and at the closing page of his book of life had repented and confessed. He had done the deed in pure revenge and bribed our friend to betray my poor father. The zamindar expressed sincere regret and offered any reparation possible.

We prayed and hoped father's soul had received peace. Now, do you wonder why I look like death and why I never smile?"

"What became of the friend of your father?"

"We learnt he was doing quite well."

"I wish I could meet the fellow and thrash him."

Sakuntala replied wearily "No, no. Why should we trouble ourselves? The destiny that makes and mars life can very well look after him."

That was in the early week of June. Gopal earnestly urged Sakuntala to fix the date of their marriage.

"I cannot understand what makes you hesitate, whenever I broach this subject. I have to leave for England at the beginning of August. Is it not natural that I should want to marry you immediately and install you in my home before I go?"

Sakuntala replied hesitatingly, "That is a matter seriously to be considered. I have spent some sleepless nights turning it over in

my mind. I have come to the conclusion that marriage between us is.....impossible."

Gopal turned startled eyes on her. "Are you mad, Sakuntala? Do you mean to say you will not marry me?"

"I am very sorry, but it is so. I shall not bring you happiness. After some time, you will rue the day you met me. Please try to forget me."

"Now I know that what people said of you had some truth. You are coldness and cruelty personified. How can you have the heart to dismiss my devotion and love with a few unintelligible words?"

"I learnt that your parents were saying that I was marrying you because of your money. But it is not just for that, or such other groundless hints, that I am making this sacrifice. I deliberately give up the sweet joys of love and return to the old life, now a thousand-fold bitterer because of my glimpse of heaven. The world has tabooed me and human happiness is out of my reach. You will get disillusioned slowly, and then end by hating me heartily. Oh, God forbid I should be hated by you!"

"Sakuntala, think of your mother. The other day you spoke of her seemingly-improving look. But, darling, it is just the reverse. She is steadily sinking. Her hectic flush and bright look are but the last flicker of the dying lamp of life. Do you not understand what a consolation it will be for her to know she has entrusted you to me?"

Sakuntala exclaimed passionately, "This is another link in the chain of my destiny, which draws me tight into its boundaries. If mother dies, I shall never be again happy. You cannot marry a fossil like myself."

Gopal grasped her hands and wildly entreated, "Beloved, consider again and change your heart of stone. What has taken possession of you that you wilfully dash our cup of happiness to the ground?"

She gently withdrew her hands and turned her head away. Heavy tears slowly coursed down her cheeks. She brushed them aside and looked Gopal full in the face. "Oh, please. Do not make it harder for me. You cannot realise what I am suffering now."

Gopal turned passionately on her. "I do not think much of a woman, who breaks the law of God and Nature at a moment's notice. Well, I leave you to yourself just as you wish. You are turning me away from you in life. But I shall claim you in death! Good-bye."

He went out of the room without once, turning back. Sakuntala stood like a statue gazing at the doorway with dilated eyes. Pain and suffering lay stamped on every line of her face. A thousand lights danced in and out of her great eyes, making them look almost fearful.

A week passed away. Sakuntala lay on her bed waiting to pass the coming night with heart-rending thoughts and wide-open eyes, as she had done all the previous six nights. Tears would not come to her. Gopal had left Madras the very day after their last interview. His steamer for England had left yesterday. Her mother did not say anything, but her looks of reproach were but thinly veiled. Tick, tick, tick, tick, ticked away the clock on the wall. Minutes and hours hurried on, in an endless mad chase, brushing away the burden of human misery and suffering. Her weary eyes stared aimlessly at the wall. She had not even a picture of Gopal. But, what could a slip of

cardboard mean, when his picture lay engraved on her heart with her life's blood? The mockery of her life! What an added sting to know that she hurt always, not only herself, but those around her!

Suddenly, her heart stood still. What was it that came upon her? Distinctly, clear as a bell, came a voice unforgettable, "Sakuntala, I am bidding an eternal good-bye to this world. Farewell, beloved, farewell."

Across sea, space and distance, came the call of the soul of her lover. She shivered and clasped her hands. So, this was the end. She had waited long for it. Dry choking sobs burst from her bosom. The misery of her super-charged soul stifled and strangled her. Hour after hour, she lay unmoving and crushed. The early peep of dawn found her still and ghastly, with vacant eyes staring above.

Parvati, the devoted servant of the family, entered the room, when the clock was chiming the hour of eight. "Dear child, how late you are sleeping! Are you ill? Why, child, do you look like that?" She reached the side of Sakuntala and touched her. Immediately, she started back with a terrible cry. Sakuntala, the poor victim of circumstances, had gone to her everlasting rest.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

(1) The Madras Annual Constituent Conference of the A. I. W. C.

It was with a great deal of interest that I listened to the resolutions passed under the presidency of Miss McDougall at the above conference. How different is such a concourse from that of men, and how distinct are its characteristics! The colour, and the flowing draperies, the gleam and the tinkle of jewels, the softness and delicacy of forms and features pervaded the room. These were good; but there was also somewhat of the casualness, the impulsiveness, the emotionalism and the restlessness of women apparent. There

was also too much of talk in some parts of the audience, which was a little irksome to the others. With this, I am afraid, went a good deal of criticism of the speakers.

There was no doubt, however, that the meeting deserved a better audience than was present. Everything was in order. There was no confusion or overlapping. Time was carefully kept by the chairwoman; the speeches, made in English, Tamil and Urdu, were brief, precise, to the point and some of them most masterly in their exposition;



Srimathi Lakhwati Jani, a well-known writer, who is the first woman to be selected to the Punjab Legislative Council.

(By Courtesy of the Illustrated Weekly of India.)



A New Lady M. L. A.

Miss T. K. Rajam, Head-mistress of the Girls' Secondary School, who has been nominated a Member of the Puducottah Legislative Assembly.

Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



A LADY STUDENT'S SUCCESS.

Miss Roma Bose, daughter of Mr. S. M. Bose, M.L.C. of Calcutta, who has just passed first in Philosophy in the M.A. examination of Calcutta University, scoring record marks, and securing a gold medal, is the most distinguished student of the year. She stood first among women in the Matriculation in 1927, securing a first grade scholarship of Rs. 20, the Keshabchandra Sen prize, etc; second in the I.A. examination in the University, securing the Duff Scholarship, besides a first grade scholarship of Rs. 25 and various other prizes; first class in the B.A. honours in Philosophy in 1931, winning the Jubilee post-graduate scholarship of Rs. 32, the Clint Memorial Prize, the Keshabchandra gold medal and prize, the Hemantakumar gold medal, the Protachandra gold medal, the Gangamoni Devi gold medal, the William Smith prize etc. from the University, and the Hawkins gold medal and prize from the Scottish Church College as the best student of the year in Arts.

Photos by Indian News Agency,
Srirangam.



Srimathi D. Sakkamma, a well-known philanthropist and Coffee Planter of Bangalore, who has been nominated member by the Mysore Govt. on the Women's Education Advisory Committee.

the resolutions were carefully-worded and well-thought-out. One was inclined to smile however, at the peremptoriness of some of them, apparent in the urging of immediate action of vital orders. The coercion implied a little too much of self-importance. It struck one also that there was too much advice given to Government and the public. It is all very well that resolutions should be thought of and passed. Without such, no public opinion can be formed. But there should be practicability too. There was no doubt that suggestions for practise were made, but I would like to see the A. I. W. C. depend more upon its own action and energy. If women wish to show their capability, they need to act, as well as preach. Co-operation also is very necessary, as was pointed out; and it is important that discussion should never be made the basis of personal antagonism. It was pleasant to see that the women of Madras were interesting themselves in the order and refinement of the town. It is good that they should seek to get rid of the beggar-nuisance, gambling, the vices of drink and drugs, cinema evils, and the dearth of public parks for adults and playgrounds for children. Emphasis also was rightly laid on the need for child-protection in factories and elsewhere, the better treatment of the depressed classes, the encouragement of *swadeshi* industries, the extension of physical culture, the prevention of cruelty to animals, and more help for women in moral danger. One was glad to see that all was not recrimination and regret for things undone, but that there was also something of gratitude and congratulation for things done, such as the support of the Sarda Act, the appointment of women lecturers in domestic science and Indian music. The following were some of the other resolutions passed:

1. "The Madras Constituent Women's Conference places on record its grateful appreciation of the glorious service that has been rendered to the whole world and particularly to India and to India's womanhood, by the late Dr. Annie Besant, and

expresses its feeling of profound sorrow and irreparable loss to the country by her demise."

2. This Conference reviews with great joy and satisfaction the opening of the Lady Irwin College for Home Science at Delhi and regards this as the most important step forward in the educational progress of the whole of India.

3. This Conference urges upon the Government the great need of education for the masses and strongly recommends the immediate introduction of compulsory elementary education for both boys and girls, as well as the creation of greater facilities for adult education.

4. (a) This Conference supports Memorandum II of the All-India Women's Conference, with regard to franchise.

(b) This Conference unanimously demands non-communal electorates and the maximum voting strength for women.

(c) This Conference strongly recommends that a training for efficient citizenship should be instituted as a course of study in all educational institutions.

5. This Conference reiterates former resolutions urging the reform of marriage laws and equality in marital relationship in the Hindu community, and hence supports Sir Hari Singh Gour's Bill now before the Assembly.

6. This Conference urges upon the Government to pass immediate legislation giving rights of inheritance to women.

(2) College education for women

One hears much of the unsuitability of the same curriculum for boys and girls. I was interested in the debate reported from Calcutta on the above subject at the Bengal women's education League. One of the ladies remarked:—"However excellent the student might be at her studies, not much is thought of her, unless she can play games, lend a helping hand in difficulties and accidents, is able to sew, cook and entertain. The womanly qualities so essential for success in a woman's life cannot be over-

looked. And out of college in the open play-fields are learnt valuable lessons of leadership and co-operation, mutual help, fair-play, mutual understanding and sympathy and friendship so dear to human hearts; while health of body and mind are prime considerations."

In this connection, I would like to quote what was said at the Manchester High School for girls about a course of advanced work on non-academic lines, not for examinations, but as a preparation for life. "They were attempting to correlate instruction in aspects of English History, Science, and Mathematics, on lines of modern social and economic developments, and to prepare women to take their places as active and forcible members of an educated democracy. This difficult and changing world was one in which the influence of women was needed more than it ever had been. Their outlook should be civic, national, and international. Much could be done, for example, in the cause of preserving the beauty of the country-side if, as individuals, they refused to tolerate unsightly petrol pumps, advertisements where they ought not to be and other disfigurements."

With difference in the curriculum, however, co-education is insisted on. As one lady said at the debate mentioned above:—"Woman's institution needs to be balanced by man's power of reasoned thought. Society must cherish the ideal of the give-and-take of real co-education, and get rid of social prejudices, before there can be that true harmony essential for successful co-education." The basis of mixture is indeed an inter-action of differences. As was said at Manchester:—"As far as general achievements are concerned, there is no real difference between men and women. The difference is more likely to be found in their attitude towards the giving and destroying of life."

(3) Women's labour conference

It has been very instructive to read of the Bombay Provincial Women's Labour Conference, which met for the first time

in India some while ago. Under the presidency of Lady Vidyaagori Nilkanth, the conference did practical work as well as speaking, visiting with energy and zeal, many welfare and industrial institutions.

In her address, Lady Nilkanth stressed the need for improved conditions among women-workers in the slums. Their conditions were pitiable. Was it to be wondered at if criminality was encouraged? There was not only need for Government to carry out the Royal Commission's recommendations, but also the necessity for co-operation between employers and employed, so that hard work met its reward, and the earnings of industry were properly adjusted. There was also a special need for women to be looked after; and one of the best methods of helping them was to make arrangements by means of *creches* of the best sort, to look after the children, when the mothers were working. More schools for education of young ones and night classes for adults were also advocated.

In this connection, it would not be amiss to mention Miss Hawkins' views about women and children in industry, reported in the Y. W. C. A. news of South India. After extensive research, Miss Hawkins wrote of the regulated and the unregulated industries, two of the former of which are cotton and jute. Women and young people are employed in certain departments, especially in cotton, in Reeling and Winding, Ring-spinning, Mixing, Waste and cleaning. The working conditions, are not satisfactory, since the mills are not built suitably for hot climates, and crowding is common. There is also lack of light and ventilation, and want of sanitary arrangements.

The hours of work and intervals of rest are better for women than for men; but the former are also house-wives, and so their hours of work are really longer. Arrangements are not yet satisfactory with regard to food and medical service. The miserably low wages have to be raised.

With regard to "relationship" in work-rooms, Miss Hawkins is very doubtful. They can be summed up, she says, "as the whole problem of encouraging a system of untrained bribe-extorting subordinate supervision, with its inevitable attendants, insecurity of employment for the workers, and submission to injustice. When management in textiles turns its attention to the provision of decent subordinate supervision, most of the present industrial unrest will disappear; but management is slow to learn."

It is good, however, that women, as well as children or half-timers, are protected by the Factory Act. Women have been working in mines, but their employment there will soon cease. On plantations, much needs to be done, though employers are doing their best for their workers.

In unregulated industries, such as Beedi-making, tanneries, mica and shellac factories, wool-cleaning yards, carpet factories, many abuses have still to be removed.

"It is impossible," says Miss Hawkins, "for people working under such conditions, to become what it is their right to become, useful self-respecting citizens in the community. The industrial woman not only has the strain of her working life to endure, but she goes from the work-room to the crowded, noisy, insanitary housing the industrial city offers her, where, handicapped by lack of air, space and privacy, by ignorance of diet and health rules, by unhygienic and adulterated food, by low wages made lower by rapacious overlookers, she attempts the impossible task of home-making. She has no time for child-care even if she had the knowledge, and she has no time for education even if she had the energy, and she has no hope of anything better as long as she remains in industry, and there she must remain if the family income is to be maintained. The only hope of improving her lot lies primarily in the formation of a public opinion that will refuse to allow such a state of things to continue, and it is the responsibility of groups to help to form that public opinion."

In spite of the fact, however, that there is not much time for the woman-worker for

education, attempts to remove illiteracy must be made. The Census report of 1921—31 brought to light the deplorable fact that the number of literate women was only 4,169,105 in 352 millions, while the percentage of female scholars was only 1 : 9. At the seventh annual conference of the Bombay Women's Committee, stress was laid on the need for literacy, as that alone would advance social reform. Therefore, it was said, "This conference notes with grave misgivings the volume of illiteracy prevailing among the masses and particularly the women of this country, as revealed by the last All-India Census and it accordingly requests all Provincial Governments, Municipal and District Boards to take immediate steps to abolish illiteracy from among the people of India within a prescribed period."

This Conference further records its earnest conviction that the new constitution of India should guarantee, as a fundamental right of Indian citizenship, instruction up to a prescribed minimum stage to every boy and girl within the country, free of charge to the parents.

This Conference urges upon the Government the necessity for making the teaching of reading and writing compulsory for all illiterate prisoners in the jails of India."

We would recommend these resolutions to women in other provinces of India, besides Bombay.

(4) Health of School-children

One has been hearing much lately, from private visitors, from the reports of health-officers, and finally from the members of leprosy surveys, of the sanitary defects of Corporation schools, says the *Madras Mail*. Crowding of space, want of good ventilation and lack of sanitary arrangements, are deplored. We hear also that very little attention is paid to schools for girls, as compared to that given to schools for boys. Such a state of affairs needs to be remedied. "The excuse that more work cannot be undertaken owing to lack of funds cannot be tolerated. In the first place, there is no matter on which money can be spent more

rightly than on the health of children; in the second, it seems that schools had better be closed down than improperly managed."

A great deal must be done to show teachers how to encourage health principles. The children themselves must be taught to follow them, "through developing in each child a consciousness of the evil of breaking them. Teachers should not only preach laws, but should also insist on the laws being observed. Therefore, health study should be insisted on in each school. As years pass, and generations advance, what took infinite patience at first to inculcate will become a general and natural principle."

It is gratifying to note that the need to foster the health of school-children in schools was emphasized at the Session of the All-India Women's Conference held recently in Madras. Simpler buildings with better conveniences were advocated, instead of grand schools, over-crowded and unclean.

(5) Women's education in Travancore

The report on the Committee on Educational reforms in Travancore, as noted in the *Hindu*, has disclosed that women's education is more advanced in that state than anywhere else in India, except in Cochin. The percentage of literate girls between 15 and 20 is 27. Co-education, it is said, is largely the cause for this advance; 65 per cent of school-going girls study in boys' schools. Yet, the system of co-education is not consistent. It is chiefly allowed only in the primary stage, though even here separate schools are maintained; and the women's branch of the educational department has not concerned itself much with other schools. "The Committee has made the recommendation that the question of provision for schools should be viewed, not in terms of how many boys' schools are wanted and how many girls' schools are wanted, but of how many primary schools are required to raise the percentage of children at school to the utmost maximum possible. In future, therefore, the Committee says, education at the primary stage should be common."

It is interesting that in Travancore opinion favours the same curriculum of study for boys and girls. Not so pleasant, however, is the fact disclosed that this sameness is required, in order to be a means of securing employment for women, and for successfully competing with men in public. We are glad that the committee condemns this view and insists on extra subjects for girls, which would "brighten and improve their home conditions and introduce modern and improved methods of family and household management." Domestic science, compulsory up to the fifth form and optional after that, and training and music optionally in the higher classes are recommended. Suggestions are also made that women should be placed in charge of the primary classes, as being more suitable than men, and as being better inculcators of such necessary subjects as kindergarten, the Montessori system for children, and sowing, home-craft and singing for girls.

(6) Nayar Women

A Conference of Nayar women met lately at Trevandrum, as an annex to the United Nayar Conference, which proved how anxious some Nayar men were for the advance of their ladies. While eulogising the culture and liberty of the Nayar women of old, who had been the mothers of many heroes, their present unsatisfactory condition was deplored. The President, Sri Parakutty Amma, mentioned the first Nayar Ladies' Conference, since when women's education had advanced. The work particularly of the late Sri Chinna Amma, who had founded the "Hindu Mahilamandiram", was praised. Much more work of the same kind needed to be done; there was a great need for unity. There was also much organisation necessary, as was found among Christian women.

(7) Indian Women in Malaya

The difference between these and Indian women in India was expressed in *Stri-Dharma* by Mrs. E. V. Davies, who has lived in Malaya and made an extensive tour through India. She said that generally the

former were more backward in education and culture; though the better class of immigrant women (leaving out the coolies) were educated, knowing their mother-tongue well, and also a good deal of English. The Straits-born Indian women, however, were not, as a majority, literate; where they were so, they preferred English to the Vernacular. They were also not interested in Indian affairs, their conservatism perhaps being due "to their close contact with the unprogressive Malay women, whose language and customs the Straits-born Indian women have largely adopted."

The Indian Malay women, however, were more broad-minded and more friendly with other castes, creeds and nations. They were also neater in their way of living, which was perhaps on a higher scale than in India.

(8) Elections for Women

Going through Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi's speech to the *Chicago Congress of women*, I was struck by the following: "Creative citizenship is a subject that ought to concern women more than men, because woman is the producer of the race and the mother of all creation." Such a conception starts at the home, widens through families, countries and nations, till it embraces the world, and prepares for world-citizenship. Dr. Reddi is very brave in looking forward so far ahead. But the franchise rights she talks of have been only newly acquired; and it is the duty of Indians to see that they are first properly exercised in India. The greatest difficulty in the way seems to be *purdah*, and we are aware of how judgment was lately pronounced that it is better for voting women to give up their *purdah*. This view has quite rightly, however, been criticised by the Muslims of Tinnevely, who thought it possible to find means to let *purdah* ladies vote in *purdah*.

In this connection, Mrs. Lakhawati Jain, who has been elected to the Punjab Legislative Council, and whose photo we give here, mentions in the *Mahratta* some of the drawbacks to which women have been subjected with regard to elections. She

points out that, owing to the lack of the party-system, candidates have to canvass votes for themselves, and many evils are given rise to, of which we know well. One of these is the humouring of people from door to door. Such a procedure, as she admits, is very hard for a woman to follow owing both to conviction and natural feelings. Many actually consider it an act of disgrace and indignity to go to the polling booth! Some of the few women voters are old, uneducated, or women who hardly go out of their homes; others are more "modern", but "have worthier things to spend their time on. In their opinion it is something degrading to go to a place which the common ones frequent." Such an attitude ought really to be deprecated, if it were not for the fact that the atmosphere of the polling station is really sometimes an appalling one, not only common, but also vulgar, noisy and ribald, and one which respectable Indian women naturally cannot put up with. Therefore, as Mrs. Jain remarks:--

"Unless and until a very large number of our women are enfranchised, so that they get over the feeling of strangeness, until separate polling booths are provided with women polling officers, Indian women will never take any active interest in the elections."

There is again the difficulty of giving wrong ages at the Census. There are many reasons for this defect, which are dealt with by a daily paper in Madras. Ignorance, illiteracy and superstition are very often the causes, which can, however, quite easily and gradually be obviated by the imparting of knowledge and confidence.

There is a doubt, however, that even given all advantages of voting, and of being voted to assemblies and councils, women cannot be of as much use as men there. Even with regard to the House of Commons, we are told by the *Madras Mail*, that surprise is expressed because the names of women M. P.'s do not often appear in debates. Still, it is edifying to note that such ladies are very useful, not only as faithful attenders

and listeners, but also as deep thinkers, who without fuss accomplish much that is good in the interests of their country. By delicate wit and humour, by resourcefulness and good argumentativeness, by consultation and advice, by practicality and persistence, and not by resort to the wiles of femininity or to the aggressive aping of manhood, do they quietly accomplish their purpose. The Duchess of Atholl, Miss Rathbone, Viscountess Astor, Miss Horsbrugh, Mrs. Mavis Tate, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Runge, Mrs. Ward, Miss Ward, Mrs. Copeland, the Hon. Mary Pickford, Lady Iveagh, Miss Cazalet, Miss Megan Lloyd Geogse, are some of the well-known M.P.'s of England. Even in South Africa, there is a woman M.P., who, as *The Natal Witness* states, deals eagerly with social welfare work.

"The women are still a novelty in the House," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "but they are making their way quietly and steadily, and are displaying wisdom in talking wisely and not too often."

How we wish that would happen in India!

(9) Nursing

The Quadrennial Congress of the International Council of Nurses held at Paris and Brussels in July 1933, brings to light the extraordinary international importance of the grand profession of nursing. It is pleasant to note that twenty-one countries were represented at some of the meetings, viz., France, Great Britain, United States of America, Germany, Canada, Denmark, Ireland, Holland, India, New Greenland, Belgium, China, Norway, South Africa, Bulgaria, Philippines, Sweden, Yugoslavia, Irish Free State, Poland, Greece. That nursing was not to be despised as a common duty of life was evidenced by the goodwill and thought brought to bear on the meetings, and by the fellings of pride expressed in ideals of the profession, which to many was a loved one. The definition of a Trained Nurse was laid down as follows:—"A trained nurse should be a person of good general educational and cultural background, who has completed a period of professional pre-

paration in nursing, of approximately three years, as a full time student in a recognised school of nursing, under a fully qualified nursing and medical staff. This training should have prepared her to give expert nursing care to medical and surgical patients of both sexes and of all ages, including the mental as well as the physical aspects of nursing and the preventive as well as the curative aspects." It was also emphasized that the study of ethics and ethical problems should form a part of nursing tuition. Finally, the keynote to the whole, connecting India with the other nations, was struck in the farewell speech of the retiring President, Miss Abram:—"At the present time when the eyes of the world are turned towards India, owing to the critical and epoch-making period through which she is passing, we would like you, our friends, to turn prayerful thoughts towards India and to bear in mind that, beneath the dust and battle of politics, the strands of friendship and mutual understanding are ever more closely knit by the unselfish efforts and work of educated men and women of every profession, irrespective of race or creed. In our profession above all others, we may perhaps feel sure that the desire to serve and heal will always, in the future as in the past, help to strengthen those sound foundations, on which all thoughtful people build, and on which we earnestly hope to see a new 'League of Nations', if one may so call it, arise within the shores of India."

(10) Women as Ministers of the Church

A great deal of controversy is going on at present in England as to whether women should be Ministers of the Church or not. All these years it was thought that women should not preach in the pulpit, and that the domestic role was the only fit one for women, but times are changing now, and many are the supporters of the women's cause.

The Rev. A. D. Belden, of Whitefields Central Mission, in appealing for women to be admitted to the ministry of churches, made the following remarks recently at a

Conference of the Society for the ministry for women, with Miss Maud Royden in the chair:—

"The great preponderance of women in our churches calls very urgently for feminine leadership.

We are not going to win our fight purely by the rational arguments we can put forward. The proportion of church women who are flinging themselves into public life is disappointing in a ghastly fashion.

The outlook of the majority of the women in our Churches is still bound fast to the idea that the domestic role is the only true one for women, and so long as you leave the Churches entirely in the hands of male leadership that belief will continue.

While we are tremendously grateful for what leading women are doing in our Churches, nevertheless the bulk of this feminine leadership is entirely untrained. With the exception of a small proportion of Deaconesses in our Free Churches, the feminine leadership is left entirely in the hands of wealthy women. And wealth, after all, is not entirely a good substitute for brains."

He said that there was a great need for the feminine outlook in the pulpit.

(11) Village Institutes in England

It is instructive to read of the Women's Institute movement in Great Britain, which has run through eighteen years. It started with a small group, says the *Times Educational Supplement*, in a Welsh village, in order to give some interest to the lives of the women there. They met once a month to exchange ideas and to improve mutual knowledge. Now, there are 5,000 such institutes, with a membership of about 300,000 women. A great feature of these organizations, the idea for which was brought from Canada by Mrs. Watt, is to level all social differences. As a result, knowledge of every kind is shared. The ancient family hand-crafts, such as quilting, glove and lace-making, together with modern work, have been renewed and

spread throughout the country, and exhibited at exhibitions of all kinds. As a result, extra money is made in small cottages, and homely comforts have been increased. Flower and vegetable growing, market-gardening, agriculture, house-hold produce, the cleaning and beautifying of the countryside, cooking etc., have all benefitted. Backward women have been brought forward, social service and citizenship are studied, and life has become more varied and useful. It is time that such institutes were started in Indian villages.

(12) We are glad that Indian women are large-hearted enough to interest themselves in women's movements outside India. We read that Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Singh, have greatly helped social welfare among the Indians of Pretoria. The child-welfare and maternity centres in the Asiatic bazaar there, are doing useful work and are helped by Indian ladies. There is also the Indian Women's Association, started by Kunwarani Lady Maharaj Singh, which promises well.

* * *

As in India, so in China, the advance of women has been rapid. Of old, there were hardly any respectable women who went outside their homes; even in their physique liberty was beyond their little tightly-bound feet. There was no education worth the name for girls, while there was much done for the boys; no Chinese girl was allowed to choose her husband, nor was she allowed the right of divorce. Now, according to the "*News Chronicle*", there is a vast change. Girls and women go about happily everywhere, singly or in company; they dance, they sing, they attend school; they claim equal rights with men in marriage and divorce.

There have been of course some bad results from this liberty; for instance, in 1911, there were women fighters, pirates, bandits and communists; there were companionate marriages. But these are only exceptions, and charming is the new Chinese woman.

There is for example, Miss Tseng, who was educated in England and went back to China to open a Girls' College in Central China. There is Miss Soumi Cheng, who took her law degree in Paris, and practises very successfully in China. There is Miss Lin Man-Chin, who actually travelled to Tibet and arranged a successful treaty with the ruler there.

It is pleasant to note, according to the *Manchester Guardian* that women are on an equal academical status with men in the Universities of Australia. Degrees are conferred on them equally. About 40 to 50 per cent. of the students in Sydney and Melbourne are women. In the Melbourne University, however, the same constitutional rights as for men are not granted to them.

There is usually one woman to twenty men on the representative councils. Yet women have the same privileges as men, where the various social institutions are concerned; there being usually a man and a woman secretary to a committee composed equally of both sexes. In intellectual and political societies, as well as in social ones, women take an active part.

Yet, we are told, that there is a feeling of hopelessness in these students, as they near graduation; for they seldom find anything to do after. Except to those, who take technical degrees, there are no professions open; into the only two open to them, graduates in arts find it hard to get an entrance. *Journalism* is already overstocked. *Teaching* means an extra year at the university, even though it offers work at the end; yet it is not suited to many. It is no wonder, therefore, that graduates of Australian Universities are doing their best to get out of Australia, even if only to get a bare living in Europe.

Italian women under fascism, according to the *Morning Post*, quoted in the *Hindu*, have been given equal rights with the men, except in political voting, though they are free to become party-members and take part in professional syndicates. Inspired by

Signor Mussolini, they have realised their responsibilities. There is a Fascist Women's Party, which is affiliated to the central body and is allowed to form parallel branches with those of the men. They are able to assist political propaganda by educational, social, health and charity activities.

The interests of Italian women seem to be well-guarded. The Labour Act protects the workers; there is a law in favour of illegitimate children, which helps their mothers to look after them. There is a law for the protection of maternity and childhood. There is, finally, the Mother-hood Insurance Act.

Italian women, therefore, have a chance to interest themselves in professional and educational activities. They throng to clubs and Universities for culture. Above all, Italian women, led by Queen Margarita, are doing noble service in the re-organization of social and moral conditions.

It is notable that there are now women detectives in London, three women having actually been appointed to Scotland yard. Starting from the ranks, they have proved their usefulness, and have succeeded in cases where men have failed. We know that there was great opposition at first to the appointment of women in the Police Force; but gradually prejudices have been overcome; It was Lord Byng, who made the first move and made Miss Dorothy Peto, Superintendent of a Women's section.

In this connection, the resolution quoted in the *Stri-Dharma*, as passed at the twenty-sixth Annual Conference of the Women's Freedom League, held recently, is noteworthy; "This Conference reiterates its demand for the necessity for Women Prison-Commissioners, Women Governors, and Women Medical Officers in all women's sections of prisons, Women Inspectors of Prisons, and Women Police, so that it shall be obligatory on all police authorities throughout England, Wales and Scotland, to appoint women police as an integral part of their forces; also for an equal number of women of equal status with

men on the Board of Control; and insists upon the recognition of an equal moral standard for men and women, and the raising of the age of consent to eighteen, with a similar provision for boys."

We are glad to hear from the *Stri-Dharma* that three Professorships at the Istanbul University have been for the first time given to women.

A woman has been the inventor of an unique contraption in Paris. Mlle. Suzanne Biget has made a non-inflammable and non-submersible suit, which enables the wearer to plunge flaming through air into a pool of water, and come out unhurt.

It is said that women will play an important part as tax collectors in the years to come in England. Appointments to the collectorate of women is increasing, and a number of women have been selected as Assistant Collectors on trial.

(13) The Tamil Nadu Constituent Conference of the All-India Women's Conference on education and Social Reform was held in November at Salem, under the presidency of Begum Mir Amiruddin, the wife of the District and Session Judge, Salem. The chair-woman of the Reception Committee, Mrs. R. D. Paul, in welcoming the delegates, referred to the great and urgent need for social service, and appealed to all women to contribute their quota towards the uplift of the womanhood of India.

The President, in the course of her address, adverted to the awakening of the womanhood of this country. The All-India Women's Conference had contributed no small quota towards the advancement of India's womanhood, as it had drawn the women of the country out of their seclusion and aroused within them a consciousness of their duties and responsibilities. The most urgent desideratum to the future progress of the country was the eradication of the inveterate malady of illiteracy from

among the rank of its women and girls. The local bodies in Tamil Nadu should be requested to direct their immediate attention to the education of the masses. Salem ranked as one of the last districts in the Presidency in regard to female education, and the introduction of compulsory elementary education simultaneously for boys and girls was very necessary. Moreover, a new orientation should be given to the education of girls, so that the homes of the future may become a centre of culture, beauty and happiness. The absence of moral instruction in schools was deplored.

The social problems affecting women all broke on the bed rock of mass ignorance. The root cause of the social ills from which the country was now suffering was child-marriage. The Sarda Act had failed to fulfil one's expectations; and it was necessary that all marriages should be registered, and District Magistrates should be empowered to issue injunctions stopping the performance of marriages infringing its provisions.

The legal disabilities of Hindu women, in respect of personal and proprietary rights, had to be removed, as had been in some measure done in Baroda and Mysore.

With regard to Muslim women, the laws of Islam stood out as clear landmarks of their emancipation; but in Muslim Society sometimes custom over-rode the law. The divorce law of the Muslim was an instance, and there was necessity for a stipulation granting women the right to divorce for cruelty, or on the happening of certain contingencies, like the second marriage of the husband.

The restrictions of purdah now prevalent in Muslim society were more or less the creation of later times and had no reference to religion. Islam did not enjoin the seclusion of women; though it did not approve, and very rightly too, of unrestrained intercourse between men and women. Muslim women were not forbidden to take part in public meetings and attend to public avocations of life; but they were required to be dressed according to the laws of propriety and to

conduct themselves with modesty and decorum.

There was the necessity for women being granted equal rights of citizenship.

The Holy Koran and Manu had proclaimed such in memorable words. The Indian Statutory Commission had rightly observed that "If the wealth of capacity in the women of India, that is now largely wasted through lack of opportunity, be made available to the country, the immense gain resulting therefrom would ensure its rapid progress."

Finally, women must not forget the dictum that "A nation that thinks in terms of tomorrow, moves on; a nation that thinks in terms of yesterday perishes." They must unite in a common purpose, a larger vision and a broader outlook on life. There was great hope for the future; and, if Indian women would proceed with due caution, not disrupting their homes, but eschewing excesses and maintaining proper equilibrium, they would, with the help of God, soon rank among the foremost women of the world.

AN INDIAN WOMAN

MY LONGING FOR THEE

(By Ammini)

As the soul in torment longs for Paradise, so do I long for thee.

As the man dying in the desert thirsts for the water of life, so do I thirst for thee.

As the bird, that loses its life-mate, cries in desolate despair, so do I cry and call for thee.

As the creeper, that is cut off from the tree that supports it, falls aground and withers, so do I wither away from thee.

As the blind man, that has lost his guide, gropes his way in the dark and wavers, so do I grope to find thee.

As the flock, that has lost its shepherd, runs about bleating, so do I wander about in search of thee.

As the man in agony of limb longs for the balm of life, so do I long for thee.

As the man, that dies of starvation, hungers for the bread of life, so do I hunger for thee.

As the bird bereft of wings has lost its power of flight, so have I lost the urge for life.

* * *

O soul, in whom my soul found repose;
O spirit, in whom my spirit found kindred;
O heart, in whom my heart found its mate;
O companion of my soul and spirit, O
supporter of my spirit's ambition, O
consoler of my heart's bitter pangs, O friend
and comrade of my worldly life, O helping
adviser in the path of my salvation, O
lover of my spiritual self, Life is life with
thee; Life is very death apart from thee.

IS NOT MAN SUPERIOR TO WOMAN?

Prithi Chand Bhatia in the article extolling womanhood has certainly struck a note that women are in no way inferior to men, and illustrated and developed the point, taking personages from history and literature. Much as one would like to have women taking their place as equal

partners, or even superior partners in life, there can be no gainsaying the fact that women from time immemorial (from the days of Adam and Eve) have occupied a subordinate, though kindly, part in the affairs of the world. To give a place in the world for women as superior to men is

frankly not to be yet; for the world has not yet been prepared for such a revolution, which would be a catastrophe at the present rate of development.

A few great women throughout the ages do not make up a case for supremacy. "Frailty, thy name is woman" has not yet been taken out from the social axioms of the world to-day. It is not every woman that is a channel swimmer, and not every Amy a renowned flier. Nor is every woman a Damayanti or a Nur Jehan. The bravery and chivalry of the Middle Ages, if valued at their proper worth,

come exactly to what Cervantes exposed in his Don Quixote.

Men and women, given equal opportunities are likely to come out prominently in all the affairs of the world. But, as we are human, and have all the limitations of human frailties operating upon us, equal opportunities are not available for both the sexes, with the result that we have all the differences now apparent and the cry of superiority and inferiority.

N. RAMABHADRAN

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Bharati and her horse

This story refers to a momentous day about twenty years ago, when Bharati was still but a child of ten, and when only the very rich could afford to buy cars. Horses were used much more in those days than they are to-day, and almost every middle-class family possessed a carriage and horse.

Bharati's mother and father had not as yet invested in this luxury, and it was their daughter's fervent wish that they should buy a little governess cart and a small pony. One day, however, Mr. Govindan called Bharati to him and said, "I have a great secret for you. Guess what it is."

"Oh father, what is it, tell me quickly," cried Bharati, wildly excited.

"I'll give you three guesses. Now, try," said her father, smiling at his daughter's exuberance.

"You've got me a lovely doll," exclaimed Bharati breathlessly.

"No, wrong; try again," was Mr. Govindan's comment.

"We are going to have a picnic on the beach."

"Quite wrong. This is something much more important."

"Oh, I know, you have asked the Rajah of Sripur for his car, and you are going to take us for a moon-light ride."

"Wrong again, my dear, but I won't keep you in suspense any longer. Close your eyes, and give me your hand."

Bharati tightly screwed up her eyes and her father led her out to the front door and said, "Now open them."

Madly excited, she looked, and there, before her eyes, was the prettiest little governess cart, with a fat brown pony harnessed to it.

It is needless to recount how delighted Bharati was. Suffice it to say that she and the pony soon became fast friends, and she christened it "Puggy." The pony used to whinny most delightedly whenever Bharati went near him, and shake his lovely mane, and swish his long tail. Every morning, she used to give him a lump of sugar and some bread with her own hands, and often she was allowed to hold the reins while the coachman drove.

One day, however, Puggy seemed to be in a bad mood. It had been a strenuous week for him, as visitors had come to stay with the Govindans, and Puggy had been over-worked. Also, he was sickening for

fever, and all these things made him suddenly feel that he should revolt from his work. The Govindans did not know that he was not feeling well, otherwise they would have given him rest, and had the doctor in to see him. Mr. Govindan had to go to his office at the usual hour, and Bharati had to be dropped at her school on the way. Puggy jogged along patiently, then, hearing a tram come behind him, he suddenly swerved on to the lines and stood still. In vain did the coachman try to move him out of the way; but he would not budge, and it was too late for the tram to stop dead. The tram driver applied his breaks, however, which stopped its speed to a certain extent, and then—the tram hit the cart, and Bharati was sent flying on to her father's knees, while the coachman nearly broke his neck. No one was seriously hurt, however, but they had all had a shock, and little Bharati was in tears, so they drove home, and when Puggy was unharnessed it was found that he was ill.

No one felt more sorry over the whole affair, however, than Puggy himself. He showed signs of sorrow, and in his horse language asked Bharati to forgive him a thousand times, which of course, Bharati did. Puggy was cured in three days, and was fit to work again; but Mr. Govindan was careful never to over-work him after that little accident.

(2) Our Letter to our young people

DEAR CHILDREN,

Do you ever have dreams as to what you are going to do in the years to come? Do you ever think out your career, scheme elaborate plans, and build castles in the air? Most children have a wish to take up a certain profession. Many a time has the boy, who has been asked what he intends to be in the future, promptly replied, "I'll be a judge," or more often, "I'll be an engine-driver," or some such fantastic thing.

Naturally, being an engine-driver appeals more to young people, as it seems a much more spectacular and impressive occupation than being a judge.

Whether childish ambitions ever come true is another matter; but the fact remains, that, when a child shows a certain aptitude towards some particular art or occupation, he becomes an adept at it when he grows older, provided that he has encouraged his natural tastes, and tried to develop them. Thus Pope, the great poet, says that, when he was still young, he "lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came," and by working on, he became world-famous.

Writing is an art that often shows itself when its possessor is still young. It is a wonderful gift, and one that ought to be encouraged. It needs time and patience, and therefore, many people shirk taking up writing as a profession. They would much rather do something that needs less effort and strain on their part, which seems rather a pity.

If any of you find you are inclined to write stories, or descriptive sketches or little verses, sit and write them at once. It does not matter if they are bad, and if they are good think how wonderful it will be to become an author. This magazine is always willing to consider contributions from young people for the children's pages, so, if you have written anything, send it along and, if it is not good enough it will be returned.

There is nothing like cultivating an art young, so, if you are at all inclined to be artistic, work at the gift that has been given to you, whether it is music or painting, and see how many famous people India will produce in the future.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI



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CHUGHTAI, THE GREAT INDIAN ARTIST

Most of us are familiar with Chughtai's paintings—those beautiful masterpieces of art, whimsical and delicate, romantic and elusive, and some of them so hard to understand. To those of us, who can appreciate Indian painting, and at the same time know nothing of its technique, a perusal of the article by Mr. G. Venkatachalam on "the Art of Chughtai," published in the July-August number of the "Triveni" will come in very useful.

The writer says that Indian civilisation has been influenced for many centuries by two civilisations, that of the Aryan Hindu, and that of the Semetic Arab. "India and Persia have mutually influenced each other from the dim past of their history, and the Moghul conquest of India was the culmination of their cultural contact and artistic affinity." Indian painting is a continuous story of this give and take; "and the art ideals and art forms of these two countries are not equal and opposite, but different and complementary."

Distinguishing the one from the other, Mr. Venkatachalam says that Hindu art is "virile, aggressive, awe-inspiring and masculine," and Islamic art is "tender, graceful, persuasive, pretty, pleasing, and feminine. Hindu art is idealistic, other-worldly, symbolic, ornate, and massive, while Islamic art is realistic, courtly,

aesthetic, pure, and decorative." Ajanta and Elephanta are typical examples of Hindu art, and the Taj and Mughal miniatures personify Islamic art.

In modern Indian painters, both these characteristics are evident. Chughtai is a typical Muslim artist, whereas Nandalal Bose's paintings are wholly Hindu. Chughtai's personality is clearly seen in his work, which is "gentle, generous, sensitive, and romantic." It is based on Persian outlook and tradition. His lines flow freely, his colours are soft and there is an exquisite finish of his brush. As he is a descendent of a great Moghul artist, who was responsible for the Pearl Mosque in Delhi and the Jasmine Tower in Agra, it is not surprising that Chughtai reflects his Persian feeling and impulse, especially in "the architectural backgrounds in his paintings."

Chughtai studies the characteristics of Hindu gods and heroes as carefully as he does Persian and Muslim authorities, and therefore, his interpretations of Radha and Krishna and Arjuna are as good as those dealing with Persian subjects. His vision has been enlarged after his visit to Europe and he is universally appreciated. "Besides being a painter, he is a craftsman and can cut and carve and even print and publish his own books."

PADMINI SATTHIANADHAN

BOOK-NOTES

A thesis on the legal rights of women under different communal laws in vogue in India:

By R. V. Mehta; price Re. 1.

A very useful book in the cause of social reform.

Tear drops:—by N. Narayana Menon; Arthur H. Stockwell, London; 2 sh.

This is an English translation of a Malayalam poem, being twelve topics of grief on the death of the poet's wife.

Rabindranath Tagore; his religious, social and political ideals; by Dr. Tarak Nath Das; Re. 1.

The outstanding thoughts of Tagore are expressed, bringing out many ideas in common with Gandhi; it shows that Tagore is a man, a social reformer, a Rishi, a prophet, a nationalist and a citizen of the world.

Kamala, or The fate of a fair widow; by "Manmohan"; as. 4. "It tells the story of a young widow, who, unhappy at home and worried by a lover, finally kills herself.

Child up-bringing and the New Psychology.

Oxford University Press.

This book deals with the difficulties of character, which evolve when children are

growing up; it deals with some extraordinary problems of adjustment. "The new medico-psychology" tries to help parents to dispel their ignorance about apparent disorders, and leads to the normal development of their children.

Our relation to children; by Rev. C. W. Leadbeater; Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras; as. 3.

This book explains that children are improved, not only by the actions and words of their elders, but also by their thoughts.

Heroines of India; The Teachers' Publishing House, Madras.

This is meant for the earlier forms and tells the stories of ancient Indian heroines.

OUR CHESS PAGE

By Bharadwaja

I present for this month a rare evening's entertainment for those who appreciate good chess spiced with dash and brilliancy. Carlos Torre was the winner after 33 moves against Morris A. Schapiro of Manhattan Chess Club.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

Torre (White)	Schapiro (Black)
1. P-Q 4	P-Q 4
2. P-Q B 4	P-K 3
3. Kt-K B 3	Kt-K B 3
4. B-Kt 5	P-K R 3
5. B x Kt	Q x B
6. Kt-B 3	P-B 3
7. P-K 3	Kt-Q.
8. B-Q 3	Q-Q.
9. Castles.	B-K 2
10. P-K 4	P x B P
11. B x P	Castles.
12. Q-K 2	P-Q Kt 4
13. B-Q 3	Q-Kt 3
14. P-K 5	R-Q

15. Q-K 4	...	...	Kt-B
16. K R-Q.	Not Q-Kt 4 at once, for then	P-K B 4	B-Kt 2
17. Q-Kt 4	...	...	P-QB 4
18. Kt-K 4	...	...	P-B 5 (But this is over-confidence. 18. B x Kt; 19 B x B, QR-B; is safe and favourable.
19. Kt-B 6 ch	...	...	B x Kt (19 K-R 20 Kt-Kt 5 wins)
20. P x B.	...	...	P-Kt 3
21. Q-R 4	...	...	P-K 1.
22. P x P (21. Q x P, Q x BP; 23. P x P, Q-Kt 2; 24. Q x Q ch, K x Q; 25. B-K 2, Kt-K 3; Black stands well ... B x Kt	...	...	Kt-K 3.
23. Q x P	...	...	P x B.
24. B x Kt P	...	...	K-B
25. Q x P ch	...	...	(25. K-R; 26. Q-R 6 ch, K-Kt; 27. P x B was the problematic alternative.
26. P x B	...	...	Q-K 2
27. P-B 4	...	...	Kt-Q 5 loses outright.
			The saving clause is hidden: for instance, 27. ... Q-B6; 28. Q-R6 ch and 29. P-B 7 ch.
28. R x Kt	...	...	R x R
29. P-K 6	...	...	R-Q 2.
30. R-K	...	...	R-K.
31. Q x R ch	...	...	Resigns.

Here is a poem by Reginald B. Cooke on *Disaster in Chess*:

DISASTER

"What darkness falls o'er my precious path!
What gloom obfuscates my bewildered mind!
It seems as if some overwhelming wind
Has swept away all hope. The aftermath
Now dulls my anxious thoughts, as though a bath
Of flaming brimstone left my senses blind.
Surely my reason must be undermined,
As by some thunderstorm of wrath.
And now the worst is overestimate;
How great the loss which leaves me thus forlorn.
After long hours of stubborn thought, false Fate
Subjects me to a cruel foreman's scorn.
What hope remains? Ah, is it too late?
Have I irrevocably lost a—PAWN?"

In the next number, a Johnson, and Boswell imaginary conversation on Chess will be published.

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

CINEMA NOTES

The Needs of Indian films

Mr. Sanjeeva Rao of Hyderabad writes that the first factor needed for a successful film is a good story, not written under compulsion for a contract or for a livelihood, but just from inspiration, as it were. And this story should be "carefully prepared, and made in conference between the producer, writer, director and technicians."

As regards the theme for the story, religious or mythological tales, though usually depicted, are not of much interest, because the end is usually known. There is no *thrill* or *suspense*; and the veneration for the hero and the *Bhakthi* for the God wear out and become stale. An original story is indicated, and often it should be meant for amusement.

Again, the activities of supernatural beings, and the miracles of superstition should not be introduced too much, but the film should try to be as true to nature as possible. "Life is a wonderful thing, and its workings are mysterious. Its humour, its joy, its tragedy, its mystery, its suspense and its necessities provide ample material to build up an enchanting story."

In a love story, full significance should be given to romance and the psychological development of it; characters should be worked upon, and the accompaniments of reserve, modesty, wonder, attraction, should be carefully exploited.

But, when such stories are depicted, care should be taken to keep up the dignity of the East, instead of allowing merely the open love-making of the West. The traditional modesty of Indian women should not be violated. Also, the costumes should not be too gorgeous, the jewels not too many, as for festive occasions; but everything should be simple and natural to daily life.

Then again, the great disadvantage in an Indian talkie is that India is a country of

several dialects and languages. Mr. S. Rao, therefore, advises the plentiful introduction of explanatory titles.

He suggests also a small school of acting for lads, along with manual and general training. In this way, many illiterate "heroes" can be given a small conception at least of the art required of them.

Finally, constructive criticism is needed, but it should be tactfully given, so as not to be harsh or dismaying. Competitions should be instituted for photo-plays and for suggestions. "Stimulation and encouragement offered to deserving Indian youths has led to astonishing results, and already our Indians are leading other nations in different aspects of life. I have, therefore, a strong conviction that, with the aid of the requisite stimulation and encouragement, it will not be long before our films will be efficient enough to lead other nations and be able to capture international markets."

G.K.S. in *Sound and Shadow* emphasises the need for true art. He quotes Ruskin on the subject, "Art, properly so called is no recreation; it must be understood and undertaken seriously, or not at all. To advance it, men's lives must be given and to receive it, their hearts."

What is the principle of art? "An emotional impulse is the basis of all artistic expression, and the degree of effectiveness is the sole measure of excellence." And the test of art is *taste*, or *Rasa*. "So a work of art, whether it is a symphony, a poem, a play, a painting, a bronze or a ballet, requires of its creator a broad and deep understanding of the elements represented, fused with extraordinary skilful technique by an impelling and emotional urge to create; and of the spectator a good knowledge acquired by long and patient study of the canons of that art and a cultivated taste." Therefore, the appreciation of art is as necessary in the spectator as in the actor.

DANCING IN INDIA

Menaka, the dancer, otherwise known as Srimathi Leela Sokhey, has written a paper on the *Dance in India* in *Sound and Shadow*. She emphasizes the fact that to dance well, the technique of the art must first be mastered by good training and practise, especially the natural technique of the country represented. She also affirms that Indian dancing cannot well be exhibited by foreigners; "for, the development of different types of dancing has something to do with the differences in the physical build of different nations."

The ancient dances of India, which were originated by the Gods Siva and Krishna, and the Goddess Parvati, require several details of technique. The hands, the features, the gait and the feet must all be used in harmony. We are told that the Sanskrit text lays down rules, which can be as good now as in the days of long ago. The hands must be like the movements of fishes swimming in the pools. The gait must be like the gliding of a swan, or the quick animated movements of a fantail. "The body must be held like the body of a horse about to leap. The body, hands and arms must all have the suppleness of silk. The feeling of the dance must be like the ecstasy of the peacock when he dances before his mate. The eyes and head must follow the direction of the hands. The dancer must have that magnetic look which should be able to evoke and awaken Madan (passion). The dance should be such that pundits can enjoy and admire the perfection of the technique, and laymen who are not versed in the exact knowledge of the technique should, because of this perfection, be enthralled by the beauty of the dance, which could not possibly be beautiful if the technique were not perfect."

By neglect of the above rules, the dance has deteriorated in India and become aimless and lost its true value. Yet, it can be of immense use in the life of a nation, as seen by the life and vigour of folk dances. From such, much can be learnt, as well as from ancient paintings and sculpture.

Next to the technique, physical training is very necessary. "The dancer must acquire,

first, a perfect control of every muscle in the body, poise and balance and a perfect understanding of and a sense of rhythm. Every one who proposes to dance must go through a rigid course of physical training adapted to the dance. This is a requirement which is most easily forgotten and without which of course no one can ever hope to dance. A strict and prolonged course is most essential. Even when a certain amount of proficiency as a dancer has to be attained, the exercises must be a daily regime. Moreover, a good knowledge of the "Talams" (the time and the rhythm) of Indian music must be acquired. "It is therefore absolutely essential that there should be rhythm in the hands as well as in every other part of the body. No dancer should be content until he has achieved this, because in all dancing, especially in our dancing, the hands play such an important part. We have a very complete and comprehensive language of the hands and fingers. They are used in the *Kathaka* and *Kathakali* dances with purpose and meaning. Every *mudra* when used in the dance should form a part of the unity and flowing movement of that dance and should be led up to by suitable and strictly laid-down rules for the movement of the hands, body, neck, eyes and feet." There must also be learnt the "Choreography," or the science of the dance-pattern, which can control group-dances also.

Finally, we must go beyond all this and try to learn from other nations.

The dance is indeed something to be made much of. As Menaka says:—"It must have a solid basis. In fact it must be dance and must be judged as such and not as something peculiar and to be passed because it is Indian, however childish and idiotic it may be. It must express the life and emotions of our nation and not be mere ethnographic posturing. We have the richest of material to draw from. I have devoted my life to it and I want others, both men and women, to join me so that eventually we may form a marvellous group of earnest and serious workers and be able to produce a really worth while ballet."

FASHION NOTES

Some of the new coiffures in Paris are interesting, because they partake a little of Indian fashions. The *Madras Mail* mentions one in which the hair is rolled on the nape of the neck, with a half-wreath of artificial flowers, re-calling our jessamine garlands. Sometimes, the roll can be narrow and run from under one ear to the other, with a cluster of flowers on one side. The only drawback seems to be that the hair is brushed back, without a parting. The latter style somehow does not seem to suit our costume. The parting, therefore, can be at the centre or it may be either very low, or slightly, on one side.

Another Indian custom, which is becoming the vogue in the West is bare legs and tinted toe-nails, as told us by the *Illustrated Weekly of India*. The only difference seems to be that stockings must be worn for lunch, but not dinner. But, since as in India, the legs are not hidden by long clothes, they have to be specially-treated, massaged, slimmed, lotioned, artificially sun-burnt, etc. Oh, the vagaries of fashion!

Is there romance in clothing? How can there be, when it was said at the recent meeting of

the Drapers' Summer School at Oxford, that fashions are the result more or less of prices. Take the example of short skirts and scanty clothing. It was said by Mr. Jackson:—"I ask myself, whether the short skirts craze would have come into existence, if silk stockings had not been manufactured at a price attainable by the majority of women. I think not. Before the silk-stocking-age, women wore long skirts probably to hide ugly cotton stockings and still uglier legs. With the discovery of silk stockings, skirts got shorter and shorter, and with the cheap production of artificial silk lingerie, garments have become fewer and fewer."

In any case, the meagreness of clothing gives more chance for efficiency in business. This is good, but should it not go as well with attractiveness in costume? Or is it supposed to be more attractive to show as much of the body as possible? We, in India, naturally shudder when we think of the coming ages when nudity may become the fashion. Equally objectionable we feel will be tattooing, instead of paints and cosmetics, undesirable as the latter are!

SISTER SUSIE

OBSERVATIONS

(1) Lady or Woman?

I was much amused the other day by a letter to the Editor of the *Madras Mail*, in which "Pro Bono Publico", deprecates the substitution of the title of "woman" for "lady", in some official post of the medical world. He thinks such a change will lower the dignity and self-respect of women in general. He forgets that women now in most places like to be called *women* rather than *ladies*. The very title of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* was once criticised in England as not right; it should have been, some said, the *Indian Woman's Magazine*. It is often only in certain classes and on certain occasions, that the terms *gentleman* and *lady* are still used.

After all, *lady* really is a descriptive term, meaning what a woman should really be, a

lady in nature above all and therefore, it should be general. Times were, when the title was given only to women of high position; I think people like *Pro Bono Publico* have been led away by that idea, which is fostered still by the use of the title as a special term of honour for the wives of Knights, Lords etc.

Since *lady* then cannot be used generally, we should seek for another term as expressive; and I cannot think of anything better than *woman*. Why should a difference be made between women of different professions? For instance, will people call a working woman a *lady*.—a *lady* *sweeper*, a *lady* *cook*, a *lady* *ayah*, and so on? This is the age in which differences of caste and position are being obliterated. Why should such then be encouraged by titles? Indian women especially have shown that they

hate community differences. I am sure they will be the very first to like the humbler title better. There is no greater honour in "Lady-likeness" than in "Womanliness"; indeed the latter often embraces the former and is more worthy.

Here is what Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written about this same subject:

"Give us that grand word 'woman' once again,

And let's have done with 'lady': one's a term

Full of fine force, strong, beautiful, and firm,
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen;

And one's a word for lackeys. One suggests
The Mother, Wife, and Sister! One the dame,

Whose costly robe, mayhap, gives her the name.

One word upon its own strength leans and rests;

The other minces tiptoe. Who would be
The perfect woman must grow brave of heart
And broad of soul to play her troubled part
Well in life's drama. While each day we see
The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do
And what to say, grace in each tone and act
(Tis taught in schools, but needs some native tact),

Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.

Give the first place then to the nobler phrase,
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

E. W. WILCOX

(2) The dowry

The idea of dowry to a bride has been much mutilated. In ancient Indian writings, it was not meant to be a necessity for marriage, as alas, it very often now is.

"The gift of the dower does not make the girl wife. Again the good never bestow their daughters induced by the dowers that others may offer." "A wife should never be purchased; nor should a father sell his daughter."

Yet, "the practise of sale and purchase of the daughters has been known to human beings for a long time. There are innumerable faults in it. Only those simple persons, who are possessed by cupidity and who sell and purchase female slaves for making them servants, consider the relation of wife as capable of originating from the gift and acceptance of dower."

In ancient days, however, the dower was more given for the girl than with the girl, as

can be inferred from the following: "That maiden, for whom nothing is taken by her kinsmen in the form of dower, cannot be said to be sold."

(3) Go-to-Meetings

In every country and in every race, we find people who love to attend meetings. The *Manchester Guardian*, quoted in the Hindu, mentions some of these in a humorous way, while at the same time giving them their due share of praise for being the real backbone of councils and conferences. What would these latter do without their faithful attendants? The go-to-meetings are usually in England at least, rather elderly people, the men having retired from service and business, and the women not caring to partake in bridge or games, or even to watch sport. "As a rule they have a certain intellectual standing, a good deal of spare time and a wardrobe equal to the demands made upon it."

These people are those who stand by, when there is not much chance of a good audience for worthy speeches. "They can be trusted to 'look all right', they can be trusted to show an intelligent interest during the speeches, to applaud in those intervals when the speaker loses his place in his manuscript, to keep conversation going if it languishes while tea is being handed, and to bring in recruits. They will never worry the secretary and committee with complaints and idle questions; they will make the thing go."

(4) Precious stones

A very interesting article in the *Illustrated Weekly of India* tells us that man has taken from the earth nearly 29 tons weight of diamonds (un-cut); this would fill a receptacle 3 ft x 6 ft. x ft., and give a market value of £ 1,000,000,000. These stones thus form only a small portion of the crust of the earth, and their value is more or less fixed and lasting. A diamond has to be perfectly cut with 32 facets above the girdle, and 24 below; but, before cutting, the worth of the diamond has to be known. There are many ordinary tests, which can be applied. We know that a file will not scratch a real diamond. Again, a diamond under water never loses its brilliancy and a drop of water on a diamond will keep its shape. Another test is to see through a diamond. A black dot behind a real gem will be blurred or

multiplied. Experts have other tests. Some of them can find a diamond's worth by merely breathing on it. It must be "pure, faultless and transparent; and it answers this description if it is free from what jewellers term ashes, grey spots, rusty or knotty places, veins, fissures, scratches, feathers, flaws, sand, grain, and yellow or blue spots."

Diamonds are of three "waters." After cutting, they become *Brilliants*, which have an octagonal face, "surrounded with smaller facets;" *Rose diamonds*, "which have a flat base, surmounted by two rows of triangular facets, with the uppermost row terminating in a point;" or *Table diamonds*, "which are thin stones cut with triangular facets."

There are several well-known diamonds. The largest, we are told, was the *Cullinan* discovered in the Transvaal, and weighing 1 1/3 lbs—later split up into smaller stones. *The Kohinoor* as Miss Abbott tells us, according to the *Illustrated Weekly*, is world-famous. Given to Queen Victoria by the East India Company in 1850, it is meant to be worn only by a queen, and more as a personal ornament; for the belief is that "should Koh-i-nor ever be worn by a man-ruler of Great Britain, India would be lost to the British empire." *The Darya-i-nor* is one of the Persian Crown jewels, stolen from a Hindu temple in Persia, and sold to Prince Orloff. The *Sancy* diamond first belonged to Charles the Bold of Burgundy, was lost and discovered and sold to a French nobleman; was borrowed by Henry III of

France as a pledge; became the property of James II of England and was taken to France, when he went there. It was later acquired by a Russian Grand Duke, and at last has become the property of the Maharajah of Patiala.

Rubies also are valued stones. Some are regarded as talismans against all evils, especially what is called the *Brahmin ruby*. Queen Victoria had some valuable rubies, one of which had the name of Jehangir on it; and another was given her by the Maharani of Cooh-Bihar.

Pearls make lovely jewels. The biggest come from North Australia and the Paumotu in the South Pacific; though the largest quantities come from the Persian Gulf. One of the best collection of pearls belongs to the Maharajah Gaikwar of Baroda, whose best necklace has seven strings of 280 pearls, worth over half-a-million sterling.

Emeralds are supposed to be dedicated to Venus, and so were associated with the "love passion." They were moreover credited with the "power to sharpen the wits, quicken the intelligence and make their possessors economical."

Amber is not a precious gem, but is very valued. The Empress Marie Louise, Napoleon's second wife, had a lovely neck-lace of it.

Coral is esteemed partly for its "mysterious properties," and is valued in Oriental rosaries of prayer. It is greatly used also in Italy.

MAITHILI

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

I. Fragrant Rooms

Oriental households are usually understood by Westerners to be pervaded by the scent of incense, and when such homes are represented in Cinemas or on the stage, there is always to be seen the smoke of incense curling upwards, thus lending an extra glamour to the exotic and luxurious atmosphere created by the producer. Indian homes in truth, very often have Joss sticks burning in corners. This fragrance is liked by some, and violently disliked by others. Other homes have the scent of *attar* used by women, or other perfumes which are placed between saris

to give them fragrance. Then again, the smell of roses or Jasmins, or rose water, often permeates an Indian household.

Houses in the West do not usually cater to any peculiar fragrance; but I have come across an interesting article written by H. L. in the "Ceylon Observer", on "the Fragrant Room," in which it is said that some rooms have a particular fragrance of their own which may possibly be traced to the cushions which may have had a handful of lavender mixed with the feathers when they were made, or perhaps a bag of powdered orris-root had been slipped in. Dried rose petals also give a pleasant aroma,

Pot-pourri is rather inclined to err on the sickly side, says the writer; but a wad of cotton wool in a pot-pourri jar with a perforated cover, saturated from time to time with essence of scented Geranium-leaf or oil of lavender, is very refreshing.

II. The sick room

In India, many patients dread going to the hospital, and prefer to be nursed at home. No doubt, their choice is correct in many cases; for, as long as the nursing is good, no better place can be found for a patient than his or her own home.

Carelessness very often prevails in Indian households, however, in the matter of allowing too many visitors to talk to the patient. In some cases, those in charge of the sick person are merely lax, and think no harm will be done; and in other cases, the person in authority is afraid of offending the visitor, and therefore, at the risk of allowing his patient to become worse, permits endless visitors to pour in from morning till evening.

I know of one case where the number of visitors and relations thronging the bedside of a sick man proved fatal. In vain did the doctor try to turn them out.

"The Manchester Guardian" recently published an article on "Nursing in the home", which ought to be of great help to Indian women wishing to become efficient nurses in their households.

The nurse should be strict regarding the admittance of visitors, and if the disease is infectious, all visitors should be prohibited. Not more than two visitors should be allowed at a time, and the nurse should be present when they are in the sick room.

Visitors should not give food to the patient, and they should not sit on the bed, or stand over the patient. They should sit in a place where the sick person can see, hear and talk to them without strain. If asleep, a visitor should not wake the patient, and the routine of a nurse's duty should not be sacrificed to please a friend.

PADDY

COOKERY NOTES

Orange Pudding

1 cup sugar,	1 cup orange juice and
1 cup milk,	grated rind.
4 egg yolks, well beaten,	4 egg whites, beaten,
or,	or,
1/2 pkg. lemon gelatine,	1 cup whipped cream.

Mix together the sugar, milk and egg yolks and cook until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture thickened just enough to coat a silver spoon. Remove from the heat and stir in the lemon gelatine (if this is not available, you can use 1/2 tablespoon plain gelatine softened in 2 tablespoons cold water.) Stir until gelatine is all dissolved, and set in a cool place until the mixture begins to harden. Beat well, add orange juice, orange rind and the egg whites or whipped cream. Turn into a mould and chill thoroughly before serving.

Eggs with Bananas

Select a firm banana, slice it into hot butter in a frying pan. Have the slices close together so that they cover the bottom of the pan. Break two eggs on top of the banana slices,

taking care not to break the yolks. Salt to taste, cover the pan closely and cook over a slow fire for from three to five minutes. Then turn off fire and steam for a few minutes longer. The steam loosens the banana from the bottom of pan and allows it to slip easily into a hot platter. The eggs look and taste like poached eggs.—

Eggs Louisiana

1 cup condensed tomato soup,	1/2 cup peas,
2/3 cup cold water,	2 tablespoons butter,
1 cup stale bread crumbs,	1 small onion,
	4 eggs,
	Grated cheese.

Mix tomato soup with water and pour over the peas. Melt the butter in a frying pan and cook the onion, diced fine, in it. Add the bread crumbs and brown slightly. Spread the onion and crumbs over the other mixture and break the eggs on the top. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set.—

From the Parents' Magazine.

Is not woman superior to man ?

ஆணைப் பார்க்கிலும் பெண் சிறந்தவளன்றோ ?

தற்காலத்தில் ஸ்திரீயின் சுதந்தரத்தைக் குறித்து, அவள் இந்திய சமுதாயத்தில் நிற்கவேண்டிய நிலையைக்குறித்தும், விசாரணை செய்யப்பட்டு வருகிறது. ஒரு கஷ்டக்காரர் ஸ்திரீயும் புருஷனும் ஒரே வரம்புடையவரென்குறர்கள். வேறு சிலர், ஸ்திரீ புருஷனுக்கு கீழ்ப்பட்டவளென்குறர்கள். ஆகவே இந்தியாவிலுள்ள சகல மார்க்கங்களையும் ஆராய்விட்டது தற்காலத்திலும், கடந்த காலத்திலும், இனி வருங்காலத்திலும், புருஷனைப் பார்க்கிலும் ஸ்திரீயே சிறந்தவளென்று ஏற்படுகிறது.

புருஷன் ஸ்திரீ யென்னும் இரு வகுப்பினருக்குள்ளும், புருஷனை சிறந்தவளென்றெண்ணும் தப்பான அபிப்பிராயத்தை நாமகற்றவேண்டும். கிறிஸ்து வேதத்தில் ஆதியாகமம் 1. 27-ல் ஆணுக்கும் பெண்ணுக்கும் உற்பத்தி ஒன்றே என்று கூறியிருக்கிறது. “தேவன் மனுஷனை தமது சாயலாகவே சிருஷ்டித்தார்; ஆணும் பெண்ணுமாக அவர்களைச் சிருஷ்டித்தார்.” இவ்விடத்தில் மனுஷனென்னும் வார்த்தை பெண்ணையும் குறிக்கிறது.

பரிசுத்த கோரானிலும் இவ்விதமாகவே கூறப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. பழத்தற்றவளும், அழகுவாய்ந்தவளும், சகலவித பிராணிகளுக்குள்ளும் சிறப்புற்றதுமாயுள்ள அமைப்புள்ளவைகளைக்கொண்டு ஆதிப்பெண்ணை பிரம்மா சிருஷ்டித்தான் என்று மஹாபாரதம் கூறுகிறது. மனுதர்ம நூலில் ஸ்திரீயின் வாய் அநேகமாய் ஸ்பஷ்டமானதென்றும் அது ஒடும் ஜலத்துக்கும் சூரிய கிரணங்களுக்கும் ஒப்பாயிருக்கிறதென்றும் கூறப்பட்டிருக்கிறது.

ஸ்திரீகளை கணப்படுத்த வேண்டுமென்றே சகல மார்க்கங்களும் வற்புறுத்துகின்றன 1. தீமோத்தேயு 5. 28 பார்க்க. “முதிர் வயதுள்ள ஸ்திரீகளை தாய்களைப்போல கணம் பண்ணு.” பரிசுத்த கோரானில் ஆல்பிரீசா என்னும் அதிகாரத்தின் துவக்கத்தில் “நீங்கள் பிராத்திக்கும் ஆல்லாவையும், இரண்டாவது ஸ்திரீகளையும் பயபக்தியுடன் கணம்பண்ணுங்கள்” என்று கூறியிருக்கிறது. இதன் மூலமாய் ஸ்திரீகள் கடவுளுக்கு இரண்டாவதாக கோரான் கூறுவதைக் கவனிக்கவும். யோக்கியன், ஸ்திரீகளை மதிக்கிறான். அயோக்கியனோ அவர்களை அவமதிக்கிறான். ஆனபடியால், ஸ்திரீகளை ஒருவன் நடத்துகிற விஷயத்தில் ஒருவனுடைய யோக்கியா யோக்கியதை நன்கு விளங்கும். ஒரு ஸ்திரீயைப்பற்றி தீமைபேசுவது தீது என்று எண்ணப்படுகிறது. கற்புள்ள ஸ்திரீயைப்பற்றி தீது பேசினவர்கள் நான்கு சாஷிகளைக் கொண்டு வராவிட்டால், 80 அடிகள் அடிக்கப்படுவதோடு அவர்கள் வாக்குமூலத்தை நம்பலாகாது.

ஸ்திரீகள் அடைந்திருக்கும் கண்ணியதைகளைக் குறித்து, திரண்ட உதாரணங்களை இந்து சமயத்தில் காணலாம். ஒருவன் ஒரு மாதாவை சந்தித்தால் அவளை சகோதரி பென்றெண்ணி, வயோதிபருக்கும் குருவுக்கும், இராஜ குமாரனுக்கும், மாப்பிள்ளைக்கும் வழிவிடுகிறதுபோல் அவளுக்கு மறியல்செய்யாது வழிவிடவேண்டும். உபசாரண விஷயத்தில் கர்ப்பினிகள், கலியாணப் பெண்கள், பால்ய ஸ்திரீகள் முதலியவரை முதல் விசாரித்தபின்னர், மற்ற விருந்தினரை கவனிக்க வேண்டுமென்று இந்துப்பிரமாணிகளுள் சிகாமணிபோல் துலன்

கும், மனு, கூறுகின்றார். (கல்வி, சித்ரம். 12) பகையாளியின் கூட்டத்தை சேர்ந்தவராயினும், பெண்ணென்றால் யாவரும் மதிக்கவேண்டும். புருஷர்களுக்கு தங்கள் மனைவிகளினால் அதிக பிரயோஜனம் உண்டாகிறதென்று எல்லா சமயங்களும் ஒத்துக்கொள்கின்றன.

கிறிஸ்து சமயத்தில் 1 கொரிந்தியர் 7-ல் “மனைவியானவள் புருஷனுக்கு கனத்தைக் கொண்டுவருகிறாள்” என்றும், ரீதிமொழிகள் 12. 4-ல் “கற்புள்ள மனைவி தன் புருஷனுக்கு கிரீடமாயிருக்கிறாள்” என்றும் எழுதியிருக்கிறது. அதாவது கற்புள்ளவள் புருஷனைக் காட்டிலும் குணமேம்பாடுள்ளவளென்று தெரிய வருகிறது.

“இல்லாம் மார்க்கம் எல்லா ஆசீர்வாதத்தையும் தரும்; அதற்கப்புறம் ஒரு நல்ல மனைவியைப்போன்ற ஆசீர்வாதம் வேறொன்றுமில்லை” என்று காலிப் ஓமார் சொல்லுகிறார். ஆபு சலேம்மான் என்பவரும் “ஒரு நல்ல மனைவி வீட்டிற்கு வெளிச்சமாயிருக்கிறாள், லக்ஷியியாயிருக்கிறாள்” என்று சொல்லுகிறார். சுறுக்கிச்சொன்னால் அவள் ஒரு தேவதை, அவள் ஒரு வீட்டிற்குள் சூரிய காந்தியையும், வெளிச்சத்தையும், பரவச்செய்கிறாள். ஒவ்வொரு புருஷனும் தன் மனையானைக் கணப்படுத்த வேண்டியது கடமையென்று இந்துமார்க்கம் கற்பிக்கிறது. மனுதர்ம நூல் அதி. 3. வச. 55-ல் “ஒரு நல்ல மனைவியை புருஷன் கணப்படுத்த வேண்டியது அவசியம்” என்று கூறியிருக்கிறது.

இனி நாம் கவிகள் கூறுவதை கவனிப்போம். மில்டன் என்பவர் பரிசுத்தம், தெய்வீகம், நன்மை, நல்லொழுக்கம், இன்பம், யாவும் ஸ்திரீயிடமே ஒன்றாய் அமைந்துள்ளன என்றும், சிருஷ்டிப்பில் எல்லாவற்றிலும் அழகு வாய்ந்ததும் ஸ்திரீயே என்றும் பாடுகின்றார். “சிருஷ்டிப்பின் அழகே! நீ கடவுளின் சிருஷ்டிப்பில் உசிதமானவளே! காட்சியிலோ மனதிலோ தோன்றக்கூடிய யாவற்றிலும் சிறப்புற்று நிற்பவளே! பரிசுத்தமே, தெய்வீகமே வசிக்கும் இன்பமே!” என்று விஸ்தரிக்கிறார்.

தாமஸ் ஆட்வே என்பவர் ஸ்திரீகளின் உயர்வைக்குறித்துப் பேசுகிறார். அவள் மனுஷனைப் பயிர்ச்சிக்கவும், அவளை சாந்திப்பண்ணவும் ஸ்திரீ அமைக்கப்பட்டிருக்கிறார்கள் என்று கம்புகிறார். “ஓ ஸ்திரீயே! அழகு மணியே! மனுஷரை சாந்திப்பண்ணவன்றோ கடவுள் உன்னைப் படைத்தார். நீ இல்லாவிடில் நாங்கள் மிருகங்களே. தூதர்கள் அழகாக சித்திரிக்கப்படுவது உன் அழகைக் கண்டுதானே” என்று பாடுகிறார். புருஷர்களில் பெலசாலிகள் என்று சொல்லப்பட்டவர்களுக்கூட ஸ்திரீகளைப் பார்க்கும்போது வெட்கித் தலைகுனிவிறார்” என்கிறார்.

பராக்கிரம சாலிகளான புருஷர்களையும் கோழைகளாக மாற்றுவதில் ஓ ஸ்திரீகளே நீங்கள் தவறமாட்டீர்களென்பது உங்களுக்கே தெரியும். எங்களுடைய அடிமைத்தனத்தை எவ்வளவாக மறைக்க முயன்றாலும் ஸ்திரீ ஜாதியே எங்களை இன்னமும் ஆளுகை செய்கிறாள்” என்று தாமஸ் மூர் என்பவர் ஸ்திரீகளின் அதிகார குணத்தைக் குறித்துக் கூறுகின்றார். ஒரு ஆணின் விருப்பம் ஒன்றிருக்க, ஒருபெண் தான் கொண்டதையே செய்வாள் என்று ஒரு பழக்கச் சொல்லுண்டு. ஸ்திரீகளும், நாய்களும் சண்டை மூட்டுவதில் சமர்த்துடையவர்களென்று, ஒரு ரோம பழமொழியுண்டு. புருஷர் உலகத்தையாண்டாலும், அவர்களை யாளுகிறவர்கள் ஸ்திரீகளே யென்றும் ஓர் பழமொழியுண்டு. ஸ்திரீகள் எல்லாவற்றையும் செய்து முடிக்கக்கூடும். ஏனெனில் அரசுபுரிகிற புருஷர் ஆளுகை செய்யும் திறமை இவர்களுக்குண்டு என்கிற ஒரு பிராஞ்சிய பழமொழியுண்டு. பெலத்திலும் சகிப்பினியிலும், ஆகா விஷயத்திலும், இன்னும் அநேக காரியங்களிலும் ஸ்திரீகள், புருஷரைவிட மேம்பாடுடையவர்களென்று ஒரு சமஸ்கிருத ஸ்லோகம் கூறுகிறது. ஸ்திரீகள் காதல் செய்யும் தேவதூதர்களென்று, ஷேக்ஸ்பியர் சொல்லுகிறார். மேற்காட்டியிருக்கும் மேற்கோள்கள் புருஷரைக் காட்டிலும் ஸ்திரீ, உயர்ந்தவள் யென்று காட்டுகிறதல்லவா?

ஸ்திரீ லக்ஷணங்களை, பெண்கள் களையலாகாது. அவர்கள், புருஷருடைய ஆண்மக் களை பாதுகாக்கும், காவலாளர். “அன்பற்ற மிருகம், அல்லது உணர்ச்சியற்ற யந்திரமாய் மாற்றப்படாதபடி, புருஷரைக்காக்கும், இரகசுக்கர்கள் பெண்மக்களை” என்று, ஷேக். எம். கே. சிவ்வாய் என்பவர் “ஸ்திரீ” என்னும் புஸ்தகத்தில் கூறியுள்ளார்.

எக்குணங்களில் ஸ்திரீ மேம்பட்டுள்ளவளாய் நிற்கின்றாள்? ஸ்திரீகளின் பதவியே தங் கள் தேசத்தின் உயர்வைக்காட்டும் அறிஞர் யென்கிற சத்தியம், சில விஷயங்களில் அவளு டைய மேன்மையைக் காட்டுகிறது. அபிவிருத்தி, நாகரீகம் என்னும் ரதங்கள் ஒட்டும் சாரதி கள் ஸ்திரீகளாயிருக்கின்றனர். தேசம் முன்னேற்றமடைய வேண்டுமாயின் ஸ்திரீகள் முதல் முன்னேற்றமடையவேண்டும். அவ்வாறே ஸ்திரீகள் பின்னடைந்தால் அவர்கள் தேசமும் பின்னடையும்.

ஒரு தேசத்தின் வாழ்வுக்கும் தாழ்வுக்கும் ஸ்திரீயே காரணம். ஒரு குழந்தையை அதின் தாயார் ராஜாவாக்கலாம், அல்லது முட்டாளாக ஆக்கலாம். தற்காலத்திய பெண் களை இனிமேல் புருஷர்களின் விவரங்களை நடப்பிப்பவர்கள். ஆணை உயர்த்துவவரும் அவளே, தாழ்த்துவவரும் அவளே. குழந்தை கர்ப்பத்திலிருக்கும்போதே தாயானவள் அக்குழந்தைக்கு சகல நல்ல தீய வழக்கங்களை உண்டாக்கக்கூடிய வல்லமை உண்டு. அபி மன்யு கர்ப்பத்திலிருக்கும்போதே சக்கர வியூகத்துள் போகும் மார்க்கத்தை பழகினான்றோ? பிறக்க சில மாதங்களிருக்கும்போதே வீரதீரங்களை அறிவிக்கும் முதற்பாடங்களைப் பழகினா னன்றோ. கிரேக்க ரோம வீரர்களைப்பற்றிய பாட்டுகளை அவனுடைய தாயார் பாடி, நெப்போ லியனுக்கு வீரவராகக்கியத்தை உணர்பண்ணினாள். மத்திய நூற்றாண்டிலுள்ள ஸ்திரீகளை சந்தோஷப்படுத்த ஏற்படுத்திய அநேக வேடிக்கை காட்சிகளில் புருஷர்கள் தங்கள் திறமை யைக் காட்டும்படியாக ஸ்திரீகளே கட்டளையிடுவார்கள்.

சரித்திரமும் அனுபவமும் எதைக் காண்பிக்கிறதென்றால் பராக்ரம சாலிகளான புரு ஷர்கள் தங்கள் மனைவிகளின் ஆட்டுங் கருவிகளாக இருந்திருக்கிறார்களென்பதைக் குறித்தே. ஜஹான்கீர் என்னும் சக்கரவர்த்தி தான் ஒரு கோப்பை திராட்சரசத்துக்காக தன்னைத் தன் மனைவிக்கு விற்றுப்போட்டதாக எழுதியிருக்கிறான். தூதர்களுங்கூட ஸ்திரீகளின் முன் தலைகுனிந்து வணக்கமாய் நிற்கின்றார். யமனோடு செய்க போராட்டத்தில் சாலித்திரி ஜெயம் பெற்றாள் என்றோ? வைத்ய விஷயமாய் பார்க்கும்போது, ஸ்திரீ ஜாதியே பெரும்பான்மையாய் நிலைவரமுள்ளது. அவர்களுக்குள்ளே மாணத்துக்கேதுவான வியாதிகள் அதிகமாய் இல்லா ததினாலே அவர்கள் நீண்ட ஆயுளுள்ளவர்களாய் இருக்கிறார்கள். உலக முழுவதும் எடுத்த ஜனசங்கியை இது சத்தியமென உறுதிப்படுத்துகிறது. சில விஷயங்களில் ஒரு ஸ்திரீயின் சரீர கூறுபாடு புருஷனுடைய கூறுபாட்டைவிட சிறந்தது. 33 வயதுள்ள ஒரு மனுஷனு டைய தசையில் 100-க்கு 30.6 வீதமான கொழுப்பிருக்கிறது. ஆனால் 22 வயதுள்ள பெண் ணுக்கு 44.1 வீதம் கொழுப்பு உண்டு. அதனால்தான் அவள் அதிக வியாதிகளையும், சோத னைகளையும் மேற்கொள்ளும் திறமையை உடையவளாயிருக்கிறாள். உலகத்தில் ஆண்களைப் போல் பெண்கள் கொலைசெய்யவும், திருடவும், குடிக்கவும், வெறிக்கவும், கொள்ளையடிக்க வும் அதிகமாய்ப் போகிறதில்லை. சிறைச்சாலைகளைப் பார்ப்போம். பெண் சைதிகள்திகமா? ஆண் சைதிகள்திகமா? தொண்டை வியாதி, நெஞ்சு பலவீனம், இருமல் இவை ஆண்களுக்குத் தான் அதிகமாய் வரும் நெடுங்காலம் வேலை செய்யவும், எதையும் சிக்கவும், எதிர்த்து நிற்கவும் அவர்களுக்கு பெலனுண்டு. ஹிஸ்டிரியா என்னும் வலிநோய், பெண்கள் சுயாதின மடைந்து வருவதனால் குறைந்துவிட்டது. உள்ளும் புறம்பும் ஸ்திரீயின்மேல் விதிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கும் புத்தியீனமான கட்டுப்பாடுகளுக்கு அவள் எதிர்த்து போராடும்போது ஹிஸ்டிரியா உண்டாகும். அவளுக்கு கொடுக்கவேண்டிய சுயாதினத்தை புருஷர் கொடுக்கும்போது அவ் விவாதிகுறைந்துவிடும் என்று ஒருவர் சொல்லுகிறார்:—(இன்னும் வரும்)

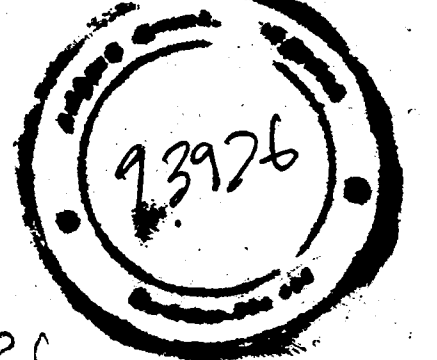
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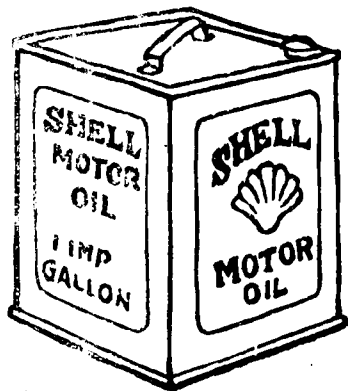
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