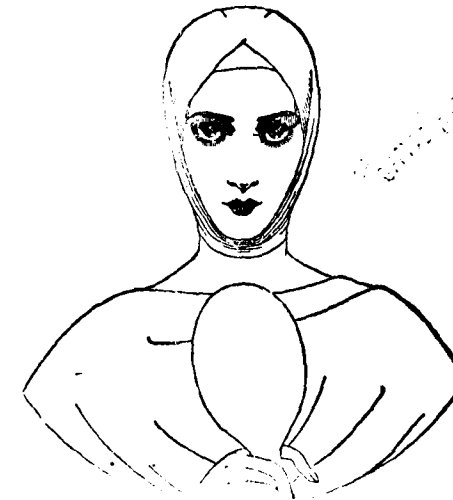


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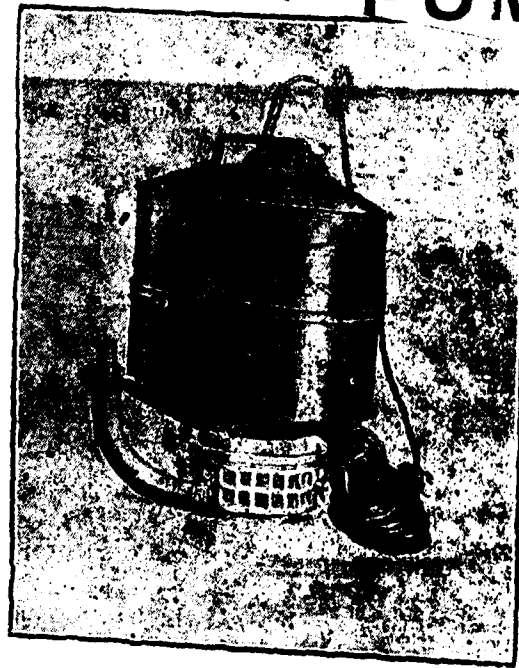
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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol :—VII.

No. 1

Illustrations :—A Dog eleven; the Masulipatam Ladies' Club; the Bangalore Ladies' Swimming Club; four winners of prizes. Miss Subur Mugaseth; Mrs. V. Nadar; Srimathi Satyavati Devi.

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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

The Indian Ladies' Magazine was started in 1901, discontinued in 1918, and republished in 1927. It is the main purpose of 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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Original verses
Things seen,

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Correspondence and discussion,
Fashion notes,
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Articles for men,
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Cookery,
Needlework,
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Selections.

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A DOG ELEVEN.
There is one Scottish eleven which has yet to meet England. This is formed of West Highland terriers belonging to Mrs. Thornton of Warren Row, Reading, and although they have not met any other doggy teams on the football field they have carried off hundreds of prizes on the show bench.
Photo Shows—"All eyes on the ball during some clever headwork." (FOX, SEPT., 20th '33.)

The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. VII.

JANUARY & FEBRUARY, 1934

No 1

PEEPS INTO NATURE'S ALBUM

Softest flush of rose and yellow,
Vistas through the parting night,
Where the wizard trees their silhouettes
Trace against the Eastern light;
Muffled lies the town in slumber,
In the spell of wakening morn,
Save where plods an early workman
On a streak of road forlorn.

Sunset splashes, gold and orange,
Gilding brows of purple hills;
Cumulus masses, blushing crimson
As the Vesper shadow steals;
From green pastures cattle filing,
Birds upon the homeward wing;
And the breath of gentle zephyrs
Heartens every languid thing.

Through the interlacing branches,
Dripping still with recent showers,
Beams the moon in fitful radiance
In the solemn nightly hours;
Through the drifts of white and sable,
Clouds that race across the sky;
Now unveiled the orb of Dian,
Now enshrouded, floating by.

Noble lake, on whose grey bosom
 Skies repose, and shadows play
 Of the ancient trees, the Titans,
 On the marge, that nod and sway;
 Here, from spreading leaves, the lotus
 Rears her high imperial crown;
 With a silvery flash, the heron
 O'er the waters' breast has flown.

Every day, and every season,
 These panoramic scenes, and more—
 Far off sails upon the ocean
 Breakers booming on the shore;
 Shimmering cascades down the mountain,
 Many-sled, slow-gliding stream,
 Garden croft and waving corn-field
 Reeling in a drunken dream.

These I've seen—the self-same visions—
 Seeing, long to see them still,
 Old, familiar, yet mysterious,
 Ever fresher aspects thrill.
 Then to think of all the pageants
 Nature's wonder realms display;
 What are Art's most spectacular
 Sense-exciting shows today?

Give me Nature's deathless pictures—
 Skies and waters, hills and trees—
 Ageless, fadeless, never sickening,
 Soul-ravishing ecstasies;
 They shall lift my spirit's grossness
 And reveal my God to me;
 He, who painted all creation,
 Brought to birth by His decree.

H. KAVERI BAI,
Berhampur.

WOMEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO PUBLIC LIFE

It is generally the case that, when any scheme shows a fair chance of success, doubts of the desirability of that success often present themselves. For years and years women have agitated for rights. Their claims have been met by many fears; but the latter, being only half-hearted, are being quite easily submerged by counter-arguments. Now that the progress of women is more assured, objections of a different kind are being advanced. There is not only the old fear that women will lose their womanliness; there is also now put forward the warning that the long-looked for advance may not achieve its end, which is the growth of social reform; added to this is the doubt whether women's capability will stand the new strain put on it. We know how Herr Hitler is seeking to limit the advance of women; we have read also about the fears of Signor Mussolini that women will never be able to accomplish much.

Be all this as it may, the task of women, I think, is just to go on ahead, fearless of opposition and undaunted by criticism. But, at the same time, it will not come amiss to pause awhile and consider in what way they can really help in public life. There are so many counter-theories floating about, and so great is the vacillation of this transition time, that it will do no harm, but good on the contrary, to attempt to fix standards.

Public offices are being thrown open to women; they are being given a place in public life. What are they intending to do there? In the first place, of course, they can prove their capability, as they are so fond of saying, and as so many have already done in various branches of work. Secondly, they can be special defenders of their own rights and claims, the necessity for which no man can understand as they do. In the third

place, they can make the force of their own personality felt for good. A friend of mine told me of her position on a district board. The moment she stepped into the room, there was a distinct hush, she said, in the gabble of talk going on. The president and some of the members immediately stood up; a comfortable seat was placed for her near the chairman, who constantly turned to her to explain or to seek for advice as the meeting proceeded. In that way, her natural diffidence was slowly dissipated and she was able to join in the discussions. That the latter were more or less amicable in her presence can be gathered from the fact that, when she had to resign from the committee and before another woman in her place could be appointed, a big quarrel took place among the members. Another friend of mine, a man; this time, spoke of the good influence of women in elections, where their very womanliness can, directly as well as indirectly, combat questionable practices.

Perhaps, such a marked effect of woman's influence is not possible now, when there are so many women being appointed to councils and boards. It is always the way thus; familiarity breeds contempt. But still women are different enough from men to make their power felt in some way or another; care, however, should be taken not to confuse the issues between men and women; superiority should never be questioned; but it should be admitted at the very outset, as the poets of old said, that each sex is good in its own way and each has its contribution to make to public life.

What then is woman's contribution? The first seems to be that she awakes man's chivalry; perhaps she achieves this purpose by feeding his vanity as protector of her frailty; anyhow the end will be accomplished.

Added to this is the dignity and reserve, which a woman's presence can inculcate. Her modesty can tone down bombastic talk; her pity and mercy can temper justice; her tact and kindness can smoothen roughness. The charm and sweetness of a woman's personality acts like a piquant sauce to insipid food; it adds interest to dullness. Her undoubted elegance and artistic tendencies induce refinement; her enthusiasm will often find a way out of most difficulties. There are also the special characteristics, which a woman undoubtedly possesses, of instinct and imagination, which often act like second-sight in going to the centre of a problem. The quickness of a woman's fancy is sometimes more useful than the solidity of a man's reasonableness; added to which a woman undoubtedly can show greater patience and a better endurance, which lead eventually to strength of persistency.

There are some defects in herself, however, which woman has to combat in business life. She must first learn to conquer timidity and reserve, to combat shyness, to give up her inferiority complex. At the same time, she must not go too much the other way and err through self-confidence and vanity. Neither should she claim extra privileges for herself on the score of her womanhood; for, where equality is claimed, the same responsibilities should be shouldered on both sides. And in

this same responsibility should be included a refusal on the woman's part to flirt, or try to court admiration. There should be no attempt to overstep the bounds of propriety and conventionality; but discretion and prudence should be the ruling motives.

Woman needs also to improve herself in efficiency and business methods. She must train herself as strictly as man does. She must learn to keep order, and organise. She must recognise the value of time, and the worth of property. She must teach herself to keep her tongue quiet and to respect silence. She must not let herself give way too much to her natural love for scandal and gossip, or to her womanly tendency to jealousy and meddlesomeness. She must be careful not to be led away by imagination or emotion. She must learn in fact, to guide her heart by her head; for, in that way alone can she achieve strictness in the standards of justice and discipline.

As a matter of fact, when a woman enters public life, she must do it with sincerity and single-heartedness, with no indirect motives of matrimonial search, personal gain, or special antipathy. In a word, she must make herself obedient to law and her covenant; otherwise her resignation is naturally indicated. Will such requirements undermine her womanliness? I do not think so.

KAMALA

"Beauty, age, good family are nothing, if unaccompanied by culture and education, just as a flower is useless without fragrance."

From *Kettle-drums*.

DR. ANANDIBAI JOSHEE

That the Indian woman is neither a mere pretty doll to play with, nor a hand-maid to be served by, as has been thought by so many people, is amply proved by the lives of women-leaders like Dr. Joshee, who thought nothing of sacrificing their lives for the liberation of Indian women from their state of backward bondage. Dr. Joshee lived in the days, when any forward action on the part of a woman was both ridiculed and spoken against; she was frail and timid; yet she never drew back from the hard course she had set before herself. What does this indicate, if not the grit and perseverance, the intelligence and efficiency, the energy and character, which are so often claimed as men's characteristics alone, and which, when added to the sweetness and patience of a woman, make her more completely woman than ever?

Dr. Joshee was related to Pandita Ramabai and like her belonged to the plucky and hardy Mahratta race, her ancestor being a famous Mahratta free-booter, called Joshee, who had received the reward of a large price of land in Poona for his able services to his chief. She was born in 1865 and was the daughter of Ganpatras Joshee, who was a rich land-owner of Bombay, while her grandfather owned lands in Poona. She was named Yamuna, after the sacred river; the name meaning "the daughter of the sun." She was a clever and bright child, loved by everyone and adored by her father, like whom she came to lose faith in the worship of idols. When very young, she had a dream, in which her Mahratta ancestor told her that his spirit and his power had descended on her, and her alone, of all his descendants. When she was five years old, she became the pupil in Sanskrit of a kinsman, named Gopal Vinayak Joshee. After three years, however, the latter was transferred to Alibag, and poor Yamuna was in fear that she would never be able to study again. The opposition of her mother to her studies culminated in a determination to get

her married early according to custom. Her grand-mother, however, came to her rescue and took her to live at Alibag, where she studied for another year. Then, as her grand mother had to leave the place, the little girl was married when only nine years old to her teacher. As was the custom among the Mahrattas, her name was changed to a new name, which was Anandibai, which meant "Joy." Her husband was transferred to Cutch as postmaster. Our heroine went with him, but found the place very uncongenial, since its people were in a very backward condition of ignorance and superstition. In 1878, when she was only 13, she became a mother, but her child lived just for a few days. Anandibai felt that its death was due to want of proper medical help, and so she began to turn her mind to the crying need for women doctors in India. Eventually, she made up her mind to study medicine. By that time, her husband had been transferred to Bombay; and he offered no objection to her plan, but even tried his best to make arrangements to go with her to America, where she could have the best tuition. He asked for financial help from some American missionaries, who however, refused it. Eventually, somehow, Mrs. Carpenter of Roselle came to know of Anandibai's ambition, and wrote to her. The latter meanwhile had been studying in an S. P. G. School at Bombay; but had not much cared for the intolerant attitude of some of the missionaries there to other religions. In 1881, her husband, Gopal, was transferred to Calcutta and later to Singapore, where both he and his wife suffered somewhat from the damp climate.

At last, the correspondence between Anandibai and Mrs. Carpenter resulted in an invitation to the former to go to America. Gopal had to be left behind, however. With the help of some friends, the brave girl got her equipment ready, and in 1883, sailed for England and America, where she was

the first high-caste woman to set foot. She stayed for some months with her friend, whom she admired much. It was noteworthy that Anandibai never forgot her resolve to keep herself a Hindu woman always. Every day, she worshipped God according to her own rites, and never neglected to mark her forehead with the married woman's dot. She kept her national costume and always was a vegetarian. Her medical studies commenced at the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia. There, she was much liked by Dr. Rachel Bodley, the Dean, and her beautiful Indian dress and jewels attracted the admiration of many friends. She studied hard and did well, obtaining a good scholarship, though her health suffered. In 1884, she delivered a lecture, in which, to the disappointment of everyone, she spoke in terms of approval of "child-marriage." But it was not true agreement with the custom which influenced her; it was really loyalty to her own traditions in a strange land, which should have aroused sympathy, because, in spite of the disadvantage of the custom, she had been able to come forward so much. Her husband joined her in 1885, and in 1886, she took her degree of Doctor of Medicine. Many were the friends, some coming from England, who gathered round the first Hindu woman to be so distinguished, and who congratulated her on the career before her. But alas, her

health broke down, tuberculosis being suspected, and she had to give up all idea of doing practical work at the hospitals. She went back to India, to take up the appointment of resident physician to the women's ward of the Albert Edward Hospital at Kollhapur. But she was never able to take up her work. She returned to Bombay in very bad health. The people, who had once before criticised her forward behaviour in appearing unveiled in public, now welcomed her with respect, not even censuring her for her breach of caste rules. To obtain pardon for the latter, however, her husband made offerings and did penance, in order that her life might be prolonged. But nothing availed; in February 1887, Anandibai passed away, to the great sorrow of her friends and admirers. She lived a Hindu and died a Hindu, the only exception being made that her ashes were not thrown into the Ganges, but were sent to America to be buried there.

Though only twenty-two when she died, Anandibai Joshee had, as she herself said, done all that she could. Bravely and patiently, she had persevered in her ideal and accomplished it; and the sacrifice of her young life in trying to find relief for the sufferings of her sisters, could not have been in vain, for it must have influenced many others to follow her example.

AN INDIAN WOMAN

BEAUTY

(By Elizabeth Mathew)

"Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
dearth,
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened
ways,
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of
all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits; glories infinite,

Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That whether there be shine or gloom o'er-
cast,
They always must be with us, or we die,"
Thus sang Keats.
"The beautiful is higher than the good,
the beautiful includes in it the good", said
Goethe; and he has puzzled many great

minds by saying so. Indeed at first thought, the beautiful differs greatly from the good; but, when looked at intrinsically the latter runs into the former and loses itself. The really beautiful has not only goodness in it, but it has also that virtue which makes sacred the relationship which it holds with human life. However imperfectly one may view the beautiful, one cannot fail to profit by it. No nobler feeling indeed dwells in the human breast than the admiration of one higher than oneself. That is the life-giving power in human beings.

The greatest force in man is his religion and that is based on his recognition, his appreciation, his worship, of the beautiful. While the primitive man prostrates himself before the beautiful objects around him in boundless admiration and submission, the more civilised mortal worships the unseen Maker of all the beauties! The germ within the two is identical!

Coming down to the lower regions of human life, man's appreciation of the beautiful builds for him what we call society, the foundation of which is loyalty to men more wise and great than himself, to men more beautiful than himself; for greatness is but beauty in mind and wisdom is but beauty in intellect. But, as Carlyle says, "They are all as bank-notes, these social dignitaries; several of them, alas! always are forged notes"; no real worth is to be had from them. At times they become insupportably numerous. Then it is that men raise the cry "liberty, equality, fraternity or death." Then it is that these bank-notes are torn and thrown into the fire. And, beauty-worship ceases to be, and consequently society too.

The great actions of man are the outward signs of his appreciation of the beautiful. None of the wonderful words that human lips have ever uttered, or the noble deeds which human hands have ever accomplished, would have come into being, if there had not been inspiration. Several of us might have seen the Taj Mahal, which is perhaps the most exquisite building on earth; but not many of us think of the one whose beauty of face and mind gave it its inspiration. Nor would Shelley have penned that splendid lament, *Adonais*, had he not been impressed by the inspiring personality of his friend Keats. Prothero in his "Psalms in Human Life" relates a very picturesque story. He writes "Above the couch of David, according to the rabbinical traditions, there hung a harp. The midnight breeze, as it rippled over the strings, made such music that the poet-king was constrained to rise from his bed and, till the dawn flushed the Eastern skies, he wedded words to the strains."

So inscrutable and cruel are the ways of the world, that many are the times when humans think it impossible to go on any further; when, for instance some loved one is suddenly snatched away, when people who were trusted prove false, when some long-wished for dream is not attained, when something apparently far beyond one's strength has to be accomplished. These dark hours, however, do not last long, for beauty plays its part here too. Something beautiful makes an appeal and brings the mind round to its normal self; some kindly light leads through the encircling gloom,—the love of parents, brothers and sisters, perhaps, encouraging words from kind friends, beautiful books, lives of great men, the love of a fair one, something indeed of beauty!

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That works in tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken."
Shakespeare

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) Women's advance

At an address given by Lady Stokes at the *Mitra Bhavanan Club*, a short history of the Women's movement in England in the 19th century was given. As early as 1864, a Royal Commission had enquired into the conditions of secondary education. In 1894, another such commission actually had women on its staff, and recommended that women should be allowed to work on educational committees, while there should be equality in secondary education for the sexes. Later, an improvement in girls' schools was effected, so that the education given there compared quite favourably with that in public schools for boys. At the same time, women's colleges had been opened at the Universities. Thus within 50 years, women's intellectual education had advanced by leaps and bounds. At the same time, their physical training had been seen to, so that the strain of mental and professional activity was well-sustained. The legal and political status of men also advanced. Married women acquired rights over their own earnings and over their property; women were appointed to school-boards as rate-payers, as well as to county-councils and Poor Law guardianship. Franchise for women was advocated, though another 50 years had to pass before it was granted after much opposition, sometimes by men themselves.

This advance, said Lady Stokes, came through the women themselves, without any special help from the State; and was made possible only because of the large number of enthusiasts in it. This progress in the 19th century has benefited Eastern women, who have entered the struggle nearly at the top of the ladder provided by their Western sisters. At the same time, the former are receiving much more help from the State than the latter ever did.

In spite of such assistance, however, there is no doubt that the women of India have greatly helped themselves. And, though their movement has been helped by the movement in England, yet there is a difference between the two. As Miss Snbur Mugaseth said lately in a speech at Oxford:—"Though in India, man restricted the influence and scope of

woman's work for many centuries, still when the day came for her to emerge from seclusions imposed on her, and take her rightful place along with him, it did not strike him as anything strange; he did not view it with the apprehension or dismay with which man is viewing the so-called feminist movement in the West. The movement in India is not in any sense a rebellion or revolt against man; it is not actuated by any spirit of competition; it is a movement of calm assertion, and this is why it promises to be of immense help to the future of the whole country." Again, as the Director of Public Instruction of Lucknow said recently at the Isabella Thoburn College:—"Here in India as in the West, the great movements for the emancipation of women are being led by women. Men could not have designed and planned a college like this. Qualities essentially feminine were required, courage derived from faith, imagination quickened by sympathetic insight and above all the spirit of service which is love."

Yet, women's education is still only in the minority; and no such advance will be useful unless there is advantage taken of it, and equipment made for it. Women have to be educated in the mass; while more and more parents should see how necessary it is that their girls should be taught as well as their boys. There is also a great need for vocational training. And cultured and educated women should use their own advantages in seeing that their illiterate and ignorant sisters are benefited. The ideal of social service must be held up as the aim of all education. And for this more organisation is needed. "There are thousands of women, married, unmarried, widowed, who are waking up to their real responsibilities in public matters; but what they need is proper organisation; if educated and trained on the lines of those few who are working in the Sharada Sadan, they can help to solve so many of the problems great and small, that are besetting India's way to progress. India, at this stage, stands in great need of two types of women-workers; leaders and organisers like Josephine Butler and Octavia Hill in England, like Ramabai Ranade, Anandibai Joshee and Pandita Ramabai in India,

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who, seeing the needs of the people, are able to create new institutions to deal with new problems, who come with the special capabilities of planning a special kind of work; and the more humble worker who carries out these plans in obedience to the guiding hand. There is thus a vast field open to Indian women to work in, just as the European and American girls have. As was said recently in America, the college girl, who should be the highest type of advanced girl, has "the best of the era which is passing, and some very good things from the era which is coming. The chances are that she will make a pretty decent sort of citizen."

Yet, how much more remains to be done in other ways than education! Social life has to be improved. As Mr. Srinivasa Sastri lately said:—"No doubt, it is the fashion to-day to see ladies' clubs everywhere, but so long as men and women go to different places for their recreation, for their amusement, for their social commingling, they will be perpetuating among themselves the disparity which lies at the bottom of much that is still backward in our country. Institutions must come into existence where men and women can meet on equal terms." Therefore, as another critic has said:—"The absence of their women at home has been a serious handicap to Indians in their stay in foreign countries. It has led to lack of contacts with the life of the people among whom they have resided, whether temporarily or otherwise, and consequently the absence of a full appreciation of their civilisation and culture. One of the causes of Indians going abroad alone has probably been a fear that their women might not find it easy to adapt themselves to changed circumstances. As a matter of fact, it seems easier for women of different countries to get together than for men."

Yet, there has always been a warning. In spite of all the advantages of Western education, its discipline, its enlarged scope, its inspired ideals, Indian women must not completely imitate Western girls. As Miss Mugaseth said:

"Unfortunately, the wholesale adoption of Western education has resulted in a loss, that counter-balances the gain. A great deal was lost in spiritual content by the divorcing of education from religion and the home, the two great vitalising forces in Indian life. Even a casual glimpse into the colleges shows the

considerable tension that is now prevailing in the life of the Universities. The present system of education is proving to be of a highly disintegrating and denationalising character. Our literary efforts, as also those in many other spheres, which had gained in freshness by the first contact with the West, have sunk into mere lifeless imitations. We waste our time and energy in trying to master a foreign tongue, while our own Vernaculars with all their potential wealth remain neglected. Our political life, our social life, our literary life, even our every-day life, has got the impress of the West, till we cannot call our souls our own." Therefore, Indian ideals must be kept up. To quote the Lucknow Director of Public Instruction again:—"Every nation has its own characteristics. The character of Indian women is told in many a story of devotion and fortitude; and in her *sari* she is the perfection of grace and gentleness. Our Western system of education tends to develop more active virtues. But see to it that these do not drive out the more passive, but equally admirable, virtues that make up the ideals of Indian womanhood; in a word, be true to the *sari*."

(2) Should married women earn?

Times were when women sought marriage, in order to ensure themselves not only a comfortable home, but also the right to live a life of non-earning. No one can, however, dare to call such a life a lazy one; indeed it perhaps proved in many cases a much harder one than that of a wage-earner; for, as all women know and sometimes men also, it is not an easy matter to run a home; to deal firmly, yet kindly, with careless and inefficient servants and dishonest tradesmen, to guarantee comfort and stability in home-life, to manage troublesome children and sometimes more troublesome husbands! All this was bad enough in the old days; it is worse now when standards of comfort are far higher and home, ranking only second in convenience to hotels, has yet to offer a greater attraction than the latter, to keep families together.

In those olden days, when women wished to escape work, men for reasons of their own, which we need not discuss here, liked them to be unemployed; in fact many of them felt ashamed, if their women wished to work. Now, it is all the other way. Not only do unmarried women seek work; but the married women also, and more often than not their husbands encourage them to do so. Sometimes, there is no

doubt that they are actuated by a selfish desire in such encouragement. As Mr. Bernard Shaw said, "Men would like to live on women's earnings, if they get half a chance." So women must be careful not to let the men do so.

This, I think, should be the first point to be remembered in this question, which is agitating the feminine world now. Married women should not seek work, if they do not need to work. If their husbands are able to earn for them, let the women rest and be content with looking after the houses they have craved for. Indeed, this situation often happens. Few women like to work, if they can avoid doing so. As Rebecca West said in the *Daily Telegraph*: "I have known very few women who have chosen of their own free will to work during their children's early years, unless their work was pleasant, their economic background easy, and their relatives helpful, unless, that is to say, they were exceptional people who were also exceptionally lucky. I have never known an ordinary woman, who had been forced by her husband's death, desertion, or ill-luck to become the bread-winner, while her children were still young, who did not speak of the experience with bitter resentment. The conflict that goes on in her, when she tries to give her mind to her job, but is constantly worried about cheap domestic labour, or grudging relatives with whom she has had to leave her children, produces a deadly fatigue and melancholy."

But really, it is not that type of woman which is in the question now. The tendency everywhere in the West on the part of Government, local authorities and private employers is to keep married women out of work. The University of Liverpool, for instance, laid down that the married women on its staff should resign their contracts; there naturally arose a vast amount of protest from women all over England. Later, at the mass meeting held at the Central Hall, Westminster, early in November, the right of married women to earn was defended by Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence and other well-known women speakers. There are hard cases, in which the husband has been incapacitated, and yet a large family has to be maintained and educated. Then the mother needs to work and that urgently. There are again cases where, under the present depressing economic conditions, a man's wage-allowance is not enough to give comfort and a good education to the children. As Lady Astor is reported to have said: "The reason why so many women are driven

into the labour market is because they have not comfortable homes, and cannot give their children a good education. Far from trying to break up their homes, these women are taking up work to keep the home-fires burning." Lord Buckmaster said in the same connection:—"Why should a woman be deprived of one of the highest duties of life—working for her own children? Why was that a man's exclusive right? Why should she, on marriage, be so cut off from her means of livelihood that if her husband fell sick or died she could with difficulty find work to support her children?"

Therefore, the argument can well be advanced that it can be left to every married woman to take up work, if she wishes to. "The married woman ought to be allowed to decide whether she will or will not work, because by experience it has been found best that, so long as an individual obeys certain requirements laid down by the State, so long as he keeps the peace with his neighbours and pays his share of the national expenditure, the State should let him work out his own salvation." It often happens that some women are better fitted for certain work, even when the latter is in the field of men. I am talking of specialized women like doctors, women in educational service and unique women in other directions. In such cases, is their marriage to deprive the world of their peculiar capabilities? Certainly not! Moreover, such women, if taken away from their work, "into a well-ordered Eden, might reduce it to chaos in half-an-hour." Again, there is no use in turning married women out of the jobs they have been doing. It is all very well to protest that women are "doing men out of their jobs," especially in modern days of unemployment. The reply can be given in Miss West's words:—

"Coal-miners would find themselves ill at ease doing the work of waitresses; iron and steel workers would have to adapt themselves as best they could to the delicate work of clothing trades; the shipyard workers might dissatisfy others than themselves as shop-assistants, hair-dressers, artificial-flower-makers, and so on. For it is still, and always has been the case, that women very rarely do the same work as men."

Giving women's jobs to men would, therefore, involve an almost larger amount of temperamental adaptation than one could conceive possible, and an equally inconceivable amount of geographical redistribution."

The greatest argument in favour of married women having a right to earn was brought forward by Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, at the mass-meeting referred to, as reported by "The Manchester Guardian": "It is a social danger because the 'economic' argument is being used in some quarters merely as a pretext for a wider attack on the general rights which women have so recently, and arduously, won. The Nazis do not limit their back-to-the-home campaign only to the married women of the country; their whole conception of the German woman's position in the State is the negation of every right to personality and equal treatment which Western thought has so slowly learnt to respect. The iniquity is not properly based on the economic argument at all, though that argument is a good enough pretext for some municipalities, education authorities, and so on, to get rid of the married women in their employment. It is based on the theory that, in the marriage contract, the woman is the subordinate and inferior partner, and that in case of need her right to a separate existence must give way to man's."

"Let the attack on the position of married women succeed," said Mrs. Lawrence, "and it will pave the way to the elimination of all women from all but the worst-paid and most undesirable employment. This is the openly-confessed aim of some of the more indiscreet leaders of this attack."

The same question was, we are glad to note, taken up lately by the women of Travancore. At the annual session of the All-India Women's Conference there, protests were made against the recommendations of the Statham Committee to keep married women out of girls' schools, colleges and other educational work. The question is rather different in India to what it is in England, as far as present conditions at least are considered; but there is no reason why it should not hereafter be considered on the same lines as in Western countries, with a proviso, of course, not to go so far as to interfere unnecessarily with Indian ideals. As Srimathi Narayani Amma was reported to have said at the Travancore assembly:—"Marriage and motherhood were the primary rights of women and it was unjust for anyone to deny those rights to those who wished to have them. In effect, the Committee's recommendations tended to prohibit marriage. The tendency of modern women was in favour of economic in-

dependence. If the recommendation of the Committee was accepted, the modern woman would rather refuse the offer of marriage than her job. Viewed from every standpoint, the Committee's recommendation relating to married women in the higher educational service was illogical, unjust and improper."

In this connection, one is glad to mention that the latest report on the Bombay Maternity benefit act commented favourably on the low maternal mortality among women working in Textile factories. Dr. Margaret Balfour also wrote that "among industrial women there is comparatively a low maternal death-rate."

We are told that this controversy in the North of India has been closed by the appointment of Miss Tatini Das, as Principal of the Bethune College in Calcutta. Her scholastic and administrative talents were eminently suited to the work, for which she seems to have been the best candidate. We are glad that the Bengal Government has been so sensible.

There can be no denying, however, that there is something to be said on the other side also. Married women do not, or ought not, to need a livelihood, as much as their unmarried sisters.

It is the latter, who need to earn for themselves. If married women wish to work for selfish reasons, such as wishing to get away from the cares of domesticity, or to live a life of too much luxury, then they are in the wrong altogether, wishing to "eat their cake and have it." Moreover, it might be that, if such women work, they are divided between two duties, and can do neither well. Public work may suffer from distraction and from want of time; while home will not be well looked-after. Of course the very fact of married women working means a good staff of servants and supervisors at home. But what at any time is a home without the real house-mother? The married woman, therefore, is bound to give a good deal of time to her home, unless she is quite an unwomanly woman, which no married lady has ever a right to be. Therefore, it is better that married women should not work under ordinary circumstances. But if "work is a means of self-expression for most of us, as Miss West said, "then liberty is not a luxury, it is a technique of training." Moreover, it goes without saying that the view of the married woman is not to be despised. "The world is in more need than ever of married women and their out-look."

(3) The dowry

The Hindu has a strong article on this subject, which we commend to our readers. Comments are made on the unscrupulous mercilessness of the dowries demanded by rich, well-educated and well-placed men. Money is asked for, more or less, in connection with marriage. And the worst of it is that this iniquitous practice, instead of declining in these educated times, is gaining ground. It is time indeed something were done to stop it.

The Hindu correspondent says:—"One sure remedy for putting an end to this state of things is for the father to give as much education to his girl as possible and make her independent. The Indian girl is now more eager to learn and is against marriage till she is able to judge for herself. But then, there is the cry that, if she is married late, she may either fall into bad ways before her marriage or become too independent after her marriage to be submissive to her husband. I do not think there is really any need to apprehend any fall in the level of morality by postponing the marriage and by affording the highest possible education to the girl. For myself, I do not care if half a dozen among a hundred girls go wrong under this system of letting girls receive as full an education as possible before getting them yoked. I would prefer this to making fifty per cent of young, helpless, charming, little things unhappy by joining them either to rogues or to innocent fools, who let their roguish fathers do what they like with them.

I would suggest, before concluding this brief note, that there should be a league of young men who must lead a purity campaign against this base and unscrupulous practice, who would fearlessly wage a relentless war against those who demand bridegroom price. The future is for our young men and young women, and there is no nobler cause which could well claim their attention than the fight against this vice in South Indian Societies."

(4) Mahatma Gandhi and the women of India

The welcome given by women to the Mahatma is significant, in-as-much as it points out that they are in sympathy with him in much of his faith. There are three aspects of this, which are more apparent than the others, Mahatma Gandhi's staunch advocacy of equality between men and women; his standing up for

equal privileges for all, whatever the caste or creed; "his simple-minded and unswerving devotion to the cause of Truth, Love and Service for humanity." As the Women's Indian Association of Madras said lately to him: "your courageous stand by your convictions and your creed of non-violence at the cost of supreme personal sacrifice have endeared you, not only to us, but also to the world, so that your name has become synonymous with all that is great and noble. We pray for your health and long life."

It was apparent, however, to such a thought-reader as Gandhi, that the second of these tenets was less strong with the women in Madras. As they themselves averred, the cause of the smallness of their own contribution to the Harijan fund was that they had already contributed largely to the general purse given for the same purpose. "That is the excuse you want to give; I see you are all from equality with men," replied the Mahatma to them. He was, however, grateful for the contribution received, which showed "their desire to do some slight reparation to those whom we have injured in the name of religion." Hindu India had been guilty of "atrocities to man." God had been very patient, but such a sin was sure to be punished in the end. "I have not hesitated to say," Gandhi said, as reported in *the Hindu* "that, if untouchability lives, Hinduism dies. I have come here to ask you to do one thing. Forget altogether that some are high and some are low. Forget altogether that some are touchables and some are untouchables. I know that you all believe in God as I do, and God cannot be so cruel and unjust as to make distinctions of high and low between man and man and woman and woman." The Mahatma's welcome to the Harijan women themselves, who presented an address to him, was a warm one. To the expression of their gratitude to him for his services to them, he said: "It gives me great joy to know that many of you are Harijan sisters. If any demonstration was needed, this very meeting is an ocular demonstration; but for the knowledge that some of you are Harijan sisters, I at least should not know which are Harijans and which are not. It shows that untouchability cannot be a God-appointed institution. It is an institution appointed by man at his worst. And it is for Savarna Hindu men and women to rise in revolt against that institution and blot it out."



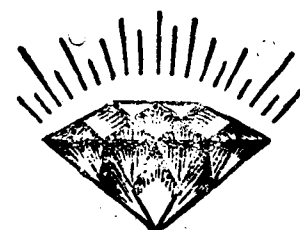
The Ladies' Recreation Club, Masulipatam.



A group photograph of the members of the I. A. J. S. Swimming Club, Bangalore, taken on the occasion of the first annual meeting held recently under the presidency of Lady Raman, Mrs. Vedantam, Hon. Secretary of the Club is seen sitting in the centre and on her left is Lady Raman.

Photo:—Indian News Agency.

Srirangam.



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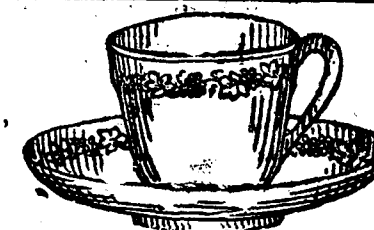
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Yet, the Mahatma did not hesitate to warn the Harijans that there lay a great responsibility on them also. They had to prove their capability to play a noble part in the national regeneration; and for that the chief condition was "the observance of the elementary laws of sanitation, and purification of the body." Then,

they had to teach abstention from drink, which evil was common to high-class Hindus as well. "May God give us all," he said finally, "Harijans or not, the strength to follow the message that I am endeavouring to give throughout the length and breadth of India."

THE TAJ

(K. Gomathy Amma)

Lovely vision of a dream in marble,
immortal memorial of an Emperor's passion,
O wondrous Taj! eyes that have beheld thee gaze
transfix'd at thy crystal whiteness of purity;
ears lose their hearing in the profound solemnity
of perfect silence; hearts stop throbbing in
the surge of emotions.

yet, thou standest, as calm alike in life and
death, as fresh and fair as this morning's bloom.

O, the memory of his love, his devotion
and loyalty; the reality of his grief, his lament
and loneliness; the power of his crown and
wealth imperial, the design of the mausoleum,
simplest yet grandest, the tribute of manhood
to womanhood pure and noble, the spirit of
the dead, hovering over it in peace!

O Queen, who reigned supreme over Lord
and vassal, O Wife, who loved a love none
could forget, O Woman, who lived for woman-
hood thy steps to follow, Arjumand, Mumtaz!
hallowed be thy name in annals of Ind! thrice
hallowed be thy name in annals of Islam!!

The grand gate-way, ushering one in; the
lofty cypress solemnly dark in mourning; the
still water of the crystal pool reflecting the
darkness and depth of grief; the gardens vast
of the world's beautiful blossoms; the foun-
tains bright, gurgling with life; the minarets
four, like ladies-in-waiting, to the North and
South and East and West; the sacred Jumna
washing thy feet in worship; the solid marble
walls enshrining the *sanctum sanctorum* of thy
last repose; the empty halls around echoing
sadly, the longing sighs and mournful heavings
of thy Royal Consort's grief eternal; vague
melodies of softly-chanted songs of passion
—ah! methinks, the dead would rise up
from its tomb and keep spiritual company to
the bereaved and thus soothe and calm the
sorrowing soul!

Ah Shah Jehan! thou wert twice blessed;
thou wert blessed by her presence and by her
absence, — she, whose beauty enchanted
thee in life, entranced thee in Death, sanctified
thee in Spirit. O Taj, O wonderful, marvellous
Taj!

Thou standest as lovely as thou wert in
life, clear against the sky at morn, noon and
night. Many a battle has been waged and won,
many a battle fought and failed, many a city
sacked and ruined, many a sacred shrine defiled;

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

By K. V. S. Vas

"Women have more heart and imagination than men," observed Lambertine. "Enthusiasm arises from imagination, self-sacrifice springs from the heart. They are therefore, by nature more heroic than heroes. And when this heroism becomes supernatural, it is from the women that the wonder must be expected." The mythical legends of the ancient European countries were glorified by the immortal names of Alcestis and Laodamia. So too in Indian mythology. We can never forget the overwhelming devotion of Sita to her wedded lord, the astounding fidelity of Savitri, the dauntless heroism of Kaikeyi, the invincible courage of Satyabhama, or the immense patriotism of Durgabai. Women indeed seem to exhibit in every walk of life, a wonderful magnanimity of mind, in spite of their submissive nature.

Herbert Spencer remarked that, "the position of women in a particular society supplies a good test of the civilisation of a people." Colonel Todd rightly accepted his view, when he said, "The best criterion of the refinement of a nation is determined by the position of the fair sex in that community." Now look at the position of Indian women in ancient India, as depicted in the old traditions of our motherland. They were free and noble, energetic and brave; they enjoyed some privileges which were denied even to men. "No nation of antiquity", as professor Wilson, a well-known scholar of Sanskrit, tells us, "gave so much esteem to women as the Hindus of antiquity." We have often heard quotations from Manu about the honour due to women. The word "better half" is more applicable to Indian women than to women of other nations, in-as-much as they are the essential partners of their husbands in religious rites, without whom no religious

rite is of worth. In this connection it may be remarked that no guest can take meals at the table of a man who has lost his wife. In matters of marriage women were often given the liberty of choosing their husbands. We find this mentioned in many ancient works. Again, the marriage of a girl, at the compulsion of her parents or relatives, to a person whom she did not approve of, was decidedly prohibited by great sages, like Vashista; while, just as men could remarry after the demise of their first wife, so too women were given the privilege of choosing other partners in the case of their husbands dying, being deformed, or acting immorally. The sons born of such unions were certainly legal and could even perform the ceremonies of their dead step-father.

But the picture is very different now, more particularly in villages. Women are treated in many house-holds as mere slaves waiting on the orders of their husbands, mothers-in-law, and sisters-in-law. Some of them have no liberty. Their education is very backward. And yet, "the aim of education," said Doctor Besant, "is to draw all the powers of the boys or girls out on every side of their nature and to develop in them every intellectual and moral power." Some conservatives urge that to spend money on their higher education is a sheer economic waste, as their only duty is to serve their lords and not to lecture on the platform, or write for the press. Such people forget that it is the woman, who shapes the thoughts and character of the rising generation. Mr. Cecil Blake once wrote in *Progressive India* that "the mother's influence begins even before her child is born. The thoughts she thinks, the feelings that lie in her heart, the kind of life she leads, all help to form the character, as well as the body of the little one within

her. If she allows herself to be self-indulgent in any direction, she will find that same tendency in her baby. It is in the hands of every mother to mould her children."

Looking back at the ancient history of India once again with reverence and awe, we note that numerous were the women teachers, preachers, saints, and philosophers of antiquity. Nor are our women too dull to be educated. They are sometimes more intelligent and industrious than men. Their minds are able to act quickly and catch things instantaneously. Their originality is simply astounding when given a free scope. Sarojini Naidu, Toru Dutt and a multitude of Indian women geniuses are examples of note.

We owe thanks to our reformers, that there are many signs of advancement in this

sphere. But what has been done so far is but a mere drop of water in the bottomless ocean of indifference. In Bombay, there are only about 8 per cent girls of school-going age; in Madras, they are still less. A revolutionary change must come, and every man must realise that the education of his daughters, is as important as that of his sons.

Indeed, as long as the mass of the women-population of India is stripped of its rights and liberties of life and education, self-government in India will be nothing but a day-dream. Let every individual then work heart and soul in the cause of women, remembering the memorable lines

**"What have I done, to keep in mind
My debt to her, woman-kind!"**

IN BUDDHA GAYA

(To. D. W.)

No hurrying feet your palaces shall tread,
Once splendid-city ruthlessly laid low;
On your cold clay, the buried dust of kings,
On all that still remains of perishable things,
Relentless time in its stern passage swift or slow
Shall write—The glory of your past once crowned my head!

Beneath this tree still animate with life,
Brave princes dreamed three thousand years ago;
And one the noblest of that kingly line
Made sacrifice of all Youth's flowers, Life's sparkling wine
Nirvana's wondrous music echoed soft and low—
Peace shall be thine, O vanquisher of strife!

The birds still sing on your grey ruined towers
The same sweet song they sang in days gone by;
The ghosts of queens gaze on your lotus streams
With eyes large, lustrous, full of old forgotten dreams;
And still Time's ancient breezes sanctify
Your carven pillars and your ponds and flowers.

HALEN D'ALWIS

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. Then, she succeeds in another case, in which she is able to give back a lost daughter to her parents. In her third case, she discovers that a husband, thought dead, is not dead, and restores him to happiness with his wife.)

Chapter IX.

For nearly a month after the events last recorded, Janaki found no fresh problem to tackle. She and her husband continued to be good friends; but just friends. She yearned for something deeper; but she had no indication from Seshan as to what he wished for. And so, time passed.

One day, as she was passing through the town on the way to her welfare work in the slums, her car was held up by a procession. Janaki was driving herself as usual, and, as she did not feel confident enough to thread her way through the crowd, she drew up by the road-side. Her big eyes feasted themselves on the procession, for she loved such sights. First came a ragged band of musicians, playing rather a discordant air on the bugle, the drum and the flute. But, there was something exhilarating in it as well, for it was actually setting up people to dance. Two or three men were stepping to a wild measure of their own, and looked indeed half-drunk with ecstasy. There was quite a crowd behind them, which seemed to look on them as somewhat of a marvel. Janaki

understood the reason, when these had passed on. This was a procession of *Palni* worshippers, and evidently they thought that the dancing men were being possessed by the spirit of the God. Then, some men with the decorated religious *Kavadis* across their shoulders passed by. And behind them, all alone, came a striking figure. She had on the light yellow sari of the *Sanyasi*; on her bare arms, and her forehead were wide sneers and lines of sacred ash. She walked with her head held high, and her gaze fixed straight ahead. There was something magnetic in her; but Janaki thought there was also something very pathetic. She thought the girl was frightened and yet was successfully hiding her fear under a mask of concentration.

Possessed by an insane desire to attract the girl's attention, Janaki touched her electric horn very lightly. A little twitter of sound ensued, which achieved the purpose desired. The girl started and turned round. For a moment her full gaze met Janaki's, and then our friend knew why she had so wished to look at the girl. The latter was known to her; but what a metamorphosis was there!

The pilgrim was the daughter of her *dhoby* (laundry) woman, a child of twelve years, who had often come to her house with her mother. She had never appeared peculiarly intelligent; but she had looked pleasant with generally a smile on her face. Perhaps, she might have appeared unhappy sometimes; but there had been nothing marked, else Janaki felt she would have noticed. There had even been something said about her marriage. Now, the depth of drugged, yet stern, despair in her face shocked Janaki. Oh, she was too young for such sorrow, and yet, she ought to have been happy, if she had really been chosen as the *protégée* of the *Palni* God, as people evidently thought she was.

Yet, the self-control on her face, her fixed air of resolution! Oh, the child was too young for that also, Janaki felt; and she made up her interfering mind to probe further into the matter.

She waited till the last of the stragglers had gone along; and then she proceeded to ask a few questions of passers-by. Yes, the girl had been suddenly possessed by the God; she insisted on going to *Palni* as a devotee; her parents did not like the idea; for they had intended to get her married very soon. But they dared not go against the obvious selection by the deity.

Janaki enquired to whom the girl was to have been married. Oh, to some friend of theirs. Young or old? Oh, rather old and somewhat poor, with six children of his own, three of them girls. There was nobody to help him much in his *dhoby* work, and he was feeble himself. What about the daughters? Oh, they were skittish girls, and liked to do other work; they held little bazaars of their own in the market; but the money they kept for themselves. So, the old *dhoby* had wanted a young wife, who could help him. Indeed, the poor girl was well rid of him now, people thought. Janaki herself began to smell a rat.

Into what sort of possession had the girl fallen, she enquired. Oh, a very quiet one indeed, rather a state of melancholia and meditation; than otherwise. Yes, she did appear dazed sometimes, but she was determined, oh, quite determined.

Janaki's scent of the rat seemed to grow stronger. What was going to take place further? What was the next step in the initiation?

Oh, they were all going to the temple near by to worship God Subramania. There, further revelations might be made. Could she go also? She was a Hindu herself. Oh, of course.

Janaki had no time to call for her husband, as she would have liked to, but hurried after the procession, as the temple was quite near.

In the court-yard of that edifice, she saw a moving sight. The girl stood in a corner, and round her musicians were playing and singing themselves hoarse in an ecstasy, obviously striving to drive her into a frenzy. But, she stood quite quiet, staring at the ground. How tired and exhausted she looked, thought our friend. Presently, what she expected happened. The young devotee swayed slightly, her hands clutched helplessly at the air, and then she fell in a heap. The people began to shout.

"The God, the God," they cried frantically. "He has come to her. See, she is in a trance. There is foam on her lips; how she twitches; oh, the glory of the God. Oh, she is favoured indeed!"

Taking her courage in both hands, Janaki pushed into the crowd round the girl. People looked askance at her, but some nodded their heads intelligently.

"She is a doctor," they whispered. "She thinks that the girl is ill. She does not understand." Then, an attendant nudged her and told her that her intervention would be of no use. Indeed, it would be unwelcome. Janaki neither tried to disabuse him of the idea that she was a doctor, nor did she appear to be afraid of the warning given her. On the other hand, she pushed forward the more purposefully. She reached the girl's side; and, before any one could do anything, she had squatted down, and had taken the child's head into her lap. A priest, who was nearest the girl, tried to prevent her from touching the sacred victim; but Janaki held up her hand.

"I too am a Hindu," she said clearly; "I too am a worshipper of the God. I have been told by Him to help this girl. I can teach her to understand. So, keep off. Give her air! She has got the sacred message and she is coming round. If you interfere, she will become weak, and then she will die, and the God will lose a worshipper."

"No, no, he will gain one instead."

"But, she must go to *Palni* first, must not she?" Oh yes! they conceded. There was something in that idea indeed. So the half-naked priests gestured off the crowd, and stood waiting.

The girl opened her eyes. She tried to start up as she saw Janaki, whom she evidently recognised, Janaki bent over her and looked closely at her. Some message seemed to pass from her to the other; for the victim quietened and shut her eyes again. Then, our friend called to two men, who seemed rather intelligent and stood a bit apart. They came forward, and, directed by her, lifted up the poor child in strong arms, and carried her to the car. The crowd, protested, yet hesitated, very amazed at the new turn of events.

Before people could decide what to do, Janaki had whisked off the victim. Her car gained speed and shot forward.

Now, our friend was in a quandary. What was she to do with the girl? Take her back to her parents, she could not, till she had got the story, which she felt, existed behind the religious ecstasy. Well then, to her own house she could go.

So, behold an astonished Seshan greeting Janaki and her half-dazed friend. And yet,

he seemed never to be too surprised at anything that his wife did. Sedately yet rather grimly, he came forward, and helped the girl down, and assisted her into Janaki's room. And then, he stood by, and Janaki told him everything. Seshan told her to try to win the girl's confidence, and himself went out of the room.

"There's no one, who can do it better than you, my dear," he said, and Janaki went to work with a happy glow at her heart.

Her winning ways succeeded so well, that soon the poor victim of fanaticism, whose name was Lakshmi, had told her everything. It was as Janaki had surmised. She hated the old man her parents wished her to marry. She would do anything rather than be his wife. So, she had pretended to be possessed by the Palni God. But oh, how she hated that other business too. She was so afraid, so afraid! What was she to do, she murmured.

What would she like to do? asked Janaki. Would she like to go to school and learn lessons? An eager gleam came to the child's eyes. Oh, she would, she would; she even knew the English alphabet, and she could read Tamil a little. You see, she had gone to the village school, and she had also been helped extra by her head-mistress. But, she had had to give up all that, to help her old parents, and now and now—

Well, well! Janaki thought hard. Suddenly, she started, for she heard the ominous sounds of loud talking coming nearer. Evidently, the crowd had tracked her and followed her. She ran for Seshan, and hastily consulted him.

"Let the girl go now with them," he said.

"Tell them to take her home, leave her there, and then take her to Palni the next day. We shall see what we can do. But see, what a crowd!"

The mob drew nearer. At the head was a band of priests, whose chief seemed to be a tall, old man, with marks of sacred ashes all over him. He came close to them with a scowl on his face; but stopped short, when he saw Seshan. "You—here?" he gasped.

"Yes, I."

"What are you doing? You cannot be of use here."

"No, no," interrupted Seshan. "But you go now. We shall talk of things later."

"Yes; but you must let us have the girl; else, even for your sake, I can't let you alone. You must not meddle with God."

Janaki whispered to the girl to be of good heart. She was to appear to submit, and she would be helped in some way or another. With many a backward look of pathetic appeal, the poor child went away.

"Seshan," said Janaki, "What a lot of people you know. You seem to have a hold over them too. That priest now obliged you and was afraid of you. Why?"

"Oh, I knew him before."

"That's what you always say. But tell me now, why did you appear so grave and stern, when I brought that girl here? You did not resent the trouble, did you? I almost thought you were protesting. But, I happen to know you better."

"I am glad you do," he returned; "for I was cross with you, but not for bringing her here."

"For involving myself in trouble, eh?"

"You are a good thought-reader, Janaki. Yes, for that and for the danger, it brought on you. Suppose anyone had attacked you, or thrown stones at you?"

"But I was too quick for them."

"Yes, you were, I am glad to say. But suppose anything had happened to you, when you were all alone."

"Would you have cared?" she queried archly.

"What do you think? Wouldn't you have cared if anything happened to me?"

"I would indeed, so much so, that—that—had you died, I too—would have liked to die."

Having said in the impulse of the moment more than she wished to say, Janaki would have liked to disappear. But, she had said it, and she stood her ground; indeed, she felt that it was rather a relief to her to let herself go. She waited anxiously for his reply; but to her great disappointment, he only stared at her, hesitated and then laughed.

"Really? Why? Because you think there is no one else to look after you, or because we are such good friends? I feel greatly flattered."

"Do you," she asked crossly and sullenly. "But tell me, do you think I should never go into danger, without a man with me?"

"I do indeed; women are not meant to guard themselves against physical danger."

"I am glad you used the word 'physical,' for that means that you do recognise we are sometimes better able than men to cope with the other kind of danger, doesn't it?"

"In a way, yes; but only in a few cases. But why are you so anxious to pick a quarrel with me, Janaki? Out on the war-path? Why?"

"Because you deserve it."

"For what are you punishing me? For not saying that I cared about you?"

"You preen yourself on your thought-reading too, don't you? Then, why do you think I care so much for your caring for me?"

"Don't you, Janaki, don't you?" he insisted, holding her by the shoulders.

She turned away, for she felt deeply offended. He dared to play with her, did he? She would teach him.

"You are getting very tiresome, aren't you, Seshan? Never mind all that. What shall we do about that poor girl?"

Quick to catch her tone, he too became wooden, and putting their heads together, they devised a scheme for Lakshmi's deliverance.

Tarapuram was a night's journey distant from Palni; and there was a change of lines on the way, about midnight. Young Lakshmi, under the guard of six men and one old woman, got off at the intermediate station, and sat with her party at the end of the long verandah, waiting for their connection. As nobody had any suspicion about Lakshmi's faith, no special care was taken of her. Indeed, it was thought she was in a trance most of the time. So the men went away to get some coffee and *palahams*, leaving the women alone. The old lady promptly curled herself up on the ground and went to sleep. Lakshmi leant her back against the station-wall and dozed.

Suddenly, behind her, she heard a soft hiss. She started up in alarm, thinking that a snake had come on her from the bushes behind the railings, which were close to her. But a hand from there pulled her down.

She opened her mouth to scream, but the same hand flew to her mouth and covered it, while a gentle voice whispered "It is I, Janaki, your friend." Lakshmi looked eagerly round, but could only see a dark form behind the railings. But the voice instructed her.

"Get up quietly and come out through the gate in these railings. Hurry."

Lakshmi hurried. Soon, she was in the charge of her friends, and was carried along in their car. She was taken to some station at a distance, and from there escorted to Madras, where she was entered into a small school as

a student. Janaki and her husband then quietly returned home.

Lakshmi's disappearance created much surprise in the simple hearts of her friends. They at first thought that it was due to the intervention of their God. Later, upon enquiries, they were told by a mistaken observer that she had wandered away towards a very deep tank close by. Thereupon, they concluded that she had drowned herself, and thought that that also must have been commanded by the God. So, they returned to Tarapuram and told the temple-priest what had happened.

But that man was a far more astute individual than they. He put two and two together and went to see Seshan and Janaki. Veiled warnings and concealed threats were thrown at our heroine, of which she appeared absolutely careless. When asked if she knew where Lakshmi was, she prevaricated that she was not in touch with her then. When told sternly that she had turned her from her faith in her God, she simply replied that she had never acted contrary to the girl's inclinations. When asked when the girl would return, she said she could not say at all. But the priest was told that he must not be angry with them, for they would still be worshippers at his temple. The man hesitated; but Seshan drew him aside, and spoke a few words to him. Then the priest went away sulkily. Seshan turned to Janaki, and suggested that they should go away from Tarapuram. Janaki was touched, but she laughed.

"But, he is afraid of you"—she said.

"Yes, but I can't do everything, can I."

"You have done so much for me, and yet you have never blamed me for putting you to all this trouble and even danger."

"Did I not promise always to help you?" he asked.

"Seshan, you are a wonderful man, and I—love—your goodness of heart. But wait, I have a plan. Will you help me?"

Two days afterwards, a sum of Rs. 100 was received by Lakshmi's parents. Half of the sum was for them; the other half was to be given to the temple as a gift from Lakshmi. With it went a message from her. She was happy and well. At the station, on the night she had disappeared, her God had suddenly appeared to her and bade her get up and go out into the yard. There, she had been taken away, in a sort of dream, and had been left at the school where

she was now studying. After her examinations were over, she would do her best to help the temple. She was still the servant of God Subramanya. The vision, however, had come to her that real service lay, not merely in worship alone and meditation, but in work for others. And for that work education was

(To be continued.)

necessary. She would always serve her God but she would do it intelligently.

So the matter ended. The priest had his tongue in his cheek; but he could not afford to return the money; nor could he dare to quarrel with such influential people as the apparently-faithful Seshan and Janaki.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

By an Indian Woman

(1) Women in communalism

An interesting question was raised when Mrs. Brij Lal Nehru, as reported in *The Tribune*, averred at a debate in Lahore that the antagonism between Hindus and Muslims would disappear, if "men were disfranchised and replaced by women." There had been very little disunity in former times; why then had it appeared in such a measure now? It was not the growth of religious idealism that was the cause; it might be fully due to political power; it was certainly caused by the "communal views" that were attached to the devolution of power. And it was the women, who could fight against that evil, because they had always stood up for non-communalism.

Mrs. Nehru's statement, of course, is rather far-patched and carries war too much into the realm of men. Another lady at the debate thought that men alone should rule the country, while home should be the domain of women. At the same time, by educating the women, the best atmosphere for non-communalism would be reached.

The chief conclusion to be reached from such a debate seems to be that women in their heart of hearts really crave for peace and the eradication of differences; and this idea has been the basis of the demands of women all over the West for disarmament and a world-peace.

As the Bishop of Plymouth spoke at a special peace-conference service:

"Less combative than men and more constructive in their outlook, women had often contributed most to the moral advance of the world by carrying out this duty, but they had in the past been hindered by lack of co-operation. The application of Christian principles to the constantly-changing circumstances of public life was essentially a matter, in which they could help each other by pooling their ideas."

(2) Girls' Schools in the South

We are glad to hear that the Director of Public Instruction in Madras, has decided to concentrate and consolidate elementary schools, for the sake of efficiency and economy. Co-education, up to standard three at least, has been rightly decided on, since already many girls are reading in boys' schools. Where opposition to mixed education exists, inspecting officers are requested to do their best to persuade recalcitrant parents to send their girls to boys' schools. At the same time, to take care of the interests of the girls, women teachers will be appointed in the lower classes in large numbers, as being more able than men to handle them; and also instruction will be provided in needle-work, domestic science and music, for girls.

SOME PRIZE-WINNERS



MRS. B. ACHUT RAO,

Winner of the Dewan Bahadur S. L. Mathias Cup in the Mangalore Ladies' Club, Second bridge tournament.



MRS. J. MISQUITH,

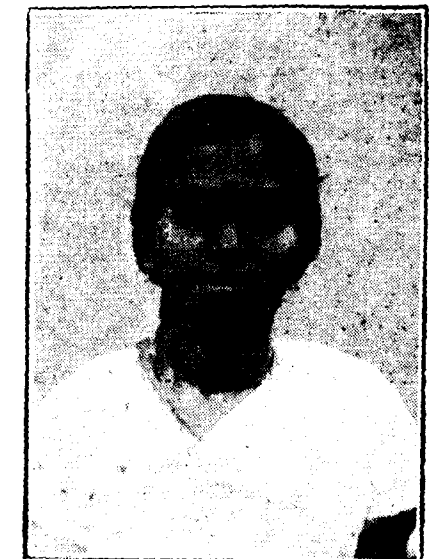
Winner of the Mrs. J. G. Hamilton Cup in the Mangalore Ladies' Club, first ping-pong tournament.



SRI JAYALAKSHMI VARADACHAR,

Of the Maharaja's College, Mysore. She heads the list of prize-winners in the Elocution Competitions held recently in the University Union, Mysore. She also participated in the Indo-British Debate held when the British University students visited Mysore.

Photo:—R. VENKOB RAO, Srirangam.



MISS M. NANIKUTTY,

Of the Women's College, Benares Hindu University, who was awarded the "Lady's prize" in the All-India Competitive debate held recently under the auspices of the Allahabad University Union.

Photo:—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



A BRILLIANT PARSİ GIRL STUDENT

Miss Subur Kh. Mugaseth, B.A. (Hons.) was the first lady graduate who secured a first class and topped the list in the B.A. (Hons.) examination in the English language and literature section of the Madras University. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. Khodadad D. Mugaseth, a Parsi Merchant of Calicut and a grand-daughter of the late, well-known Mr. Dhunjibhai Maneckji Mugaseth.

Miss Subur Mugaseth matriculated from the St. Joseph's Convent, Calicut in 1926, standing third in the Presidency and first among all the Lady students. She then took her Intermediate from St. Agnes College, Mangalore, in which she secured a first class, topping the list again of all the lady students and gaining distinction in all subjects. She was also awarded the Krupabai Gold Medal for the highest marks in English, by the University, in addition to a prize for good conduct and general efficiency from her own College. After this, she joined the Presidency College, Madras, for her B.A. (Hons.) course, which she completed in 1932. In addition to her brilliant success, she was awarded the Christian College Gold Medal for efficiency in English language by the Madras University.

In September 1932, she proceeded to Oxford for her final course in literature and to take an Honours degree, as well as the Diploma of Education at Oxford. We wish her every success.



SRIMATHI K. SATYAVATI DEVI

The first in the U. P. to be appointed as Inspector of Co-operatives Societies. She has organised the hard work and ability many Co-operative Societies throughout the United Provinces.

Photos:—Indian News Agency,
Srirangam.



MRS. VEDAMONI NADAR.

The first Nadar Lady to be appointed an Honorary Bench Magistrate for Arni.

(3) The Travancore Women's Conference of the A. I. W. C. seems to have been a great success. After resolutions had been passed, placing on record first its appreciation of the visit of H.H. the Junior Rani and H.H. The Maharajah, to Europe; second, its grief at the deaths of Dr. Besant and Mr. V. J. Patel; third, its approval of the newly-opened Lady Irwin College for Home science and of the recommendations of the Education Reforms Committee to improve the condition of teachers and to open kindergarten, Montessori and vocational schools for girls,—a few protests were made. One was that the education committee had not consulted any of the women's organisations about their own affairs; another objected to the taking away of the degree classes in the women's college; still another did not like the proposal to employ a mixed staff in primary schools; another remonstrated against the restriction of admissions in schools and colleges and the increase of fees; while objection was taken to the proposal of the Statham Committee to exclude married women from the higher grades of service. Resolutions were then passed in favour of adult education and against professional begging.

It is interesting to note that the Travancore Assembly, among its proceedings, considered the report of the Education Reforms Committee and said that, since women were competing equally with men, there was no need for a separate college for them. With regard to primary education, there was approval of the extension of the course from four to five years; mixed schools were thought to be good; while objection was made to the employment of women teachers under men-inspectors. A suggestion was made that all primary schools should be made mixed schools, to be placed under the management of women teachers. Srimalathi Narayani Amma was given the chance of speaking at the Assembly.

(4) Women-writers of the Vijayanagar Empire

In a recent issue of the *Hindu*, a "lady student of history," wrote about the old Sanskrit and Telugu works of the "forgotten empire," of the famous Vijayanagar king. It is interesting that, among the reputed authors of these works, were some ladies. Queen Ganga Devi, the wife of one of the first Emperors, wrote "*Kamparaya-Charitra*," or "*Madhura Vijayan*" (the conquest of Madura), in which the refined style and the elegant similes do not fall far short, we are told, of those of Kalidasa. Tirumalamba, composed "*Varadambika Parinayam*," which described the marriage of one of the princesses. She also wrote some verses in honour of Emperor Achyuta. The Portuguese chronicles of this period mention that the court encouraged women-writers "to write all the affairs of the kingdom and compare their books with those of the writers outside." The Vijayanagar patronage of women's talents was adopted at Tanjore also, which was subordinate to the former. We are told of Ramabhadramba, who wrote, "*Raghunathabhayadaya*," in which the learning of the palace ladies was enlarged upon. They could compose the four kinds of poetry, and understand books in several languages. "They were able to compose verses at the rate of one hundred in an hour (Ghatikasata), and to compose poetry in eight *bhashas* (Sanskrit, Telugu and the six *prakratts*). They knew how to interpret and explain the poems and dramas (*Kavyas* and *Natakas*) composed by the famous poets, and to explain the secrets of the two kinds of music (*Karnata* and *Desa*)." Besides learning, the Vijayanagaram women had other accomplishments. "The Emperor had women who wrestled, and others who were astrologers and soothsayers; and he had women who wrote all the accounts of expenses that were incurred inside the gates—he had women also for music, who played instruments and sang. It was said that he had judges as well as

bailiffs and watchmen who every night guarded the palace, and all these were women."

(5) Girl-Guiding

At the first public rally of the Girl Guides of Mysore City, H. H. the Yuvarani of Mysore, who presided, spoke about the importance of this movement. It built up character by providing games for all ages, which developed leadership and friendship. "By the joining together of children of different types, of different classes, of different races and of different religions on an equal footing, a greater understanding of one another is inculcated among them and a tolerant and benevolent sympathy is developed which should in time do much to ensure the peace which is so much desired in all countries of the world to-day."

The training of guides to be "loyal, trustworthy, helpful and cheerful" meant much possibility of happiness to homes and public alike. As Lady Mirza Ismail said; "I attach great importance to a vigorous Girl Guide movement in the State, and consider that by participation in the activities of the movement and loyalty to its ideals, the rising womanhood of the country will receive an education which will be a highly valuable supplement to the training they receive in the classroom."

(6) Nursing

The Nursing Journal of India gives, in its report of the speech at a meeting of the Student Nurses' Association, the great ideals of Sacrifice and Service, which are laid down as the basis of nursing.

The speaker said, "The word, *nurse*, is derived from a Latin word *nurto* which means 'I nourish.' Who, then, do you nourish? Not the strong and healthy—they can look out for themselves. No, you find your duty in the sick, the lame, the blind, the crippled, the lepers, in all suffering humanity and in the dying. In short then, your work is to continue to the best of

your ability, the work which our Lord Jesus Christ Himself did whilst on earth. He has passed on into your hands the most wonderful gift of healing, and of comforting and helping those in need of help, and you must not betray Him. If what I have said is true, and I believe it is—then you must never be satisfied to give less than your best to your patients, to your training schools, and to those who teach you."

Yet, though nursing should be a vocation, it happens, especially in India, that the love of service is often lost in the monetary point of view. "There, in my opinion, lies one of the greatest drawbacks to our profession in India. I am absolutely positive that, until the nurses of India develop more conscience in their work, the nursing standards of the country will remain lower than those of the West. I should like to ask the members of the Student Nurses' Association to accept as their daily text the words 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.' If you can do that and live up to it in your every-day life in the wards and in the company of your homes and of your fellow nurses and friends, we, the older members of the Trained Nurses' Association of India, will not fear to leave the carrying on of the nursing profession in India in your hands, when the time comes for us to leave you."

(7) Odds and ends

It is pleasant to hear of the good work done by an Indian lady at Geneva in the International Committee for India. *The Modern Review* mentions Mrs. Kiranmayi Bose, who was well-known in Calcutta, and became a student of several educational institutions in Europe. It was said of her in a paper of Denmark:—Mrs. Bose, who is a social worker in the women's movement in India, wanted to find out the possibilities of young Indian women taking part in the summer-class at Fogelstad. She gave a lecture about the situation in India and her charming personality, her

clear intelligence and her smiling, dignified grace made a strong impression on the audience."

* * *

It is good to hear of the new bill introduced into the Hyderabad Legislative Council, conferring additional rights for necessary divorce and separation on Mohammedan married women

* * *

In Burma, for the first time, a woman has been made a Sub-Inspector of Police. Miss Nicoll Jones, of the Vigilance Society, who is awarded this honour, will be allowed to deal with brothels and conduct raids on them. It is time that India followed this example.

* * *

(From the *Hindu*)

Three Mohammedan ladies have broken *pardah* in South Africa, in response to Kunwarani Singh's appeal. They appeared unveiled at a banquet to the India Agent, Sir Maharajah Singh.

* * *

Miss M. Bourkewhite is the first non-Soviet citizen allowed to take cinema pictures in Russia. She is young, both in business and in age, but has a great interest in photography.

* * *

Dr. Margaret Smith has discovered "inclusion bodies" which are supposed to contain the cause of *sleeping sickness*.

* * *

A Chinese Joan of Arc, Miss Yao Zai-fan, led the last volunteer army in Manchuria against Japanese and Manchoukio soldiers. She proved herself brave and efficient, and actually killed several people. She was arrested, but escaped from chains and through bars.

* * *

(From the *Stri Dharma*.) The eighth woman successful swimmer of the English channel is Miss S. Lowry, who took nearly 16 hours to do the deed.

* * *

F. Lardier is the only woman-holder of the French legion of Honour, and the only woman member of the *Federation des Ancien Combattants*.

* * *

Miss Davidson has received the degree of Ph.D. from Toronto University for her special study of Oceanography. She is one of the few women to take up this research, and was able to do work at it even while engaged as a regular teacher in a school.

* * *

We hear that in Russia, a girl of nine was actually allowed to be the conductor of a classic orchestra, and did extremely well. She is given, we are told, a state allowance, to prosecute her musical studies, but she can make only two appearances a year in public.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

(A Short Story)

Mrs. Kamala came downstairs at 6-30 in the morning as usual and found coffee and toast ready in her clean dining-room. This pleased her, because there was nothing in life she hated more than to be hurried. As she sat eating, she saw her eldest son playing affectionately with her niece. It was a very pleasing sight to her; for her chief desire was to see the two married. But Ramaswamy was only ten, and Sitalakshmi only three. She knew very well that, if at all the event was to take place, it could be only after a decade. But there was many a slip between the cup and the lip; for, there was her husband's sister's daughter, Saraswathi, who was of the same age as her niece. And her husband was the last man to go against his sister's wish, which she knew pretty well.

Kamala was a steady sensible woman. She had all she wanted—position, a comfortable home, an adequate allowance and a certain amount of freedom. In return she filled the required job of a capable house-keeper, a charming hostess and a wise mother. She had two sons and two daughters and she was bringing them up carefully to be useful citizens and worthy workers.

Her husband, P. Lakshmanaswamy Naidu, was the district munsiff of Amalpet. He was a fine type of man, simple and honest in face, clean and precise in person. There was something sound about him that inspired confidence. His eldest sister was Janaki, whose husband, B. Krishnaswamy Naidu, B.A., B.L., though a big man with a big income as a senior advocate, was considered rather unscrupulous. Janaki found no better way of occupying her ample leisure-time, than by gossiping with the friends and relatives who frequented her house. Matrimony was her

favourite subject, and she often amused her brother by talking of her only daughter's marriage to Ramaswamy. "I shall present him with a house as dowry and shall perform the marriage in such a grand style that the people of our community will remember it for years. My daughter will get a beautiful diamond necklace along with other jewels. You are a lucky man, for your son is a fine boy." Her flattery pleased her brother, though he was aware of his wife's wish to get her brother's daughter as her daughter-in-law.

Ramaswamy grew up to be a well-behaved and well-educated young man of twenty-one. He was rather dark, but his features were regular, and his expression pleasant. He devoted an hour regularly to out-door exercise, especially tennis, which gave him a fine upstanding figure. He always dressed neatly and fashionably. His father often said to him, "if you make the best use of your school and college days, you are bound to occupy a high position in life even at an early age." The words made a very deep impression upon his young mind. His college career was quite successful, though he passed his B.A. (Hons.) without any distinction. This result disappointed him, but his parents were very happy to see their son a graduate.

After some attempts to obtain a good situation, Ramaswamy, helped by his rich uncle, and recommended by his fame at tennis, was lucky enough to be selected as a probationary assistant in an important bank. He thought the situation worthy of his qualifications, and many of his class-mates and friends envied him. The probationary period, however, was rather trying for him. The nature of the work in the bank did not suit him. Often he had to remain late in the evenings till the

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THIS IS
YOUR
SHOPPING
PLACE

accounts were balanced, thus sacrificing his daily tennis. His manager was a strict man and a hard task-master, but Ramaswamy worked hard to please him. He learnt all kinds of work and satisfied his superiors. After a successful probationary period, he was confirmed as an assistant manager on the junior scale and became a standing example of how a young man with ordinary abilities could achieve high position through sportsmanship and gentlemanly behaviour.

His father wished him to be married, but his aunt, who, as we know, exercised considerable influence over his father, persuaded him to wait for three months. Ramaswamy always wondered why this silly aunt of his should be allowed so much power. If the choice of his marriage had been given to him, he would have married his mother's brother's daughter, Sitalakshmi, who was the Madonna of his dreams. She had passed her School-final, and was studying in the Intermediate class, though only in her nineteenth year. Mrs. Janaki often criticised her for her precocity. "I really wonder why she is working so hard; surely she is not going to earn her bread. I hear she also takes a prominent part in her college dramas. Probably, she intends to become a professional actress! She always reads English novels too, and talks of Woodhouse and Oppenheim. I wonder what she gains by wasting her time on such books. How extraordinary educated people are now-a-days!" Janaki's amused friends would reply:—"Madam, you should understand that you are living in modern days, when women in our country are becoming legislators, lawyers, doctors, professors, and what not?" "That may be so," she would reply, "But I can't see any reason why the girls of our caste should be so mad and forward."

Saraswathi, on her part, promised as she was to Ramaswamy, exulted in his brilliant prospects and often dreamt fine dreams of his future greatness, in which she would be associated. "Some responsible

position in the head-office may be given to him, and who knows he may even reach the top in the evening of his service. There are excellent chances for him to get such titles as *Rao Bahadur* and *Diwan Bahadur*. Who knows, he may become even a *Sir*? If he becomes a Knight, then I shall be called Lady Ramaswamy Naidu. Then his photo will appear in the newspapers, and I shall move in very high circles indeed!"

But, alas, fate was against the poor girl. Just two months before her marriage, she contracted a fever, which developed into pneumonia, and in a few days she was dead. She was the only child of her parents; and, to forget her sorrow and the thwarting of her great dreams, the mother went on a long pilgrimage to the holy city of Benares.

So fate provided an excellent chance for Kamala to ask her husband if he would agree to her long-felt desire; and she was able to secure his consent to what she knew would be an excellent match. Sitalakshmi, in her nineteenth year, was graceful and charming, well-dressed and worthy of any society. There was something solid, yet sweet, about her which pleased Kamala very much, and she knew that the best investment of her life would be her daughter-in-law.

One fine afternoon, when Ramaswamy was working in the office, the cashier came to him, and asked him if he would like to buy a ticket in the Derby Sweep. Ramaswamy hesitated a bit, as he had no belief he would ever win a prize. But, he remembered that the cashier had been of valuable help to him in his probationary period, and finally consented to his request and took a ticket.

Then, he forgot all about it. What was his surprise, a few months later, when he was informed that he had won the big prize of Rs. 15,000. He felt that that glorious morning was a memorable day in his life. Surely God was very kind to him! The youth was usually not of an excitable nature; but then he ran to his mother,

and blurted out to her his delightful news. "Oh, my goodness!" she cried, "what an exceedingly fortunate boy you are! When did you subscribe to the lottery? You never told me anything about it."

"That was about six months ago. I thought it was not worth telling you. My cashier asked me to purchase a ticket and I did so, just to please him, because he had been so kind to me." "Well, well, there is no doubt that you have been born under a very lucky star," said his mother.

There was a happy time in the home. The next day Kamala called her son and said to him, "Ramu, will you be kind enough to spend a portion of your money

in a diamond necklace for our Sitalakshmi? You know she is going to be your wife in a few months. Her parents are not rich enough to give her such a costly jewel."

Ramaswamy's face indicated extreme joy, and he gladly consented to his mother's request. The next day Kamala purchased the diamond necklace. She felt it was a memorable day in her life. Her son's marriage was fixed for two months later; and on the wedding morning she herself clasped the diamond necklace round the neck of the dear girl, who was so soon to be her daughter-in-law, saying "The ways of Providence are really wonderful!"

N. VENKATAPATHY

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Her First Poem

PART I—DISILLUSION

(A STORY IN THREE PARTS)

Yamuna was delighted with herself. At last her long and arduous task was over. She had actually written a poem. Good gracious, was she going to be one of the future poetesses of India? Another Sarojini Naidu or Toru Dutt? A keen ambition and an overflowing desire to be famous made Yamuna realise all at once that life was going to be full of excitement and thrills. She had written her first poem—Cheers! She was only 12, and still she had written a verse!

Thirstily she read through the lines written on a ragged piece of paper. "The Beggar Maid," that was what it was called. Oh, how pathetic and sad the lines were, and how well she could rhyme. She skipped about her room, triumphant and elated.

She had been thinking about this verse for many days; but had kept it a secret, even from her mother; for she intended it to be a big surprise. Now at last she was ready to read the precious poem to her

mother. How pleased she would be! Reluctant to waste any more time she clutched the crumpled paper in her hot hand, and rushed to the front verandah where her mother sat reading the evening paper.

"Mother, mother, I've got such a surprise for you," she shouted.

"What is it? Why are you terribly excited? What has happened? Tell me quickly," exclaimed her mother, smiling at her daughter's flushed face.

"Oh mother, I've written a poem. Real verses with Rhyme and Rhythm. Listen, shall I read it?" and she skipped round her mother's chair, too overcome to be able to stand still.

"For goodness sake, don't be gyrating round and round me like that," cried her mother. "You make me feel quite dizzy."

"But I can't help it, I'm so happy," answered Yamuna. "Now don't be silly. Come and sit down quietly, and let me hear this wonderful poem of yours."

Yamuna pulled out a small stool from under her mother's chair, and, hot and panting, began reading her little poem—"The Beggar Maid." Breathlessly, she read

line after line, thrilled with the music of her own words and thinking them wonderful. At last, the last line read, she looked at her mother's face, expecting an exclamation of rapture; but alas, instead, there was just an amused smile on her face, and slowly the terrible words fell from her mouth. "I'm sorry, Yamuna. I'm afraid the poem is not good. You must not imagine yourself such a wonderful poetess. It's not easy to write poetry, and I don't know if you can ever be one."

Yamuna was speechless. She let the paper on which her verses were written fall to the ground, and without a word sped to her own room, where, unknown to the world, she expressed her first great disappointment with heart-broken sobs. She would never be a poetess. No! Her mother had said so. Her poem was bad. Oh, would she ever be happy again? One thing she knew, she would never, never, write another poem.

Outside, in the verandah, Yamuna's mother picked up the ragged piece of paper, and folded it carefully.

"The poor child," she said softly to herself. "She has been really disillusioned; but I couldn't help it. I had to tell her the truth, and if she really has poetry in her, it will show itself in spite of my cruel words. If I had praised these bad verses of hers, she would have gone on writing excruciating lines, thinking them good."

P. S.

(To be continued.)

(2) Our letter to our young people

DEAR CHILDREN,

As I am writing this letter, there are only three days more for Christmas; but

by the time you read it, both Christmas and New Year would have long been over. I hope you all had a lovely Christmas, and that the New Year will be ever so cheery and happy for all of you.

By the way, I must also mention that at the present time, as I am writing, Mahatma Gandhi is in Madras, preaching his message of fighting against the evil custom of caste, which has so long warped India's outlook on life. Mahatma Gandhi is begging all of us to do our best to raise the social standing of Harijans, and to bring as much happiness and laughter into their lives as we possibly can.

I know it is hard for you all to do much to help in this present movement against untouchability, for you are still not old enough; but you can help a little by following the plan I am going to suggest.

Now, most of you love playing games, and I know what fun you all have when you indulge in children's parties. The fact is, little village children also love playing games, and you have no idea how they adore an out-door evening, playing all sorts of running games, such as "Wolf and the Lamb," and "Touch and run." Unfortunately, they cannot organise these games on their own, and so if you, with your elder sister or brother or some older person, visit the villagers nearest your house say once a week, and teach them games, they will welcome you with delight. You can also teach them simple songs, if you happen to know any.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

"A wise son maketh a glad father; but
a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

Proverbs.

FASHION SUGGESTIONS

The Charm of Simplicity

The charm of simplicity in a woman's make-up and the lure of natural beauty is rapidly giving place to the most unique tastes and bizarre fashions. One has but to go to the Cinema to receive, not mild, but most violent, shocks on seeing women appear in half-inch draperies, and quaint, laughter-provoking head-gear, jewels and facial make-ups. One wonders what the world is coming to next; but there is always comfort in the thought that the world has also wondered about the same thing. Women's fashions of the modern age, however, to express myself in colloquial language, seem "to take the cake." Just today, while looking at some press photographs, I came across a woman all dressed up, every eyelash set in place, eye-brows carefully plucked and painted in to suit her face, cheeks carrying at least half-an-inch of powder and paint; lips the deepest scarlet bands, neck and ears adorned with jewellery that would look ridiculous even on a cannibal chief, and last but not least, finger-nails about half-an-inch long. Underneath was the letter-press, asking people to take good

note of Miss So and So's nails, which were detachable, and stating that she was the proud owner of a variety of such nails to suit each of her frocks.

We in India, who still have a great deal to learn from the fashion world, cannot understand the mentality of a woman that can make herself look so ridiculous; and still, even among, shall I say, primitive, simple-minded *us*, there are girls who are stepping all out and imitating Hollywood screen stars with a vengeance. There was an Indian girl, a most charming, unsophisticated good-looking girl, who suddenly thought she could capture the world by doing strange things to her face. An old friend of hers went to see her, and wrote of her thus, "I saw X the other day. She looked perfectly hideous and I could hardly make her out."

Such then is the verdict passed on these so-called beauty queens behind their back. If they knew all that was really said of them, would they continue in their vain and unprofitable endeavours to court beauty—?

SISTER SUBLE

OBSERVATIONS

By Maithili

(1) Responsibilities of modern parents

I lately came across, in the *Parents' Magazine*, the following verses about the modern mother; paradoxical and absurd as some of the sentiments may sound, they yet fit in a way the circumstances of present-day life:—

"Motherhood used to be thought an art,
Now we are taught in another vein,

Perfectly fatal to have a heart,
All that one needs is an agile brain.
Science has only begun its reign,
Yet modern mothers have learned to rue
The thought of the children they've tried
to train,
They never behave as they ought to do.
Diet is balanced, we learn at the start,

Carrots and spinach must meet with
acclaim;
Vitamins play an important part,
How to discover them, please explain.
Offspring and parents are feeling the strain;
Ages and weights must balance, too;
Yet the children refuse to gain,
They never behave as they ought to do.

Next, their minds must be taken apart,
Conditioned reflexes we must attain,
Negativism will ruin the start,
No wonder we fly from maternity's strain.
Oh, to have wed in Victoria's reign!
Lucky old Woman who lived in a shoe,
She didn't need a Psychologist's brain;
They never behave as they ought to do.

L'Envoi

Sages, your efforts are causing us pain,
Mothers are frenzied and children few.
Really, your labors are all in vain;
They never behave as you think they do."

Louise Cruice.

The responsibilities of parents are indeed many; much more are they than before, for they mean the analysing of what seemed normal life in olden days, which never needed analysis. Disobedience, failure, fear, moodiness, bad habits, have all to be probed and traced to their roots, so that the causes may be removed. In a book called *Case studies of normal adolescent girls*, Miss Smithies indicates the lines of procedure; the data of unusual behaviour should be gathered together and accumulated and made the basis of intelligent study by parents and teachers.

In this connection, I would like to mention an article on parents by an Indian mother, which I came across in a periodical. She remarks that, even while parents are doing their best for their children, they yet experience "secret aches." "Is there not an ache when the little son shouts at the servants or is unjust to them, when he talks of his elders with little respect and of serious matters with levity, when he ignores his

parents' known wishes, when he shirks work or play, when he is detected in being not quite straight-forward?" But such faults in the children are often the results of the heredity of the parents, who probably possessed the same. Their duty, therefore, is first to look into their own lives and discover in what way they themselves have failed, "their temptations, the influences for good and bad, the treatment that did them good, the treatment that hardened them." The results of such study they can use to advantage in their child's training, teaching him that "when he grows up, the most precious possession he can ever have is bonny beautiful, 'nice' children and that what he is now, his children will, very likely, be at his age, and it is up to him to make as perfect a model for them as he can."

Another thing that parents should do is to model their own behaviour, so that their children's respect is won. Sweetness and kindness, reasonableness, and magnanimity, honesty and consistency, perseverance and determination, are needed; and then such a sympathy is established, that discords will naturally disappear, and faults will be remedied through trust and confident understanding.

A great duty of parents is to teach their children to help themselves. I read in the *Treasure Chest* of a girl, who complained of the unkindness of her friends. Her mother at once explained to her that some of the blame must lie in her own want of friendship. She then helped her to form a small club, in which the chief aim was to help others less fortunate with money and needed articles. The experiment was a great success. Self-help again can be taught in schools and colleges. I was interested in reading the other day of the way in which the students of a United States College managed everything themselves, assigning and supervising duties, so that each student did a good twelve hours work a week. "This plan not only reduces the cost, but means training in social planning, co-operation and self-reliance,—in other words it is learning by doing."

Another duty is to help children to good books; and in this, we are told that there is no better way than consulting the children themselves. The Editor of *The Parents' Magazine* tells us of an experiment made, in which 10,000 children were questioned about their favourite books. The result was a collection of very good books. But, it was sad that the books they really owned at the time were cheap and mediocre. Such were gifts from adults. A good plan, therefore, is to work out a scheme for the selection of books, with the help of the children, who are encouraged at the same time to save up pocket-money and purchase for themselves. "Show your children that you are interested in what they read, read aloud together, work out a plan for building a home library. Every child has a natural appreciation of a great story well-told, of books that inspire, books that captivate the imagination, books that give true answers to their endless questionings. It is for parents to help them to cultivate the companionship of such books."

Not by any means a task to be neglected is a wise choice of toys for the young ones. Having lately been through the mill of Christmas-shopping, one can understand how difficult this is. There is no use in choosing what appeals to older ideas. Children, one must remember, are very serious in their play, and playing practically comprises all their little life. Therefore, the toys must suit their ages and inclinations, and be provided in different kinds as they

grow older. They, should be good as to quality, even if few, rather than be many and cheap. Co-operative buying on the part of relatives is advised.

(2) Deaf Children

Prof. Banerji writes in the *Indian Review* that it was sad to notice the casual attitude of medical men and of government, to work for deaf children. There is a deaf population of over 200,000 in India, and only 14 schools for them. There is no state school at all in the British territories. We are told that deafness does not mean mental deficiency, and therefore the un-education of the deaf means an economic and a social loss. There are three groups of deaf people, the deaf, the semi-deaf, and the semi-mute. The first kind are deprived of hearing before speech is formed, and so cannot pick up a spoken language. The semi-deaf can pick up a defective speech; while the semi-mute is one who becomes stone-deaf after speech has been acquired. Though he may not hear, he retains his acquired speech, but only if it is cultivated. The five methods of teaching the deaf, are the Sign, the Manual Alphabet, the Oral, the Combined, and the Aural methods. The first method is not used now. In the second, the fingers are used to spell in the air. In the third method, instruction is through the observation of lip-movements. Thus, the deaf can be taught some sort of speech, because they are not really dumb, having no defect in their vocal organs.

THE ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

The seventh All-India Women's Conference was a great success. Not only has it added its quota to the education of public opinion regarding the advancement of women; not only has it shown the world once again that women are able to conduct conferences themselves and thus are able to take part in national affairs; but it has also done much to bring together women of all creeds, castes and races on a common platform, in order to discuss questions of common interest. The exhibition of indigenous industries helped much to bring theories into practical usage.

The President of the Conference, Lady Abdul Quadir, after stressing the need for a common language for India, which in her opinion should be Hindustani, passed on to the question of education and said that the existing curriculum of studies for boys was not quite suitable in general to girls, except in the case of those, who sought employment as school teachers. Their education, which should be adapted to a short period, ought to be based on their real needs; and should therefore be of a domestic order, in addition to general knowledge. The ideals of the lately-started Lady Irwin College were good, and it would be a great help if Government could help to increase its accommodation. Training should also be given on vocational lines, in a practical and economic way, chiefly in handicrafts. For such schemes of course, much money would have to be raised from private subscriptions from ruling princes, from the landed gentry, and from commercial magnates; in addition, the Central and Provincial Governments should give a proper share of the money allotted for education to women.

Mass education, which should include the education of adults, was the true solution to the problems of social reform. A vast campaign for the work should be started by

trained workers, paid as well as voluntary. There was too much being done at present by a few faithful workers; and too little by the general public. There was no use in merely attending a few meetings and then relaxing. Zealous and earnest and continual work was more needed than lip-sympathy; and for this, organization of service by experienced leaders and the division of labour were needed.

In conclusion, the President said: "With an organisation like ours, there is nothing that we cannot accomplish. We have no less than 118 branches or constituencies in different parts of India, twelve of which are in Indian States, and with a little more effort we can easily multiply this number. If all our branches resolve to carry on throughout the year the work that we decide to do at our annual gatherings, we can conduct a campaign of reform and progress that may change for the better the future of our country. We have been very lucky, so far, in not having in our camp any distinctions based on race or religion. In the matter of unity and co-operation, we have been able to set a laudable example to our brothers and sons. May God grant us strength to stand by the noble principles with which we have started, and which have splendidly helped us in creating so large and representative an organisation during the few years that we have been in existence."

Various resolutions were passed at the conference, such as the condemnation of war and the encouragement of world-disarmament. In this connection, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu made some illuminating statements. As stated by the Associated Press of India: "She observed that no Indian could be loyal to India and yet be sectarian and narrow in spirit. The ideal and genius of India had always been inclusion, not exclusion, of

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."
"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

Selected from *Ecclesiastes*.

universal thought and culture. Once they understood the fundamental ideal preached by the world teachers of the indivisible oneness of man, they could give a mandate to the world to stop war. No matter whether it was temple or mosque, church or fire-shrine, let them transcend the barriers that divided man from man. They were, however, powerless to separate woman from woman, she being the element of Truth on which was founded the civilisation of humanity." It was demanded that a representative for the A.I.W.C. should be included in the Geneva delegation. Another resolution re-demanded more franchise for women in the new constitution. A special session of the A.I.W.C., together with the National council of women, should be held to consider the report of the joint committee. Other resolutions were adopted about the removal of untouchability; rural re-construction, and the favouring of birth-control.

It was laid down that public opinion in favour of social reform should be constantly stimulated in various ways; women should come forward to do their part in press propaganda, not only by starting news-papers and journals chiefly in the vernaculars, but also by writing to existing papers. The Cinema also could be used to educate men and women on social reform matters; as well as the introduction of educative popular songs and poems. In this way, much could be done, such as the reducing of the extravagant expenses now incurred in the observance of marriage and other social customs; the insistence of the rights of inheritance for

women; and the enforcement of the claims of franchise.

An important item in the conference was the address by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. He remarked on the unbalancing of civilization by the primarily masculine tone given to it, while womanhood was becoming a "merely decorative" factor of society. It was time therefore for woman to take her real place in life and show that interest in humanity should be because of its very human-ness, not because of some special features

"Therefore, woman must come into the bruised and maimed world of the individual. She must claim each one of them as her own—the useless and the insignificant, the lowliest and the lost. The world with its insulted individuals has sent its appeal to her. These individuals must find their true value and raise their heads in the sun and renew their faith in God's love through woman's own love. The union of man and woman will represent a perfect co-operation in the building up of human history on equal terms in every department of life. The future Eve will lure away the future Adam from the wilderness of a masculine dispensation and mingle her talents with that of her partner in a joint creation, a paradise of their own. The rudely-elbowing age of relentless capacity will give way to that of a generous communion of minds and means, when individuals will not be allowed to be terrorised into abject submission by idealistic bullies, compelled to lose their own physiognomy in a gigantic mask of a nebulous abstraction."

"The memory of the just is blessed.

The tongue of the just is as choice silver.

The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom."

Proverbs.

BREACHES OF THE SARDA ACT

We read that a public meeting of the women of Bombay was held under the auspices of the Bombay Presidency Women's Council, Mrs. Naidu presiding. Resolutions were passed, disapproving of the move to repeal legislative measures intended to discourage child marriages, expressing alarm at the proposal, and emphatically protesting against the two different Bills introduced in the Assembly with a view to exempting Moslems and Brahmins from the operation of the Child Marriages Restraint Act.

It is strange that, in spite of the Sarda Act, in spite of the many reformers who are striving so hard to wipe out an evil and iniquitous custom, and in spite of the spread of education and a more magnanimous outlook on life, there are many families who still persist in securing bridegrooms for their children at an early age. Again and again we find instances of the Act being broken in leading Indian families, and even among those who pretend to have modern views.

In the first place, it was strange that Government had to pass an Act on a matter that every sane person knew to be good and reasonable. Was it necessary for a great land like India, a land that boasted of the ideals of *Ahimsa* and humanitarian principles, to have to be told legally that the child marriage system was wrong? Alas yes, such an Act had to be passed, and, instead of our Indians rejoicing that at last their eyes had been open to a cruel evil, there were protests and complaints against the Act, and even to-day, it is being boldly broken and children are still being sacrificed.

Miss Rathbone recently asked Sir Samuel Hoare in the House of Commons as to what steps were being taken to educate the public in India about the evils of child marriage, seeing that according to the Census Report of 1931 the Sarda Act had been disregarded and ignored so contemptuously. Sir S. Hoare's reply was that

reports showed that the Indian Government and Local Governments were considering the recommendations of the Age of Consent Committee, and that the general opinion was that there should be propaganda to educate public opinion against the evil custom; but that it was generally agreed that it was best left to non-official agencies.

Seeing that there will probably be little official interference, is it not the duty of every Indian to stamp out the evil? One can find excuses for very ignorant families having their girls married early, but when it comes to educated parents insisting on the practice, merely because they wish to get rid of their daughters for fear that they will either fall into bad ways, or may not secure husbands later, one can find little to forgive.

Consider the evils of child marriage. It will probably mean early widowhood, or the begetting of a large and unwanted family, unless birth-control is practised, which, in its turn, has so many evils. It means the sapping of a young girl's health, and her pleasure in youth and happiness being shattered, for she is made old before her age, and her school-life, which she has been enjoying so much, is cut off all at once. It means the submission of a young will to the autocratic dominion of a strange woman, the mother-in-law, who is naturally not as fond of her daughter-in-law as of her own children. It brings on ill-health, and very often tuberculosis, and maternal mortality. It teaches a girl of fourteen or fifteen to think of sex and look on all men, except her own husband or father, as beings to be shunned; whereas in the natural course of events, she should be enjoying life on the playing field and learning to be natural and happy with all human beings. In short, it is a barbarous custom, and let us hope that it will be remedied, opening the eyes of parents to the dire evils that it provokes.

"ROHINI"

OUR CHESS PAGE

By Bharadwaja

Here is a short game with notes from "Wochenschach" by way of illustrating the Indian Defence.

INDIAN DEFENCE.

Alekhine (White)

Snosko-Borowski (Black)

1. P-Q 4	...	...	Kt-K B 8.
2. P-Q B 4	...	...	P-Q 8.
3. Kt-K B 3	...	...	P-K Kt 3.
4. P-K Kt 3	...	...	B-Kt 2.
5. B. Kt 2	...	...	Castles.
6. Castles	...	...	Kt-B 3.
			The knight cannot remain here very long, for which reason Q Kt-Q 2 is usually played.
7. P-Q 5	...	...	Kt-Kt.
8. Kt-B 3	...	...	P-K 4.
9. P x P (e.p)	...	...	P x P.
			Better would have been B x P, followed by Kt-B 8.
10. B-Kt 5	...	...	P-K R 8.
			The weakening of the King's position herein involved is utilised by white in energetic fashion.
11. B-Q 2	...	...	Kt-B 3.
12. Kt-K R 4	...	...	Kt-K 4.
13. Q-B 2	...	...	P-K Kt 4.
14. Kt-Kt 6	...	...	Kt x Kt.
15. Q x Kt	...	...	B-Q 2.
16. P-B 4	...	...	B-K.
17. Q-Q 3	...	...	Kt-Q 2.
18. Q-K 3	...	...	P x P.
19. Q x P (Ch)	...	...	B-B 2.
20. Q-R 3	...	...	P x P.
21. Q x Kt P	...	...	P-K R 4.
22. Q-R 3	...	...	B-Q 5 (Ch).
			A futile check, which removes an important protective piece from the King on the scene of action.
23. K-R	...	...	P-R 4.
24. Kt-Q 5	...	...	Kt-K 4.
25. B-R 6	...	...	Resigns.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The Nursery

Very few Indian parents ever think of having a nursery in their homes. The child's company, to the Indian mother and father, is ever a joy, and unlike Western parents, who only see their children at certain allotted times, leaving them in the company of nurses during the rest of the day, Indian children have their mothers as their constant companions. This custom, no doubt, is all to the good; but surely, there can be no harm in setting aside one room for the children's particular use, so that they can feel it belongs to them and they can do what they like there. At least it prevents a child from carelessly leaving its belongings about in other parts of the house and from spoiling the furniture and ornaments in rooms belonging to grown-ups.

I was pleasantly surprised to see a most charming little nursery in the house of an Indian the other day. There was but one child in the house, a sturdy little girl about a year old. She was at once the idol of the mother and father, and their devotion to her was evident in a thousand

ways. But the mother was not going to spoil her child by constantly being at her beck and call. She saw to all things personally; but the child was made to realise that she must, at certain times of the day at least, keep herself happy in her nursery with her Ayah.

The room was attractively furnished, with everything that a child could require. The colour scheme was jade green. Curtains and carpets were of this delicate hue, and all the furniture, little tables, tiny chairs, a dressing-table with innumerable drawers, shelves on the walls, and last but not least, a wooden barricade set on the floor within which the child could play, all these were of the same shade.

There were many toys on the shelves, and pictures on the walls illustrating nursery rhymes. It was a delightful room, and the chubby little child playing within her railed-in portion seemed perfectly happy. Other parents in India, carrying out this idea, will surely do well.

PADDY.

COOKERY NOTES

Grapefruit, Apple and Cheese Salad

1 grapefruit.
 1 apple,
 1 lb. cheese (Swiss or American)
 1 tablespoon sugar,
 Mayonnaise,
 chopped fine, Dates.

Remove the peel from grapefruit and separate carefully into sections. Do this an hour ahead of time and allow the inner skin to dry. This facilitates removing all of the bitter portion of the grapefruit. Arrange the

grapefruit sections on lettuce and sprinkle with the finely shredded apple mixed with the cheese. Add sugar if desired and top with mayonnaise. Garnish each salad with a date cut in half, crosswise.

Pea and Cheese Salad

2 cups peas, drained. 1 onion, chopped
 1 lb. cubed American cheese, fine,
 1 grated carrot.

Mix together with French dressing and let stand for a while. Serve on crisp lettuce.

Mexican Rarebit

2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup canned corn,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ green pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt,
 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup canned tomatoes,
 1 egg, 1 cup bread crumbs.

Melt butter, add chopped pepper and cook over flame until slightly browned. Place over hot water, add cheese and stir constantly until cheese is melted. Mix beaten egg, salt and corn, and add to cheese. Add chopped tomatoes and crumbs. Heat well and serve over toast.

Cheese Sandwich Filling

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound cheese,
 2 hard-cooked eggs, Sweet pickle,
 Small bottle stuffed 2 tbsps. mayonnaise.
 olives,

Put everything together through the food chopper, mix with mayonnaise and use on hot toast sometimes.

Honey Gingerbread

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey.
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk,
 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 tsp. baking powder.

Mix the flour with the spices, salt, soda and baking powder, and sift. Cream the butter, honey, sugar and eggs. Mix thoroughly and add, alternately, the sour milk and the dry ingredients. This makes a thin batter. Turn into a flat gingerbread pan lined with waxed paper, which has been well buttered. Bake for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven, 375 degrees. — (From the *Parents' magazine*)

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పురుషులకన్న స్త్రీలకే ఆధిక్యతగలదని.

హిందూదేశపు ఆయాసంఘములలో ఆడవారియొక్క స్థితిని గురించిని వారికిగల హక్కులను గురించిని ప్రస్తుతము ఎంతయో చర్చ జరుగుచున్నది. పురుషులలో స్త్రీలుకూడా సమానులేయని కొంతమందిని, పురుషులకన్న స్త్రీలు తక్కువవారని కొంతమందిని నమ్ముచున్నారు. కాని నిజము గమనింపబడకనే యున్నది. అయితే పురుషులకన్న స్త్రీలు అనేక విషయములలో ఎక్కువవారని హిందూదేశములోనున్న అన్ని మతములవారను నిజమని నిర్ధారణ చేయుచున్నారు.

పురుషులకన్న స్త్రీలకే ఆధిక్యముకన్న ఎక్కువయని మనము దురభిప్రాయ పడకూడదు. బైబిల్ గ్రంథమునుబట్టి విచారించితే స్త్రీ పురుషుల సృష్టి యోగవిధముగానే జరిగినదని కనబడుచున్నది. “మన పోలికనే మానవుని సృష్టించెదము. వారికి భూముఖముమీదను, నముద్రములోనుండు జీవరాసులమీదను తదితరములమీదను అధికార ముండుగాక. కాబట్టి దేవుడు తన పోలికనే స్త్రీని పురుషుని సృష్టించెను.” అని అదికాండము 1: 26, 27 లో వ్రాసియున్నది.

ఇక్కడ మానవుడనగా స్త్రీ పురుష జాతులకు చెందికి చెందుచున్నది. స్త్రీ పురుషుల సృష్టియందు ఏజాతికిని ఆధిక్యతలో తారతమ్యము లేదు. ఖురానను మహమ్మదీయ వేదములోకూడా యీసంగతియే కనబడుచున్నది. సృష్టి అదియందు అన్ని జంతువులలోనుగల మహా యెక్కువయిన సౌందర్యమును, శ్రేష్ఠమైన గుణములును స్త్రీలయందు అపుర్యుబదినట్లు మహాభారతములో బ్రహ్మ చెప్పుచున్నాడు. స్త్రీయొక్క నోరు పవిత్రమైనదనినీ, అది పాఠమున్న తీవ్రనది జలముతోను మార్మకీరణములతోను పోల్చుచున్నాడు. (మనుస్మృతి 5: 130.)

స్త్రీజాతి శ్రావణీయమైనదని ప్రతి మతము ఉపదేశించుచున్నది. స్త్రీలలో పెద్దవారిని తల్లిగా భావించవలసినదని క్రైస్తవమతము విధించుచున్నది. దేవుని పేరు ఎంత ఘనపరతుకో అంత ఘనముగా స్త్రీలను చూడవలసినదని ఖురానులో ఆలీనిస్సా అను భాగములో చెప్పియున్నది. ముయొకచోట దేవుని తర్వాత స్త్రీలే మన్నన చేయవలసినదని బోధించుచున్నది. “ఎవరైతే మంచివాలో వారు స్త్రీలను గౌరవించుదురు. ఎవరైతే దుర్మార్గులలో వారు స్త్రీలను దూషించుదురు. గణక స్త్రీలయెడల ప్రవర్తించు విధమునుబట్టి ఎవరు మంచివాలో ఎవరు దుర్మార్గులలో నిర్ధారణ చేయవచ్చును” అని మహమ్మదుగారు ఉపదేశించిరి. కాబట్టి స్త్రీలనుగూర్చి నిందగా మాట్లాడుట గొప్ప పాపమని చెప్పవచ్చును. చరిత్రకలైన స్త్రీలను గుఠించి తగినంత రుజువులేకుండా ఎవరు నిందమాట లాడుదురో వారికి బాగా బుద్ధి చెప్పి యెనుబది చెప్పులు కొట్టవలసినదనియు, వారు చెప్పునది యెన్నటికిని నమ్ముకూడదనియు ఖురాన్ 24 వ. సూరలో వ్రాసియున్నది.

హిందూమతములోను స్త్రీలయెడల గౌరవము చూపవలసినట్లు దృష్టాంతములు కలవు. ఆడవాండ్రు పలకరించినప్పుడు వారు తమతోడబుట్టువులయినట్లు భావించి పలకరించుమని మానవధర్మ శాస్త్రములో చెప్పియున్నది. వృద్ధులు, ఆచార్యులు, రాజపుత్రులు, పెండ్లికుమారులు మొదలైనవారు ఎదురయినప్పుడు తొలిగి దారియిచ్చినట్లు స్త్రీలు ఎదురయినప్పుడు దారి యివ్వవలసినదని చెప్పియున్నది. అతిథ్యమిచ్చు విషయములో గర్భిణి స్త్రీలకు, పెండ్లికూతుండ్రకు, వివాహముకాని కన్యలకు ముందుగా భోజనము పెట్టుమని చెప్పియున్నది. మన శత్రువుల తాలూకు ఆడవారిని మాత్రం శ్రావణంపలసినదే. భార్య పురుషుని నుఖమునకు ఘనతకు వెంట, అపసరమో అన్ని మతములు బోధించుచున్నవి. ముయొకసంగతి యేమనగా “స్త్రీపురుషులు”, “భార్యభర్తలు”, “తల్లిదండ్రులు”, “సోతారాములు”, “కాశ్యపీ చరణు శ్వరులు”, “రాధాకృష్ణులు” ఈ మొదలగు పదములలో స్త్రీవాచకమే మొదట పెట్టియుండుట చూడగా, స్త్రీకిగల

(పాదావ్యక్త నూచించబడుచున్నదని గ్రహించవచ్చును. క్రిస్తు మతోపదేశ మాలోచించగా స్త్రీ పురుషునికి మహిమ యనియు (కొరింథి. 7 అ.) “నుగుణవంతురాలయిన భార్య పెనిమిటికి కీర్తిమనయియు (సామె. 12: 4) చెప్పియున్నది. కాబట్టి పురుషునికన్న సుగుణ వంతుడగు స్త్రీయే ఘనత కల్గురాలుగా నెంచబడినది.

“దైవభక్తికి తర్వాత పురుషునికి మంచిభార్యతో సమానమయినది యేదియు లేదని ఓమార్ కలిఫా చెప్పుచు న్నాడు. మంచిభార్య దొరకుట యిహలోక విషయములోనేగాక, పరలోక విషయములోనూడా గొప్పభాగ్యమని మరియొకరు చెప్పుచున్నాడు. ఇంటికి అలంకారము లేజన్మ తెచ్చునది భార్యయేనని, భార్యయే ధనలక్ష్మియని చెప్పదగియున్నది. ఎటు ఆలోచించినను ప్రతి భర్తయును తన భార్యయేదల ప్రేమమాత్రమేగాక గౌరవము చూపుట విధానముని పాటించుటయు చెప్పుచున్నది. (యూస్ఫుతి 3: 55.)

ఇక ఆంగ్లేయ కవులయొక్క అభిప్రాయమును చూడము. స్త్రీ స్వాభావికముగా చరిత్రమైనదని, ప్రేమ కన్న మయినదని, సృష్టిలోకపు మహా శ్రేష్ఠమైనదని మిల్టన్ అను మహాకవి వర్ణించెను. పురుషునికంటె స్త్రీగల అధికతను వివరించుచు మరియొక కవి పురుషులను మంచిమాడ్గములో నుంచుటకు స్త్రీ సృష్టించబడినదని చెప్పుచున్నాడు. పురుషుడెంత బలాధ్యుడయినను స్త్రీకి లొంగియుండవలసినవాడేయని యొక వికట కవి వ్రాసెను. స్త్రీకి పురుషునిమాదగల యధికారమును వివరించుచు మూర్రామ మరయొక కవి “పురుషుడు తనదే వయిచెయ్యియని యెంత మురిసినను వాని కేలి నడిపించునది స్త్రీయే” యని వ్రాసెను. “పురుషుడు ప్రపంచమును ఏలుచున్నాడు నిజమే; అయితే స్త్రీ పురుషుని ఏలుచున్నది” — బలములోనేమి, సహనశక్తిలోనేమి, అహరవిషయములోనేమి పురుషునికన్న స్త్రీయే ఎక్కువయని, సంస్కృతములో ఒక శ్లోకము గలదు. ఇవియన్నియు ఆలోచించగా స్త్రీలు పురుషులకన్న అధికత కలవారని వ్యక్త పడుచున్నది. ఒక శుభాశ్చుదీయ గ్రంథకర్త వ్రాసిన పుస్తకములో “స్త్రీలు స్త్రీలుగానే యుండవలసినది, అనగా పురుషుల వ్యాపారములలో చొరవడకూడదనియు, పురుషులయొక్క ఆత్మసంరక్షకులనియు వారిని పశుప్రాయమునకు, క్రూరులైన ఆఫ్రికావారి పోకుండ చేయువారనియు చెప్పుచున్నాడు. ఏవిషయములో స్త్రీలయొక్క అధికత కనబడు చున్నదనగా, ఏదేశములో స్త్రీలను మర్యాదగా చూచుచున్నారో అదేశము అన్ని విషయములలో అభివృద్ధి దశయందున్న దని, ఏ దేశములో స్త్రీలను హీనముగా చూచుచున్నారో ఆ దేశము హీనదశయందున్నదని కనబడుచున్నది. దేశము లోని ప్రజలు నాగరికులై జ్ఞానమునందును యోగ్యతయందును ముందుకు రావడమనేది వారి స్త్రీలమీద ఆధారపడి యున్నది. సమర్థురాలును, యోగ్యురాలును అయిన తల్లి తన పిల్లవానిని ప్రపంచము నేలువానిగా చేయవచ్చును. అట్టిదికాక దుష్టురాలైన తల్లి తన బిడ్డను నిర్భాగ్యునిగా చేయవచ్చును. పురుషులయొక్క మంచిచెడ్డలు స్త్రీల మీద ఆధారపడియున్నది. పురుషుడు పనితనమున నుండగా పెంచబడిన విధము ననుసరించియే వాని ముందు నితయు నుండును. కొన్ని విషయములలో తల్లి గర్భమందుండగనే తల్లి స్వాభావిక లక్షణములు పిండమునకు లభించునని చెప్పువచ్చును. అభిమత్యుడు తల్లి కడుపులో నుండగనే చక్రవ్యూహములోనికి పోవుట నేర్చుకొనెనట. నెపోలియన్ అను కూరుడు పుట్టుటకు పూర్వమే ధైర్యము నేర్చుకొనెను. ఆయన తల్లి ప్రసవించక పూర్వమే ఒక చోటినుంచి ఒక చోటికి ఆయాపనులమీద పరుగెత్తుచు, ఎప్పుడు గ్రేకు, రోమన్ కూరుల పటములను దగ్గర నుంచుకొని వాటిని తరుచుగా చూచుచు వారి కార్యమును వర్ణించు గీతములను పాడుచు నుండుటవల్ల నెపోలియన్ ఒక విధమైన ధైర్యము పుట్టించెను. పూర్వకాలపు చరిత్రలో మహాకూరులైనవారి ధైర్యస్థైర్యములకు ఆదవాండే కారణము. దూర మాలోచించి చూడగా అడవారిచేలో మగవారు కీలుబొమ్మలై యుండిరి. ఒక గిన్నెడు ద్రాక్షపాచాయకి తన భార్య తమ్ముతాను అమ్మకొంటినని జహంగీరు తన స్వీయచరిత్రలో వ్రాసెను. దేవరలుకూడా అడవాండ్రు. దాన్సు లైరి. మృత్యుదేవతకు పావిత్ర తన పట్టుదలచేత స్వాధీనపరచుకొనెనుగదా.

వైద్యకాస్త్రోత్థా ఆలోచించి చూడగా కూడా అడవాండ్రకు ఎక్కువ ఆరోగ్యమును ఆయుర్మయునున్నట్లు కనబడుచున్నది. జనాసా లెక్కలనల్ల కూడ యీ అంశము స్థిరపడుచున్నది. స్త్రీలయొక్క శరీర చరిత్ర అనేకవిషయ ములలో దారుణము కలది. మొత్తమున పురుషులకంటె స్త్రీలకు ఎక్కువ ఆరోగ్యము కలదు. వాంగులు బుద్ధిబోటు

దొంగలు పురుషులలో నున్నంతమంది స్త్రీలలో లేనిది తెలుసుకొనా రిపోర్టులన్న స్పష్టమగుచున్నది. పురుషు లలో నున్నంతకంటె స్త్రీలలో గొంతుజాడ్యములు, గుండెజాడ్యములు తక్కువ. దీనినిబట్టి చూడగా చాలాసేపు కష్టమైనవని చేయగల శక్తి వారికి హెచ్చుగా నున్నట్లు నిశ్చయము. స్త్రీలలో రావకార్యవేత్తలు, గ్రంథకర్తలు, యోగులు మొదలగువారెందరో గలరు. విక్టోరియా మహారాణి ఎలిజబెత్తురాణి, రాణీయా, చాంద్ బీబి, అహల్యాబాయి, నూర్ జహాన్, మునుటజ్ మహాలు మొదలగు రాజుల వేత్తలు లోకప్రసిద్ధులేగదా! మేడం కురీయను నామె కాస్త్రు ములో గొప్పపేరు సంపాదించెను. జోన్ అఫ్ ఆర్కు తన దేశముకొరకు తన ప్రాణమును సమర్పించెను. మేరీ కొరెల్లి, జార్జి ఎలియట్ అనువారు ఆంగ్లేయ భాషలో ప్రసిద్ధమైన గ్రంథములను వ్రాసియున్నారు. మైత్రి గార్గి వీరలు తత్వజ్ఞాన ములో గొప్పయుషులను జయించినవారు. బీజుగణితకాస్త్రమును కనిపెట్టినది లీలావతియై యున్నది. చందరంగము ఒక స్త్రీ కల్పించినది. డాక్టరు మాంటేసోగో గొప్ప విద్వాంసురాలును, పిల్లలకు విద్య నేర్పుపద్ధతిని కనుగొని దాని నాతర లలోకి తెచ్చి యొక కాస్త్రముగా నిరూపించినదియై యున్నది.

ఆడవాండ్రకు అంగబలము కొంచెము తక్కువైనను మగవారికన్న బలవంతులే. ఆడవాండ్రు నీమదేశము నకు ప్రాన్తస్థదేశమునకు మధ్యనున్న సముద్రము ఈది భ్యాతిజెందిరి తుఫాన్ కాల్యుటయందును ఎంతెంత దూరమున కును ఆకాశ విమానములమీద ప్రయాణము చేయుటయందును పురుషులను మించినవారు కలరు. శోగులకు ఉపచారము చేయుటయందును, రాత్రి తరువాత రాత్రి నిద్రాహారముల మరచి దయతోను ఓపికతోను సంరక్షించుటయందును పురుషులకులేని నేర్పును ఓర్పును స్త్రీల కెంతో కలదని వైద్యకాలరే సాక్ష్యమిచ్చుచున్నవి. పురుషులకన్న స్త్రీలే కొద్దికాలములో చదువులో ఉత్తీర్ణులు కాగలరు. పిల్లలకు విద్య నేర్పుటలో స్త్రీలతో పురుషులు సాటిరాలేరు. నూరుమంది యుపాధ్యాయులకన్న ఒక్కతల్లి ప్రయోజనకారియని యావన్నుంది ఒప్పుకొనవలసినదే. ఇందుకే యూరపు ఖండములోని ప్రాథమిక పాఠశాలలయం దెక్కడను పురుషులను ఉపాధ్యాయులుగ నియమించరు. మగపిల్లకాయల బడులలోను, ఆడపిల్లకాయల బడులలోను స్త్రీలనే ఉపాధ్యాయులుగా పెట్టుచున్నారు. పిల్లల నైజమును గ్రహించి వారిని విద్యయందు తరిగ్గిడు చేయగల శక్తి పురుషునికి తెలియనే తెలియదు. పురుషుడు తానే ప్రధానదేశమే ఎంత అతిశయించిన నేమి శ్రీకన్న తక్కువ వాడనని యొప్పుకొనక తప్పదు.

[సెప్టెంబరు సంచికలోని యొక న్యాయమునకు భాషాంతరము.]

గాంధీ మహాత్ముని యువదేశములో నొక ముఖ్యవిషయము.

నాదేశ పర్యాటనములయందు స్వాగతము లిచ్చుటయందును అతిథులకు, భోజన వసతిపాపాయములు చేయుటయం దును ఆంగ్లేయులు చాలా ఖర్చుపెట్టువారై యున్నారు. వారు మికాయీ మొదలయిన తీపి వస్తువులను ఎన్నెన్నో పోరలు పిండివంటలును ఎక్కువగా తయారుచేయించి యిచ్చుటకు బహు ప్రయత్నములు చేయుదురు. నేను ఎప్పుడూను ఇటువం టిని అంగీకరించలేదు. అయితే నేను ఈ పర్యాయము పారిజన నేపకై వెడలియున్నాను. గణక నన్ను నేను చరిత్రపర చుకొనవలసియుండును. కాబట్టి, యీసారి స్వాగత సంఘములవారు నాకోసమని చేయు ఖర్చుల పదార్థములను సంతోషముగా స్వీకరింపలేక యున్నందుకు నేను చాలా విచారించుచున్నాను.

ముఖ్యముగా రెండు స్థలములయందు దూరమునంది గుజరాతి వంటవానిని రప్పించి వంట వదార్థములు చేయించి యిచ్చినట్లు కనిపెట్టిరి. ఇది మిగుల అనవసరమని నా నమ్మకము. మన దేశములో ఆలవాటుయిన వంటకములే భుజించుటయొక్క యితర రాష్ట్రీయులయందు ప్రజలు తిను భోజన వదార్థములు భుజించుటకును మనము సంసిద్ధులమై యుండవలయును.

ఇది సాధారణమైన విషయము కాదని నాకు తెలియను. దక్షిణాదివారిలో కొందరు గుజరాతివారి భోజన వదార్థములను స్వీకరించుటకు విశ్వప్రయత్నము చేసిరి కాని వారికి సాధ్యముకాకపోయెను. గుజరాతివారి దక్షిణాది వారి భోజనమును స్వీకరించుటయను కష్టము. బంగాలీవారు చేయు వంటలు ఇతర రాష్ట్రీయులకు రుచిగా నుండవు.

సాధారణ భోజనము.

నేను చెప్పబడినదానిని మరచి మరియేదో విషయములో పడితిని. అది యేమనగా మేము వివిధరాష్ట్రములలో కంచారము చేయుచుండగా మాకోసము ఏర్పాటులుచేయు మిత్రులు భోజన సదుపాయములు చేయుటలో మంచి మంచి పధార్థములకు ఎక్కువసొమ్ము ఖర్చుపెట్టకుండా నిలయునంత చాక ధరలలో పధార్థములుకొని, చాలా సాధారణమైన భోజనము పెట్టించవలెనని నేను కోరుచున్నాను. మేము కూరిజిగ్గెడారగమునకై వెడలియుంటిమి. అందునిమిత్తము మేము చాలా బాహ్యశుద్ధియును అంతశుద్ధియును కలిగియుండవలెను. అట్టి సమయమున మమ్మును సంతోషింపజేసిన మిత్రులను ఎంతో ఖర్చుచేసి మాకు విందులు చేయుట, మేమానిందుల నారగించుట ఎంతమాత్రము న్యాయముకాదు. పేల్చుకూరలు, మిఠాయి మొదలైన తీపి పదార్థములకు బహిష్కరింపవలెను. నేను చాలా బాగవత్ గాను కొంచె కొంచెముగాను ఉపయోగించుకొనవలెను. కాయగూరలలో ఏదయిన ఒకటికంటె ఎక్కువ వండ వలసరములేదు. విశేష ధరగల ఫలములు ఎప్పటికిని వాడకుండదు. పండ్ల విషయమునందు నేను నేరస్థుడనై యున్నానని నాకు తెలియును, నా స్నేహితులు నాకోరకై ఎక్కువ ఖరీదుగల ఫలములు ఎక్కువగా కొని తెచ్చి పెట్టి భుజించుమని నన్ను బలవంతము చేయుదురు. నాకు నారించినపండ్లకన్న వేరే ఏ ఫలములను అవసరములేదని నేను నా అనుభవమువల్ల నిశ్చయముగా చెప్పగలను. నేను, నాకు భోజనపదార్థము లేవియు వద్దని గర్వించినను, మా అందరిలో నాకోసమే ఎక్కువ ఖర్చునచున్నదని నాకు తెలియును. ఆ విషయముయి నాకు చాలా విచారముగా నున్నది. నేను త్రాసు మేక పాలు, నేను తిను నారించినపండ్లును, మన మామూలు ఆహారమును వియ్యము, గోధుమలకంటె ఎక్కువ ఖరీదుగలవై యున్నది. నా స్నేహితులు నాకోసము ఏమియు ఎక్కువ ఖర్చుపెట్టి భోజనము చేయించవద్దని ప్రార్థించుచున్నాను. నేను పాతికసేక చేయవలెనని యున్నాను గనుక వనోదయలారా నాకోసముని యెక్కువ ఖర్చు చేయవద్దని బలితపాద కొనుచున్నాను.

എന്നാൽ എല്ലാ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കും ഗൃഹമില്ല. നിത്യജോലിയെത്തു ടിവസവൃത്തി കഴിക്കേണ്ട അനവധി സ്ത്രീകളുണ്ടു്. ഇവരുടെ കാര്യത്തിലാണ് ട്രഷ്യററുടെ വന്നു പോയ നതു്. അവർ എവിടെ പോയി പണി എടുക്കുന്നു? ജർമ്മനിയിലെ ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ രാഷ്ട്രനേതാവായ, ഫെർ ഫീത്സ്ലർ സ്ത്രീകളെ ഗൃഹജോലിക്കു തന്നെ പോകുവാൻ ആജ്ഞാപിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നുവത്രെ. മിസ്സ്. ഉൾസല ബ്ലൂം എന്ന ഒരു മഹതി ഡെയിലി ഫെറാറഡ് പത്രത്തിൽ ഈ അഭിപ്രായം വളരെ ശരിയായിട്ടുള്ളതെന്നു പ്രസ്താവിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. 1914-ാം മത് കൊല്ലം മുതൽക്കു സ്ത്രീകൾ സാമൂഹികമായും രാഷ്ട്രീയമായു മുള്ള കാര്യങ്ങളിൽ ഏറ്റെടുക്കുൻ തുടങ്ങിയതുകൊണ്ടു വലിയ തുണമൊന്നും ഉണ്ടായിട്ടില്ലെന്ന് മിസ്സ് ബ്ലൂം ശരിക്കുന്നു. ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ തൊഴിലില്ലായ്മക്കുള്ള പ്രധാനമായൊരു കാരണം സ്ത്രീകളെ പരുഷന്മാർ ചെയ്യാറുള്ള പല ജോലികളിലും ഏറ്റെടുത്തിയതാണെന്ന് അവർ പറയുന്നു. ജോലിസ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ച സ്ത്രീകൾ കറഞ്ഞ പ്രതിഫലത്തിന്മേൽ പ്രവൃത്തിയെടുത്ത് പരുഷന്മാർക്കുള്ള സമ്പാദ്യം കുറച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. എന്നാ

ലം സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു ഇതുകൊണ്ട് ഒരു തുണയും വന്നു ചേർന്നിട്ടില്ല. പ്രാപ്തിയുള്ള റാഷ്ട്ര നേതാവും സമത്വനായ വക്കീലും പണമെടുവാട്ടുകാരനും മിടുക്കനുമായ ഡോക്ടർമാരും ഇപ്പോഴും അധികപക്ഷവും സ്ത്രീകളുടെ ഇടയിലേക്കാൾ പുരുഷന്മാരുടെ ഇടയിലാണ് കണ്ടുവരുന്നത്. ഇതിന്റെ കാരണമെന്താണ്? അഹോവൃത്തിക്കുള്ളതു സമ്പാദിക്കുന്ന സ്ത്രീകളല്ല യഥാർത്ഥത്തിൽ ഗണ്യമായ ബഹുമതിക്കു അർഹതയുള്ളവരും പ്രാപ്തിയും ബുദ്ധിയുമുള്ളവരും. അങ്ങിനെയുള്ള സ്ത്രീകളെ കാണണമെങ്കിൽ ഗൃഹങ്ങളിൽ സർവ്വാധികാരത്തോടുകൂടി വാഴുന്ന രാജ്ഞികളുടെ ഇടയിൽ തന്നെ ചെന്നു തിരയണം. തക്കതായ ഒരു കല്യാണാലോചന വന്നാൽ വിവാഹബന്ധത്തിൽ ഏല്പട്ടാണൊരുങ്ങാത്ത സ്ത്രീകളെ കാണുകയില്ല. അപ്പോൾ അവരുടെ സാമുദായിക നേതൃത്വവും മറ്റും എങ്ങോട്ടാണ് പോകുന്നത്? മിസ്സ് ബ്ലൂം പറയുന്നതെന്താണെന്നു വെച്ചാൽ സ്ത്രീകൾ പ്രവൃത്തിക്കുപോയി അവരവരുടെ വാതിൽ മണ്ണാക്കുന്നുവെന്നാണ്. അവർ തന്നെ അഹോവൃത്തിയ്ക്കു പ്രവൃത്തിയിൽ ഏല്പട്ടെന്നുകൊണ്ടു അവരെ കല്പിച്ചാണുചെയ്ത രക്ഷിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കത്തക്ക പുരുഷന്മാരുടെ എണ്ണം ചുരുക്കുന്നു.

തൊഴിലുകളിൽ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു സാമത്വം പോരെന്നുള്ള അഭിപ്രായം മുസ്സോലീനി പ്രഭുവിന്നും ഉണ്ട്. “ബ്രിസ്ബേൻ കുറിയിൽ” എന്ന പത്രത്തിൽ അദ്ദേഹമിങ്ങിനെ എഴുതിയിരിക്കുന്നു. “മഹാരാജ്ഞിമാരേയും റാണിമാരേയും കണക്കാക്കാതിരിക്കുകയാണെങ്കിൽ വലിയ ഉദ്യോഗം ഭരിക്കുന്ന സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു റാഷ്ട്രകാര്യങ്ങളിൽ പുരുഷന്മാർ നേടീട്ടുള്ള പ്രാതിഭാവിയിൽ സമ്പാദിക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കുമോയെന്നുള്ളകാര്യം സംശയമാണ്.” ഇതുവരെ റാഷ്ട്രകാര്യങ്ങളിൽ ഇടംപ്രഥമമായ ഒരു പന്ഥാവ് കണ്ടുപിടിക്കാനായി ഒരു സ്ത്രീക്കു സാധിച്ചതായ് നാം കേട്ടിട്ടില്ല.

മുസ്സോലീനി പ്രഭുവിന്റെ അഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ സാമുദായികാഭിവൃദ്ധിയെ പുരസ്കരിച്ചുള്ള നിയമനിർമ്മാണത്തിലും കൂടി സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു അധികമൊന്നും സാധിച്ചിട്ടില്ലെന്നാണ്. ഉദാഹരണമായി അദ്ദേഹം പറയുന്നത് മദ്യ ബഹിഷ്കരണകാര്യത്തിൽ അമേരിക്കയിലെ ഐക്യരാജ്യത്തിൽ സ്ത്രീകൾ ഒന്നും തന്നെ ഉത്സാഹിച്ചിട്ടില്ലെന്നുള്ളതാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ടു അദ്ദേഹം വാദിക്കുന്നത് സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു ഉന്നതപദവിയിൽ കയറാൻ സാധിക്കയില്ലെന്നാണ്. സ്ത്രീകളുടെ ഇടയിൽ ഒരു പ്രസിഡി നേടിയതായ കവിയുണ്ടായിട്ടുണ്ടോ? ഒരു പേര് കേട്ടു തച്ചശാസ്ത്രക്കാരിയുണ്ടായിട്ടുണ്ടോ? കേൾവിപ്പെട്ട പിത്രമെഴുത്തുകാര്യോ പ്രതിമ നിർമ്മിച്ചവളോ ഉണ്ടായിട്ടുണ്ടോ എന്ന് അദ്ദേഹം ചോദിക്കുന്നു. തത്വജ്ഞാന വിഷയത്തിലും കൂടി അപാരമായ ഘട്ടങ്ങളിൽ പ്രവേശിക്കാൻ അവർക്കു സാദ്ധ്യമല്ല.

അതുകൊണ്ട് മുസ്സോലീനി പ്രഭു സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു വോട്ടധികാരം വഹിച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന കാര്യത്തിൽ യോജിക്കുന്നില്ല. കൂടാതെ സ്ത്രീകൾ റാഷ്ട്രകാര്യങ്ങളിൽ ഏല്പട്ടെന്നും അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്നു തൃപ്തിയില്ല. “റാഷ്ട്രകേശവത, സങ്കല്പനാവൈഭവം സങ്കല്പനസാമത്വം സാമൂഹികതൃണം മുതലായ പ്രത്യേകകാര്യങ്ങളെ ആശ്രയിച്ചു നില്ക്കുന്ന ഒരു തൊഴിലാ

ണെന്നും അവ സ്ത്രീ സ്വഭാവത്തിന്നു യോജിച്ചതല്ലെന്നും സ്ത്രീകൾ ജാത്യാ ചില്ലറകാര്യങ്ങളെ വിഗ്രഹബുദ്ധിയാ അവലോകനം ചെയ്യുന്നതിൽ സാമത്വമുള്ളവരാണെന്നും ഭാവനാശക്തിയാൽ പ്രേരിതരായി മനോനിബ്ബന്ധത്തിന്നടിമപ്പെട്ടവരാണെന്നും” അദ്ദേഹം അഭിപ്രായപ്പെടുന്നു.

എന്നാലും മുസ്സോലീനി പ്രഭു സ്ത്രീകളുടെ പ്രത്യേക സ്വഭാവങ്ങളെ അഭിനന്ദിക്കുന്ന ആളാണ്. ചില സ്ത്രീകളുടെ സാമത്വവും ഗുണങ്ങളും തനിക്കു ബഹുമാനമാണെന്നു അദ്ദേഹം പറയുന്നു. പ്രായേണ ഒരു സാധാരണ സ്ത്രീയുടെ വോട്ടും സാധാരണ പുരുഷന്റെ വോട്ടും തമ്മിൽ വ്യത്യാസമില്ലെന്നു അദ്ദേഹം പറയുന്നു. സ്ത്രീസ്വഭാവത്തിന്റെ മനോഹരതയെ അദ്ദേഹം അഭിനന്ദിക്കുന്നു. നഹജമായ പ്രഥമതത്വാവബോധം, അനുകരണസാമത്വം, ഉൾക്കൊള്ളാനുള്ള ശക്തി, ഗ്രഹണപാടവം, സൽസ്വഭാവം, ദയ, ഇതിനെല്ലാറ്റിനും മേലെ തിളങ്ങുന്ന ഗ്രഹത്തിലും, കടുംബത്തിലും ഉള്ള വാത്സല്യം, അപാരമായ സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യാഗബുദ്ധി ഈ സംഗതികളിൽ സ്ത്രീ പുരുഷനേക്കാൾ ഉത്കൃഷ്ടസ്ഥിതിയിലാണെന്നാണ് അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ അഭിപ്രായം.

എന്നാൽ നമ്മളെപ്പറ്റി നാം (സ്ത്രീകൾ) എന്താണ് ആലോചിക്കേണ്ടത് തക്കിടാനോ വന്യപറവാനോ നില്ക്കാതെ നമ്മൾ ചെയ്യേണ്ട പ്രവൃത്തികഴിയുന്നത്ര നന്നായി ചെയ്യുന്നതാണ് ഉത്തമം. ഇന്ത്യയിൽ ഇതു അത്യാവശ്യമായ സംഗതിയാണ്; ഇവിടെ നാം ചെയ്യുന്നതു എന്താണെന്നു വെച്ചാൽ നഭ്രകൂടി വാദപ്രതിവാദത്തിലും മനോരാജ്യത്തിലും ഏല്പട്ടു നമ്മുടെ ഉത്സാഹബുദ്ധിയെ വ്യർത്ഥമാക്കിക്കളയുന്നു. നമ്മൾ ഗൗരവമായ പ്രവൃത്തിയിൽ ഏല്പട്ടു നമ്മാൽ സാധിക്കുന്നതു നേടാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുക. നമ്മളുടെ ഇടയിൽ ബഹുമതി നേടാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നവർ അതിന്നു ശ്രമിക്കട്ടെ. മുസ്സോലാനി പ്രഭുവിന്റെ അഭിപ്രായം എന്തായിരുന്നാലും നമ്മളുടെ ഇടയിൽ പ്രാതി സമ്പാദിക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നവർ വളരെ ഉണ്ടെന്നുള്ളത് തീർച്ചയാണ്. പക്ഷെ ഒരു വ്യത്യാസം മാത്രമേയുള്ളൂ. അന്യരുടെ പ്രവൃത്തിരംഗവും പുരുഷന്മാരുടെ പ്രവൃത്തിരംഗവും ഒന്നായിരിക്കയില്ല. അവരുടെ സ്വാധീന പ്രാവേദവും പുരുഷന്മാരുടേതും തമ്മിൽ എല്ലാ സംഗതിയിലും താരതമ്യപ്പെടുത്തുവാൻ തരമില്ല. എന്നാൽ സ്ത്രീക്കും പുരുഷനും ഒരു വ്യത്യസ്തപ്പെട്ട പ്രാവേദം വ്യത്യസ്തവിധത്തിൽ പ്രാധാന്യം നിലിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നനിലയിൽ ഉണ്ട്. എന്നും പുരുഷന്മാരെ അനുകരിച്ചിട്ടും അവരുമായി തക്കിച്ചിട്ടുമെന്താണ് പ്രയോജനം. സ്ത്രീ പുരുഷനെപ്പോലെ മാനുഷതയുള്ള ഒരു സൃഷ്ടിയല്ലേ? രണ്ടു കൂട്ടരും തമ്മിൽ ചില വ്യത്യാസങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടാകാതെ കഴികയില്ല. അല്ലെങ്കിൽ ദൈവം എന്തിനായിട്ടാണ് രണ്ടു കൂട്ടരേയും വെവ്വേറെ സൃഷ്ടിച്ചതു.

സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു യഥേഷ്ടം പ്രാവേദം കാണിക്കാനായി പലേ രംഗങ്ങളും ഉണ്ട്. ഉദാഹരണമായി സാമ്രാജ്യസംസ്കൃതസംബന്ധമായ കാര്യങ്ങളിൽ ഉപദേശം ചെയ്തിട്ടും സ്വദേശീയശക്തി ഉപയോഗിച്ചും സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു ബഹുമതി നേടാം. മിസ്സിസ് ജോസിഫിൻ ബെർണാഡ് ക്വിൻസ്ലാണ്ട് രാജ്യത്തിലെ സ്ത്രീകളുടെ സാമ്രാജ്യസഭ കാര്യ

ദശിയുടെ നിലയിൽ ഒരു സരത്തിൽ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു സാമ്രാജ്യ സംസ്കൃതപ്രവൃത്തികളിൽ പലതും ചെയ്യാൻ സാധിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടെന്നു പറയുന്നതായതത്രെ. ഈ സഭയിൽ പെട്ട സമാജങ്ങൾ താഴെ വിവരിച്ചവയാണ്. Women's Christian Temperance Union, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, The Y. W. C. A. and the International Alliance for Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship. ഈ രണ്ടാമത്തെ കൂട്ടത്തിൽ പല പ്രസ്ഥാനങ്ങളുമടങ്ങിയിരിക്കുന്നു. സർവ്വകലാശാലാംഗങ്ങളായ സ്ത്രീകളും പല തൊഴിലുകളിൽ ഏറ്റെടുത്ത സ്ത്രീകളും കാത്തോലിക് സഭയിൽപ്പെട്ട സ്ത്രീകളും, യുവതീ സേവാസംഘങ്ങളും ഇതിൽ അടങ്ങിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ഇതിനെല്ലാം റീനും ഉപരിയായി 4 കോടി സ്ത്രീകൾ അംഗങ്ങളായി 40 സംയുക്ത ഉപസഭകളോടു കൂടിയ സ്ത്രീകളുടെ സാമ്രാജ്യസഭ കൂടിയുണ്ട്.

ഈ സംഘങ്ങളെല്ലാം സാമ്രാജ്യ സംസ്കൃതയോഗങ്ങളിൽ കൂടി പൊതുജനാഭിപ്രായം തങ്ങളുടെ അനുയോജിച്ചതായിത്തീർവാൻ വേണ്ടി പ്രമേയങ്ങൾ അംഗീകരിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു. തൊഴിലാളികളായ സ്ത്രീകളും പുരുഷന്മാരും സമത്വബുദ്ധിയോടെ യോജിപ്പോടുകൂടിയാണ് കാര്യങ്ങൾ നടത്തുന്നത്.

സ്ത്രീകൾ സാമ്രാജ്യസംസ്കൃതമായ ഐക്യതയുണ്ടാക്കാനായി ശ്രമിക്കട്ടെ. സേർ എസ്. റാഫാളിസ്റ്റൻ ഇയിടയിൽ ലീഗ് ഓഫ് നേഷൻസ് ഇൻടർനാഷണൽ കമ്മീഷൻ വക പ്രവൃത്തിയെടുത്തിരുന്ന കാലത്തു ഇപ്രകാരം പാകയുണ്ടായി. പ്രകൃതിയമ്മ ശാസ്ത്രവും വ്യവസ്ഥാപട്ടങ്ങളും ഒരു സർവ്വലോക പ്രാതിനിധ്യ ശരീരത്തെ വളത്തിയുണ്ടാക്കുന്ന ഈ കാലത്തും ലോകം മുഴുവനും ഒരു ഏക സജീവവസ്തുവെപ്പോലെ പ്രവർത്തിക്കുവാൻ പഠിച്ചിട്ടില്ലാത്ത ഈ കാലത്തും പ്രകൃത്യാ സമാധാനതല്പരരായ ചൈന, ഇന്ത്യ മുതലായ പെരുന്തപ്പ സാമ്രാജ്യങ്ങൾക്കു ഭൂലോകനവീനസംസ്കരണത്തിനായി പലതും സഹായിക്കാനായി സാധിക്കും. ഈ സാമ്രാജ്യങ്ങൾക്കാണ് പാശ്ചാത്യ രാജ്യത്തിൽ മുന്തി നില്ക്കുന്ന ലെങ്കീകബുദ്ധിയുടെ ഒരു പരിപകൃതയും ദോഷനിവാരണവും വരുത്തുവാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നത്. ഈ രാജ്യക്കാർ റഷ്യക്കാരെപ്പോലുള്ള പരിഷ്കരിച്ചിട്ടില്ലാത്തവർക്കും പക്ഷെ റഷ്യക്കാരെപ്പോലുള്ള പ്രഥമഗണനീയമായ വസ്തു. അതിൽ എല്ലാ ഗണനീയമായവസ്തുക്കളും അടങ്ങിയിരിക്കുന്നതും ഇല്ല. ജീവിതപദ്ധതിന്റെ വിഭാഗം സത്യത്തിനും, ന്യായത്തിനും, സമാധാനത്തിനും, ബഹുമാനത്തിനും നമ്മൾ അഭിമുഖ്യപ്പെട്ടവരാണെങ്കിൽ നമ്മളെല്ലാവരും നമ്മുടെ ജീവനെയെന്നെ ബലികഴിക്കാൻ തയ്യാറായി താഴെ പറയുന്ന തത്വത്തെ അംഗീകരിക്കുക. “ഒരു വ്യക്തി തടവിലായിരിക്കുന്ന കാലത്തോളം ഞാൻ സ്വതന്ത്രനല്ല. ഒരു രാജ്യക്കാർ അന്യരാജ്യക്കാർക്കു അഭിമുഖ്യപ്പെട്ടവരാണെങ്കിൽ ഞാൻ ആ അഭിമ രാജ്യത്തിൽ പെട്ടവനായി കരുതും.”

ഈ തത്വത്തെക്കുറിച്ച് “യുവാക്കന്മാരും അവരുടെ ഭാവിതരും” എന്നെ വിഷയത്തെപ്പറ്റി ഇന്ത്യയിൽ സുരോജിനീദേവി ഹൈക്കോമ്പാളിൽ ചെച്ച് ഒരു പ്രസംഗം

ത്തിൽ വളരെ ശക്തിയോടുകൂടി പ്രസ്താപിക്കുകയുണ്ടായി. “ദീപ്കാലത്തെ പരിചയം കൊണ്ടും ആലോചനകൊണ്ടും ഭാവിയിലെ ആദർശങ്ങൾ ജീവികൾ തമ്മിലുള്ള അതുതകരമായ ഐക്യത്തിൽ നിന്നാണ് വ്യത്യാസങ്ങളിൽ നിന്നല്ല ഉണ്ടാകുന്നത് എന്നു ഞാൻ പറയുന്നു. മതസംബന്ധമായും വിശ്വാസസംബന്ധമായും നാഗരികതപരമായും പല വിഭിന്നതകളുമുള്ളതായി നമ്മൾ കുറെ ജാസ്സിയായിക്കേൾക്കുന്നുണ്ട്; എന്നാൽ യുവാക്കന്മാരുടെ ഇപ്പോഴത്തെ വാസന എല്ലാ ജീവികൾക്കും പൊതുവേയുള്ള ആദർശങ്ങളോടു യോജിച്ചു നടക്കാനാണ്. നമ്മൾ എവിടെ നോക്കിയാലും യുവപ്രജാധിപത്യം രാജ്യം, കുടുംബം, ജാതി ഇവകളുടെ പ്രതിബന്ധങ്ങൾക്കു അടിപ്പെടാതെ ശക്തിമത്തായി വരുന്നതാണ് കാണുന്നത്. ചില സമയങ്ങളിൽ അവരുടെ ആദർശങ്ങൾ പിഴിച്ചു താരി വന്നേക്കാം എന്നാലും അടുത്തഭാവത്തിൽ അവർക്കെല്ലാവർക്കും ഒരു പൊതുവായ പിതൃസ്വത്തുള്ളതായിട്ടാണ് ഞാൻ കാണുന്നത്. ഭാവിയിലെ യുവാക്കന്മാരുടെ ഉദ്ദേശം ഒരു നവീനസാമ്രാജ്യവും ഉണ്ടാക്കിത്തീർക്കേണ്ടതിന്നാണ്.” എന്നാൽ ഇങ്ങിനെയുള്ള ഒരു പ്രവൃത്തി ഇന്ത്യയിലെ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു അനുകരിക്കത്തക്കവണ്ണം പ്രാധാന്യമുള്ളതല്ല? സുരോജിനീദേവി അതിനുമുമ്പായ ഒരു രാഷ്ട്രനേതാവായെന്നു നമ്മൾ മറക്കരുത്. എന്നാലും സാമ്രാജ്യസംസ്കൃതയോജ്യമായ ചട്ടങ്ങൾക്കു വഴങ്ങുന്നതിന്നു അവർക്കു മടയില്ല.

ഇതിനും പുറമേ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു സാമ്രാജ്യപദ്ധതികളിൽ ഏറ്റെടുക്കാൻ സൗകര്യം കൂട്ടും ഉണ്ട്. മുസ്സാലീനി പ്രഭു ഇതിനെപ്പറ്റി താഴെ പറയുംപ്രകാരം പറഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു. “ഗുഹത്തിന്നു പുറമേയോണെങ്കിലും വളരെ എളിയവരുടെ കൂട്ടത്തിൽനിന്നു തുടങ്ങി അതിബുദ്ധിമതികളും സ്ഥാനപ്രേരണകളും ആയ സ്ത്രീകൾവരെ എല്ലാവർക്കും അതിവിശേഷമായവിധത്തിൽ അപരവർക്കുള്ള സ്വതന്ത്രസിദ്ധബുദ്ധിയേയും സാമത്വ്യത്തേയും ഉപയോഗിക്കാനായി ഒരു രംഗം വെളിച്ചമായിരിക്കേണ്ടതുണ്ട്. അതാണ് സാമ്രാജ്യപദ്ധതിയുടെ സേവനം. ധർമ്മം, സ്നേഹം മുതലായി സ്ത്രീ സ്വഭാവത്തിന്നു പ്രത്യേകിച്ചും അനുയോജ്യമായ ഗുണങ്ങൾ ഇതിലേക്കു വളരെ വിലയേറിയവയും ഒഴിച്ചുകൂടാൻ പാടില്ലാത്തവയുമാണ്.” ഗാന്ധീജിവിഷയങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു ശിഥിലങ്ങളായ വിഷയങ്ങളിലേയ്ക്കു ഇറങ്ങുവാൻ അത്ര എളുപ്പമല്ല. എന്നാലും രണ്ടാമത്തെ ഇനത്തിൽപ്പെട്ട കാര്യങ്ങളെ സംബന്ധിച്ച ഗുഹജോലിയും, തോക്കന്മാർ, കുട്ടികൾ ഇവരുടെ സംരക്ഷണജോലിയും ഒഴിച്ചുള്ള ചില പ്രവൃത്തികളെപ്പറ്റി നമുക്കു കാച്ചു ചിന്തിക്കാം.

പതിനാലും ഇരുപതും വയസ്സുകൾക്കു മദ്ധ്യേയുള്ള പെൺകുട്ടികളുടെ പരിശീലനം അധ്വാനിക്കേണ്ടത് അത്യാവശ്യമാണെന്നു കല്പിക്കുന്ന സർവ്വകലാശാലയിലെ ഒരംഗമായ മിസ്സിസ് പി. കെ. ദേ പറഞ്ഞതായിക്കാണുന്നു. “ഇന്ത്യയിലെ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു സഹജമായതും പഴയകാലത്തിൽനിന്നു പരമ്പരയായി കിട്ടിയതുമായ സ്വഭാവങ്ങൾ നിലനിർത്തണമെങ്കിൽ ചില കാര്യങ്ങളെപ്പറ്റി യുവതികൾക്കു പതിനഞ്ചു വയസ്സ് കഴിയുന്നതിന്നു മുമ്പെ നാം ശ്രദ്ധവേക്കേണം” എന്നാണ് ആ മഹതി പറഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നത്.

ഇതു വാസ്തവമല്ലെ. ഇന്ത്യയിലെ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു അനുയോജ്യമായതും അവർക്കു നല്ലപോലെ സഹായിക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നതുമായ ഒരു പ്രവൃത്തിയാണിത്.

രോഗികളും ക്ഷീണിച്ചവരും അംഗഹീനന്മാരും സഹായിക്കപ്പെടേണ്ടവരാണ്. ആസ്ത്രികളിൽ പരിചരിക്കുകയും ആവശ്യമാണ്. നഗരശുചീകരണം, ആരോഗ്യരക്ഷ മുതലായകാര്യങ്ങളെപ്പറ്റി ഉപദേശിക്കാനും വേണ്ടതു പ്രവർത്തിക്കാനും ആളുകൾ വേണം. നമ്മുടെ ജേയിലുകളിൽ നമുക്കു പലേ പ്രവൃത്തികളും ചെയ്യാനുണ്ട്. സ്ത്രീകൾ രാജ്യത്തിലെ പാർലിമെൻ്റ്സഭയിൽ ഒന്നാമതായി തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെട്ട സെനോറീതാ വിക്ടോറിയ കെൻട്ട് എന്ന മഹതി ചെയ്തു കാര്യങ്ങൾ നോക്കുക. 1931-ൽ അവർ സ്ത്രീകളിലെ ജെയിൽ ഡിപാർട്ട്മെൻ്റിൽ പ്രധാന ഉദ്യോഗസ്ഥയായി തിരഞ്ഞെടുക്കപ്പെട്ടു; അവർ ആ പ്രവൃത്തി വളരെ ധൈര്യത്തോടെ നടത്തി. അവർ ജേയിലുകളെല്ലാം വളരെ വൃത്തിയാക്കി തടവുകാർ അന്യോന്യം സഹായം ചെയ്യേണ്ടുന്ന നിയമങ്ങൾ ശരിപ്പെടുത്തി അവർ തന്നെ കുറ്റവാളികളുടെയും, കള്ളന്മാരുടെയും ഇടയിൽ ചെന്ന് ചേന്ന് സഹതപിച്ചു. നമ്മൾക്കെല്ലാവർക്കും അവർക്കു കിട്ടിയ അവസരം കിട്ടിയില്ലെന്നു വന്നേക്കാം. എന്നാൽ നമ്മളിൽ ഓരോരുത്തർക്കും ശിക്ഷ അനുഭവിച്ചു കിടക്കുന്ന ഈമാതിരി സാധുക്കളെ സഹായിക്കാൻ വല്ലതും ചെയ്യാൻ സാധിക്കുന്നതാണ്.

പിന്നെ കൃഷിജോലിയെപ്പറ്റി ആലോചിക്കേണ്ടതാണ്. സർക്കാർ ഉദ്യോഗത്തെയാണ് ഇക്കാലത്തു കൃഷിപ്രവൃത്തിയെക്കാൾ ഇഷ്ടപ്പെടുന്നത്; എന്നാൽ ഇതിന്നു സംഗതിയെന്താണ്? കൃഷിപ്രവൃത്തിയല്ലെ അധികം സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യം ഉള്ളതും, ആരോഗ്യത്തെ കൊടുക്കുന്നതും അധികം സന്തോഷകരവുമായ പ്രവൃത്തി? ഫെർഫിററ് ലർ നഗരങ്ങളിലുള്ള തൊഴിലാളികളെ കൃഷിപ്രവൃത്തിയിൽ ഏല്പടുത്തിയ വർത്തമാനത്തെപ്പറ്റി വായിച്ചപ്പോൾ എനിക്ക് വളരെ സന്തോഷം തോന്നി. വിസ്തീർണ്ണമായ ഭൂസ്വത്തുക്കളെ ചെറുതാക്കി പിരിച്ചു പരിചയംകൂടിയ ആളുകളെ ഓരോ സ്ഥലങ്ങളിലും താമസിപ്പിച്ച് ഈ പ്രവൃത്തിയിൽ പതുതായി ഏല്പടുന്നവരെ പഠിപ്പിക്കാനായി അദ്ദേഹം നിശ്ചയിച്ചു. ഇപ്രകാരമുള്ള സഹകരണംകൊണ്ടു വീടുകളും യന്ത്രങ്ങളും സ്കൂളുകളും പട്ടണൽ കൃഷിസ്ഥലങ്ങളും ചൂളസ്ഥലങ്ങളും ഉള്ളതായ അതിമനോഹരങ്ങളായ കൃഷിസ്ഥലങ്ങൾ ഉണ്ടായി തീർന്നു. ഇതുമാതിരിയുള്ളവ ഇന്ത്യയിലും നമുക്കുണ്ടാക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കും. അതു തുടങ്ങിവെക്കാനുള്ള സമർത്ഥന്മാർ ഉണ്ടായാൽ മതി. എന്നാൽ തൊഴിലില്ലായ്മ എന്ന ദുഃഖത്തെ ഏതാനും ഇല്ലായ്മചെയ്യാൻ സാധിക്കും.

പിന്നെയുള്ളതു മൃഗന്മാരെ പഠിപ്പിക്കുവാൻ അവസരംകൊടുക്കുന്ന വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ ഡിപ്പാർട്ട്മെൻ്റ്റാണ്. ഈ പ്രവൃത്തിയിൽതന്നെ ശുദ്ധ ചെലുത്തി അധഃകൃതന്മാരായവരിൽ ജീവശൈലി മുഴുവനും നയിക്കുവാൻ സാധിക്കുന്ന സ്ത്രീകളാണ് നമുക്കു വേണ്ടതു. ഒൻഫിയിലെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസ നേതാവിൻ്റെ ഒരു മുന്നറിയിപ്പിനെപ്പറ്റി എനിക്ക് വളരെ അത്ഭുതം തോന്നി. അത് ഇപ്രകാരമായിരുന്നു. “വിദ്യാഭ്യാസം സംസ്കൃതം അസംസ്കൃതം

അയ്യോ ജനങ്ങളെ അകറ്റി ഭാവിയിലെ രാഷ്ട്രങ്ങളുടെ സുഖനേതൃത്വത്തെ അപകടത്തിലാക്കുകയും സ്ത്രീ പുരുഷന്മാർ തമ്മിലും വേർപാടുണ്ടാക്കി ഗൃഹത്തിലുള്ള സഹകരണത്തെയും അതു ദുഃഖത്തിലാക്കുന്നു. ഈ വേർപാട് അധികരിക്കാതിരിപ്പാൻ നാം ചെയ്യേണ്ടതായ ഏക സൂത്രം സംസ്കാരത്തിൽ താഴ്ന്ന പദ്ധതിയിലിരിക്കുന്നവരായ സ്ത്രീകളേയും മൃഗന്മാരായ സാമാന്യജനങ്ങളേയും വേഗത്തിൽ മുന്നോട്ടു കൊണ്ടുവരികയാണ്.” ഈ സാമാന്യ ജനതയിൽപ്പെട്ടവരാണ് അധഃകൃതർ അല്ലെങ്കിൽ ഹരിജനങ്ങൾ എന്നു പറയുന്നത്.

ഈ പ്രവൃത്തി സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു പ്രത്യേകിച്ചു അനുയോജിച്ചതല്ലേ? ഈ അധഃകൃത വർഗ്ഗങ്ങളെ ഉദ്ധാരണം ചെയ്യുന്നതിൽ സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു പലതുംചെയ്യാൻ സാധിക്കും. തൊഴിലുകളിൽ ഏല്പിട്ടിരിക്കുന്ന 25 വയസ്സായിട്ടുള്ള അക്ഷരവിദ്യയില്ലാത്ത സ്ത്രീ പുരുഷന്മാരെ അവരവരുടെ ഗൃഹങ്ങളിൽ വെച്ചു സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു പഠിപ്പിക്കാനുള്ള ഏല്പാടുകൾ ചെയ്യാം. അവരുടെ ഗൃഹങ്ങൾക്കടുത്തുള്ള പുറച്ചേരികളിൽ പോയി സാധുക്കളായിട്ടും അധഃകൃതരായിട്ടും ഇടചേർന്നു അവരെ സഹായിക്കാം. ശരിയായിട്ടുള്ള സൗഹൃദവും ശ്രദ്ധയും അവരോടു കാണിച്ചാൽ അവർ അതിൽ വളരെ സന്തോഷത്തോടുകൂടിയും വേഗത്തിലും യോജിക്കും.

സ്ത്രീകൾക്കു അവരുടെ വേലക്കാരോടു എപ്പോഴും ദയയുള്ളവരായിരുന്നു അവരെ നല്ലതായും ശുചിയായുമുള്ള നടപടികളിൽ ഏല്പടുത്താൻ സാധിക്കും. ഇതുപോലെ തന്നെ അവരുടെ കുട്ടികളേയും നയിക്കണം. ശുചിത്വത്തെപ്പറ്റി ശ്രദ്ധവെക്കുന്നതു അത്ര എളുപ്പമായ കാര്യമല്ല. ഒന്നാമതായി ചിലപ്പോൾ തെറ്റിയാണെന്നും മുഷിച്ചിലും ഇതുകൊണ്ടുണ്ടായിത്തീരുന്നു. അതിന്നും പുറമെ ഇടവിടാതെയുള്ള പരിശീക്ഷണം ഈ കാര്യത്തിൽ അത്യാവശ്യമായിവരുന്നു. അതുകൊണ്ടു അതിയായ ക്ഷമാശീലം ഇതിന്നു ആവശ്യമായിവരുന്നു.

ഒരു കാര്യം നമ്മൾ എപ്പോഴും ഓർമ്മിക്കേണ്ടതാണ്. മേലോട്ടു കയറുന്നതിനേക്കാൾ കീഴ്പ്പോട്ടു ഇറങ്ങുന്നതാണ് അധികം എളുപ്പം എങ്കിലും നമ്മൾ എല്ലാവരും ഇതിൽ ആദ്യത്തെ നയത്തെതന്നെ നമ്മുടെ എല്ലാ ജീവിത വ്യാപാരങ്ങളിലും അനുകരിക്കാൻ നമ്മൾ ബദ്ധശ്രദ്ധരായിരിക്കണം.

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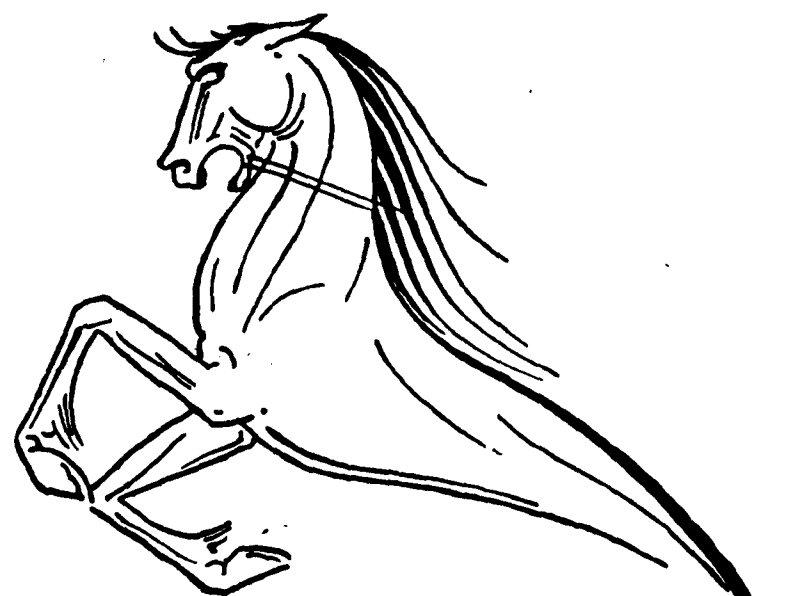
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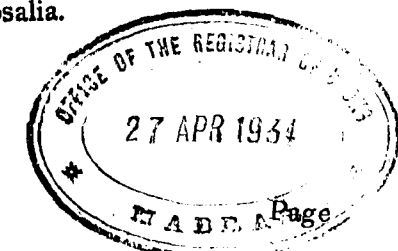
The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol :—VII.

No. 2

Illustrations:—'Revelation' the Ladies' Club at Delhi; the *Sabapathy Orchestra*; Mrs. H. M. Desai; Miss S. H. Gosalia.

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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

The Indian Ladies' Magazine was started in 1901, discontinued in 1918, and republished in 1927. It is the main purpose of 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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THE SOUL'S EVEREST

With bated breath, the continents regard
A band of heroes toiling up the crest,
Through howling tempests, blizzard storms that guard,
The solitude of hoary Everest
Though buffeted and beaten oft,
They hold their weathered flag aloft,
And, if some perish in the fight,
Undaunted, others charge the height.

There is a peak in every human heart,
More formidable than Himalaya's pride!
Yet, to each one who plays a manly part,
Though oft he sink, or down the mountain slide,
The conquest's sure, without a cost,
Save, sacrifice of Self, that must
Hold on to that invisible line
Which stretches from a Hand Divine.

What honour and applause the world can dower!
The mountaineering hero, whose grand soul
Unquenched by terrors of grim Nature's power
Attains at length the long-coveted goal,
That goal, which with undying fame
Blazons the dauntless victor's name,
Yet leaves mankind at large no more
Spirit up-lifted than before.

The earth has other heroes toiling up,
On hand and knee, the Everest within,
Through raging blast, o'er treacherous crag and slope,
The heaven-reaching pinnacle to win:
These draw our souls with chords of love,
A higher, nobler life to prove,
Yet, for these greater conquerors here,
Earth can no praise nor laurels spare.

H. KAVERI BAI

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By The Rev. A. B. Johnston, Principal Noble College, Masulipatam

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

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Poetry, said Mathew Arnold, is 'a criticism of life;' perhaps it can be better called an *interpretation* of life. Shakespeare has had an enormous number of commentators interpreting his plays and his attitude to life. They are so packed with infinite suggestions, that we cannot fail to profit by considering the philosophy of life found in them.

In dramas, where the poet never speaks in *propria persona*, we cannot expect to find a clear-cut philosophy of life, such as we are given, for example, in Browning's *Death in the Desert*.

'For life with all it means of joy and pain,
And hope and fear (believe the aged friend)
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning
love.'

Nevertheless, when a poet states that he holds the mirror up to nature, we ought to be able to see something of what nature means to him.

In Shakespeare's early plays, he seems to have accepted life in the main as something to be enjoyed. He was no Puritan. He shone out in London as a new star with *Venus and Adonis*, a passionate cavalier poem by contrast with the Puritan tone of Spenser. He had not yet set himself to examine life and its darker deeper mysteries. That he does in the great tragedies from 1601 to 1606. The later romances show us something of Shakespeare's solution for the problems of life.

Let us look first of all at *King Lear*, which suggests many problems, and consider the interpretations of life found in that mighty drama.

The first impression is probably of the extraordinarily evil quality of Edmund, Oswald, Cornwall, Goneril and Regan, and almost inevitably we ask why it should be so.

Then the pathetic deaths of Cordelia and Lear add to that impression of an evil fate brooding over the play and inspiring Swinburne to say that Aeschylus has more hope than Lear, while he quotes as 'the keynote of the whole poem' the words of Gloucester:

'As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport.'

If that were true, *King Lear* would be, as Swinburne said, profoundly pessimistic. Life would not be worth living when a human being is the careless sport of ruthless gods. Swinburne is a poet interpreting a poet, and to be treated with respect; but not with too much respect because he was a very weak man. Is a pessimistic fatalism the total impression of *King Lear*? We may admit the extremely evil quality of Edmund, Oswald, Cornwall, Goneril and Regan; but, on the other side, we must not forget the selfless loyalty and self-sacrifice of Edgar, Kent, and Cordelia, nor the loyalty of Gloucester, tragic as were its consequences. Where did such qualities come from?

One world, one universe produces both, the evil and the good. The evil is extreme: but so is the good. Lear and Cordelia die; but they were reconciled first; and Cordelia willingly gave her life for Lear; and Lear apparently died in ecstasy, thinking she still lived. In death they were not divided. After all every one dies. And, if the good ones die, so do the villains of the piece: Cornwall, Oswald, Edmund, Goneril and Regan are all dead before Lear dies. Every evil character is dead. Two good men, Albany and Edgar, are left at the end of the play to rule the state. What are we to make of that? Evil is clearly destructive and self-destructive. Society seems

so constituted as not to rest until violent evil is eliminated. Is that pessimistic?

Again, men often talk much of the overwhelming influence of environment on character. But Edgar, Cordelia, Kent, Gloucester and the Fool remain loyal under the hardest and most adverse circumstances. The evil characters are most evil under the most favourable and prosperous circumstances. Man, then, is not merely subservient to his environment, but can rise above it or fall below it. Man is a wonderful piece of work for good or evil. That Shakespeare shows us.

Evil is seen as a kind of deadly malignant fever convulsing the body politic until it is eliminated from it. Goodness is natural, evil is unnatural. Edgar, Cordelia and Kent are taken as natural. Goneril, as Albany says, bemonsters her humanity; and so do Edmund, Cornwall and Regan.

This is a play of the strongest contrasts between the good group and the evil group, suggesting the Persian theology of the struggle between Oromasdes and Ahrimanes, the Good and the Evil spirit in the universe. It shows the tragic consequences of comparatively small faults, vanity in Lear, and youthful awkwardness and candour in Cordelia. With Lear's abounding generosity, these small weaknesses set free the forces of darkness in Goneril and Regan, which otherwise might have remained controlled and hidden. Freedom from constraint reveals the essential characters of the bad group. Then they become destructive and mutually destructive.

The wages of sin are death for Oswald, Edmund, Cornwall, Goneril and Regan. A principle of retribution seems somehow inherent in the world. But it does not work mechanically. The good suffer too. Gloucester is blinded for splendid loyalty to Lear, through his own misbegotten son. Good and evil threads are strangely intertwined in life. Lear and Cordelia both perish. Life is divinely and sacrificially seen as superbly beautiful, as well as demoniacally and selfishly ugly in *Lear*. Love and hate, sanity

and insanity, selfishness and sacrifice, all these are inextricably intermingled, until the burden of the mystery of life almost overwhelms the soul of the reader. His mind and spirit cannot comprehend the strange contrasts of the human world. One set of characters seems born from the depths of hell, another is enlightened with divine light and loyalty. Who can sum it all up? Shakespeare challenges and baffles our imaginations.

Yet we see Lear purified and redeemed by suffering, and Gloucester redeemed by suffering. Their inward eyes are opened, when all around is dark. Edgar again is purified and ennobled by suffering. The crisis calls out the latent nobility of the easy-going Albany, and he rises to the need.

Evil, we see, as wasted perverted good. If only the fiery energy of Edmund and Goneril had been guided by a good will, how great they might have been. Even in the evil, there is a sense of the infinite possibilities of good, as well as the deadly possibilities of evil. Man is seen as a high explosive, glorious under the sway of love and holiness and loyalty: devilish and destructive under the control of selfish nature.

The play emphasises human responsibility, and shows man as greater than circumstances. It is not pessimistic finally, but solemnly optimistic. In a larger sense than a nicely calculated poetic justice, righteousness does finally triumph, and it contains in itself the grace of life.

The play raises problems as to the nature of God or the gods. Sport and play, though suggested as the attitude of the gods to men are put on one side. Retribution is noted again and again, in the deaths of Cornwall, Edmund, Goneril and Regan, and in the blinding of Gloucester.

After Edgar has mortally wounded Edmund in single combat, he says,

'My name is Edgar and thy father's son,
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.....
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes—'

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Edmund replies,

'Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.'
The justice of heaven is left as a dominant impression. Finally, the mystery of death is seen, and Lear is said to be better dead, or alive with Cordelia, perhaps in another world, rather than stretched out any more upon the rack of this tough world. Shakespeare shows the mystery, which only the experience of death can solve.

The world which Shakespeare depicts is often a wilder world than one of poetic justice. In *King Lear* the catastrophe is not dramatically inevitable, but almost accidental. Cordelia might easily have been saved, and with her Lear too. But then Shakespeare would not have so strained the imaginations of his audience. Now we are left asking 'why these hard hearts? why Goneril? why Regan?'

Nahum Tate shows us how the play can be turned into a pretty romance with poetic justice and a happy ending, Cordelia marrying Edgar and living happily ever after—for some time anyway.

The different characters have different theological solutions for the muddle of the universe, and set the imaginations of their audience at work on the problem, whether the universe is ruled at all or not, and if so whether by a God of justice or by a mocking selfish God?

Kent, loyal and faithful, but rather tactless and stupid, says,

'It is the stars, the stars above us govern our conditions.'

If the stars are inanimate, that is a very materialistic attitude of mind. If the stars are conceived as animated beings, it is a polytheistic turn of mind. In any case it is not worth much. Edgar, Cordelia, Kent, the fool, Albany, are good, despite all difficulties and adversities; while the evil Edmund, Goneril, Regan, Oswald, are evil in spite of all prosperity and good fortune.

Shakespeare lets Edmund criticise the astrological faith, which Gloucester holds as well as Kent.

'These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us', says Gloucester. Edmund, as soon as Gloucester goes out, says, 'This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers by the spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on!'

Edmund, the bastard or natural son of Gloucester, disinherited by the laws of the world or society, says,

'Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law my services are bound. Wherefore should I stand in the plague of custom? Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land...'

Now, gods, stand up for bastards.'

He would agree with Tago in *Othello*, 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus?'

Gloucester, on the other hand, says, as I have quoted,

'As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods.'

They kill us for their sport'; but he realises finally how his own sin has found him out, when Edmund, his sinfully-begotten son, has proved treacherous to him, and betrayed him to Cornwall and Regan, to have his eyes put out.

Edgar emphasises to Edmund the justice of the gods.

Edmund, as he lies dying on the ground, agrees that there is somehow a righteous judgment in the universe, and he is convicted of evil by it.

The blinded wretched Gloucester, when about, as he thinks, to commit suicide, kneels, and says,

'O you mighty gods!'

This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great affliction off.'

Edgar persuades him that he has been miraculously saved to live, and so he is content to wait in patience,

'You ever-blessed gods, take my breath from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.'

King Lear interprets the storm as God's messenger to sinners, and learns sympathy by his own pain. He sends the Fool into the hut for shelter before entering himself, and thinks of the poor.

'Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm.'

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.'

Gloucester is pictured as learning the same lesson of sympathy. In his blind wretchedness, he offers his purse to poor Tom (who is his son Edgar in disguise).

'Here take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see,

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.'

So Lear and Gloucester learn in affliction to love their neighbour as themselves, and feel nearer to heaven in so doing.

When Cornwall and Regan put out Gloucester's eyes, the servants feel that Divine justice must punish such wickedness, or else the world would be surrendered to evil. When the servant has killed Cornwall, and Albany hears of Cornwall's death, he says,

'This shows you are above,

You Justicers, that these, our nether crimes, so speedily can verge.'

And similarly, when Regan and Goneril are dead by poison and the knife, he says, 'This judgment of the heaven that makes us tremble touches us not with pity.'

These constant references to religious powers exercise a powerful effect on the imagination, impressing on it that this world is only part of a greater world, a world of spiritual verities and realities.

(To be Continued)

PASSING PLEASURES

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer, or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back—'t were vain:
In this, or in some other spot
I know they'll shine again.

—Walter Savage Landor

TWO WOMEN FROM LEGENDARY GREECE

The ancient Greeks believed in a supreme ruler of the world controlling the fortunes of men and punishing them when they went wrong. But the various forms and guises, in which they conceived this ruler, were taken from the natural world around them. Their *pantheon* was filled with twelve major and a host of minor deities and also great heroes fabled as sons of Gods. Wonderful legends were woven around them, and though in historic times the legends lost considerably in credence, many ignorant people still continued to believe them as something very real. The literature of Greece was saturated as much with such legends, as with politics and social ethics. During the palmy days of Athens, associated with the name of Pericles, the theatre held the place which the pulpit and the press occupy in modern times. To the Periclean age belonged the greatest names of the Athenian drama, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, whose united careers covered the period of the rise and fall of the Athenian Empire. They were tragic poets of undying reputation and are indissolubly knit together, although there was little in common between them. Euripides, the youngest of them, presented the greatest contrast to the other two. He was the most pathetic and human, though he lacked the grandeur of Aeschylus and the moral earnestness of Sophocles. Like the other two, he drew his characters from the legendary history of Athens, but he had neither the mysticism of the one, nor the delight in beauty of the other. The injustice of the woman's lot touched him to the heart, and the central character of his play was usually a woman.

The plays of Euripides, which bear the names of Iphigenia and Electra, the brave and noble daughters of Agamemnon, were of uncommon interest, as no other charac-

ters were so lovingly and profoundly studied in the whole range of Greek tragedy. They were of interest also because of the position held by women in Athens in the age of Pericles, a position different from that of women in the Homeric age. In Homeric times, about the ninth century B.C., women in Greece were free and, were nearly on an equal footing with men, except in war. They were not, as they were seven centuries later, prisoners at home bound by innumerable "Don'ts." But a girl of the Periclean times could not go out except under strict supervision; and, even as a married woman, she had little freedom and was never the companion of her husband.

Long long ago, a contention arose among three Goddesses, Hera, Aphrodite and Athene, in which each claimed to be the fairest. They submitted their case for decision to Paris, a tall, strong and beautiful shepherd tending his sheep on mountain slopes in the city of Troy in Asia Minor. As all the three seemed to Paris more wonderful than anyone he had seen, he stood silent, unable to decide. Each of the three then began to tempt him, Hera with power and glory; Athene with renown in war, honour in life and splendour in death; and Aphrodite with the fairest wife in Greece. But, none of the other incentives were so easy for the simple shepherd boy to understand as that of the fairest wife in Greece. He, therefore, decided in favour of Aphrodite, to the great dissatisfaction of Hera and Athene, who angrily vowed that he should rue the day on which he had made his choice.

Paris was in reality not a shepherd boy, but a son of a King of Troy who had been cast out at birth as a child of ill omen; and the fairest wife in Greece was Helen, the wife of Menelaus, the King of Sparta, in the

country of Hellas. Assisted by Aphrodite, Paris went over to the fair land of Hellas, "tricked out with gold and oriental dyes, gaudy with barbaric elegance"; and, playing a mean trick on Menelaus, he persuaded Helen to run away with him. Menelaus went raving through Hellas, calling on all kings to avenge the cruel wrong to him. The kings in answer gathered their men and chariots and ships in Aulis and chose for their leader, Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus and the husband of Clytemnestra, Helen's sister.

A thousand ships had gathered in Aulis from every coast of Hellas, but there fell on the great host severe storms, and they despaired of sailing. The captains fretted angrily. The arch-priest declared that Artemis, the Goddess of Aulis, demanded a sacrifice and that that sacrifice should be Iphigenia, the eldest daughter of Agamemnon! The demand of Artemis was not unreasonable, for had not Agamemnon vowed twice seven years before that "whatever birth most fair by day or night the year should bring," it should be paid to "Her that bringeth light"; and had not that very year his queen borne a child who was the most fair of all? Agamemnon was too affectionate a father to kill his daughter, and, rather than go over to Troy and avenge the abduction of Helen, he wished to disperse the host and return home. But Menelaus pleaded strongly with him and persuaded him to send for Iphigenia on pretence of marrying her in Aulis to Achilles. After a time, Agamemnon repented his rashness and countermanded his order. But it was of no avail. Agamemnon broke down and wept when he was told that Clytemnestra had come with Iphigenia, believing in his pretence. His outburst harrowed the souls of even the by-standers, and it would have been highly unnatural if a brother's heart had remained unmoved. Menelaus relented when he saw his strong brother in tears. Iphigenia's death now appeared to him to be too great a sacrifice for winning back his faithless wife. But, so far had things gone that it was certain that the united armies of Achaia would rise in

mutiny, were they ordered to disperse. The high priest and the captain would not hesitate to rouse the crowd Iphigenia should therefore be sacrificed at all costs.

Achilles, who was in the dark concerning the plan of Agamemnon, met Clytemnestra by chance and the meeting ended in both learning the truth. When he met Clytemnestra, Achilles at first exclaimed, "Who may you be to venture among the assembled hosts of Achaia?" When she drew him on to talk, he curtly said "Briefly and to the purpose. I may not rightly hold converse with noble women." Again, when she offered her right hand to him, he remarked with horror "What words? Join my hand? Such wrong to king Agamemnon was unthinkable". Nevertheless, Clytemnestra threw herself at the feet of Achilles and made a pathetic appeal to him to save her daughter. When, moved by the appeal, Achilles promised help, Clytemnestra wished to have her daughter called to make her appeal personally. But Achilles checked her, saying, "Queen, do not call your daughter. Do nothing to cause ignorant tongues to chatter mischief and scandal."

Even Achilles, however, could not free Iphigenia from the net that fate had entangled her in. He frankly told Clytemnestra subsequently that the army to a man demanded the sacrifice and that he could not hope to subjugate the mob. Iphigenia now resigned herself to her fate. But, "when they took her and above the altar flame held, and the sword was swinging to the gash, lo, out of their vision in a flash Artemis wrapped her, leaving in her place a deer to bleed; and on through a great space of shining sky up bore, and in the town of Tauris, the unfriended, set her down; where over a savage people savagely king Troas ruled."

It may be observed here that the behaviour of Achilles to Clytemnestra and the resignation of Iphigenia to her fate are only illustrative of the manners of the times of Euripides, when a woman might not entertain her husband's guests at home, and when individual and family sentiments

were expected to yield to the needs of the state.

A woman, who toiled to be fair when her lord was far away, was surely false within. Agamemnon had gone from Aulis, and Iphigenia had joined the Immortals. Clytemnestra returned to Argos and daily sat at the looking glass, counting her golden hair, tress by tress! She made over her heart to Aegisthus, her husband's cousin. She prayed that Agamemnon might not return. When she learned that the Trojans were strong, her face lit up with brightness. When news spread that Troy seemed to fall, a swift cloud settled on her eyes. After ten long years, Agamemnon returned, "smiting king Priam in the dust and burning the storied streets of Ilium." He heaped the tower and fane of Argos high with the spoils of the East, but only to be trapped and slain soon after by his wife. He, therefore, stood no more between his false wife and her lover. Still there were his children, Electra and Orestes, "unblown buds of man and womanhood" on whom the hand of Aegisthus must fall. Fortunately for the boy, an old slave, who had served Agamemnon's boyhood, stole Orestes and "bore him away over seas far off." As for Electra, she was left alone until "the warm days of womanhood drew nigh and suitors came of gentle blood."

With Electra as a princess, there was the danger of her father's death being avenged. Aegisthus wished, therefore, to have her slain. But Clytemnestra was after all a woman and not a monster. She pleaded for her daughter's life. Aegisthus yielded. But he gave Electra to a peasant to wed and decreed that, whoever found Orestes and killed him, should be richly rewarded. Clytemnestra and Aegisthus then rested on the throne of Argos with the spoils of Troy to gladden their hearts.

But, how long shall vice wield the sceptre and Divine justice lie in the dark? In God's wisdom, there is no time limit; retribution is certain, however long it tarries. The peasant, who married Electra, was not base

of blood, though poor in land and gold. He knew the end sought by her marriage to him, and nobly resolved to be her husband only in name.

An unexpected meeting took place one early dawn between Electra and a young man, whom she soon came to recognise as her brother. Orestes had come with faithful friends to avenge his father's death; and the brother and sister entered into a plot to kill Aegisthus and Clytemnestra, which succeeded. But the horrible deed was execrated. The matricide was voted deserving of punishment. Haunted by the furies, Orestes reeled through Hellas, and wandered homeless from land to land, until Apollo sent him to Athens to take his trial before the Gods. At Athens, Phoebus bade him set sail for Tauris and bring from thence to Attica the divine image of Artemis.

So Orestes arrived along with his companion at the very place to which Iphigenia had been transported from Aulis. She was now the priestess of Artemis in her temple and entrusted with the duty of preparing victims for sacrifice. For long it had been the custom to sacrifice strangers cast upon the Tauric shores. So far, only barbarians had come. Iphigenia had waited half in horror and half in rage for the day when she should sacrifice a Greek. Orestes and his friend were the first Greeks to be dragged to the temple and handed over to the priestess. An interesting conversation ensued between her and the two young men, in the course of which it became clear who Orestes was. Iphigenia devised a daring and skilful plan for the escape of all the three to Athens, together with the image of Artemis. The plan did not fail, and Orestes reached Attica with the image. There, at the command of Athena, he built a temple and called it after the Tauric land, in commemoration of his sorrows and wanderings. Then the curse laid on him passed away and he returned to his father's country to ascend the throne. Electra had already married his faithful friend and Iphigenia became the warden of the temple built by him at Athens.

Though born of the same parents, circumstances made Electra and Iphigenia different in their feelings toward them. Electra hated her mother and loved her father. Iphigenia loved her mother and did not know

that she loved her father. But, both were alike in their love for their brother. In their troubles, they expected him to save them and they were not disappointed.

I. D. TANGASWAMI

THE "BACHELOR GIRL"

A special feature of the modern age is "the Bachelor Girl." Independent, efficient and keen on her work, she is capable of leading a happy free life, without for ever being on the look-out for a husband. On looking back through the ages, however, were un-married independent women so very uncommon in the days of our ancestors? As Miss Picton-Turbervill said in the *Daily Mirror*, "there have been bachelor girls ever since the days of Hypatia, the bachelor girl philosopher who lectured in Alexandria early in the Christian era and was torn to pieces by jealous monks. Indeed, they flourished long before the days of Hypatia."

The fact cannot be denied, however, that bachelor girls are much more common in modern days. Europe is replete with them. There may have been many un-married ladies in Victorian times; but they could not have exactly been termed "Bachelor girls," for they were more or less dependent on their families and would never have thought of staying by themselves and living independent lives. To quote Miss Picton-Turbervill again, "As a rule, whether she liked it or not, she lived with a family—it was more respectable to do this, than to have a room of her own." Dame Ethel Smyth—a bachelor girl in those days—tells in her book, *Impressions that remain*, how a girl student in Germany had to live with a family, whether she liked it or not; her good name depended on her doing so.

Today, however, there are flats in Europe where girls can live a perfectly independent life. These flatlets are furnished and contain everything desirable. They are rather delectable abodes; "the beds are beds, sideboards and tables all in one! The armchair is an armchair, sofa and bootbox all in one. The room is centrally heated, each one having a wee pantry attached, which possesses—think of the luxury—a refrigerator."

The "bachelor girl" in Europe, is therefore very well off. Conditions in India, however are different. It is chiefly during the past few years that Indian girls are becoming independent and learning to fend for themselves. Many of them, who are educated and can earn their own livelihood, do not go husband-hunting, or refuse to have matches arranged by their families for them. It is essential, therefore, that such Indian bachelor girls should have comfortable places to stay in. Hostels are used in many cases; but girls prefer to run their own abodes, and so, even in Victorian India, flats and flatlets are coming into their own. It will be a bright day for India, indeed, when girls live independent lives, as they do in Europe. What surer way is there for woman asserting her rights, than by showing to man that she can do without him? Her value is at once raised, and, when man sees that a woman is not to be had cheap, her worth will naturally increase.

ROHINI

STREETS OF PEKING

STREETS OF PEKING

59

Peking is a city of all ages, of all cultures and races. It is a city of curious contrasts—as all large cities in the East are likely to be.

In this picturesque city of Peking, with its 4,800 hutungs (streets) live over a million and a half of Chinese. To walk on many of the streets of Peking is to see life. There are of course tree-lined, up-to-date, paved avenues; and there are intriguing, narrow, winding mud lanes; you will notice high-powered automobiles honking their way amidst *rickshas* (nearly fifty thousand of them), bicycles (over eighty thousand), donkey-carts and camels, large and young; khaki-clad alert policemen directing traffic at strategic points; swift-going buses that stop more often to let the wandering dog cross the streets than to take in passengers; and street cars jammed with people like sardines. Side by side, on the same thoroughfare, you see modern department stores and dinky little "variety" shops; and then again, in front of them, on the side-walks, you will find half-starved traders displaying on a white sheet of cloth pots and potteries, statues of ancient gods along with modern cutleries, pain-killers, ague-cures, combs, water-melon seeds, peanuts, old bottles, rags and rusty irons and what not. You will find old, delapidated, as well as finely-kept, Buddhist, Taoist, and Confucius temples and newly built churches—all proclaiming the glories of Buddha, Taotze, Confucius and Christ. And here and there are mosques in honor of the great founder of Islam. There are parks and gardens and palaces of exquisite charm and beauty (how unforgettable is the delicate sweep of a Chinese roof) along side-shacks of extreme ugliness. And there is the indescribable beauty of the Altar of Heaven, built of pure white marble, delicately carved and arranged in three graceful terraces, where the emperors of the Celestial Empire made obeisance to the only superior they acknowledged—Heaven.

The streets of a typical residential section of Peking reveal nothing of the beauty that

lies behind the ugly grey walls of brick or stone, that strike the eye of the visitor. But there are treasures within! You are led from one courtyard to another, full of trees and miniature gardens, until you reach the reception hall of a Chinese home, most tastefully decorated with objects of art. To the people of China, the exterior counts for nothing; vulgar display is not the characteristic of the race. Hence, there may be ugliness without, but there is beauty within.

Houses are one storey high. The blue dome of the skies and the green trees cover them. For this reason and the building plan of the homes as described above, Peking, in spite of its million and a half population, looks like a village. As you leave the street and enter a home and pass through the courtyards, green with trees, and aloof from noise, you feel as though you enter a country home!

Culturally, Peking is the city of cities in China. It is the seat of the National Library and the National University. With its 265 other educational institutions and scientific Foundations, it is easily the cultural centre of the Republic of China. Here is also the seat of one of the world's best medical institutions—a gift of the Rockefellers where the most up-to-date researches in the medical field are being done, amidst ancient practices of medieval "medicine men." There are newspapers and magazines published in the city, in Chinese, Japanese, English and in French. There are theatres, concerts, recitals, art exhibitions, both Chinese and foreign, every week; and there are socio-religious festivals almost everyday in some section of the metropolis where the gods and goddesses of the three religions (Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism) are willy-nilly worshipped amidst universal merriment, and where petty merchants sell their wares, jugglers jug and beggars beg and story tellers and children have their day—all in true Indian fashion! And a son of India really wonders whether he is in India or in China!

Out of the fairs again you find yourself in the streets of Peking. Jade street! Embroidery street! Lantern street! Flower street! Each street named after its trade. Trayfuls of green jade, white jade, black jade and jades of amber and rose; exquisite silk embroideries done in red, green and blue that can stand their own with similar work in Kashmere; rows upon rows of lovely lanterns of all sizes and shapes; and, flowers of every hue and fragrance!

Streets of Peking! In one of the main thoroughfares, Japanese soldiers march, four in file, singing lustily. Aggrieved and patriotism-fed Chinese look on! What marvellous self-control! In humbler hutungs, the children, with their short hair braided stiff and wrapped round with woollen threads of red and green and yellow, play and sing and cry "hallo" to the stranger passing by; or cluster around a huge earthen bowl where chestnuts are being roasted, eager to have a handful! And you see the mothers rushing out to drag the unwilling children in, mothers whose faces are kind and resolute, fit to face problems of a "big family", so that the children may not be tempted to buy sweets from the vendors. And one notices anytime, anywhere, men or women of all ages relishing steaming hot sweet potatoes, fat and long! One may also see occasionally modern little daughters of China smoking cigarettes and conversing with their bound-

feet (very scarce now-a-days) mothers or grandmothers!

Streets of Peking! What will they look like without the colorful fronts of their shops; the swing of the ricksha-pullers; the dust-laden beggars with timid hope in their eyes; here and there the solemn shadows of ancient trees; the pomp and splendour of marriage processions, very gay with multicolored banners and musicians dressed up in red, green and orange, playing indigenous and foreign instruments and beating drums of gold, while attendants carry on their shoulders the happy couple in gorgeously-covered sedan-chairs; the funerals which resemble a festive procession—thanks to the dictum of Confucius: "serve the dead as if they were living"—the whole function rather hopefully, though not cheerfully executed; and above, all, the street vendors with their sing-song cries, selling anything from sweets, dolls and kerosine oil to boiled cabbage, peanuts and potatoes!

This is Peking. At once ancient, medieval and modern; rooted firmly in her own culture, yet attempting to absorb whatever is agreeable (or disagreeable) in the civilization of the West. A man of China may be slow; yet, as he rides on a bicycle and drives a car, his speed is as fast as, if not faster than, elsewhere in the world.

HEMENDRA K. RAKHIT

THE NEST

From out the star-flowered bosom of the hush
Of night, the melodies of bird-songs come;
The morning breaks: the cheeks of heaven blush
Red. Light runs riot o'er the streams of life;
Unrest is abroad; love of action, strife
Pervades the mighty universe: and you,
My little bird, must also from your home
Wander. Your new-fledged wings impatient are
To try their little strength in th' vast afar.
But th' nest will hang upon this lonely tree
Empty and useless. Like a changeless star,
When day is done, will you return to me?
Take within you the morning's songs and light
And fill the nest with yourself in the night.

SUSI P. DAVID.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) The education of Women

The special sphere of women, as we have always been told, is home and domesticity. In any case, since woman has a special aptitude for home-making, she should learn about it. There are two branches in it. The first is domestic service. The *Stri-Dharma* lays emphasis on the following lines of it: "Nutrition and cooking, including dietetics, child-care, development and children's nursery, home-making and its management, textile, clothing and pattern-making, home economics, comprising the knowledge of shelter, housing and house-hold equipment, social problems, applied art with reference to the home and utilization of leisure hours." For such courses, we have now a few special institutions, such as Prof. Karve's All-India Women's University, Dr. Tagore's Women's College, the domestic science college at Delhi. Still, there are many more needed for such a vast population as that of India.

The second part of home-making is learning to be companions to men, more especially to husbands. It is a common cry now that educated Indian men cannot find suitable wives in India, for so many girls fall short of the necessary comradeship. Hence they turn often to foreign girls, which is a great pity. Now the chief desirability in the wife of an educated man is that she should share not only thoughts and ideals with her mate, but, also his place in society and the state. In many institutions for domestic science, the teaching of such companionship is not included. The art of conversation, of entertaining, of thoughtful consideration, is not at all inculcated. True, such things ought to be taught more at home than in school or college; but, where the old-fashioned Indian home has not got it, educational institutions must step in.

Are women however to be relegated only to a home-life? Are they not to take part in social and national life too? Surely, they must. There are so many

problems for them to tackle, sometimes along with men, sometimes by themselves. For this, training in sociology, in organization and in leadership is required. Moreover, it happens that there are now many Indian women, who cannot find husbands, and who therefore need to earn a livelihood for themselves. For this, they have to get vocational training of various kinds.

Therefore, technical education is needed to fit a woman for different spheres of life as enumerated above. And what else besides? Surely a good general education, which will not only enhance her womanhood, but which will make her fit for any sort of work she may undertake, or be placed in. This does not mean the passing of examinations alone, but inculcates a wide culture and knowledge. (There is an article in the *Stri-Dharma*, which advocates the idea that girls should be educated differently from boys. This is right; but it does not mean that the education given to boys should be denied to girls. Let those who are capable of taking the former, take it; for, if it fits the boys to carry on through life, it will do the same for girls of a certain type.) But the fact remains that University education is not suitable to all girls; and only those, who are capable of it, should take to it, as Miss de la Hey, Principal of Queen Mary's College in Madras, lately advised. There is no use of overstocking the market with graduates, who have just managed to scrape through; and who have no special aptitude for any work. A girl, therefore, should be helped to make a wise choice of the sort of education good for her. At the same time, she should be taught the right attitude towards higher education, which, like every other kind of education, should be understood to be, not merely a qualification for employment, but also, and chiefly, the enhancement of mental culture and efficiency. It does not matter whether it is used to earn a livelihood, or to give efficiency in one's sphere of life. Taken as such, education of any kind, can be



A Group Photograph taken on the Anniversary Day of the South Indian Ladies' Club at Delhi.

[Photo :—R. VENKOBABAO, Srirangam.]



AN ORCHESTRA IN THE FAMILY

The eight children of Mr. G. V. S. Sabapathy of the little town of Parit Buntar, Perak, Federated Malay States, have been taught to form a string band. The four eldest children play more than four instruments each, and the youngest four play two instruments each. This little orchestra known as "Sabapathy's Orchestra," plays classical and popular pieces and has often helped at concerts. The musical instructor, Mr. A. Martines of Penang, is seen in this picture, seated in the midst. We commend this idea of music in the home to families in India, suggesting of course that Indian music forms a large item in the programme.

useful to any person, man or woman. Training, for instance, in mathematics teaches exactitude and system; tuition in science inculcates reasoning as to causes and results, besides giving much, needed information; the study of literature of whatever nation enlarges the mind and increases culture. In their aims, men and women must co-operate with each other, not compete with each other, as so often happens, or be antagonistic to each other. After all, the objects and ideals of both must be the same, viz., to build up the structure of life, given to them by their Creator as their responsibility and privilege.

(2) The growth of Indian art

A very noteworthy function was the Women's Fine Arts Conference, held lately at Allahabad, under the Presidentship of Mrs. Sarla Devi Chowdhari. At this, not only was there a display of exhibits of fine arts; but also measures were discussed for the renewal of the lost Indian arts. "A master artist," it was laid down, "was a Yogi, meditation, absorption, concentration being the essence of his being." The culture of art was very necessary for the development of the soul; and it was the special work of women to foster the appreciation of beauty in nature and art. Resolutions were passed, advising the popularising of the teaching of music, dancing, painting and sculpture in educational institutions.

It is worthy of notice that the National Council of women in India has decided to hold an exhibition of Fine Arts and Handicrafts, at its Fourth Biennial Conference, which will be held in Bombay from the 13th to the 16th of March.

Such encouragement of art is indeed very important in India at the present movement. Above all, it is very necessary for women, who are after all "spiritually, emotionally and intellectually so constituted that the fine arts are to them the very breath of life." Therefore, as a means of livelihood, apart from being an agency for self-expression, art, in painting, decoration

and sewing must be cultivated by women, especially in these days, when there are so many women needing careers. As the *Times of India* said: "The women of India should take advantage of this general awakening of interest in Art and contribute their quota to its progress. Although the activity of women, particularly in India, is generally confined to the narrow sphere of the home, even there they can find opportunities for the development of their aptitude for Art. To make the home beautiful ought to be the ambition of every woman, who wants to take her rightful place in the social fabric. She should regard it as her privilege to enrich life by contributing to its beauty. Spiritually, emotionally, and intellectually, woman is so constituted that the fine arts are to her the very breath of life. With a little time and attention devoted to any branch of these Arts, she will not find it difficult to excel."

(3) A home of rescued women

All well-wishers of India will strongly endorse the appeal for funds, which appears in the *Stri Dharma* to provide homes for women rescued from brothels and for those who are in danger of being drawn to a life of dishonour. Now that some of the provisions of the act for the closing of brothels have come into force, the problem arises as to where to house the victims. Up to the age of 16, the Children's Aid Society provides for them; but after that, except for one or two homes run by the Salvation Army and by some good nuns, there is no shelter for such, for they cannot be mixed with other girls. In Calcutta and in Bombay, not only the Government, but the people in general also, are more alive to the need, for there are many such homes there. It is for the women of Madras to form organisations to induce all bodies to take an interest in this noble work. As the *Stri-Dharma* says: "unless we agree to take upon ourselves the voluntary burden of lifting these poor women out of the slough into which they have fallen, more often through over-power-

ing circumstances, this evil of immoral danger. In saving these helpless women, living will never be removed from our we will be serving ourselves, as well as midst, and while it exists we are all in them."

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. Then, she succeeds in another case, in which she is able to give back a lost daughter to her parents. In her third case, she discovers that a husband, thought dead, is not dead and restores him to happiness with his wife. In her fourth case, she is able to save a victim of religious fanaticism.)

Chapter X

Seshan went to Janaki one day with a rather serious face, and told her that the police were beginning to interest themselves in her activities.

"Can you wonder at that?" he asked, "after your last dealings with the temple-priest? Janaki, why not give it all up?"

"Oh, Seshan, can you really mean that after all our successes? You know what we are working for."

"Yes—yes, but cannot we collaborate at the same time with police authorities?"

"How can we? Our objects are quite different to theirs. They are working to detect

crime and catch the criminal. My—our—object is to help people out of trouble, even at the expense of hiding crime, or even of doing something wrong ourselves to get right done. Don't you see?"

"I do; but then the notoriety of it? People will soon begin talking about us."

"Let them."

"Why should they, Janaki? I don't like to see ourselves in the public eye, especially you, a woman. They will soon be dragging all our secrets from us."

"I have no secrets—or at least—I—," she stopped vaguely, her eyes large with a forgotten memory, about which she was ashamed.

"There you are, you see. You too have a secret. What is it?"

"Oh—nothing—just my step-mother—; but why do you ask? Didn't we promise to leave our pasts alone?"

"We did."

"But seriously, Seshan, tell me, will all this affect you badly? You said you had a past—a rather questionable one. Suppose, the police begin to nose it out? If you are in any way afraid, I shall certainly and gladly consent to retire into obscurity."

Seshan hesitated; but, happening to look at his wife, he caught a strange look in her eyes, which put him on his mettle. She seemed to be wondering anxiously about him, and yet there was a dawning look of disappointment and fear. She seemed to grieve for him, and yet be sorry she had to grieve. He braced himself.

"Go ahead, my child. Don't fear for me. If anything happens, I shall get my just deserts."

"Ah, but—"

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"Leave things alone, Janaki. You promised to, you know."

He went away, and Janaki sadly found herself recalling what she once had read in the Bible, that it was only people of darkness, who liked to be in darkness, who hated the light. But then, he was not afraid to come out into the light. And yet—She sighed.

A few days later, Seshan noticed her rather gloomingly absorbed in a letter. For a while, he kept silent; but his usually loquacious wife did not fulfil his expectations and blurt out her trouble. So, after a while, unable to see that look of sadness on her usually happy features, he asked her what the matter was.

"I wonder why most of us, Indian women, for the matter of that, all women, regard marriage as our goal in life. We seem to want nothing else."

"That's because you can't exist by yourselves. Physically, you need a protector! morally, you must lean on someone."

"Nonsense!"

"Yet, it is sense. Why else are women so happy in their homes? All this talk of equality with man is nonsense indeed. But, never mind that. What's worrying you now?"

"You remember Sarada, don't you, who came to help us in our second case two years ago, that affair about Nalini and her low-caste husband? Well, she also is married, and I have none left to help me."

"What about my worthy self?"

"You are a great help, but you are a man. Dash all women, I say, and their marriages!"

"But you yourself got married, my dear."

"I was driven to it."

"Indeed!"

"But that does not mean that I am unhappy. Of course not, you silly man!"

"What's wrong with Sarada's husband?"

"Nothing. It was a hastily-arranged match by the parents. I wonder why, having allowed her to remain unmarried so long, they should now hurry her into marriage. But Sarada seems to like the man and is happy. And she says she is still willing to help me, when she can."

"Why grouse then?"

"I don't like what she says about my other friend, Menaka. You know I told you she was married a little more than two years ago. Her husband was a very nice man, she said. A year ago, she was blessed with a lovely boy. She ought to be happy. But she isn't."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Sarada suggests my paying a visit to her. She is still in my old town, where Menaka also is. Shall I go?"

"What about your step-mother?"

"I believe she has gone on a visit to her sick father. So, the coast is clear."

"Must you go?"

"Don't you like to let me go? You must like to be by yourself sometimes. You know my theory that a husband and wife are happiest, when they separate from each other occasionally."

"And you wish to test it? And you are not at all sorry to leave me, you cold-blooded creature?"

"Are you sorry to leave me?"

"Estimate me by yourself, my child. You can go."

"Thank you."

Janaki did not stay with her father, but went to Sarada's house. From there she went to Menaka's place. And she was very glad that she had made up her mind to pay the visit; for the Menaka she found was not the one she had left. The sweet dignity of old had become mere sternness; the gentle stateliness had changed into solemnity; the deliberation was now hesitation; the thoughtfulness had become a sort of obstinacy; the sensitiveness had changed into irritability, which, under the rigorous self-control Menaka exercised, made her very nervous and all on edge as it were. And yet, through all the change, the old attraction was still apparent, but oh, how pathetic it was! It wrung Janaki's heart.

Menaka sat reserved and pre-occupied, and scarcely spoke, after the first few words of welcome, except to answer Janaki's many questions. To her little boy, a child of one year, she scarcely had anything to say. The little fellow

went to her but seldom, the girl noticed, which was but natural, considering the little notice she took of him. But the latter was sure that her friend was glad to see her; the welcome had been a genuine one.

"How long has she been like this?" she asked Sarada later.

"The change has been coming on slowly, I think, but became more apparent when she knew another baby was coming. That was about three months ago."

"Perhaps it is due to her condition."

"It may be so; but then it might lead to that madness, what do you call it, which comes at child-birth."

Then Janaki enquired about the husband, and found that he had gone out on a business tour for two or three days. He often had to make those excursions. There was nothing wrong about him. He was a perfect gentleman, and he loved his wife, but he too was unhappy about her.

Janaki, who knew her Menaka well, did not try to force her confidence, but did her best to restore the candid friendship of olden days. But to no purpose. The frigid Menaka remained as frigid as ever on the surface; though somehow Janaki thought that she did notice a little softening of her eyes. Had the thaw set in, she asked herself.

Yes, it had; for two days later came the sudden melting. It happened this way. Janaki was playing with the friendly child, who was indeed all too happy to be played with. To and fro they tossed a ball for a while; then began to build houses with bricks and cards. The child gurgled with happy laughter. After a while, however, he grew tired, crept into his friend's welcoming arms, and asked her to tell him a story. Janaki began a fascinating tale. Menaka was sitting by, pretending to sew, but in reality watching the pretty scene with gloomy eyes. Janaki wondered why they should be so. Into her own heart crept longings for a child of her own, to love, to cherish, to play with.

Suddenly, she heard a stifled exclamation from Menaka. There was a sudden swoop

of the tall form, and the child was no longer on Janaki's lap, but cradled in the arms of his mother. Menaka patted him and fondled him; the child crooned in return; but still there did not seem to be much of a mother's fond foolishness in Menaka, only a burst of impulsiveness, as it were. What a reserved girl, she was, thought Janaki.

The baby fell asleep. The mother's fair face had been growing more and more flushed, Janaki noticed, and her eyes drooping. Suddenly, the child was put down gently, and there came a burst of bitter tears. Yes, they were bitter, the other girl concluded, and she crept to her friend's side, and held her in a fond clasp.

At last, Menaka found words.

"Oh," she cried, "why was I born at all to be so unhappy? Not only am I unhappy, but my friends also, and above all, he, my husband."

"Why?"

"Oh, I have deceived him, and he is such a good man. He believes in me, but I—I—What shall I do? What shall I do? Never mind for myself, but if I can save him—"

"Can't I help you?"

"Nobody can, except myself. I myself must untangle the knot my fingers have made. And I shall do it, but at what a cost? Don't spy on me, Janaki, don't. My husband won't do it, you know."

"Of course not."

That evening, Menaka announced that she was going to a temple about a mile away to fulfil a vow she had sworn. No one was to go with her, except an old woman-servant. Janaki, on her part, said she would pay a visit to her father. So they each went their own way.

Janaki was welcomed perfunctively by her parent, who, felt himself rather ill-used. Why should his daughter stay in another person's house? Why hadn't she come to visit him all these days? and soon.

As she was leaving, Janaki got a turn. At the gate stood none other than her old admirer, Sivaram. Tall and handsome, he stood before her and looked at her with

rather a leer. She looked back to see if her father had observed the encounter; but that casual old gentleman was already deep in his paper. So Janaki walked on, and with her went Sivaram.

"You are very happy, aren't you?" he queried. "You found your husband, and you would not wait for me. And yet, and yet, you allowed me to—"

"That was your own act. You forced me."

"But I did it only because you encouraged me. Weren't you kind to me? Didn't you go out with me for walks? Oh Janaki, you led me on, you did."

"If I did, I did so innocently. I did not know that there were such men like you."

"My dear, there are plenty like me. Girls may think they are innocent, and yet flirt with men; and what about the men?"

"Why can't they also be innocent?"

"How can they, when the girls don't mean them to be so?"

"Nonsense. You always misunderstood women and put bad intentions into their hearts. It is your own evil heart, which misinterprets them. This is especially true in India. But in England, I hear—"

"Oh, I dare say, the same thing happens there, only all is cloaked under the name of liberty. I tell you, men and women cannot be innocently happy with one another."

"I'll never subscribe to that. I do believe men and women can be friends and nothing else."

"You can't deny sex."

"If your will is strong, any such feelings can be overcome. Sex may make itself felt, but—"

"Hearts can be broken, at?"

"Not if friendship is taken at its worth. How long can we, Indian girls, keep aloof from any comradeship with men? And when we do so we are called aloof and reserved."

"Never mind all that, Janaki. Are you happy now?"

"Of course."

"With that bounder,"

"My husband is no bounder. He's a true gentleman?"

"I hear he is not with you now. Why?"

"He has his own work, as I have mine."

"Indeed? Quite modern. Has he told you about his past?"

"Yes," she said boldly. He appeared surprised.

"What, has he told you, that it was not a very grand one?"

She put her hand on his mouth. "Please don't say anything further. And please let my hand go."

To her disgust, he had taken it into his and had began fondling and kissing it. She was disgusted. "Let me go," she cried again.

But he would not. Instead, he began drawing her closer to him. They were on a lonely road, and Janaki began to be afraid. What would not that daring wretch do, she thought to herself. She pulled herself away from him, and began to run. She was an agile girl, but he began to gain on her. They came near some old ruins. Janaki lifted her voice and called for help. To her surprise, two figures suddenly appeared, a man and a woman. The man disappeared, but the woman came forward. And, greatest marvel of all, it was Menaka!

"Who is that?" called the latter. "Is it you, Janaki? What's the matter?" Janaki looked back and found that Sivaram had made himself scarce.

"N-nothing," She mumbled. "I—I was frightened. I thought—a—ghost—," then she stopped, for she remembered she had several times spoken to Menaka about her disbelief in spectres. But Menaka did not notice the lapse.

"They say the wood is haunted," said the other absently. Janaki was startled by her voice and looked closely at her friend. How over-wrought she appeared, how pitiful, and how cross!

"What's the matter, my dear?" she queried gently.

"Nothing," said the other rudely. "But, what made you spy on me? Couldn't you

trust me? You are an old friend. I tell you, this is the last straw—"

"Menaka, Menaka, I did not mean to spy on you. Won't you believe me? I love you and I believe in you. Menaka, Menaka!"

The distracted girl let her gaze rest on her for a minute, and then nodded her head, but oh, so vacantly.

"I believe you," she said indifferently, "but what does that matter after all? I am out of the question now. See here, Janaki. If—if, anything happens to me, will you tell my husband that I—I-loved him, and did everything I could for him. Tell him to forgive me, a poor distraught woman, who—who—;" Unable to proceed further, she turned aside and covered her face with her sari. Her slender frame shook with sobs.

Janaki could only murmur, "I will, I will; but oh my dear, what will happen? Won't you tell your old Janaki?"

But Menaka was silent. After a while, she pulled herself together and somehow they reached home. That night, the master of the house returned and Janaki found him all that he had been portrayed to be. That he loved his wife and child, there was no doubt. That he was sadly hurt by his wife's indifference to her child, there was also no doubt. That he further nobly hid his hurt, and did not allow it to corrode his love for her, was quite patent. Once he took the baby and placed him in his wife's arms. She put him away with a perfunctory kiss. Immediately, the father took him back again with a laugh; but Janaki had not missed the second of grief on his face.

Janaki had a room to herself, and she fell asleep after tossing an hour with painful thought. She wished she had her husband to advise her in this difficult matter. She made up her mind to send for him the next day. He was sure to come.

A sudden noise awoke her. A door had stealthily been opened and closed. The action itself would have been nothing; but there was something furtive about it. Was it a thief? Janaki sat up with a beating heart, and waited to hear if anyone else had heard the noise. Apparently not.

Well, it was up to her to do something.

So, taking up the torch, which was always kept under her bed, she quietly arose, opened her own door and peeped into the verandah. Yes, someone had come out of the house, a tall form muffled in a shawl. Who was it? It did not look like a man? Well then, a woman. A servant? Then Janaki, with a bound of her heart, realised that it was Menaka.

Oh, what was her friend doing? What was the poor girl up to?

Menaka went out of the gate, and Janaki softly followed, slipping along from shadow to shadow. She did not suspect for moment that she in her turn was being followed; but so it was. They came to a thick cluster of trees. Into this Menaka disappeared. As there appeared to be leaves on the ground, as far as the faint light showed, Janaki stooped to pull off the sandals she had slipped on. It was but a minute she paused, but in that minute she lost sight of the other girl. Where had she gone? Which of the three paths in front of her had she taken?

As she stood hesitating, and shivering with fear, a soft cry came to her ears, then a wail of sorrow. What was happening, oh what?

She sprang forward in the direction of the sound, and then, oh then—

She saw Menaka standing on the low wall of a well inside the wood. She saw her look up to heaven. She saw her raise her clasped hands above her, and appear to bend forward.

"Menaka, oh Menaka, for Heaven's sake—, someone screamed. Janaki did not know it was herself. The other girl paused and looked round. Janaki screamed again, but felt that the other would not listen; on the other hand probably matters had been precipitated.

What could she do? Oh, for a miracle! Then, the miracle happened. Someone rushed out of the trees on the other side, got hold of the distracted figure and pulled her down. Janaki ran forward and found Menaka in a dead faint in the arms of her husband.

Together, they carried her home. After a long while she recovered, but could not

speak a word. The look of agony in her eyes was pitiful; but, in spite of herself, the eyes closed with exhaustion, and after a while she dropped into a troubled sleep.

When she awoke, Janaki spoke to her gently, but firmly. There was no use of killing herself, she said, or of making herself miserable. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. Why add misunderstanding to sorrow? Her husband was in an agony of grief, thinking that he had failed in some way to make his wife happy, which was why she had wanted to die. Why all that? asked our heroine gently.

Menaka shuddered and sat up. Oh well, if it had come to that, if in any case she had throw him into deep sorrow, she would disclose everything. She called her husband.

"Please send for Mr. K.," she said to him. "Send by someone responsible, for he won't easily come."

"What, K., my enemy? Has he been rude to you in any way?"

"Send for him. He knows everything. I've been speaking to him."

"He knows everything, while I'm ignorant. Have you been friends with him then, your old admirer, who tried once to carry you off—?"

"Even him. What then?" Asked Menaka in a hard voice, standing up at an equal height with him.

For a long moment, he looked deep into her noble eyes, then he held out his arms and took her to him.

"Nothing, my wife, nothing," he murmured. "The queen is above suspicion. You have a right to do what you like."

Then the deeps of sorrow, as of love, broke up, and Janaki stole out of the room.

When Mr. K. came reluctantly, Menaka's husband welcomed him, in spite of his dislike and took him into his wife's room. And then, the whole story was told composedly by Menaka herself, for now she was strong in her husband's love.

"You know my baby was born unexpectedly," she said to her husband, when you were away. Well, it died, and I was very unhappy, for I knew how much you looked forward to the birth of an heir. Then, my

old servant came to me and whispered that a child had been born in another house the same day, and that the mother was dead, and the father did not know what to do. Would I care to exchange children? I would have the beautiful boy, while the dead child could be kept with the dead mother. Nobody would know. The temptation was great, and I fell into it. I got the boy, and he grew up as our son. But I—I could not love him, like my own child. How could I? And yet—and yet—I felt myself so cruel. The child was innocent, but I did not love him. I was glad to see you loved him, but I was also jealous.

And then I was so unhappy, because I had deceived you. You trusted me so much. But you were so wrapped up in the boy that I was afraid to undeceive you and break your heart. Besides, I had found that he was the son of your old enemy. Oh, I was in a mess.

And then, and then, this man began to worry me. He wanted me. If I did not give myself to him, he would betray me to you, he said I ought to have told you, I know;—but I was so afraid for you, and I thought that you would hate me for my deception.

For long months, I was distracted. This man worried me often with letters. You knew I was getting some secret letters, but you were too noble to ask about them. The only consolation was that Mr. K. was somewhat afraid of you and dreaded that he might be found out.

At last, things came to a head. I could hold out no longer, but I would not lose my honour. Neither could I make you unhappy by betraying the secret about the child. So, after a last appeal to the man near the temple, which Janaki interrupted, I made up my mind to kill myself. But first, I wrote a letter to this man, telling him what I intended to do, and threatening to haunt him with my spirit, if ever he betrayed our secret. So, I knew he would be terrified, and you would be happy—"

"What, after losing you so terribly?"

"You would be grieved for awhile, but then you had the child."

"What is the child to me, compared with you? You have been a little mad, haven't you, Menaka."

"Do you call it only madness then, and not a natural gift for deceiving? Thank God!"

Then the husband turned to the other man.

"And now, Mr. K., what do you want to do with the child? Would you like to take him back?"

"I can't. I am very poor."

"Let me adopt him then. I still love him like my own child." He looked appealingly at his wife, and she smiled at him.

"Very well, I shall make him over to you. Let us go to Madras and arrange the matter. Only you and your wife must be as kind to him as to your own children. Forgive me, and promise."

They promised, and the promise was kept, even after the birth of Menaka's second child, a beautiful girl. The two children were brought up as happy brother and sister.

(To be continued)

TWO YEARS AGO

It was a glorious moonlight night in the month of December. Everything was as calm and peaceful as it could be. Except for the gentle rustling of the cocoanut leaves as they swayed to and fro, there was not the slightest stir in the air. The intoxicating scent of the Night-Queen flower was everywhere. So wonderful was the scene that one could have said with Browning:—

"God's in his heaven

All's right with the world."

But, all was not right with the world. Inside the palatial residence of Nandkumar, the rich landowner of Indore, lay the prostrate figure of a young girl huddled on the sofa. She was about eighteen summers of age. Fair and slim, she was the very picture of beauty, and the utter simplicity of her nature was disclosed by her trustful brown eyes. What could there be to make Radha, the only and the dearly-beloved daughter of Nandkumar, sob as if her heart was breaking?

Two years ago, how different things had been! Yes, two years ago, she had been betrothed to Raman, the second son of Muralidhar, a retired lecturer of the University of Patna, a handsome and well-accomplished youth, who had taken his M.A. degree with distinction at the university, and who was in every way just the man to

win winsome Radha's heart. They were very much in love with each other, and unlike the saying that "the course of true love never did run smooth," the parents of both parties had given their full consent to their engagement. But, as another saying goes, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." They could not be married for some years to come, as Raman had to go abroad to prosecute his studies further. Radha's heart quailed at the idea of parting from him for two long, dreary years. Yet, the feeling that love would conquer all obstacles lay uppermost in her mind, and her absolute faith in Raman made her resign herself to the grievous parting.

Raman left for England. It was a terrible wrench for him to part with his beloved Radha. But men often forget sooner than women. Absence from home, and a change of environment wrought a rapid change in Raman. To a youth fresh from India, the lure of the West had a fascination which was irresistible. London, with its gay life and its other attractions, absorbed Raman. Life was so entirely different from home with its seclusion. Slowly, but surely, poor Radha became the shadow of a shade in his memory; and judging from himself, he imagined that Radha also must have found other attractions during his absence. Letters

from him became few and far between. After eight months, they practically ceased.

Meanwhile, Raman's infidelity to Radha became a by-word, and the poor girl found her position at home unbearable. To add to her misery, her father, vexed by the faithlessness of Raman, had determined to get Radha married to a *sowcar*, by name Syamsunder, who was anything but a suitable match for her. He was a huge, burly, uncouth fellow past middle age, and a typical *sowcar* to boot, and Radha could not even bear the idea of living with such a man. Syamsunder had bided his time, as he had been a rival of Raman, and he added fuel to the fire raging in Nandkumar's heart by vilifying and painting Raman worse than he really was. On this particular day, Nandkumar had just left Radha's room after giving her the ultimatum that she should wed Syamsunder in a week's time, or see her father's face no more.

Such was Radha's fate. It was no wonder, therefore, that she was sobbing as if her heart would break. Nandkumar in his hurt pride had become a veritable tyrant to his dearly-beloved child, not caring whether she was happy or not. All that he wanted at the moment was the saving of his reputation, for which he was willing to sacrifice his daughter's happiness. Radha was so stunned by the threat that she stood dazed and petrified for a few minutes after her father had left the room. Then came the natural re-action of her pent-up feelings. She thought of Raman and his desertion, and sobbed piteously. How could she, a poor defenceless girl, battle against a cruel fate that drove her into the arms of a man she loathed? Try as she would, she could not wipe the memory of Raman from her heart. Death seemed her only refuge, but she knew full well that it was a sin to destroy one's life. Radha pondered, and at last hit upon a plan. Yes, she would leave home, and go out into the wide world, and try to earn her living unrecognized.

It was midnight then, and the sky was rather dark, as the moon was on the wane. The atmosphere was tense, and the sultriness of the night tended to make Radha still more

miserable. Quietly she got out of her bed, and prepared herself for flight. Taking a pair of scissors, she cut off her long silken tresses. Quickly she cast off the rich clothes she had been wearing, and changed into a plain white cotton sari. She then rubbed off the 'tilak mark' from her forehead, and removed all her jewels except a string of pearls with a locket containing Raman's photograph, which had been his betrothal gift to her. Then, after bidding farewell to the beautiful picture of her long-lost and dearly-beloved mother, she left her father's house, never more to return.

Radha had never been out of her home alone and naturally she was trembling with mixed feelings when she set out on the dark road to the nearest railway station. She, the pet daughter of a millionaire, was having her first experience of trudging on foot. She had hardly travelled a mile, before her tender feet unused to such rough use, began to ache severely, and she felt she could go no further. But, it was dark, and she was frightened to death of thieves. She must drag herself to the station even if she died on the way, for, she could not be alone on that road in the middle of the night. Tired and foot-sore, she arrived at the Patna railway station in time to catch the early morning passenger to Benares. At last, she was safe in the train; in another four hours she would be in Benares. Now came the crux of the problem. Where was she to go? She pondered for a while, and suddenly it flashed to her mind that she could live with her widowed aunt in Benares, and from there seek for some employment.

In less than four hours, the train steamed into the Benares City station. With great trepidation she got out of the carriage and looked about her. Thrown amidst the crowd, she felt absolutely lost. Slowly she wended her way outside. She had never been to Benares before, and the streets were unfamiliar to her. Enquiring her way from every passer-by, she at last found the Navajivan Road, in which her aunt lived. So tired was she that she fell in a faint on the doorstep of her aunt's house. That lady, on

casually opening the door sometime later, found a young girl all dusty and begrimed lying unconscious at the entrance. Out of the compassion of her heart, she carried the girl into the house, and rendered first aid to her. It was nearly an hour before Radha recovered from her swoon. It was some time, therefore, before Sudevi recognized her sister's daughter, Radha, in the travel-stained stranger. Radha then fell at her aunt's feet, and begged to be protected from the cruel fate that was pursuing her. In a trice, Sudevi understood the position of her dear niece, and she promised to protect her for the sake of her dead sister. She was not a woman of means, but her job in the local Bhagini Seva Samaj kept the wolf from the door. As her niece was well-educated, she agreed to get her some work. Making use of her own influence, she procured the post of Head-Mistress in the Rani Kamala Bai's Girls' School for Radha in a few months time. Thus Radha and Sudevi maintained their self-respect, and in time grew to love each other dearly.

In the meantime, Nandkumar, when he came to know of his daughter's flight, took no steps to find out where she had gone. He had become relentless at the idea that she had disobeyed him, and so he did not care what happened to her. So months passed, and Radha never returned home. She had grown to love the work she had undertaken. Thoughts of Raman would now and again throw her into utter despair, but she consoled herself with the belief that he would one day come back to her.

While Radha was fighting her battle with fate, where was Raman, the man who had destroyed her faith in life and love? He, like many another man of his type, had his fling abroad, and then returned home after a long sojourn of four years. Time had changed him utterly. Radha was forgotten, although the vague memory of his courting days occasionally troubled

his mind. But they were fleeting memories, and left no deep impression behind them. Like the man of the world that he was, he entered the Judicial Department. With his brilliant faculties, he rose to the top of his profession in about three years. The attractiveness of his position soon manifested itself in another way. Offers of marriage came pouring in from the anxious parents of marriageable daughters. Raman was caught in the net and before the year was out he was formally engaged to the eldest daughter of Rup Singh, an official holding a high position in the Police Department.

On the 30th of May 1932, the following notice in the local paper, "The Hindi Herald", caught the eye of Radha.

"A pretty wedding was solemnized at Saharanpur on the 25th May 1932, the contracting parties being Mr. J. M. Raman, M.A. I.C.S., the only son of Mr. J. Muralidhar, a retired lecturer of the University of Patna, and Miss Sunalini, the eldest daughter of Mr. Rup Singh, Police Commissioner of Meerut."

The paper dropped from Radha's hand, as if a thunderbolt had struck her. All that she had dreamt of had vanished in a trice. Life was over for her.

Next morning, Radha who was always an early riser, did not appear as usual. Greatly puzzled and anxious, her aunt, Sudevi, knocked at her door, but finding no answer to her repeated knocks, she burst it open. The sight that met her eyes pierced her to the soul. Her beloved child, Radha, arrayed in bridal attire, lay dead before a full length photograph of Raman. Radha was wedded to death. A bottle of poison lay beside her body. And in her hand lay a letter addressed to Raman. All that it said was "Goodbye, beloved. We shall meet on the other side of the grave. May God forgive you, as I forgive you now."

RADHA

WRESTLING FOR WOMEN

(Original written by Madeline Ferguson The, famous Lady Athlete and retold by Sarela with some additions)

Many people are under the entirely wrong impression that wrestling for women is unsuitable. I have heard it many times described as unlady-like, rough, dangerous, etc., which of course, is perfectly ridiculous; for, if one is taught properly how to *throw* and how to *fall*, there is no need for either opponent to get hurt. Wrestling is no more dangerous than hockey, foot-ball, running etc., all of which women indulge in.

Another mistaken idea is that it is only the beefy, Amazon type of girl who goes in for wrestling. Not a bit of it! I have a *troupe* of the prettiest, daintiest, most feminine-looking girls one could wish to see. Each one is most particular as to her appearance on the *mat*, and they vie with each other in their very up-to-date, smart, bathing costumes.

I will now describe briefly the contest between two girls, *viz.*, A and B. They take up their position on the mat looking particularly fit and eager, and, after the start from me, shake hands and start some pretty foot work and attempt *trips*. A manages to get B in a smart *head-grip*, gradually forcing her down till she is compelled to go down her knees. Falling with her, B then exerts more strength, and A goes flat and *hugs* the mat for all she is worth.

B sits astride her *back* and manoeuvres for a *turn-over*, which she finally accomplishes by locking both hands under the armpit of her opponent, exerting all her strength and pulling her over, at the same time slipping a *leg scissors* across A's middle.

This is a very discomforting hold, as the knees are pressed tight into the abdomen and the feet crossed to give added strength to the *hold*. It has the effect of exerting most terrific pressure on the abdominal

muscles of A, therefore causing a tendency to relax. (fig. 1.)

A manages however, by dint of struggling, heaving and squirming, to slip free from this hold and leaps upon B, grabbing one wrist with one hand while she uses her other one as a lever underneath the arm, above the elbow. (fig. 2.)

They struggle again, and both get home a hold this time—A a very useful *head scissors*, while B gets one of A's arms tightly wedged between her legs. This attitude does not last long, however. A fresh heave of both bodies, and they *roll clear*, only to come to grips again in a *clinch*. Arms and legs fly wildly in the air in the attempt of each girl to grab her opponent.

A rolls flat on her back and is immediately fallen on by B. This is what A has been waiting for. Firmly interlocking her arms, she places one foot in the pit of B's abdomen, and with a quick heave flings her over her head. (fig. 3.)

Quickly pouncing on her, A tries hard for a *finisher*, and succeeds in rolling B on her back, getting the very clever hold shown in fig. 4.

But B is equal to this, and by curling her right leg round that of her opponent, and bringing pursuit to bear, she manages to throw her from her precarious position.

After some rapid struggling on the mat, A falls flat on her stomach for a *breather*, but B is too quick and does not miss the opportunity of getting hold of an arm, gradually drawing it back until the hand is in the middle of the back in what is known as a *hammer-lock*. Further and further, the back-arm is pulled, until finally A taps the mat twice smartly with the palm of the other hand, thereby signifying she *gives in*.

Both girls jump up, *shake* hands and look none the worse for their bout.

A good deal of adverse criticism has been levelled at this useful sport, particularly by members of the opposite sex, that is by men; but sometimes husbands will not allow their wives even to go for a walk and get fresh air into their lungs! But, what of

the future generations, especially of Purdah ladies? Dear sisters, get some lessons from this article and take some exercise. If you can't do wrestling, if you can't do boxing, can't play tennis, etc., simply go for a walk and get some fresh air into your lungs!

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

(1) Disabilities of Indian Women

(a) With the passing of the bill by the Cochin Legislative Council, defining and modifying the laws regarding the marriage, succession and management of estates among the Nambudiri Brahmins, some of the disabilities of Nambudiri women have been removed. The bill punishes polygamy, except where the wife has an incurable disease, or has not borne a child within ten years of her marriage, or has been labelled an out-caste. It also arranges for partition of estates according to groups, thus doing away with the old custom of limiting the property shares only to the descendants of the eldest son. It was noticeable that in almost all the discussions, a great part was taken by Srimathi Parvathi Nemmini-mangalam, the Nambubiri lady, who has broken purdah, and been admitted to the Council. She represented not only the women, but also the reformers among her community; and she was one of those who broke down the objections of orthodox Brahmins. Her intelligence and humour were of great use in carrying her points through. Her clever opposition of amendments, in fact, can be said to be partly instrumental in saving Nambudiri women from some of their miseries.

(b) The bill regarding the rights of inheritance of Hindu widows also seeks to remove another disability of Indian women. Even if it does not achieve the purpose intended by its proposer, Harbila Sarda, it has yet shown that legislation is very

necessary to improve the condition of Indian women and especially of widows.

(c) In this connection, it would not be amiss to notice the discussion in England, regarding legislation to make married women responsible for their own debts. Since 1882, the wife in England has had complete control over her property; though at the same time she was said to be not responsible for debts incurred by herself. This was too much in favour of women, and, as the *Madras Mail* averred was an injustice, since it met the inequality of husband and wife in one respect, but not in another. They must be considered equal for all purposes. But that again would lead to difficulties. To quote the *Madras Mail*:

"In view of current and now long-accepted theories of the equality of the sexes, no remedy such as could be obtained by the repeal of the Married Women's Property Act can be contemplated. It would be the swiftest means of bringing about a feminist revolt. Extravagant wives, who overspend their dress allowances, must no longer be entitled (legally) to fall back upon their husbands' purses. That they will continue to do so in practice is certain. But, if husbands continue to be amiable, they will at least no longer be helpless. If they choose to put their feet down, the law will register their determination, and the self-indulgent wife be committed to prison, perhaps, on a judgment summons. But the matter is not likely to

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(d) The debate in the Punjab Legislative Council on the question of allowing women to serve on municipal and district boards, was interesting. There were some members, who actually objected to such inclusion, averring that it had been a mistake to allow women in the Legislature at all, and that women should give up their lives to their children. There were others, however, who we are glad, regretted such rigid opinions. As the *Hindu* said, it rested with each individual woman whether she took up public work or not. "There

are many public-spirited women who make excellent mothers, and it seems a pity that merely because of sex, a woman should be debarred from serving her country on public bodies. In fact, the experience she may acquire in public affairs may help her to be a better mother at home. On the other hand, there is always the fear that a woman may forget her home in the excitement and stress of outside affairs. How ideal is the woman, however, who can serve both her country and her home without jeopardising the welfare of one for the sake of the other!

Even in England, a committee has been appointed by the Foreign Secretary to review the question of admission of women to diplomatic and consular services. "The question whether women should be admitted to these services raises issues of high policy, which can only be determined by Government. We know the matter was reviewed by them at the time of the passing of the Sex Disqualification Removal Act. We think the question should not be regarded as settled for all time by the decision then reached. Having regard to time which has since elapsed, we recommend that Government should again examine the position at an early date."

Besides this, it is noticeable that it was proposed to debar women from entering the Civil services, on account of the increase of unemployment among men. Ceylon, however, has proved quite unique in actually proposing the inclusion of women in the public services. No favours or special privileges were proposed; but just equality was asked for. "If girls could be found who could be equal to men in an open competition, why should they not be allowed to enter the service? Their young women were making headway by leaps and bounds. He was not speaking of those who received an English education, but more particularly of those who received a purely Singhalese education. One of the objections raised against women was that no employment was suitable for them. They could be employed in Kacheries, or the Executive Committees might

have women Secretaries." As for domestic duties for instance, "a time would come with the working of the Hydro-electric scheme, when the functions of rocking cradles could be performed by pressing a button." There were some, who opposed the motion on the ground that it was premature and would have really no results. But it was interesting to note that the suggestion was defeated by only one extra 'no'.

(e) It is noteworthy that, as mentioned in *the Hindu*, male exclusiveness seems to be breaking down about allowing women to compete with men in that game once so exclusive to men, *viz.*, billiards. To balance this, however, is the recent refusal to permit inclusion of women to tea in the rooms of the Union Society at Oxford. This refusal, however was taken by the Editor of one paper to be a good sign of the independence of the Oxford under-graduate, as he said:

"We do not demand the removal of women from our University: we are willing to allow them to remain. We look upon them neither as a menace to our morals nor as a brake upon our academic studies.

"All that we ask is that we should share with them equality of status. At present the scales are weighted scandalously against us. Women must give us back our privileges or else we must fling chivalry to the winds and fight the good fight with bare fists and all-in-tactics. John Commoner will not stand for it. He has taken the gloves off. Beware."

(2) The advance of Indian Women

(a) We see from the papers that the branches of the All-India Women's Conferences are going strong in the various places they have been established at. This is all to the good, for the more agents there are working for women's advance, the better. The dissemination of ideas serves two, nay three, purposes. It not only encourages the women; it also teaches the men not to stand in the way of feminine progress; besides which, it educates public opinion to expect progress. One is glad that the chief drawback of conferences, *viz.*, the over-riding of the practical by the theoretical, is



Mrs. HIRAWANTIBEN MANSUKHLAL DESAI, of Bombay, has donated Rs. 50,000 from the trust left by her late husband to the Arya Kumar Mahasabha of Baroda (The Young men's Aryan Association, Baroda), to conduct a Widow's Rescue Home known after the name of her husband, Seth Mansukhlal Widhwa Ashram.

She has given from the said Trust Fund 50,000 to the same Mahasabha (Arya Kumar Mahasabha) towards their building funds of Arya Kanya Mahavidyalaya (Aryan Girls' College,) and Songad Gurukul Vidyalaya (Boys' Boarding School).

[Photo by the S. N. A., Srirangam]



MISS SUBHADRABAI H. GOSALIA, who has come out successful in the M. B. B. S. examination of the Bombay University. She is the first lady of her community to pass this examination.

[Photo by the S. N. A., Srirangam]

being gradually obviated; for everywhere women are not only preaching, but trying to carry their dictums into practice.

Then again new clubs for women are being opened everywhere, while the old institutions are being strengthened and enlarged, providing, besides recreation grounds, a common platform for women of all ages, religions and strata of society, not only to discuss needed problems, but also to learn to live happy and useful lives. One is glad to notice that in modern days, the "re orientation" of women is being brought to the fore, which, to use the words of a leading Indian lady, avers that "they should rise from their long slumber and produce wives and mothers physically strong, mentally alert and acquisitive, and spiritually great, women of wisdom, purity and staid character, who will truly answer the description of *Griha dharma-charini* which was the pride and boast of every Indian woman. In such a way alone can the women of India forget their differences and bring to the help of their toiling men their own innate wisdom and experience in the task of building up a great nation."

In this connection, it would be interesting to note the growth of the social reform movement, as narrated in a lecture by Mr. Ramaswamy Sivan in Madras. Actuated originally by the ideas of great men like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Vidya Sagar and others, who were influenced by their contact with the West and worked against much opposition, a social reform Association was formed in Madras in 1892, at which important leaders took pledges among themselves to see to social purity and reform. Then came the Indian National Congress, started at first under the auspices of Government, and the annual Indian National Social Conferences. The Theosophical Society at the start was against this movement, but later helped it. So did the Sri Ramakrishna Mission, the Servants of India Society and various Samajas and Sabhas. Eventually, Mahatma Gandhi gave a great impetus to social reform by his appeal that political freedom should rest on social reform.

Thus, the present advance of Indian society is greatly due to the unselfish sacri-

fices of the early reformers; and, like them, all modern workers must be actuated by real sympathy for their fellow-beings.

Very recently a speech was delivered by Mrs. F. Rustomji, Hon. Secretary of the All-India Women's Conference, in which she traced the progress of the A. I. W. C. The real start was in 1927, when Mrs. Cousins organised a conference of women in Poona, to consider educational problems. Led by the Maharani of Baroda and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, this branched out into an All-India organisation, starting an educational fund at first, and then including social reform in its programme.

Mrs. Rustomji appealed to the women of India to work against separate electorates. She said:

"We want no reservation of seats, we want no safeguards. We want to stand on our own legs; and, until we fight for this ourselves, until we work out our own salvation, no progress is possible. We women stand for the unity of the whole of India. Personally, I feel that the community which asks for separate electorates is only throttling itself. It is not going to work and it is not going to fight. I believe competition is a healthy sign, it will lead to the betterment of the people of the electorate, and separate electorates bar the way to all improvement."

(b) It is gratifying that a lady has been elected for the first time as a member of the Bangalore city municipality. She is Mrs. Ananda Bai, who began sometime ago to practise as an advocate in Madras. She lately went to Bangalore, where she was married, and where recently she was made a special magistrate on the Bangalore city bench court.

(c) We are glad to notice that Mrs. Subbaroyan has been requested to be a delegate to the Advisory Commission for protection and welfare of children and young people, to be held at Geneva in April. This is an honour, as this is the first time in which India is being represented at such a commission.

(d) The Madras Government has suggested to all local bodies the employment of women vaccinators. This is a step in the

right direction. As the President of a District Board said:

"While Hitler is asking women to go back to the kitchen, our Government is asking them to come forward for public service."

(e) The educational tour to East Africa of twenty girls from the Arya Kanya Maha Vidyalaya of Baroda, is a noteworthy proof of the freedom given to women in modern days. All under sixteen years of age, the girls were dressed actually in short trousers and shirts. Though open to adverse comment, such a costume, as Sarojini Naidu remarked, speaks well for Indian womanhood in a way. It shows, as the *Hindu* says, "the independence of mind which did not shrink from adopting a foreign-seeming costume, when it was found necessary to the active and free life in which the girls were being brought up." It is the ordinary wear of the Arya Vidyalaya however; and, in accordance with its austerity, the training of the inmates is very strict in every sort of discipline. The physical side is carefully attended to; drilling and *lathi* play being included.

(f) The International Student Service plans for a European tour for Indian women students and teachers, appear to be in the right direction. In these days of internationalism, our women do need to learn more from other countries, before they can do their best for India. The tour is a comprehensive one. Venice, Padua, Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan, Switzerland, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, will all be seen. Some conferences will be attended, and many universities will be visited. We hope that many ladies will join this tour.

(g) We are pleased to note that in Mysore, emphasis was laid on the need for well-trained women teachers. Mr. Rajagopalachari was reported by the *Hindu* to have said: "The progress of women's education depended a great deal upon the quality and character of the teachers now available. It was very necessary that the education of young girls should be in the hands of people thoroughly competent and specially trained for the purpose."

In this respect, the Maharani's Women's Training College of Mysore was doing good work, having been in existence for nearly 25 years. Yet it was obvious a much larger number of teachers was needed than those trained in such colleges. Bigger buildings and more such institutions should be used. The courses of study also should be suitable for women, and well planned-out.

(h) Good advice was given in South Africa by Lady Maharaj Singh, as mentioned by the *Indian Social Reformer*: "Give the Indian women in your midst the same chance as they get in my country and see if you cannot find another poet like Sarojini Naidu," she said. She stressed the fact that one per cent of the Transvaal population was Indian; they had been there for three generations; they were decent and law-abiding; and yet their condition was very backward. They were called *coolies* or labourers, and were treated as such, living in miserable huts, and not even having primary education free for them. That was indeed a very unjust state of affairs.

(i) The foundation of a home for Girl-Guides at Bangalore is another step up in the progress of women. The Yuvarani of Mysore, while performing the ceremony, spoke of the value of the guide movement, and advised all guides to intensify their ideals of truth, loyalty and service.

(3) It is pleasant to hear views about life from some of our women, who have taken up Western ideas, yet are Eastern in character. *The Hindu* reports a few such.

Miss Khandwalla, the daughter of an old social reformer of Gujarat, has returned to Bombay, being in charge of a big social service centre there, and a Secretary of the Bombay Presidency Women Graduates' Union. Having graduated doubly from the Bombay University, she has spent two years and a half in America, taking her degree of M.A., and studying practical social science, not only in America, but also in some countries of Europe. The two special features of American life, which she thinks will be of the greatest use in India, are first a vital and optimistic

view of life, and second a realization of the dignity of labour. Such qualities lead to the discouragement of a belief in superstition and fatalism, and to a true democratic spirit, which makes people long to do educational and social work for others. Miss Khandwalla is, however, rather disappointed at the position of women in America, of which she says the best example is Russia.

In economics and politics, women are thought inferior to men in America, and are worked upon as a reserve force, which provides cheap labour. But, owing probably to the elasticity of the educational system, to the absence of University examinations, and the adoption of co-education, there is equality between the sexes, not only in marriage and in divorce, but also in education, which makes women very self-reliant and anxious to take to business, even when married. Such a state of affairs is very necessary in India.

Miss Selma Ekrem, "a modern woman of New Turkey,"—educated at Istanbul and now a professor at Stamboul University, went to America last year as a delegate of the International meeting of women at the Chicago world's fair. She approves of the change of her country from monarchy to a republic, and is a great admirer of Mustapha Kemal, the President. The incorporation of the correct Western ideas and European nationalism with true Moslem philosophy, and the economic emancipation of Turkey are "going hand-in-hand with political liberation." "Our biggest problem now is to oppulate a country of vitally rich resources, just awakening to manifold possibilities. Illiteracy has been wiped out; "the old religious fanaticism has lost its importance in public life;" and there is a complete absence of the liquor problem among the good Moslems. Added to all this, is the awakening of Turkish womanhood, in which our heroine, having broken *pardah* took a great part, as narrated in her book "Unveiled," which was published in 1930.

Mrs. W. C. Datta, who was before her marriage Miss Comalatha Banerji, is a fine

Bengali composer, who has studied both the Indian and the European systems of music. She had the benefit of the advice of Madame Pavlova, by whom she was asked to compose music for her ballet "Oriental impressions." She affirms that it is not at all correct that the Indian system should be adapted to Western harmony, for that made it a cheap imitation. "The only way to keep the purity of the *ragas* is to utilise them in Western combinations," as Indian melodies, not as harmonised pieces. If this were done properly, Europeans could also enjoy Indian music. Mrs. Datta is now in Europe, giving a series of recitals, with the view to develop this mutual understanding of international music.

(4) We are glad to find from the *Hindu* that a suitable memorial has been framed to the memory of Florence Nightingale. A world-wide scheme for scholarships has been opened for higher nurses' studies at Bedford College, London, added to which is a hostel for the nurse-students to live in. If women from India are to participate, a sum of about Rs. 4,500 every year for the next three or four years, will have to be sent from our country; and we hope that Indians will contribute largely to this noble enterprise.

(5) The death of Miss Mary Pickford has removed a great worker for women. As we know, she came to India as a member of the Select Committee to enquire into the Franchise question. She was unquestionably on the side of the women of India, even while she was moderate in her views. A colleague in the Select Committee speaks of her thus: "As one who was her neighbour on the Select Committee during many months of relentless work, I pay a humble sorrowful tribute to the memory of a patriotic, able, great-hearted English woman."

Lord Lothian spoke of her "immense industry, sympathy and good judgment."

Miss Pickford, as reported in the *Hindu* was the daughter of the late Lord Sterndale, and was educated at Wycombe Abbey

School, and at Margaret Hall, Oxford. She helped to prepare the Official Naval history of the Great War, and was a member of the Malcolm Committee in education, in relation to Industry. She was also Technical Adviser to Government delegates at the International Labour Conferences at

Geneva in 1927 and 1928. In 1929, she was made C. B. E., and became member of Parliament for 1931.

Thus, the women both of India and England, have lost a good friend by the death of this well-known public worker.

FASHION NOTES

(a) The care of the hair

"If a woman has long hair, it is a glory to her," said St. Paul; and such a dictum can be true in the modern world, even if we leave out the word 'long.' Bobbed or left long, the hair is one of the beauties of women, and therefore, to produce lustre, luxuriance and softness, it must be carefully looked after. *The Parents' Magazine* tells us that *vitamines and hormones* have much to say about the state of health necessary to ensure beautiful hair. To aid such, proper rest, exercise and diet are necessary. The hair also should be washed once a week, care being taken to see that the shampoo most suitable to the individual is used; and after the shampoo, the hair should be properly rinsed with water. Dandruff should be eliminated by the use of careful salves. It should be noted that dry hair needs an oil shampoo once at least every month. Such a thing is very common among Indians, especially in Malabar and Travancore, where often the most luxuriant hair is found. An oil bath is taken every day; yet I hope I shall not offend if I say that sometimes the improper elimination of oil after a bath, causes too much sleekness and greasiness. What is the use of a bath if the oil is not removed; and what is the use of constant and lavish oiling? *The Parents' Magazine* advises that a little lemon juice or vinegar added to the water will remove all the oil.

A daily massage with a good hair tonic, oily or otherwise, with very little alcohol in it, stimulates the hair glands and refreshes the scalp. The brush also should

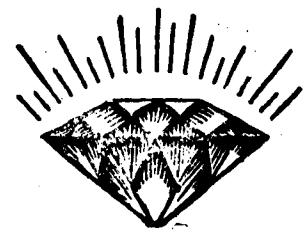
be daily used, softly and gently, to cleanse the hair and free it from dust. Combs and brushes should be kept clean and sweet, and the hair should not be covered too much, but should be exposed to sunlight.

The modern methods of permanent or frequent waving must be used carefully, and dyes should be avoided.

(b) National dress

Dr. Daw Saw Sa, who is a woman delegate from Burma to the Joint Select Committee, remarked as mentioned in the *Hindu*, on the difference between English and Burmese women in more respects than one. After talking about the graceful walk of the latter, even in a land where men and women have always been equal, as opposed to the man-like walk of English women, she talked about Burmese fashions and remarked on their permanency. She said, "Fashions change every five minutes in England, but in Burma, well, look at this dress I am wearing. It is an exact copy of the dress that I came to England in twenty years ago—that is what fashion means in Burma. It seldom changes. We never wear hats—perhaps that accounts for it. Hats are the most fickle things in an English-woman's wardrobe. In Burma, a parasol is all we need."

Dr. Saw Sa then emphasised the unsuitability of European clothes for Eastern women. "Burmese women will never wear English fashions. They have a sense of humour, and realise that Japanese, Chinese and other Eastern women, who wear European clothes look ridiculous.



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Western hats and short skirts would not suit a Burmese woman as her traditional dress does."

I wish the same could be said of India. No doubt, the Indian woman never gives up her sari; but how often does she change the fashion of it, or its accompaniments, in accordance with European fashion. Changes in the bodice of various kinds, fashions in footwear and in coiffeur, alterations in the style of the sari, often detract from the grace of the Indian woman's dress, sometimes even looking

ridiculous. There must be something, however, said for the introduction of convenient arrangement, which is very needed in modern days of bustle and business. At the same time, as Dr. Saw Sa said, it is not essential that too much time should be spent on dress. "The most amazing thing to me is how business and professional women in England manage to spend so much time on dress. Sometimes I think that if they spent less time on dress, they would have more time to think of serious matters."

A TALK ON CHILD MARRIAGE

(BY AN OBSERVER)

"Are you going to Lakshmi's wedding," asked Rohini of me, one day.

"Why, is she to be married?" I asked, rather astonished. "She is so young, she doesn't look more than nine or ten years. Surely you must be wrong."

"On the contrary, I'm quite right," answered my friend, "because I received the invitation only this morning. Lakshmi looks just about ten; but I heard her mother tell some one the other day that she was fifteen."

"Oh, I see," was my reply. "That's one of the tricks of the trade to avoid the Sarda Act. Of course, no one would dare contradict or disbelieve a renowned lady like Lakshmi's mother, and so the Act is just coolly and calmly broken. What's the use of legislation at all?"

"Not much use in this case," said Rohini.

"Unless public opinion is educated to see the gross injustice of sacrificing little girls on the altar of matrimony, things won't improve very much."

"But Lakshmi's mother is an educated lady, and well-known for advocating Social Reform. Why, I have heard her condemning Child-Marriage herself to Europeans, and now she dares to get her own small daughter married."

"My dear friend," was Rohini's laconic answer, "few people practise what they preach. All parents suffer under the same fear of having their daughters left on their hands if they don't dispose of them early. Besides, Lakshmi's mother has really done well this time. She has got hold of an I. C. S., a widower, it is true; but still a very eligible man. And do you know what the dowry is? About ten thousand, they say, so both sides are doing well."

"Has Lakshmi ever seen this man before?"

"No never; but that's only a detail. She must take her parents' word for gospel truth that he is a fine man. If their tastes and her's differ, it is her misfortune."

"Poor thing," said I, "it seems a pity to take her away from school so soon. She is such a happy cheerful little thing. I expect domestic responsibilities will weigh heavily on her in future, and a mother-in-law be added to her troubles."

"Well, she won't leave her parents' house for yet a bit; but she is leaving school. What I cannot understand is that, in spite of the sad example of Lakshmi's elder sister, who was left a widow at 16 and will never be married again, Lakshmi's mother is willing to sacrifice her second

daughter. However, let's hope things will turn out better in this case. It is getting late, and I must go now. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Rohini, thank you for coming to see me, and I hope you will enjoy being present at Lakshmi's wedding."

OBSERVATIONS

(1) Camping

Miss Hannah Barth, a well-known leader of a *Peace and Youth movement* in Germany, has given us in the *Modern Review*, a pleasant account of camp. During their two months holidays, a number of young people wanted to find both recreation and education in some cheap adventure, suitable to a mixture of nationalities. They decided that that adventure was 'camp.' About 76 people started in two groups, travelling in waggons like soldiers, with all the camp paraphernalia, among which were included a few bicycles for shopping and urgent messages. On the way, all the articles of food were clubbed together and divided fairly. The camp site was selected with (1) drinking water near by (2) a bathing place, (3) adjacent roads to the villages or the town (4) a nice meadow or woods (5) and yet away from noise and traffic. Then the camp was built; everyone worked together happily; and everyone had contributed to the outfit. A kitchen was built with a wonderful hearth. Tents were pitched. There was a special one for a good library and reading-room with a type-writer in evidence. There were also medicines of various sorts. A play-ground was prepared for gymnastics and games of many kinds. A leader for the whole camp was selected, under whom were sub-leaders, a boy and a girl, for every tent. The work everyday was done by relays of five persons, which changed every two days. Lectures and discussions of various kinds were organised. The following was something of the order of the day: "Wakening at 6 o'clock: gymnastics in the sporting-ground; washing; breakfast (consisting of cocoa and bread), sports; reading, singing,

music-playing (guitar); lecture (political economical or a historical one); discussion dinner (most simple, one dish; everyone had brought a bowl of aluminium and a spoon); amusement, tours on bicycle; discussions again; supper (tea, bread and butter); talking; sleep at 10 or 11: now and then being on guard."

I wish our Indian young people could get together and organise camps like the above. A healthy life in the sun and the open air, experience in so many new things, friendship with so many new people, tuition in so many new subjects,—how valuable would such be! There are sure to be quarrels, discussions and arguments. There will be unnecessary talk about the clubbing together of boys and girls. But all such can be slowly surmounted. The essential thing is that there should be tactful organisers; yet such should not rule the camp completely. Much must be left to the judgment of the lads and lasses, who should be made comparatively independent. They are sure to prove themselves worthy of the trust put in them.

(2) Japanese women

The Hindu mentions the various activities of Japanese women, as noticed in "*Present-day Japan*." A great interest has been taken in woman suffrage, besides which legal amendments have been demanded, such as (a) elimination of the provision regarding the incompetency of wives, (b) equality between man and wife in legal reasons for divorce, (c) expansion of mothers' prerogatives and dual parental authority, and other propositions, (d) suggestions before the Diet on the law of Lady Lawyers, Law of Prevention of

Cruelty to Children and Child Protection law. (e) Bills for Natural Children, Co-education and Bills for Prohibition and the Abolition of Licensed Prostitution. Besides this, the education of girls was sought to be brought up to that of boys. Moreover certain wrongs were eliminated, such as the dismissal of female employees to make room for men. A great movement in Japan is that towards city purification, for which the *Tokyo Female City Purification League* was started. The *fish-market* problem and a *Dust-decreasing* movement were some of the activities worked on. The latter was "directed toward home circles under the conviction that dust could be decreased considerably by the hand of women. The association has found by experiment that one-third of the dust can be decreased by a light care on the part of housewives and one million yen can be saved by the cities of Japan. In Osaka City alone twenty lecture meetings on the subject were held during a month, by various Ladies' Societies."

(3) Some Modern Women leaders

Mrs. Cousins has given an interesting survey of some outstanding women personalities of to-day, in the *Stri-Dharma*. The first lady she mentions is *Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt*, who has led the women's suffrage cause in the United States and elsewhere. Though she has presided over wonderful movements in New York, Berlin, Geneva and Paris, she yet chose India as one of the first countries to be helped towards reform; and we are told that the financial contribution of her associations for five years was one of the agencies which worked out the enfranchisement of Indian women.

In contrast to Mrs. Catt, who is "a plodding constitutionalist," "a militant rebel" is *Alice Paul*. Yet she is a woman of quiet power, a Quaker, who, without speaking in public or holding public office, yet dominates women's movements towards advance in the United States, aiming at making the American constitution remove the special clauses, which are against

women's rights. She has always, however, agitated for equal rights for women, not only in America, but in other countries as well, and is an ex-member of the International Committee for India.

Of the same militant type, yet of a different character, is *Margaret Sanger*, "who strikes sparks from her radio-active personality." For twenty years, she has struggled in the cause of birth-control, working chiefly as an individual, though she has helped some organizations also. Her chief aim is to repeal the law of the United States, which punishes the dissemination of birth-control knowledge.

Miss *Francis Grant*, Secretary of the Roerich institutions, works in the interests of *World-Peace*. Her aim is to make her "Banner of Peace," as world-powerful as the Red Cross Banner, keeping intact from destruction all objects of beauty, such as museums, libraries, universities, art galleries, and thus making culture the chief component of civilization.

Mrs. *E. Pethick Lawrence* has been co-leader with the late Mrs. Pankhurst, of the suffrage movement in England. For fourteen years she worked hard at achieving adult women suffrage and succeeded. Since then, though old, she helps in other movements for freedom, and actually presided at "India Day in Geneva."

Madame Vergara comes from Chile in S. America and firmly stands for advanced views on equal rights for women in nationality.

Doctor Rosa Welt Straus leads the Jewish Women's League for equal rights. Though over seventy years of age, she was one of the delegates of the All-Asian Women's Conference, at the women's committees of the League of Nations. She has succeeded in winning equal franchise from Jewish women in local Government.

Madame Nour Hamida of Damascus is one of the leaders of women's interests in the near East. She is an Arab and a Mohammadan, and has thrown off the veil. She organised Oriental Conferences of women, at Damascus (Syria), Baghdad

(Iraq), and Teheran (Persia), and tries to unite women of different creeds and races into one entity, which can agitate for the removal of grievances and evil customs.

Another such leader is *Madame Nasik Abed Beyhum*, who is also an Arab. She has led not only her women forward, but has also worked like any man for the political freedom of her empire, actually fighting in her army like an ordinary soldier. She is an Honorary Colonel of the Arab army, though she is married. She helped largely in aiding the children of the soldiers who had fallen in the war against the Turks, and has also tried to inaugurate new scientific methods of agriculture on her own farm.

A notable woman, though below the public standard of the ladies mentioned above, as noted in the *Hindu*, is Miss Marie Polinsky, who is the first winner of a scholarship awarded to a Jewish woman of worth. This phrase, corresponding to the Jewish, "Eshet Hayil," was used by two Manchester Jews to choose out Jewish women of culture and learning, in contrast to "beauty queens." Mr. Sunlight, one of these gentlemen, has even set to music the passage from Proverbs about such women.

One must not forget the famous flying women of the modern period, led by *Amelia Earhart* and *Amy Johnson*. It is to be noticed, that the first woman to gain a pilot's license was Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, who was one of the rather looked-down-upon Victorian women. It must not be forgotten, that a Victorian woman was also the first to drive a car, such as it was in the old days, and also the first to war with the police for her rights. She has also driven trains, tractors and used ploughing machines during the war-era. "It is not their fault," says the *Madras Mail*, "if the Edwardian and Georgian women have not had the opportunity to be pioneers in such inventions as motoring and flying, and no one in his senses wants a war in which the younger women may show their daring. But, with all the pioneering done for them and all the freedom won, are they not rather a lazy lot, and are not many of them inert and afraid of responsibility? If youth is such an advantage, they could surely, with all the other advantages gained for them by the Victorian women, be forging ahead in every new direction. But instead, every month sees some advantage lost, some profession reclosed to them, some failure to keep what has been gained."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Her First Poem

(A STORY)

PART II—ANOTHER EFFORT

Yamuna was nineteen now, and in College. She was doing well, especially in English, and her compositions were usually read aloud in class as being the best. She had a passionate thirst for reading poetry; but, since her first adventure seven years ago, when she had so enthusiastically read her poem, "the Beggar Maid," to her mother, and had been told that it was "not good," she had never attempted writing verse again. It seemed an impossibility with her now

even to attempt the rhyming of two lines, so fixed was her idea that she could never write poetry.

Engrossed in her college career, she did not give much thought to her inability to write poetry. Prose was now good enough for her, and she spent a great deal of her time writing perfect little compositions in class. It was not surprising, therefore, that one evening, when a general election was held in the Hostel for appointing a New Editor for the College Magazine, that Yamuna was unanimously elected. She was surprised to hear the result of the

election, for she had never expected to be Editor; but she was none the less pleased, and determined to make a mark in her first journalistic adventure.

The days went by, and it was soon time to send in the MSS to the press. With elaborate care and great trouble, Yamuna had collected a good selection of articles: but poetry she felt, was lacking. She needed one or two poems to be interspersed between the prose; but how and where was she to get them? Then, suddenly, an idea struck her—an idea of a moon-beam dancing on the wild, wild waves, flashing like a diamond on a velvet sea—and, without her being aware of it, she started writing verse once again. The inspiration had come to her during a dull mathematics lecture, and, instead of listening to the weary words of the professor, she bent her head over her desk and wrote line after line. At the end of her lecture, her poem was ready, and with trepidation she took it to the Professor in charge of the college magazine and showed it to her.

"Why," said the Professor, "this is rather good. Yes, certainly it can be published."

Oh joy! Yamuna's elation knew no bounds. That one of her poems should appear in print seemed a miracle; but it was true nevertheless; for a month later, it appeared in print, and proudly she sent a copy of her poem home to her mother, waiting anxiously for her opinion. A letter came in two days, saying the poem was not bad, but slight, and that Yamuna would probably never be a very good poetess.

Disillusionment again; but this time, Yamuna did not desolve into tears. Instead, she determined to improve, and to keep on trying.

(2) Our letter to our young people

DEAR CHILDREN,

Have you ever realised how important reading is in the shaping of one's character, especially the books you read when you are young? It is the present fashion for children to read any books they can lay hands on. Sentimental sloppy novels are becoming very popular with school children, and interest in such wonderful books as *Swiss Family Robinson*, the *Jungle books*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Peter Pan* and *Wendy* and the innumerable other books that girls and boys ought to love, are being discarded for undesirable ones. It is a pity; for you have no idea how you will enjoy these books when you do read them.

I knew of a girl once, who religiously kept a list of all the books she read, and her mother had chosen her books so carefully for her, that this list became quite an authority in after years for other grown-ups.

You should each ask your parents to take a special interest in your reading. Ask them to buy you books or choose them from the library. Let them guide you until you are about 15 or 16 and then you will have formed such a good foundation that your choice of books in after years will be ideal.

There are some people who dislike reading. I wonder if any of you are like that. It must be rather terrible not to want to read. How can such a person be entertained? One cannot go on talking all the time, or playing games all the time. If any of you have a tendency not to like reading, give it up at once, take up some interesting book, and try to get absorbed in it.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

P. S.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Modern furniture fashions

There is a tendency in modern times for houses to become smaller. Even in India, where, a few years ago, large houses reposed majestically within huge spacious compounds; today, small houses are springing up in these very gardens, cramping the space, and stifling the atmosphere. Although this seems a pity, it cannot be helped, for city life is becoming hectic, and there seem to be more inhabitants today than there were hitherto.

To suit these small houses and flats, furniture is also being built on more convenient lines. In a speech made recently at the British Fashion and Fabrics Bureau, the President, referring to modern fashions said that in the coming century houses and flats would be so small and movable, furniture so scarce, that a family could be transportable in one pantechicon. All the essential furniture such as wardrobes, dressing tables, etc., would be fixed in the house and belong to the landlord.

This does not mean, however, that there is a tendency in modern times to destroy individual tastes. Good furniture today, is much more in demand than in olden days. The furniture in a recent exhibition of the Maurice Adams show rooms in

Granville Place, London, all shows simple lines; but not too modern. As the *Times of India* says:

"Some very beautiful woods are used for it, and with them an extraordinary number of jolly fabrics, decorative linens from Ireland and woven materials from Scotland, for instance, and Scottish checks in bright colours are freely used for chair and sofa covering. Some of the woven fabrics have heavy textures with a warm, fleecy look, and others have a kind of snowflake effect.

"There is a £50 lounge, a £75 bedroom, and so on; and it is claimed that the maximum saving is effected by the purchase of a complete 'group' room. For example, the £50 lounge—which is in a restful scheme of coral, beige and buttercup—contains two easy chairs, a settee, a trolley table with a glass top, and a bookcase with side shelves. All that furniture is in Australian walnut. In the bedroom, which is very gay, many space-saving ideas have been cleverly used. In fact, all through this exhibition there is a good deal of 'dual purpose' furniture, such as a desk fitted with shelves for books at the back."

PADDY

NEEDLE-WORK NOTES

BY KANAKAMMA

(1) A Needlecase from an old Christmas Card.

Here is a good use for old Christmas Cards.

Select a pretty celluloid double card—any size, remove the inner pages.

Procure bits of white or coloured gauze or other flannel, the size of the card; clip the edges all round.

Fold in centre, and sew to the middle of the card like a note book. Tie a bit of twisted silk or a tiny ribbon round the centre as in Xmas Cards.

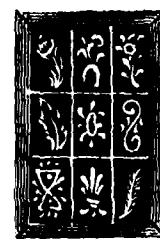
(2) Patch-work Counterpane.

Here is another use for odd bits of material left from garments.

Select and cut equal sizes of remnants of silk and cotton material, plain and flowered,

preferably all coloured. Using your discretion and according to individual taste, arrange and sew the bits together to the width and length of the desired counterpane. Then choose for the back a somewhat thick, plain silk, or cotton coloured material, slightly wider and longer than the patched counterpane.

Sew this to the sides of the counterpane, top, and bottom similarly, and neatly work in at the corners. The lining thus forms a sort of border as well. Iron flat.



(3) Darning a Stocking

The hole must be made ready, by cutting away carefully the frayed edges. Then turn it on the wrong side and stretch over a gently rounded surface. Starting from the left-hand from before the hole, work the warp, with a long thin needle, with mending of the same colour and thickness as the stocking; run up and down the length of the hole, starting a little higher and lower, and leaving loops at the end of each row and working without puckering. Increase the length till the hole, then work in same length along the hole, and again lessen beyond the hole. The work then should be turned sideways, start the weft at the left hand at the lower corner, keeping the same distance from the hole as in the warp, and take up alternately the warp rows. At the other side of the hole, go up the same space over the edge of hole, as below, and turn, leaving a loop at end of row. Thus, there is

a close lattice-work of threads. All the loose stitches at any of the edges should be carefully slipped through the needle. Sometimes, two or three threads of the warp may be taken up instead of one. In a large hole, a light foundation of cotton threads may be laid across before the darning.

Sometimes, the darn can be in the form of a square.

Often what is called "a Jacob's Ladder" is found in a stocking, when a stitch is cut and slips for row after row. After turning the stocking on the wrong side, the dropped stitch should be picked up, while without pulling at the thread, and with loops at the ends used, the darn can be mended as before, working some distance further than the ladder on all sides.

Sometimes, a new piece has to be put into a worn heel, or a worn place. This means either knitting in the new bit carefully, or a patch. For this, first the hole must be cut square, evenly, and a row of loops laid bare all along, by picking out threads. Then with fine cotton of the same shade, button-hole the edges of the hole. Then, cut evenly a patch from another worn stocking of the same kind; it should be left a little longer than the hole. Then button-hole the edges of this also. Lay the stocking and the piece on the right side over the fingers, with the loops exactly over each other; put the needle through 2 loops of the one above from below and then the two opposite loops below, from the same direction. This should be continued till the end is reached on 3 sides. Then turn the stocking on the wrong side, and seam the edges over by the tops of the button-hole stitches. Re-turn the stocking, and fit in the fourth side exactly, and graft in, then over-seam as before.

Very often a thin place has to be strengthened. This can be done as for the darning in the same oval shape, taking up one loop and leaving out another alternately.

(Edited from *The Woman's Book*.)

COOKING RECIPES

(1) Tea Cake

Ingredients

8 oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk,
8 oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons Essence of
8 oz. butter, Vanilla,
4 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking
powder.

Preparation

Break the eggs and separate the yolks from the whites. Put the yolks, sugar and butter into a large, clean bowl, and with a potato or *dhall* masher, rub briskly till smooth and light.

Mix the baking powder in the flour and sift it. Remove the masher from the mixture, and stir in the flour little by little and mix well with a tablespoon. Pour in the milk and mix thoroughly. Then add the essence of Vanilla.

Line a cake tin with white greased paper. Drop and fill in the mixture to an inch or two from the top, and bake in a slow oven.

(2) Fruit Stew

Ingredients

12 apricots, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of
1 egg, sugar,
1 cup of milk, 2 plantains.

Preparation

Wash the apricots, and put them with the sugar in a vessel and boil in a tumblerful of water.

Meanwhile beat the egg, the yolk and white together, and mix in the milk. When the apricots are half-cooked, take the vessel off the oven, pour the syrup into the beaten egg and milk, stir well, pour it back into the vessel, and cook again on a slow fire till the

custard thickens slightly—stir all the time.

Remove the skins from the plantains cut into slices $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and drop into the mixture. Bring down from the oven immediately.

(3) Ginger Squash

Scrape and wash bits of fresh ginger. Smash in a grinder, put into a vessel and boil in a cup of water. When concentrated and reduced to half the quantity, remove, strain, and add to lemon juice, about 2 tumblersful, made in the ordinary way.

The quantity of ginger may be varied according to individual taste.

Very good for digestion.

Tastes like ginger ale.

K.

(4) Ginger Lozenges

Put 4 lbs. sugar with 4 gills of water in a saucepan and boil, stirring all the time, till the dropping from a spoon in water forms a soft solid. Then take the vessel down and add 2 oz. powdered ginger. Stir till the sweet thickens, pour on a flat tin, covered with greased paper. When cold, cut into neat tablets.

(5) Peppermint Tablets

Mix 2 lbs. icing sugar with the white of two eggs and 2 table-spoons of water, working the mass into soft paste. Add a few drops of oil of peppermint. Roll the mixture on a board sprinkled with icing sugar. Cut out into rounds about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, with a knife dipped in castor sugar. Place until dry on a sheet of white paper, sprinkled with the same sugar.

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హైందవస్త్రీ ఆడుకొనుటకు తగు బొమ్మయినగాని లేక నలుగురికి నేపచేయు ఒక పనికత్తెయినగాని అనే కులు తలచెదరు. అయితే ఆనందబాయి జోషి చరిత్ర చూచినచో స్త్రీల క్షేమముకొరకై తమ ప్రాణములను పెట్టుట కనేకస్త్రీలు సిద్ధముగానుండి దేశనాయకులుగా నుండుటకు వెముత్యరైయని కనబడుచున్నది. గనుక అట్టి దురభిప్రాయమున కవకాశమేమియులేదు. జోషియమ్మగారి దినములలో స్త్రీలు ఏమాత్రమైనను బైటకు వచ్చి తమ అభిప్రాయమును కనపరచినయెడల నలుగురు నవ్వి వారిని నిందించుచు వచ్చిరి. ఆమె స్వాభావికముగా భిక్షియనురాలు; మరియు శరీర విషయమై దుబళురాలని చెప్పవచ్చును. అయినప్పటికి తాను ఏర్పరచుకొనిన ప్రోవను ప్రోక్కెనెప్పటికి వెరువక యుండెను. ఇందువలన ఒక సంగతి విశదమగుచున్నది. అదేమన న స్వాభావికముగాని స్త్రీకిగల మృదుత్వముతో కనునహముతోను, ఇదివరకు పురుషులతనములని యెంచబడుచున్న తెలివి, సామర్థ్యత, శక్తి, పట్టుదల, సిరబుద్ధి, మొదలగునవి యేకీభవించిన స్త్రీ సాంప్రదాయ మన్ని విధముల నభివృద్ధి చెందుననుదయె.

ఈ మహనీయురాలు స్వప్రసిద్ధురాలైన పండిత రామాబాయికి బంధువురాలైన మహారాష్ట్ర దేశపు స్త్రీయై యుండెను. ఆమె పూర్వీకులలో నొకడు బండిపోటు దొంగలలో నొకడై పునహా పట్టణమందు చాలా భూములను తన నాయకునికి చేసిన సేవకుగాను ఇనాముగా సంపాదించుకొనెను. ఆమె 1805 సం॥ పుట్టెను. ఆమె తండ్రి బొంబాయి నగరమందు భూస్వామియగు గణపతిరావుజోషి. ఆమె తాతగారికి పునహాలో భూములుండెను. ఆమె నామధేయము ఈ పేరు గంగానది కుపనదియైన యమునానదిని పట్టి వచ్చినది. యమునాబాయి, బాలికగా నున్నప్పుడే ఆమె తెలివి తేటలను జూచి అందరు ఆమెను ప్రేమించిరి. తండ్రి ఆమెను నెత్తి పెట్టుకొనుట ఆశ్చర్యముకాదు. ఆమెకును తన తండ్రికినెల విగ్రహారాధనయందు నమ్మికపోయెను. బాల్యమందు ఆమెకొక స్వప్నము కలిగెనట. అందులో తన వంశము నకు మూలపురుషుడైన యొక నామెకు దర్శనమిచ్చి తన బంధువర్గములో ఆమెయందే తన జీవమును శక్తియును పునరుత్పత్తియైనవని తెలిపెనట. విదు సంవత్సరముల ప్రాయమున గోపాలవినాయక జోషియను ఒక బంధువునివద్ద సంస్కృత విద్యాభ్యాసము చేయసాగెను. అయితే మాడు సంవత్సరములలో ఆయనను అవి బాగుకు మార్చివేసిరి. అప్పుడు తన చదువు మానివేయవలసి యుండునని, పాపము, యమునాబాయి చాలా జడిసెను. ఆమె తల్లికి యమునాబాయి చదువు కొనుట ఏమాత్రమును నష్టములేకపోయెను. ఇప్పుడు ఆమెకు వివాహము చేయవలెనని తల్లి పట్టుపట్టెను. బాల్యవివాహము సద్ధమకామేయని డలచెనుగాని యమునాబాయియొక్క అవ్వ సమయానికి సహాయమునకువచ్చి ఆమెను అవి బాగుకు తీసుకొనిపోయి మరియొక సంవత్సరము చదువుకొనుటకు అవకాశము కలుగజేసెను. అయితే అంతలో అవ్వగారు గ్రామాంతరము వెళ్లవలసి వచ్చినందున యమునాబాయిని తొమ్మిది సంవత్సరముల బాలప్రాయమునందే ఆమె యుపాధ్యాయున కిచ్చి వివాహముచేసిరి. అప్పుడు మహారాష్ట్రదేశపు అచారముచొప్పున ఆమెకు ఆనందబాయిని క్రొత్త పేరు పెట్టిరి. తరువాత ఆమె భర్తను కచ్చికి బదలాయించిరి. ఆమెయును అక్కడికి వెళ్లెనుగాని అక్కడి జనులయొక్క అజ్ఞానమును మూఢభక్తియును జూచి సంతోషముగా నుండజాలకపోయెను. ఆమెకు మూడు 18 సంవత్సరముల వయస్సు వచ్చినప్పుడు ఒక శిశువు కలిగి చనిపోయెను. కొద్దిదినములే బ్రతికిపోయిన తన శిశువునుగూర్చి చింతించుచు అట్టి బాల్యమరణము తగువైద్యచికిత్స జరుగనగుదువలన కలిగెనని గ్రహించి, హిందూ దేశమునందు స్త్రీలు వైద్యసేవచేయుట ఆత్మావసరమని రూఢిచేసుకొనెను. కొంత ఆలోచనచేసినమీదట తానే వైద్యము నేర్చుకొనుటకు నిశ్చయించుకొనెను. అంతలో ఆమె భర్తను బొంబాయి పట్టణమునకు మార్చివేసిరి. ఆయన టపాలకచ్చేరియందు ఉద్యోగముగా నుండెను. ఆయన తన భార్యయొక్క అభిలాషకు సమ్మతించి ఆమెకొక దేశములో ఆమె సంకల్పము నెరవేరుటకు పరిస్థితులను కూలము గాగలవని అచ్చట ఆమెతోగూడా తానును వెళ్లుటకు నిశ్చయించుకొనెను గాని తానుఎరిగిన కొంతమంది

స్త్రీధర్మ సమస్యలు

స్త్రీలు రాజ్యాంగ వ్యవస్థలలో ప్రవేశించుట.

ఈ విషయమును జనులలో భిన్నాభిప్రాయములు గలవు. అన్ని యాలోచించిచూడగా స్త్రీలకున్న ప్రధాన మయిన పని సంసారమును చక్కగా నడిపించి తన కుటుంబములోని ప్రతివారికి చేతనయినంత సౌఖ్యము కలుగ జేయుట, ఇంతకన్న ఎక్కువయినదనిలేదు. అందుకే ఇల్లాల, గృహిణీయను బిరుదులు సంసారియైన స్త్రీకి కలిగినవి. సంసారియైన యిల్లాలికి తనభర్తను పిల్లలను సంరక్షించుటకంటే ఉచితమైన పని యేదియులేదు. ఇతర పనులమీద ఇల్లువిడిచి బెళ్లవలసినవారు తమ పిల్లలను పసితనమునందే యితరుల ఆధీనముచేసి పెట్టెదరు. అందుచేత పిల్లలెన్నెన్నో విధముల నష్టము పొందుదురు; అబద్ధములాడుట, దొంగిలుట, బూతుమాటలాడుట, మొదలయిన దురభ్యాసములు నేర్చుకొందురు. వారు తల్లులయొద్ద నేర్చుకొనవలసిన నడభ్యాసములు నేర్చుకొన వీలుండదు; తల్లితో నహవాస సాంగ త్యములు చేయుటవల్ల కలుగగల సంతోషము మంచితక్షణములు పిల్లలకు లభింపవు. అందుచేత ద్రవ్యాజ్ఞాన కథియే యుద్యోగములోనయిన ప్రవేశించుట సంసారియైన యిల్లాలికి యుక్తముకాదని సామాన్యముగా చెప్పవచ్చును. కొందరు భర్తలు సోమరితనముచేతనే తెలివిహీనతచేతనే పనిచేసి కుటుంబ సంరక్షణచేయక భార్య సంపాదనవల్ల జీవనము చేయువారుండురు, అట్టివారిని పురుషులన తగదు. అయితే వివాహముకాకగాని భర్తపోయిగాని భర్త వాడ్యముచేత పని చేయజాలక పోయినగాని వేరే జీవనాధారములేక తన చెక్కిలమీదనే తాను పిల్లలు జీవించవలసి వచ్చినప్పుడు తగిన యుద్యోగముచేయక తప్పదు. అట్టివారు చేయదగిన యోగ్యమయిన పని యొకటి పాఠశాలలో ఉపాధ్యాయురాలి పని; పిల్లల స్వభావము బాగుగా గ్రహించి యోధ్యతోవారికి చదువునేర్పుటకు స్త్రీలే సమర్థులు. కాబట్టి ప్రతిబాలికకు వీలయి నంతవరకు హైస్కూల్ విద్య నేర్పించి ఉపాధ్యాయురాలుగా నుండుటకు కావలసిన తర్ఫీదుచేయుట బహు అవసరము అప్పుడు అవసరము వచ్చినయెడల వ్యతంత్ర జీవనముచేయ సామర్థ్యము కలిగియుండురు. ఇది యీకాలములో కొంత వరకు జరుగుచున్నదిగాని యింకా యెంతో అవకాశము కలదు.

మరియొకటి వైద్యము.

మన దేశములో స్త్రీలు తన చికిత్సలేక యెంతోమంది ప్రసవములోను బాలింత రోగముతోను చిన్నతనము నందే చనిపోవుచున్నారు; లక్షలాది పసిబిడ్డలు తల్లల అజ్ఞానమునుబట్టి చచ్చిపోవుచున్నారు. తగినంతమంది క్రమముగా వైద్య విద్య నేర్చిన స్త్రీలు ప్రతి పట్టణములోను గ్రామములోను ఉండి పారమార్థిక చింతతో తమ పని చేయుచున్న యెడల ఎంతో ఉపకారములగుదురు; “పరోపకారార్థ మిదం శరీరం” అన్న లోకోక్తి నిదర్శనముగా నుండురు; దీనితో సంబంధించినది—రోగులకు ఉపచారము చేయుపని. మనవారిలో కాయాలగా నున్నవారి నేలాగు చూడవలెనో, పథ్య పానము లేలాగు జరుపవలెనో, వైద్యుడు నియమింపు దోషధము లేయేవేళలను, ఎట్లు ఇయ్యవలెనో యీ మొదలయిన సంగతులు కంపెట్టువారు అరుదు. ఈ నేర్పు కలుగవలెనంటే కొంత యభ్యాస మవసరము. దానికిగాను “నర్మ”ల తర గతు లేర్పరచి ఆస్పత్రులలో తగిన తర్ఫీదు చేయించుచున్నారు. అది మర్యాదగల వృత్తికాదన్న దురభిప్రాయము విడిచి మర్యాదగల స్త్రీలు ఎక్కువమంది యీ నేర్పు సంపాదించుకుంటే యెంతో ఉపకారము చేయగలరు; అవసరము వచ్చినట్లయిన జీవనము చేయను వచ్చును; యూరోపుఖండవాసులలో రాచకుటుంబములలోచేరిన స్త్రీలు, గొప్పయింటి వారు. ఈ పని ఘనమయినదిగా నెంత నేర్చుపొందినవారు గలరు. ఇట్టివారు లేవందున కాయాలగా నున్నవారిని పరా మర్శచేయ నుద్దేశముతో అయ్యలు, అమ్మలక్కలు రోగియుండుగదిలో మూగి కేకలువేయుచు రోగికి బాధ కలుగజేయు డురు. చాలినంత నిర్మలమయిన గాలి, యెండ రాకుండగది తులుపులు మూసియుంచు దురభ్యాసము అట్టి యువచారిక ఖండినగాని నిలిచిపోనేరదు.

అమెరికా దేశపు మిననెరీలను కొంత ప్రవృత్తహాయము నడుగగా వారు సమ్మతించకపోయిరి, చివరకు ఏదోవిధముగా రోజెల్ పట్టణములో నివసించుచున్న కార్పెంటరనే యొక మహనీయురాలు ఆమె యభిలాషను తెలుసుకొని యామె కొకజాబు వ్రాసెను. ఆనందబాయి బొంబాయి నగరమును ఒక మిషనరీ పాఠశాలలో చదువుకొనుచుండెనుగాని అక్కడ కొంతమంది మిషనరీలు అన్యమతముల ఎడలజూపు అనూత్యమునకు చింతించుచుండెను. 1881 సంవత్సరమున ఆమె భర్తయైన గోపాలవిశ్వానాథక జోషీని కలకత్తా నగరమునకు బదలాయించిరి. తరువాత సింగపూరునకు వెళ్లవలసినచెప్పును. అక్కడి శీతోష్ణ పరిస్థితులు సరిపడక భార్యభర్త లిరువురికి దేహమందు కొంచెము జబ్బుచేసెను.

కార్పెంటరమ్మ గారికిని ఆనందబాయికిని మధ్య జరుగుచున్నది ప్రత్యక్షముల పర్యవసాన మేమనిన చివరకు అమెరికా దేశమునకు రమ్మని ఆనందబాయిని పోరిరి. అయితే ఆమె భర్త ఆమెతో పెద్దట తటస్థపడకపోయెను. స్నేహితులద్వారా అన్ని యేర్పాట్లు చేయించుకొని 1883 వ సంవత్సరమున సాహసించి ఆమె ఆంగ్లేయ అమెరికా దేశములను చూచుటకుగాను ప్రయాణమైపోయెను. అట్టి దేశములను వెళ్లిన అగ్రజాతి స్త్రీలలో ఈమెయే ప్రథమ స్త్రీ యని చెప్పవచ్చును. కొన్ని మాసములు తన స్నేహితురాలగు కార్పెంటరమ్మతో గడిపి ఆమె ముగిసెను చూచి మిగుల సంతసించెను. భరదేశమందుండినను ఆనందబాయి హిందూస్త్రీ ధర్మములను విడువకయుండెను. ప్రతిదినము తన ఆచారప్రకారముగా దైవారాధనచేయుచు నొనరియుండు తప్పక బొట్టుపెట్టుకొనుచు స్వదేశవస్త్రములనే ధరించుచు మౌరగాయల భోజనమునేచేయుచు కాలము గడపెను. ఫిలడెల్ఫియా అను నగరమందు స్త్రీల వైద్య కళాశాల యందు ఆమె చేరి వైద్య విద్యాభ్యాసము చేసుకొన ప్రారంభించెను. దానికి అధ్యక్షురాలగు డాక్టర్ రేచర్ బాక్స్ అను ఆమె ఆనందబాయియెడల చాలా దయజూపెను. ఆమె ధరించు హైందవదేశ వస్త్రములను ఆధరణములను చూచి అనేకులు ఆశ్చర్యపడి సంతసించిరి. ఆమె చాలా కష్టపడి వదిలి వృద్ధికివచ్చి ద్రివ్యరూపకముగా నొకమంచి పారితోషకమును సంపాదించుకొనెను. అయితే దురదృష్టవశాత్తు ఆమె ఆంగ్లేయము చేరిపోయెను.

1884 వ సంవత్సరమున బాల్బువివాహములు మంచిపని ఒక ఉపన్యాసము నిచ్చెను. అది వినినవారిలో ననేకులు ఆకాంక్షగమునొందిరి. బాల్బు వివాహాచారమును ఆమె సంపూర్ణిగా నంగీకరించినది కాదుగాని విదేశమందుం డగా మాత్రుదేశ భక్తివలన వ్యదేశాచారములను ఖండించుట కిష్టపడకపోయెను. మరియు ఆచారములలో ఇబ్బందు లుండినను వాటినిన్నిటిని తప్పించుకొని తాను ముందుకు రాకలిగినదాయెను. మరుసంవత్సరమునకు ఆమె భర్త అమెరి కాకువచ్చి ఆమెనద్ద సండుకలిగెను. 1888 వ సంవత్సరమున ఆమె పరీక్షలలో కృతార్థురాలై ఎమ్. డి. అను బిరుదుపొందెను. ఆమె స్నేహితు లనేకులు ఈ హిందుస్త్రీ చూసిన సాహసమునకు సంతసించి ఆమెకు ముందుకు తన వ్యదేశమందు కలుగబోవు అవకాశములనుగూర్చి కొనియాడిరి.

అయితే మనుష్యు డొకటితలచిన ఈశ్వరుడు మరియొకటి తలచునన్నట్లుగా ఆమె ఆంగ్లేయము చేరిపోయి క్షయవ్యాధి ప్రవేశించినట్లు అనుమానము కలిగెను. అందువలన గొప్ప ప్రసిద్ధిచెందిన ఆస్పత్రులయందు ఆమె భవనము సంపాదించుకొనుటకు వీలపడకపోయెను. కొలపురమునందుండు ఆస్పత్రిలో నొకపని ఆమెకు దొరుకుటవలన స్త్రీల విషయమై పనిచేయుటకుగాను ఆమె వ్యదేశమునకు తిరిగివచ్చెను. అయితే ఆమె పనిలో చేరలేకపోయెను. బొంబాయి చేరునంతలో ఆమె వ్యాధి యధికమాయెను. ఇదివరలో ఆమె మునుకునేనుకొనక బహిరంగమందు కనబడుటవలన బొంబాయియందు ఆమెకు స్వాగతమిచ్చిరి. సముద్రప్రయాణము చేసినందుకుగాను ఆమెను నిందించరైరి. ఆమె భర్త చేను. అయినను వీటివలన ఏమి ప్రయోజనము లేకపోయెను. 1887 వ సంవత్సర ప్రారంభమున ఆనందబాయి వ్యర్థ మరణానంతరము ఆమె భస్మము గంగానదిలో కలిపివేయుటకు బయలు భూస్థాపనకై అమెరికా దేశమునకు పంపబడెను. ఆమె చనిపోయేటప్పటికి ఇరువదిరెండు సంవత్సరముల ప్రాయము కలదిగా నుండినను, ఆమె చెప్పినట్టే శక్తివంతవరకే తన ఛిది చేసినదాయెను. తనబోటి స్త్రీల యిబ్బందులను తొలగించుటకుగాను గట్టి ప్రయత్నముచేసెను. ఆమె జీవనము ఆమె మరణము ఇతరులకు పాఠ్యరీతిగాను ఆదర్శముగా నుండునని చెప్ప నవసరములేదు.

తలుల బాధ్యత.

మన దేశములో తల్లలయినవారు తమ బిడ్డల ప్రవర్తననుగూర్చి చేయవలసినంత జాగ్రత్త చేయగలుగుటకు సంచేమములేదు; పిల్లల కన్నముపెట్టి బట్టకట్టి ఆడుకొమ్మని బయటికి పంపిలేనో, యింటిలో వాండ్లతోందరపడలేక బడికిపంపిలేనో తమ విధి తీరినదనుకొందురు. కాని అంతటితో అది తీరదు. వారు ముందుకు దేశప్రజలు నాయకులు కావలసినవారు గనుక వారిలో యోగ్యత, పవిత్రత, సత్తామే పలుకుట, పిరికితనములేక ధైర్యవంతులుగా నుండుట, ధీమతియెడలను సేదలయెడలను దయాదాక్షిణ్యములు చూపుట, యితరులకు సహాయముచేయు నిధిముగా నుండుట, పీడికన్నిటికి ముఖ్యాధికముగా దైవభక్తి సాధకముచేయుట యీ మొదలయినవి తమ పిల్లల కలవాటునుచునుట్లు చూచుపని తల్లిదండ్రులది కాకపోలే మరియొకరిని పిల్లల కివి అబ్బవలయునంటే తల్లిదండ్రులయినవారు తమ స్వంతప్రవర్తన యెట్టిదిగానున్నదో యెంతో జాగ్రత్తతో చూచుకొనవలసియున్నది. తల్లిదండ్రులు నడిచినదారిసే పిల్లలును నడుతురన్నమాట సామాన్యముగా నిజమైయున్నది. మన మనుకొననిసీతగా పెద్దల చర్యలను పిల్లలనుసరింతురు; పిల్లలు చేయరాదని మన మనుకొనుచునులు వారియెడుట చేయరాదు; పిల్లలను భయపెట్టుటకని లేనిపోని అబద్ధములుచెప్పితే వారు నిర్భయముగా అబద్ధములాడ నేర్చుకొందురు. ఇతరులనుగూరించి అడి పోనుకొంటేను, పిల్లలు వినరాని ప్రసంగములు చేసిలేను వారికి మలభముగా అవే పట్టుపడును. దైవప్రార్థన పరమార్థచింత చేయువారి పిల్లలు తమ తల్లలవంటివారవుదురు.

శారదా శాసనము.

తమ పిల్లలను సన్మార్గమందు పెంచవలెనంటేను, పిల్లలు ఆరోగ్యము బలముగలవారుగా నుండవలెనంటేను తల్లిదండ్రులు ఆరోగ్యము శరీరదారుధ్యము తగిన జ్ఞానముగలవారై యుండుట అత్యవసరము; అది గ్రహించియే బాల్య వివాహములు మానవలెనన్న యభిప్రాయము మన దేశమంతటను వ్యాపించియున్నది. అందుచేతనే కాననసభలలో ఈ విషయమయి చాలాకాలము చర్చ జరిగినవిషయము బాల్యవివాహములను నిరోధించుటకై కారదా కాననమున్న చట్టము అమలుగొకి వచ్చుచున్నది. దానిబట్టి పురుషునికి 18 సంవత్సరములును, స్త్రీకి 14 సంవత్సరములును రాకముందు వివాహము చేయరాదని, అట్లు చేసినయెడల పదూపదల సంరక్షకులును వివాహకర్త జరిగించిన పురోహితులును శిక్షాపూరితముగ దురనియేర్పడినది. ఇట్టి కాననమున్నను అనేకమంది పూర్వమువలెనే బాల్యవివాహములు చేయుచున్నారు. ఎవరయిన సాహసించి అధికారులకు ఫిర్యాదు చేసినయెడల ఆరంభమున స్వల్పశిక్షతో సరిపెట్టెనువచ్చిరి. ఇప్పుడిప్పుడు శిక్షలు ఎక్కువగుచున్నవి. ఈ మధ్య కృష్ణా జిల్లా పేజిస్ట్రీటుగారు ఈ చట్టము మీరినవాకి చురుకంటునట్లు పెద్దమొత్తములు జరిమానా విధించిరి విన్నారు. ఆయితే విచారకరమయిన విషయమేమనిన—విద్యావంతులు, వ్యవసారము తెలిసినవారు దేశనాయకులమని సంఘసంస్కర్తలమని చెప్పకొనువారు ఈడు ముదిరిలే తగిన మనువులు రావన్న భయముతో బాల్యవివాహములు చేయుచున్నారు. ఇట్టి ధోషిజాలురు దేశసాత్వత్రమున కెంత అపమాణలో ఆలోచించవలసియుండును.

Should Married Women Earn ?

விவாகம் செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் சம்பாத்தியம்

செய்வது தகுதியா ?

சுகபோகமாய் வாழவும், சம்பாத்தியஞ் செய்யாமல் குடித்தனம் செய்யவும், ஸ்திரீகள் இல்லற வாழ்க்கையைக் கோரின காலங்கள் உண்டு. அது சோம்பலை விளைவிக்கும் ஜீவியமென்று, ஒருவரும் சொல்லல் ஆகாது. சம்பாத்தியஞ் செய்யும் கஷ்டத்தைக் காட்டிலும், அநேகருடைய ஜீவியத்தில், அது அதிக வருத்தமாகத் தோன்றிற்று. ஒரு வீட்டுக் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்துவதும் கவலையினமும், திறமையற்ற வேலைக்காரரையும், மோசக்கார வியாபாரிகளையும், அன்பார்ந்த கண்டிப்புடன் நடத்துவதும், வீட்டுக் குடித்தனத்தை ஒழுங்காய் நடத்தி, சந்தோஷத்தை விளைவிப்பதும், தொந்தரவு கொடுக்கும் பிள்ளைகளையும், முரட்டுத்தனமான புருஷர்களையும், சமாளிக்கிறதும், சுலபமான காரிய மல்லவென்று, புருஷர்களில் சிலருக்கும், ஸ்திரீகளில் அநேகருக்குத் தெரியும். பழைய காலத்தில், இவைகள் துர்லபமான காரியங்களாயிருந்தன. அநேக சௌகரியங்களை இக் காலத்தில் தேடுகிறதினாலும், சாப்பாட்டு விடுதிகள் (ஒட்டல்கள்) வீட்டு சுகங்களை பார்க்கி லும் அதிக சந்தோஷங்களை காட்டுகிறதினாலும், குடும்பங்களிலுள்ளவர் வீட்டைவிட்டு ஒட்டல்களுக்கு தவறிப்போகாவண்ணம், வீட்டுக் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்துவது அதிக கடின மாயிருக்கிறது.

வேலை செய்யாதிருக்கும் பெண்கள் விரும்பியிருந்த பண்டை காலங்களில், அவர்கள் வேலை செய்யாது, சுமமாயிருப்பதையே, இங்கு குறிப்பிட அவசியமில்லாதிருக்கும். சில சுயநல காரணங்களைக் கொண்டு, புருஷர்கள், அவர்கள் வேலை செய்யாது, சுமமாயிருப்பதே, நலமென்று நினைத்தார்கள். தங்கள் வீட்டுப் பெண்கள் வேலைசெய்வது, பெரிய ஆவமானமென்று நினைத்தார்கள். இப்போதோ இதெல்லாம் முற்றிலும், வித்தியாசமாய் மாறிவிட்டது. கன்னிகைகள் மாத்திரமல்ல, விவாகம்செய்த ஸ்திரீகளும் வேலைகளைத் தேடுகிறார்கள். அநேக தடவைகளில், புருஷர்களே தங்கள் பெண்களிடமிருந் வேலைகளைத்தேட உற்சாகப் படுத்துகிறார்கள். அப்படி உற்சாகப்படுத்தும்போது அது சுயநலத்தோடுள்ள எண்ணம் என்று சொல்லவேண்டும். சமயங்கிடைத்தால் ஸ்திரீகளுடைய சம்பளத்தைக் கொண்டு புருஷன்மார் ஜீவிக்க விரும்புகிறார்கள் என்று (Bernard Shaw) என்பவர் சொல்லுகிறார். புருஷர்கள் ஸ்திரீகளை அவ்விதமான சங்கடத்துக்குள்ளாக்காதபடி பெண்கள் ஜாக்கிரதையாயிருக்கவேண்டும்.

தற்காலத்தில் ஸ்திரீகளை வருத்தும் இந்த விஷயத்தை அவர்கள் தங்கள் ரூபகத்தில் வைத்துக்கொள்ளவேண்டும். விவாகஞ் செய்தவர்கள் நல்ல ஸ்திரீயிலிருந்தால் வேலைசெய்து சம்பாதிக்க முயற்சிக்கலாகாது. தங்கள் புருஷர் நல்ல நிலைமையிலிருந்தால் ஸ்திரீகள் தாங்கள் அபேட்சித்திருந்த இல்லற வாழ்க்கையில் திருப்தியாயிருந்து சுகவாழ்க்கை செய்வார்களாக. வீட்டுக் கஷ்டத்தினிமித்தமே சில ஸ்திரீகள் வேலைக்கு செல்கிறார்கள். தங்கள் பிள்ளைகள் சிறுவர்களாயிருந்த காலத்தில் “சய இச்சையாக வேலைக்கு சென்ற ஸ்திரீகள் வெகு சொற்ப பேர். அப்பேர்க் கொத்தவர்களுக்கு அவ்வேலை சந்துஷ்டியைக் கொடுத்தது. அவர்களுக்கு பணக் கஷ்டமில்லை, அவர்களுடைய இனத்தார் உதவி புரிந்தார்கள், அவர்களை அதிஷ்ட

சாலிகளென்றே சொல்லவேண்டும். தன்னுடைய புருஷனுடைய மரணத்தினாலாவது, அவனால் கைவிடப்பட்டதினாலாவது சம்பாத்தியம் செய்யும்படியான தூர்லபம் நேரிட்டபோதாவது அவளுடைய பிள்ளைகள் சிறுவராயிருக்கும்போது தன்னுடைய கஷ்ட நிலைமையை கசப்போடு பேசாத ஸ்திரீயை நான் கண்டதில்லை. தன் வேலைக் கஷ்டத்தினாலும் தன் குடித்தன கஷ்டத்தினாலும் தன் பிள்ளைகளை கவனிக்க நேரிட்ட தன் இனத்தாரின் முறமுறப்பினாலும் அவளுடைய உடம்புக்கு மோசமான இளைப்பும் வியாசுலமும் நேரிடுகிறதென்று” Rebecca West அம்மாள் ஒரு பத்திரிகையிலெழுதுகிறார்கள்.

நம்மனிதனுக்கும் ஸ்திரீ அவ்வகுப்பை சேர்ந்தவளல்ல. மேனாட்டில் ராஜாங்கத் தாரும் நகர அதிகாரிகளும் முதலாளிகளும் விவாகஞ்செய்த ஸ்திரீகளை தொழிலாளிகளாக வைக்கக்கூடாதென்று யோசனை செய்திருக்கிறார்கள். விவர்ப்பூல் சர்வகலாசாலை விவாகஞ் செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் தங்களுடைய ஸ்தாபனங்களிலிருக்கலாகாதென்று தீர்மானித்தபோது இங்கிலாந்து தேசத்திலுள்ள ஸ்திரீகள் ஒரு பெரிய அமளி பண்ணினார்கள். பின்னர் உலெஸ்தர் மினிஸ்தர் பட்டணத்திலுள்ள ஒரு பெரிய சபா மண்டபத்தில் கூடிய பெருங் கூட்டத்தில் மிஸிஸ் பெதிக்க லாரன்ஸ் அம்மாளும் இன்னம் அநேக பிரசித்தியுற்ற ஸ்திரீகளும் விவாகம் செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் சம்பாத்தியம் செய்யலாமென்று விவாதம் செய்து சாதித்தனர். சில குடும்பங்களில் புருஷன் வேலை செய்யக்கூடாத நிலைமையிலிருப்பதனால் அவனுடைய பெரிய குடும்பத்தை போஷித்து, பிள்ளைகளை கல்வி தேர்ச்சியடைய செய்வது அதிக கஷ்டமாயிருக்கிறது. ஆன படியால் தாய்மார் வேலை செய்யவேண்டியது அவசியமாயும், அவசரமாயும் இருக்கிறது. இதன்றி தற்காலத்தில் நேரிட்டிருக்கும் வியாபாரக் குறைவினால் வரும்படி குறைந்ததனியித் தம் தன் பிள்ளைகளுக்கு போதுமான சுகக்ஷேமத்தையும் நல்ல கல்வியையும் கொடுக்கமுடியா திருக்கிறது. “தங்களுடைய வீடுகளில் க்ஷேமக் குறைவிருப்பதாலும் போதுமான கல்வி தங்கள் பிள்ளைகளுக்கு கொடுக்கக்கூடாதிருப்பதாலும் அநேக ஸ்திரீகள் தொழிலாளிகளாக போகும் கஷ்டம் நேரிடுகிறது. தங்களுடைய குடித்தனம் கெட்டுப் போகாமல் வீடு தழைக் கும் வண்ணம் இந்த ஸ்திரீகள், வேலைக்கு போகிறார்களேயன்றி வேறு காரணமல்ல, என்று ஆஸ்திரேலியப் பெருமாட்டி சொல்லுகிறார். “தன்னுடைய பிள்ளைகளுக்காக உழைக்கும் அந்த சிறந்த ஊழியத்தை ஒரு ஸ்திரீ ஏன் செய்யக்கூடாது? வேலை செய்து சம்பாதிப்பது ஒரு புருஷனுக்கு எப்படி உரியது? தன் புருஷன் வியாதிப்பட்டு, அல்லது அவன் இறந்து போனால் அக்காலங்களில் தன் பிள்ளைகளுடைய போஷிப்பு முதலியவைகளுக்காக வேலை தேடுவதற்கு கஷ்டம் நேரிடுகிறபடியால் கலியாணம் செய்யுங்கால் தனக்கு ஜீவனாந்தத்தை கொடுத்து உதவின ஆதாரங்களை அவள் ஏன் விட்டுவிட வேண்டும்?” என்று பக்மாஸ்தர் பிரபு சொல்லுகிறார்.

ஆகையால் தனக்கு வேலை செய்ய இஷ்டமானால், ஒரு ஸ்திரீ விவாகம் செய்த பிற்பாடு அதை அவளுடைய இஷ்டத்துக்கு விட்டுவிட வேண்டும். சில ஸ்திரீகள், வைத்யர்களாகவும், உபாத்தியாயர்களாகவும் இன்னும் பல வேலைகளையும் நன்றாய் செய்ய திறமையுடையவர்களாயிருக்கிறார்கள். இப்போக்கொத்தவர்கள் தங்களுடைய காலயாணத்தினியித்தம் அவ்வேலைகளை செய்ய முடியாமலிருப்பது உலகத்துக்கு பெரிய நஷ்டம். இவர்களுக்கு ஏற்படுத்திய வீடு ஏதேன் தோட்டத்தைப்போல் நந்தவனமாயிருந்தாலும், சிறிது நேரத்தில் பாலைவனமாய் மாறிவிடும். விவாகம் செய்த ஸ்திரீகளை தாங்கள் செய்து வந்த தொழில்களிலிருந்து, நீக்கி விடுவது கப்பிதம்.

வேலையில்லாத இக்காலத்தில் ஸ்திரீகள், ஆண்கள் செய்யவேண்டிய வேலைகளை செய்கிறார்கள் என்று சொல்லும் ஆட்சேபனை ஞாயமானதன்று.

விவாகஞ்செய்த பெண்கள், பெண் பாடசாலைகளிலும், கல்லூரிகளிலும், மற்றைய கல்வி புகட்டும் ஸ்தாபனங்களிலும் இருக்கலாகாதென்று ஓர் கமிற்றியார் நிர்ணயிக்கபோது, திரு

வாங்கு. ரிலுள்ள ஸ்திரீகள் அது அனியாயமென்று அநேக இந்திய ஸ்திரீகள் கூடின ஓர் மஹா சபையில் பேசினார்கள்.

விவாகஞ் செய்யாத ஸ்திரீகளைப்போல், விவாகஞ்செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் உத்தியோகம் செய்ய முயற்சிக்க கூடாது. விவாகஞ்செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் வீட்டுத் தொல்லையினின்று நீங்கக்கொள்ளவும், சுகபோகமாக வாழும்படியாகவும் தேவொருளானால் அதை சுயநலம் என்றே சொல்ல வேண்டும். குடித்தனத்தை நடத்தும் தாய் வீட்டில்லாதிருப்பது தூர்லபமே. தன் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்த விவாகம். செய்த ஸ்திரீ அதிக நேரம் செலவழிக்க வேண்டும் ஆகையால் கஷ்டம் நேரிட்டாலொழிய அந்த ஸ்திரீ உத்தியோகம் செய்யலாகாது. உத்தியோகம் செய்வது மற்றவர்களுக்கு அபிவிருத்தியும் தேர்ச்சியும் உண்டாக்குமானால், வேலைசெய்வது நலம்.

Translated by R. Asirvatham



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