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THE



INDIAN LADIES'

MAGAZINE

Vol. VII.]

MAY & JUNE, 1934

[No. 3.

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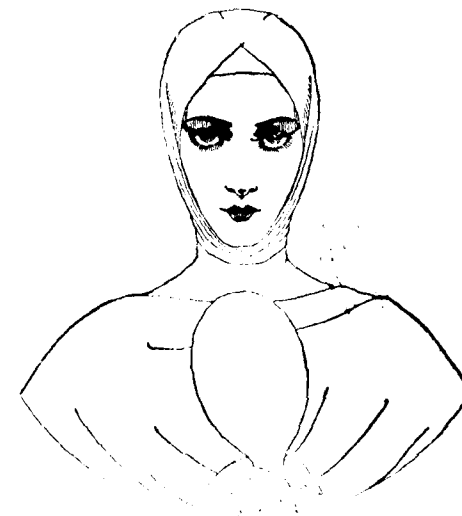
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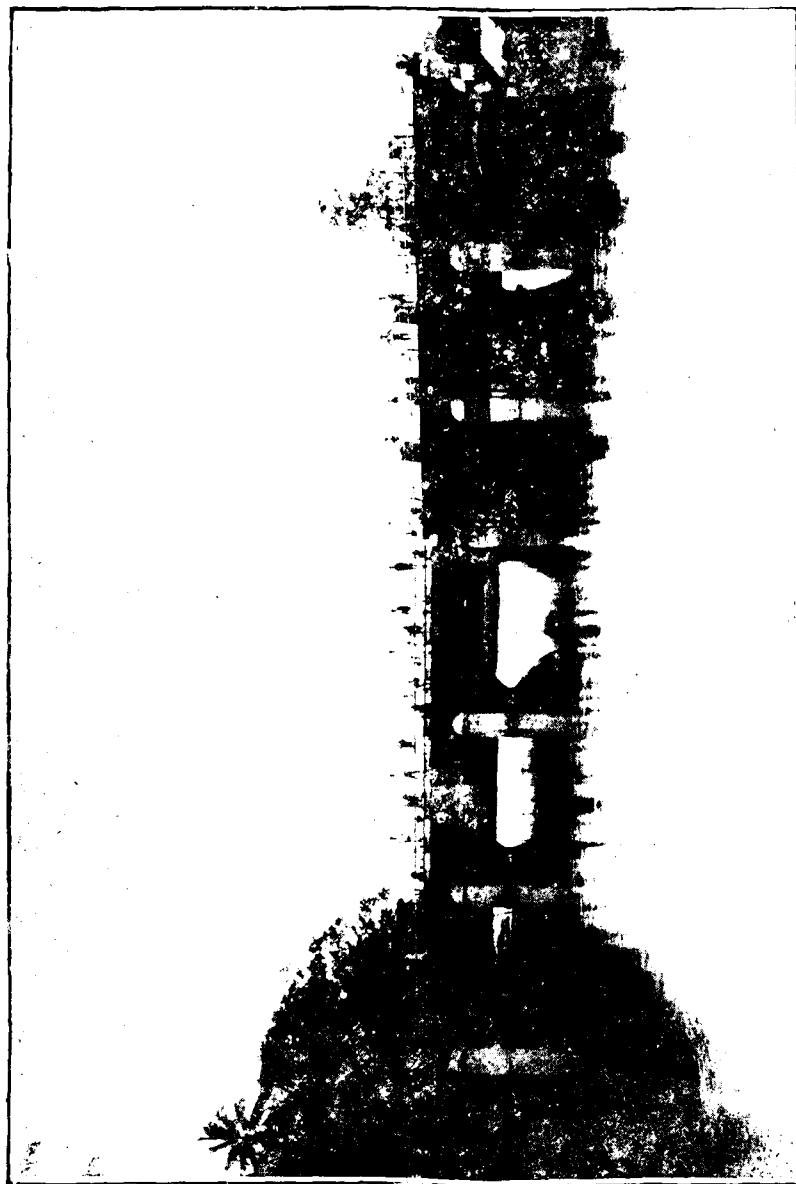
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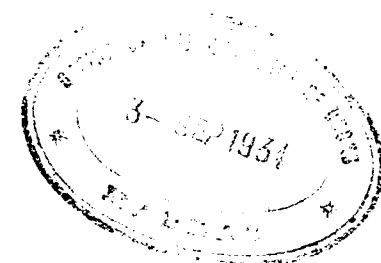
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JULY & AUGUST, 1934

Volume VII

Number 4

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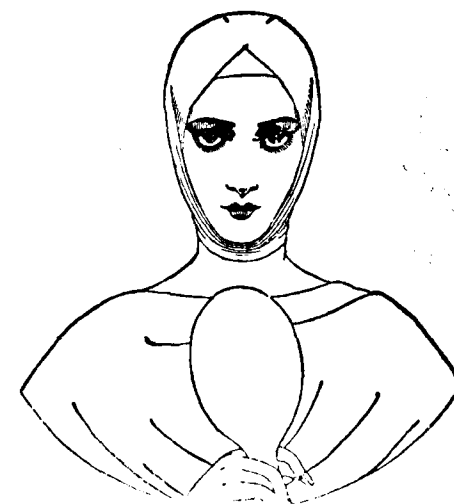
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The INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol: VII.

No. 4

Illustrations:—Kolattam; five pictures of silk-farming at Ollur, Cochin;
 Woman Wrestler from Sholapur; Fifteen-Year-Old Anti-Purdah Poetess.

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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 Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol :—VII.

No. 3

Illustrations :—Reflections of sunlight; Mrs. Rodrigues; Madame Piechocka; Mrs. Ameena Khatun; Miss K. Vine; Ladies' Club in Bapatla.

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The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. VIII.

MAY & JUNE, 1934

No. 3

Moonlight

O'er the meadows leaping,
Moonbeams go:
Thro' the woodlands purling,
Streamlets flow.

Shadows deftly darting,
Greet and pass,
Dark'ning o'er the dewy,
Moon-glossed grass.

Shies on high are mellow
With pale beams:
Earth rests like a drowsy
Land of dreams.

Wonders strange within men,
And without:
Where shall wonders end, when
Life goes out?

Herbert Porter.

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

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

(Continued from the previous issue).

So far, we have been considering *King Lear*. The other great tragedies *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello* also show us a world, which produces evil, but which cannot rest until the evil is purged away.

In *Hamlet*, the murderous king, has to go, even though many others perish too, Hamlet, Gertrude, Laertes, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The cost is not nicely calculated by a mechanical poetic justice. In *Macbeth*, Macbeth's evil ambition brings a great warrior to ruin, and Macduff slays him as heaven's instrument of vengeance. In *Othello*, Tago lets loose his evil desires and purposes, bringing Roderigo, Desdemona, Othello, and Emilia to their deaths, but he is also eliminated at last, and his world is free to continue in health and peace. In the great tragedies, the villains do not repent; they go to the limit and perish. There is something magnificent in their relentless purposes. We feel that, if there were a change in the citadel of their personalities, they could be magnificently strong benefactors, instead of terrifying evil doers.

In Shakespeare's latest plays, *Cymbeline*, *A Winter's Tale*, and the *Tempest*, there is a new key-note. As Prof. Dowden said long ago, reconciliation is the word for all. Iachin o, the villain in *Cymbeline*, repents and is forgiven and lives. So we have romance and happy ending instead of tragedy. In *A Winter's Tale*, the children achieve the conciliation of parents. In the *Tempest*, Prospero shows a divine spirit of forgiveness. And in that play, it is generally argued that Shakespeare makes his farewell to the drama and the stage, when he makes Prospero say:

'But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses, that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.'

And the epilogue closes:

'Now I want black
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which praises so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.'

Only a spiritual mind would close like that. The *Tempest* is a story of perfect forgiveness and reconciliation between the Duke of Milan, Prospero, and Alonzo, the king of Naples, who had helped Antonio, Prospero's brother, to usurp his dukedom. The reconciliation is perfected in the marriage of the son of one with the daughter of the other. So Prospero makes all happy by loving his enemies; and we can surely see the soul of gentle Shakespeare in him. The spirit of the *Sermon on the Mount* was Shakespeare's final interpretation of life.

Of course his work is permeated with the language and ideas of the Bible, and with allusions to Biblical characters. Hermione in *A Winter's Tale* says:

'It powers divine behold our human
actions as they do, I doubt not then but
innocence shall make false accusation
blush.'

When old Adam in *As you like it* gives Orlando the savings of his life, he says:

'Take that: and He that doth the ravens
feed.'

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.'

In *Henry VIII*, Queen Katherine, addressing the two cardinals, says:

'Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a
judge that no king can corrupt.'

Henry VI. says:

'O thou that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts;

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee.'

Again:

'Now God be praised, that to believing
souls,

Gives light in darkness, comfort in
despair.'

The most famous passage on divine forgiveness is, of course, in the *Merchant of Venice*, from Portia's immortal speech on mercy.

Surely it is, again, the voice of Shakespeare, when Hamlet says:

'What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep, and feed? A beast, no
more.

Sure, He that made us with such large
discourse—

Looking before and after—gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To rust in us unused.'

Shakespeare has many references to Christ's redemption in his plays, which may be compared with his last will and testament: 'First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator; hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.'

Again, King Richard II speaks of

'The world's ransom, blessed Mary's
son.' In *King Henry IV, part 1*, the king speaks of

'Those holy fields,

Over whose acres walked those blessed
feet,

Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were
nailed

For our advantage on the bitter cross.'

In *Measure for Measure*, good Isabella speaks to the wicked Lord Deputy, Angelo, thus:

'Alas! Alas!

Why, all the souls, that are, were forfeit
once;

And He that might the vantage best
have took,

Found out the remedy. How would you
be,

If He, which is the top of judgment,
should

But judge you as you are? O think on
that;

And mercy then will breathe within
your lips,

Like man new-made.'

Wolsey's final charge to Cromwell was:

'Love thyself last, cherish those hearts
that hate thee.'

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle
peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just and
fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
country's,

Thy God's and Truth's; then, if thou
fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.'

Hence, we have duty to God, to our neighbour, to our country; renunciation of self; love of enemies; the practical study of truth, of justice, of integrity, of peaceableness; Christian thoughts close-packed.

Hamlet preaches purity to his mother; and he probably voices Shakespeare's own sense of the mysterious wonder of human life, when he says:

'Our indiscretion sometimes serves us
well,

When our deep plots do fail; and that
should teach us,

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

Probably, as Shakespeare, the successful play-wright and actor-manager patronised by the court, looked back to the small town he once was at, Stratford-on-Avon, he felt that Providence had watched over his life:

Shakespeare's sense of the armour of righteousness comes out again and again in his plays.

Brutus says to Cassius:

'There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,

For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not!'

Compare *King Henry VI, 2nd Part*:

'What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.'

We see this exemplified also in Edgar and Edmund in *King Lear*. In the same play, Albany says:

'Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant.'

And Hamlet sums it up:

'Conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native due of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cost of thought;

And enterprises of great pith and moment,

With this regard, their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of action.'

Even Richard III, for all his wickedness, confesses that his sin has found him out:

'O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me!

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.'

Richard III did not repent, but fought to the death, and was killed.

But in *Measure for Measure* Shakespeare shows us the truly repentant Julia:

'I do repent me as it is an evil,

And take the shame with joy.'

In *King Lear*, we have the sense that sin finds men out:

'Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.'

Compare the book of *Proverbs*:

'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy.'

In *Hamlet* we see also the necessity for restitution and amendment, the sense that regret, while clinging to the sin, is not repentance.

The King speaks:

'What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To make it white as snow? Where-to serves mercy

But to comfort the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this twofold force,

'To be forestalled, ere we come to fall.

Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;

My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?

That cannot be, since I am still possessed

Of those effects for which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardoned and retain the offence?'

He cannot bring himself to give up the fruits of his murder, and he feels his is a hollow show of repentance unless he does give them up. Shakespeare knew as well as any Christian the cost of repentance in restitution and amendment. He teaches forgiveness too, instead of revenge.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, we read:

'Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is not of heaven, nor earth, for these are pleased;

By penitence, the Eternal's wrath's appeased.'

Mark Antony speaks of the blinding power of sin, which destroys man's clear judgment.

'When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O a misery on't) the wise gods seal our eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut

To our confusion.'

King Henry VI, when he is stabbed in the Tower, says, forgiving his murderer,

'O, God forgive my sins and pardon thee.'

It is very like the *Lord's prayer*: 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.'

As Portia says:

'We do pray for mercy: and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.'

In *Henry VI, 2nd part*, Shakespeare writes,

'Blessed are the peace-makers on earth; and in *Coriolanus*, Volumnia, his mother says: 'Why dost not speak?'

'Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?'

This was the spirit, in which Prospero finished his course on the enchanted isle in the *Tempest*, the spirit of the gentle Shakespeare, who is the greatest poet, the most philosophical and the most spiritual, take him for all in all, that the world has ever seen.

The greater the theme, the more surely does Shakespeare rise to it. He is less only than the greatest of all. As Charles Lamb once said: 'If Shakespeare came into the room, we should all stand up; if Jesus Christ came in, we should all kneel down.'

I have work to do.

The prophet Mohammad, who gave his life to teaching his people and had no care for ease and riches, once slept on a hard mat; and, when he arose, his skin was marked by the fibres and knots of his couch.

And a friend said, 'Oh Messenger of God! This was too hard a bed for you; and, if you had ordered, I would gladly have spread a soft couch for you to rest on.'

The prophet answered, 'A soft bed is not for me. I have work to do in the world. I take rest when the body demands rest, but only as a horseman, who reins up his horse for a little while under the shadow of a tree, that so he may take a little shelter from the heat of the sun; but soon he passes on his way.'

'I have work to do in the world,' said the prophet.

From—*The Treasure chest*.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AND IDEALS AND DIVORCE PRACTICES IN POLAND.

By Madame Mary Piechocka, Poland.

[Madame Mary Piechocka, who has so kindly contributed this article for us, and whose picture we re-produce, is the wife of an ex-cabinet minister (Minister of Justice) of Poland. She is a woman, who has travelled extensively and at present is engaged in writing her own memoirs. The present article is not meant, we are told, to injure or offend any section. In one of her recent letters, she says, "I wish to say that in our country women in general are not in very high consideration and that their duties are not duly appreciated; nor are they themselves conscious of their serious task; they are satisfied with what they have, with what they do and what they are, thoughtless dolls, and as such they do not consider their situation as slavery. They would be astonished if you should tell them they are slaves. That is what stings me most of all, that they have so little consideration for themselves and so little self-respect. It may be a mistake of mine to have written the article from the point of view of the few exceptions, the rebels who suffer hard from those conditions; but I think that, in spite of their rarity, such are the very representatives of true womanhood, not only in Poland, but throughout the world. I was delighted with Rabindranath Tagore's lecture on the part meant for women in future society—the part which I want also for the women in my country."

We thank the lady for her article, which I am sure will point somewhat of a moral to the backward women of India.]

When speaking about the marriage ideals of our country, it is impossible to omit the customs and usages of pre-war times, because such are still alive in the

more advanced section of our society. The generation, which married at that time, is now the dominant element in customs and opinions, being in the prime of its strength and consequently imposing its opinion upon the rest of society.

It is sad to note that, in Poland, as in many other countries in Europe, marriage is a matter of business. The bride's gift or dowry forms the chief factor in the choice of a young man, and not love, attraction or sympathy. Of course, I am not speaking of the few exceptions, which fortunately are appearing more and more often; I speak of the general rule, although even this seems to have considerably improved after the war.

In pre-war time, it was the general rule that a young man, in debt or wishing to improve his situation, made enquiries about the probable marriage gift of a young girl; and, if he judged that that would be sufficient for him, he started his courtship, by asking the girl's parents whether they would like him to call on them. The issue of the matter in most cases depended on the parents' answer. If they wished, they asked the girl's opinion and if her reply was an affirmative one, there was considered to be a sort of engagement. But it happened very often too, that the parents did not ask the girl's opinion, treating her as a nonentity and imposing on her an entirely passive role. In both cases, the young girl's situation was a very difficult one. In the first event, knowing neither the character nor the temper of her future life-companion, having met him once or twice at a ball, she had to decide, whether she wished to marry him or not. In the second case, she followed obediently her parents' wish and in both cases it might have been considered a most joyful surprise



Madame Mary Piechocka, Poland.



Mrs. H. P. P. Rodrigues, B.A., L.T., winner of the Raja of Ramnad cup in the Annual Mangalore Ladies' Club tennis tournament, which ended on 2nd April 1934.



Mrs. AMENA KHATUN, the first woman to be elected a Commissioner of the Jessore (Bengal) Municipality.



Miss KATHLEEN VINCE, the first woman to be nominated a Member of the newly-constituted Municipal committee of Amritsar.

(Photos:—Indian News Agency, Srinagam.)

if their future home-life turned out to be a happy one. Unfortunately, this was rarely the result, for in most cases both parties were deeply unhappy, their home-life being a ceaseless series of quarrels and deceptions, which sometimes ended in a scandal. Very often however, there was one of the parties, who chose to suffer in silence, for the sake of the children. I suppose it is not necessary to mention, that in most cases it was the wife, who decided to undergo mental suffering, whilst the husband consoled himself outside home.

Let us now enter a little into the girl's mentality. The level of her education was not very high in pre-war time. After having finished with school and moreover having read some romantic novels, she sentimentally idealised the knight of her heart, and very often her longing for him was so great and so strong that the first aspirant to her hand seemed to her to be the realisation of her dreams; and perhaps this illusion facilitated her decision, when asked for. In some cases, however, when the girl had her sense of criticism rather developed, her parents tried to persuade her, that love never existed in reality, but was merely a production of unsound minds and chiefly to be found in novels; and that therefore life had to be taken as it was, reasonable, practical, and devoid of sentiment. Such reasonings naturally often took root in a young mind; and a girl's life was often sacrificed to satisfy her parents. Many a girl also married, because she had nothing else to do. Usually she was trained only in domestic work, which she learned from her mother or in special domestic science schools, and she had nothing to do but to wait for a husband. Marriage was to her, not only the only means to acquire a position in society, but also to get a home for herself and be independent of her parents. Sometimes perhaps, she wished to satisfy her longings for children. There were some girls, however, who took up social work to fill their leisure, and those were perhaps the least in haste to get married.

And what was the ideal of marriage for the bridegroom? Besides the improvement

of his financial situation, a man required in his wife, not only a good house-keeper, but also an excellent cook, as well as an efficient nurse to care for him, considering himself the only important person in the family, because he was the wage-earner. He did not appreciate his wife's work at home, because nobody paid for it. Of course, he was pleased if his wife was pretty, not for his own pleasure, but for satisfying his vanity. Many women became accustomed to such a life, particularly those, whose ideals of home-life did not reach very high, and who were therefore satisfied that their lives and thoughts should be limited to the petty events of domestic life. And such unions were called happy marriages. Yet, there were exceptions, not very frequent but still a few, where the wife had broader ideas on life, where her thoughts rose higher, when her mind wished communication with another mind, when she wanted understanding and friendship, when all her nature cried for love and sought to give her love to a human being, who would appreciate it and return it with the same strength. In such cases, the home was often a theatre of desperate struggles, which not seldom resulted in a supreme tragical end. Even her unlimited love for her children did not suffice for such a woman. If her desire for an ideal love was not satisfied, she became nervous and this nervousness increased with her years, so that sometimes, when about forty, she fell into some mental disturbance, which was usually labelled hysteria and was ignored by the husband, as well as by other people, as ridiculous!

In such cases, divorce should have been allowed, without prolonging conjugal life to that result. Unfortunately, it was not very easy to get a divorce. I wished to write only about marriage-usages and divorce-practices, without commenting on the law of marriage; but I find that a brief notice of the law of marriage is necessary to prove the difficulties, which confronted any couple desiring divorce. The law of marriage was not equalised in Poland. In that part of the country, which was under German government

for a century, the Germans introduced their own jurisdiction which was, in some regards, vital till lately. There were double formalities to perform in connection with each wedding; the civil marriage, which was not recognised by the Catholic Church, and the church marriage, neither of which was of value to the other. The law was to conclude first the civil wedding, which made the couple appear as husband and wife before law, and afterwards to celebrate the ceremony at church, for them to appear as husband and wife in religion. So it was with divorce. If a couple wished for divorce, they had to have the permission both of the law and of the church. The divorce in law was not difficult to acquire, if both parties agreed; most often the husband taking on him the charge either of unfaithfulness or bodily offence. It was more difficult when one of the parties did not agree to the divorce and provided difficulties and obstacles, thus bringing the most intimate details of conjugal life into court. Again, there were the children to consider. As the law in Poland favoured the man, in most cases he was awarded the right of keeping his children with him, which was very hard for the mother.

In that part of Poland, which was not under German government, there existed only the church marriage, which was valuable for church as well as for law. Consequently, there was no other institution or office to be appealed to in divorce cases. But the church divorce was impossible to obtain, as the Catholic Church by principle does not recognise divorce at all, except in a few extraordinary cases.

Recently, the Polish Government issued a new law of marriage, which is more indulgent towards women and which tries to abolish the church marriage and consequently to facilitate the proceedings of divorce; but, as the Poles are an essentially Catholic nation and as such excessively conservative, there is great indignation about it in society. I cannot deny that post-war conditions have brought some release of customs, together with more liberal and socialistic principles.

Young girls are better educated; many of them are studying at universities; they have more liberty; they are almost quite independent of their parents. But I notice that whereas the pre-war girl was too much under her parents' wardship, the post-war girl often misuses her liberty and sometimes falls into a deplorable situation. Accordingly, cases of divorce appear more and more often; and since divorce always scandalises a certain section of society, which prefers a woman to be psychically tortured to death, rather than be divorced, neither a divorced nor a remarried woman after divorce is received in society, or even in her own family often. It is certain that such absurd prejudices will last in our country for long years.

I mentioned above, that church-divorces are impossible to obtain. So the couple wishing for divorce must be content to be divorced only in the civil state office, and if they want to marry somebody else, to have only the civil wedding; because the church, not having granted them their divorce, would refuse them another marriage; or else, if they wish to get married also at church, they must change their religion and celebrate the ceremony at a Protestant or at a Russian orthodox Church.

The younger generation is, therefore, happier than the older one, for young girls are more free to choose their own life-companions; and, if they are mistaken in their choice, they will be able when they grow serious enough, to impose on society their own opinions in order to repair their first mistakes. But this change does not mean at present the improvement and the enlargement of the ideals of home-life. Many young girls are studying at universities and prepare themselves for professions, which formerly were the lot of men only, and, after marrying, they work on in their professions in order to enlarge their incomes. Time has proved that this idea is not quite bad, especially in these hard times, when men's salaries have been lowered so considerably. But, whilst carrying on their own careers, none of these busy women, who have got

children, think of their duties to them; forgetting, that their first and most sacred duty is to give themselves to the task of bringing them up and only after that to be free to dispose of their time otherwise. On the other hand, a mother, having a profession whether as physician, lawyer or dentist, is compelled to spend almost the whole day out of the house, or at any rate she is so occupied as to have no time to look after her children, and she is obliged to leave the care of them to nurses, who are not by any means as perfect in our country, as in England.

How much more regrettable is the situation, when the mother leaves her home, not to earn money, but for the sake of amusement. Unfortunately, however, such cases are very, very numerous; the father occupied the whole day in his profession, and the mother running about in the cafes, the stores, the streets, in order to flirt, to chatter, to gossip, to see new dresses, to show off her own costumes. Unfortunately, there is very little love, friendship or understanding, between married couples. And there is, moreover, no liking or taste for any noble subject, such as art, literature,

or music; no higher aspirations and no larger ideas!

Such are the pictures of pre-war and post-war marriages. Neither the one nor the other are apt to bring up and educate the new generation, to be of real value; for the most important education of a human being, acquired in his very first years of life in his home, which will last him his whole life in spite of later influences, is not seen to.

Yet, we find one consolation. I have spoken so far of the majority, which gives the tone to society, a considerable majority to tell the truth; but there is still the minority, not very much, but it exists, which does not take part in a thoughtless life, but which is aware of the high tasks men and women have to aim at, and of the serious duties everybody has to fulfil in the family. May heaven ordain that the influence of this minority will be strengthened and spread over those who do not seem to understand the real meaning of life.

(Submitted through Govindlal D. Shah, Ahmedabad).

The Editor, I. L. M. undertakes no responsibility as to the views expressed here.

The Quiet Hour

Lord, ere I start upon another day
I kneel to thee, and in these words I pray,
If I should fail in that for which I strive
Grant from that failure, good I may derive.
And if I should succeed, then grant to me,
In that success, Thy guiding hand to see.
But, whether my affairs go right or wrong,
Grant me, oh Lord, the grit to carry on.

From The Nursing Journal of India.

MIRA DEVI

After seeing *Raj-Rani Mira*, the Cinema production in which Mrs. Khotte is acting in the main character, I have been inspired to write a short, descriptive sketch of Mira, not because she is a great poetess, not even because she is a great *Bhakta*, but because she is a true woman who can be taken as an ideal example by the women of our generation.

Mira was born in 1504 A.D. in a small village, named Chokadi, in the family of Ratansigh, who was the kind and benevolent king of the country. Once it happened that Mira's mother escaped from an arduous marriage ceremony to worship in the temple, which had been specially constructed for her personal use. Mira, looking for her mother, saw her worshipping, and said to her, "Mother, shall I also have to marry? If so, where is my husband?" The mother kissed her daughter and indicating the idol of the God Thakorji said, "Here is your husband." As Mira was a small girl, she took the words of her mother as true and thenceforward always thought of God as her real husband.

The voice of Mira was very musical and pleasant to the ears, and she composed, we are told, small poems even in her childhood and sang the same before the public, which was attracted by them and showered words of praise upon her.

At the age of 15, she was married to Bhoj-Raj, a very prominent and brave king of Marwar. This marriage was against her wishes, because she thought that she had already been married to the God Thakorji, but she consented to it, not wishing by a refusal to hurt her beloved parents.

It was said, however, that when the ceremony of marriage was performed and Mira was ordered to walk round her husband, she went back to her house and walked round her God instead, singing prayers. After the marriage, Mira according to the *Shastras* was sent to her hus-

band's house with many words of advice, which had no effect on her; for, thinking that it would be quite inconvenient for her to pray to Thakorji at the house of her husband, she became so worried that she actually swooned and fell unconscious to the ground.

Mira's husband died after a short five years, and Mira was treated as a witch, whose arrival in the state had killed the king. She was ordered not to worship Thakorji, but she persisted, saying:

"I have my God and God alone; nobody else and nobody else." Mira's mother-in-law, thereupon, drove her away from the palace, and she was ordered to reside in a small hut, especially constructed for her. Mira, however, thought this advantageous to her, for it would enable her to pray and discuss holy matters with *Sadhus* and *Yogis*. She as-embled many such around her, saying:

"I have forsaken shame by sitting near Sadhus.

And this matter is known to each and everybody,

I have God and God alone and nobody else."

Thinking that it would be shameful to the state to tolerate such action on Mira's part, plans were made to kill her, information of which was brought to Mira by her company of Sadhus. But Mira replied, "What can the king do to me? He at the most can drive me out of the State; but if God is angry with me, He can kill me."

The new king, in an angry mood, sent a deadly serpent to Mira with a message; "Ranaji has sent a garment of flowers to you, as he is pleased very much by your constant worship." Mira Bai opened the box, singing prayers, and saw the dreadful snake, but not being afraid took it in her hands and wrapped it round her neck. The snake did not injure her, because she was quite sinless.

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: More vexed now than ever, Ranaji sent a cup of poison for Mira to drink. Mira drank it, looking upon it as *Anrut* (nectar); and even that did not injure the sinless one.

Then, the infuriated Ranaji proclaimed in the kingdom that any Sadhu, found in the residence of Mira, would be put to death.

Once, Mira was talking with the idol of her God, in a loud voice. This was heard by the police outside and the king was told that Mira was speaking to somebody inside the *Mandir*. Rana, hearing this, at once ran to the house of Mira and ordered her to open the doors of the house. She did so, and he asked her with whom she had been talking. Mira replied, "With my Thakorji!" Ranaji-

said, "Where is your Thakorji?" Mira said calmly "Here is he"; and Ranaji returned to his palace with a darkened face.

Mira, upon this, thought it advisable to go on pilgrimage, in order to free herself from such cruel troubles. She did so, and what happened to her after that is not known.

Her compositions and poems are very familiar to Indians, particularly to the Hindus, having been translated into many vernaculars and being sung with much delight everywhere. Therefore, though she is dead, her memory is still green in the living present.

DEVADATTA I. TRIPATHI

EDITORIAL NOTES

(1) Marriage and its dangers

While reading a modern novel, I came across a comparison between marriage and a car. If a car went very wrong, there must be one of two explanations; either the car was not a good one, and could not be made to run easily and smoothly; or the man at the wheel was not a competent driver. But, a good car is easy to manage, even by an inexperienced driver. "Ordinary skill should suffice. One should not have to be a genius." And, if a certain make of car gave trouble to every-one, the fault must lie with the machine, which would therefore, have to be abandoned. Marriage is like that, especially in modern days, giving trouble to almost everyone. Most people mismanage it; and so the conclusion cannot be easily avoided that there must be something "imperfect and inadequate" with the institution itself, or at least the interpretation of it.

If a marriage did go wrong in former days, the couple did not wish to abandon their contract, but tried to make the best of it. "Marriage must have changed a good bit, my dear, since the time your mother and I entered on that step," said an old man to

his daughter. "Things did not have to be so bright. People were not so infernally restless. You are all spoilt children." Now, the theory is: "I don't think it's absolutely necessary to consider yourself shut up in a condemned cell with one person, because you're married." And this standard of laxity is carried so far that the accusation of being sex-mad, is not laid, as it ought to be, on the immoral man, but on the loyal and, therefore, jealous husband and wife.

And therefore, since the modern age dictates that the individual must not be repressed or allowed to stagnate, marriage, after some time, ceases to be a holy sacrament. Yet, the fact remains that very often the couple veer round to each other and enjoy renewed happiness. In India, there is very little thought of separation, even if the marriage proves unhappy. Most wives shut their eyes to the infidelities of their husbands, taking them as a matter of course. To them, it is enough to be regarded as the senior wife, to whom most respect is given, and of that there is no lack. In most Indian homes, it is, as the *Mahabharata* says: "Honour, good treatment, and everything else which is agreeable, should all be given

to the maiden whose hand is taken in marriage. Her father and brothers and father-in-law and husband's brothers should show her every respect and adorn her with ornaments. Women should always be adored and treated with love. Where women are treated with honour, the very gods are said to be propitiated. Where women are not adored, all acts become fruitless. If the women of a family, on account of the treatment they receive, indulge in grief and tears, that family soon becomes extinct. Manu, on the eve of his departure from this world, made over women to the care and protection of men. Women are deities of prosperity. The person that desires affluence and prosperity should honour them. By cherishing women, one cherishes the goddess of prosperity herself, and by afflicting her, one is said to pain the goddess of prosperity." This kind of feeling tends much to keep the home together. But, as times are advancing, the Indian wife is getting very much like the Western wife, and all the problems of marriage of the other woman will soon be hers.

The question therefore arises, as to whether a marriage, having ceased to be a holy bond, is to be considered a marriage at all. The ethics of the problem are too deep to go into here. The fact remains, however, that some people find it impossible to continue together in a desecrated marriage-bond. One cannot rebuke them. There are others, we have seen, who are more tolerant. To them, though one may disagree with them, some suggestions can be made.

It is so easy to get bored at home, especially if marriage has come to mean a steady, quiet, affectionate companionship; for there can be no sense of adventure or exploration, when one has got to know the other well. Home becomes casual, with nothing in it new, stimulating, unfamiliar, or variegated. Routine becomes wearisome, "day after day the same, till half life becomes an acknowledged process, to be taken for granted."

Matters become complicated, when there is constant espionage between couples,—“sitting (separated, but prudently adjacent) at dull

dinner parties; talking (not to each other; but practically within earshot) to suitably uninspiring, and often similarly inhibited, persons in drawing-rooms, on lawns, or at public ceremonies and performances; going together; coming home together; always within hail; always within sight; always going and coming, and being, in one another's society; inhabiting, as it were, an impalpable little cell for two in the vast surrounding world." Therefore, variety is necessary and a certain amount of trusting freedom. In the novel referred to above, I came across the following ten rather desirable commandments of marriage:

- (1) You shall place the other before anyone else.
- (2) You shall tell the other everything that matters.
- (3) You shall not neglect the other.
- (4) You shall not put the other to shame.
- (5) You shall not treat home as a place where all decencies and courtesies can be discarded.
- (6) You shall only lie to the other when it is for the other's sake.
- (7) You shall be reasonable in small things.
- (8) You shall not argue about money.
- (9) You shall spare the other's feelings.
- (10) You shall really try to make a success of living together.

Such rules certainly seem a safe guide; though a few curious things must be noted; "you shall tell everything *that matters*; you shall *only* lie when it is for the other's sake; you shall be reasonable *in small things*"——the words in italic will explain what I mean.

A natural, but foolish, characteristic of marriage, which ought to be avoided as much as possible, is jealousy; though jealousy is the godly attribute of true love. "Did one," asks the wronged wife in the novel, "make oneself more attractive by being foolish, interfering, nagging, all the things, which marked the jealous wife?" Obviously not.

Tact is much needed in a home, even with the truest of love. In modern days,

"husbands, as a tribe, fell into two classes, the tame and the wild. Without approximating to the worshipper of the high-percentage male man, the woman did not want a tame dog for her companion down the path of life. She was prepared for the results of her throwing in her lot with a healthy and imaginative human being." How then should a married woman re-act when another woman captures the friendship of her husband? The conventional woman feels the instinct to protect him as a tiger guards its prey. The more advanced woman has a feeling that the husband should not be regarded as a slave, or a piece of property. The heroine in our novel "had in her character a strong prejudice against slavery; and she did not see why she should abandon this prejudice because she resolved to try to live her life with one particular young man. Neither she, nor he, (said her untutored opinion) should be a slave. Neither should, so to speak, have a property in the other, soul, or body." This is not an easy position to take; for it needs a very broadminded woman to stand the strain. But such a woman, though she knows that the principle is wrong, feels "that in some shape or form a certain amount of infidelity is extraordinarily common in married life, especially among husbands. And, where infidelity exists, ignorance, to the betrayed party, is usually bliss."

From this latter conclusion to the corollary that sometimes a little judicious blindness might be a good thing is only a short step. The wife can be so fond of her husband as not to let him go altogether. He is too much a part of her life. She still wants to take care of him, to mother him. Therefore all that she can do is to gather courage and set her life in some sort of order again. "What one ought to do, obviously, is to try to win back one's husband's love; to make oneself appreciated if possible, plainly indispensable; to show that home can be as pleasant a place as anywhere else, particularly somewhere else. Something seems to come instead of passion, after a time, to a woman; some-

thing deeper and quieter and warm and comfortable, instead of hot and agitating. And so I think it's somehow easier for a woman to stick to a man, once she's got the habit of him, as it were."

And so when the husband comes back, the wife may be able to forgive him, glad to feel that the real man, who could not bear to leave her, has come back to her; for after all, 'passion is not nearly so important as other things, as even the other feeling that comes instead of it. Perhaps one might call it mostly a maternal feeling and comradeship. And there are other things, too, material things that are more important, home and associations, and one's life together."

Marriage with this ideal will never be such a success anywhere else, as in India; for, as said before, it is in India that the traditions of life are best suited to it; for, as the Mahabharata says:—

"The relationship of husband and wife is very subtle. It is different from the natural relationship which consists only in the satisfaction of passion."

(2) The frailty of woman

There was once reported in the *Mahabharata* a conversation about women between the divine Rishi Narada, and the nymph Panchachuda. She was an Apsara of heaven, and though not living according to a moral standard, yet kept a certain code of honour, in that she did not wish to talk ill of the members of her sex, when she felt she could talk very little good of them. "I am not able, being myself a woman, to speak ill of woman."

But the Rishi, Narada, told her that there was no sin in speaking what was true. Then she enumerated "the true and eternal short-comings of woman." "There is nothing that is more sinful than woman," she said: "The destroyer, the god of wind, the nether regions, the equine mouth that moves through the ocean, producing ceaseless flames of fire, the sharpness of the razor, dreadful poison, the snake and fire—all these exist in a state of union in woman."

In the first place, no woman it was said, likes to keep the bounds assigned to her. As from the distance of our modern era, we contemplate this ancient statement, can we be surprised at it? Do women ever like restraint? Not they. But so do not men also; men, however, control themselves to keep bounds; women usually seek to find loopholes through, and extensions beyond, them. Is that not the complaint of business-houses, which have opened their doors to women?

Then again, the ancient statement said that women were fickle in their attachments to men. No one single man could keep their affections, which were ready to fly to other men. "Women show a liking for those men, who court them, who approach their presence, who respectfully serve them to even a slight extent. They never consider about the age of the person they are prepared to favour, ugly or handsome; if only the person belongs to the opposite sex, women are ready to enjoy their companionship."

And, if women did remain faithful, it was not because of their affection, or their dislike of sin, but because of "want of solicitation by persons of the other sex, fear of relations, or fear of penalties." What an accusation indeed! And yet, it can be looked at from an innocent point of view too. Women are ever fond of admiration from the opposite sex. It does not matter who of such gives it to them; they ever have a responsive feeling of liking for it. And why not? Do not men also like flattery? And, be it remembered that, in the ancient ages of India, chastity meant not only the control of the eye but also the control of thought. Even a thought of admiration, even a glance of archness, meant loss of virtue. Can the strictures against women be wondered at then? Which human being is there that can so control every sense, let alone frail woman? If any can do so, they must approach god-head.

Another accusation was that women were creatures of illusion. They knew how to tempt men and captivate them. "If

man laughs, woman laughs. If man weeps, she weeps. The science of polity is not deeper or more subtle than woman's intelligence. She imposes upon men. She makes a lie appear as truth, and truth appear as a lie."

Is there anything so drastic in such a charge? It but speaks to the charm, the power of pleasing of one, who may be "as variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made."

Whose fault is it, if men are taken in by such fascination? Ancient Indians certainly lay the blame partly on the men; for they advise self-control. "Men should not love them; nor should they cherish any jealousy on account of them. Only for the sake of virtue men should enjoy their society, not with enthusiasm and attachment." A very barren prospect indeed!

It was felt, however, that the real blame, ought to be laid on the Creator, who made woman what she was meant to be. We hear that the gods were afraid of men attaining to the virtue of heaven. They said to Brahma, "we have heard that all human beings are characterised by righteousness, and they in course of natural progress and improvement attain to the dignity of God." Brahma heard the petition and responded to the alarm of the celestials by creating woman! Can she be blamed then for her powers of attraction?

Recently, the *Hindu* told a story about the "royal cynic," King Solomon of the Bible, who laid down that "he had not been able to find one faithful woman among his thousand." The story tells us of a test, which he tried on a husband and wife, seemingly devoted to each other. The husband, in spite of threats of great advancement, refused to kill his wife; but the latter forced with the same temptation, succumbed to it; which proved, we are told, "the untrustworthiness of woman."

I admit it did prove the untrustworthiness of one woman; but should that be taken as proof of a general statement? The same might be said of man. If one man proved loyal, why take all men to be loyal? No doubt, Solomon's experience ranged

over 1000 women, but even that does not prove his case, for he easily might have become disgusted with the variety of temperaments he had to deal with. What a hard task had King Solomon set himself! No wonder he felt disillusioned! Perhaps, eventually he delegated the same treatment to all his thousand women, forgetting that each woman needed a different attitude towards her. Was it any wonder then that not one woman successfully responded to his test of trustworthiness?

Leaving that alone however, we do hear of many faithful women in the Bible. Mary the mother of Jesus, the converted Mary Magdalene, Elizabeth the mother of John the Baptist, Dorcas, Lydia, and several others stand out as fine examples of goodness. Compare also the tribute paid by Jesus, to the devotion of a mother, as second only to that of God.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."

Again, King Solomon himself based one of his judgments on the love of a mother when he adjudicated the ownership of a child to the woman who refused to cut it in two.

A case in point, though it does appear somewhat banal to go from the Bible to prison life, is the experiment lately being made at the new Zenana hospital at Kohat to use women prisoners as ward orderlies. Sixty prisoners, we are told, worked for 15 months, and not one prisoner had attempted to escape!

The frailty of woman may be more obvious than that of man; so may also the selfish strength of man be; but the cases cannot be made general. On the other hand, the weakness of woman may be balanced by her qualities of goodness and sweetness, the exquisite womanliness, which has always made a woman, a true woman.

The nymph of heaven could find no good among women. Yet, we are told that, in the old era, all true women were virtuous; and that only those who were created with the help of illusion by Brahma, became sinful. And the virtuous women were "highly blessed, the mothers of the universe, who keep up the earth with all her waters and her forests."

And the modern poet echoes such sentiments with his "perfect woman, nobly-planned who, when pain and anguish wring the brow," is indeed a veritable "ministering angel."

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, though 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. In her fifth case, she helps her friend, Menaka, to regain her happiness).

Chapter XI.

Janaki eagerly went home, and was as eagerly welcomed by her husband. Life usually ran very smoothly where they lived; but one morning Janaki's maid-servant brought her a strange rumour.

"Madam," she said, "you know that Brahmin contractor, Singarachari, who lives at the end of the town? Well, his wife was a very fine lady, I used to work with her, and she was very kind, and gave me clothes and—"

"Well, what has happened?"

"Oh, madam,—she, she—," and the maid put her sari to her eyes, and sniffed.

"She is—what?"

"She is dead."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, the gardener told me," said the maid tearfully. "She died this morning, and they do say, she has been poisoned."

"Poisoned? By whom?"

"By that compounder in the small medicine shop in their part of the town. She had some pain yesterday and she sent for a medicine she often uses. But they say the man put poison into it."

"How do they know?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Has the medicine been examined?"

"I don't know, madam. And they do say that the lady's daughter wanted to marry that compounder, and her mother did not like it, because he is only a Naidu by caste. And so he was angry and killed her. Fancy, Amma, she is a Brahmin, and he is a Naidu. What is the world coming to?"

"Why, what's the harm?" asked Janaki with a smile at her maid, who was a Brahmin too.

"Harm? Much harm, Amma. Why should our sacred caste be polluted? I am not at all surprised that the mother should have objected. But, poor thing—"

"Gently, gently, Savitri," reprimanded Janaki. "Be careful. No one can say for certain what has happened, can they? And why should you be so much for caste? Have we not been taught that the depressed classes must be cared for? And after all, the compounder is a Naidu, not a Harijan. Never mind now, don't argue. Get the coffee ready, and I shall go to the unfortunate house."

"Can I come too?"

"No; you must get the master's breakfast ready. You can go in the afternoon, if you like. Now, Savitri, don't be sulky, but see to your work."

The sullen maid, sullen from very fondness for the mistress, with whom she had served since her marriage, went away.

Later, Janaki paid her visit to the dead woman's house, partly on condolence bent, partly because her detective's curiosity had been aroused.

She found the usual state of things in such a predicament. Horror, confusion, increased by the presence of the police, who had been summoned, fear, grief, suspense—! The daughter was especially prostrate with grief, sitting huddled up in a small room, refusing food and drink. There was a woman-servant in the house, but she could do nothing with the distracted girl. Janaki went in and tried to reason with her.

"No, no," moaned the girl, "Let me die."

"What is life worth to me now? My mother, my poor mother, she loved me so, and I was so ungrateful to her, and so disobedient. Oh, oh, I wish I were dead."

"But, there is your father."

"Poor father, he worshipped her. How he can live without her, I can't imagine."

"He has got you."

"He does not want me, never did in fact. It is his son he cares for."

"Where is he?"

"Weeping, I suppose."

"Did he not love his mother?"

"She was his step-mother. You see, when my father married her, sixteen years ago, Krishna was ten, and he was rather selfish, though I must say he was rather fond of her. He will look after father, I suppose, and there's his wife too, under whose thumb he is, for he is weak-natured."

"Oh, where is she?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. She was never a friend to me. It is she in fact, who spied on me, and told tales to my dear mother. Oh!" Under all this bitterness, Janaki sensed some other cause of grief; and she proceeded to feel about for it.

"Uma," she murmured, "What was there to spy about and tell tales about? You are a good girl, aren't you?"

"I am, I am," said Uma defiantly. "I am a good girl, and that's why I am in trouble. I could have run away, but I loved mother; and now, everything has become impossible."

"Tell me, my dear," coaxed our detective. "Perhaps I may be able to help you."

"How?"

"Don't you know who I am?"

"Oh, you are the lady detective, who tries to help people in distress. I know you now. You freed that dhoby girl Lakshmi, from the temple-people, and—"

"Never mind all that. Tell me your trouble."

And then the whole story came out, something like what her maid had told her. Uma, the Brahmin girl, and Gopalan, the Naidu compounder of Venkiah & Co., loved each other, but their caste-restrictions were naturally against them. Her mother especially would not have it. Uma had disobeyed her and had continued in touch with Gopalan. Her sister-in-law Kanti, had often reported against her; and she and her mother had not been quite friends. "Oh, and yesterday we had a terrible quarrel. Mother wouldn't talk to me the whole day and went to bed, still angry with me, though she was feeling ill. Now, they say there is arsenic in the medicine and that Gopalan put it in. But how could he? He is such a good man."

"Why do they specially fasten on him?"

"He is the only compounder in his shop and always makes up the medicines."

"Why does he work as a compounder? Is he poor?"

"No, his father is quite rich. But Gopalan likes medicine and is working on some research. Later, he hopes to set up a pharmacy of his own."

"How old are you, Uma?"

"Fifteen years. You wonder why I am not married yet. As a matter of fact, father is a social reformer, but my mother wished to get me married three years ago. But she—she was a good woman and when I begged and pleaded with her to let me go to school for three years more, she consented, though her friends laughed at her. Now, of course, they all say her death was a proper punishment for breaking our rules. Let them! I don't care."

"Was there anyone special, whom your mother wished you to marry?"

"Not till about two months ago."

"Who is the man?"

"Sankara Sastri, of our neighbouring town, Narpur. He is a Brahmin landed proprietor, very rich and influential. I consider him old, though he is only about forty. I don't like him. He is a wicked man. He is here now, I know. He still wants to marry me. I don't know what father will do. Oh, save me, save me, and save my Gopalan." Janaki soothed the hysterical girl as best she could, persuaded her to drink a little hot coffee and then left her.

She then tackled the servant woman, and by dint of many questions, elicited the fact that the dead lady had suffered from her usual stomach pain for the first part of the night. She had taken her accustomed medicine, a bottle of which was always with her. There had been no relief, however; on the contrary she had become worse. The doctor had been sent for, but had come only after her death, which had been sudden and unexpected.

Janaki had never gone to Venkiah & Co., the dispensary in question, and so had not met Gopalan, or at least had not noticed him in particular anywhere else. She made occasion now to go there with her husband on some small pretext. The young man served her, a pleasant, fair, young fellow of average height, with a clean-shaven, open face. She liked him and thought him a good match for Uma. She also came to the conclusion that he could never have poisoned anyone on purpose. She knew, of course, that, according to detective methods, it was wrong to work on prejudices; but somehow she liked to go by instinct. There remained the question of whether he had compounded the medicine wrongly. After some conversation with Gopalan about the all-engrossing topic of the dead woman, she openly asked him the question. He shook his head. "Madam, I am always very careful about my prescriptions. Besides, we have often made up the same medicine before. There is the receipt which I worked out faithfully. No, I am afraid there is no doubt about the matter."

"Do you intend to offer no defence?"

"What can I do? I can only deny the charge. The police have been here, but have not arrested me yet. But, I am afraid I shall get into trouble. I am very sorry for—". Here he closed his mouth firmly.

"Have any other medicines been purchased from you lately by the family?"

"No, madam, not just lately, though we always have supplied their medicines."

Janaki consulted her husband about the case, but he could not help her. Arsenic in a large quantity had been found in the medicine last taken by the dead woman, yet was not in the prescription. Who could have put it in, if not Gopalan? Our heroine racked her brains in vain for a solution.

In the evening, she went again to see Uma, and found her a little more cheerful. The poor girl seemed to have confidence in her, and questioned her eagerly; but Janaki could only

shake her head in reply. Then, they fell to talking about various things, but naturally the question veered round after a while to the dead mother. Uma fell to praising her. "She was so efficient, and such a good manager," she said with the tears running down her face. "She cooked well. We loved all her ways. The servants adored her. Everything ran on oiled wheels as it were. What we shall do now, I don't know."

"How many servants have you?"

"Oh, just Vimala, our cook-woman and two men to help."

"Have they been with you long?"

"Oh, yes. They are very devoted to us. I know what you are trying to find out. They could not have poisoned mother."

"She was very good-tempered then?"

"Sometimes she was inclined to be very irritated, but quickly recovered, and made up for her anger. She was a good woman every way, except perhaps that she was superstitious and used to imagine things."

"As how?"

"If she did anything wrong, or any of us did so, she was always afraid of the wrath of the goddess. For instance, she was very worried because she had not married me early, according to the *Sastras*. I know she often went to the temple to conciliate the priests with valuable offerings."

"Did she talk to you freely?"

"She did till lately, when I thought she was hiding something. I sometimes thought she was anxious about herself. But she usually made light of her pain and the doctor said it was nothing serious. But I know she used to write everything to her sister, who is with her husband in Bombay. She will be very upset."

"Your mother could read and write then?"

"She knew Telugu well, and she even knew some English. Oh, I wish you had known her; you would have loved her. She never went out much, as she always said her duty lay at home. You must have met her though, occasionally."

"Yes, I did, and I liked her. Well—well. By the way, Janaki, who suspected first that she was poisoned?"

"Sankara Sastri, I think. When the doctor came last night, I heard him talking outside the door to that old man. I heard the latter saying that he also knew something about doctoring, and that the symptoms he had noticed at death had pointed in a way to arsenic poisoning. It

was then that the doctor took away the medicine-bottle and examined it. I am sure it was that old wretch, who turned the suspicion on Gopalan, because he does not want me to marry him."

"I suppose your father will not consent to the marriage with Gopalan?"

"Never; and still less now. The only solution is for me to run away with him. But how now? I am sure he did not poison mother, but he will never marry me with this cloud on his name, even if he is not charged directly with it. But I would do anything for him, especially now that I cannot displease mother with my actions."

"What about your step-brother?"

"Not a bad boy, and quite kind to me; but his wife is the limit. She hates me, because she is jealous of me. Janakiamma, don't go away to night; stay with me, for I am afraid."

"Of what? Surely of no personal harm?"

"No, but Kanti will come and abuse me and Gopalan, and say I was the cause of mother's death. I couldn't bear it."

"Very well, my dear, I shall come back after dinner."

As she was going out of the room, she heard a scurry and a flurry, and a little dog entered, followed by a woman holding him tight on a chain. She got the dog under control and spanked him hard. Uma jumped up to interfere, but thought better of it and sat down again. Kanti, a sharp-featured woman, began to scold in a thin high voice, saying all sorts of things about the dog and his love for Uma and her mother.

"I don't know what your mother gave him to make him so fond of her. Always rushing in here, he is. I could not do anything as long as she was alive, on account of your father. Your brother too was against me, but what do I care for his words now? I am not going to let him be fond of you. He is my dog, do you hear that, my little Ravana. Besides, your father hates the dog to be too much in the house. I have been strict, but your mother has spoiled him. Oh, who is this?"

She had just caught sight of Janaki by the door. Uma told her who she was. Kanti sneered a little, and was openly against Janaki coming back; but eventually gave in, as our heroine knew how to be tactful. As Janaki went out, there was a noise behind her, and Ravana tried to follow her. Kanti grabbed at him, at the same time rescuing a sheet of newspaper from his jaws.

"Oh, he is such a mischievous boy," she cried, "always tearing up papers and clothes. I think he will have to be given away."

"Oh, don't do that," cried Uma.

"I'll see to that. He's not your dog, is he? Besides what is the use of talking so fondly of him, when you and your mother once nearly killed him."

"How?" flamed up Uma.

"Don't you remember how once he ate a little of that rice in which your mother had mixed poison for the rats?"

"But we didn't mean to poison him."

"Then, why leave it on the ground?"

"It fell down from the shelf."

"And why poison the rats at all?"

"Oh, don't talk rubbish, Kanti. You know we can't have rats destroying everything. What about your own saries?"

"Well, well, will you have your food now? Your foolish brother is anxious about you, though I don't think a little starvation will do you any harm. It will cure your hot blood anyway. And why you want that grand lady to stay with you to night, I cannot imagine. Aren't we good enough for you? You are getting too Westernised, and she will make you worse still."

Janaki had stopped a while to listen to the nagging voice, but turned away in disgust soon. When she reached home, she had some trouble to persuade her husband to let her go out again to the bereaved home. He seemed to have some objections to the people in it. He did not know them well, he admitted, however. Sankara Sastri he knew a little.

"When?" asked Janaki.

"Some years ago in fact, and I don't like him much. I wish you would not interfere there. Sankara Sastri will get you into trouble if you don't look out, if you get Gopalan free to marry Uma."

"What trouble?"

"Oh, I don't know. He does not like me, you understand, and may tell you all sorts of things about me."

"What things?"

"Oh, I can't tell you all that. We agreed to let the past alone."

"Then you won't help me at all in this case?"

"I'd rather not."

"Don't you want to see justice done?"

"I suppose so; but murder will out by itself, you know. Why should we interfere unreason-

ably? I suppose the fair Uma has captured your tender heart as usual."

His somewhat sneering tone rattled Janaki she got into her little car, and drove and away to her appointment.

Her troubled thoughts kept her awake a long time. Just as she was dropping off into a doze, she heard someone calling her. Sitting up, she found that Uma had lighted a candle and was rummaging among some papers on the table. Janaki asked her what she was searching for.

"I have just remembered," replied Uma, "that my mother was writing a letter the evening before she died. She was not well, you know, and she was angry with me. So, she would not talk, but kept on writing. She usually kept her letters in this volume of the Mahabharata; but I cannot find the paper here. I know she could not have posted it, though."

After a while, she gave up the search, and sat down near Janaki and talked. Somebody must have poisoned her mother. Who was it? Not Gopalan, not the servants; could it have been Kanti? But then, surely she did not hate her mother-in-law so much. Could it have been the step-son? But he was rather harmless, and besides he liked his step-mother. Was it Sankara Sastri, in order to get the blame on Gopalan? Oh, that was a wild, wicked idea. Eventually, both the girls fell into a troubled sleep. In the early morning, Janaki suddenly woke up. A new idea seemed to have come to her, for she sat up, and with her head in her hands, thought long and hard with rather wild eyes. She lay down again; but soon it was time to go; and after a wash and some coffee she returned home. She talked to her husband as usual, ignoring his remarks of last night. She asked him again to help her. But he adhered to his resolution of the previous night, though it seemed to her he was rather sorry to do so. And this time he pleaded business, not reluctance to interfere. Perhaps later on, he could help.

Janaki drove him to his college, and then went to Uma's home. She felt rather lonely and unhappy. She had tea with her young friend, talking to her of many things. In the midst of the conversation, Ravana, the little dog, rushed in and began jumping on Uma and tearing at her sari. The girl checked it, and gave it some paper to play with, which the creature soon tore into bits. Janaki asked if they had always given it paper to play with.

"Not I," said Uma, "but mother. There was often an untidy litter, when the dog came in."

"Wasn't Kanti cross?"

"Of course, but she dared not be too rude to mother, on account of father."

"I suppose she is a lazy girl and seldom cleans up the rooms."

"Not she, she always leaves that to Vimala or to me, when Vimala has no time. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just because I wish to find out something about her character."

"You don't suspect her, do you, Janaki? Please don't; the very idea is horrible."

"It is, my dear, so let's not think of it. She is a young woman of persistent ideas though. Surely she knew you did not wish to poison her dog, and yet she talked as if she believed it of you."

"She would, she's that kind."

"By the way, can you give me some of the poison your mother kept for the rats? I want it for my house too, as the rats are too many there. I am seriously thinking of keeping cats, but then, I hate them."

"I am afraid the poison is all finished. Mother said the very evening before her death, that she had none to spare. You see I wished to poison some more rats that day. I am so sorry. You can get it at Sriram's, I think."

After a while, Janaki told Uma she could not spend that night with her and went away. But, she did not go from the house at once. Instead, she called the servant to her and asked her some questions, as a result of which she was quietly taken to the back of the house. After some search there, she set back home, seemingly rather pleased with herself.

On the way, she was surprised to see Sivaram smiling at her, as if nothing unpleasant had occurred between them. She tried to pass him, but he stood in her way, and she had to stop her car. He leant on the door and began to talk to her. Where was she going? He had heard she was interested in the poison case. Was the working all alone? Where was her husband? He was busy, Janaki hedged. Did he wish to meet him?

"Oh, no, no," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I wish to avoid him, but for your own sake, my dear, not for mine. That's why I am staying here only a few days, having come just to see a friend. Now tell me why your husband isn't helping you. I hear your companionship is usually an ideal one."

Janaki did not reply, and he continued: "Perhaps, he is afraid to displease Sankara Sastri. They knew each other, you know, some years ago. As a matter of fact, it was Sankara Sastri I came to see. Oh, don't draw back, Janaki, you must not be afraid of me. Did I not tell you that your dear one has a past, and that it was not altogether a creditable one. All right, all right, I'll shut up, if only you will put your hand on my mouth again to close it, as you did once before. You won't? Well, well. You had better ask him yourself then. There ought to be no secrets between husband and wife. Shall I help you? No? Well, good-bye then."

She drove off, then stopped and beckoned to him. He came running. She bade him get in beside her, turned the car and went off into some other parts of the town, where she stopped at some places, and sent Sivaram to ask questions for her. She did not wish to appear in the matter herself too much. Then she turned towards home, Sivaram leaving her sometime before she reached the house.

The next morning, Uma's servant Vimala, brought Janaki a frantic message from her mistress. She was to go to her at once and help her in her trouble. What the trouble was, the women could not quite say. She knew that her father had gone to Uma, and had talked with her for a long time, leaving the girl in tears. Vimala had to go home quickly, because the other mistress, Kantamma, would suspect something. "Oh, she's a bad one, that lady, and so wicked to my poor young mistress." Pressed to talk further, for she appeared to know something more, she said, "I—I think, madam, the master wants to get Uma Amma married very soon. I heard something about law was laughing and happy. Oh, she hates Uma Amma."

"What about the brother?"

"He's rather stupid and under the thumb of his wife, but he is fond of his sister."

"Then, will you take a message for me? Yes? Well, tell her that if she hates the idea of this marriage, she must resist it. Tell her to tell her father that she absolutely refuses to be married to Sankara Sastri. Tell her that I bade her be firm. Will you remember?"

Then, Janaki waited. The next evening, Uma's father came to see her. Her husband was not at home but she gave the old gentleman a

seat and waited to hear what he would say. And out it came.

"I hear, madam, that you have been on very friendly terms with my girl, and that you told her to refuse to marry the man of my choice. Why? what business have you to interfere with us? Who are you that dare to do so? Oh! I hate the modern set. They are so proud and priggish, and my daughter promises to be the worst of them, taught by such as you. Oh, may God's anger rest on her for her disobedience!"

"Gently, gently, Sir," said Janaki. "Would you curse your own daughter? After all, what has she done wrong?"

"Wrong? Is it right then to wish to marry a man of a lower caste, and a murderer? How can she be happy with him? Oh, be sure I shall not leave things alone. I shall get him hanged and then she will be free from his cursed attraction. Goodbye, madam, may God forgive you for your share in this matter."

But our heroine stayed him, and bade him sit again. Then, she said to him:

"You call him a murderer. Why? Have you seen him putting poison in the medicine? How can you prove it?"

"It was he, who prepared the mixture, and the doctor says there is arsenic in it."

"So there is, but you had better request him to keep the knowledge to himself. Have you seen him to-day?"

"No."

"Then, you will find that he will readily agree not to make this fact public."

"Why?"

"Listen Sir, I am sorry to hurt you; but you have asked for it, and I can't have an innocent man punished. The poison in the medicine was put in by—"

"By whom? Tell me; don't keep me in suspense."

"Can't you guess? By—herself."

"What? She poisoned herself? You lie. She was a happy woman."

"Do you really think so? Had she not been unhappy lately? Did she not suffer from pain? Was she not afraid that the gods were punishing her for keeping her daughter unmarried?"

"And yet, she did not wish to marry her to Sankara Sastri, even before that, nor would she consent to an early marriage. Why?"

"Foolish man! Because, she loved her daughter and wished her to be happy. And she knew that the girl did not want to marry

yet, and that she really hated the man of your choice. Sankara Sastri indeed! That pompous and wicked ass! Besides, your wife knew that Uma loved Gopalan."

"But—"

"Wait. She was torn between her desire to please her daughter and her desire to be true to her caste principles. And lately, did you notice that she was beginning to be worried by dreams and visions? Did you not hear her sometimes muttering to herself?"

"I did—I did. Then—do you think—". He stopped, seeming unaccountably agitated; but Janaki, usually the most soft-hearted of women, now cruelly led him on. "Then—what?" she asked.

"Was—was she mad?"

"In a way, I suppose."

"Oh, oh!"

The man covered his face with his hands. His shoulders shook. Janaki took pity on him.

"Silly man," she said, "just now you did not wish to think she killed herself. Now you are afraid of madness. Well, here are the facts. Listen. I have found the letter she wrote to her sister, to whom she seems to have told everything. I found it in the rubbish heap, where Vimala had swept it away, after the dog had partly torn it up. She wrote it the evening before she died. Here it is; you know her writing, don't you?"

The old man snatched it from her, and murmuring that it was in his wife's hand for certain, began to read it aloud in the Telugu, in which it was written. Translated, it ran thus:

"I don't know what to do. My daughter is pining for Gopalan. He's a good boy, but not of our caste. I want to make her happy, yet the divine powers are angry with me. Last night the goddess Lakshmi came to me in a vision threatening the death of my husband or my daughter, if I gave in to the latter. And yet, I had a sort of dream sometime ago, in which goddess Saraswati bade me listen to my child. What am I to do? I am torn in two. And oh. I would love to see my daughter happy, and carry her child in my arms. But I dare not risk the lives of her and of my other dear one."

"I am getting more and more frightened. These visions are not good signs. I have told you what I am afraid of, and rather than that should happen, I'll kill myself. That seems to be the only course left now. I shall be saved from what I fear; when I am dead, I hope Uma will be brave and marry Gopalan. Then, I

cannot be to blame and the goddess will not be angry with me and carry out her curse on them and on me. My husband will suffer for a time, but he will forget. May my loved ones be happy. Blessings on my daughter. Goodbye, sister, don't think hardily of me, for I have always loved you. Keep my secret from innocent Uma, I do not want her especially to know of it. Please comfort my husband. And don't forget to be kind to our people, especially to poor Sita."

The old man had stopped reading the letter sometime before. It was Janaki who finished it aloud for him. For a long while, he sat with his head in his hands, racked with sobs. After a while, he began to mutter to himself. Janaki caught a few words:

"Oh, poor thing, poor thing! That she should have been so afraid, and that through me! Oh, I can't forgive myself." Janaki kept considerably silent. At last, he asked her with what his wife had poisoned herself.

"With the poison she got for the rats. She mixed a lot of it in her own medicine and drank it. You know she told Uma she had none to spare. I got a sample of rat-poison from one of the chemists, and took it to the doctor, who told me that the other stuffs in the rat poison, besides the arsenic, were also in the mixture. That's why I told you he would agree to be quiet. Hush it up, old man, for your daughter's sake and your own too. You don't want it talked about that she killed herself, do you? Let the doctor say she was not poisoned, but died of heart-trouble."

The old man stood up, and took her hand. "You are a clever woman," he said. "When did you suspect all this?"

"Two days ago, after I had seen the dog and heard about the poison. It really is no credit to me, you know."

"But I am grateful to you for not letting me do an injustice. Goodbye. May God bless you. You are a real helper of the helpless."

"If you are really grateful to me, will you do me one favour? You will. After a time will you try to be kind to your daughter? Wait, think. Your wife wished it. Allow her to marry Gopalan. After all, we are all children of the same God. What does it matter if Gopalan is only a Naidu by caste? You know he is a good man. Try Sir, to be kind."

"Tell me first one thing," he begged. "Do you think my wife was mad? You just now thought she was, you remember?"

"Why are you so upset by that?" Janaki asked. "She was not really mad, of course; she was all right in her every-day life, wasn't she? She had just that obsession about the visions, that's all. Everyone of us is mad on some point or another. That's what I meant, you know. Besides, what does it matter? The poor lady is dead."

"Yes, but who would like such an idea? Uma will be so troubled. What shall I tell her?"

"Nothing, except that her mother was rather obsessed on one point. Don't discuss it at all. All that you can do now is to obey your dead wife. Promise me to be kind to Gopalan."

"We shall see."

"No, no, promise. You owe me something, you know."

"Very well. Let them wait for six months, then marry."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Janaki. The old man went to the door and paused. "Let me warn you against Sankara Sastri," he said. "He is a vindictive man, and he seems to know something about you, with which he can hurt you."

"Oh, nonsense," said Janaki gallantly; and yet she felt afraid.

(To be continued)

"What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work; a noble life."

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE MURDER ON THE MARINA

I remember that night very well. I had tottered back to my room from the dinner given by Sanker to celebrate his success at the Races. The feast contained items to which I was rather partial, and I had dined not wisely but only too well. I tossed about wearily and, finally, to distract my mind, picked up the latest thriller of Mr. Elfgar Woodface. I had just reached the place where Detective-Inspector Stone had got wedged between an automatic bomb and a cage of living cobras in the noisome depths of the Gangster King's cellar, when I closed my eyes and inconsequentially wondered whether the inspector had had a good dinner.

I do not know when I left the room for a spell of fresh air. I only recollect that, briskly walking towards the sea, I had passed the Iron Bridge, when I saw it. It lay near a clump of bushes, and was evidently the body of a woman, aged about thirty, but well-preserved. I bent down and saw that her throat had been cut from ear to ear, clearly with a razor, for a razor lay by her, and death must have been instantaneous. Speeding with the wings of a dove to the police station, I gave the alarm, and the machinery of justice began to hum. It is unprofitable to pursue the story of the police investigation and it suffices to say that the inquest established that the victim was evidently a woman, aged about thirty, but well-preserved, that her throat was cut from ear to ear, clearly, with a razor, for a razor lay by her, and that death must have been instantaneous. The murderer was, of course, "some person unknown."

A month passed, and people began to get impatient. The most curious phenomenon was the striking unanimity of the Press, both Indian and Anglo-Indian, in criticising the police. Reputed detectives had been summoned from all over the world, their expenses to be met from a supplementary police grant. It soon became known that the staff and the

students of a well-known College had been given a compulsory holiday for a month, so that the detectives might meet and work in that building.

Not wishing to lose this unique chance of seeing the detectives of the world at work, I, under the kind escort of Inspector Q—of the Z division, braved entry into this 'nest' with inward trepidation. My first impression was rather hazy, for the place seemed to be full of men in all sorts of attitudes, and there was a veritable babel of sound, which I soon discovered to be due to all talking and none listening. Now and then, the crescendo of a violin split the air, and I turned hastily in that direction. I perceived a thin, hawk-faced man playing as if his life depended on it. "That man," Inspector Q—whispered to me, "is the famous British detective, Mr. Johnson. He has modelled himself on the traditions of Sherlock Holmes, and cultivates all his hobbies, including the use of cocaine. You remember that every respectable detective must have a follower, to whom even things patent to the man-in-the-street would not be plain, unless explained by his detective. Mr. Johnson has selected Mr. Barlow, who, in his features, shows the nearest approach to those of the classical Dr. Watson. Notice that man with a dogged, unintelligent face gazing at Mr. Johnson with rapture and wonder. That is Mr. Boswell—I mean-Mr. Barlow." Then I glanced curiously at a man with a walrus moustache who was shrugging his shoulders and violently gesticulating. My friend, following my gaze, said, "That pantomime figure is the redoubtable M. Pierre Tiloq of France. He is convinced that, ever since Poe celebrated the fame of Dupin, and Lecoq became a renowned name, the world has finally recognised that detective genius is latent in the Gallic nation. He is determined to see a *crime passionnel* in this murder."

I jumped round. A strident, voice was shouting above the din, "I say, you guys have got it all wrong. Yes sir, I guess the thing kind of figured like this—" The rest was lost in the din. My friend spoke into my ear, "That American is Mr. Otis Hiram. He upholds the theory that the resources of science furnish the only means for tracking down modern criminals, and illustrates by quoting Bertillon, Craig Kennedy and Prof. Thorndyke." I got bewildered and felt that I was not proper company for detectives. As we turned to go, I noticed a man sleeping nonchalantly near the door. Wondering how anybody could snore so comfortably in that atmosphere, I exclaimed, "Look at this door-keeper sleeping amidst this clamour!" My friend laughed and remarked "He is not a door-keeper. He is a somewhat mystic kind of detective. Following the model of Sax Rohmer's Dream Detective, he tries to gain clues in dreams. So far, he has not got any, but he hopes that, if he goes on sleeping like this for at least a month, he may perhaps get a clue." I envied the man. "If I ever become a detective," I confided, "I shall follow this model."

Days passed, and it soon became clear that the rival detectives, fighting fanatically for their particular theories, had not come to any agreement. The public got restive, and, then, the government got restive. Most of the detectives at least agreed in thinking that this was rank ingratitude. The dream-detective declared bitterly that he had not dreamt that Indians could be so ungrateful and mercenary. Then one of the other detectives cunningly decided that, since the end was nearing, he should get the ear of the public before the others. He secretly slipped out. It was announced the same day that he, having secured the permission of the government, was addressing the citizens of Madras on the Marina. I naturally was a very early member of the vast audience which thronged the sands, and was fortunate in securing a seat in the front, just facing the speaker. Since the great man spoke with a strong accent and took great liberties

with his English, I must content myself with giving the substance of what he said. There was, first, a long preamble concerning his early life and education, and there followed a long account of his later life and the valuable services he had done to humanity in general and his country in particular. By the time he had begun to speak about the murder, a good part of the crowd had melted away. The detective incisively checked each point on his fingers. First, it was a woman who had been murdered. The murderer might have murdered a man or a child, but, he did not do so. The inexorable evidence of facts indicated without the least doubt that he did murder a woman. Secondly, the murder was done with a razor. Conceivably, the assassin might have used any other weapon. He might have strangled her, or poisoned her. But, he chose the razor. Thirdly, the murderer need not have chosen the Marina as the scene of his crime. There were other places in Madras, which would have equally well served his purpose. But, he had pitched upon the Marina. "Each of these facts" thundered the speaker, staring severely at the Aquarium, "might, by itself, be trivial. But, taken cumulatively, they assume tremendous importance." He clasped his fingers and gazed down benevolently on the multitude. The men in front audibly whispered "How wonderful!" and some by my side admired his uncanny cleverness. Just then, a man in the back row got up. "Excuse me, sir," he began suavely. "I have listened with very great interest to what you have been saying. I gather from your words that you seem to have discovered that the criminal belonged to the male sex. We would like to hear how you discovered that. May it not be a woman who has done the crime?"

The detective became pale—I believe, through anger. But, his voice was level, when he said simply "It may. On the other hand, it may not." The questioner was stupefied and sank down with a gasp, and the speaker was rewarded by a spontaneous tribute of applause. Just then, a sudden

rumour floated through the crowd that the other detectives, angry that they had been outwitted, were bearing down upon us in force, and certain of their partizans in the audience, shouted in unison to the speaker to produce the murderer. The detective got nervous, and pointing at me in random, spluttered "This is the man." The crowd near me immediately glared at me and surrounded me. Confused cries rose on all sides: "He has got a murderer's face". "Lynch him." "How did the detective trace him?" "The fellow himself killed her and then gave the alarm". "They say the woman was his wife." Suddenly, a

huge cry arose, "Look out! The other detectives are coming." Crash! A bottle of aerated water smashed somebody's skull, while the crowd fled pell-mell.

I awoke and found that the cat had knocked down my glass tumbler. So, it was all a nightmare! Still, I want to know who butchered that poor woman of my dream. I see her sprawling figure—the body of a woman, aged about thirty, but, well-preserved, her throat cut from ear to ear with a razor, for a razor lay by her, and death must have been instantaneous.

T. K. VENKATARAMAN.

LEAVE ME ALONE

Look not so kindly on my shattered heart,
Sing not so dolefully upon my pain,
Touch not my wound with gentle fingers, lest
It bleed; your hope to cure it will be vain.
Look not so gently with melodious tears,
That once more sadly remind me of years
Past like a dream: yes, they were richly blest
With fragrant flowers and poignant melody,
With youth, with light and honey-dripping love.
How true the stars are twinkling from above!
No, do not remind me of what is gone—
Perhaps to mourn over it I am born—
No, gentle sister, leave, leave me alone,
Lest my grief darken e'en your starry brow.

SUSI P. DAVID.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right,
as God gives to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we have begun".
LINCOLN.

THE RIVER

(A fantasia)

'Alone I tramp through life,
Unloved, unfriended, uncared.'

In the ever running waters of an Indian river, I see a laughing fairy of the waterfall descending from the high heavens. There is grace and gaiety in her movements, there is brilliance and beauty in her form, there is sanctity and virtue in her frame and yet she runs through life single and solitary. Descending from on high, carrying in her heart the sweetness and purity of love and innocence, she goes through her unbroken march ruffled and restrained. I often think she is the symbol of India's awakened womanhood—the maidens that dance as they march, and sing as they talk, they that are the torch-bearers of grace and gaiety, brilliance and beauty, sanctity and virtue.

To return to the river,—her brief span of life is full to overflowing with smiles and tears. She, whose swift water is one stream of singing love, hears the gurgle of lapping waves and the sighs of the weary winds, sees the magic of green pasture lands and the desolation of dry desert places. She has passed through ups and downs, and has fixed her gaze on many a soft sun-rise and many a still sun-set. She has kissed the unfeeling feet of many a stony rock, and embraced many a heartless stone. Full

often she has ruffled her sweet waters to make the lilies dance, full often she has carried a fallen flower on her stream, washing away every stain on it to render it a fit offering to the sea,—as a maiden carries her fond tear-washed love on her own silent heart. Full often she has cast a futile glance on many a desert place, full often has she kissed the dust of this world into sweetness and splendour, full often has the moon danced on her breast like a lonely lotus blossoming in the stream of love.

But, when she takes a bath in the dark sea, her sweet waters are salted and her smiles turn into tears. She pours her softness into the heart of her cold and careless companion, she mixes with her devouring associate and lies crushed and concealed in that huge mass. The long story of her coming thither then lies dumb, in the meandering line of sand stretching from the glowing hill-top of morning to the valley of the deep bottomless night. But, her love is undying and imperishable and she has cheered the sea, as it dances on its waves.

"KAN DIWAN," AHMEDABAD.

(With apologies to Rabindranath Tagore for the use of some of his phrases.)

OCCUPIED

He came to you, for in His gentle voice.
He'd much that He would say.
Your ears were turned to earth's discordant sounds,
And so—He went away.
He came; and in His hand He had a task
That He would have you do.
But you were occupied with other things,
And so you missed that too.
He would have touched you! and His touch could thrill
And give you quickening power;
But earthly things enveloped, and you could
Not feel Him in that hour.

From The Nursing Journal of India.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

By an Indian Woman

(1) Women in Public life.

It is pleasant to hear from no less than Mrs. Brij Lal Nehru and Begum Shah Nawaz, that women do not, like men, crave for titles or notoriety. Yet they wish to take part in public life, for that means a good field of service to the country. Mrs. Nehru said:

"We want to work for the glory of India and no sacrifice will be considered too great in order to achieve that goal. Men have for a sufficiently long period ignored the rights and privileges of women, but the time has come when women should rise to the occasion and with their power of self-dedication and sense of silent service bring happiness to the country."

Begum Shah Nawaz, opposing the view that politics was not the field for women, because it was so full of intrigues, averred that, as shown in the West, the success would be great of co-operation between men and women in every walk of life.

(2) The Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras.

The twenty-second report of the Ladies' Recreation Club of Madras speaks of progress in all directions during 1933. The year closed with 10 patronesses, 12 life-members, and 304 members. The popular tournaments in the various games of Tennis, Billiards, Bridge and Carrom; the special party given to H.E. Lady Willingdon, the children's parties, the *At Homes* held by different hostesses, all testify to the great place the club has taken in the lives of Madras ladies. There was much sorrow expressed at the departure of the President, the Lady Beatrix Stanley, who had been very popular in the club, her frequent visits proving the great interest taken by her in the club, the steady

progress of which during her five years of administration was to be much commended. The financial position of the club was good, but still it needed improvement in order to enhance its usefulness, especially in the encouragement of friendship between English and Indian women.

(3) An Interesting Conference.

The Fourth Triennial Conference of the National Council of women in India, held lately in Bombay under the Presidency of H.H. The Maharani of Baroda, was a great success. The report of the Council showed progress inasmuch as it had kept in touch with all movements towards the advance of women, besides doing much work in the cause of education, child-welfare, industrial and relief work, vocational training and recreation for women, hospital visiting, and city improvement. Some suggestions were made, such as the encouragement of Provincial Labour Conferences, and the discouragement of evils, like child-marriages, traffic in women. The President in the course of her interesting speech, while admitting that ladies of rank and position in India required as much help from reformers as those of the labouring classes, advocated co-operation with men in every walk of life. For this, an aggressive spirit was necessary in women. She said: "If we—I mean society as a whole—is to progress, the old shackles must be shaken off. Our women are meek, submissive, ready to suffer without complaining and obey without questioning. I have no faith in this ideal. It is necessary that we should reform the methods of educating our girls. They should be taught reliance and a healthy fighting spirit should be infused in them."

At the same time, there should be no antagonism between men and women.

There was a warning also from an experienced lady that progress should be made carefully:

"Go forward slowly, but steadily; undertake only those activities which you can fulfill successfully, and remember at the same time that the East cannot blindly follow the West."

(4) A home for women in Madras.

We are glad to hear that the Women's Indian Association has opened a rescue home in Madras. The laudable aims of this refuge are, according to the *Stri-Dharma*:

1. (a) to receive and protect such girls and women who from any cause find themselves stranded and helpless;

(b) to restore them to their families and relations if any, or to admit them into this home;

2. (a) to rescue young women and girls irrespective of caste, creed or community from surroundings calculated to bring about their moral ruin;

(b) to give relief and help to all young women who have been led astray and deserted as well as to those recommended by the Madras Vigilance Association;

(c) to provide for their moral and spiritual welfare;

3. (a) to educate and train them so as to make them good and useful citizens and also make them earn an honourable livelihood;

(b) to arrange for their marriages when suitable opportunities arise;

(c) to protect expectant unmarried mothers from any possible harm to themselves and to their offspring;

4. to give effect to such methods and projects, as the committee may from time to time adopt, for the protection and help of women and girls and for promoting a high and equal moral standard in sex-relationships.

Such homes are very necessary everywhere; and it is very creditable that the W. I. A. of Madras has at last achieved one of its objects. Some money has already been donated, and the home itself

has been furnished by the help of charitable ladies, while the Salvation Army has greatly co-operated. But more money is needed, and it is up to the public of Madras to help largely. Bombay and Calcutta, we are told, are being helped by the government and the municipality; and we hope the same will happen in Madras. As was said by Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi:

"We, who have thought about these matters and who have known the misery behind the veil of silence, should never rest in our happy and comfortable homes, till we find a remedy for all these evils and for all these human sufferings that are certainly avoidable, if knowledge and education of the right kind on these matters are imparted to the erring members of our society."

(5) The Protection of Girls.

At a meeting of the Women's Indian Association, much support was expressed for the *Girls' Protection Bill*, which has been introduced into the Legislative Assembly, by Mr. Raghunath Singh. At the same time some amendments were suggested, the wording of which partly explain the objects of the Bill itself:

(1) This Bill should be amended, not only to include cases of selling of minor girls in marriage to old men for money and other considerations, but should also include cases where parents or guardians allow their daughters to be prostitutes for purposes of profit, as well as cases in which girls are trained purposely for prostitution. The age for the purpose of marriage should be 18 and for the other, there should be no age limit according to the League of Nations resolutions.

(2) (a) Minor girls found living in the company of individual prostitutes and the children of the prostitutes should be removed from their custody to a home intended for such girls and maintained by either the government or private philanthropic bodies.

(b) Any person, who, either as the guardian or parent of a girl under 18 years

of age, encourages or abets the seduction or prostitution of that girl, shall be punishable with imprisonment for a term over three years, or a fine of Rs. 1,000, or both."

(6) A Child Heroine

The endurance record set up by the ten-year girl, Byramma, cannot be too well spoken of. She actually floated in the water for twelve hours in Bangalore, being fed every two hours, while in water. Such efforts on the part of our girls mean a definite growth of strength of character and should be encouraged, even though an unwelcome notoriety might be another result. Even the latter, however, means the education of public opinion, and a necessary discouragement of the 'inferiority complex' so prevalent among our Indian women.

(7) Education in India

The statistics for the last year in education show progress. At the end of 1932, there were, we are told, 223 arts colleges with 78,044 scholars; 2,801 high schools with 862,513 students; 3,875 English middle schools with an attendance of 410,459, 5,894 Vernacular middle schools with 754,521 students, and 168,835 primary schools with 7,377,257 children. The male students scored a percentage of 6.96 of the population; while the women had only 1.8 per cent, which showed however an increase of 5 per cent to what it was seven years ago. The total money spent on education amounted to Rs. 271,857,000.

(8) A Holiday Home

We are glad to inform our readers that there has been opened a Y.W.C.A. holiday Home at Fairhaven, Naini Tal, where also an *All day Teachers' Conference* will be held on the 21st of June. Christian teachers from North India, who cannot go to the Y.W.C.A. *Anandagiri* at Ootacamund, can avail themselves of this resort. The Hon. Emily Kinnaird, who has often contributed items of Y.W.C.A. interest to

our journal, will be there with her kindly and valuable advice. She says: "After the arduous work of teaching, it is all important for teachers to get away from school surroundings and examination papers to the fresh air of the Hills. There are many new dangers arising from present day opportunities for educated girls, and it is for teachers to attract their pupils' thoughts to the higher things of life, and not to let learning be a merely money-making concern."

(9) A Woman glider.

Miss Joan Meakin, an English girl, is, we are told by the *Times of India*, the first woman to fly over the English channel in a glider. She was towed by a light aeroplane from Frankfort to Ostend, and then across the channel. At a height of about 2000 feet over Lympne, she cast off the towing cable, and made three loops, one after another. Later, she again cast off the connection and made seven loops. She is now to join Sir Alan Cobham's air-display circus; and has promised to give daily performances before the public, her descent depending on the air-space beneath her. She is only 23 years old, yet has received much flying and gliding instruction from both London and Germany.

(10) A flying record

We are glad to learn of the award of the Hubbard gold medal by the National Geographic Society, to Mrs. A. M. Lindbergh, for "outstanding geographic achievement." This lady is the only woman to fly across the South Atlantic, having flown from America to Japan; and she is an accomplished radio-operator. She helped her husband, Col. Lindbergh, in his flights, travelling with him as co-pilot 29,000 miles in 198 flying hours.

(11) A remarkable woman pilgrim.

The News service of the German Railways Information Bureau makes mention of the lady, Kathl Kopp, who recently died at the age of 83. She was a most remarkable

woman, having made ten pilgrimages to Rome. Starting the first so late as in her 63rd year, she walked through snow, over the Alps, to Italy, with but a few pence in her pocket. Pope Pius, hearing of her extraordinary endurance, was so good as to grant her an audience and give her his Epiphany blessing. In 1914, her second pilgrimage was broken at Trieste, owing to the war. In 1918, she struggled through the war trenches and wires till she reached Rome, half-dead; and was greeted by a message from the then Pope. Again, in 1925, after other pilgrimages, she was received with a kindly blessing by Pope Pius XI. She died at Oberammergau.

(12) A notable woman

Judge Florence E. Allen has yet another success to her name, being the second woman to be appointed to the Federal Circuit Council of Appeals, which is the highest Federal Tribunal, next to the Supreme Court of the U. S. A. We are told that she was the first lady, who was elected to a Supreme Court, serving the state of Ohio thus from 1921. She is a well-educated woman, accomplished in music and speaking. She is moderate in her views, half-way between Liberation and Conservation; and she is a great advocate of woman's rights. We are told that her recipe for action is: "Take one generous dose of persistency and a large measure of industry. Mix thoroughly and season with a goodly portion of sense of humour and several ounces of tact." Such a mixture of qualities will be surely enough to carry an able woman to the height of her ambition.

"Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness."
SHAKESPEARE.

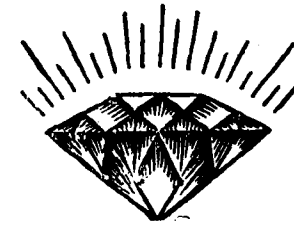
(13) The memory of mothers

A great tribute, according to the *Hindu*, is paid to the memory of mothers in America. Since May 9, 1914, when President Wilson at the suggestion of a Philadelphia woman, issued the first Proclamation, a Mother's Day has been observed on the second Sunday of May. Now, a Mother's Day stamp is to be issued, at the suggestion of the mothers of American war veterans, the picture being reproduced from Whistler's noble and famous portrait of his beautiful mother, which was painted in 1871, and which is now in the possession of France, being said to be insured for nearly nine million rupees.

(14) Women's work in England

It is pleasant to hear that the Joint Committee, investigating the recommendations regarding the employment of women in England, are of opinion that there should be a "fair field and no favour" for women. *The Times* is reported to have said:

"In future, women will be eligible to fill all administrative posts with the exception of those in the Colonial Office; all executive posts with the exception of those in the Defence Departments; and all clerical posts. Practically all the specialist posts in the Service will also be open to them, provided they possess the necessary qualifications. The committee does not envisage at the present time the recruitment of women to supervisory grades in industrial establishments, or to posts requiring experience in exclusively male trades. The committee proposes that after the departmental reviews have taken place there shall be, within a period of three years, a general review by a joint central body.



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OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Orthodoxy in dress.

Those who advocate nudism often argue thus:—"After all, there is no doubt that nudism is healthy. Why should one be so orthodox and conventional as to adhere to an elaborate system of clothing, when one can do without it, and be all the stronger for it?" Such a plea, no doubt, has its point; but it often happens that those who are in favour theoretically for drastic changes in fashion, such as nudism, are often the very last in practice even to alter small details in their own form of dressing. By such, even the shortening of a blouse sleeve is looked at askance.

While nudism is the very extreme of unorthodoxy in dress, and no one wishes it to be started in India, there is no doubt that the opposite that is, the wish still to be extremely heavy and conventional in dress, is too often the case with many women in this country. There are a number of ladies who advocate advanced social progress; but who will insist, merely be-

cause they are afraid of public opinion, on wearing most cumbersome clothes, tight necks and heavy jewelry. The lighter and cooler one's dress is, especially in a climate like India, the better it is for the health; but, whether playing games, or going for walks, or being a guest at a party, such ladies wear the same mode of dress, though the richness of the sari is of course varied. Surely, there ought to be different fashions of dress for each kind of occupation. There is no point in playing tennis in a thick *Kornat* sari, even with a light blouse. There is no point in going to work bedecked with jewels.

In this respect, the West has set an excellent example in prescribing different ways of dressing for different times. Comfort and attractiveness should be the essential qualities in a woman's costume. To adhere to a mode of dress, merely because of custom and the fear of being talked about, seems an anachronism in advancing modern India.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Her First Poem

(A STORY).

PART III—SUCCESS.

Yamuna took her B.A. honours in Literature in her twenty-second year. She went with diffidence to the examination, feeling she would surely fail; and great was her surprise when the results came out, and she found that she had obtained a first class. She was so fond of writing by that time, that she determined to devote the rest of her life to journalism, and therefore started writing occasional articles, stories and verses to various papers. At first, she met with

no success, and each time she sent out a contribution to a journal, it was returned with the Editor's thanks. Things were becoming desperate, and Yamuna was thinking of giving up free-lance journalism and taking to teaching, when her mother persuaded her to try for another six months and see what would happen.

"You must not give up an ideal so easily," said her mother. "You like journalism, and you are good at writing, and your verses are becoming stronger and more powerful. Try a little longer, and then, if you don't succeed, take up work in some other field."

So Yamuna tried a little longer—and then, a small verse of hers was accepted by a fairly good magazine one day, and at the end of the month, she actually received a small cheque for it. Great was her excitement, and the encouragement she had received, together with heartening words from her mother, made her work doubly hard until gradually her style became richer, and her writings more interesting. Soon the demand for her work grew. Editors wrote to her, asking for contributions of both prose and verse, until all at once, Yamuna suddenly found that she had made herself a name in the journalistic world.

The climax, however, was yet to come. This happened when one summer morning Yamuna received a type-written letter from a leading publishing firm, asking her to allow it to publish a volume of her poems. It is seldom that a firm takes the responsibility of publishing a book of verses at its own cost; but Yamuna's poems seemed to have reached that standard of merit. In due course, the volume was out, and thence forward Yamuna became quite well-known.

"I owe all my success to you, mother," she said one evening.

"Why, you owe it to yourself, for I discouraged you. Do you remember your first poem, and how grieved you were, because I said it was no good?"

"Yes, I shall never forget that," answered Yamuna; "but I'm so glad you did say it was no good. If you had praised it, I would have become so conceited, I would have written rotten verse all my life. It was because your criticism was so true that I was able to improve. It's awful when parents keep on praising their children, and boasting about them. You discouraged me in the correct way, knowing all the time that that was the best way to encourage me."

P. S.

(Concluded.)

(2) Our letter to our young people DEAR CHILDREN.

I expect most of you will be having your summer holidays now. Some of you must be up in the hills. Is there any other feeling more exhilarating than the idea of having a number of days before you, during which time you can do exactly what you like? For most people, the holidays pass by so rapidly, that it often seems as if they are over even before they have properly begun, and many boys and girls spend their holidays having a thoroughly lazy time, doing nothing definite. Of course, if that is the best way that they can enjoy themselves, they ought to pass their time thus; but it is often very jolly to do something useful during one's holidays.

In summer time every boy and every girl can increase general knowledge, and nature study. It is a time when long walks can be indulged in, especially on the hills, and it seems a pity that these walks are often taken in complete indifference and lack of curiosity regarding the birds, flowers, trees and animals that one invariably sees. You can easily make a walk doubly amusing by trying to take a keen interest in the things you see around you, and learning some thing about them.

Then again, in holiday time you can make things for others, little gifts that will please your elders and keep you interestedly occupied, such as painting, drawing, sewing, fret-work and innumerable other pastimes. Another very useful occupation will be to keep a diary of all that you do and see, or to write little articles on things that interest you.

Above all, most of your time during a holiday should be spent out-doors, having as much fresh air as possible.

Yes, there is nothing so delightful as looking forward to a long spell of summer holidays, and just fancy, most of you are in the midst of them now. I hope you are all having a lovely time.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

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OBSERVATIONS

By Maithili.

(1) Dr. Tagore's Music

There is an interesting article in the *Modern Review* about the musical contribution of this great poet to India. "Tagore's poems and plays are saturated with his personality. They are the self-expression of his genius woven into subtle songs of rare charm and melody." Chiefly can this be said of his work in the original Bengali, for there, "poem and music are inseparably one." The growing amount of imported music; the reviving art-music of India herself, and folk-music, are the three modern currents in modern Indian music, as commented on by Dr. A. Baker. All these three had an influence on Tagore, even while he introduced his own innovations into the usual classical tunes, in order to express his *subtle thoughts*. There is to be found also the influence of current philosophy, of the "immanence of the Infinite in the finite, and the struggle of the human spirit for freedom." Thus, his songs are a great and much-needed contribution to India, especially in these days of jazz and syncopation. And the chief beauty of his music is its naturalness. Here is a passage from his reminiscences, which indicates the personality of his musical ideas:

"On other afternoons we would drift along in a boat, my brother Jyotindra accompanying my singing, with his violin. And as, beginning with the Ragini Puravi, we went on varying the mode of our music with the declining day, we saw, on reaching the Raga Behag, the Western sky close the doors of its factory of the golden toys, and the moon in the East rise over the fringe of the trees."

(2) The inventor of the motor car

The German Railways News Service tells us of the 100th anniversary in March of the birth of Gottlieb Daimler, who invented the motor car. Showing a marked talent in mechanics, he started work as a boy in a tool factory at Alsace. He first built a 100 h. p. gas motor. In 1882, in his own workshop at Cannstadt, with the help of William Maybach, he worked on the idea of an automobile. He used a motor first for propelling a boat, making secret excursions at night on the Neckar. Then in 1883, he produced the first combustion motor. In 1884, appeared the world's first motor bicycle. He worked on at the horseless carriage, till in 1890 the Daimler Motor company had been formed. In 1893, he constructed his first "saloon," which became the world's first taxi-cab. In 1898, he won the first prize in a long distance race. His memory is to be kept up by a monument at Schorndorf, his native town.

(3) Easter eggs

Easter is over; and the quaint custom of giving "Easter eggs" has many legends about it. We are told of a few such by the *German Railway Information Bureau*.

An egg laid on Easter Monday is supposed to keep fresh for the year, and if carried in the pocket prevents illness, gives rich harvests and guards against stroke by lightning. An egg laid on Good Friday will put out a fire. Egg duels are fought in Germany, the eggs being held at the larger end.

BOOKS TO READ

The Gita explained :

The Modern Review notices the English version by Mr. Subedar, of the Marathi commentary on the Gita, originally written in the thirteenth century by Dnyananath, and later translated by Pandit Moghe. "We are at once introduced to a work, which is comparatively unknown outside Maharashtra, and realise what excellent treatises we have in the Indian vernaculars."

The Indian theatre by Dr. Yagnic, published by George Allen and Unwin, England; price Rs. 7½.

This book gathers material about the theatre from many places in India; and contains good advice regarding the modern stage. It also notices the influence of the immortal Shakespeare on modern Indian drama.

Kettle Drums, by N. Ramabhadran, Dist. Intelligence branch, Tanjore.

We are glad to notice this book, which is written by none other than *Bharadwaja*, who so kindly writes our *chess* articles. The stories make good reading. The humour in them, the insight into human nature, the variety of subject, and the experiences of a police official, are well worth studying.

Prof. Tarachand Roy of Lahore, who is now an Indian Lecturer at the Oriental Seminary of the University of Berlin, sends us the following reviews of German books.

Deutsche Literature.—Reihe Klassik, Vol. 2, Philipp Reclam Jun., Verlag, Leipzig. "Deutsche Literature" is a monumental collection of German Literature. We possess already excellent editions of the works of German writers, poets and philosophers with interesting introductions, in which their personalities are visualised. The present collection follows quite a new plan. It is concerned with the

historical development and cultural progress in the ceaseless flow of the German mind. The entire collection will consist of 250 volumes. The plan is, however, not a rigid and inflexible one. It is amenable to changes when these must needs be made.

The present volume (second volume of the Classical Period) is a breviary of the humanistic outlook on life during the German Classical Age. You find herein some of the most important works of German Idealism, which trace and explain its growth out of the ideas of the Reformation Period. The doctrine of toleration is symbolized in Lessing's "Nathan." His famous essay, "On the Education of Mankind", is the clearest manifesto ever written in favour of the principles of a free theology, and of course against dogmas of every kind.

Die Nordische Rasse bei den Indogermanen Astens—By Prof. F. K. Guenther, Jena (Germany), J. F. Lehmanns Verlag, Munich, 1934.

Very keen interest is shown in these days in Germany in racial problems, not only of the German people but also of other nations. Prof. Guenther is a well-known writer on this subject. He has published in J. F. Lehmann's Press, Munich, a number of books on Races in Germany, Nobility and Race; Races in Europe, Racial History of the Romans and the Greeks etc. The book under review has just been brought out. It treats of the Nordic race among the Indo-germans of Asia. Prof. Guenther investigates the question of the original home of the Indo-Iranians, goes in quest of the Nordic element in Asia and shows that it has for the most part been engulfed by other races in Asia. Some of the Brahmins of India, especially in the North-West of the country, still preserve it intact. Professor Guenther belongs to that group of European scholars,

who believe in the antipathy of Buddhism towards life. He is of the opinion that Buddhism symbolizes *tedium vitae*. Prof. Guenther seems to forget that the history of Buddhism is brimful of glorious examples of heroic deeds of men and the worldly grandeur of empires. If Prof. Guenther were in the right, no Asoka had been possible, and Japan would not have been able to become such a mighty power in the East. It is very dangerous to ignore the historical achievements of a religion. One should not keep only the doctrines in view, which govern and mould the life of ascetics in Buddhism, but pay attention to its practical aspect which is mirrored in the doings of its votaries as a nation. Moreover, the attitude of a religion changes very often, when the world with its manifold problems rears its head again and again before it. This has been the case with Christianity, too.

I would like to remark here, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that I am not a Buddhist, but a Brahmin from the Punjab.

Die Dichtung Stefan Georges. By Ernst Morwitz, Berlin (Georg Bondi, Verlag), 1934.

The Book of Ernst Morwitz on Stefan George is a very valuable short commentary on the poems of the great German lyric poet, who was gathered to his fathers in Italy only a few months ago. When I asked the German Propaganda Minister, Dr. Goebbels, in July 1933, as to who was the greatest poet of modern Germany, he replied at once "Stefan!"

Stefan George was a poet in the best sense of the word. He was the high priest of poetry. His poems are instinct with a wonderful rhythm. He is a master of architectural style in poetry. It is no exaggeration when I say that his fancy "peoples with golden dreams the stagnant air."

A CHESS PAGE

By Bharadwaja

Queen's Pawn Opening:—

Alekhine (White)			Bogoljubow. (Black)		
1.	P-Q 4	...	...	Kt-K B 3.	
2.	P-Q B 4	...	...	P-K Kt 3.	
3.	P-B 3	...	...	P-Q 4.	
4.	P x P	...	...	Kt x P.	
5.	P-K 4	...	...	Kt-Kt 3.	
6.	B-K 3	...	...	B-Kt 2.	
7.	Kt-B 3	...	...	Kt-B 3.	
8.	P-Q 5	...	...	Kt-K 4.	
9.	B-Q 4	...	...	P-K B 3.	
10.	P-B 4	...	...	Kt-B 2.	
11.	P-Q R 4	...	...	P-K 4.	
12.	P x P (e.p)	...	...	B x P.	
13.	P-R 5	...	...	Kt-Q 2.	
14.	P-R 6	...	...	P-Kt 3.	
15.	B-Kt 5	...	...	Q-K 2.	
16.	K Kt-K 2	...	...	P-Q B 4.	

Alekhine (White)

17. B-B 2

18. Q-R 4

19. P-K 5

20. B-B 4

21. B x B ch

22. P x Kt

23. Castles

24. P-Q Kt 4, more enterprising than exchanging.

25. Q-B 2

26. K R-Kt

27. R-R 4

28. Kt-Kt 5

29. K Kt-Q 4

30. Kt-Q B 3

31. Q x Kt

32. B x P

33. Q-B 3

Bogoljubow. (Black)

Castles. Q R Black's opening play has given him a cramped position and now he is, more or less, forced to take a rather desperate chance.

P-B 4.

P-Kt 4.

Q Kt x P. White threatens 21 Q-B 6 Ch etc., So, black decides on a desperate sacrifice. 20... Kt-Kt was the alternative.

Q x B.

Kt x P.

Q-B 5.

Q x Kt P.

Kt-Q 6.

Q-Q B 5.

Q-K 3.

K-Kt.

Q-K 5. Not 29... P x Kt; 30

Q-B 7 ch etc.

Q-K.

P x Kt.

Q-K 3.

Q-B 2 and Bogoljubow resigns, because 34. B x P makes Alekhine win,—a brilliant game indeed.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

There is a tendency in India, especially among Indians, to despise some things modern as being too bizarre and far-fetched. True, most modern painting, sculpture and poetry is ununderstandable to the ordinary mortal; but it cannot be denied that modern furnishing and house-decorations have their good points, and would be especially suitable in a hot, dusty country like India, where, "the serene uncluttered atmosphere of the well-decorated modern room," ought to be of special value.

In the "Century of Progress," Fair in Chicago, thousands of visitors had their "first glimpse of modern ideas in decoration and of household

conveniences undreamed-of in years gone by," says "Needlecraft—The Home Arts Magazine." "Over-ornamented picture frames and mirrors, elaborate suites of furniture, meaningless patterns—all have disappeared. Today, distinction is arrived at through simplicity and straightforwardness. It is this utter absence of superfluous objects that gives a restful spaciousness and fresh vitality to a room. By discarding unnecessary objects, a fresh modern touch may be achieved."

Again, "if a smart-topped coffee table, or a crisp contemporary fabric appeals to you, do not hesitate to use it with your older furnishing

Many a room needs exactly the vitalizing touch that pieces of this sort give. The fine features of the contemporary style may be applied to any home, no matter what the style or period of its furnishings. Absence of clutter, pride in fine materials, a keen sense of the beauty of line and form, new uses for new metals and fabrics, combination furniture planned to cut down the number of individual pieces

necessary for comfortable living, built-in furniture designed to fit its purpose perfectly, arrangements to have things exactly where they are wanted, easily-polished and cleaned surfaces that cut down domestic labour — all these things of the new mode are readily understandable and appreciated and will make any home more comfortable and livable."

PADDY.

COOKERY NOTES

Egg dishes

(1) With green peas

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cooked green peas, put in sauce, pepper, salt and a little sugar, and cook for a few minutes, adding 2 table-spoons of milk or cream at the end. Poach four eggs and place on the surface of the peas in a hot dish. Crisp pieces of fried bread can be added.

(2) With tomatoes

Peel 4 tomatoes, after throwing them for a minute into boiling water. Melt 2 ozs. butter, put in the tomatoes cut into small pieces, a few sliced onions, 2 ozs. of chopped ham: cook for ten minutes, adding pepper and salt. Add 4 well-beaten eggs, cook till the contents become thick, but not hard. Have ready neat pieces of toast, cover each with the mixture and serve with parsley garnish.

(3) With cheese as an omelet

Take 2 eggs; separate the yolks and put into a basin, adding parsley, some chopped onions, pepper, salt, and 2 table-spoons of grated cheese; mix to a cream. Beat up the whites to a very stiff froth and stir lightly into the other mixture. Melt some butter, and put in the omelet quickly, stirring lightly till it sets, then let it brown on the under-side. Double over from both sides to the centre and serve.

(4) Scrambled

Beat up four eggs lightly, and put in with two table-spoons of milk, pepper and salt, into melted butter in a saucepan. Stir till the mixture becomes creamy, and serve on hot toast: sometimes, a little chopped-up ham, or tongue, green peas, or a teaspoon of anchovy essence, can be added.

K. S.

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

NEEDLE-WORK NOTES

(1) Shell stitch in crochet

Make a chain. *For the first row*, do 7 trebles in the first stitch, X, 1 d. c., 7 trebles in the 5th stitch, and repeat from X.

For the 2nd row, do 7 trebles in the d. c., 1 d. c. in the fourth of the seven trebles and repeat.

(2) Picots for edges

For small picots, make a chain, or work on the last row; 1 single or slip stitch in the corner, X 3 chain, working 1 d. c. in the 2nd, and 1 d. c. in the 1st chain of these three; leave one or two stitches, and repeat from X.

For large picots, X 5 ch. leave 3, 1 treble in the 2nd, and 1 treble in the 1st of these 5 chain, and repeat from X.

For pointed picots: X 6 chain, skip the first, 1 slip into 2nd, 1 plain into 3rd, 1 half-treble into 4th, 1 single treble into 5th, 1 long treble

into 6th of these chain stitches; and repeat from X.

(3) A crochet square

Four chain, join into a ring by a slip stitch into the first stitch, 1 ch., 2 d. c. into 2nd., 3 d. c. into each of the next 3 chain; 1 d. c. into the stitch in which the first 2 d. c. are worked.

Draw the thread through the next stitch, 1 chain, 2 d. c. into the previous stitch; 3 d. c. into the second of the first 3 d. c. of the previous row, and 1 d. c. into each of the other stitches.

(4) A crochet star

Make a ring of 3 chain stitches; 2 d. c. into each of the 3; 2 d. c. into each of these last six. In the next rows, increase gradually by making 2 d. c. into each alternate stitch. Continue till size required, then decrease in the same way by lessening one d. c. for every alternate stitch.

"Everyone carries an atmosphere about him. It may be healthful and invigorating, or it may be unwholesome and depressing. It may make a little spot of the world a sweeter and a far better place to live in; or it may make it harder for those to live worthily and beautifully, who dwell within its circle. We are responsible for this atmosphere."

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"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

SELECTED.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Streets of Peking.

പെക്കിങ് നഗരത്തിലെ തെരുവുകൾ.

എല്ലാ ദശാന്തരങ്ങളെയും സംസ്കാരങ്ങളെയും നാനാ ജാതികളെയും പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുന്ന ഒരു നഗരമാണ് പെക്കിങ്. പൌരസ്ത്യ പട്ടണങ്ങൾ സാമാന്യേന വർത്തിക്കുന്നതുപോലെ വൈപരീത്യ വിശേഷങ്ങളുള്ള ഒരു നഗരമാണ് ഇത്.

നാലായിരത്തി എൺപതു തെരുവുകളോടു കൂടിയ ഈ മനോഹര നഗരത്തിൽ പതിനഞ്ചു ലക്ഷത്തിലധികം ചീനക്കാർ നിവസിക്കുന്നു. പെക്കിങ് നഗരത്തിലെ തെരുവുകളിൽ കൂടി നടന്നാൽ ജീവചൈതന്യത്തെ കണ്ട് അഭിനന്ദിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കും. ഇരു വശങ്ങളിലും വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ വരിയായി നട്ടു പിടിപ്പിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളവയും കല്ലു പതിച്ചവയുമായ പരിഷ്കരിച്ച വീഥികൾ. അവയോടു കൂടിത്തന്നെ വളഞ്ഞും പർവ്വതം വിസ്താരം കുറഞ്ഞും ചെളികെട്ടിയുമുള്ള ഇടവഴികളും; ഏകദേശം അമ്പതിനായിരം റിക്കുവാളുകളും എമ്പതിനായിരം ചവിട്ടുവണ്ടികളും വലുതും ചെറുതുമായ കഴുതകളെയും ഒട്ടകങ്ങളെയും പൂട്ടിയ വണ്ടികളും ഇവയുടെ ഇടയിൽ കൂടി യേക്കരശബ്ദങ്ങൾ പുറപ്പെടുവിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് തപ്രയായി ഓടുന്ന മോട്ടോർ വണ്ടികളും; കാക്കിയുടുപ്പു ധരിച്ച പൊല്യീസ്സുകാർ ഓഫീസുമലങ്ങളിൽ വാഹനങ്ങളെ വഴി തിരിച്ചുവിടുന്നതും യാത്രക്കാരെ കയറാനായി വഴിമദ്ധ്യത്തിൽ നിറുത്തുന്നതിലധികം പ്രാവശ്യം തെണ്ടിനടക്കുന്ന ശ്വാക്കളെ നിരത്തു മുറിഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ട് അനുവദിക്കുന്നതിന് ഇടക്കിടക്കിന് ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന തപ്രിത ഗതികളായ ബസ്സുകളും; മത്സ്യം നിറച്ചുപോലെ മനുഷ്യരെ കത്തിനിറച്ചുകൊണ്ട് ഓടിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന വാടക വണ്ടികളും അവിടെ കാണാം. അടുത്തടുത്തായി ഒരേ വീഥിയിൽത്തന്നെ ആധുനിക കാലങ്ങൾക്കനുസരിച്ച സാമാനങ്ങൾ കൂയം ചെയ്യുന്ന പാണ്ടികശാലകളും നാനാവിധസാമാനങ്ങൾ വില്ക്കുന്ന ഇരുട്ടുടഞ്ഞ ചെറുപീടികകളും ഉണ്ടായിരിക്കും. അതിന്നുപുറമെ ഈ സ്ഥലങ്ങളുടെ മുൻ വശത്തുള്ള ഇടവഴികളിൽ പകുതിപ്പട്ടിണിക്കാരായ ചില്ലറക്കച്ചവടക്കാർ വെളുത്ത തുണികൾ വിരിച്ചു കടങ്ങൾ, ഭരണികൾ, ദൈവപ്രതിമകൾ, പരിഷ്കരിച്ച കത്തികൾ, മുറിമരുന്നുകൾ, ചീപ്പുകൾ, വത്തക്കവിത്തുകൾ, കടല, പഴയ കപ്പികൾ, തുണിക്കുപ്പണങ്ങൾ, തുരുമ്പുപിടിച്ച ഇരുമ്പുകുപ്പണങ്ങൾ മുതലായവയും പല സാധനങ്ങളും നിരത്തി വെച്ചു വില്ക്കാൻ തെരുവായിരിക്കുന്നതുകാണാം. ഇടിഞ്ഞുപൊളിഞ്ഞ പഴയ ദേവാലയങ്ങളുടെ ഇടയിൽത്തന്നെ പരിഷ്കരിച്ച നിലയിൽ വൃത്തിയായി സൂക്ഷിച്ചുവരുന്ന ബുദ്ധ മതക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളും ഓപോട്സ്, കൺഫുഷിയസ്സ്, ക്രിസ്തു, ഈ മതക്കാരുടെ ക്ഷേത്രങ്ങളും

പള്ളികളും, ബുദ്ധൻ, ടാപോട്സ്, കൺഫുഷിയസ്സ്, ക്രിസ്തു മുതലായ ദേവന്മാരുടെ മാഹാത്മ്യത്തെ ഉൽഘോഷിക്കുന്നു. അവിടവിടെ ഇസ്ലാം പ്രസ്താപകന്റെ സ്തൂരകളായ പള്ളികളുമുണ്ട്. ആദാസങ്ങളായ കുടികളുടെ അരികെത്തന്നെ മനോഹരങ്ങളായ ഉദ്യാനങ്ങളും തോട്ടങ്ങളും ആകർഷണീയങ്ങളായ മേല്പരകളോടുകൂടിയ അരമനകളും കാണാം. ചീനസാമ്രാജ്യ ചക്രവർത്തിമാർക്കു ദേവാരാധനയ്ക്കായി പരിശുദ്ധമായി വെളുത്ത വെണ്ണക്കല്ലുകൊണ്ടു പണിചെയ്തതും, മനോഹരമായ കൊത്തുവേലകൾ ചെയ്തതും, ഭംഗിയുള്ള മൂന്നു മേടകളോടുകൂടിയതുമായ സ്വർഗ്ഗമണ്ഡപവും അവിടെയുണ്ട്.

ജനങ്ങൾ അധിവസിക്കുന്നതായ തെരുവുകൾ ആദാസ നിറത്തിലുള്ള ചുമരുകളുടെ പിൻഭാഗത്തുള്ള മനോഹരതയെ മറയ്ക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ അവയുടെ അന്തർഭാഗങ്ങളിൽ വിലമതിക്കാൻ സാധിക്കാത്ത നിധികളുണ്ട്. ഒരു മുററത്തുനിന്ന് മറ്റൊന്നിലേക്കു കടന്നാൽ വൃക്ഷങ്ങളും ചെറു ഉദ്യാനങ്ങളുമുള്ളതായ മുററങ്ങളിൽ കൂടി കടന്നു ചീനക്കാരുടെ ഗൃഹത്തിലെ സൽക്കാര മുറിയിൽ എത്തിച്ചേരും. ഭംഗിയുള്ള പ്രതീമകളും, ചിത്രങ്ങളും കൊണ്ട് അലങ്കരിച്ചതാണിത്. ചീനക്കാർ ബാഹ്യാധാരങ്ങളിൽ ഭ്രമമില്ല. ഗ്രാമ്യങ്ങളായ ആധാരങ്ങൾ അവരുടെ ജാത്യാചാരങ്ങൾക്ക് വിരോധമാണ്. അതുകൊണ്ടു പുറം ആദാസമായിരുന്നാലും അന്തർഭാഗം ഭംഗിയുള്ളതായിട്ടാണ് അവരുടെ വാസസ്ഥലങ്ങളുടെ സ്വഭാവം.

വീടുകൾക്ക് ഒരു നില മാത്രമേ ഉണ്ടാവുകയുള്ളൂ. നീല നിറമായ ആകാശവും പച്ച നിറത്തിലുള്ള വൃക്ഷങ്ങളും കംഭോഗോപുരങ്ങൾപോലെ അവയെ മൂടി നിൽക്കുന്നു. ഈ സംഗതികൾക്കൊണ്ടും അവരുടെ എടുപ്പുകളുടെ ആകൃതികൊണ്ടും പെക്കിങ്ങനഗരം പതിനഞ്ചു ലക്ഷം നിവാസികളുള്ള ഒന്നാണെങ്കിലും ഒരു ഗ്രാമം പോലെയാണ് കാഴ്ചക്ക് തോന്നുക. തെരുവിൽനിന്നു കടന്നു വൃക്ഷങ്ങൾ നടുപിടിപ്പിച്ച നിശ്ശബ്ദമായ മുററങ്ങളിൽ കൂടി ഗൃഹത്തിൽ എത്തിച്ചേർന്നാൽ ഒരു ഉൾനാട്ടിലെ ഭവനത്തിൽ പ്രവേശിച്ചതുപോലെയാണ് തോന്നുക.

സംസ്കാരദൃഷ്ടി നോക്കുന്നതായാൽ പെക്കിങ്ങ് നഗരമാണ് ചൈനയിൽ പ്രധാനമായത്. സാമ്രാജ്യകലാശാലയും പുസ്തകശാലയും ഇവിടെയാണ് സ്ഥാപിച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്. 265 വിദ്യാലയങ്ങളും ശാസ്ത്രപരിശീലന കേന്ദ്രങ്ങളുമുള്ളതായ ഈ നഗരം സംശയം കൂടാതെ ചീനസാമ്രാജ്യത്തിന്റെ സംസ്കാരകേന്ദ്രം തന്നെ. ഇവിടെത്തന്നെ ഫെല്ലർ എന്ന ധർമ്മിയായ കബേരൻ സ്ഥാപിച്ച ഈ വിദ്യാലയത്തിൽ പ്രാചീന ഖിഷ്കപരന്മാരുടെ ഖിരദപ്രദർശനങ്ങൾ നടന്നുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നതിനുമേലു തന്നെ വരുന്നു. ചീനഭാഷയിലും ജാപ്പാൻ ഭാഷയിലും, ഇംഗ്ലീഷ് ഭാഷയിലും, ഹൈന്ദവ ഭാഷയിലും വൃത്താന്ത പത്രങ്ങളും മാസികകളും ഇവിടെ പ്രസിദ്ധപ്പെടുത്തിവരുന്നു. എല്ലാ

ആഴ്ചകളിലും സ്വദേശ്യവും വിദേശ്യവുമായ നാടകം, പാട്ടുകളും, കരകൗശലപ്രദർശനങ്ങൾ മുതലായവ ഇവിടെ നടന്നുവരുന്നു. സാമൂഹികമായും മതപരമായുമുള്ള പല ഉത്സവങ്ങളും പട്ടണത്തിൽ ഓരോ ഭാഗങ്ങളിൽ ദിവസേന നടന്നുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കും ഈ ഉത്സവസ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ ബുദ്ധമതം, കൺഫുഷിയസ്സ് മതം, ടാപോട്സ് മതം ഇവകൾ സംബന്ധിച്ച ദേവാരാധനകൾ ആഘോഷിച്ചു നടത്തുന്നു. ഈ സ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ ചില്ലറ കച്ചവടക്കാർ വ്യാപാരം നടത്തുന്നതും ചെപ്പിടിവില്പക്കാർ വില്പനകൾ കാട്ടുന്നതും ഭിക്ഷക്കാർ ഉപജീവനത്തിനു യാചിക്കുന്നതും, സ്ത്രീ പാഠകരും മറ്റും ജനങ്ങളെ വിനോദിപ്പിക്കുന്നതും ചെറുബാലന്മാർ ആഘോഷിക്കുന്നതും കാണാം. ഇതുകളെല്ലാം ശരിക്ക് ഇന്ത്യയിൽ കാണുന്നതു മാതിരിതന്നെ നടന്നുവരുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് അവിടെ ചെന്നിട്ടുള്ള ഇന്ത്യക്കാരുടെ താൻ ഇന്ത്യയിലോ ചൈനയിലോ എന്നു സംശയിച്ചുപോകുന്നു.

ചന്തസ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽനിന്നു പുറത്തിറങ്ങിയാൽ തെരുവുകളിൽ തന്നെ നാം പിന്നേയും എത്തുന്നു. ഓരോ തെരുവിന്നും അവിടെ വ്യാപാരം ചെയ്യുന്ന സാമാനങ്ങളുടെ പേരായിരിക്കും. കൽത്തൈവ്, കസവു തൈവ്, പാനീസ്സ് തൈവ് മുതലായ പേരുകളാണ്. നീലക്കല്ല്, വെളുത്തകല്ല്, കറുത്തകല്ല്, റോസ് നിറത്തിലുള്ള കല്ല് ഇവകൾ തട്ടുകളിൽ നിറച്ചുവെച്ചിരിക്കും. ചുവപ്പും, പച്ചയും, നീലയും നിറത്തിൽ വിചിത്ര തയ്യൽ വേലചെയ്ത പട്ടകൾ - കാശ്മീരത്തിലുണ്ടാക്കുന്നവയെക്കാൾ കൂടും താണ തരത്തിലല്ലാത്തവ ഇവിടെ കാണാം. പലേ നിറത്തിലും വലിപ്പത്തിലുമുള്ള പാനിസ്സുകൾ വരിവരിയായി ഒന്നിനു മീതെ ഒന്നായി വെച്ചിരിക്കും. എല്ലാ നിറത്തിലും വാസനയിലുമുള്ള പുഷ്പങ്ങളും ഇവിടെ കാണാം.

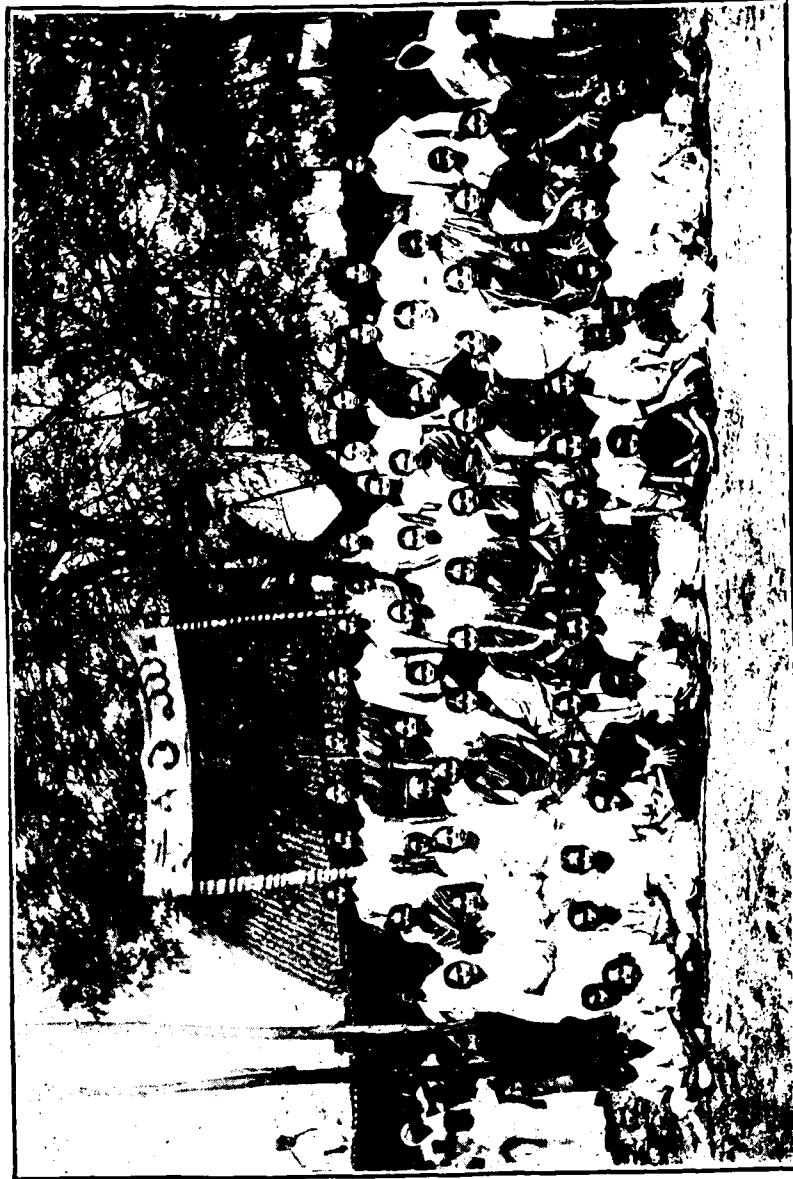
പെക്കിങ്ങ് പട്ടണത്തിലെ പ്രധാന പാതയിൽ കൂടി ജാപ്പാൻ പട്ടാളക്കാർ ആഘാദത്തോടെ പാടിക്കൊണ്ട് നാലു പേർ ഒരു റഫീയിലായി അണിനിരന്നു പോകുന്നതു കാണാം. അഭിമാനഭംഗത്താൽ മെരുവുവാൻ ചീനക്കാർ അവരെ നോക്കി നില്ക്കുന്നു. എന്തൊരു സംയമനശക്തി! നിസ്സാര തെരുവുകളിൽ നീളംകറച്ചു മുറിച്ചു ചീറി കവിളി ന്തുകൊണ്ട് കെട്ടിയ തലമുടിയുള്ള കുട്ടികൾ നിരത്തിൽ ക്രീഡിച്ചു കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നതിനിടയിൽ അപരിചിതർ കടന്നുപോകുന്നതു കണ്ടാൽ അതുഭൂതസൂചകമായ ശബ്ദങ്ങൾ പുറപ്പെടുവിക്കുകയും മറ്റൊരു ദിക്കിൽ ഉണ്ടങ്ങിയ കായ്കൾ ററക്കുന്ന മൺപാത്രങ്ങളുടെ ചുറ്റും കൂടി ഓരോ പിടി വാരിത്തിന്നാൻ കാത്തുനില്ക്കുന്നതും കാണാം. തെരുവിൽ വില്ക്കുന്ന മധുസാധനങ്ങൾ വാങ്ങിതിന്നരുതെന്നു വിലക്കി കൊണ്ട് കുട്ടികളെ വീട്ടിനകത്തേക്ക് അമ്മമാർ പിടിച്ചുവലിക്കുന്നു. അമ്മമാരുടെ മുഖത്ത് കടുബഭാരം വഹിക്കുവാനുള്ള ത്രാണിയും ഭയവും സ്പരിക്കുന്നു. എല്ലാ പ്രായത്തിലുമുള്ള സ്ത്രീപുരുഷന്മാർ മൂടുമുള്ള പഴുങ്ങിയ വള്ളിക്കിഴങ്ങുകൾ വാങ്ങിതിന്നുന്നതുകാണാം. അപൂർവ്വമായി ചില സ്ഥലങ്ങളിൽ പരിഷ്കാരികളായ ചീനയുവതികൾ സിഗരട്ട് വലിച്ചു മരച്ചട്ടയിലിട്ടു കാലടികൾ ചെറുതാക്കിയിട്ടുള്ള മുത്തശ്ശിമാരോടും മറ്റു സ്ത്രീകളോടും സംഭാഷണം ചെയ്തു നില്ക്കുന്നതും കാണാം.

നിറപ്പുകിട്ടുള്ള മുഖമണ്ഡപങ്ങളോടുകൂടിയ വില്ലനസ്ഥലങ്ങൾ ഇല്ലാതിരുന്നത് പെക്കിങ്ങിലെ തെരുവുകളുടെ സ്ഥിതി എന്തായിരിക്കും. റിക്ടാ വണ്ടിക്കാർ പാഞ്ചാടി നടക്കുന്നതും പൊടി അണിഞ്ഞ ഭിക്ഷക്കാരൻ ആശയോടെ നോക്കിനില്ക്കുന്നതും, അവിടെവിടെയായി നില്ക്കുന്ന പുരാതന വൃക്ഷങ്ങളുടെ ഗംഭീര നിഴലുകളും, കല്യാണ ഘോഷയാത്രയിൽ ചുവപ്പു നീല മുതലായ വിവിധ വസ്ത്രങ്ങളിലുള്ള വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ ധരിച്ച ഗായകന്മാർ സ്വദേശീയവും, വിദേശീയവുമായ വാദ്യങ്ങൾ മേളിച്ചും വസ്ത്രക്കൊടികൾ പറപ്പിച്ചും സ്വർണ്ണധക്കുകളടിച്ചും വയുവരന്മാരെ കൈപ്പല്ലക്കീഴ് എടുത്തുകൊണ്ടു ഘോഷയാത്രചെയ്യുന്നതും, കൺഫുഷിയസിന്റെ മതനിഷ്ഠയപ്രകാരം ഉത്സവഘോഷ യാത്രപോലെ മരിച്ചവരെ ജീവനുള്ളവരുടെ നിലയിൽ കരുതി നടത്തുന്ന ശവസംസ്കാര ആഘോഷങ്ങളും, ഇതിനും പുറമെ തെരുവുകളിൽ കാബേജ്, പയറ്റ്, ഉരുളക്കിഴങ്ങ്, മുറയി, കളിസ്സാമാനങ്ങൾ, മണ്ണെണ്ണ മുതലായ സാമാനങ്ങൾ വില്ക്കാൻ നടക്കുന്നവരുടെ രാഗത്തിലുള്ള വിളിയും ഇല്ലായിരുന്നത് പെക്കിങ്ങിലെ തെരുവുകളുടെ സ്ഥിതി യെപ്പറ്റി വിചിന്തിക്കാൻ വയ്യ.

ഇതാണ് പെക്കിങ് നഗരം. ഒരേ സമയത്തുതന്നെ പുരാതനവും, മദ്ധ്യകാലവും, ആധുനികകാലവുമായ നിലയിൽ ഇതിനെ കാണാം. തങ്ങളുടെ സ്വദേശ സംസ്കാരത്തിൽ ദൃഢമായി ബന്ധിക്കപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുണ്ടെങ്കിലും പാശ്ചാത്യരുടെ പരിഷ്കാരത്തിൽ അവർ യോജിച്ചതായ ഭാഗങ്ങൾ കൈക്കൊള്ളാൻ ചീനക്കാർ എപ്പോഴും തയ്യാറാണ്. ചീനക്കാരൻ മദഗതിക്കാരനായിരിക്കാം. എന്നാലും അവൻ ചവിട്ടുവണ്ടി ഓടിക്കയും മോട്ടോർകാർ നടത്തുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് അവന്റെ ഗതി ലോകത്തിലുള്ള മറ്റുള്ളവരുടെതുപോലെയും ചിലപ്പോൾ അധികരിച്ചും തപരിതമായിട്ടാണിരിക്കുന്നത്.

Translated by P. Menon.

శ్రీ. శ్రీ. శ్రీమతి కొటికలపూడి సీతమ్మగారు.



The Ladies' Club at Bapatla
The lady seated to the left of the President is Srimati Kanuparthi Varalakshamma Garu, who has
kindly written us the Telugu article of this number.

ఆంధ్రదేశమునందు స్త్రీల యభివృద్ధికై కృషి చేసినవారు. శ్రీ. శ్రీ. శ్రీయంత కందుకూరి వీరేశలింగము పంతులుగారు, వారిలో బాటు స్త్రీల యభివృద్ధికై పాటుబడిన యువతీమణి శ్రీమతి కొటికలపూడి సీతమ్మగారు. మున్నది నలుబ దేండ్లకు పూర్వము మన ఆంధ్రస్త్రీల స్థితి మిక్కిలి శోచనీయముగానుండెను. స్త్రీలు చదువు కొనుట, సభలకు వెళ్లుట, స్త్రీ సమాజములు స్థాపించుట మున్నగు కృత్యములు సంఘములో ఆక్షేపణీయములుగా నుండెను. ఆడుది చదువుకొనిన మగనికి అయ్యక్షిణమని మార్కులగు ఛాందసులు విద్యాభిరతిగల స్త్రీలను భయపెట్టి చదువునుండి విరమింపజేయుచుండిరి. ఆ దినములలో శ్రీమతి సీతమ్మగారు శ్రీ వీరేశలింగము పంతులుగారి ప్రోత్సాహమువలన ముందుకువచ్చి స్వసంఘ శ్రేయమునకై మిక్కిలి కృషిచేసెను. శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు గొప్పవిద్యుషి, కవయిత్రి. సంఘ సేవారాయణ, భక్తితత్పర, శ్రీ వీరేశలింగము పంతులుగారివలెనే యీ మెతును కలిగి కృష్ణాష్టికమతమునందు విశ్వాసము. విగ్రహారాధనమునందు విశ్వాస తక్కువ. సగుణోపాసనకంటె నిర్గుణోపాసనయందే యామెకు మిక్కిలి నమ్మకము.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు గ్రంథకర్తరి నాధురక్ష శతకము, అపాల్యాబాయి, పద్యభగవద్గీత మున్నగు గ్రంథములు వ్రాసిరి. గ్రంథములేగాక పెక్కు వ్యాసములనుగూడ వ్రాసి సీతమ్మగారు అప్పడప్పడు పత్రికలు పంపుచుండిరి.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు ఆంధ్రదేశమునందలి యనేక స్త్రీ సమాజ వార్షికోత్సవముల కనేకమారు లధ్యక్షత వహించి యుండిరి. ప్రథమాంధ్ర మహాసభలో బాటు జరిగిన ప్రథమ మహిళా సభకుగూడ అధ్యక్షత వహించిరి. శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు గొప్పవక్త. కావున తాను అధ్యక్షత వహించినప్పుడు గొప్ప యుపన్యాసములు చేయుటేగాక యితర సమయములందుగూడ యేనందర్భమున నెచ్చటికి నెల్లినను స్త్రీల సమావేశములను జరిపి చక్కని యుపన్యాసము లిచ్చుచుండెడివారు.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మ మొదటినుండియు నారోగ్యముగలవారుకారు. సదా కాసామయముచే పీడింపబడుచుండిరి. సాంసారిక చిక్కులుగూడ నామె నధికముగా బాధించుచుండెను. అయినను విద్యావతియు, ధైర్యవతియు, సతతదేశ హితైకార్యతత్పరయునగు శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు వీని నేవియు లక్ష్యపెట్టక కడవఱకు తమ సేవావ్రతమును కడునిష్ఠతో సాగించిరి.

భర్త మరణానంతరము శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు బహిరంగ సభలలో పాల్గొను కృత్యములను బాదాపుగా విరమించిరి. అదేసమయమున వారు ఆర్థిక చిక్కులతో శ్రమజెందుచుండగా, స్వస్థియ శ్రీ పీఠికాపుర మహారాజ్ఞీగారు. వారిని చేదీసి ఆదరించి వారి సంతకణ భారము వహించిరి. విదుషీమణియగు శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు విద్యాప్రియయగు శ్రీ మహారాజ్ఞీగారి యాస్థానపండితగా నాదరింపబడుటచే “మణినావలయం, వలయేన మణిర్పణి నావలయేన విభాతి కరః” అన్నటులు రాణించిరి. తొలుదొల్ల శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు మహారాణిగారికి యాంధ్ర సాహితీని కవితను గఱపుటకై పిలుచుకొనిపోబడిరి. కాని చిర సాహచర్యముచే వారిలో నేర్పడిన స్నేహ సాహచర్యము, సదా సజ్జన గోష్ఠి యందును, పౌరమార్గిక విచారణయందును, విద్యావ్యాసంగమునందును సహపాఠినులనుగా జేసి వారి స్నేహపల్లరిని దృఢతరము గావించినది.

శ్రీ మహారాజ్ఞీగారు గతించిన యీ వత్సరమునుండియు శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారు పుడమిపై నుండియు, లేనట్లులుండి కడచిన ఫిబ్రవరి నెలలో పిఠాపురమునందు జరిగిన ప్రథమ మహారాణిగారి మృత సాంవత్సరిక సభలో కడసారి యువవ్యసించి తమ కృతజ్ఞతను వెల్లడించి గతనెల అయిదవ లేదని యిహలోకమును బాసిరి.

శ్రీ సీతమ్మగారి జీవితము ఆదర్శనీయమైవది. స్వయం కృషిచే నాంధ్ర సాహితీయందు పాండిత్యముల పుచ్చుకొని గ్రంథములు వ్రాసియు, యుపన్యాసము లిచ్చియు, స్వదేశ స్వమత స్వసంఘ స్వజాత్యభ్యుదయమునకై చేయగల కృషి చేసి తమ భర్తయు నిర్వర్తించి “పరోపకారార్థమిదం శరీరమ్మ”ను నారోగ్యక్షిణిసార్థక మొనర్చి కర్తవ్యపూరిత. నిజముగా నిట్టి ధన్యజీవనల చరిత్రములు లోకహితమునకై పాటుబడ నెంచెడి యింతులకు మేలి బంతులుగదా.

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SCHOOL GIRLS AT KOLATAM

[PHOTO SENT BY N. RAMABHADRAN TANJORE.]

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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No. 4

TO-DAY

WITH every rising of the sun,
Think of your life as just begun.
The past has shrived and buried deep
All yesterdays ; there let them sleep,
Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.
Concern yourself with but to-day.
Woo it, and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man ;
But, in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.
You, and to-day ! A soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,
With God Himself to bind the twain !
Go forth, I say, attain, attain !

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Some Andhra Women Poets

By ROHINI

ANDHRA-desa has ever been a home of progress and culture, and many are the women, who, though very conservative in some branches of life, and illiterate according to Western ideals of education, are still well-read in their own mother-tongue, taking a great deal of pleasure in writing and reading Telugu literature. Such women are not famous in the world in general, yet are well-known in their own quiet circles, and usually contribute freely to contemporary Telugu Magazines. They are highly cultured and educated, and their standard of work is usually very classical.

Ancient Andhra also had a number of women poets, and it is strange to find that Mrs. Macnicol has omitted them completely from her little book entitled, "Poems by Indian women," while mentioning the works by women of almost every other Indian language. A very comprehensive article, however, was published in the *Triveni* some months ago, written by Mr. V. N. Bhushan, B.A., F.P.S. (LOND), entitled, "Some women-Poets of Ancient Andhra." According to him, "Andhra-desa has had its women-singers who have bridled the Pegasus to the envy and applause of their contemporary literatures. Of such women who, shunning the limelight, proved to be perennial sources of poetic ecstasy to their lovers or their lords, instances are numerous in Telugu literature, for women inevitably were, and still are, the inspirers of the thoughts of men." He mentions a few poetesses of Ancient Andhra, who are worthy of commendation, three of them, Molla, Muddu Palani and Venkamamba, being rather conspicuous, "as having contri-

buted something substantial to Telugu Literature."

"*Kummari*" Molla belonged to the Nellore District and was born of humble parents of the potter's caste. She refused, however, to learn her trade, but busied herself with literature instead, and especially with the Ramayana. To translate the Valmiki-Ramayana was her great wish, which she finally achieved with well-earned success, for it was "a literary feat of no mean order." Though she has written nothing more, she became well-known for this one work of hers, which is popular even today. As Mr. Bhushan says, "She was gifted with an easy flow of style, pithy expression, simple and figurative phraseology, and naive power of narration", that could not easily be equalled.

Muddu Palani was a courtesan in the court of Pratapasimha of Tanjore. She wrote, *Radhika-Santvanam*, the *Heart of Radhika*, which is a rare piece of work.

Venkamamba was born in the 19th century in the Cuddapah District. Her husband died when she was still young. In course of time she went to the mountain, where Lord Venkatesa was said to dwell and wrote *Venkatachela Mahatmya*. She also wrote *Bhagavata* and *Muktikantavilasam*. They are spiritual works, and are still known in Telugu literature.

Telugu is known as the "Italian of the East," and it is not surprising that such a beautiful language should have so many fair exponents of its delicate intricate structure. The women-poets of Andhra-desa will live for ever.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Poet and Playwright [1564-1616]

By LELAND J. BERRY

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, the birthplace of William Shakespeare, is a literary Mecca. Indeed, it is a great deal more; it is a gem of scenic beauty, and of great historical interest to all. Situated centrally in England upon the banks of the broad River Avon, Stratford attracts thousands of visitors a year from all parts of the world who seek the shrine of the greatest man the literary world has ever known. Into the town they pour, from India, Ceylon, Japan, America, France, Germany—all to pay tribute to a noble man.

Stratford is roughly 22½ miles from my own house, a distance which gives me ample opportunity of studying its history, visitors and points of interest, at close range. Its points of interest are many—and varied. Chief of these I would say is the house in which Shakespeare was born, April 23rd, 1564. For more than two centuries it has been the shrine of devout pilgrims, and upon my last visit to this old-world, lattice-windowed house I was more than amazed to find it in good repair, having suffered no apparent injury from the countless thousands of feet that had trod through and through the narrow timbered rooms since the pilgrimage began. In each of the six rooms in the house there are guides and attendants who explain the various exhibits and the curious old books and papers to the wondering crowd that continually flocks through.

Clopton Bridge, which spans the Avon with nineteen arches, is a solid structure of grey stone, was built in 1490 and is still quite sound. Halls Croft is a magnificent specimen of old English architecture with its old garden and timbered front; this was for sometime the residence of Susanna Shakespeare, the poet's eldest daughter.

America has long revered the memory of William Shakespeare and probably there

are more American visitors to Stratford than any other nationality, but in the main street of Stratford there is a little house that always flies the American flag. This is Harvard House which was built by Alderman Thomas Rogers, whose descendant, John Havard founded the world-famous American University bearing his name. This house too has many thousands of visitors a year.

Great interest is shown in the cottage at Shottery, one mile from the centre of Stratford, in which Ann Hathaway, the Poet's wife, lived. At the top of the main street, nearly opposite to where Marie Corelli, the world-famous novelist, lived, is the old timbered Grammar School or the King Edward VI School, founded by Thomas Jolyffe, a priest, in the reign of Edward VI.

In 1597, William Shakespeare bought the largest house in Stratford town, New Place, and this was the scene of the Poet's retirement and last residence. He went to live in this quiet old house with the formal intention of revising and issuing a new edition of his place and poems, but unhappily, worn out with hard work, he died of some nervous disorder, April 23rd, 1616.

A few years ago in a commanding position on the banks of the River Avon, stood the Shakespeare Memorial Buildings, consisting of a Library, Picture Galleries, Lecture Rooms, Museum, View Tower, Gardens and Sculpture. But unfortunately, in some mysterious manner most of these magnificent buildings were destroyed in a disastrous fire a few years ago. They are shortly to be replaced by a very modern style of buildings, the plans of which have roused much critical comment. The foundation stones have indeed been laid, and it is very gratifying to find that America's admiration of Shakespeare is so great that the citizens of the United States of America head the subscrip-

tion list for the building of the New Shakespeare Memorial Buildings with no less a sum than a quarter of a million sterling. Nearly all of the valuable pictures housed in the Gallery were saved from the ravages of the fire, and when they are finally given a home in the building that is in course of erection they will be the largest known collection of pictures in oils or print connected with the life and works of Shakespeare.

In High Street, we have the Cage where Judith, the Poet's youngest daughter, lived for thirty-six years after her marriage with Thomas Quiney. The Town Hall, which is quite an interesting place, was built as early as 1633, and was later re-built in 1768 from the proceeds of the Garrick Jubilee.

But for really interesting ancient structure we turn our attention to the Holy Trinity Church, a portion of which, I believe, dates back to A. D. 692. In the Chancel of this old world Church, in the most honoured position, lie the remains of the great Poet, and above his grave is the following cryptic inscription upon a dark stone:—

Good frend, for Jesus' sake, forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed here:
Blest be a man that spares these stones,
And crast be he that moves my bones.

This inscription is, of course, written in very old English, and readers will observe that the spelling of certain words is very curious as compared with the present-day English style. The only record preserved that directly relates to Shakespeare's death, which may be real or fictitious, is in the ancient Diary belonging to Ward wherein is written:—

"Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson (another poet) had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

Shakespeare's widow survived her illustrious husband seven years, dying in the month of August, 1623.

Historians are of decided opinion that Shakespeare whilst in London, became an actor in Lord Strange's company, playing at various theatres in and around

Shoreditch. Numerous bands of wandering actors and players had visited Stratford during the Poet's boyhood and it is presumed that he was fired, upon witnessing these performances, with an ardent longing for a similar vocation, and so found his way to London, which in those days, as now, was the main centre for all theatrical work.

Here the Poet played for some considerable time, taking the part of a king in several pieces, the ghost in *Hamlet*, and also a prominent part in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, until in about 1603 he retired from the stage, for he did not greatly love the profession of an actor. He felt that it lowered his prestige to no little extent, for, as may be judged from his writings, Shakespeare always considered himself a gentleman of noble birth and good breeding, and all his associates were gentlemen too.

With regard to his writings, nothing has been found that was written by Shakespeare earlier than 1593, which goes to prove he did not commence to write in earnest until he had attained the age of twenty-eight. In 1593, we find he published a poem called *Venus and Adonis*, which was addressed, in the dedication, to Henry Wriothesly (Earl of Southampton); and in 1594 a further poem was published, *The Rape of Lucrece*, which was also dedicated to that nobleman. The first of these poems, *Venus and Adonis*, upon publication, made a very good impression on the public, rapidly running into six or seven editions, the last of which appeared about 1602. We cannot say exactly when the great Poet actually wrote his first play, but it was not much later than 1597 or thereabouts, for then the texts of *Richard II*, *Richard III*, and *Romeo and Juliet* were published.

Apparently Shakespeare himself had little, or even nothing, to do with the publication of his plays at any time. It has been remarked by many lovers of his works that they are astonished that he should have tolerated such harum-scarum methods as the publishers and printers of those days adopted. The following table gives roughly the various dates of publication of his plays as

compiled by William M. Rossetti in a very old and precious edition in my possession.

In 1593 were published *Love's Labour Lost*, and *Henry IV*, Part I; in 1600, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Henry IV*, Part II, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and a second edition of *Ti us Andronicus*; in 1602, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; in 1603, *Hamlet*, an unauthorised edition, which was later followed in 1604 by a corrected edition; in 1608, *King Lear*; in 1609, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Pericles*. Other plays, not distinctly accounted for as to year of writing, publication, or presentation, are,—*As you Like it* (about 1602), *Julius Caesar*, and *Twelfth Night* (about 1602), *Measure for Measure*, and *Othello* (about 1604), *Macbeth* (about 1610), *Winter's Tale* (about 1611), *Taming of the Shrew*, *Henry VI*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Timon of Athens*, *Coriolanus*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VIII*, and *the Tempest*. The last named play is regarded by many to be Shakespeare's last. Over and above the foregoing, previous to 1598, the following plays had been produced on the stage:—

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, *Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour Won* (probably identical to *All's Well that Ends Well*) and *King John*.

Shakespeare courted Royal favour; that is obvious from his writings. During his life his sonnets and plays were spoken of by envious competitors as "his sugared sonnets for private friends." Who can blame Shakespeare for doing this? The only path to fame lay in that direction; others had tried and failed, Shakespeare was more than successful. His plays were produced at Court under the delighted patronage of Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James I. A vicar, named Ward, who lived in Stratford for some time, kept a Diary of the more important business of Stratford from 1648 to 1679, and in it is recorded the fact (of doubtful origin) that Shakespeare supplied the stage with two plays per year, and from this he received so large an allowance that he spent at the rate of a thousand pounds per annum.

The richness of Shakespeare's vocabulary was the secret of his wonderful success in play-writing. It has been computed that he used no fewer than 15,000 words, whilst even so great a poetic successor as Milton used only about 8,000. It would appear that Shakespeare, besides being well-learned in surgery, medicine, navigation, war, chemistry, printing, necromancy and music, was also versed in French and Italian, for a number of his plays are founded on Italian originals of which no contemporary translation can be traced.

Shakespeare must have soon tired of London, for we learn that after a few years spent there he began earnestly to prepare for an ultimate retirement in Stratford-on-Avon. We are told that in 1597 he bought the very best house in Stratford, a place called New Place, for the sum of £60, which, in comparison with the present value of money, must have been a very large sum in those days. In 1604, he bought for £320, some 107 acres of land in the Parish of Stratford, and in the same year some properties in the Town. He made his largest purchase of property in the year 1605, when he bought for the sum of £440 the remaining thirty-one years of lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Welcombe, and Bishopton. Other facts of similar dealings, and one or two records of prosecutions for debt, in one case against a man named Rogers, and in another a man named Addenbrooke, proved that Shakespeare was a man of business, looking sharply after his own interests.

Shakespeare wrote 154 sonnets, which have long been a source of argument on the part of sundry historians and others. A large number of people maintain that these sonnets contribute little or nothing towards Shakespeare's biography, whilst others argue that they display a different literary style in his writing, whilst yet another group have said that he wrote them as a form of literary satire. However, let his sonnets be what they may, we cannot help but notice that they failed to win the popularity of his plays.

To leave the sonnets and revert to Shakespeare's life, it is probable that he was still resident in London in the year 1611, but, knowing well the charm and health-giving properties of his native town, he elected, in 1612, to change the glitter and glory of London for the peaceful quietude of Stratford-on-Avon, where he spent the remainder of his days.

He returned to his native heath, a true man of the world, with a saner and broader outlook on life than he had ever entertained before leaving there. Already, all the eyes of literary England were centred on Shakespeare, and it was not long before he was lauded by his fellow-townsmen as the greatest man in the whole world. His only son Hamnet died in 1596, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. Susanna Shakespeare, as I mentioned at the beginning of this article, lived in Halls Croft after her marriage to a Dr. Hall, a local physician of some eminence, and to them a daughter was born in 1608. Shakespeare's wife and his younger daughter Judith kept house with him, and in February 1616 he married this daughter to Thomas Quiney.

Some comment has been aroused by the Poet's will, in which he bequeathed all his lands, tenements, etc., to Susanna; a sum of £300 to Judith; and his second-best bed with its furniture, and a few trifling legacies to his wife. It is the insignificant bequest to his wife that has aroused the comments, for it appears to show the Poet held his wife in slight esteem, but it is almost certain that as the estates were freehold she was more than amply provided for by law in the form of dower. The Poet died, worth no large sum of money, which he must have spent freely during his life time, and it is also noticeable that his theatrical properties are not featured in his will, which goes to prove that these must have been disposed of some time previous to his death.

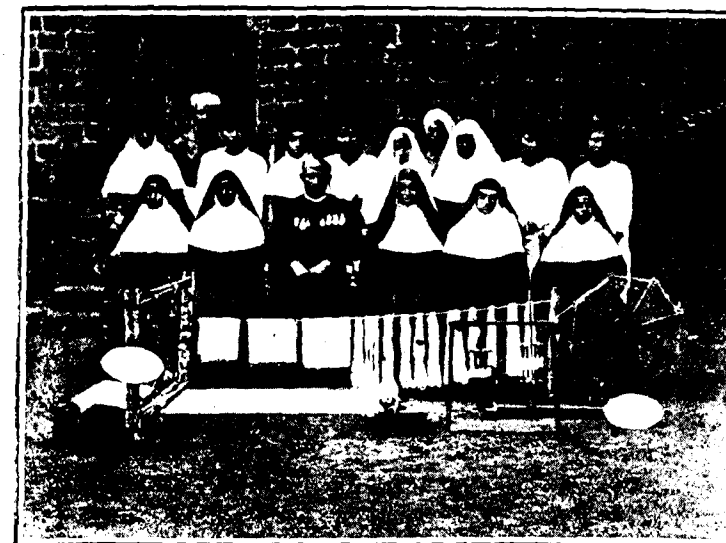
There are a few original portraits and busts of Shakespeare in existence, and also

a number that are supposed to represent him. Principal among them we have the Stratford bust adjacent to the Poet's grave, the Droe-shout engraving, the Chandos painting, the Jansen painting, and the Felton Head; there is also a deathmask, which, if it is accepted as authentic, is the only real likeness of the n all. Both in Shakespeare's house at Stratford and in the Theatre Picture Gallery, there are numberless papers, books, engravings, pictures, curios, and busts that form a never-ending source of delight to both the historian and the ordinary layman.

I fully realise how impossible it is for the majority of you to ever visit the Poet's birth-place and glory in the atmosphere of his indefinable charm; so I have endeavoured to bring a little of it, through the medium of this article, to your own home, so that, knowing more of the Poet's inner life you will read his great works with a possible further enjoyment. To those of you who have not read Shakespeare I can only say, to do it at once, for you are missing the most beautiful gems of literary composition that we have ever had bequeathed to us. Remember Shakespeare went a long way in founding the present-day English style of prose. In the light of this, therefore, his works should hold a wealth of stimulating interest to all English-speaking people.

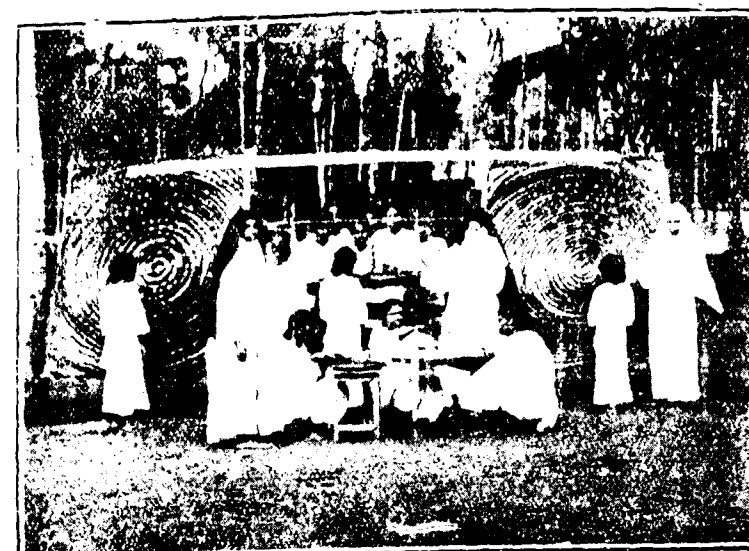
Shakespeare has been lionised by America. An offer was made some few years ago by that country for Shakespeare's house (the sum was colossal). The offer, needless to say, was refused by the English authorities, but if it had been accepted the Americans would have shipped the whole house over to America and re-built it, true to every detail, in some chosen spot. So much for America, but there are signs that India is recognising his greatgenius, for I see that in some instances plays have been given in native-language by eminent Indian Actors. It gives us great pleasure to observe this. Let us hope that his popularity will grow steadily year by year!

Silk-farming at
St. Mary's Convent,
Ollur, Cochin.



SILK WORK STAFF

PUPILS AT WORK IN THE
MULBERRY GARDENS



REARING OF SILK WORMS



BLEACHING OF RAW YARN



SILK REELING ON HAND-MADE MACHINES,
made by Convent people, who are government medalists and
diploma-holders.

PERIYAR = A BEAUTY SPOT

By V. THANGASWAMI

"Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :

.....
.....
.....
.....

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will ;
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still ! ".....

—Wordsworth

IT is remarkable how many of the great works of the engineer are concerned with the control of water, either in constraining it as a servant, or opposing it as an enemy. The canals joining river to river, the bridges reducing water to an ineffectual barrier, the dams which hold it in harness, the moles and embankments restraining it, the liners which traverse the sea, are all illustrations of one or other of these two aspects. The field covered by the engineer in this respect is wide, both in space and time, for, modern as these methods of control are frequently assumed to be, one has not to look far to realise in what remote pasts they were exercised on a considerable scale. The Romans were masters of the control of water, as is sufficiently evidenced by the impressive *Pont du Gard*, which, still standing, was built two thousand years ago as part of a 25-mile waterway to carry two rivers across a third one to the city of Nimes. This well-known monument of the engineering of the past might have been a wonder of the ages ; but to-day with the efflux of time and the progress of modern science we have results more astonishing and calculated only to eclipse the importance of what once passed for a veritable marvel decades ago. The

Periyar Dam forms an impressive example of the work of the engineer in the control of water. How that dam came into existence is a story of modern engineering feat ; how the water has been forced to retreat is a revelation of the skill and patience of the engineer.

It was to this famous dam that some time ago we had an opportunity of going on a pleasure trip. One cool morning we left Gudalur in the Cumbum Valley (Madura District) by motor and travelled due West seven miles along a fine metalled road, which took us right into the heart of the Travancore Hills. The car took a remarkably meandering course, amidst tall giant trees whose thick foliage zealously warded off the sun's rays from us. The bright weather, the soothing breeze laden with the fragrance of forest flowers, the occasional flutter of birds that broke the graveyard-like silence of the scene, the purly brook that streamed its silvery course here and there, the hissing noise born of the leaves and twigs in seeming comradeship—all these made our journey an enchantment. Very soon we heard a thundering noise and came to a lovely spot, where a huge torrent of water rushed down a rocky slope and wafted into the air a perfectly white cloud of thin spray, whose

hoary appearance wore the aspect of a mid-winter day. This was the Periyar water. After flowing through miles of rocky path, it had found its way to level soil and narrowed itself to a channel of smooth, running water, the mighty fall creating a tremendous force. Motoring on for about fifteen minutes, we neared Thekadai, a Travancore frontier station. We got a view of the low, narrow, swampy marshes of the Periyar Lake with practically little or no water in it. Within almost a mile of Thekadai were the headworks of the lake where the flow-out was regulated by huge iron shutters worked by machinery. A searching look into the depths of the works, scarcely visible even with the aid of a powerful flash-light, simply made our heads whirl.

The enormous depth of the excavated works is for the express purpose of bringing down water from a high level to a low level, as otherwise the lake on account of its shallowness is apt to get dry, when no freshes occur. As the lake stretched full seven miles to the dam, we got into a motor boat arranged for the occasion. It steered its way between two rows of stumps of trees that lined the navigable route. Narrow as the lake was, we found forest-clad hills and evergreen slopes confronting us on either side. We saw them rising like the towering battlements of a fortress, a sight more enchanting than words can tell. It has

been said that in human life there are moments worth ages, and if the reader has any eye for the beauty of Nature at all he will agree with me that there are also days which are worth whole months. We found ourselves transported to a land of dreamy ease and delight. Wherever we cast our eyes, we saw nought but lush vegetation, beautiful to behold. Speaking in the words of Wordsworth, the great Lakeland poet, one

"Would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and your heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beautiful."

As one gazed on the distant scene, a raven or a heron crossed silently among the reflected clouds, while the voice of another bird, from the element aloft, gently awakened in the spectator a train of pleasing thoughts. The dam itself was a colossal piece of masonry structure stretching several feet in width; yet what indelibly impressed us was the fact that man, despite his "boast of heraldry and pomp of power," cannot ever transcend his own limitations and can certainly have no perfect control over the elemental forces.

As the poet tells us so perfectly,

".....the calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream."

The lily's lips are pure and white, without a touch of fire;

The rose's heart is warm and red, and sweetened with desire.

In earth's broad fields of deathless bloom, the gladdest lives are those

Whose thoughts are as the lily and whose love is like the rose.

—N. Waterman.

The Late Dowager Maharani of Mysore

IT is with great grief that we hear of the death of this lady of blessed memory. The late H. H. Maharani Kempananjamani Vanivilasa Sannidhanavaru, mother of H. H. The Maharajah of Mysore, was a great woman and an ornament to her family and to her country. She was born in 1868, and belonged to the Kalele family, from which in olden days came the Commanders-in-chief of Mysore. Her husband, H. H. Sri Chamarajendra Wadiyar died in 1894, upon which she was appointed Maharani Regent to her son, the young Maharajah. Helped by an able Council, she carried on the Government for eight years. There was a great increase of revenue, which was in great measure due to improvements in cultivation and agriculture, so much so indeed, that some of the taxation upon gardens was reduced. Agricultural Banks, an agricultural chemist and a Laboratory for analysis of specimens, increased construction of wells, better village sanitation, famine relief measures, help to ryots, improved irrigation projects, were undertaken. A systematic Geological survey improved the gold-mining industry of Kolar, added to which was the Cauvery power installation of electricity. Indeed, the expenses for improvements increased so much that they overtopped the revenue increase.

There was much educational reform. Education expenses rose from 8½ lakhs to 11½ lakhs, institutions increasing rapidly in number. Women's education was advanced, and the Maharani High School and College were organised. Hostels, classes for widows, special scholarships for foreign study and for indigenous art, better salaries for women teachers and more efficient inspection of

schools were some of the improvements.

Public Works were also added to. Many new buildings were put up, some for public benefaction; new roads were constructed, new water-works and railway lines were opened. There was also much new medical relief. The number of municipalities increased, while village and town sanitation was improved. A Transport Corps was also organised for Imperial Defence.

Her late Highness was very popular, and led a life of integrity and honour. "Dignity and good sense" united with a disinclination for pomp and a dislike of interference in realms not her own; while much personal interest in outside affairs proved her love of country, for whose public good she always worked. Orthodox in religious matters, Her Highness was yet very charitable, sympathetic and kind-hearted, taking a personal interest in all the people around her. She was a good mother and a noble friend. She had plenty of humour. She was also a clever and wisely-capable woman. As Lord Curzon said of her: "I have pleasure in stating that the smooth progress of events during the minority (of H. H. the Maharajah) has been largely due to the unfailing tact and discretion of Her Highness. If I may be allowed to say so, she has set an example of public and domestic virtue which has been of equal value to her people and to her family and which has earned for her the admiration and respect of all."

The death of H. H. The Dowager Maharani at the comparatively early age of 65 is indeed a great loss. More women of her character and capability are needed in India.

It is the little, unnoticed acts of service to others; the cheerful and unanswering obedience to mother or mistress; the sharp retort unspoken; the faithful protest by silence, or by leaving the room, against unseemly or sinful talk; the patient endurance of the small worries of life—such are a few of the daily trifles which go to make up the life of perfection.

—E. M. Meynell

EDITOR'S NOTES

Ideals of Indian Women :

A clarion call to the women of India was sounded by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, when she spoke to the women graduates of the Indian Women's University at Bombay, at their Annual Convocation. "You shall be the vessels of liberty and unity of future India," she said, adding that "the object of the University was not to isolate Indian women, but to train them up in a way most natural to them for citizenship and its responsibilities. True education recognised no geographical boundaries nor discriminated between one community or race and another. It made no distinction between Hindus and Muslims. Educated women, Mrs. Naidu asserted, should influence the destinies of their country. Their work, therefore, should be creative. Education should not be looked upon as so much knowledge in mental store-rooms."

We have here defined two of the objects of women's education. One is not to differentiate between communities and races. The other is to be trained in the way best suited to women's responsibilities. Still another aim has been laid down by none other than Mahatma Gandhi. "Not only in India, but all the world over, women alone have protected religion. Religion would not be protected either by books or propaganda, but by actively putting into practice what they preach and believe to be true religion," he said lately at Ahmedabad. The special power of

patience and endurance of women, added to their capability of womanly influence, could do wonders, he averred in establishing ideals, one of the chief of which was the removal of the evil of Untouchability. That indeed was one of the chief tenets of religion, which should be observed. "Mothers never distinguish between their children though some of them are diseased. On the contrary they love the latter more. How can then the Almighty, who is the Creator of all of us, sanction such division as is rampant in India to-day? Mahatmaji, therefore, expected that the women of India would change men's hearts and take the credit for eradicating this evil from India, and start with giving Harijans better treatment in every possible way."

How different are such aims from the old-fashioned conservative ideal, put forward lately at Lahore by Bhai Paramanand, "that Hindu girls should be kept illiterate and within *purdah* till Hindus had learnt to protect them, and the community had developed a spirit of racial prestige and self-respect." He was reported to have said, "The present day education was unsuitable for their girls, who ought not to have been dragged to schools and colleges from their proper places, namely the home and children."

How can India progress with such aims before it? As Prof. Nambiar of the Ernakulam Maharajah's College said lately, there are many fallacies to

be exposed, one of which is "the plea that women's education resulted in the complication of matrimonial problems. Women had their place as units of the nation and they had to contribute their share to the nation's progress and welfare and he thought it was better to have fewer happier marriages, than many miserable ones."

Aims of Indian Women's Education:

How should Indian women be educated? Should they receive the same education as men, or have a different culture implanted in them? Mrs. Sarojini Naidu lately said, "To the average type of Indian woman, marriage and home were the ultimate good." But there are other types of women, some of them outstanding personalities, to whom a special environment is necessary to evolve their spiritual and other capabilities to their fullest, to fulfil their task.

This problem was lately discussed by H. H. Ravi Varma, the eleventh Prince of Cochin, at the General Assembly of the Cochin Women Teachers' Association. The first point he put forward was that education, in accordance with Indian traditions, sentiments and culture, should be on national lines. As the "*Hindu*" reported: "Every attempt should be made to check the tendency to slavish imitation of the West, in the matter of dress, diet, customs and manners and even domestic relations. Indians could not become Western by merely aping the foreigners. An Ethiopian could not change his skin any more than a leopard its spots. It was true they had much to learn from the West. But in their craze for Westernisation, they should not forget their hoary Indian ideals and Indian tradi-

tions. Their knowledge of Western culture should not be acquired to the detriment of their own indigenous civilization and culture."

A second point was that home should be admitted by all as woman's most important sphere. No doubt, equality should be sought in all matters between men and women, but such equality should be compatible with the domestic ideal. No doubt again, there were gifted women in the world, who should be given a world-wide training; but "for ordinary women, house-keeping, tending and nursing of children and educating them were their legitimate functions. He added that he did not mean that they should remain mere ornamented dolls of their household; they should be the real mistresses of their homes enjoying absolute freedom of movement and equality in the matter of ownership of property and marital relationships. He felt sure that if such conditions were enforced, the day would not be far distant when Indian women should occupy their legitimate place in society."

A third point brought out was that one of women's chief responsibilities was to train their children "along proper lines, so that they might be truthful, cultured and ever ready to take their place in life and acquit themselves with credit and honour to the country."

We bring to the notice of our readers that we offer a prize of Rs. 20/- for the best essay on the important subject of the kind of education which Indian women should get.

Details can be found on a later page.

SARADA

By K. MOHAN RAO

ASOKA was one of the biggest and most fascinating bungalows of the city, in the heart of the metropolis, yet bewitchingly surrounded by artistic gardens. Sarada sat amidst the lovely flowers, deeply engrossed in reading a letter. She was young, charming and graceful, and had received a fair education. Her father had died soon after her marriage. He had been a rich man at one time, but had been impoverished by the marriage expenses of his four daughters, of whom our heroine was the youngest. He had only one son; but only at the time of his death did he realise that he had not left enough for the maintenance of his family, besides the fact that he had found out too late that Sarada was not satisfied with her new alliance.

Sanker, Sarada's husband, had of course loved her immensely. He was the third of five sons of Mr. Chandrasekhar, a leading advocate of the High Court. His parents' endeavours to educate him as far as possible had proved futile, as he could not pass even the Intermediate. He had discontinued his studies and remained unemployed. The result was that the household had started rebuking him, and his old mother, Rajam, had not spared him for even a day. She had cursed both Sanker and his unfortunate wife, for being burdens to the family. A year had somehow passed thus, after which Sanker had died from typhoid, leaving Sarada a miserable widow.

Now, Sarada was scanning the contents of a letter, which gradually seemed to unfold her in such waves of happiness and tranquility that momentarily she forgot her troubles. It was from her once classmate at Bangalore, Vasant, who had now come to her own town to continue his college studies. He had heard with much regret of her present plight, and wrote an encouraging epistle to her, offering her his help, if necessary. He was a constant visitor at her house, but could only meet her surreptitiously. Indeed, the letter had been somehow secretly handed over to her.

Vasant was an advocate of social reform. He had read much and taken a leading part in social activities. He could not bear to see the wretched plight of young widows, who were discarded as outcasts, the moment their husbands

died. There should not be such difference, he thought, between them and men, who were encouraged to re-marry, unmindful of their age or their first wife's children. Thus, Sarada's calamity had affected him much. She was only seventeen years of age, and was she to remain a forlorn outcast throughout the rest of her life?

He wrote to her, "I know your life is excruciatingly miserable and that you will not be able to enjoy a good meal even; but do not be discouraged. As an accomplished girl with a sense of honour, not only to yourself, but also to the Almighty, your duty lies in self-restraint God will undoubtedly succour you and relieve you of your calamities soon....."

Yes, her life was miserable. Tears trickled down her ivory cheeks. How difficult it was for a girl of her tender age to act on mere philosophical dogmas, when she felt herself fluttering like a caged bird!

The evenings were anxiously awaited by her, so that she might spend a few happy minutes with Vasant, who would pass that way. One particular evening, Sarada, as usual, strolled into the garden. Unfortunately, Rajam, with her peculiar proclivity to scent anything wrong, noticed her daughter-in-law's lonely presence in the garden at that unusual hour. She suddenly called the girl, and started her campaign of rebuke, even going to the extent of accusing her of scandalous motives. In quick alarm, Sarada, though innocent as a child, drew her saree closely round her face and ran away in anguish. She could have retorted in anger, but, she controlled her emotions, for she considered hitting back a waste of energy.

So, from that day, Sarada sat sometimes on an evening upon the balcony of her room, safely hidden from external view, but all the same watching for Vasant. How far away were those golden days, when Vasant used to tell her that he would do everything he could to save and serve her. But what could he really have done? He was fatherless and his mother at Bangalore was poor; while his uncle Narayan at Bombay, who was solely responsible for his college career, and who had to be obeyed implicitly, would surely never permit his nephew to have anything to do with a widow.

2

Autumn had arrived; but its cool chill did not restore Sarada to her happiness. Some sort of blight seemed to have fallen on her; she appeared a changed girl. Her captivating laughter and funny anecdotes had disappeared. No longer did she care for dress. She was placidly indifferent towards food, and rarely slept at nights. The truth was she was tired out by her sorrows, worries and the suspicions levelled at her. Lonely as she was, the situation had proved entirely beyond her.

Her only solace lay in her singing, sorrowful though it was. But even that was finally denied her. One evening she sang, with all the pathos she could command, a song depicting Savitri's prayer to the God of Death to restore to her her lost Satyavan. The tune was so heart-rending that even the stony-hearted Rajam could not bear it. She suddenly appeared before her daughter-in-law and ordered her to stop. Alas, poor Sarada!

It must not be thought, however, that all mothers-in-law are like Rajam. Far from it. But unfortunately we see some belonging to that category. It certainly requires culture and education to make matters run smooth in a large family.

3

Vasant was now a student in the Medical College, very intelligent and popular. He was also a well-known sportsman. In the Presidency Cricket Match, his bowling analysis and batting scores were marvellous. The whole city praised him, and Mr. Alexander, the City team Captain, was very proud of Vasant.

So, the young man's fame spread wide in the city. Mr. Chandrasekhar wrote to Narayan, offering his youngest daughter, Leela, to Vasant, with a dowry of Rs. 3000/-, and further finance to continue his studies. This great offer was felt as an immense relief by Narayan! He wrote at once to his nephew, asking that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Poor Vasant! What was he to do in this dilemma? If he agreed, he would be perpetrating a crime towards Sarada, for whom he had promised to sacrifice all. If he resisted, he would displease his uncle, who would consequently stop his support. He went through the contents of the letter again, and this time he could not control his feelings when he came across his uncle's threat. "What?" thought Vasant, "Am

I to marry a girl whom I have never seen, proposed by another for the sake of money? Never! I would rather discontinue my studies and seek employment. So he flatly refused the offer, and wrote to his uncle that he would do his best to repay him soon.

Mr. Alexander was very busy in his office. Nevertheless, the visiting card placed on his desk made him keep his papers pending and call the visitor in.

"Hullo, Vasant", he said as a young man entered his room. "Good morning. Won't you sit down?"

Vasant took a seat. It was clear that something was seriously wrong with him. Some great sorrow seemed to be weighing him down.

"What is the matter with you, Vasant?" The officer asked in mute astonishment. "You are not in form to-day."

"Sir," opened Vasant, "Sir, I have come now, not as a sportsman, but as an applicant." He explained the letters exchanged between his uncle and himself and begged for a job. "Well," Mr. Alexander replied, "I am sorry I have no vacancy to offer you but....."

He took the phone-receiver from its hook and rang up Mr. Clarke and after a short discussion, placed the instrument back. "Vasant," he said, "Clarke has agreed to take you into his Bank, but, as there is no vacancy here, are you prepared to go up-country, say to Bangalore?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Vasant gratefully, "I am indeed happy, for that is my native place."

"But I am sorry you are leaving us and perhaps you will play against us in the next Cricket season eh? Well, Vasant, goodbye; I would like to see you when next you are in Madras."

Vasant, after expressing his gratitude, left him.

4

It was a gala Deepavali night. The whole city was astir with millions of men and women, grandly dressed, visiting the shrines and admiring the beautiful illumination of the streets and bazaars. The strident noise of the crackers and rockets deafened the ears. Night appeared as day!

But in the inner room of "Asoka" sat our heroine in solitude, her head thrown back, tears flowing down her wan cheeks. Although all her relatives were in the thick of gaiety and

The Late Madame Curie:

The death of Madame Curie on July 4, has removed from the world the name of an eminent woman scientist. Together with her husband, she was, as we know, the discoverer of radium. Her whole life was one of self-effort and service to others. She was born, we are told, at Warsaw in 1867, her father being a secondary school-master. After her schooling, she worked as a subordinate laboratory attendant in the Sarbonne Chemical Institute. But she was so capable that she soon became a research chemist, then, assistant to the Director, who afterwards became her husband. It was she, who, during her research work found the presence of an unknown substance. Her husband came to her aid, and radium was discovered in 1898. Madame Curie took up the preparation of pure salts of radium, while M. Curie worked out its properties. They were awarded the Nobel Chemistry prize in 1903.

M. Curie died suddenly in 1906, and his widow succeeded him as head of the Radium Institute. In 1910, the Royal Society of Great Britain gave her a Medal; in 1911, she received another Nobel Chemistry prize. Being a woman, she could not be elected to the French Academy; but she became a member of the Academy of Medicine. In 1920, she persuaded the Paris Municipal Council to set aside 2,500,000 francs for the purchase of two grammes of radium, which helped greatly in the cure of cancer. In 1929, she helped the Director of the Paris Chemical Institute to suggest a scheme for an industrial laboratory to train chemical engineers to amass the vast amount of material needed for a very small portion of radium. She also visited America, where she received £10,000 from American

women to purchase just one gramme of radium to use in her researches. Her death was due to pernicious anæmia, contracted during the course of her dangerous work. Her loss is much to be regretted.

The Poona Seva Sadan Society:

This well-known *Home of Service* has, according to the *Hindu*, made good progress within its 23 years of existence. Its President is H. H. the Rani Saheb of Sangli, and two of its Vice-Presidents are the Dowager Rani Sahebs of Jamkhandi and of Jath. No less than 1320 women have been sent up into medical, professional and social lines of Service, a special feature being that about 250 poor women have been educated free. Six separate hostels are run by the Society, and 14 branches have been opened in different centres in and out of the Bombay Presidency. The education given by this Society "consists in providing facilities for medical education (I.L.C.P. course, Midwifery, Nursing and other useful medical instruction); for Public Health School for those ladies who want to do preventive medical work; for training classes for teachers and social workers; for classes in first-aid, domestic economy, music, etc., in addition to the ordinary cultural courses." The social service gives medical relief to poor women and children, in Maternity hospitals, nursing homes, welfare centres, dispensaries, and homes for the destitutes. Much money is needed for the support of such work, and financial help is earnestly solicited.

Women in Racing:

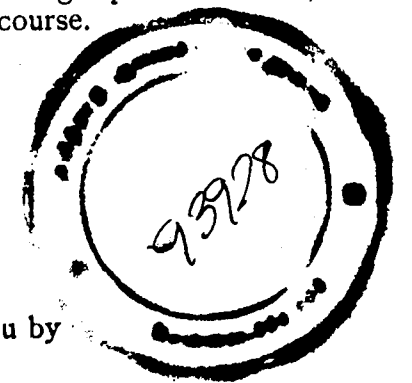
There is an article in the *Hindu*, in which mention is made of the increasing part taken by women during the

in racing is ownership of horses. We hear of women-owners, like Miss Norah Wilmot, who, having taken up her father's training establishment, although she cannot be a trainer officially, is carrying out her work as successfully as a capable man, winning many races with her horses. There are also many women bettors, who bet, not heavily, but more regularly than men. There are a few women book-makers. Women again form a large portion of the employees in Turf offices. Finally, women make a large portion of the crowd at a race-course.

SOUVENIR

The sweet melodious name they called you by
Is th' only souvenir I have with me
Of youth and love. All other stars have set;
All flowers have withered and their fragrancy
Has melted into the blue boundless sky;
All other glowing hues have faded: yet
Your name alone remains untouched by time,
A magic word like "Open Sesame",
Op'ning the caves hid 'neath the tall grown grass,
Where all the embalmed treasures of the Past
And their forgotten glory dwell sublime,
A golden key to th' love-lit hall of prime,
Which I believed to me was ever lost,
Buried among the ruins of joy that was!

—Susi P. David.



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happiness at the festivities, she found herself in darkness as if it were! In her hand, was a short letter from her poor old mother inviting her daughter home for the festival, as she thought rightly that her girl would not be able to take part in it at her mother-in-law's house. Sarada read the contents again and, after serious consideration, penned a few words in reply:

"Dear Mother,

Your love is great, but I am extremely unfortunate in not being able to go to you. The treatment here is most unbearable, but still must be undergone. Mamma, I do not wish to dilate upon this melancholy subject, and make you too unhappy in your old age. I am born to suffer and I must suffer. So, it is better if you will think of your other daughters, on whom may God bestow eternal happiness. Consider this most wretched Sarada as dead and gone....."

Then, the girl sank into a sort of stupor, in which she was reminded of her Vasant. Why? She had not seen him for many days and since he was in a different environment, would he not forget his solemn vows to her? No. His noble and charming face visioned before her, depicting a stubborn denial. Yet, the whole city was speaking about his marriage with Leela.

Some days after, it was again evening. The Sun-God was sinking slowly and steadily on the horizon in a red and sullen glory, which pierced through the murky haze. The birds were returning to their nests. The citizens were rushing to their respective homes after their diurnal work. Night with her sable garment enveloped the earth. A cool refreshing breeze engendered a sort of relaxation to the weary, and pleasure to others. Sarada was walking up and down the terrace. Suddenly, her attention was drawn towards the gate, where a young man was seen, waving his handkerchief. Surely it was Vasant! She ran down-stairs, knowing that the whole family had gone out, and met him. "You here?" she asked, trembling, "I thought you had forgotten this unfortunate widow....."

"Hush," he said "not a word more. Come with me. I am appointed to a post in Bangalore. I have discontinued my studies. Don't waste time in queries. Every minute is valuable. Come right away." He explained every thing briefly and Sarada's face flushed with

joy. "Ah! God," she cried, "After all, you have saved me: and Vasant, I am indebted to you, but still I cannot all of a sudden come with you without informing my people, of course, not personally, but through a letter. I shall write it and place it in the room and return."

She ran into the room and hurriedly wrote her note:—

"Dear father-in-law,

The atmosphere around me is so intolerable that it has driven me away from you. I have gone away, gone for your and my good. All the jewels and clothes you have given me are in the trunk, which is near that of Leela. Do not try to search for me, I shall write to you shortly. Tell my mother-in-law to forget me, or, if this is not possible, to forgive me for the trouble I have given her. But let her not think that I have left her in order to wreak vengeance on her, or out of rancour for her. On the other hand, I am relieving her of my burden. I pray God to give you all happiness.

SARADA,
THE UNFORTUNATE WIDOW."

The whole household of Asoka was aghast at the sudden disappearance of Sarada, and Chandrasekhar took his wife to task for her harshness, being afraid of police interference in the matter. But his dismay did not continue for a long time, for one afternoon, the post-man brought a letter to the advocate, which, it was quite evident, contained a marriage invitation. Chandrasekhar could not believe his eyes when he caught sight of the words "Vasant with Sarada." Was it true, and could this be feasible? Yes. The widow re-marriage had been performed at Bangalore, and the mothers of the couple thanked the Almighty for his succour in allowing their devoted and loving servants this chance of happiness.

Yes, indeed, in the gardens of beautiful Bangalore, to which the ecstatic couple made their way after their marriage, the past experiences of a hard and bitter life were forgotten. And, as they went hand-in-hand to their house, none could have doubted how happy were their grateful hearts.

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, though 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. In her fifth case, she helps her friend, Menaka, to regain her happiness. In her sixth case, she helps Gopalan, a Naidu by caste, and Uma, a Brahmin girl, in love with each other. Uma's mother dies suddenly. Gopalan is accused of murdering her, by Sankara Sastri, who also wishes to marry Uma. But Janaki discovers that Uma's mother really killed herself to escape a dreadful dilemma. Uma's father is persuaded to consent to her marriage with Gopalan. Their romance is continued in the following chapter.]

CHAPTER XII

A month later Janaki's servant told her that a gentleman was waiting to see her. She asked him to be shown in; and what was her surprise when she beheld none other than Natesan, stout and ugly, her step-mother's cousin, whom she had so uncompromisingly refused to marry. She stared at him, and he grinned sheepishly at her.

"Please excuse me," he stammered in his awkward way. "But, I came to this place on business, and felt that I had to see you. I know you hate me; but please don't; for I wish you nothing but good."

"My step-mother nearly forced me to marry you against my wish."

"That was her fault, not mine. Please excuse me and forgive me for my innocent share in that matter. I am so glad you are happy with your husband. And you are getting on well with your detective work, I hear."

His gentle genial manner disarmed Janaki, who gradually began to like him. They chatted on ordinary topics, and she was surprised how Natesan improved under friendly treatment. He expanded, he talked, he laughed. She liked him indeed.

Then he got up to go. At the door, he paused and turned to her rather more seriously than hitherto.

"I just wish to warn you about Sankara Sastri," he said. "Don't make too great an enemy of him. He has got a strong grudge against your husband."

"What is it? What is this grudge? How is it no one will tell me?"

"I don't know, but I shall try to find out. In the meanwhile, have faith in your husband. He is a good man. But beware of that other, and of his friends."

"You mean, Sivaram."

"You have said it. Are you angry with me?"

"No, no, I feel that you mean well."

"Well, goodbye, don't forget me. We're cousins by connection, you know. I am as good as a brother to you. I shall be staying here for some months more. Here is my address."

"Thank you, Natesan."

Two months later, Janaki sat early one morning in her study, feeling peculiarly happy. Her world seemed to be going well with her. The dreaded Sankara Sastri had not shown his wicked hand at all; he had actually gone back to Narpur and his estates, and our heroine often wondered why she should have been afraid of him at all. The very fact of fear must show a cause for it. No smoke without fire indeed. Was she then afraid that Seshan had done something, the betrayal of which would do him harm? Janaki shook her head violently to herself. Trying to analyse her feelings, she thought that she was really afraid of Sankara Sastri's spite, and one knew how spite could

batten on itself without a cause. In any case, she would be loyal to Seshan, good or bad.

And Seshan, oh, he was beginning to turn to her, to seek her company on all occasions, to show his need of her. And the pressure she had to put on herself, to curb her feelings! How often had she felt inclined to show him her love, to hold his hand tight and press it to her.

Oh, she was happy.

Moreover, Sivaram had made himself scarce. Influenced no doubt by Natesan's warning, she had rather been afraid of his becoming familiar with her, in which case her husband might be cross; but there seemed to be now no need for that fear.

Further, Gopal and Uma were happy; there were only three months more for their marriage, and daily almost they blessed her.

Can we wonder then at the comfortable, complacent, oily feeling in which our heroine was immersed? But it was destined soon to be disturbed.

The first ripple came with the sudden intrusion of Gopalan into her room. He rushed in, staggered into a chair, took out a large handkerchief and began mopping his face. Janaki could not see the latter, for, intentionally or not, the man used his cloth effectually to hide it. But that he was in a state of extreme agitation she knew; for every now and then, a shudder seemed to pass over him, and occasionally a low moan came from his lips.

At last, she went to him and took away his handkerchief. Looking into his twisted face, she asked him gently what the matter was.

"She has gone...she has gone...from me," he cried.

"Who? How?"

"Uma. She has left me, or been taken away from me. She....."

"Keep calm, Gopalan. Tell me everything."

After some time, the story came out.

"Oh, we were so happy," he murmured. "Every evening, we used to meet, with the permission of her father. Sometimes we went for a walk, sometimes we went to the park to listen to the band, sometimes we sat in a quiet corner in her upstairs verandah.

"Yesterday we were there; everything was so peaceful and beautiful. We watched the sun set in lovely fading colours of the rainbow. We watched the twilight grow; we watched darkness approach. The birds went chirping home to their nests, and we thought how soon we would be like them in our own home. The cowbells came ringing across the road to us, making harmonious even the shepherds' raucous admonitions to them. A few stars came out, and soon it would be time for me to go home. It was too beautiful to last, we thought; and it was, my dear, it was. An interruption came. But then, I thought nothing of it. Uma's maid came to tell her that one of her proteges was waiting to talk to her. You know for the last two months, she has been taking up social service work, helping especially poor fallen women. They loved her, and would come to her at all times; and I, though I did not like her to mix with them, could not sully her innocence by protests. I was not afraid even, for I knew the lily would rise pure from the mud around it."

He was silent after that, till Janaki quietly said, "And then?"

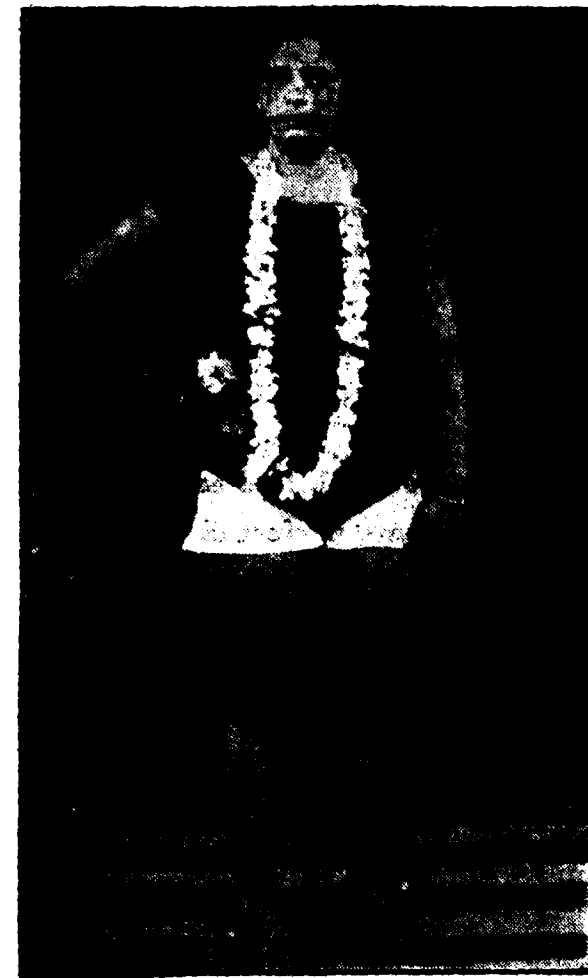
"Then, nothing. This had happened before, so I said good-bye to her and went home. Oh, I did not know it was to be our last farewell; and I can swear she knew nothing of that herself. She was so happy, so bright, so shimmering with life. 'Come to-morrow, don't forget,' she told me at the very last, 'we shall go for a long walk.'

"And so I left her. This morning her maid came running to me and said that Uma had disappeared, had never come home indeed after going with the woman to the rescue home, as she often did with other women. They had waited hour after hour, gone everywhere and enquired; but no Uma. I think she has been sprinted away by Sankara Sastri, for I cannot believe she went of her own accord. Her father is in despair. As for that worthy sister-in-law of hers, she is in the seventh heaven with her delighted 'I told you so.'"

"Have they told the police?"

"Her father wished to do so; but I told him to wait till I consulted you. He agrees with me that it is better not to bring this affair, if possible, into the public eye. Yet everyone is bound to know about it soon."

WOMAN WRESTLER FROM SHOLAPUR



MRS. KRISHNABAI, WHO COMES FROM SHOLAPUR, RECENTLY DEFEATED MRS. TARABAI IN A WRESTLING MATCH, HELD IN POONA.

BY COURTESY OF THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA

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"Tell Uma's father to tell people that she went away early to-day to see a friend in the next town."

"But the servants?"

"Let them talk. It can't be helped. But, what about Sankara Sastri? How far is it to Narpur?"

"Will you come with me there?"

"Yes, I shall shut off work for the day."

They went to the Sastri's house, and, as might be expected, drew blank. Indeed, he leered at Gopalan.

"How do you know she did not run away of her own accord? As a matter of fact, why do you think she is very fond of you? I don't think she really is. She is a girl of honourable character, and she thinks it right to keep to her word with you. After all you are below her in caste. Oh, don't look daggers at me. I know what you're both going to say; but love-sick swains are apt to gloss unpleasant facts over with their own sweet desires; and, as for lady-detectives, we know what they are! How can they afford to lose credit? Our detective brought you both together; and keep you together she must, to vindicate herself. Ha—ha."

They left the man in disgust. At the gate, he called to them.

"Ask her father about her," he said. They did so. They could see that the old man was seriously shocked and grieved by his daughter's disappearance; but, when asked whether he could make any suggestion about it, he was rather evasive.

"Has she spoken to you at all about any unwillingness to marry Gopalan?"

"No—no; but I've often begged her to give him up of her own accord. Yet, she urged that she'd given her word, and couldn't break it. If she could—"

"Did she say, she would break it then?"

"No, but I gathered she might." Janaki laid her hand on Gopalan's shoulder, and looked at his tortured eyes.

"Have faith in her," she whispered.

"I will, I will," he murmured, and squared his shoulders firmly.

They made enquiries all that day, but to no purpose. They could not even identify the woman, who had been last seen with her.

No new *protegee* had come to the rescue home since yesterday. There were altogether ten women there.

A few of them had homes in the town itself, and Janaki had enquiries made there and elicited that no new people had come in, nor had anyone gone away since then.

What else could she do? She and Gopalan worried over the question for a long time. Seshan had gone to his work, after having barely heard about the affair. He had made no comment, unless a non-committal grunt could be called that.

"You know, Janaki Amma," said Gopalan. "You know our Indian girls are very filial-minded, and seldom let down their parents. Perhaps, Uma has gone away somewhere to please her father."

"I don't think so, Gopalan. I think if she wished that, she would have told you about it first. She is like that."

"What do you suggest then?"

"Gopalan, I'm going to hurt you, but yet I ask you to have faith, for, if things are as I think, the purity of her love for you will be proved. Are you sure she is convinced that her mother's death was suicide? Perhaps some one has implanted doubts in her, though she has none herself; and she wants her faith in you to be vindicated. That's why she has gone away, till she can clear things."

"But where?"

"Why, to her aunt's house at Bombay of course. Gopalan, we've never thought of that, have we? This has come to me as a sudden inspiration. By the way, where is this lady? How is it she's never come here after her sister's death? Uma said she would come."

"Her husband fell ill, I heard."

"She's rather a mysterious person, I think, this aunt. I like to look at that letter of Uma's mother again, you know. I've never read it, after that first perusal to myself, and then to the old man. Wait here, I shall go in my car and get it. I know a copy of it was kept, after

the original was sent away to the sister."

No sooner said than done. And Janaki read the letter over again carefully to herself, and then to Gopalan: "I don't know what to do. My daughter is pining for Gopalan. He's a good boy, but not of our caste. I want to make her happy, yet the divine powers are angry with me. Last night, the goddess Lakshmi came to me in a vision, threatening the death of my husband or my daughter, if I gave in to the latter. And yet, I had a sort of a dream sometime ago, in which goddess Saraswati bade me listen to my child. What am I to do? I am torn in two. And oh, I would love to see my daughter happy, and carry her child in my arms. But I dare not risk the lives of her and of my other dear one."

"I am getting more and more frightened. These visions are not good signs. I have told you what I am afraid of, and rather than that should happen, I'll kill myself. That seems to be the only course left now. I shall be saved from what I fear; when I am dead, I hope Uma will be brave and marry Gopalan. Then, I cannot be to blame and the goddess will not be angry with me and carry out her curse on them and on me. My husband will suffer for a time, but he will forget. May my loved ones be happy. Blessings on my daughter. Good-bye, sister, don't think hardly of me, for I have always loved you. Keep my secret from innocent Uma. I do not want her especially to know of it. Please comfort my husband. And don't forget to be kind to our people, especially to poor Sita."

"It seems to me, Gopalan," said our detective after a pause, "it is this aunt we must get hold of at once. I'll wire to her and tell her to come, but won't say anything about Uma. In the meanwhile, of what was the poor lady afraid of so much? What was the secret she wished kept from Uma? Why her own obsession about the anger of the divine ones on account of Uma herself, as seen by her in visions? Of course, the visions were her own imagination carried out into dreams. And who is this Sita? well, well, this aunt is our only hope. Let us wait just three days more before we tell the police."

"Suppose she has been carried off by Sankara Sastri?"

"I don't think she has. Anyhow, let us trust in God."

The aunt from Bombay arrived very soon, a tall, stately and rather morose woman. She dissembled her very real grief as much as possible. Her one anxiety was to see Uma. When told of the latter's disappearance, she gave in and collapsed in a very pitiful way. "The curse, the curse," she continually murmured. "It is working, just as my poor sister feared."

After she had recovered somewhat, Janaki asked her what the secret was; she told her that she remembered it had been mentioned in the letter.

The aunt fixed her with a very critical eye; and, it was not till Janaki was certified for by her brother-in-law, that she deigned to carry on the conversation.

"The secret?" she asked. "Is there a secret? Well, yes, perhaps there was, for no one knew of these visions and dreams. Naturally, she would not wish Uma to know that it was anxiety for her, which caused her death. And nobody would have known the truth, if it were not for my sister's forgetfulness in throwing the letter about. That itself was a sign of....."

"Of what?"

"Why, of the hold that superstition had on her. My sister was a foolish woman, you know, in many things."

"And who is Sita?" asked Janaki. The aunt looked startled, but almost at once collected herself. "Sita? why, an old servant, who was with us for many years. She is with me now. By the way, what are we going to do about Uma? The girl must be found."

"The police must be told," said Janaki.

"The police? Those foolish, conceited creatures? I would rather they did not interfere. But I suppose they must be told. Yet, wait one day. Let me think."

And that was that, Janaki thought to herself. But it was characteristic of her that she did not give up hope. She wished to keep watch on the austere aunt; but how to do it?

Her husband could not help her on account of his work. Perhaps he did not wish to.

Could she ask Sivaram? Not unless there was no one else.

Suddenly, Natesan came to her mind. He had often come to see her since his first visit, and Seshan liked him too. He would certainly help her.

So, she sent a message to him; and, when he arrived quickly afterwards, she told him what she wanted. He said he would proceed to Uma's house at once. It was lucky he was not known there.

The next day arrived. Natesan did not come in the morning, or in the afternoon; but at about seven in the evening, he arrived hot, dusty and tired. After he had a wash and some coffee, he unburdened himself.

"You know," he said, "that old lady is a very clever woman. I'm blest if I know what she wants."

"Tell me what she did."

"She went quietly yesterday evening to the station, and took train for Narapur."

"Narapur, Sankara Sastri's place; but he lives quite out of the town. Did she go there?"

"No, but she visited all sorts of institutions. That struck me as rather odd in a woman, who had just lost her sister. Then, I thought that perhaps she was a social worker like her niece, and wanted some information to be put to use in Bombay."

"Did you follow her?"

"I did, on a bicycle, as unobtrusively as I could. But I wonder, seeing me in so many places, that she did not suspect me. I saw her looking hard at me once. She went to the two schools there, the Government one and the Mission institute. Then, she went to the Lunatic Asylum, to the Women's hospital and finally to the prison. I must not forget the penitentiary and the rescue Home. It struck me sometimes that she was trying to confuse enquiries about her."

"Where did she stay?"

"Oh, with some old friends of theirs. I found out, by careful enquiries, that Uma's family often goes there; Uma's mother too paid many visits, I hear."

"And what did she do there?"

"I don't know, Janaki. I am sorry I could not go on enquiring."

"Well, I am much obliged to you, Natesan. What shall we do now?"

"Let us go to-morrow and make special enquiries at all these places. We might light on a clue."

"Very well; I shall bring Gopalan also, as it is his right to be there. Seshan cannot, of course, come. You know Natesan, I am sure now that Uma found out some secret of their family, something rather disgraceful or undesirable, and, she does not wish to marry Gopalan with that on her conscience. What do you think?"

"May be so."

"And I bet you anything," Janaki said slangily, "the secret is connected with a person called Sita."

The next morning they motored to Narapur. They visited the schools first, for no reason at all, Janaki said, but perhaps there might be a new teacher there, or a new girl in the upper classes, who might be Uma. But they drew blank there. Then they went to the prison, to see if any of Uma's relatives were there. "Perhaps, she has heard that someone belonging to her is a criminal and does not wish to burden Gopalan with him or her," said Janaki. But no. There were not many prisoners; most of them were short-timers; two had been there for some years, but had nothing in their history to connect them with the absent girl. "Now let's go to the Hospital," said our heroine. "Perhaps, there has been an accident, and Uma has been taken there unconscious, that being the biggest hospital in the district." But no, again they drew blank. Then they went to the Lunatic Asylum. They got permission from the Superintendent, and wandered round rather leisurely, for Janaki and her friends were tired and hungry by that time. They went to the women's ward first. Our heroine felt very sad, as she looked at the unhappy creatures there. Some of them were good-looking; some were evidently of a good class; a few even appeared educated. It was their rest-hour, after food, and most of them were sitting quietly, except the more violent cases who were in a place apart. Janaki stopped

long in a courtyard, where a number of milder cases were sitting together. Some of them were singing; some were talking, some sleeping, some just ruminating; but all had the unmistakably vacant expression of the insane. One woman seemed to attract her much. She was sitting with her hands folded together, staring at nothing. Her fair handsome profile was very attractive, especially as she appeared only about twenty-four years of age. Janaki looked at her long, then drew the men aside.

"Doesn't she look familiar?" She asked. "She reminds me of some one. Who, do you think?"

Natesan shook his head, but Gopalan nodded.

"Yes, she is a little like the dead woman, Uma's mother," he replied.

"I too think so" said Janaki, "I wonder, oh I wonder! Watch me now." She went to the girl and tried to talk to her, but not a sign in return could she get. Then suddenly, she called in a low voice, "Sita." The response was immediate. The patient started, looked at her intelligently for a moment, and then relapsed into vacuity. "What do you think of that?" asked Janaki triumphantly.

They were lucky enough to find an old Ayah there, who told them a little of Sita's history. She had been with them for some years now, say about twelve. She was usually a very gentle, quiet creature, but always melancholy. Sometimes, however, she would be violent. She could not be cured. The trouble seemed to be hereditary. As a matter of fact, her mother had been there before her, about fourteen years ago, and died there. A year or two afterwards, this girl had come. Yes, she had visitors to see her, about once in a month. But no one had come for the last three or four months, till yesterday. Yes, it was yesterday that a lady had come to see the poor girl. Asked what sort of a lady, she described a tall, thin, dignified woman, something like the aunt. She had on a purple silk sari and a white jacket.

"Was that the aunt's dress yesterday?" asked Janaki of Natesan; but he shook his head. He was very sorry he had not noticed. Janaki smiled at him pityingly.

That was all. No other information could be got, for the authorities naturally would not tell them anything.

They went back to Tarapur, and to Uma's house. To their dismay, they heard that the aunt had gone away somewhere early that day. It was then nearly evening, and they hastened to the station, and found the old lady just getting out of a train. She smiled at them sourly.

"Have you been looking for me?" she asked innocently. "I am sorry; I have been on business."

"Where?"

"Ah, that's telling!" she replied archly. "Can't I attend to some personal matters myself?"

After that, Janaki thought that the old lady must be watched that night; but how?

Then Gopalan and Natesan said they could go to some house in the village near by, and take turns to sit up all night. If she went anywhere, one of them would follow and let Janaki know about it.

"But I?" said Janaki. "I want to be there too. I may be able to do things, which you will not think of."

The men looked amused. "But then," they said, "it is easier for a man to find a way to follow, than for a woman. No, you must leave it to us."

"Oh, I wish I were a man," cried our heroine, clenching her hands.

She had to leave it at that. Early the next morning, the men came to see her. This was the story they had to tell her.

"We found a house close by," Gopalan said, "and one of us sat up all the time. At about 12 o'clock, we heard a car in the road. It did not drive up to the house. We ran near to it, keeping in the shelter of the hedge, and waited. Presently, we saw the aunt coming out, shrouded up in a black shawl; and with her was, who do you think? No other than Sankara Sastri and another man. Natesan seems to know him."

"Who was it?" asked Janaki.

"Sivaram," he replied reluctantly.

"Well then," continued Gopalan. "They all got into the car, and, while it was being started, Natesan stole out, as he was the smaller of the two and had on darker clothes. He crept up to the car and sat on the luggage grid." "Oh, the seat was hard, I can tell you," said Natesan. And how I bumped and suffered! And the dust? Terrible!

We jolted and we rattled, and still went on. You know Narpur is twenty miles away, and the Sastri's house, three miles further. After twenty miles, something went wrong with the car, and Sivaram, who was driving, got off and began to work under the bonnet. I knew it was not a puncture, for I had not heard the air escape. If it had been that, I would have had to slip off and hide somewhere, while the tyre was being changed, for there was a faint star-light about. As it was, I sat tight and actually heard them talking."

"About Uma?" ejaculated the other two.

"You're right."

At that moment, Seshan entered the room.

"Can I help?" he asked nonchalantly.

"You can if you like," replied Janaki rather shortly and turned again to Natesan.

"The old lady seemed to be rather concerned about Uma's health. No, no, Gopalan, don't be anxious, just listen."

"You are sure it is nothing serious?" she asked.

"It is only an ordinary cold," he replied. "She'll soon be all right, if she takes some medicine, or eats something. But she won't. She is very obstinate. She says she'll die, unless she is taken to see the.....the lady, about whom we told her."

"Have you been able to convince her about it?"

"Yes, poor thing. She's such a simple creature. And she's absolutely straight, and that's why I hesitate about.....about certain things. You see I have come to like her very much; and I do not wish to marry her against her will. Even if I wished to do so, there will be no happiness in it, for she will be unhappy and may fret and die. She says she must see for herself and be sure. Then...then only she will talk about other things. That's why I want you to come with me to take her there."

"I am glad you are so careful about her."

"She is a precious creature."

"Is the car not ready yet?"

Then he asked Sivaram how long he would take and was assured that it would be only a few minutes more. Sivaram seemed to take it for granted that the Sastri could not help.

"Tell me how you worked the plot," asked the aunt.

"You see, the woman who asked to see Uma that night was our friend Sivaram here with a faked story. He was disguised as a woman, and said that he had been sent by another woman whom Uma had helped some time before. He told her the story, I had arranged, you know what. Uma believed him and was quite distracted. She whispered that she could never marry Gopalan, if the story was true. Sivaram agreed with her. Then Uma did not know what to do. She could not face Gopalan. So Sivaram suggested that she should go to her aunt at Bombay. There was a train leaving that night. The desperate girl fell into the trap and went with him; and on the way it was easy enough to slip a gunny bag over her head, and bring her away here. Oh the car is ready? All right, Sivaram, let's start."

I could hear no more, but I slipped off at the gates of the Sastri's house, ran to Narpur, hired a car, and come here to tell you. Now, what to do."

"Nothing," said Seshan, "Sankara Sastri seems to like the girl, and won't harm her."

"But, I am going to see her and rescue her."

"Is that necessary?"

"It is, indeed. How can you ask such a question? I am surprised at you, Seshan. You need not come if you don't wish to."

"I can't go with you, Janaki, because of my work. But you have Gopalan and Natesan with you."

"Very well. To-morrow early, we start and go to Narpur. Then, where shall we go?"

"To the Sastri's house?"

"No. I'll tell you what. You go there and hide your car somewhere and follow their

movements. But drop me and Gopalan first at the Mental Asylum, for I know the secret is there."

She was right. She waited outside that institute with Gopalan, screened behind some out-houses; and sure enough the Sastri's party drove up about ten o'clock. Uma was helped out, and truly she was a sad, pale, sick Uma, a mere shadow of her usual bonny self. Janaki had much ado to persuade Gopalan from showing himself. She and the others went inside the gates. A short while after, Natesan drove up and Janaki called him to her. They waited. After about twenty minutes, the others came out. If Uma could be called ill before she went in, what could she be called now? She staggered and wavered in her walk, and had to cling for help to her tall aunt's arm. They got into the car and drove away, and our party followed a short distance behind, which, however, was lessened very much as they entered the gates and went up the long avenue. As Uma got down in front and made as if to go in, Janaki jumped down and, followed by the men, ran up to her. The girl fell back, and her aunt held her tighter, while Janaki marvelled at her strength.

"You!" whispered the poor girl from pale lips. "And you, Gopalan? Oh, go away, don't come near me."

"But why, my dear, why? Have we done you any wrong?" asked Janaki.

"Not you indeed, it is I who have wronged you, I the poor Uma with a.....dreadful..... secret....."

Her voice trailed away. Gopalan started forward towards her, but the men pushed him back.

"Let him be," murmured Uma, looking up. "Don't do him further harm. Goodbye, Gopalan. Forget me and marry some one else, some one happier, better...oh, oh!" she cried, bursting into bitter sobs. "What shall I do?"

"Come in, my poor girl; and have faith in me. We shall not desert you," said the aunt.

"But neither shall we," cried Janaki and Gopalan together.

"You must and you will," said Uma "when you know my dreadful secret. Do you know that there is—madness in my family, that I am

going mad? I feel it. My grand-mother was mad, my sister is mad; I have just seen her; and my mother too was mad."

"How do you know?"

"Her visions, her dreams, what were they but madness? Besides, she was always afraid about it. That's the secret she told my aunt not to tell me. She felt it coming, and—and—oh, my poor mother!" cried the poor child, covering her working face.

"Even then, Uma, come to me. You can't give me up like this."

"I must. Ask my aunt."

"Yes, she must," said the other. Come away, my girl."

"Good-bye, Gopalan," said the poor girl holding out her quivering hand to him.

"But Uma, I cannot live without you."

"You must. The more I love you, the less can I marry you. Good-bye."

Gopalan pressed her hand to his heart and tried to draw her to him but she hung back and hid her face on her aunt's shoulder. The violence of her grief shook her. It was a pitiful sight, and everyone present had much ado to keep their calm.

Then, Sankara Sastri came forward, and laid his hand on Uma's shoulder.

"My dear," he said gently, "if you love each other so much, don't give him up. Let the heritage go hang, and marry him."

"I can't; I must not."

"But Sankara Sastri," asked the aunt wonderingly, "aren't you marrying her?"

"No," he said reluctantly, "I cannot, for she won't be happy with me."

The aunt choked.

"How can he?" asked Natesan. "Did he not tell you so yesterday?"

"When?"

"How do you know?" asked the Sastri in surprise.

"My dear sir, if you had only looked behind when you stopped yesterday night on the road, you would have seen me, hanging on to your luggage carrier."

"You-you—" cried the Sastri, advancing

on the other. "Steady, sir, steady," called Sivaram, holding him.

Then the aunt found her voice.

"Never mind all that. But listen to me; her honour has been compromised. She has lived here for a few days, in a strange man's house, with none of her own people to look after her. Even the pure Sita was not received by Rama, till she had proved herself. She is undone, and her father."

"I shall enter an ashram," moaned Uma.

"But this is where I come in," Gopalan said in a brave, bold voice, "I shall marry her, whatever anyone may say."

"No, no," said Uma. "Don't you agree with me, Janaki Amma?"

"I do, I do," said our crestfallen detective.

"Then, take me away, aunt. Sankara Sastri, you have been kind. But, I really do not wish to marry anyone."

"Well, well," said the aunt. "This is where I come in, for I must save my family from this shame, which will be worse, than if she marries a man of a lower caste. Once again, I ask you, Sastri, whether you, a Brahmin, will allow her to marry this Naidu."

"I will. After all, the world is changing, Madam. And, even if I consent, she refuses to marry me."

"I will not marry anyone, least of all a man, I do not love," cried Uma.

"And you won't marry Gopalan, whom you love?"

"No."

"But you will; if I tell you that the poor Sita is really not your sister, that your grandfather did not die of madness, that your mother was not mad."

Uma stood up straight and looked at her in wonder. Then, she drooped again.

"I cannot believe you, aunt. You are saying this to suit your own purpose."

"I am not. If you don't believe me, come with me and ask your father."

So, they all went away, leaving the Sastri and Sivaram behind. The latter stood very shame-faced, but tried to catch Janaki's glance. When he could not do so, he surreptitiously tried to snatch at her hand when she passed by. But, she flung him away.

"Forgive me," he cried.

But she never deigned a reply.

Arrived at Tarapur, they went straight to Uma's father; and after he had been apprised of all the facts he told them the following:

"If I had known, that Uma had been made unhappy by this business, I would have told the story before. I am surprised at you, sister, for your duplicity. To think that you could twist everything so for your own purposes!"

"Not for my own, but for the honour of the family, whose caste I did not wish to be polluted."

"How did the Sastri know?"

"After my sister's death. I wrote the whole account to him and suggested the plot. You see my sister had told me about his offer to marry Uma."

"Uma's mother," said the old man, "was my second wife. My first wife went mad, and had to be placed in the Asylum. Your mother was my cousin, and I liked her, and married her even before my first wife's death. She took great care of Sita, my daughter, who was then about eight years old. But, my first wife was very angry, and before she died cursed my poor second wife, that the gods and goddesses would be angry with her and send madness on her and her children. Six years after that, my poor Sita showed signs of madness, which rapidly increased. We had to put her into the Asylum too. My Uma then was about five years. She forgot all about Sita. But, we visited her regularly every month and tried to comfort her. I forgot about the curse, however. But, my poor wife evidently did not, though she never talked to me about it. She must have been always terrified of it and its consequences. I recalled the curse, when Janaki Amma spoke of madness. That was why I was so shocked. I was so sorry I was the cause of all the trouble to my dear ones."

"Then the trouble about Uma's marriage and the visions and dreams and fears, must have made matters worse."

"She killed herself, as she thought she was going mad. She must have been terrified also that the curse would fall on her children, if the goddess Lakshmi persisted in her wrath against her, were Uma to marry Gopalan."

"Then—then—was I the cause of her death, father?" asked Uma sadly.

"No, my dear. You loved Gopalan and you stood by him. It was your poor mother who was foolish. She thought she could avert wrath by killing herself, for she thought the goddess was angry only with her. But, she was wrong. The divine ones are not like that."

"Yes," said Janaki steadily, "you need not be afraid, sir. The gods are reasonable. They do not want convention at the cost of unhappiness. That's the mistake your wife made. Surely, Heaven does not care for differences of caste and creed. Oh, no."

"You are right, my dear. Let Uma

marry Gopalan happily."

"She must marry him now, brother, to save our honour."

"Leave that alone, sister. I don't care for that argument at all. Whether she marries or not, she is my own dear daughter, whom nothing can contaminate. Come here, Uma. Do you wish to marry Gopalan?"

Uma lowered her head shyly. Her father took her hand, and put it in that of her lover.

"May god bless you both," he murmured.

"To-morrow you shall be married."

(To be continued)

SELF-HELP

By J. T. AUSTIN

"IT is the self-help that was forced upon me in my boyhood that gave me self-confidence, and it is that self-confidence that inspired in me the ambition for greater things, and it is that self-help with ambition that has brought me to this position," said an eminent man of high reputation, who, though a son of a primary school teacher, and from a poor family, had risen to high position in a state by his own labour. Greatness really depends upon self-help; yet the value of self-help has yet to be properly investigated by many thoughtful parents. The spirit of self-help must be forced into a child till it becomes a part of his habit, even though later it may partly be submerged by ignorance, indolence and bad influence. It can be seen that the activities of one, who has not been taught the art of self-help in his early life, become purposeless bit by bit, even while his ambition increases more and more. Ambition, without the energy to make way for it, only makes a fool of a man; for in the place of sure self-confidence there can only be vain self-glory, which, building huge castles in the air, leads away from the path-way of truth and honour.

The lack of self-help is often the fault of the parents. Here is an ins-

tance. A boy of eight years of age was found dirtying his shirt every time within a few hours it was put on. Nothing could rid him of the habit. One day his father said to him "Come on, my son, to-day you will wash your shirt and I will do mine and let us see who will keep it clean the longer." The boy was simply delighted with this new game. A piece of soap and a bucket of water were supplied to him. He took just an hour to wash it, asked for several more buckets of water, splashed the soap everywhere, and enjoyed the joke all the time. Finally, the garment was washed and dried. Later, he learnt moderation even in his cleanliness. And what next? Now, it is a habit with him to be clean always. Let me give you another instance. A girl of seven years was always found soiling the verandah of the house, with all sorts of dirty things to play with. She was asked several times not to do so, and was often punished for the same, but all to no purpose. Finally, her mother said to her, "I will give you a fine broom to sweep this place. Can you do it?" "Oh yes," said the girl, very pleased with this new kind of sport. She ran for the broom herself, and soon the small child, only just bigger than the utensil in her hand, was found

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD ANTI-PURDAH POETESS

ZEBUNISSA BEGUM, a fifteen-year-old Muslim girl, is a promising poetess and the following extract from her poem, "An appeal to the men and women of India," for the abolition of purdah, is typical of her early talent.



*From behind the purdah oh, women
of India, hie,
In your goodness does India's future lie.
God made for us all this beautiful
world,
Arise! let the banners of freedom be
unfurled.
Why should you behind the purdah
fret,
For freedom which you fail to get?*

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cleaning up very energetically. Her work was not at first well-done. Again and again, however she was coaxed to persist, till all was clean. To keep the house clean became her pleasure, and finally it grew a life-long habit. Thus you can see how far parents are responsible for the good habits of their children, which should originate in self-help.

Some one may say that self-help is required early in a family, only when it is forced by some peculiar circumstances, and that it is neither always necessary nor possible in childhood. But take the following instances. There is a family sufficiently well-to-do, but not wealthy enough to keep many servants, with three children of 12, 10 and 8 years of age. The latter return from school, go to play, sit to dine, and even go to bed, in the same dress. When it gets dirty, the dress is removed and shoved somewhere and they hunt for a fresh one from box to box. Their mother is too busy to help them. At night, they all go to sleep in a single room, and, when they get up in the morning, they never even care to make up their beds. They leave this work to their mother, and their mother to the servant and the servant to circumstances! One can imagine what their average health was. They themselves became lazy, proud and negligent, with no end of jealousy and disputes between them. As they grew up, they were given naturally greater freedom, which ended in unhappiness. And all along neither they nor their parents were found happy. But take this other family, of similar income, having six children. When they grew to school-going age, they were given three separate rooms for themselves, with the necessary furniture. Brooms and dusters were supplied and a small amount of pocket money to meet some personal expenses. They were individually held responsible for the safety of their articles and the cleanliness of their rooms. They had to arrange their own bedding, books and clothes, polish their own shoes, clean and oil their lamps, sweep their rooms, and dress themselves. They had no servants to attend their individual needs. They had regular times for baths,

family worship and meals. In the common hall they met their friends and relatives. When some one of the children was found behaving badly, he or she was called up and advice was given by the parents. The boys were found in their early days decorating their rooms with their drawings and pictures; later they took pride in the collection of their books. The girls decorated their dens, first with their dolls, then with books and ornaments, musical instruments and pretty draperies, artistically worked with their own needle-work. Each one tried to compete with the other in using pocket money. Now the six children are living healthy and noble lives, the four sons in good positions, and the two girls happily married. The parents are happy and every one calls them "Blessed."

Therefore, if you wish that your own son should become great and useful some day, your attempt to train him in self-help must begin now and not later. It is no good saying "He is only a boy as yet"; and later complaining, "He is a lazy fellow, an idiot, a good for-nothing, and there is no good of spending any more money on him." It is now that you must put him to his duties and set him to help himself in all possible ways. Give him sufficient freedom and facilities to do what is set him. Do not help him too much. When he does half, persuade him to complete the work; when he does well, praise him. As he grows, the spirit of independence and confidence will grow also, and it is that spirit that will work wonders in his later life.

Self-help in children confirms in them good habits, helps them to attend to their own health, makes them useful to themselves and their family, creates in them the desire and strength to help others in their needs, makes them honourable and independent, and teaches them always to look for greater things, and see the nobler side of everything. Thus, ambition and energy, supported by good health, public regard, sound education and high principles, help in the increase of usefulness to the country.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Sari Borders.

ALTHOUGH saris are becoming so much cheaper these days, and it is easy to order one according to the pattern and design desired, there is a certain pleasure in making up one's own sari, that cannot be had by buying the most expensive kind.

Saris which can be worn on the grandest of occasions can be made up by an enterprising woman, if she has an artistic turn of mind, and the time to spare. A plain *georgette* should be bought, and an elaborate border-pattern drawn on a soft, fairly large pad of white blotting paper. The *georgette* should then be placed evenly on the blotting paper, when it will be found that the pattern shows through very distinctly. This saves the trouble of tracing the border pattern on to the sari. With delicate brushes and oil-paints, the border pattern can be then painted on to the sari, and repeated

right along the edges.

When the paint is dry, beads of the same shades of colour as the colours of the border, are sewn on to edge each painted flower or leaf. Thus if the pattern is of pink roses, little pink beads edge each rose. This adds lustre and grandeur to the border.

It will be found that the most elaborate borders can be worked out easily in this way, and the sari, when finished, presents an exquisite appearance of richness and artistic work, besides being very original.

For more simple saris, a very striking effect is sometimes achieved by painting just a strip of one or two colours with a stencilling brush for the border. Such effects are particularly good on artificial silk. A black and vermillion border, each colour about an inch wide, on orange artificial silk, looks rather becoming, or a dark blue strip on a light blue sari.

—Sister Susie.

SUGGESTIONS ON ETIQUETTE

By SAHODARI

1. INTRODUCTION

"Menaka" said a mother to her daughter, "I believe there is a new school being started in the town to teach some matters about etiquette to young women. Would you not like to go to it? Your husband will soon be returning from England, and you will have to take up your position as the wife of a high official."

"I don't wish to become too conventional, mother. One must learn to be natural, and after all, manners are snobbish, aren't they?"

"Not a bit, my dear. As you say, one must be as natural as possible; but it is necessary often to be taught natural manners.

You see, our Indian girls at present are too shy to be natural; sometimes they are too self-conscious, sometimes they pretend to be unduly modest. In their confusion and distress, or in their posing, they often do not know how to behave in company. The result is chaos. But, if one knows how to do a few things, one gets to think of them. And then, such manners become a habit; and the best of it all is that, after they have become a habit, one can learn to throw one's individuality into them. Don't you agree with me, Menaka."

"Ye-yes, mother, I see what you mean. But you were talking of posing. If one's natural manners are not good, is it good to

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We publish a few letters taken at random from our files, which will further show what our valued customers think of us.

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try to change them into what is at first at least a pretence to you?"

"Aren't you just talking for effect, Menaka? If, for instance, you wish to be sinful, can you allow yourself to be so? If you want to kill anyone, must you do it? If you can by any means make yourself look nicer than you are, don't you try to do so? What about your powders and creams?"

"Just to make myself look less unsightly than I am."

"Quite so, child. If a person is really right at heart, his manners are trained to be right too. A lady or a gentleman, as we have heard, is born, not made. Your powders and your creams, though I don't like them much, are supposed to bring out the natural beauty of your skin, which may be overlaid with dust or greasiness. In the same way, some schooling will bring out the natural grace of your own mind, which is bound to show itself in your conduct. Besides....."

"Yes, mother."

"My dear, I am glad you are listening so attentively. Many young people don't often do so. Did I not tell you that, if a person is right—"

"Yes—yes. You were bringing out another point."

"I am sorry to have digressed. Yes, I was going to say that very often manners are the proper bonds of a social circle, just as laws are the bonds of mankind. You may not approve of certain rules, but for the sake of others you must observe them. Was it not Thackeray, who said that a snob is one who neglects to observe certain necessary conventions?"

"But too much politeness, mother, is so silly."

"True; but then, as one comes to know people, one drops certain formalities."

"I hate a man to be always polite to a lady, you know."

"So do I, but that applies chiefly to friends. Does it not make you feel happy, when you get among new people, to have the men standing up, give you a good seat, and so on?"

"I suppose so."

"Some manners are so graceful, Menaka: and some are so necessary. After all, isn't a woman meant to be taken care of?"

"But, in these days of equality?"

"Ah, there we are trespassing on another field. Now, what about this school?"

"I'll try it. Who is the head of it?"

"An Indian lady of experience, I hear. She is a Hindu lady. She is a widow, with no children, with nothing much to do. She comes of a good family and has her own money, so you must not think she is doing this just for a livelihood. She only wants to be useful. She belonged to this district once."

2. GREETINGS

When Menaka went to the school, she was much impressed by its Head. Tall and graceful, though middle-aged, she greeted them with a charming smile, which transfigured her rather homely features. Beside her stood her Assistant, quite a foil by contrast, a short plump little lady, but rather sweet and dainty. Both were dressed in cotton saris, simple yet fine, and prettily put on.

The pupils, of whom there were nearly ten, were made to sit down facing the teacher.

"The first thing, girls, that I wish to speak to you about," said Miss Sarada, the Head, "is the greeting. Whatever it is, the great thing to remember is that you have to look straight into the other's eyes, for an instant at least. Don't stare, or look too long, but just look straight at them. Then smile if you can, but...."

"For Heaven's sake," interrupted the Assistant, Miss Sundari who was sitting by, "don't grin, or smirk, or pose. I have seen some women look like animated gargoyles."

"That's right. The smile in fact, must extend to the eyes, not just stop with the lips. If you can't smile, don't do so; but do not look grim or unpleasant. After all, you are receiving a favour, as much as you are doing it. Then, as to the method of salutation, the handshake, of course, is foreign to us, but many of us have adopted it. Don't let your hand lie like a cold flat fish in another's clasp. Let the grip be mutual, just a firm clasp of the whole hand; not too much of a pressure, for that might be misunderstood especially by men. If the *Sthothram* or *Namaskaram* is used, the palms and fingers must be joined wholly be-

fore the middle of the face; and....."

"I do like a little graceful bending of the head with it. It's so charming," said the Assistant, Miss Sundari.

"Yes, it is, and the palms can be folded for just a while, not for too long, but not too short. Sometimes, a little *salaam* is pleasant, just a side flip for a close friend, or a touch of the forehead with the four fingers for an acquaintance. Sometimes, a mere inclination of the head may be used. Shall we practise some of this now? Try to be natural, girls. Make the lesson pleasant to yourselves.

The next time we shall talk of *conversation*."

The girls had a great time that day with their practice.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

I

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD BANYAN TREE—(A Story)

Like a huge green cathedral, with massive columns pendant in the air, the Banyan tree had stood in the little village of Anampur for thousands of years, and at the foot of its immense gnarled and twisted trunk, a Sanyasi sat with closed eyes. The oldest inhabitant of the village had seen him seated in the same posture, cross-legged and meditating, when he was but a child. The Sanyasi was a mystery, an enigma, to the villagers. No one knew from whence he had come, and whither and when he would ever go. No one had ever seen him eat or sleep, nor heard him speak. Year after year, his beard grew longer and longer, and his hair more and more matted. Every one feared him, and dared not ask him a

question, so mysterious a force was he. Like the old Banyan tree, the Sanyasi seemed to live for ages, and his soul seemed to be knit and co-ordinated with the spirit of the ancient writhing tree.

One day, Kesavan, a little boy belonging to the village, but nevertheless superior to those living in it, because of his recent trip to a large and well-known city, had a wager with his friend Raman, that he would make the old Sanyasi speak.

"You will never dare to do it," whispered Raman thoroughly awe-struck. "Why, they say he's the spirit of the old Banyan tree, and as silent and eternal as its huge roots. He will kill you if you try to talk to him.

"Rubbish," answered Kesavan, bombastically. "He's just an ordinary old man

It's only you poor village people who believe in spirits. There are no such things. Will you give me a rupee if I make the old man talk."

"Yes, I'll give you a rupee," exclaimed Raman, "because I know you'll never win. If any harm comes to you, however, don't blame me. I am not responsible for this act of yours."

"No, I won't blame you," replied Kesavan, very proudly. "You just come and watch me."

He then went straight up to the old Banyan tree, while Raman followed him timidly at some distance. Kesavan did not, however, approach the Sanyasi directly. Even he felt a little afraid when he saw the formidable old man sit there with his eyes closed. Instead, he went carefully behind the old man and climbed noiselessly on to the thick branches above. Hidden in the leafy shade at a good height, he plucked some ripe berries and began throwing them at the Sanyasi. One by one, they disrespectfully hit the old man, the while Raman trembled with fear. The Sanyasi, however, did not seem to feel the berries, and continued in his meditations. Kesavan, a little exasperated, and by now, a little frightened also, took a whole handful of berries and flung them at the old man, calling out at the same time:—

"Are you a stone, or what, that you do not say a word?"

These words seemed to anger the Sanyasi, for all at once, he trembled, snarled and opened his eyes, which were large and blood-shot, and glaring at Kesavan up in the branches, shouted in a fearful voice, that sounded like the peal of thunder:

"I curse you, you wicked little boy, for breaking my prayers. Fall down from that branch and never move again." Upon that Kesavan, whether from fear at the angry

face and voice of the old Sanyasi, or from the affect of the curse, promptly fell, and lay as one dead, while the Sanyasi looked at him and laughed gleefully.

Raman, who had watched this scene as one paralysed, suddenly began to scream, "Kesavan is dead," and ran towards the village like one possessed.

It took the villagers fully ten minutes to understand him, and then they came running to the old Banyan tree, and saw Kesavan lying there as one dead. The old Sanyasi had by now renewed his meditations. In vain did they try to bring Kesavan back to life, but he had broken his colour-bone and was unconscious.

"Propitiate the spirit of the old Banyan tree," they cried, and so the villagers brought fruit and flowers, and broke coconuts at the Sanyasi's feet, and bowing before him, besought him to take back his curse. Then Kesavan's father and mother lay prostrate before him and prayed to him so much with tears in their eyes, that at last the Sanyasi was moved to compassion, and said in a low gruff voice: "All right. Take him to the hospital. He will be well again in a month; but never let him come near the old Banyan tree again."

So Kesavan was treated by the doctor, and in due course regained consciousness, and was able to walk about after a month. You may be sure, however, that he never went near the old Banyan tree again, although he felt a little triumphant, for Raman had given him his rupee and he had been the only one in all the village who had dared to make the spirit of the old Banyan tree talk.

—PUNKAJAM

II

THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

AUGUST is the month when hundreds upon hundreds of graduates will take their degrees. Perhaps some of you

may have a friend among these graduates. Would it not be a good idea, then, to show your appreciation of her having passed, by giving her a small gift? I was looking through an American Magazine this morning, and I came across a very appropriate present which you can make with your own hands, as a gift for a girl Graduate. Handkerchiefs are always a useful present, and if you make them yourself, their value is enhanced. Here is a nice design for a girl graduate handkerchief, which you can work in one corner.



You can outline this in any coloured thread you like.

—PARIJATAM

COMPETITIONS

I IN THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

A competition is announced for essays of not more than 1200 words on the subject: "What sort of education is needed for Indian women?" Attention must be paid more to details than generalities. The prize for the best essay will be Rs. 20/- (twenty). Each essay should be accompanied by a special coupon of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, as given below. The latest date of receipt is September 15, 1934.

Coupon. In submitting my essay on "What sort of education is needed for Indian Women?" I agree to accept the decision of the Editors of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* as finally binding. I leave my essay at their disposal."

Name and address :—

Copies of this number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* can be had from the Editor, Chittoor. Each copy is 8 annas.

Applications should be made with stamps or an M. O.

The name of the winner will appear in the September—October issue.

The winning essay will be published in the November—December number.

—Editor, *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

II BY THE NEW HISTORY SOCIETY

We bring to the notice of our readers the three prizes of 300, 200, and 100 dollars, offered by the New History Society of New York, for the three best essays of 1200 words, on the subject: "How can youth contribute to the realization of a Universal religion?" This competition is open to the entire youth of Asia, men and women, up to the age of thirty.

This is the fourth competition of the History Society. The first was in 1932 on the subject of "*World Peace*," offered to the University students of the United States. The second was on the "*Realization of a United States of the world*," offered to students of Europe. The third was on the "*Reconstruction of the Human Commonwealth*," offered to the students of South

and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and adjacent islands. Other competitions will be organized for Canada, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, etc.

The New History Society was started in 1929, at New York, by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler and Mirza Ahmad Sohrab. It has now a membership of 2000, and has organized groups in various important centres of the world. It is said to be "an inter-denominational, inter-national and inter-racial movement, bringing together religions, races and countries in efforts to establish a common peace." "The New History Society is principled on the universal and constructive ideals of Baha-U-Llah and Abdul Baha, two great spiritual Teachers of the East who appeared in the last century, announcing a new era in which peace, happiness and prosperity shall be shared by every man, woman and child on the face of the earth. It is a *free and independent*

effort, intended to work and to co-operate with all progressive causes which have the betterment of humanity as their guiding purpose. It intends to strive without rest for a social commonwealth based on order, justice, liberty and truth."

A number of lectures have been delivered by eminent people. As the prospectus says, "such personalities as Rabindranath Tagore, Albert Einstein, Professor John Dewey, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, John Haynes Holmes, Sir E. Denison Ross, Dr. P. C. Chang, Claude Bragdon, Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, Helen Keller, Margaret Sanger, Halide of Turkey, Madame Malaterre-seller, Monsieur Henry-Pate, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies of France, Professor W. E. Rappard of the University of Geneva, Fenner Brockway, Oswald Garrison Villard, Devere Allen, Syud Hossain, Pandit J. C. Chatterje, Hon. V. J. Patel, and other leaders of progressive movements, have spoken from its platform."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Remedy for Sun-burn

Most well-to-do Indian women lead sheltered lives, with the result that they have no fear of being sun-burnt. With the modern tendency for out-door sport, however, and the desire to lead a healthy open-air life, the remedy for sun-burn which we give below may come in useful. I came across it in a very useful book called, "The woman's book."

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of powdered borax and dissolve it in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of rose water. To this add 1 oz of lemon juice and shake thoroughly. Then add another $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of rose water.

Clean the skin thoroughly with some cold cream and dab the mixture over it with cotton wool.

Remedy for premature grey hair

The following mixture should be made up, and the roots of the hair massaged every night with it.

Mixture :— Mix 10 oz. of castor oil and 4 oz. of good eau de cologne and shake well, as the two ingredients do not mix together. The mixture should be shaken every day, before use.

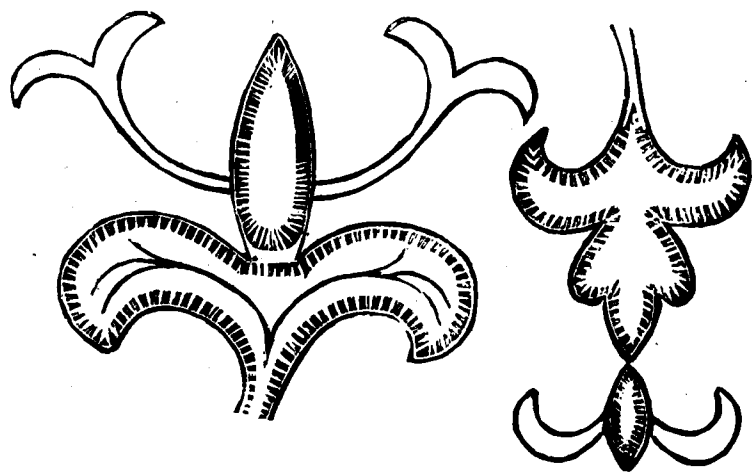
—Paddy

NEEDLE WORK NOTES

An Applique border

The foundation may be of silk, velvet, linen etc. The applied stuff must be such as to stand out well.

Spread some thin white paste with a brush on some fine tissue paper. Lay the material to be applied on it, and smooth down carefully with a clean handkerchief.



Fix flat till dry.

The outlines can be laid down either with a cord of D. M. C. cotton, or gold and silver threads, lightly twisted together, or with special stitching.

After the materials are dry, fasten the appliques with small overcast stitches. Then sew the cord round the edges, with invisible stitches slipped into the middle of

Then let it dry between several sheets of paper on a flat board, under heavy weights.

Now, on the foundation, draw out a complete pattern. On the applied material, trace out the pieces to be applied, and cut out carefully, so as not to make the edges ragged. Fix the foundation on a frame (this must be done in strips for a long border); and place each cut-out figure (pasted before hand on the wrong side) into its place.

the cord (which can be opened out slightly at each stitch). Or a very regular flat stitch can be used instead of the cord.

The foundation in this pattern can be of red silk; the applique of a deep yellow gold satin; the flat stitching in a shade to match the red of the foundation. The stalks and leaves and the veinings can be done in green.

COOKERY NOTES

Sandwiches :

1. *Nut* :— Broil some ground-nuts after shelling them. Chop them up fine, almost soft; mix butter and salt and spread between thin pieces of bread.

2. *Chutney* :— Grind cocoanut or fried dhal with a chili (red or green), salt and a little tamarind (lemon juice). Mix with butter and spread between pieces of bread.

3. *Curry and cucumber* :— Take any curry left over, chop up the meat finely and spread in a thin layer on buttered bread. Cover with thin pieces of cucumber and place under another juice of buttered bread. Tomato can be used instead of cucumber.

Salads :

1. *Indian Vegetables* :— Cut up some boiled vegetables, brinjal, gourd, onion and drumstick for instance. Mix with some chopped parsley. Mix a little salt, pepper and made mustard into a paste and add

some salad oil, about a table spoon, gradually. When properly mixed, add a little vinegar. This is called *French dressing*. Pour this over the vegetables.

2. *Fish* :— Take some boiled fish in little flakes, mix with finely-shredded lettuce, add pepper and salt, garnish with slices of tomato and hard-boiled egg. Pour over this the salad dressing mentioned for the first salad.

Sometimes chicken may be used instead of fish.

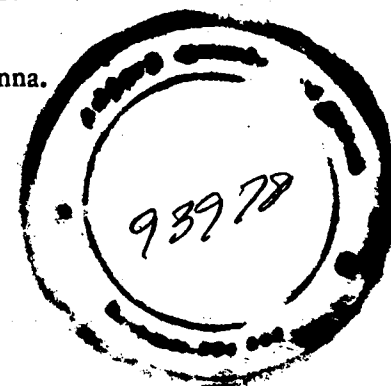
Mayonnaise sauce may be used instead of French dressing.

To prepare this sauce, rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs into a paste; mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ tea spoon of mustard, a little of pepper, salt and sugar; mix well and add 2 table-spoons of salad oil gradually. When well-stirred, add some vinegar. The sauce should be like cream.

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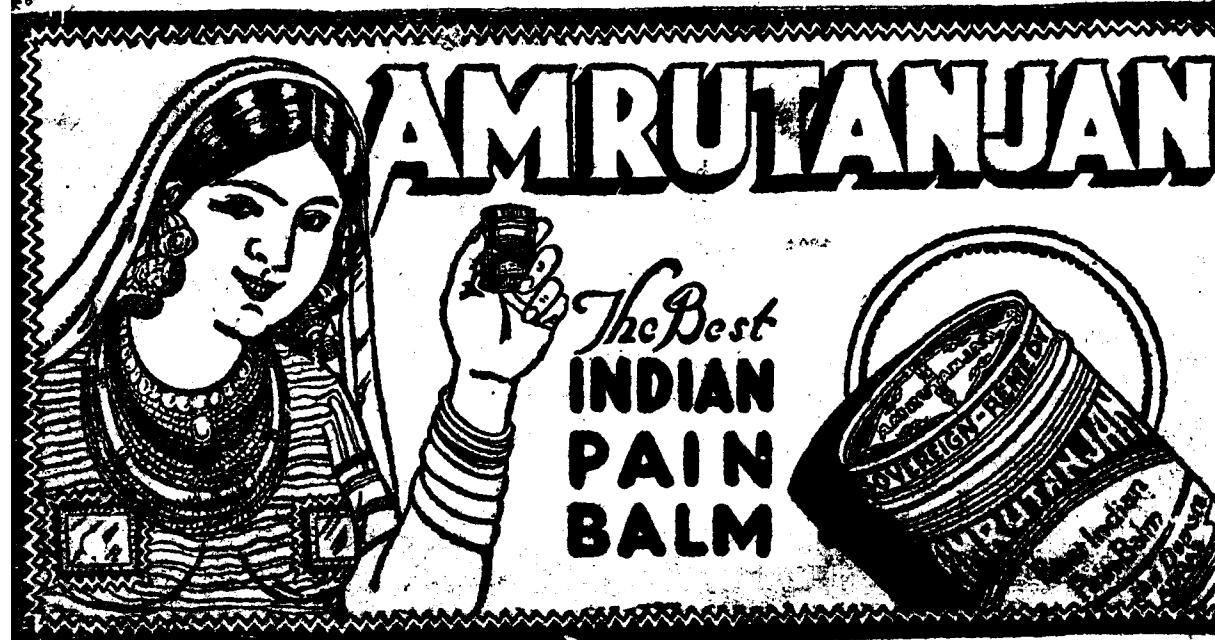
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