

The

Indian Ladies Magazine

1935, VOL. 8, NO. 3, 4

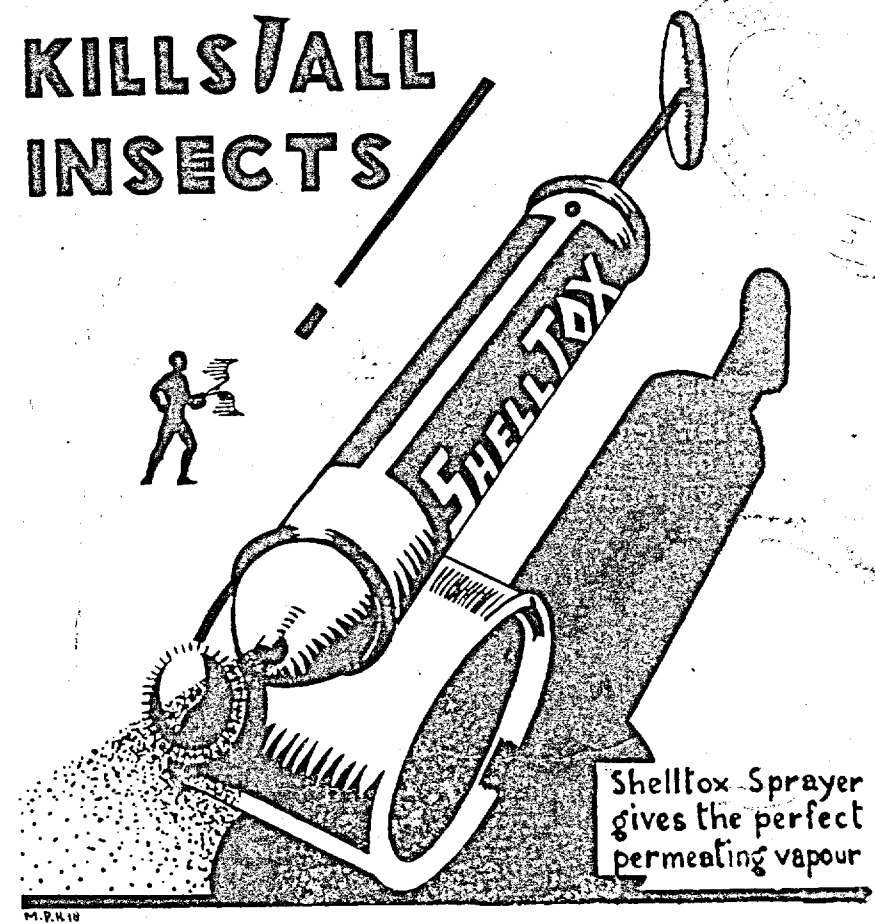
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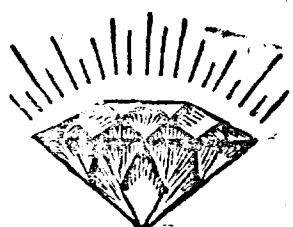
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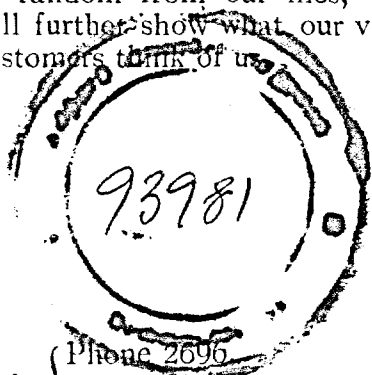
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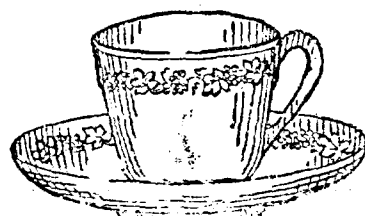
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The INDIAN LADIES MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

No. 3

Illustrations:—Miss Dinbai Cama; Daw Kiw Kin Gyi; Kumari Satyavati Devi; Mrs. Kamala Sivasubramanyam; Miss Prisca Rodrigues; Miss Hava Bai.

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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.

The Magazine Will Contain Many Illustrations and Articles

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

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Editor—Mrs. K. SATTIANADHAN, M. A.,

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All contributions, subscribers, orders, advertisements, enquiries, and remittances should be addressed to THE EDITOR, INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE,

MENICHO'S ROAD, CHETPUT, MADRAS

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol : VIII

MAY & JUNE

No. 3



MISS DINBAI CAMA, Asst. Secretary to the Women's Council of Ahmedabad, was awarded the Kaisari-Hind medal for her selfless work. She has done much to feed, clean and educate the children of women working in the mills. The Gujarat Ladies' Club, under the Presidentship of Lady V. R. Nilkanth, lately celebrated in a grand party the honour done to Miss Cama. We need more workers of her type.

COMPENSATION

The mistakes that we make in life's rough glade
Seem many, sad and great. The good that's lost,
The evil won, outweigh the efforts made ;
The value gone brings home the deadly cost.

Yet, think not all the failure means a loss,
Nor all the time and trouble spent too dear ;
Perhaps an ideal gained behind the cross
Will truly bring the spirit's triumph near.

Success may even take from life the taste ;
Vict'ry can break the heart, the conscience dim ;
The gain of matter make of thought a waste ;
And praises won seem but a tribute grim.

Oh, would that I could find the sublime birth
Of human thought, or peep into the deeps
Of coming fate that lies before the earth,
Or glimpse the height at which my spirit leaps !

But the wish to pierce the gleaming stars for light,
To dig beneath earth's crust for treasure's clue,
And with the force of science crush the might
Of ill, are efforts lost, if the heart's not true ;-

We could not pass life's test,
Loved we not honour best.

—Kamala

H. M. QUEEN MARY

HER Majesty Queen Mary, born in May 1867 and married in 1893, has ever been associated in our minds with His Gracious Majesty King George V, Emperor of India, the Silver Jubilee of whose rule has just been celebrated. She has been appreciated and loved by the public, in the many phases of her amiable life, as the happy daughter of her family, the young bride of the Duke of York, an ideal wife, a competent and affectionate mother, an adored grand-mother, a trusted friend and adviser, and finally a revered and beloved Queen and Empress.

Her majesty Queen Mary has always been a studious reader and a great lover of books. She has never been a part of the so-called 'smart set;' on the other hand she has often been deemed unfashionable regarding her dress. Yet, her dignified presence has ever been set off by appropriate robes and jewels. She is more fond of a quiet home-life than of brilliant activities, though when she attends the latter, as in duty bound, she always displays a happy interest. Her skill and efficiency in domestic management are well-known and she has ever been a keen advocate of homely virtues. She is very fond of gardening, as well as of collecting antiquities. She interests herself as much as possible in all classes of her subjects; her affection and sympathy for them are much appreciated; and she has friends sometimes in even the humblest of her people. She often visits hospitals and work-houses and is a member of many societies for improvement. She takes an active interest in exhibitions of work and widely encourages the activities of poor labourers. She has been a partisan of the reasonable advance of women, and her interest in Indian women is very noticeable. There is no need to speak of her genuine companionship and comradeship to her august consort, nor of her peculiar virtues as a mother and a grand-mother. Her self-denial and unselfishness are proverbial and her courage and fortitude in moments of stress have well stood the test, especially in the late severe illness of His Majesty. She is, to speak in ordinary terms, a good, gracious and great lady, and a fine example to all women. In a word, Her Majesty Queen Mary is an embodiment of all that the royal mistress of a great nation should be; and we wish her long life and continued happiness and prosperity in all that her gentle and capable hands may undertake.

A CALL TO THE YOUTH OF ASIA

YOUTH of Asia! The clarion call of this new age invites you to new duties, to new tasks. You are the noble inheritors of the Light that has radiated from the East to all parts of the world. Moses, Abraham, Jesus, Mohammed, Baha-U-Llah, are no mere names to you—they are part of the living reality and experience of the Orient. The light that shone from Confucius and Zarathustra is attested to by vast masses in our Asiatic continent. Krishna, Buddha, Mahavira, Nanak, Ram Mohan Roy, Dayanand Saraswati, Ramakrishna—these are to you, not mere subjects for research, but the sublime realities that mould your life experiences to the spiritual experiences of mankind.

Yes, Light has come from the East! The Congress of Young Asia, held in Japan in December, 1933, rightly proclaimed: "In Asia lay the cradle of the human race and the origin of human civilization. Thousands of years before the Christian era, when the rest of humanity had scarcely emerged from barbarism, the Asiatic peoples had already built civilized institutions of their own. Humanity's cultural debt to Asia, thus, can hardly be over-estimated."

The inexhaustible fountain of the spiritual experience of our forefathers should ever be kept before our mind's eye and should sustain us as we go through the business of everyday life. But let us make sure that we do not live on the glories of our forefathers. If we are to be worthy of the legacy left us by our predecessors, we should in our day and generation enrich that legacy and make it a vital part in the experience of all humanity. Let us, therefore, address ourselves to the task of finding facts, to the task of understanding Oriental and Occidental attitudes and values of life. Before becoming anxious to impose our ideas upon others, let us first understand their ideas. Before accepting uncritically

the ideas of the Occidental world, let us first fully appreciate our heritage. Let our attitude be first and foremost that of respect for the spiritual values of others as well as for those of ourselves.

Everyone, be he from the Orient or from the Occident, believes that justice is better than injustice, that lawfulness is better than lawlessness, that peace is better than war, that plenty is better than poverty, that concord is better than discord, that cooperation is better than conflict. Even from a utilitarian point of view, everyone will subscribe to the above propositions. And, if you are religiously inclined, you will agree with me in saying that those propositions are true, not because they bring practical results, but because they are true for their own sakes; they represent certain spiritual values which the heart of man is ever seeking to attain. Further, I may say that the peace of mind which passeth understanding is better than the peace of society which succumbeth to misunderstanding; that the life of spiritual pursuit, the abundant life of the spirit, is far superior to the life of material wealth and plenty (which does not mean, however, that the peace of society and material wealth are to be despised). The peace of mind and the abundant life of the spirit are *theoretically* within the easy reach of everyone: *practically*, they are within the easy reach only of those who dedicate themselves to carrying out the purposes of God in their own lives. But the peace of society and material wealth are dependent upon the foundations of our social order.

Is our society, I mean our *world-society*, so organized as to ensure peace and plenty to every individual and to every nation? Are nations organized for peace or for war? What is the basis of our international relations? By international relations, I do not mean the European situation; international relations cover a

wider and broader field than that. By international relations, I have in mind particularly the relations between the two culture-groups—between the Orient and the Occident. Can we, either as Orientals or as Occidentals, be proud of the relations that exist between ourselves?

Youth of the Orient! Be earnest seekers of Truth. Address yourselves to the task of transvaluating values. Terms like nationalism, patriotism, internationalism, religion, culture, happiness, freedom, salvation, ought to get a new meaning and a new significance when interpreted from a new point of view.

Nationalism is not, should not be, a preparation for imperialism. Nationalism ought to be conceived in terms of a community of interests established by birth, a complex of social heritage which we inherit, enjoy, improve upon when possible and communicate to others of our contemporaries and to posterity. Patriotism is not meant to teach us to cast lustful eyes on other countries; rather is it meant to teach us to respect all those who love their countries as we love ours.

Internationalism is neither a system of uniform values of life, nor is it the acceptance of a uniform system of Government; internationalism, strictly speaking, should refer to our community of reciprocal interests and obligations established by birth, as members of different nations; and

of different culture-groups, and implies the acceptance of a uniform code of ethics. Self-determination is its characteristic, not domination.

Religion, to the Occidental mind, is more or less synonymous with creed (from *credo*, "I believe"). Religion in the Oriental sense is best expressed by the Sanskrit word, DHARMA, which, being interpreted, means: "that which holds together." Religion is more than a system of ethics, more than a set of rituals, more than theology, more than philosophy; religion is the vital principle that "holds together" or "upholds" the integrity and oneness of the individual, of the nation, of the human race, of the universe. Culture aims, not merely at the development and accumulation of material goods, but also, and more specifically, at the promotion of human happiness, freedom and salvation or self-realization. Happiness in its highest sense consists in the possession of the "enlightened" mind capable of distinguishing between reality and unreality in the attainment of Truth. And "the Truth shall make you free"; it is only in the attainment of Truth that real freedom is found. Only a free soul can attain salvation, or, which is the same thing, only a free soul can realize the highest value of his own self as well as of the Supreme Self.

(Extracts from an essay from America in connection with the *New History Society* of New York.)

WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN INDIA

WOMEN are the mothers of ideals, the embodiments of Art and Beauty, who play with the magic of love. Women and men are not as water and wine, but like land and sea. One cannot exist without the other. The ancient Indian symbolisation of woman as the Goddess of poetry and music indicates the true position of Indian women; and their position ought to

bid fair to be even higher than that. They are the real repositories of Indian ideals.

Let us recollect the kind of education that was given to Indian women in ancient times. Though the teaching and the ideals of ancient ashrams were only confined to Indian ideals, they yet promoted a spirit that can't be even dreamt of in modern Universities. India, a land of culture, a land

of unification, a land of creation, produced heroes and heroines who were prepared for themselves and the world. Women like Maitreyi, Sita, Damayanti, Savitri and others were inestimable contributions to Indian tradition, partly as house-holders and partly as wandering ascetics, two aspects of Indian life, nourished in the Indian soil and creating a calm atmosphere which modern nations are contemplating, but have not yet tasted the sweetness of.

The wheel of time has turned the situation of India. The out-set of the Mohammedan invasion naturally broke up some of the calm atmosphere. But, while on one side the spirit of ancient culture aroused a resisting spirit in the hearts of Maharashtra queens like Padmini; on the other side, in a wider sense, Mohammedan culture, literature and art added much to Indian ideals. Both, for instance, were fully developed in the characteristic administrations and actions of King Akbar and Queen Chand Bibi.

Once again, the kingdom of women collapsed. The conventional rules and regulations of prejudiced people swept away the influence of Indian women. Their main thought and atmosphere became limited to the kitchen-room. But, Western culture and scientific discoveries and inventions began to flow towards the East. Men, like Raja Ramohan Roy, emphasised the importance of female education, drawing facts and figures of help from the ancient Scriptures.

Years passed; the results of these worthy actions ripened. Indian women became truly re-awakened; they began to criticise and carefully think over their problems. Out of this understanding, came well-known conferences, which surprised the world. In an All-India Women's Conference on Educational Reform, Her Highness, the Maharani of Baroda, thus roused her sisters:

"Fellow-women! The whole of India will be influenced by what takes place during

these days. See to it that the stirring of our hopes from their dark sleep be not a mere dream. Let us move Heaven and Earth to accomplish great things this year. With high determination, set to work now for the solution of our problems, the greatest that our country has yet had to face."

Education, in general, should profit an individual physically, morally and intellectually and should solve social, economic, and national problems. Some uphold national education. But too much nationalisation is equivalent to degeneration. International good-will can be carried out if nationality is put on a higher level. And, from both should evolve an education that is far-sighted enough for the wide advance of future generations.

But first we must observe the weakness of our present education. This, to me, seems somewhat expressed by the famous Bernard Shaw in these words: "A fool's brain digests philosophy into folly, science into superstition and art into pedantry, hence university education." And modern education daily sends out millions of alike folk, like Ford cars, thus often suppressing the real culture of India.

Now what sort of education should be given? Are we going to separate men and women, like water from wine? Are we going to erect a wall between them? Even if we cast up a wall, will it last and help the Indian ideal of a peaceful life? Can men contemptuously look upon women as their dependents, or can women say that they are the opposites of men? They cannot, for future generations will not be swayed aside by such false and limited notions, but will crave instead a vast, free and open platform for thought and action. Hence co-education.

Some quaint moralists will oppose this idea as dangerous; but such a notion cannot exist with true education. With nutritious diet and proper exercise for a healthy body, with a good and intellectual education in literature, science, art, philosophy, music and religion for the mind, with a habit of

self-control for the spirit, who can boldly decry co-education as detrimental to a nation? Indian women, the builders of to-morrow should, therefore, be taught all the necessary things required for the householder, as well as for the Brahmacharini.

In all schools and colleges in India there should be true contact with nature; and, because quality is better than quantity, education should be concentrated in a few

big universities, like those of Nalinda and Thakshila of old. Moreover, the administration of education should be, as much as possible, not in the hands of adults, but under the control of selected youthful spirits, who will know what is necessary for themselves. At the same time, however, such should sit at the feet of great men and imbibe lessons from them, as was done in the old *ashrams* of India.

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Women's Activities in India

It is pleasant to note that the advance of women in India is fast becoming an item of interest to foreigners, and is dispelling that "unfortunate ignorance outside in general" about them, to which a reference was made a short time ago in Vienna by Mr. S. C. Bose. This same foreign mis-understanding of Indian women was referred to by Mr. Shoran Singh at Newcastle, as being the result of some enterprising books about India written after a very short stay in the country. "Try to appreciate the new spirit of the Indian women, who are fighting for great moral issues. They need your sympathetic understanding."

The changes, which have taken place among Indian women have been really phenomenal. During the last fifteen years, the progress of fifty years has been made. Taking mere school and college education, it is good to note that "in the midst of general deterioration in educational development in India, the education of girls is progressing satisfactorily." In the Indian Educational report for 1932-33, it was affirmed that schools and colleges for girls and enrolment in them have definitely increased in all provinces. Girl-students for the Matriculation examination have trebled their number during the last six years, and are passing out better than boys. Where there are no special colleges for women, the latter are entering

men's institutions in large numbers. Co-education is thus increasing; and the percentage of trained teachers is also higher than before.

As regards general advance, it is gratifying to note that the freedom, which was such a patent fact till about the 10th century, is being won back. The capability of women to rule, teach, argue, portray nature, and to be true mates of men, is being proved in modern days, when world-problems are engaging their attention everywhere.

Then, as Mr. S. C. Bose said at Vienna, the advance of Indian women on three broad lines is being carefully dealt with by competent organisations. Social and educational work by Seva-Sadans and Women's Universities; agitational work for equal rights by Conferences, Councils and Associations; political activities by Congresses, are going on steadily. Women are not only taking an ordinary part in such, but are even trying to advance along original lines. The very fact that much of the spade-work has been done for them in foreign countries, and that they have not to fight for themselves as the Suffragettes did in Europe, is a great asset; for they will naturally come to have their own share in the rights and privileges yet to be gained by India. To-day there is hardly any branch of activity in which women are not playing a role. In education in public health, in the trade-union movement

in art and literature, in physical culture, in the youth movement and in politics, most of all, women are showing great interest.

What remains now is a steady keeping-up of progress in all the directions indicated. As Lady Mirza Ismail said lately at Bangalore, initiative and self-help are needed. Women must be animated by a desire to help themselves, instead of being passive suppliants for help from others. There should also be an awakening to the dignity of labour. At the same time, there should be a right discrimination as to the sort of education needed. Health and hygiene should be carefully attended to; and the domestic and home training of girls should not be neglected. It was said by Lady Simon lately that women have a greater concentration for details than men. Here there is a chance to prove it.

The real need is a clear, fresh and comprehensive out-look on life, especially by the youth of India. "Education", as Dr. S. Radhakrishnan said, "did not simply consist in imparting instruction, but it was to develop some kind of impulse in every sphere of human endeavour." Like the Greeks, people should always be young. It should be possible "to look at everything with the fresh spirit of curiosity and adventure, and not be bound down by things inherited from the past." The present had its own problems, and they should use the wisdom of the past to solve them. "The truth of life consisted in the fervour of conviction, in the force of sentiment and in the capacity to express it in every-day life," in other words, "in the true essence of religion. It was not success that would give them true satisfaction, but it was the spirit of consecration and dedication to service with set purposes. If their soul was clear, they would live to some purpose. Plato asked them to co-ordinate their outlook in theory and practice and his teaching in that respect was the same as that of Indian writers. Plato insisted more on the perfection of society, while others thought that by perfecting individuals they could improve society. The difference was only a difference of emphasis. If individuals perfected themselves in the world, society would be raised in human quality. They must change themselves and change society as well."

Motherhood

That motherhood is the very basis and essence of life is being recognised all the world

over. Lady Simon, speaking lately in London "just as a woman and as a mother," appealed for *Extension of Maternity Services*. She asked that motherhood should be made safer, not only through the aid of competent midwives, who should be trained and employed on a professional basis, but also by the giving of extra nourishment in poor quarters to expectant mothers. Dr. Maude Royden, in an article on what she would do if she were Dictator, emphasised the sacredness of motherhood. Motherhood should be endowed. She said:

"The bearing and rearing of children is for most women a full-time job, dangerous, responsible, essential and demanding the highest kind of skill. Those who perform it should be regarded as what they are—the most important people in the nation. Mothers should be free to decide whether they use the endowment money to release them from other kinds of work in order to devote themselves entirely to the care of their children, or to appoint nurses and teachers to do most of the work for them. The only interest of the State would be that the work should be done well, the condition of the children being the test. The ridiculous idea that the husband of a wife and family 'supports' them and therefore must have more money than a woman, would disappear, and women would appear in their true character as partners in the work of supporting the home."

"Mothers would carry on much as they do now, but with the greater freedom that a larger and more secure income would give them. If they misused the money or the children, they would be pulled up, much as other people employed on important duties are pulled up."

In Japan also, there is a movement afoot for the protection of about 140,000 mothers in various conditions of life.

How pleasant it would be if such plans were thought of for India also!

Women in Medicine

That Indian women have a special capability for medical service is being proved over and over again, but much yet remains to be not only achieved, but also idealised. As Lady Bhore said at a dinner given by the Women's Medical Service at Delhi to meet H. E. The Countess of Willingdon, "loyalty to service

needed to be a common aim among them." The first *desideratum* was keen professional efficiency. Though it is impossible to excel in every branch of medicine, the worker in smaller places, who is expected to attend to every sort of illness, could yet try her best to be level in knowledge and technique with modern developments. Much could be done by a determined and close attention to detail. All medical people were expected to give of their best to their vocation, whether it was their culture, their skill in arts or sports, or their gifts of leadership. Integrity of character and reliability were needed. Above all, was a personal tact, a sympathetic friendship and understanding necessary, in order to establish a true touch with the personality of women patients.

"Tenderness and patience with the suffering of Indian Womanhood, in its fear, in its superstitious ignorance and yet in its calm fortitude and childlike trust, firmness to insist on adherence to what is considered necessary for the disease, are needed for contact with the patients and their relatives, as well as for harmonious living and working with colleagues, with assistants, with students, may be, with the various units of the hospital and teaching staff, not to speak of the governing bodies and executive committees. The joy of achievement, the satisfaction of helping to save a life, to restore health, to give a fresh vision of the purpose of living, the power to elicit deep undying gratitude, are rewards worth having."

Traffic in woman and children

Miss Shepherd, Representative in India of the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene, brought home the ghastly evil of this traffic, in an address at Delhi. She pointed out that in 1854, a great fight had been made by the Association against the system of military brothels in India. An attack against

it had been made by Mrs. Josephine Butler in 1869, who protested against the State regulation of vice in England, and the International traffic in girls from England to Belgium.

In 1928, a Josephine Butler Fellowship Fund was collected to send workers to different countries to help in the removal of unsatisfactory conditions. The Josephine Butler Memorial Training house in Liverpool was strengthened, and requests were made from Egypt, Syria, India and Africa, for trained workers. Miss Shepherd came in response to the call, and has been carrying on a detailed enquiry into "tolerated vice areas." We are glad that the women of India have awakened to this need and are co-operating in committees on questions of legal, medical and educational policy. Rescue homes and industrial colonies are doing their best for girl victims. Legislation against immoral traffic has been enlisted in the greater provinces of India; and it is also recognised that public opinion has to be educated in order to aid legislation to work against the long-continued evils of custom, ignorance, superstition, and economic stress. A regional conference is now being suggested by the British Social Hygiene Council, as a preparation for the conference in 1936 in the Far East, to deliberate on this subject. A preliminary conference met in Madras lately, and has determined to hold the regional conference later in the year. Questionnaires of various kinds will be issued, with the hope of co-operation from individuals and organisations.

Commissions of enquiry are being sent out by the League of Nations, being helped considerably by donations from the Rockefeller Foundation. The Second Commission went to the Far East and came to India in 1931-32. We are glad to hear that Begum Shah Navaz has been elected a delegate to the fifth commission.

Keep up Eternal Youth

"The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness which is still full of change and promise.

—John Ruskin.

MEMORIES

GRASS has o'ergrown the path we walked along,
The flourishing plants have claimed it as their own,

And lo! not far away, our former home

Is seen. Creepers, nameless and wild, have grown

Around it, and the poppy flowers have blown

All over, making it their very own.

The brook that runs by has forgot our tale,

The wood is silent now, without your song.

Yes! speak in whispers; let us no more roam

About, lest we startle their memory

And disturb Peace, the mistress of this vale.

Sing no more an' wake the sleeping stars in space,

And not dumb-found the plaintive nightingale,

Stand silent, as beside a dead beloved face!

—Susi P. David.

An Account of Work Among Women in Calcutta

1. EDUCATIONAL WORK

THERE are two educational welfare centres, one in South Calcutta, and the other in Central Calcutta, where adult women are given lessons, through lectures and magic lantern slides, in:

1. Indian history,
2. History of ancient Indian civilization,
3. Lives of great men,
4. Ancient arts and crafts,
5. Sanitary science,
6. Maternity and Child Welfare,
7. Political and economical conditions of India,
8. Principles and practice of Cottage Industries.

The Calcutta Corporation maintains 81 girls' schools, sixty for Hindu girls and twenty-one for Mahomedan girls, there being 8826 girls in the former and 2067 in the latter, making a total of 10,893 girls. These are given primary education by regularly-trained teachers.

Thirteen recognised and well-known colleges and schools in Calcutta supply the needs of higher education among girls.

There are also two music schools for girls, which teach higher Indian music. One is the *Sangeet Sammilani* and the other is the *Sangeet Sangha*, which are both run by ladies alone.

The Bengal Women's Education League helps by holding annual conferences of women delegates from different parts of the province, to discuss questions like educational equipment, the social status of the teaching profession, primary education, and the medium of instruction in high schools. The conference also holds exhibitions of arts and crafts, and arranges for lectures by specialists on a variety of subjects. The League gets considerable financial help from

the Education Department of the Government of Bengal.

The *Hironmoyee Vidhaba Shilpasram* is an *Asram* for widows, where they are taught needle-work, clay-modelling, knitting, wood-carving, embroidery, etc., organised and worked by a strong committee of Indian ladies. Besides donations and subscriptions, the Corporation of Calcutta contributes a yearly grant to this institution.

The *Bharatstree Mahamandal* is a nucleus of the All India Women's Association, which was first formed with seven members only, by Srimati Sarala Devi Choudhurani in 1909 at Lahore. Since then, its branches have extended to Bombay, Madras, Karachi, Delhi, Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta. The teaching imparted did not then necessarily follow the University syllabus, but pupils were allowed to choose their own subjects. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was taught to those, as desired. Sewing, embroidery, and the cutting and making of useful garments were also considered necessary. This sort of home instruction was so very much appreciated by Zenana ladies, that the demand grew rapidly.

The original body of five teachers and eleven pupils increased to 30 and 100 respectively within a year, and the area of work extended from the northern-most to the southern-most limits of the town and even stretched to the suburbs, and more than 500 houses and 3000 women benefited through the teaching agency of the Bharat Stree Mahamandal. Two primary Girls' Schools were also opened by the Mahamandal and handed over after several years to the Calcutta Municipal Corporation.

Times have now changed. Purdah in Bengal has slackened considerably and girls of respectable families no longer think it a degradation to take up the teaching profession and earn their livelihood; nor do

married young ladies object to attend schools for furthering their education.

For the accommodation of lady teachers and students who have no permanent habitation in Calcutta, the Mahamandal opened a Central House with a hall and side-rooms. The death of Krishna Bhabini Das at the end of February 1919, who was the life and soul of the work, was a great set-back, and the work of the Association suffered considerably, till it was revived again in 1926 by the same Srimati Sarala Devi Choudhurani, who had been the founder. She has re-organized the whole system to suit present-day requirements. The Mahamandal, in 1928, opened examination centres in several districts and subdivisional towns of Bengal. Women are encouraged to study at home and sit for examinations at their respective centres on fixed days, on the history of Bengal, India, England, America, Greece and Rome by turns throughout the year, with the incentive of prizes and certificates. In 1930, the Mahamandal opened a school for married women called the *Sikshasadan* for imparting literary, industrial, artistic, moral and religious instruction. Classes are held between 12 noon and 3 P.M., and ladies of all creeds are attending them. A body of highly educated ladies are giving their voluntary services as teachers.

The *Nari Siksha Samiti* was founded 10 years ago and has been able to open 40 girls' schools in Bengal, one widows' home and one industrial school.

The *Saroj Nalini Memorial Association*, in memory of the lady, whose name it bears, who has been labouring for the improvement of the condition of the women of Bengal, was founded in February 1925.

A Central Committee guides the principles of the movement, which aims at the formation of local *Mahila Samitis*, which are left free to frame their own bye-laws and scope of work, the Central Committee advising them where necessary.

During the year under report, the number of Samitis rose from 240 to 305, and the movement has spread beyond the limits of Bengal.

The Central Association has also other objects:

- * 1. Conducting a monthly Journal, '*Banga Lakshmi*,'
2. Maintaining a women's Industrial School for training instructresses in Calcutta,
3. Maintaining a school for giving training in sick-nursing,
4. Arranging public lectures on women's education and physical training.

The active centres of social work in the Mahila Samities in the different parts of the country are carrying on very useful, interesting and enthusiastic work. These activities include popular lectures with lantern slides by well-known people, house-to-house visiting, training classes, maternity and child welfare work, public health work, cottage industries, adult education, organisation of girls' schools etc., Recently, farming and agriculture have been included as possibilities in the scope of the Samiti's work and general, kitchen and flower gardens have been started. There is a wholly democratic spirit prevailing through the movement, which has been the secret of its success.

The *C. I. Z. Industrial Mission* was started in 1896 by Miss J. G. Evans with the object of providing a means of livelihood for women, who by becoming Christians, have been cut off from their families. Mirzapore carpet-weaving, chutney and jam making, and various kinds of embroidery, provide occupation and a certain amount of remuneration for about 35 women employed here. There is also a Girls' Industrial Boarding School of about 20 girls, who, in addition to an ordinary primary education in Bengali, are taught various kinds of hand-work, of which the most noticeable is the making up and dressing of china dolls, the heads and limbs being bought from the Calcutta Factory. There are also seven primary

schools in the neighbourhood, where about 500 little Bengali girls receive elementary education according to the Government standard.

The Sakhawat Memorial Girls' School was established in March 1921, for imparting education to make girls true Muslim ladies, good housewives and dutiful mothers. There are 133 girls on the rolls. In December 1929, 3 girls passed in the Calcutta Girls' Scholarship Examination; 12 girls got diplomas for first-aid and house nursing and 22 girls passed in the Bangiya Balika Shiksha Parishad Examination. In the near future, affiliation to the Calcutta University as a high school will be an accomplished fact.

The Calcutta Gujarati Stree Mandal, started in December 1928, has during the last two years done useful service to the Gujarati women living in Calcutta, both as an educative institution and a social club. A fixed programme for one month consisting of one lecture, a picnic with sports, and sometimes a visit to a social institution, is printed on a post-card and sent to each member of the Stree Mandal. The first anniversary of the Gujarati Stree Mandal was celebrated under the presidentship of Mrs. P. K. Ray, and more than 400 ladies of different provinces residing in Calcutta attended the gathering. It must be said to the credit of this Association that it has awakened a love for games and sports even among the ladies of most orthodox families.

For the last ten months, this association has been doing some work for the promotion of Swadeshi cloth in general and of Khaddar in particular. Classes for spinning and carding have also been started. A class for teaching English and sewing to adult ladies has also been conducted by this association.

2. SOCIAL SERVICE WORK

The Bengal Presidency Council of Women, under the presidency of the Hon'ble Lady Jackson, and with a strong committee of ladies, carries on welfare work among

women. During the year under report, there were six weekly lectures given to the Mothers' Union. There has been regular visiting and after-care of women discharged from the Ranchi European Mental Hospital, and visitors have been particularly struck by the urgent necessity for a Home for these discharged patients. A Sub-Committee has been formed to go into details. The Salvation Army has come forward with a suggestion to house 8 women and give daily work for six more. Study circles have been carried on, especially with reference to child-psychology. A woman doctor examines girls as to their age, when appearing before a Juvenile Court. Some ladies are carrying on Juvenile work in the Borstal Jail. Five honorary probation officers have been appointed by the Government, at the instance of the committee, to visit children in the home of detention. The committee has been trying to establish purdah park in South Calcutta. Jail-visiting is undertaken by one of the members.

The Society for the Protection of Children in India aims at the betterment of children, especially those who are neglected and come into Juvenile Courts.

In Calcutta, over 5000 cases came before the courts during the year under report and only 3% could be placed into institutions on probation. The rest were "warned," "discharged," "fined," and received corporal punishment. The Society got into touch with over 800 cases.

The objects of the National Indian Association, Calcutta Ladies' Branch, are to promote friendly intercourse between English people and the people of India and to increase their knowledge of each other. Monthly social meetings are held usually in the homes or gardens of the members. Child welfare work is carried on steadily in the Child Welfare Clinics. Anti-natal work is also getting popular. Education work in the shape of competitions is carried on successfully and as many as eight schools have entered with 103 competitions.

The Girl Guide Movement is too well known to every one and needs no introduction. The method of training is to give girls pursuits which appeal to them, such as games and recreative exercises, which lead them to learn for themselves many useful crafts. In 1928, there were 16,469 girl guides in India. In December 1928, Lady Chelmsford inspected 1916 guides from 17 companies in Calcutta, and in March 1929 there were 29 registered companies in Calcutta.

The Women's Friendly Society helps needy women by giving them occupation such as needle-work, for which they are paid, in addition to a midday meal. The sale of work realised over 16,000/-, nearly 200/- more than the previous year.

The Young Women's Christian Association is also well known as an association for active Christian work among women in Calcutta.

The Bharat Mahila Samiti is an exclusively ladies' organisation started by some Brahmo ladies about 35 years ago, to foster the growth of fellowship and spiritual culture among its members and also to help indigent families in straitened circumstances. Meetings are held once a week, when members read papers and discuss various topics of the day, besides reading religious books. In times of flood and famine, the Bharat Mahila Samiti raises funds for relief.

The Bhagmi Samiti was founded in 1909, with the object of affording aid to helpless women, children and old people, irrespective of caste and creed, in the shape of food, clothes, medical relief, education and monetary help. The number of members is 135.

3. WELFARE WORK

The Indian Red Cross Society was started in 1934 by Lady Carmichael, as the *Lady Carmichael Bengal Women's War Fund*, for comforts and medical equipment for troops during the year. After the termination of the war, considerable funds

remained unused, and were made over to a Bengal branch of the Indian Red Cross Society by special legislation.

The work has been organised in three main divisions:

1. Red Cross Military division.
2. Red Cross Hospital division.
3. Red Cross Welfare Division.

Besides these, there are other activities, with which the members of the Society identify themselves, such as the Lady Hardinge Linen League, the European unemployed Relief Committee, the Ex-services Association, the Calcutta Hospital Day Committees, etc.

The Lady Hardinge Linen League was started with the object of supplying hospital and charitable institutions in Bengal with linen. Over Rs. 8000/- was collected last year and 43 hospitals and charitable institutions were helped with linen and bandages.

The Mothers' Union, or the Mahila Samiti, formerly known as the Matri Sammilani of Bengal, was started in connection with the Church Missionary Society in 1915, to do some work amongst the Christian women of Calcutta and neighbouring districts. The members of other Churches are active members with the consent of their pastors, and Non-Christian members are called Associate members. The three great principles of this women's movement are as follows:

1. To uphold the sanctity of marriage,
2. To awaken all mothers to unite in prayer and try by their own principles to lead their families into purity and holiness of life.

The members of the Countess of Lytton Hostel and Club have to be

1. Hospital trained nurses and masseurs holding recognised diplomas of training,
2. Nurses in Hospital under training,
3. Professional and business women,
4. Such other women of whom the trustees may approve.

The Govinda Kumar Home, Panihati, it for the reclamation of minor girls sentenced and detained under the Calcutta Repression of Immoral Traffic Act. It was founded in 1926 with 9 girls, under the supervision of an English lady and an Indian Matron. Its growing needs stimulated the Calcutta Vigilance Association to exert itself for funds and resources. Babu Gopal Das Chowdhury, Zamindar of Sherpur, made over to it a large property at Panihati, and the home removed to its new quarters in 1929. At this stage, an Indian lady, Mrs. Sovana Nandi, was put in charge. There are 77 girls in the home at present; elementary primary education, sewing, embroidery, cutting, spinning, nursing and domestic science are the main activities in the home. Any girl, showing a special aptitude for higher studies is helped to join specially-selected schools.

The Fendall Home was founded in 1878 by Miss Lavinia Fendall, as a Rescue Home for Christian women and girls. In 1921, it was amalgamated with the Women's Friendly Rescue Branch. There is accommodation for 25 women and 15 babies. In addition to the ordinary rescue work, the home gives shelter to women passing through Calcutta and also to women and children who are brought in by other Societies pending their disposal to other suitable places. The S. P. C. I. send in their Anglo-Indian and

European cases from the Police and Juvenile Courts, until they can make their own arrangements. Training is given in all domestic work, needle-work etc. The girls are paid a small percentage on their work. Typewriting and shorthand are also taught.

The St. Mary's Home and Hospital is under the management of the women's Friendly Society for Anglo-Indians. The hospital is intended for non-infectious incurable cases and has 16 beds fully occupied practically the whole year. The nursery accommodates 12 children, who are orphans or children whose parents are out of work. As soon as the children are old enough, they are drafted to different schools. There is a Girls' Club intended for those waiting for situations. There are further 56 beds for the main object of the Institution, which is to provide a home for poor European and Anglo-Indian women; those, who can, do pay a little according to their means.

Two representative *Ladies' meetings* were held in Calcutta during the year, (1) for the Sarada Marriage Act Bill and (2) for the rights of inheritance of women; and resolutions were sent up to the members of the Legislative Assembly.

(I am grateful to Mrs. Dutt for supplying me with this detailed summary of work in Calcutta.)

Editor, I. L. M.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

King Systos the Mighty
By HERBERT PORTER

CHAPTER V

GOD OR THE DEVIL?

SCARCELY had the King vanished through the portico ere the Queen with her ladies-in-waiting climbed the stained steps, and stood, white as the marble whereof the palace was built, beholding the dire scene upon which the King had just turned an angry back.

The good Alestes fainted and fell into the arms of the weeping ladies. Assistance was quickly procured, however, and her Majesty, after she had regained consciousness, was quietly conveyed to her private apartments, where she suffered from prostration during many hours, for her nervous system had received a severe shock.

The following day, as she lay quietly upon

her bed, her mind began to revolve many philosophies. How strange is life! she thought. How petty are the dignities and the pomps and shows of Empires! How little is everything in life without love! Love strengthens the mind, it satisfies the hungered soul and brings joy and peace, even where poverty and sorrow build their dull house!

As she lay thus dreaming, a spiritual metamorphosis took place within her being. The haunting longings for love, which she had so long experienced, suddenly became a burning passion. She felt that she must have love—that ideal, beautiful love, for which the soul of a good woman craves so deeply. Of this strong, pure passion, she knew full well that her husband was totally incapable, for he possessed none of that refinement of feeling, which is the essential constituent of a nature which is capable of bestowing such.

Presently her favourite lady-in-waiting tapped upon the door and stole noiselessly into the room.

The Queen bade her be seated, and, during a quiet conversation, asked if she had any news concerning the dead guard, whereupon the lady quietly informed her Majesty that she had overheard a conversation, from which she had gathered that his Majesty had issued orders for the guard to be buried during that night, and that his remains were to be conveyed through a secret passage which led from the palace to the city dungeon, and from the dungeon to the Grand Temple of Isar. Also that the burial was to be done in secret, in a vault which led into the old dungeon.

After some further converse had taken place between them, the Queen, carelessly, and with apparent disinterest in the matter which had passed under discussion, bade her lady-in-waiting retire.

Strange thoughts swayed Alestes as she again turned to her dreams, for she felt as if she could not much longer endure this burden of such a shallow and punctilious life, and already she hated Systos for his vile and bloody deeds.

Suddenly she drew herself erect, and sat for some time staring intently into space. A very powerful idea had entered her mind. She remembered that the secret passage to which her lady-in-waiting had referred led, not

only to the dungeon and the Grand Temple of Isar, but from thence to a cave, the entrance to which stood close to the little hut wherein lived, in the midst of the mountains, the poor prophet Aphiades.

Then, with an air of determination, the Queen arose, and hurrying from the room and along several broad passages quickly reached a spacious hall, on either side of which stood a tall archway.

She passed quickly through the one on her right hand, and was soon standing upon a long terrace which commanded a splendid view of the city. Here stood, like a marble statue, a guard of whom the Queen had heard high praise, and whom she felt instinctively she could trust.

The guard bowed as her Majesty paused, and again he bowed low, in much surprise, as she stood immediately before him.

"I know thou art worthy of trust," said she, "and greatly known for chivalry, therefore have I chosen thee from among thy fellows to do me private service. I command thee to bring hither a suit of guard's clothing and a hat. Fetch hither also a large torch, and see that thou breathe no word to any man, whereof I have thus, confidently, spoken to thee."

"Gladly would I spill my life-blood in the service of your gracious Majesty. Therefore at nightfall shall the command, which I have received, be obeyed to the letter," replied the guard.

Thereupon the Queen placed a beautifully-jewelled ring in the man's hand, saying, "I will return an hour after dark," and, ere he had again bowed himself to the earth, she had departed in much haste to her own apartments.

That evening Alestes sent word that she would not appear at dinner, owing to indisposition, but issued instructions for a light repast to be brought to her own suite of rooms.

Being in an abstracted frame of mind, she ate the dainty food extremely slowly, and, occasionally a bitter smile formed about her perfect lips. She looked sad, but very beautiful and fascinating. In fact, there was no woman throughout the whole land, better endowed with beauty of form and feature. She possessed also an intellect of the highest order, of which, unlike most women, she was more proud than her physical beauty.

As she sat in the stillness and undisturbed peace of her chamber, she greatly wondered why Fate had led her to be the mere puppet of a man like Systos. All the indignation of her fine nature arose in strength against him, but, as she thought upon her son Mercedes and the nation, her anger ceased, for she knew that if she escaped from the Court and the King, she must perforce leave Mercedes to suffer, in later years, the fate of an invidious and wretched throne.

Therefore, she resolved to seek the advice of the gentle prophet Aphiades, for she had heard much of his fame, as a worker of miracles and a diviner. This knowledge she had gathered from her maids, and therefore she would steal forth that night and visit the prophet and hear and abide by his counsel. This was, she felt, the best path to follow, in her dire dilemma.

She sat thinking a little while longer, and then darkness began to fall upon the city. She watched, from her windows, the peaceful night wrap an ebon mantle about the earth, and after the space of about one hour had elapsed she arose with a bold and daring spirit, for she knew that the time for action had arrived. Following the direction which she had taken that afternoon, she quickly reached the arch which led from the large hall out upon the terrace, where she had given orders to the guard. Immediately, she discovered a neat bundle lying behind a tall pillar which projected slightly at the arch entrance. Stooping cautiously, and looking quickly about her, she gathered up the parcel of clothes, and with redoubled speed reached her rooms again unobserved.

That night it seemed an eternity to her Majesty, ere the usual hour arrived for her maids to appear in order to attend to her personal requirements before she retired. She possessed herself in patience, however, for she did not dare to call them at an earlier hour, lest they suspected any departure from the normal order of palace regulations.

At last the maids appeared and, after many feminine toilet operations had been performed, her Majesty bade them "good night" and, as they curtsied from the room, the Queen informed her principal maid that, owing to the fact that she was very tired, she did not

wish in any circumstances to be disturbed again that night.

Shortly after midnight, Alestes, dressed as a guard, stole forth from her private apartments, and, carefully locking the doors behind her and placing the keys safely in one of her pockets, went noiselessly down the broad staircase into the basement of the palace, and hid herself behind a dark pillar near the entrance.

Some thirty minutes elapsed, and then a sharp click broke the silence of the hall. A door swung suddenly open, and six tall guards stepped slowly into the gloom, bearing an ill-formed chest, which the Queen knew contained the remains of the murdered guard.

Following the last of the six men, came the King, his face grim and flushed with wine.

Upon several occasions, the Queen had heard the King speak of the cryptic vault to which was joined this subterranean passage.

She did not, however, know its exact whereabouts, and, therefore, she was compelled to follow, as cautiously as possible, this strange funeral procession.

Then the King issued an almost inaudible order, and the stalwart guards arranged themselves, one at the head and another at the feet, and two on either side, of this weird burial chest.

Presently, they began to move with their burden, and, turning from the great hall, walked slowly down several dim passages ere they again paused. Then the King touched what seemed to Alestes to be a small ledge of stone in an aperture in the wall, and, suddenly part of the opposite wall folded back like a door.

The party passed through the aperture, and the door swung noiselessly back to its place again.

The Queen's heart thumped wildly as she rushed forward along the passage and found the secret door closed as firmly as a rock stands upon its base.

Undaunted however, she fumbled with the ledge of stone, which she had observed Systos touch ere the door had opened to allow himself and the guards to pass through.

It was some considerable time before she

discovered the secret, but at last she perceived that the ledge should be raised. This she did with a strong effort, at the same time pushing it steadily backward. Then the huge piece of stone again swung back, as easily as if it had been the door of her own room.

With trembling limbs and alert ears, Alestes stood for some moments, but heard no sound. Then she stepped through the doorway, and found herself standing in a low, dark vault. As soon as her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, she peered intently about her, and immediately observed a similar ledge of stone to the one by which she had been enabled to gain an entrance to the vault. This ledge she lifted and drew towards her, deeming that an opposite motion, in this case, would cause the door to close. Her assumption proved to be correct, and the huge piece of stone slipped into its place again, almost before she had perceived its action.

She then crossed the vault, and her breath came in short gasps, as she groped her way down the inky black passage, whose entrance looked like a gaping tunnel in the wall opposite the great stone door. Onward she pressed through the darkness, until, without warning, the passage took an abrupt turn. Then she saw, away in the distance, the light from the torches of the King and his guards. This enabled Alestes to increase her speed, and soon she was quite close behind them.

For a long time she followed steadily, until abruptly, at a command from Systos, the burial party turned down another passage, which lay at right angles to the one they had been following.

Then the Queen was again surrounded by the deep darkness, but a faint gleam of light fell upon the part of the wall opposite the entrance to the second passage.

She had perceived, however, ere the guards had turned, that the route they had taken was a bye-way, and that the main passage lay straight ahead. With great vigour she sped forward upon her intrepid march, for she realised how precious time was, and that the men would, in all haste, dispose of their dull burden.

As she reached the entrance to the passage which they had followed, she paused cautiously, and peeping intently saw several tall

figures bending over the chest which they had carried so far.

She watched for a few seconds, and saw them fasten ropes about that weird coffin and lower it deeply into the earth, into what she saw to be the floor of another vault similar to the one which she had first entered.

Like a flash of lightning, the Queen darted past the entrance to the second passage. She stared wildly for a moment at the men, as she fled past in the faint light from the torches, and then uttered a low cry of relief, knowing that she had not been observed. She knew that she was safe, at any rate, from the iron wrath of her husband.

For a moment she stood staring into the blackness before her; then, casting away her fear, she groped her way on and on, until the passage became circuitous. Fortune favoured her by this serpentine winding of the passage, for, knowing that Systos would be quite unable to perceive any light from her torch, she at once lit it, and by its aid sped along with renewed activity. For about two miles she rushed onward, and ever downward, until with a sudden turn the passage became a steep ascent.

By this time the Queen was very weary, but she struggled bravely on, and at last found herself standing at the entrance to the cave, which stood but a few yards from the dwelling-place of the prophet.

A dim light was burning in the hut as Alestes tapped upon the frail door. Then queried the musical voice of Aphiades, "Who knocks upon the door at so late an hour?"

"'Tis I, the Queen," came the timid response.

Then the prophet arose, and admitted her gracious Majesty, the Queen of the Menelos!

"Madam," came the first word from the prophet (being amazed on seeing the Queen so strangely garbed), "I have but poor accommodation to offer one so great, yet, I pray you, be seated, and impart to me the purport of this strange and late visit."

The Queen seated herself upon an old wooden bench and burst into tears; and then, between her sobs, she told Aphiades all her misery and grief and begged him to advise her,

from his treasury of wisdom, as to the best course to follow.

Then the spirit of prophecy descended upon Aphiades, and he spake thus:

"Most noble Queen, naught shall yet stay the evil of Systos, for he hath chosen the path of wickedness. He hath formed, in the midst of these very mountains, a league with that wicked one—Satan. He hath worshipped him, and sworn to obey him. Therefore shall Systos rule in the power of the devil, and the devil shall mock him, and, in rage, cast him at his feet, and shall trample upon him and scorn him, yea, he shall scorn him sorrily. And sudden death shall fall upon Systos, and great evil shall overtake him, for his spirit shall be consumed and his kingdom shall fall into Hell, and the City of Art, that beautiful city, shall be accursed and swallowed in death. Come, return now, O good Queen Alestes, to thy palace, and fear not, for power shall be in thee. Thou shalt be protected from the evil of Systos, yet must thou dwell with him until the time is come for the falling of the great wrath. Follow me now, and I will escort thee back, by the way thou camest."

With these words, Aphiades put out the timid light, and the two set forth for the palace, Alestes weeping for the strangeness of her sad life.

CHAPTER VI

THE ARMY OF HELL

For some days after her brave and perilous adventure, Alestes was again confined to her own apartments.

She was ill, but nevertheless very calm and contented in mind, for, intuitively, she felt deep joy and trust in the man Aphiades; his presence was an inspiration and power; his whole manner and bearing were those of a keen, straight, strong man.

Alestes needed such a strong prop as he.

Loud bustle and noise of many preparations reached the Queen's ears, as she sat revolving in her mind the stern sentences of wisdom which had fallen from the lips of the prophet. His words, she knew intuitively to be the words of truth.

She was meditating upon the largeness of

his deep spirit, when a knock sounded upon her door, and Mercedes entered with a face, which had almost entirely lost its usual radiance and vivacity of expression.

"My son, why is thy countenance sad?" asked the Queen, as Mercedes stepped forward and greeted her graciously,

"Because, madam, my soul is heavy, and a smiling face is no fit companion for a dull soul."

"True, my son, but 'tis often policy to cover a dull soul with a bright countenance," said the Queen, "and life is, at times, not a really precious thing, even to kings and queens."

"A veritable philosophy," replied Mercedes, "Life holds but little pleasure for the King's son at this stage of his existence."

"Thou art but young, Mercedes, to speak thus seriously of life and to feel so early its great burdens; and yet am I glad 'tis so with thee, for I would not have thee flippant. Seek always truth and pure seriousness, my son, and love life for its fadeless treasures. Consider always the deeper things of life; love and cherish learning. See that thou keep always a strong, keen spirit. The earth is below and the Heavens are above, yet neither is the boundary of an imperishable soul. The stars are songs of love, and beauty is existent everywhere throughout Creation, and yet, Mercedes, we are sad. And that, simply because we chain our spirits to this little earth. We live our life as if we were destined to dwell for ever upon this mortal globe. But tell me, Mercedes, what special coincidence hath perturbed thee so?" queried Alestes.

"I am abashed because the King, my father, at this moment, is about to depart from us with dire designs upon the nations round about us, that have neither shown us malice nor done us any wrong. His whole being is set upon avarice and cruelty and bloodshed. War is, to him, the central fact of life, while I, his son, hate war and love peace more than aught else upon this earth."

"I am glad, Mercedes, that thou art disposed to peace, and that thou dost think on this wise, for thus do I know that there are great possibilities open to thee, as thy nature is beloved of Nature, for she hath endowed thee with many good gifts."

The Queen had scarcely ceased from speaking these words, before all unceremoniously, the King burst into the room, and thrust his ugly spirit upon them in a few stentorian tones. "Hell shall rage, for Systos goes to war!" cried he. "'Tis greatly to be seen the weak do cling together, and Systos hates the weak and the meek and such like; and, therefore, doth he despise and regret you both! Ye flat and saintly spirits, fare you well!"

With these bitter and stinging words, the door was slammed, and Systos had departed. Then Mercedes, being much troubled by his father's hatred, took immediate leave of his mother, who by now, he perceived, was totally unaffected by the King's wild and insane outbursts.

As he followed Systos, Mercedes murmured in quiet tones: "Aye, but Mercedes may yet prove himself to be a greater power on the earth than even Systos the Mighty."

Meanwhile the King strode on down the sounding stairs into the extensive hall in the basement of the palace, where attendants awaited his Majesty's leisure. Then both King and attendants descended into the street, where the royal chariot stood in readiness. Systos, apparelled in most gorgeous and magnificent attire, seated himself sternly, and the chariot moved with pomp between rows of warriors who stood in line on either side, as far as the western gates of the city, where, in accordance with the King's command, the army had assembled. Like the stars in a clear firmament

for multitude, like the sun for strength, and like the moon for calm, majestic glory, were the battlehosts of the Menelos. Gathered in mighty array, they stood awaiting the imperious entry of their worshipped ruler into the camp.

Onward went the chariot of Systos, past the trim figures and stern faces of the warriors, until it reached that special part of the camp, which was reserved for the chief men of war. There, in silence, Systos alighted and beckoned to the chiefs and captains to arrange themselves round about him. Immediately they surrounded him, and stood with keen attention awaiting instructions. Then the King poured forth stern orders; and the captains dispersed each to his own company. The warriors, who lined the streets from the palace to the western gates, were ordered to march far forward beyond the camp, which stretched away as far as the eye could see. There they formed one great square body, and then slowly a hundred other companies arranged themselves behind, until there seemed to be an eternity of men and spears and chariots and horses and equipage. When these operations were completed, a long trumpet-blast was sounded, and Systos, seated on a snorting war-horse at the head of the foremost company, led that mighty army forth to battle. Wives sobbed and mothers wept. Children and decrepit men were moved to tears. Then was pealed forth a second trumpet-blast, and an ear-splitting shout arose from the warriors; and, gradually, that army of Hell became like a dark cloud on the horizon.

(To be continued)

DUTY

Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;

Go forth into the tumult and the shout;

Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about;

Of noise alone is born the inward sense

Of silence; and from action springs alone

The inward knowledge of true love and faith.

—George Macdonald

(From the Treasure Chest)

SATYABALA

(A STORY)

By DADABAI

IN a little forest-village of Midnapore, there lived an old retired medical officer, by name Nripendra Babu, with his small family of a wife and three children. The eldest of them, Santha Kumari, was married to Rajendra Babu, Bar-at-Law of Calcutta. The next one, Satyabala, our heroine, a student with her younger brother, Satish Chandra, at the Local High School, had passed her Matriculation Examination in the First Class and wished to enter college.

Accordingly, her father, with the advice of his son-in-law, Rajendra Babu, took her to Calcutta and had her admitted into college. Then, leaving her under the care of Rajendra and his daughter, he left for his home to manage his estates. For a few days Satyabala was sad at having left her home and her play-mates; but soon she became absorbed in Calcutta with its huge buildings, squares and temples, the place of fashions, as well as of passions, noisy and crowded with people from every corner of India and of the world. She liked the buses and the cinemas, and above all Sushil Kumar, a bachelor-tenant of the upper flat in the house. She had met him one day at the river; and, his eyes meeting hers, they had fallen in love with each other. Being a friend of Rajendra Babu, he often went to the latter's flat, and had many opportunities to exchange fond smiles and glances with Satyabala; and every morning both Satyabala and Sushil Kumar met at some place or another without the knowledge of Rajendra Babu or Santha Kumari. The young man was now about twenty-four years of age, tall, fair and with charming manners. He was intelligent and refined, and felt that he had found his true mate in the charming seventeen-year old Satyabala.

He had many friends, but he also had enemies. Some of the latter wrote

an anonymous letter to Rajendra Babu about Sushil's love-affair. Rajendra was frightened and made up his mind to change his residence. Satyabala was questioned by her sister and admitted her love. She went to her new home with her people, while Sushil stayed behind in his flat, with his faithful servant Narayan Ram. Even after this separation however, they met occasionally at different places.

One day, Rajendra Babu was on his way to the High Court in the company of a friend, who was also a lawyer of the same court. Suddenly, he saw both Sushil and Satyabala entering the square. He controlled his anger, for he was in a tram. When he came home, he spoke of the matter to Santha and wrote about it to Nripendra Babu, who was much annoyed, for he had just been making arrangements for Satyabala's marriage with Jotindra, the son of a wealthy merchant. He wrote to Rajendra Babu, asking him to come down for the Puja holidays, with his wife, his new-born child, Uma, and with Satyabala. Satish Chandra had gone on earlier. Santha told her sister that they would leave the city in a day or two, and the latter went to Sushil with the news. Under the pale light of the moon, the lovers with tears in their eyes bade farewell to each other.

They were met at the station on their arrival by Nripendra Babu, his wife Sarala Devi, and Satish Chandra, who knew nothing about Satyabala's affair, but who sensed something wrong. After the usual greetings, they went home, where at last Nripendra Babu was able to take our heroine aside. He seriously questioned her; but, though she trembled with fear, she was brave enough to tell her father everything. Nripendra Babu foolishly abused her, and would even have beaten her, if Rajendra Babu had not intervened.

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Rajendra Babu pleaded on Satyabala's behalf and begged his father-in-law to allow her to marry Sushil, but Nripendra utterly refused, having made up his mind to go on with his own arrangements for her. An early date for her marriage was fixed, without even her knowledge. But her faithful maid, Parvati, told her about the secret. Satyabala was thunderstruck, and, procuring a telegraph form, wired the dire news to her beloved.

When Sushil got the message, he was in his native place. He had no money with him; but some faithful friends helped him and he hurried to the station. But he missed the train and was thus delayed a day. He made the journey by the next mail. At the station he engaged a carriage and, after a series of foolish accidents, arrived at the marriage-house just as the *Purohit* began reciting the *mantras*, which would finally bind the nuptial tie. But, just in time, Sushil Kumar entered, shouting madly for his Satyabala.

She heard her lover's voice. She left her seat taking the rose-garland, which was meant for Jotindra, and, dashing through the crowd, she placed it around the neck of Sushil Kumar. Jotindra left his seat in astonishment and quarrels arose in every corner. The musicians, the *Purohit* and the guests left. Nripendra Babu became mad with rage and his wife swooned.

Rajendra Babu again intervened however and settled matters. He cancelled marriage between Satyabala and Jotindra. Then, he took both Sushil and Satyabala back to Calcutta and there he had them married and happily settled in their own home.

Nripendra Babu with his wife and son settled in the house of Rajendra Babu. He went back after a few months to his native place to sell his lands; but there he was attacked and wounded severely by Nagendra Babu, who had cherished a feeling of revenge ever since the broken marriage of his son with Satyabala. Nripendra Babu somehow managed to return to Calcutta, but there, soon after the birth of Satyabala's son, died of his wound. Surya Kumar, this child, became the idol of his grandmother, Sarala Devi, and the rest of the family.



In the meantime, Satish Chandra, the young brother, had grown up. After his father's death, he went back to his birth-place, in order to take revenge on Nagendra. But there, he learnt that the latter had been killed by a man-eating tiger, while crossing a jungle. The next day he accidentally met Jotindra, who had been married already to Pramila, a charming girl of Satyabala's age. Jotindra, forgetting all the dispute between him and the family of Satish Kumar, mollified Satish and took him to his home, where

he begged him for forgiveness on behalf of his dead father. Satish, who was a good-hearted boy, gladly gave it and remained as a guest for a few days at the residence of Jotindra.

There, he met Kamala Kumar, the younger daughter of Nagendra Babu, now grown-up to woman-hood. He was four years her senior and, liking her, he requested Jotindra to give her to him in marriage. Jotindra was taken aback, but readily accept-

ed the offer. Soon they were married among the very guests who had once attended the broken marriage of Jotindra.

Sushil and Satyabala also attended the function. Who could have guessed that the once disunited families would again unite? When the families gathered for the feast, they imagined the spiritual presence of both the dead fathers and craved their blessing. And so, all ended happily, as true love always should.

Reminiscences of a New-England Village

By Mary Modak

NEW-England is the north-eastern corner of the United States. It is traditional for its sternness of climate and character, its cultural and educational background, and its conservatism.

Northam, an ancient sea-coast town, is the very yolk of the egg of conservatism. The century-old elms, and solid, square, Colonial houses, even the extravagantly modest lettering of the sign-boards and store-fronts, speak eloquently of life that eyes change with due suspicion and resents the intrusion of innovation. I arrived there at a very early age. One of the most astounding things about early childhood is its ability to extract adventure from apparently ordinary surroundings; and Northam afforded me many an adventure.

One of the most daring and delightful of experiences was to climb on the rocks and crawl between the huge barnacled piles that supported the old wharf. Here all sorts of treasures were spread for those courageous enough to dare the slime on the rocks and the half-lit dampness. Wonderful star-fish of yellow, red, and brown were left there by the out-going tide. Small shells called periwinkles, of a shape as dainty as their name, could be found

clinging to the sides of gray stones. An inimitable aroma of decaying wood, rats, and salt seaweed was the essence of the spot.

Another haunt much approved by me was an abandoned granite quarry. Here were great chunks of the gray stone piled with gigantic abandon and accidentally forming niches conducive to meditation on a sunny morning. Crows and gulls also favoured the quarry and made the clouds ring with their wierd and raucous cries.

Going to the General store was an event. Peppermint lozenges in enormous glass bottles, rows of gingham dresses on hangers, barrels of pickles and bigger barrels of brown sugar were mysteriously presided over by a superb, red-faced old gentleman, the proprietor. He had a very tender consideration for the insatiable curiosity of little girls and allowed me to roam about at will. I liked him very much.

In the summer we used to go 'berrying', which meant starting early in the day with a quart tin pail and a small dipper, and tramping to the pastures where blueberries burst in thick bunches on the low shrubs. Slowly, plucking only the fattest and juiciest, and stopping rather often to taste my spoils, I spent the long morning filling the pail with

delicious fruit. There was considerable competition among the youthful pickers to see who could fill his pail first. In occasional scrambles sometimes, the industry of two or three hours got overturned and went rolling back to the ground.

Sunday was a solemn and important day of the week. Then the whole village in Sunday raiment and demeanour betook itself to church and sat attentively through a service led by an earnest, reverent preacher. Week-days were deliberate enough in action, but on Sunday action seemed to cease altogether. There was no bustling about in kitchens. Meals found their way to the table in silence and were eaten in

comparative silence. Reading and letter-writing were the only indoor sports permitted, and outdoor sports were entirely prohibited. The church bell ringing out its melodious invitation to evening worship marked the end of a day devoted to physical rest and spiritual activity.

We can never make a complete picture by sticking together fragments, but sometimes the separate elements which come to mind at the beckoning finger of memory may serve to give something of wholeness to a scene long loved. This I would do for a village of quaint and sober outlines, possessing a peace almost Oriental in its completeness.

Here's an adventure! what awaits
Beyond these closed, mysterious gates?
Whom shall I meet, where shall I go
Beyond the lovely land I know?
Above the sky, across the sea
What shall I learn and feel and be?
Open, strange doors, to good or ill!
I hold my breath a moment still
Before the magic of your look.
What will you do to me, O Book?

(From the Treasure Chest)

Special News and Notes of Women in India

WE are glad that the Thiya women of Cochin have convened a special conference to think about their emancipation in civil and social conditions, as well as in caste and religion. This meeting was held under the auspices of the Cochin Thiya Vanitha Samajam, under the presidency of Srimathi Meenakshi Kutty Amma, an enlightened Nayar lady. Though, as an M. L. C., of Cochin said, Thiya women were rather backward in education, it was very necessary for them to rouse themselves and take their part in the national awakening of Indian women. There should be co-operation with others of their sex, who were working for the public advancement of women and for the wider recognition of their rights in homes, and in outside services. Above all, they should work for the abolition of communal differences.

THE suggestion made by the wife of the Director of Veterinary Services in the Central Provinces is a good one that Indian women should interest themselves in veterinary work. In spite of the fact that foreign women excel as research workers and private doctors in this department, perhaps it will be difficult for Indian women to become veterinary surgeons in India. Yet, there is no doubt that, once they begin, they will be equal to the task, especially with regard to pet animals. As the Principal of the Royal Veterinary College in London said: "If an educated lady could be persuaded to take the first step, she would receive a warm welcome from me, and also from the 64 women students, who are at present doing so well in the college."

IT is an exciting fact that Bombay women have definitely made up their minds to take to sport. Some hockey matches have actually been played, and there is regular practice every week-end in the game. Three women's clubs have been organised,

and two more are being evolved, one of them being affiliated to the Bombay Provincial Hockey Association. A Women's Hockey League may soon be started, and all kinds of sports will probably be introduced into all the clubs. Such a movement, as a *Madras Daily* says:—"Quite apart from providing wholesome recreation to Indian women, will ultimately tend to create a better physical and more virile race of Indian men and women and will bring India in line with the foremost civilised nations of the world."

WE congratulate the Madras Society for the Protection of Children on its good progress, during the last year. Started about 27 years ago to give delinquent and destitute children a chance in life, the society has progressed and is giving health and happiness to several little ones. This is great work indeed and deserves good support from the general public.

THE annual meeting of the Women's Educational Association at New Delhi, showed progress, especially in the growth of the Lady Irwin College. There were 44 students from all communities of India; 29 of whom were taking the full course, which would enable them not only to give sound education in domestic science, but also to earn their living thereby. The College has decided to apply to the Federal Delhi University for affiliation; and psychological research of the Indian child is suggested.

THE Red Cross Society of Madras has done good work for the year. There are four specialised activities, viz., Maternity and Child Welfare, Junior Red Cross, Anti-tuberculosis work and the Health school. Three new District branches have been opened, making in all twelve bodies. The membership of the Provincial branch has

increased, and considerable help to hospitals in the shape of comforts has been made. Much propaganda work also is done, a good deal of help being rendered by Madras papers and local health authorities. We are glad that a resolution has been passed to establish a Health Museum at Madras, on the lines of those at Germany and Japan, with the attachment of a theatre for lectures and health films.

WE have received a report of the All Ceylon Women's Conference. At the request of the Ceylon Women's Association, many women's organisations met last September. Their findings of the conference make interesting reading on free education and scholarship, on relationship between home and school, on the place of religion in education, on the need for training in health, home-craft and mother-craft, on social and moral hygiene, on marriage, on industrial employment for women and girls and their moral safety in such, on women's relationship to the problems of poverty and crime, on careers for girls, on

training for leisure and adult education, on women and legislation. Some resolutions were passed with regard to the removal of sex disqualification, better accommodation for women prisoners, the establishment of *creches* for women working in industries, a better appreciation of the nursing profession, and extension of technical, vocational and village training for girls.

THE seventh annual report of the Women's Political Union of Ceylon is to hand. In spite of difficulties, some definite work has been done. Representations have been made with regard to prisoners, divorce case proceedings, hospitals, and some laws regarding women and children. The representatives of the Union have worked hard to ensure appreciation of Ceylon women. There has been even an invitation to send delegates to the 12th Congress of the International Alliance of women for suffrage and equal citizenship at Istanbul this year, and some contact has been established with the Association Federation of women-voters.

Women in Foreign Countries

SOUTH AFRICA

A BILL has recently been placed in the South African House of Assembly by the Minister of the Union, fixing the minimum age of eighteen in the case of boys and of sixteen in the case of girls for marriages. The evil of child marriage seems to have existed here also and has been protested against by various social workers and child welfare and women's associations. Though some objections were made to the bill, on the grounds of exemptions from custom and religion and fear of illegitimacy, it was felt that the prevention of child-marriage was a real method of reform.

BERMUDA

We hear that the women of this island

are claiming the vote, at least for those who hold property of their own. There are 486 white women and 299 coloured of such; who will therefore be entitled to vote in the election of law-makers and tax-leviers. The taxes are used for the relief of the poor, and are said to be comparatively small; but a protest is made against them, because women have had no share in government at all. We are told that many women are refusing to pay the taxes and are following a civil disobedience campaign.

TURKEY

Seventeen women are to sit in the new Turkish National Assembly, this being the first time that women are allowed to participate in parliament.

GERMANY

We know that the tendency of the new regime in Germany is to disallow women in public and labour services; but lately a reaction seems to be taking place against this view. It has been stated by women as well as men, that in some lines of service women do better than men; while all women do not make good wives and mothers. Women are demanding more than domestic work, there being out of 12 millions of women craving employment, about 5 millions who are rather too old for marriage.

We are sorry, however, to hear that the number of women students is declining in colleges, both of arts and vocational facilities.

EGYPT

The first woman in Egypt to take up flying is Miss Loutfia El Nadi, who is now studying commercial aviation. She has obtained her A license, which requires about 15 hours in the air. She is one of three women students at the Flying School; and we are told that she chose her career from love of adventure. She actually took the initiative against the wish of her parents, but was so good at the first tests that she was allowed her wish.

JAPAN

It is interesting to read of Mrs. Karoda, who has been given charge of the Radio housekeeping programmes. She arranges and supervises her lessons, which go to about 100,000 houses. She also sends out fashion news and suggestions for recreation and beauty-culture. She has thus given a new interest in life to women.

Mrs. Karoda is also a great mountain climber, and is the first woman to have reached the top of two lofty Japanese mountains. She did this feat in very cold weather, during heavy winds and storms, thus proving that women are capable of such deeds. She has written a book on Women's Mountain-Sking and says that vigorous out-door sports are making women

slimmer and taller, and more athletic, and hence will be enjoyed by Japanese women, once they begin to take to them.

A Radium Company has been opened by Japanese women, and managed solely by Japanese women. "A blessing from the hands of women to the hands of women" is the idea underlying its foundation.

Mrs. Moriko Ogibe is called Madame Astronomer. She makes a study of sun-spots, and of the obscurations of stars by the moon, furnishing some notes for the Greenwich laboratory. There are other women-astronomers in Japan.

Girls in Japan are going in greater numbers to Colleges; many however, are entering schools of science, for medicine, pharmacy and sewing, showing that they are anxious to be economically independent. There are also private schools for tailoring, knitting and embroidery, which are crowded with girls. It is remarkable that even after college, a girl remains unmarried for two or three years, in order to learn about domestic affairs, or to take up advanced study. Marriage also is sometimes not thought of, unless some money has been saved for marriage expenses, thus relieving parents of some anxiety.

LONDON

To combat the evils of malnutrition among women and children, the Women's Institutes of England and Wales, with their 5222 branches, are holding a conference, where good values and dietetic effects will be discussed by many experienced women, like wives of farmers, shop-keepers, labourers etc. It is suggested that a co-operative scheme should be started for the supply of cheap food, like herrings, to villages where there is much unemployment. School-children, it is said, should be given a hot mid-day meal, at normal cost. There is always a fight for equal pay for equal work in England. A special protest often has to be made against the transfer of ordinary clerical work to lower-paid women's grades.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

HAIR-DRESSING

DRESS and Beauty gives some hints about this important part of a woman's toilette. It tells us that a badly-groomed head spoils many a perfect ensemble of dress. Each woman has, if she looks for it, a different personality of her own, and it is up to her or to her hair-dresser to find the style of coiffure that properly brings it out. Attention must be paid not only to technique and art, but also to the type and nature of the hair itself, the shape of the head, the line and balance of the features, the height and the formation of the figure, and the style of silhouette. In addition to this, the hair must be kept clean and fresh, brushed and lustrous. Plainness and ugliness even of feature can often be transformed into something like beauty by the style of coiffure chosen. And the point to remember is that, in choosing a style, there is nothing gained by a ludicrous imitation of famous types; what is really wanted is something, which will "reveal all the most precious possessions of personality, elegance and beauty."

PLAINNESS OF FEATURE

Elizabeth Craig in *Dress and Beauty* writes that if she were plain, "she would not play second fiddle to beauty." No, I would so develop and train myself, groom myself and dress myself that I would exact the same attention as freely paid to beauty."

If it is true that Nature's gifts of beauty can be enchanced, it must be true that Nature's lack of such dower can be atoned for. The first to do is to take stock of oneself completely and uncompromisingly. Pick up the good points of your appearance, if any; add and improve on them; perhaps they may hide the bad ones. Then make an inventory of all the bad points and see if they can be changed into attractions. A definite style suitable to the personality should be developed; in addition, there

should be perfection of dress, coiffure and make-up achieved. Then, there is to be considered in what form further attraction should be gained. It often happens that Nature, in compensation as it were for plain looks, gives a good personality and some mental gifts. Well then, cultivate them in as natural a manner as possible. This is important, for posing and pretence always disillusion. Then, there should be cultivated the art not only of talking well and interestingly, but also of listening appreciatively.

"If I were plain," says Elizabeth Craig, "I would not depend on my looks to help me through life. I would develop my will-power, would laugh at the mole-hills many people call mountains, and I would drive on in my own way, treating every defeat as a stepping-stone to some other success. But, knowing how the multitude sizes you up by the state of your wardrobe and your general air, I would leave no stone unturned to make me a true daughter of Eve. We've no proof that she was beautiful, yet I seem to have read somewhere that she tempted Adam."

I came across an article lately, in which a well-known *Impresario*, gives his impressions of what makes women really attractive. Perfection of form and feature, and faultlessness in style and technique are not enough for him, he says, when he chooses the chorus-girls for his revues. He needs something more, viz., some individuality of charm or genius, "which can so irradiate women, that even plain and ugly actresses can, within a few minutes of their entrance, persuade us that they are among the most beautiful women in the world." The first thing he looks for is natural poise and balance of manner. This means a fine deportment and an easy and quiet walk when in movement, and a beautiful repose when in rest; one of the most important points of the latter being a graceful handling of the hands and feet. The figure also can always be made shapely

in approximate proportion to the size, so long as there are no foolish ideas as to special requirements, which may not be suitable. He also sees to the beauty of hair; for, even when not luxuriant, this "crowning glory of women can still be so treated as to suit the special style of face it frames. The expressiveness and beauty of eyes also can give much attraction even to a plain face.

Finally, there is the personality of the women to be considered: "a compound of wit, intelligence, sex—everything: the virtues

in woman which appeal to man even without beauty in addition, or long after beauty has faded;—loyalty, good humour, sympathy, courage and so on are inextricably bound up with them. That is the beauty that shines from within. It is not merely skin-deep like physical beauty, without anything behind it; and, if you have that first, you can begin to worry about the shape of your eyebrows afterwards. Eyebrows are important in their way, but, if you have the secret of personality, you could go through life without them and no one would even notice!"

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) SCIENCE—AND BEAUTY

A STORY

THE child sat transfixed in her stiff little seat, in the Natural Science class at school. Her whole world of dreams and poetic fancies seemed to be tumbling down before her. As in a trance, she heard the teacher pour out these words; "Children, you must not think that flowers were created just to give you pleasure. They grow in order to produce seeds, out of which new little plants eventually grow. Why do you think a flower is so beautiful? To please your eyes, or to add beauty and colour to the world? No, no, they are not there for this reason alone. They are brightly-coloured, and are glorious in their variety, in order to attract insects and little birds, so that the work of pollination may be carried on. They smell sweet, not only to give you a pleasing sensation; but in order to invite birds and insects to their store-houses of honey and nectar, and then to shed their pollen grains on the ignorant animal's back. No, children, flowers are not there just to beautify this world. They have their own work to carry out. It is time you learnt the scientific value of things, instead of just looking at

the outward splendour. Now, listen, and I shall explain how pollination is carried on, and how insects, and birds, and the wind and water and other agents, are a means by which the process takes place." And so, the teacher went on, and the child wondered more and more. Her whole idea of life, as she had hitherto conceived it in her childish mind, now seemed to be wrong. According to her teacher's words, a flower had its own motive in being beautiful. It served its own purpose. Beauty, she had hitherto thought, was there just for the sake of beauty. Now she learnt that it was not there merely for the sake of beauty, but was beautiful in order to attract other things towards itself, and thus serve its own purpose, and achieve its ulterior object.

She felt she could never admire a flower again. What was the good? It was there with a selfish object. Nay, she felt she could never admire anything at all. Perhaps even the glowing sunset, the twinkling stars, the blue blue sea, with its white crested waves, the trees, and the whole of Nature itself, were just beautiful, radiant, splendid, merely to serve their own selfish ends. Oh, she hated science, and she hated her teacher, who explained things in such a brutal, matter-of-fact way. Why

did people ever learn science? Why were they not satisfied with the beauty of the world, instead of trying to pry into its secret motives? Ugh! She gave a shiver.

The lesson came to an end. The children trooped out of their class-room. The rusty old bell rang out, clang! clang! clang! Oh, how she hated its resonant sound. It was time now for them to file into the playground, and go through the usual penance of drill. Just marching round and round, while the drill mistress drowsed against the wall. Then counting one, two, three, and doing antics with hands and legs. She loathed school. There was no freedom; her child's mind was cramped, tied down, imprisoned with rules, bells, formulae, sums,—and science. The teachers did not care for her. Nay, they were incapable of individual love. They just did their duty, in order to earn their pay. They waited each day for the final bell, when they could go home. There was no joy, no joy in this school of hers.

She trudged home wearily, had her tea, and roamed in the garden. She went to her favourite rose-tree. There was one beautiful rose in full-bloom, and around it a radiant butterfly hovered. She felt disgusted, and in her anger she tore the rose from its branch, and scattered its petals, until they flew away in the evening breeze, crushed and shattered.

She sulked the whole evening, and, when her mother asked her what the matter was, she did not answer. At last, it was time to go to bed. She lay down wearily, and tried to sleep. But she thought she could not. She watched the moon sail over the star-steeped sky, and her whole soul seemed to be in revolt with the universe. She could trust no object of beauty now. She looked at the moon,—looked—and looked, until suddenly, the whole sky seemed to change colour. Everything became dark, disordered, chaotic. No longer was there a moon, or stars, or a radiant sky. There was tumult, confusion everywhere. Chaos

reigned like an ocean in storm, the waves beating violently, and over all a mighty, shining figure brooded. It was the figure of a magnificent man, so magnificent, that he looked like God himself, and in his hands he held a wand; and out of the chaos below him he created order; and the child saw the tumultuous ocean break into land, and sea, and she saw the sun-shine, and trees and cattle and men spring up on earth. Then she heard the voice of the mighty figure say, "I wish to create tiny flowers now. They shall be beautiful, and glorify the earth; and men shall love them for their beauty and fragrance. They shall also be the means to attract little birds and insects and other small animals of the earth, through whose help they shall produce seeds, which shall grow into little plants, and then into mighty trees. Thus shall the great arise from the small, and all things shall help each other. But, above all, I make my creation beautiful, so that it shall be a more pleasing abode for mankind." And with these words the mighty figure waved his wand, and glorious flowers were created on earth, around which radiant-winged creatures hovered, and with this wondrous vision in front of her, the child suddenly awoke, and found that she had been dreaming. The moon had long since set, and the stars twinkled, twinkled in the sapphire sky. She heaved a sigh of content, for her dream had revealed to her that God had intended the world to be beautiful. She murmured the words which her mother had taught her, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and then, she fell asleep.

The next morning, she awoke happy and refreshed. She loved the world and the beautiful things around her once again; but she also determined to take an interest in her lessons, and above all in science, for did not that branch of knowledge, after all, reveal to mankind that behind the beauty of Nature lay a wonderful scheme gloriously manipulated and arranged, and kept in order by a mighty hand.

She went merrily to school that

day, for science could never destroy the wondrous beauty of nature, but only accentuate it.

P. S.

(2) THE SUN-RISE

The night has gone,
And silver dawn
Is lighting earth and sky;
'Tis early moon,
The sun is born
And darkness now will die.

The sun-beams dance,
And dew-drops prance
Upon the flower-beds;
The bul-buls sing,
And palm-trees swing
Their lazy drowsy heads.

Then haste, awake
'Tis now day-break;
I hear the Kotil say,
"Rise from your bed,
Wake, sleepy head,
This lovely summer day."

P. S.

(3) IN CHILDHOOD DAYS

A PARTY

ALL of us look back to our childhood's days with pleasure and a certain longing that they may come back again. We think of the pranks we played, the lessons we learnt, and the altogether lovely days we had. Some of our most poignant memories, no doubt, are the wonderful children's parties we used to go to, and the fun we used to have. We write from the experience of age however, and our childhood's days are but memories to-day. To you, however, the dream-like quality and gossamer thoughts and fancies of childhood are still within your grip—you have them with you—to make them into very beautiful memories to last all your lives—to make them so beautiful, that when you grow up, you look back to them, not with distaste

and hatred, but with a fond love and pleasant reminiscences.

I suppose most of you give a children's party every year. We can recall the magnificent ones we used to go to—dressed up in fancy costumes—let's see—what did we go as? As fairies all in white and silver, with silver wands and silver stars gleaming on our heads, or princes or princesses—as pierots and pierettes, sanyasis, maharajas, or as a thousand and one other things. Do you remember that nursery rhyme party we went to? All of us had to dress up as characters from the nursery rhymes—little Bo-peeps and Jacks and Jills—which reminds me—Did you see that most amusing and at the same time whimsical, musical and most entertaining picture, "Babes in Toyland?" If you have not, don't miss it when it does come your way. There you will see all our favourite characters resurrected, all living and talking and laughing and weeping.

Is n't it a shame that we have no Indian Nursery Rhymes—with our own characters—a great pity. I wonder when some great poet will rise and write us such much-needed verses!

To go back to our children's party, however, what fun we had at Mrs. Sharma's Christmas party—No Christmas tree or anything common; but she got the idea from a *Silly symphony* picture, and when we all arrived in our fancy tags, there was a regular toy-land invented, with Father Christmas' work-shop, its roof and garden all covered with snow, artificial snow, (because there is no real snow in most parts of India) and inside the shop there were little boys and girls all dressed up like elves and gnomes, working away with hammer and chisel, working hard to get the presents ready to be given away. All of us looked in. There was another shop, next to the work-shop, where we had the most wonderful eatables—and when we had had all that we wanted, we went into the garden and suddenly Father Christmas arrived in a little carriage drawn by two lovely huge Alsations, and stopped in

front of the shop. There was great rejoicing—especially when he went into the shop—and found that all the workmen had finished their work and the presents were all ready. How we loved going and taking our gifts—and what fun we had afterwards when all of us played the most glorious games, and when the little eating shop was created into

an ice-cream depot, and we ate the most delectable ices. It was late when we went home; but it was a party we can never forget—one of those great events in our childhood's days that will remain fresh in our memories even when we are sixty or seventy.

—Parijatam.

OBSERVATIONS

ARRANGEMENTS OF FLOWERS.

"GO back to nature and develop a sense of the beautiful." This was the advice lately given by Mrs. Cousins to some students. "Around us there are things of beauty, in which we can rejoice only by cultivating a sense of appreciation of beauty. The enchanting chatter of the birds welcoming the dawn, the flush of joy in the tender child and the varied hue of flowers and plants around us are things which can gladden the heart, if only we can see them with an aesthetic vision."

This seems to be one of the principles on which Japanese women train themselves for married life. We are told that no Japanese girl is deemed a fit bride, unless she qualifies in some natural delicacy of arrangement. The arrangement of flowers is one of such. We are told by Chaman Lal in the *Hindu* that this has become quite an art. The choice of a vase is important, very often a low copper rectangular bowl being chosen. Then balance, proportion and simplicity are achieved by the arrangement, the basis being not a massed arrangement, but linear designs, which should suggest in silhouette that stem, leaf, bud and flower are combined into growing life from the parent branches.

One branch of buds or flowers is first chosen, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the height of a tall vase, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the circumference of a low one. This is bent outward and then back again, and is fixed at the back. Then the second stem, about half the length of the first, is curved in the same way, and kept to one side. The third stalk is $1\frac{1}{2}$ the tallest, and is placed

opposite the second and more forward, being bent obliquely away from the central stem. All these stems are joined at the base, and should be about four inches above water. This arrangement can always be modified to suit individual taste.

THE AIM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

Mrs. N. S. Kagal writes in the *Progress of Education* that games are meant to form habits and therefore should be carefully planned for women. Their aims should be:

- (1) to learn the value of physical culture;
- (2) to appreciate games as builders of body and grace;
- (3) to encourage team work and team spirit;
- (4) to manage the details of games-organisation and thus be initiated in the principles of administration;
- (5) to learn to appreciate defeat;
- (6) to learn to tolerate success;
- (7) to learn when to stop and deny yourself when feeling like having more;
- (8) to form habits of physical culture;
- (9) to keep fit and practise physical culture after school life;
- and (10) last but not least, to teach their own children the value of physical culture.

In the above list, different educationists would be inclined to give a different order to items in merit and importance. To me, however, items 5 and 6, namely, to stand up to defeat or success, and item 9, the formation of the habit of keeping-fit in life after school, are extremely important. Next in order, I would place item 4, to encourage girls to manage their games-committees with as little interference as possible from the staff. Here we should lay the foundation for training girls to run their committee meetings in an orderly and efficient manner.

On two points there can be no difference of opinion :

(1) That the games must have an abiding interest for girls as a recreation during the later stages of their life ; and

(2) that it must be remembered that India is a poor country and games that entail a large expenditure of money cannot be a practical proposition, although certain privileged institutions may be able to meet heavy expenditure from their funds.

Gond poetry.

The *Modern Review* gives a comprehensive summary by V. Elwin of Gond poetry. It is not literary or religious poetry, but is of "earth and sky, of forest, hill and river, of changing seasons and varied passions, of love naked and unabashed, of dance and drum and rhythm, free of convention and restraint." There are three kinds of it, the *Dhanda* or riddle; the *Dadaria* or the short song of the woodcutter, or of friends sitting round a fire; and the *Karna*, songs which go with dances, symbolising events, such as the bringing of green boughs from the forest in spring. These are the most important, and there are many of them, with varying metres and times. The poem begins with a chorus, which appears again and again, and the burden follows, sometimes long and sometimes very short. In the dance itself, which continues sometimes half the night, a line of women dance round a group of men, with the drums in their centre. They sway to and fro, with intricate movements of the feet and hands; sometimes a smaller circle going round the larger one. The men and the women answer each other. "Here then we have a dance poetry, a living poetry recreated day by day, a poetry of rhythm and delight, sung under the bright moon, to the crash of the drums, the music of anklet and bangle, and the delicate movements of the feet."

The Gond poems reveal the heart of the villagers, especially of the forest villager; after reading it, none can think him a mere cypher, for he belongs to ordinary humanity with all his poverty and ignorance. There are many themes, most of them showing observation of nature, such as a girl's flame-coloured dress shining in the sun, the rain pouring down, the river being dammed up for fish, etc. The forest is the place for love, and yet for separation.

"Before me is a mountain; behind it is the forest.

Where are you going, beloved? Take me with you to the forest.

For as dry leaves flame in the forest fire, so my life burns for you.

Death will make entry into thy body which is so beautiful.

O brother, separation will come to this sweet life of ours.

Every part of my body weeps for thee;

My mind repeats, Death is near;

And my heart broods on this sadness.

O, Death will come to thy body, thy body which is beautiful to me."

There are many sad songs :

"The depths of sorrow in tears have not been measured;

The mountains and the hills will pass away; Like flooded rivers and streams, tears may flow.

Brother, were I a tear-drop, I would fall like flooded waters,

For the deep limits of sorrow's tears are not yet founded."

\$ \$ \$

There is no rest for her, and sleep has left her bed;

Sleepless she sweeps her court, But on her own heart heavy lies the dust.

For the comrade of her life has left her.

And there is pain in her heart,

There is no rest for her, and sleep has left her bed."

The Gonds excel in their love-songs, which can be compared to Elizabethan songs. A good deal of the poetry is coarse; much of it is sensuous, but passion redeems it. Gond morality is not a very grand one; but once a girl is united finally to her life-partner, she settles down and is loyal to him.

Here are a few songs :

"In every little lane there is a garden;

In every village there are flowering trees, Let me rest in your garden for a little while.

You may eat and drink, but life without a girl is wasted;

So let me rest in your garden of flowers."

\$ \$ \$

"I am looking out of my house ;
The sun is but a bamboo's length above the hills.

Where can you go now it is grown so late,
O lover, in whom my life is enwound ?

Like a dry leaf in the wind, you are ever blown to and fro away from me.

Where can you go now it is grown so late?"

\$ \$ \$

"Your teeth are like silver,

How beautiful is your face,

My man of wonder,

But in your life there is no truth

And my heart is full of pain."

\$ \$ \$

"O cuckoo, take my message;

My love awaits me in the garden.

O how shall I send a message to him?

My love awaits in his garden,

I will send my message by a parrot;

I will send my letter with a crow;

My love awaits me in his garden.

* * *

Kashmir folk-songs.

Prof. Devendra Satyarthi writes in the *Modern Review* about Kashmiri literature. The language itself, though little used now in schools is an off-spring of Sanskrit made rich by Persian. "Daughters of the soil, like Laleshwari (1400 A. D.) often called Lal Dyal, and Rup Bhawani, (1700 A. D.) burst into spiritual poems, though their language was more or less Sanskritized. Havva Khatun (1500 A. D.), the queen of Kashmir's King, Usaf Shah Chak, and Mrs. Bhawani Das (1800 A. D.), preferred the language, as it stood among the masses, and gave vent to their innermost feelings in beautiful poems. There were written epics like the *Ramayana* by Parkash Ram, and *Shiva Lagna* (Shiva's marriage) by Krishnadas. Romantic ballads like *Gul Rez* by Mukbul Shah, *Shirin Khusro* by Mahmud Gomi, and *Himal-t-Nagrat*, by Volialla Mattu, have their own charm. The love-lyrics and spiritual self-expressions of poet Parmanand, too, are noteworthy. All these are gems of Kashmiri literature. Again, there is one living popular poet, Golam-Ahmad Mahjur, whose many songs are already on the lips of the masses."

The following are given as varieties of folk-songs :

- "(1) Opera-songs
- (2) Dancer's songs
- (3) Ballads
- (4) Spring songs
- (5) Harvest songs

(i) Those sung in Kashmiri by the village shepherds of Kashmir,

(ii) Those sung by Gujars in their own dialect.

- (6) Boatmen's songs
- (7) Love-songs
- (8) Marriage-songs
- (9) Cradle-songs. Lullabies and Nursery rhymes—(having perhaps no particular name, but often called *Lalnavan*, a derivation of *Lalvan*, meaning literally "to lull")

- (10) Children's Sporting Songs

These are short rhythmic refrains, sung in chorus or semi-chorus by the children, while they enjoy indoor or outdoor gambols and frolic.)

- (11) Sacred Thread Ceremony songs
- (12) Rup Dance-Songs
- (13) Semi-Mystic songs, (current among the village holy men.)
- (14) Dirges, popularly known as *Vau*."

The Saffron bloom is much admired :

"Let's go to Pampur, O maiden,
When blooms the saffron;
It makes my heart throb,
And steals it, ah me;
Let's go to Pampur, O maiden,
When blooms the saffron.
How golden is saffron's colour, O Samad,
How golden is saffron's colour;
Enjoy its full glorious view, Samad,
How golden is saffron's colour,
Collecting it into heaps we are drowned in sweat.
Soon would it be taken to the contractor's place,
Enjoy its full glorious view, O Samad,
How golden is saffron's colour."

The stately Chenar tree is an object of beauty :

"To me, O Chenar-leaf, my love has sent thee,

My all, O Cupid, shall I sacrifice for thee,
Thou art, O Chenar-leaf, a prince of
beauty,
My all, O Cupid, shall I sacrifice for thee."

The Jhelum is justly praised in many poems;

"Come to my Jhelum, shepherd please,
To cause thy sheep's thirst appease.
All my boats would I illuminate
To manifest thy coming, dear mate?
Come to my Jhelum, shepherd please,
To cause thy Sheep's thirst appease.
Green grass, with Love's water do I keep,
O come and feed thy goats and sheep,
Come to my Jhelum, shepherd please,
To cause thy sheep's thirst appease."
"Take me, O boatman, to the yon bank;
O here flows the Jhelum, the deep river
of love.

My boat takes only the pair in love,
O here flows the Jhelum, the deep river
of love."

"O thou slow-motioned Jhelum!
For thee, let me devote my all, O Jhelum!
How great is thy stateliness, O Jhelum!
For thee, let me devote my all, O Jhelum!"

The famous Kashmiri shawl is sometimes
sung of:

"How soft—O how soft, is the shawl-wool;
A song of its softness, I'll sing,
O, the shawl-wool is a heavenly thing,
A song of its softness, I'll sing."

My mate's head is crowned with a shawl-
wool turban,

On his person looks lovely the shawl-wool
pheran,

On my home-loom was woven the cloth of
turban and *pheran*.

A song of its softness, I'll sing.

Here is a pretty song of the bride:

Far-off forests have all blossomed forth;
Hast not thou heard of me, my love!
Mountain lakes like Kal Sar are all full of
flowers;
Hast not thou heard of me, my love!

Come on, we'll go to the meadows where
the lilacs have blossomed,
Hast not thou heard of me, my love!
These are the days when the fruits ripen
and they sing."

The bride is sometimes called an apricot:

"Thou hast come out of the Paradise,
O apricot!
Congratulations to thee, O princes, con-
gratulations to thee.
Handfuls of money, thy father spent freely
When thy mother brought thee forth,
O princes!
The minister's wisdom, God bestowed
upon thee,
Congratulations to thee, O princess, con-
gratulations to thee."

The ear-ring is the symbol of a baby:

"I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee,
Thou art the god of love at evening,
And the sun at early morning,
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee.
In which flower-garden?
Didst thou manifest thy person?
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee.
Thou art the prince of Delhi
And hast come to Lahore,
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee.
A golden necklace and a silver ring
Add beauty to thy neck;
I rock thee, my ear-ring, I rock thee."

The author of the article writes of Kashmiri
songs thus:

"The folk-songs of Kashmir are the living
monuments of Kashmir's poetic glory. Through
these songs sings the Himalayan Muse;
through these spontaneous sub-conscious self-
expressions vibrates the very life of Kashmir.
They are indeed the true copies of the hearts
of the masses and in them are enshrined the
relics of Kashmir's home-spun traditions.
How wonderful those innocent and childlike
minds might have been, who have woven these
cultural fabrics at their own native looms!"

A Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I LATELY read in a modern novel, what
I append below I do not agree with all
of it. I wonder what your readers will
think of the views embodied there. I would
like to know. The conversationalists were
all women.

"I've no patience with folk, who pre-
tend that men and women are entirely
different creatures. That's bosh; they are
far more alike than unlike. But you'll find
that men are more childish, more senti-
mental, more sensible, more imaginative,
more cautious, and more emotional than
we are.

"In other words, that they are, when
all is said and done, a slightly superior piece
of workmanship on the part of the Creator,
more delicately-balanced, their nervous
system more sensitive, their steel of a finer
temper. The notion that women bear pain
better than men is true in fact, but the
reasoning is fallacious, the blunt truth being
that women don't feel pain so keenly as
men; they simply are unable to, their ner-
vous system coarser, duller than men's, will
not let them."

"Isn't all that old-fashioned? Surely
women have proved to-day that they are
men's equals in everything?"

"Don't you believe any such nonsense;
men are annoying, shiftless, lazy, dirty, un-
tidy, anything you like that's distasteful to a
diligent, conscientious and fastidious woman
but, taking it all round, men can do most
things better than women, and without half
the expense of energy and nervous force."

"I can't agree. I've taught boys and girls

seperately and mixed, from all ages between
five and twelve, for many years, and I must
confess that in grain boys are more fasti-
dious than girls. I know small boys have
the reputation for being dirty, and in fact they
can be filthy little beasts, but I have found
there far more fastidious with themselves
over small personal intimacies than girls;
they seem to have a keener sense of the
privacy of their own minds and bodies than
do girls."

"I heard a woman, a very well-known
composer, say that humanity is an instru-
ment, the Creator is the master-player, and
that all the loveliest, deepest and truest
effects are obtained from the male strings."

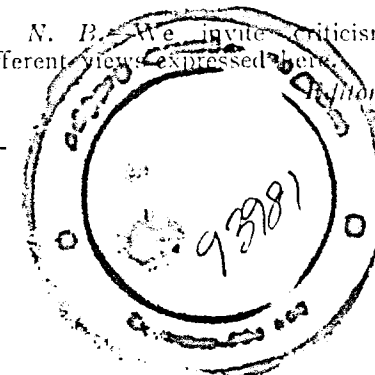
"Do you think women are the more
beautiful? Even that seems to be pooh-
poohed now-a-days".

"I think there's a terrible lot of
humbug talked about beauty, and I don't
quite understand what is meant by women
being more or less beautiful than men. To
artists? To one another? To some non-
human observer outside the world? If
beauty is sexual, and I don't see how you
can escape that, why then men find the
supreme beauty in women, and women in
men. There may be things of loveliness,
which would appeal equally to men and
women, but even then who's to know
whether they are re-acting similarly? I think
it's one of those insoluble questions because
there can't be an answer."

Yours sincerely,

—Sri Devi.

N. B. We invite criticisms of the
different views expressed here.



How the Tamil Talkie of Chandrasena was produced

By G. K. SESHAGIRI, B. A.,

Regisseur, "The Renaissance Theatre," Madras.

PRABHAT is now the rising sun in the firmament of the Indian Film Industry and its achievements so far have shed lustre on our country. It has been honestly striving in this direction for the past six years with a considerable measure of success. From their newly-built and well-equipped studio at Poona they gave us last year a classic picture in 'Amrit Manthan.' They have just completed the production of "Chandrasena" as a talkie in three versions. Hindi, Marathi and Tamil, the last with the co-operation of "The Renaissance Theatre," Madras. This version is unique in many respects. The staff and the artistes required have been assembled from respectable and cultured classes, thus to a great extent removing the social stigma attached to the stage and the screen. The Renaissance Theatre was started at Madras with the avowed object of fostering dramatic Theatre-Art in all its varied aspects, and making the stage and the screen powerful instruments of cultural expression and organic parts of the life of the community. It has striven its best for the past four months to produce an irreproachable and artistic Tamil talkie, which could be offered as a worthy gift to the nascent Tamil Nadu. What the completed picture is like, is for the impartial critic to say. Though "Chandrasena" is a mythological subject, the dry bones of its crude structure have been made alive, and dramatic motive, incident and character have been judiciously interwoven in its development.

In the story, Rama and Lakshmana are kidnapped by Ahi and Mahi, the mighty monarchs of the under-world and the most powerful allies of Ravana. Hanuman rescues Rama and Lakshmana with the help of Chandrasena, a lady of Nagaloka, who has been kept as a captive by Mahi in his kingdom of Mahikavathi. In the Tamil version of this story, we have taken the dominant note of our religious mystics, viz., that of becoming one with God, as the central idea round which the whole story revolves.

Chandrasena's devotion to Rama is neither of the earth earthy, nor of the heaven heavenly: it is a passionate devotion to the perfect man and the perfect God. Her adoration for Rama ripens into altruistic love when she attempts to rescue him from prison even at the risk of her own life. And for this she undergoes with a martyr's patience untold tortures at the hands of the queen. She passionately yearns for the nearness and companionship of Rama; but, when she thinks she is about to realize her cherished dreams, she forgets herself, forgets all, and in Rama's presence her human desires are sublimated into something rich and noble, something divine and beautiful. And so she becomes merged in Him, who is the Infinite.

In the development of the other characters, we have adequate foils to Chandrasena, of different types of brutality. Ahi is a drunken lout, his queen Mahadevi a she-devil without the cloven foot, and the court-poet a masterful inebriate, who can drink barrels of liquor and yet be sober and sing to us his philosophy of wine and women. Mahi is an intellectual drunkard, who has momentary gleams of sanity to realize the evil effects of his intemperance, but, unable to resist the lure of the tankard, is dragged down to eventual disaster.

The dialogue used in this picture was written by Mr. V. Raghavan, M. A., a brilliant Research student of The Madras University, and revised by competent scholars. The songs were specially composed by Papanasam Sivan, whose name is a household word throughout South India for soul-stirring strains. The Ragas, in which these songs are rendered, have been carefully selected to suggest the emotions intended to be evoked in each particular mood of the story. The musical phrasing is accurate; and by the dexterous combinations of changing vowel sounds unique rhythmic sound-effects have been achieved. Much credit is also due to the music Directors.

R. Rajavi, an educated and cultured artiste, well-known in Madras for her musical talents,

and her melodious voice, plays the title role in this picture. She is supported by a brilliant cast of talented artistes of the Renaissance Theatre.

Prabhat has always been famous for its gorgeous settings; but this time the Art Director, Mr. Fattilal, has excelled himself. The background, furnishings, interior decoration, ornaments, costumes and drapery all harmonise with the under-world, which is the scene of action.

Mr. Shantaram, the director of the picture, never forgets the essential factor of a talkie, viz., that it should not merely sing and talk as most of our Indian Talkies so far produced do, but should also tell a story, develop a character, portray a situation and a conflict, through a series of interesting Visual Images.

He has very ably and suggestively set the action and business to suit the dialogue and the songs in this picture. And more than all this he has fully exploited the possibilities of inarticulate speech and has given ample scope for subtle significant gestures and poses.

It is time, however, that we leave our mythology and strike a new path by handling powerful and thought-provoking social subjects relating to contemporary life. We hope, with the help of first-rate film-producing concerns like the Prabhat, ere long to be able to realize our ideals in this direction, and give our country artistic pictures reflecting the New Ideology of Young India on the Russian Model. We shall then be able to build a new and virile art, which should bring India her aesthetic salvation.

FACTS ABOUT THE EQUALITY TREATIES

I. TEXT OF TREATIES

The Equal Rights Treaty, in its principal clause, reads as follows:—

"The contracting States agree that upon the ratification of this treaty, men and women shall have equal rights throughout the territory subject to their respective jurisdictions."

The Equal Nationality Treaty, in its principal clause, reads as follows:—

"The Governments represented in the Seventh International Conference of American States, wishing to conclude a Convention on the Nationality of Women, have appointed plenipotentiaries:— "who, after having exhibited their full powers, which were found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following:—

"There shall be no distinction based on sex as regards nationality, in their legislation or in their practice."

II. MEANING AND PURPOSE OF TREATIES

The Equal Rights Treaty would obli-

gate each government accepting it, to establish and maintain complete equality of rights between men and women. This means equality in all matters that the Government can affect—equality in the economic field, equality in labour legislation, equality in political rights, equality in educational opportunities, equality in civil rights, equality in nationality rights—in short, equality in all rights under the law. The purpose of the Treaty is to end by means of an international agreement the world-wide restrictions in every field, on women's rights to live and to work.

The Equal Nationality Treaty is similar in conception to the Equal Rights Treaty, but is confined to nationality. This special Treaty is proposed by women's organizations, because of the fact that the Hague Conference on the Codification of International Law has proposed a Treaty on Nationality, discriminating against women, which Treaty has been before the various Governments for ratification. The Equal Nationality Treaty is offered as a substitute for the articles discriminating against women in the draft submitted by the Hague Conference.

III. SIGNATORIES

The Equal Rights Treaty was signed at Montevideo, December 26, 1933, by the representatives of the Governments of Cuba, Ecuador, Paraguay and Uruguay.

The Equal Nationality Treaty was signed at Montevideo, December 26, 1933, by the representatives of the Governments of Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, El Salvador, United States, Uruguay.

The Equal Nationality Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, May 24, 1934, and by the Senate of Chile, June 18, 1934.

IV. SUPPORT BY WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS:

The Equal Rights Treaty has been endorsed by the following International bodies of women:

1. The Inter-American Commission of Women (Montevideo Meeting, December 1933),
2. The International Soroptomist Clubs (Paris Congress, July 1934),
3. The Women's Consultative Committee on Nationality created by the Council of the League of Nations (Geneva Meeting, July 1934),
4. The World Committee of Women against War and Fascism (Paris Congress August 1934),
5. The Women's International League for

Peace and Freedom (Zurich Congress, September 1934),

6. The Equal Rights International (General meeting, Geneva, September 1934),
7. The All-Asian Conference of Women (Executive Committee Meeting, Karachi, January 2, 1935),
8. The International Council of Women (Board of Officers Meeting, Paris, February 12, 1935).

The Equal Nationality Treaty has been endorsed by practically all of the above-named organizations and by a great number of additional international, national and local women's organizations.

V. PLACING OF EQUALITY TREATIES ON AGENDA OF 1935 ASSEMBLY OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS:

The Equal Rights Treaty was brought before the last ordinary Assembly of the League of Nations on September 27, 1934, in a letter signed by the representatives of ten Governments. In pursuance of their request, the Assembly agreed that the Equal Rights Treaty should be placed on the agenda of the following ordinary Assembly, meeting in September 1935.

The Equal Nationality Treaty was brought before the last ordinary session of the Assembly of the League of Nations on September 21, 1934, in a letter signed by the representatives of fifteen governments. In pursuance of their request, the Assembly agreed that the Equal Nationality Treaty should be placed on the agenda of the following ordinary Assembly, meeting in September 1935.

Needlework Notes

A teapoy cover

Cut a piece of cream cloth the size required. Tack a hem on the right side. Cut four strips of coloured linen, fold over the raw edges and lay over the cloth, evenly from the outer edge. Tack them in position, folding the corners diagonally. Then work in open button-hole stitch in a contrasting colour over the edges. On

the inside strip of cream, a row of flowers can be drawn in design and worked, the flowers in blue button-hole rings ending at the edges, with a yellow button-hole centre. The leaves can be done in stem-stitch in green.

Borders can also be worked in cross-stitch in different designs over canvas, drawing the threads out carefully afterwards.

Cookery Notes

Chocolate Cake

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
- 3 ozs. sugar
- 1 oz. cadbury's breakfast choc :
- 4 ozs. flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
- 3 eggs.

Cream the butter, add sugar, add chocolate powder, separate eggs, add yolks, beat the white, and add the flour already sifted with baking powder.

Filling and Icing

Weigh 8 ozs. icing sugar. Crush and sieve. For filling take 2 ozs. butter, 2 large tablespoons icing sugar and 1 oz of chocolate powder. Split cake and spread inside. For icing, mix sugar and remainder of icing with 2 good tablespoons of chocolate powder to a paste with boiling water. This should be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons, but varies with heat and cold and damp.

Lemonade

- 2 lbs. sugar
- 1 pint water boiled with the sugar and poured on to
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. citric acid and stirred. When cool, add $\frac{1}{4}$ of a bottle of essence of lemon.

Ginger Syrup

- 2 lbs. sugar
- 1 pint water boiled with the sugar and poured on to
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ spoons tartaric acid and stirred. When cool, add
- 1 Teaspoonful essence cayenne
- 2 Teaspoonfuls Ess. Jamaica Ginger
- 1 Teaspoonful Ess. Lemon.

Add burnt sugar to colour brown.

—R. M. S.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

MODERN LIVING ROOMS

What was lacking so much in living rooms of the older period—viz., fresh air, light and sunshine, prove to be the most requisite needs of the modern living room. Looking through a volume on "Decorative art," I find that in most of the sitting rooms, the windows occupy as much as the whole length of one side of the room, thus affording ample fresh air and light,

besides giving a beautiful view. "The full value of the window space gives a panoramic view out of doors, as well as the space and light inside, which are so valued to-day," says a caption to an illustration, and another one says the "long horizontal line, while restful in appearance, also permits of a continuous window space, extremely pleasing in interior effect."

Light and air then, and if possible, a

pleasant view, are absolutely essential in the modern living room.

Let us now get an idea of some colour schemes and up-to-date fittings. Listen to this one, "The hangings and upholstery are in copper-coloured velours, the walls painted pale-rose, with indirect lighting from a circular fitting in the ceiling;" and yet another, "The walls, ceiling and fire-place are painted oyster-white, with a centre panel of vermilion and gold paper. On either side, the panel is flanked by horizontal wood-strips in gold. The book-shelves, lacquered tobacco brown, are built round the angle of the wall and con-

nect the lines of the fire-place and the cabinets at the sides of the couch. The warm colours of the colour scheme are continued in the furniture; armchairs upholstered in vermilion and white chenille, with plain vermilion chenille outsides; couch covered with tobacco brown moire repp; deep brown carpet, coffee table of copper, with macassar ebony base and plate glass top, lamps with gold-lacquered shafts, and copper and ebony bases."

A rich and beautiful *ensemble*, and so are all modern creations. Oh, to have the money to work out such exquisite schemes!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Vol. VIII

No. 4

Illustrations:— "A handful of flowers"; Mrs. Rustomji Fardoonji; Rani Lakshmi Bai Rajwadi, Mrs. Homi N. R. Mehta; The late Dr. Motibai Kapadia; Lady Vidyabehan Ramanbai Neelkanth; A bird's-eye of Kodai-kanal; Miss T. D'Souza; Mrs. H. P. P. Rodrigues.

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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: VIII

JULY & AUGUST

No. 4

FESTIVAL NIGHT

WOMEN and men come hurrying from out
The lighted temple, and their thund'rous shout
Seems to assail the silence of the skies;
Street lamps are all lit and their gentle light
Plays on their faces and their joy-filled eyes.
Thy lamps are also lit high in the sky.
The young fair eyes are contemplative bright,
For they are surprised by the light they spy
In stranger eyes; some gently talk of Thee;
In the mere joy of life some laugh aloud;
And I am sitting on the wayside stone,
Beneath the stone-cut lamp-post all alone,
Yet with a joy in Thy infinity,
To seek if I could find Thee in the crowd.

—*Susi P. David*

THE CHARM OF KODAIKANAL

One of the finest hill-stations in India

NEARLY 7,000 feet above sea-level! How one's heart thrills to the height, as one climbs. The first feeling of coolness in the air, the first fresh scent of unburnt vegetation, the first glimpse of the hill-flowers and ferns, the first cry of the hill-birds, how they are anticipated by city-worn, plain-scorched holiday-seekers! The beautiful hill-station of Kodaikanal, which, as the hand-book about it by Col. Bowen tells us, is an off-shoot of the Western Ghats, well repays the visitor for his journey to it, and he thinks with gratitude of the pioneers who made this hot-weather resort accessible. The first survey work, we are told, was undertaken as early as 1821, and the first people to build there were American Missionaries; but the man who helped most to make Kodaikanal what it is now was Sir Vere Levinge, who retired from the Civil Service and settled in his favourite hill-station in 1867.

Rest, fresh air, coolness, change and congenial recreation, these are what the Kodaikanal hills can give in abundance. If you want beauty, look around you at the entrancing scenery, which makes you catch your breath with delight,—the wavy lines and ranges of hills spreading themselves in enchanting shades of blue and purple and grey. See their bare dimpled shoulders, their green and russet wooded *sholahs*, their undulating downs, the lacey mists now drawn across like filmy scarves, anon blown away by the breeze, revealing sometimes the lovely patch-work of sunny plains beneath, sometimes the shaded depths of mysterious valleys, sometimes the rugged grandeur of rising heights, intersected with white ribbons of roads, or studded with nestling buildings and gardens.

The observatory on *Nandingipuram* Hill is naturally a high point, and round it meander many roads and forest-walks. The *Presentation Convent* affords another

vantage point. The *Goschen* road goes through shady pinewoods, and gives glimpses of splendid scenery. The *Pumbari* road leads over lovely downs, dips into nestling valleys, crosses burbling streams and courses through pretty scrub-jungle. The *Circular drive* passes up a steep hill and gives one of the finest views in the world of plains below. One can see well-known hills all round. There is *Perumal* (*big mountain*) which is 7329 feet above sea-level; standing conspicuous with its sugar-loaf contour; from it, views can be had, not only of the nearer towns of *Periyakulam* and *Dindigul*, but also of the hills of far-away *Coimbatore*. *Vandaravu* hill is the highest point in the *Palni* range. The second highest point is *Vembadi* Peak, about 8221 feet high. *Pillar Rocks* are a favourite picnic resort, three of them standing like sentinels, while inside is a cave, from which passage can be had through a tunnel-like chimney. The beautiful golf-links attract many people, as do the *Gundar sholah*, the *Bear sholah*, *Pambar* falls, *Fairy* falls, the *Silver* cascade, *Fort Hamilton*, etc. There are some pretty stretches of water. *Berigam* reservoir is a romantic spot; from it water is supplied to *Periyakulam* in the plains. *Kodaikanal lake* is a lovely resort nestling like a blue gem in the very midst of the town, placid, calm and inviting.

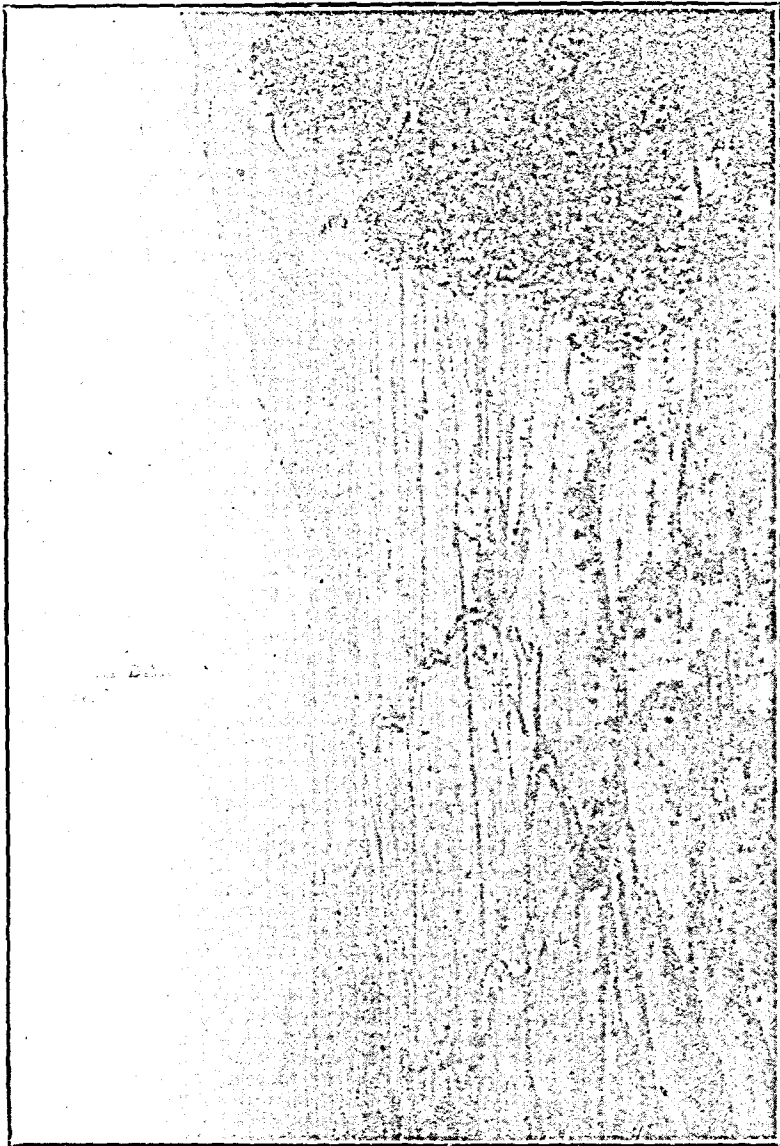
Everywhere is the green beauty of luxuriant vegetation, the tapering fir, the tall eucalyptus, the spiky pine, the feathery fern, all undulating, waving, sighing and sighing in the intermittent breezes. And the flowers, ah, the flowers! yellow and red and blue and white, how they tone in with the surroundings and how they make the heart sing for very love of the massed bloom, which, I think, comes nearest to the imagined beauty of Heaven. If you need quiet and rest, the vistas spread out



RANI LAKSHMIBAI RAJWADE,
Chairwoman, Standing Committee of the A. I. W. C.

(By courtesy of the Secy., A. I. W. C.)

(See page 115)



A BIRD'S EYE OF KODAIKANAL,
showing the Periyar river.

[PHOTO BY A. J. PANDYAN]

before you, the woods are full of recesses wooing you to their depths, the air is exhilarating like wine. And, if you have a car at your disposal, lucky indeed are you!

Do you wish for society? There is plenty to be had. There is the English club; and interesting and amusing are the different varieties of people to be met there!

Besides the club, there are other institutions, which supply as much, amusement. And what entertainments and concerts, what musical recitals and pantomime skits all these provide, over which they must have taken endless trouble, judging by the perfection of the results! All thanks indeed to these kindly amateurs!

The beautiful and placid lake is studded with boats, private and those belonging to the Boat Club, plying to and fro, while pleasant voices and charming trills of laughter float about. What a medley of colours are there, looking like huge flowers on the limpid blue water. Most of these belong to the *sarees* of Indian women, and it is pleasant to notice how independent and brave many of them have become, punting and rowing with very little experience, yet with much enjoyment. Many are the Indian women too, going for long walks and excursions on their very own. The roads are full of figures hurrying about, some on picnics bent, some away on long walks, some just visiting or shopping, but all gay with smiles and importance. It is very interesting to notice the extraordinary mixture of garments adopted by some of the visitors, who do not seem to have yet evolved a proper hill costume for themselves or their children.

One meets friends everywhere and thinks how small the world is. Beautiful to see are the crowds of children, slim, black-eyed Indian cherubs and bonny, pink-cheeked English *tots*. How well they look on the hills and how concerned are their mothers about them, not content to give them only a little time, but intent, in the midst of their own business, on taking them out for long walks and excursions. Very fine too are the dogs, dozens of species of which are about. Even *they* show the results of the change to the hills.

In the midst of all this gaiety, there is business also done. The Mayor of the town and his satellites are very busy, seeing successfully to the cleanliness and order of the place; the tax-gatherers run about, making visitors pay for their pleasures. There is the hospital, with not many patients, I hope, in this genial climate. There is the Baby Welfare centre, providing health and instruction to poor children and mothers. There are schools and educational institutions like the Sacred Heart College, the Presentation Convent and the High Clere School. There are workmen toiling at new roads and houses. Oh, be sure, plenty of people are busy with other things than the seeking of mere pleasure.

And withal, there are some drawbacks too. "The rain, it raineth every day," was the lament not so long ago; and even now many are the times when a pleasant game or excursion has been cut short by a relentless downpour. And the flies sometimes are a pest in the mornings. But too much sweetness cloy, as we know; and after all there is nothing like the hills for a much-needed change.

— A Visitor.

A NEW EXPERIMENT IN MADRAS

As one wanders in London through some of the dreariest and most squalid quarters, one is suddenly startled to come upon oases of peace, where trees give welcome shade, where flowers shine, and where children's voices ring out joyously. To enter into such a haunt is to leave one world for another. Outside is the roar of traffic, the blare of factories, the cries of children which somehow have a plaintive sound,—within is peace, though a busy ordered peace—for we have entered a Nursery School, where we are surrounded by enchanting tiny creatures of from 2—5 years old, dressed gaily in brightly-coloured school overalls.

In one part of the garden is the Nursery, a long building with one side that can be completely open to the air, but even so, the children are seldom inside except in wet weather. Out in the garden they are dotted about—here an earnest toddler making pies or castles in the sandpit, there an adventurous three-year old struggling up the jungle-gym; under a tree, a devoted four-year old mother, washing and dressing her family of dolls. Two children play *catch*, one little girl is looking with loving delight at the plant she has tended with such care, which now at last has flowered. A group of bigger children are learning "Here we sing looby oo" in a corner, with a teacher.

What is the object of the children's garden into which we have strayed, what purpose does it serve?

The incomparable value of children to a nation is now recognised, at least in theory, and these Nursery Schools—all too few in number—are an attempt to bring that value to perfection by the right conditions.

Maternity Hospitals and Infant Welfare Centres care with a fair degree of adequacy for the expectant mother and the baby; the Elementary Schools take charge of five-year olds; but until recent years there was a gap during those most important years, 2—5. That there is the means of filling it is due

to the genius of Margaret Macmillan, who created the first Nursery School, and to her sister Rachel, who carried on the work in memory of Margaret after the elder sister's death.

In the homes of the well-to-do, it is recognised that children, like plants, need tending. They have their own room, where they lead their own life, unstrained by the unconscious effort to keep up with adult interests. Here their unfolding powers find material by which to develop; here are laid the foundations of sound and healthy habits, in such a way that they become an inevitable part of life, so that the mind is freed from them in the liberty-giving manner of habits that have become automatic, thereby setting free the conscious mind for other work.

In the homes of the poor, no such special life for children is possible. They are exposed to all the anxieties of their elders; very likely they witness all the details of the intricacies of human life which a right reticence makes private in homes where there is more space. The children's only play-ground is the street, with its perils of traffic, its dust and noise.

Where such conditions prevail, Sir Earnest Newman's figures can scarcely surprise us. He states that 80%—90% of children are healthy at birth, but by 5 years, 30%—40% have acquired physical defects which could have been prevented or cured. These are the figures for England,—what of India, where so much less is done to combat disease?

In one area in England of those children entering an Elementary School, who had attended a Nursery School, only 5% were diseased or delicate, and in the Margaret Macmillan Nursery School, 80%—90% of the children entering at one time were rickety, but all were cured in one year. Such are the results of care during these years.

Of recent months, a group of people

representative of the Red-Cross the Women's Indian Association, the Y. W. C. A., schools and colleges, have been investigating the problem in Madras, and in quarters all over the city have found the need for the establishment of Nursery Schools.

A Committee has now been formed under the chairmanship of Mrs. Perfect (chairman, Red-Cross Society) and plans formed for the opening in August of what is hoped will be the first of a chain of Nursery Schools in Madras. This first one is to be in Vepery, in suitable accommodation kindly placed at the disposal of the Committee.

The scheme has the sympathy of the Red-Cross, who are giving a monthly grant; the Y. W. C. A. and other bodies are eager to give voluntary service—the services of a trained Kindergarten teacher and a Health Visitor have been secured, under the supervision of a lady with Nursery School experience,—but where are the rest of the funds to come from? Will the public of Madras, and your readers in particular, Indian ladies known to be concerned in the welfare of the children of our city,—make possible this experiment to save human wastage and help towards the raising up of a generation to come, healthy, self-controlled and intelligent?

Planned on the lines found to be effective in England, though adapted to Indian conditions, the Committee envisage a scheme as follows:—

On arrival, the 20 children, with whom the school is to start, will go off to the bathroom for their daily bath, in the ritual of which they learn useful habits and independence, for each has his own peg, which he can recognise by the picture above it, where hangs his towel, tooth-brush, comb, etc., and where he battles with the art of drying himself, cleaning his teeth, and the intricate work of buttoning his buttons! The Health Visitor exercises meanwhile a watchful unobtrusive supervision, on the look-out for the first signs that preventive medical care can note and act upon, thus saving future defect

and disease. After this, a light meal, then a joyous rush for the garden where such activities as those already described take place. Here also are stories to listen to, picture books to develop the imagination, and handicrafts to give scope for that educative joy of childhood, achievement.

Preparations for the midday meal give opportunity for the inculcation of more health habits and also the spirit of service, for each in turn learns to help lay the meal and wait on the others. After the meal comes the long sleep, of which Sir Earnest Newman says "The midday rest is invaluable in lessening nervous strain due to noisy homes, motor traffic and late bed-time. Growth is a serious business and requires all the tranquillities."

Then more educative play before they troop off home.

This is something of the ideal the Madras Committee envisages. To quote Sir Earnest Newman again, "The Nursery School is a happy place, where nobody is straining young children to conform to standards suitable only for older individuals. The Nursery School teacher knows that little children are by nature active, and that only so can they be healthy and strong, both morally and physically. The development of the sense of wonder, the desire to find out and do small tasks by himself, the opportunities for sense training and the joy of games, singing and dancing form ideal conditions for creative work; and the child is busy with the greatest of creative tasks—he is making himself."

"But," says someone, "this takes away all responsibility from the mother, a most undesirable thing to do." In England, the mothers are not cut off from the children, but have free access to the School, and through the wise friendship of the teacher learn the aims underlying all that is done and the importance of the right nurture for little children. It is one of the joys of a district, where there is a Nursery School, for the parents to slip in, when they have

a few free minutes, to watch the lovely happiness of the children. It is found that the standards of hygiene and cleanliness go up in the homes of children at Nursery Schools and the pride taken in the children and their care improve. There are always clubs and classes for mothers associated with such a school and this forms an important part of the work. The opportunities for the training of students and school-girls in mothercraft is also invaluable.

In Madras also, it is proposed to have Mothers' Clubs as an integral part of the scheme, and, as there are to be small fees, the school will in no sense lessen parental responsibility, but educate and deepen it.

This is the scheme for which we appeal in confidence to your readers. The

Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Boulton, East boro', San Thome, Madras, will be delighted to give further particulars. The Honorary Treasurer, W. M. Manson Esquire, Bonnington, Sterling Road, Nungumbakam, Madras, will be even more delighted to receive donations or, best of all, regular monthly subscriptions, however small (for which Bankers' order forms can be supplied, if required). This last will enable the Committee to count on a certain income.

If there is no response, the school cannot open. If there is a response, how gladly will the school welcome its friends at an "Open Day" perhaps in September, when this experiment in education and health and play can be seen in its inception!

—A. C. B.

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

East and West

I SAW an interesting article lately in a paper, in which a short survey was made of what appeared to the Indian to be the salient characteristics of the Westerner. It has occurred to me that an opposite estimation also would be rather instructive. What does the Westerner think of the Easterner; or, coming closer to the point, how does the Englishman rate the Indian? But here comes a difficulty. Which type of Indian ought we to choose from the several varieties now available?

Now, the Indian who is made the best friend of by the ordinary Englishman, who is allowed most freely into clubs, who is invited most often to intimate teas, bridge parties, picnics and dinners, whose advice is most often sought and quoted, is the Anglicised man, who, with or without going to England, has been

able to assimilate Western culture well into his bones as it were, but in an Anglicised manner, and who therefore obviously appreciates Western culture. Even such a one, however, is an Indian, however much he may cloak his ideas in Anglicised conventions. What does the Englishman think of such a one?

To begin with, I think, he will estimate him to be more sensitive than he ought to be. What is usually the natural brusqueness of the West, may yet appear to the East to be a gentle *push-away*, a mild affront, as it were. The Indian delves, with what seems an uncanny insight, into motives, and drags them into the light. To take an example, an Englishman may abruptly terminate an interview, with no other idea in his mind but that he has certain other business to attend to. But the Indian, who usually will rather let business wait than offend a friend, looks into the motive of the dismissal and thinks that

the Englishman does not set much store on friendship with himself, in spite of his momentary appreciation. The correctness or not of such a view depends of course on what the business is, but let that pass.

Again, an Englishman will sometimes find his Indian friend a little wanting in punctuality and in punctiliously keeping his appointments. Here again comes the question of the importance of the business for the Indian. To the Englishman, business is business of whatever degree it is and therefore time is valuable; to the Indian very often, "Time is only made for slaves."

If an Englishman goes to an Indian Club, he is rather taken aback by the bridge convention observed there; or rather by the absence of such. But he will find and feel a genuine welcome, an extraordinary courtesy, and a kindness, which ought to induce a very happy feeling in him. There is none of the stiffness, the reserve, which usually obtains at first at an English club. An Indian co-worker again is very pleasant to get on with: for, if he is interested, he is usually full of a kindly zeal and a happy enthusiasm, which increases the attraction to others of the work. He will put forth his best capabilities, because he admires the principle of the work and the qualities of his companions. His impulsive ardour, his poetic fervour, his kindly philosophy, will be charming. But, unless he is really interested, the earnestness may soon wane, and the Englishman, feeling the want of warmth, will feel as if his friend has let him down. The point is, to get good work from an Indian, he must be really captivated by the principles of it; and then indeed will he work as hard as, if not better sometimes than, any good Englishman. He cannot completely immerse himself in what is to him an unattractive business, as an Englishman can.

The Indian is delicate and slender in the estimation of his perspective; the Englishman is sturdy and persistent. The Indian's sincerity can be apparent chiefly when it is originally sincere; not in every case where the sincerity is induced by the expectation to be sincere. In other words, the needs of business here again step in. The Indian is more earnest where he deeply feels; whereas, an Englishman will be earnest in everything he is given to do, whether it truly appeals to him or not. The Indian is

also volatile and flexibly adaptable, while the Englishman is solidly steady and rather rigid. Both sides, therefore, can complement each other.

All this is very apparent when an Indian takes his holiday. In the first place, he seldom takes it, whereas the Englishman takes his in steady instalments; in the second place, he never gives himself up as completely to it as the Englishman does; and thereby he loses much of the advantages of the holiday, which chiefly ought to lie in complete recoupment and readjustment of used-up faculties. One can go on particularising in this manner; but details are not too necessary. The point to remember is that, though East is East and West is West, yet East *can* meet West, even in the matter of business, which indeed is a very good thing.

The All-India Women's Conference

We have just received from the Honorary Organising Secretary of the A. I. W. C., 9, Lower Rawdon St., Calcutta, the report of the last session of the All-India Women's Conference. From it, we can cull a short history of this valuable association for women. We are told that the idea of it originated from a speech of the Director of Public Instruction in Bengal, asking Indian women to speak up for themselves. An article on the speech was published in the *Stri Dharma* of Madras; and a circular letter to women was sent in 1926 by Mrs. Margaret Cousins, who, as Secretary to the Women's Indian Association of Madras, appealed to all women to hold conferences everywhere, in order that they might consolidate their views about education.

In response, twenty-two constituent conferences were held; and in accordance with a unanimous request, the first A. I. W. C., (All-India Women's Conference) meeting was held in 1927, under the Presidentship of H. H. The Maharani Gaekwar of Baroda. All the resolutions passed were concerned with the education of women, except one, which condemned child marriage.

In the second conference, held at Delhi in 1928, under the Presidentship of H. H. The Dowager Begum of Bhopal, a resolution was again passed asking for the restraining of early marriage; another requested the Government to allow women to be represented in the Central

Legislatures. An All-India fund for women's education was opened.

The third conference was held at Patna in 1929, with H.H. The Dowager Rani of Mandi as President. A separate section was created to work, on parallel lines with education, on social reform. Three sub-committees were formed to carry on the educational work by

- (1) drafting a special syllabus for schools,
- (2) the revising and writing of new text-books,
- (3) enquiring into and improving the training of teachers.

The fourth conference was held in Bombay in 1930, with Mrs. Sarojini Naidu as President. A great deal of good work was reported to have been done through the support of the A. I. W. C., such as the passing of the Sarda Act, agitation about the laws of Inheritance for women, the opening of new girls' schools and Industrial schools for children of the depressed classes, adult education, prison visiting, relief to women travellers, child-welfare and maternity work, as well as work regarding women's labour. There had been communication established with outside institutions, such as the Berlin International Congress of women for suffrage and equal citizenship. A report had been made about a suitable curriculum for girls.

In the fifth conference, at Lahore in 1930, with Dr. Mathulakshmi Reddi as President, much progress was again reported. There were now thirty-three constituencies, and more schools, hospitals and centres for adult education. "The women's day" had also been inaugurated on the 1st of March. Besides encouraging the work in the directions already indicated, something was being done in Baroda about new divorce laws for Hindus; and the question of untouchability was being agitated in Madras. It was pleasant to note that all this work was beginning to show results in a better appreciation by the public of the privileges due to women.

The sixth conference was held in 1932 in Madras, with Mrs. P. K. Ray as President. It was felt that, though party politics could not be dealt with, something must be done to show the necessary interest of women in politics in its best sense. A meeting was held at Bombay with Mrs. S. Naidu as President, in which a

Memorandum was put forward, by the A. I. W. C., the Women's Indian Association, and the National Council of Women in India, which was to be submitted to the Franchise sub-committee of the Round Table Conference. The privilege of women to be on equal terms with men was reiterated. A deputation of women waited on the Viceroy, requesting that women should be represented in the Round Table Conference. Besides this, the social reform section, as well as the education side, were kept very busy.

In the seventh conference, held in 1933 at Lucknow, under the Presidentship of Lady Ramanbai Neelkanth, the share taken by women in constitutional questions was kept in the fore ground, as a result of which protests were made against the communal award. The social section represented that some important work had been done, especially in the cause of home industries, as well as in the successful contesting with men for seats in Municipal Corporations and University Senates. In 1932, the Lady Irwin College for women had been opened at Delhi, speaking much for the real practical ideals, which underlay the zeal and enthusiasm of Indian women for the reform of their country.

The eighth conference was held at Calcutta, in 1934, with Lady Abdul Qadir as President. Since the representation for women's share in politics had failed, as seen by the publication of the White Paper, a new Memorandum was prepared and submitted to the Joint Parliamentary Committee of the British Parliament. As a result of that, three elected members from the A. I. W. C., the National Council of Women, and the Women's Indian Association, were invited to give evidence in London. In their representation, these delegates stood firmly for the equal status of women with men, and against communal and special representation. Contact was also established with women's organisations of foreign countries.

In the ninth conference, held at Karachi early this year, under the Presidentship of Mrs. Rustomji Faridoonji, much progress was reported. Reiteration of the demands of women for equal franchise and status had been made before the Select Committees and the Government of India: and disappointment had been registered with regard to the provisions of the Joint Parliamentary Committee's report



Mrs. RUSTOMJI FARIDDOONJI,
President, A. I. W. C. 1934-35.

(By courtesy of the Secy., A. I. W. C.)



DR. MAUDE ROYDEN MRS. HOMI MEHTA,
Chairwoman,
Reception Committee
of the A. I. W. C. MRS. CORBETT
ASHBY

(By courtesy of the Secy., A. I. W. C.)

in connection with this all-important question.

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur had been appointed liaison officer to establish contact with foreign countries, and co-operate with Mrs. Lankester from the other side. Some problems of women's labour had been tackled, such as maternity and child welfare, labour in mines, labour in factories. Funds had been collected to help in the relief of Bihar. The All-India Women's day on the 24th November 1934 had been a great success. A manifesto had been issued with regard to elections for the Assembly. Funds had been raised by several constituencies to send pupils to the Lady Irwin College; Mysore was working out a plan for village education, and a five-year scheme for the removal of 50 per cent of illiteracy was being considered. Adult education classes and schools, with special teachers and hostels, had been started in various places. Compulsory primary education, co-education at certain stages and mass education, were being worked for. Rescue homes and the prevention of immoral traffic in women and children, were being advocated in Mysore, Calcutta, Punjab and other places. Rural uplift was being carried on, a result of which was the All-India Village Industries Association. Efforts were being made to popularise the Sarda Act. Other items of interest were: disapproval of polygamy, instruction in birth-control, temperance work, slum work, relief of lepers, censorship of films and film posters, restriction of the sale of opium, the training of nurses and Dais and help to beggars.

Many resolutions were passed at the conference, regarding the problems mentioned. It was thought advisable to form a debating society in each constituency, as a training ground. The co-operation of parents and guardians with teachers was specially asked for. And an appeal was made that, all over India, individual, sectarian and class differences should be sunk for "the common-good and moral regeneration of our beloved land."

As the President said in her address:

"Belonging as I do to the past generation, the awakening of Indian women and the progress of the movement have far exceeded expectations. As one of the earliest living workers, I feel proud that the dormant spirit of ages should have been deeply stirred, that we should be utilising powers, which have been hibernating for centuries, that we should have made our sisters think that it was their birth-right to serve the country, and take an equal share with their husbands, fathers and brothers in efforts to improve general conditions. This is an achievement we might well be proud of. We have made women take keen interest in life; we have made them realise that they are not vegetable matter, or animal life, but that, as human beings they are part and parcel of that higher life which has something to contribute to the welfare of humanity.

I beg of every woman here to take a vow that she will devote some little time every day, or even once a week, to the service of the country. Steady, regular work is our greatest need. We can only advance in the proportion that we serve. Without service there will be no advance in social conditions. If every educated woman will give even a little service, we shall have some work done at the end of the year—I mean service in the larger and wider term.

The time has come for us to take our God-granted position in society and, as citizens of this great land, share equally with men in welfare work. We must enter the Legislatures and help to make laws for bringing a greater humanitarian ideal into the world. We women have an advantage over men; we have started with an all-India consciousness. Do not allow ourselves to get into grooves or provincialism, but always have a wider out-look."

We wish all success to the A. I. W. C., in every part of its arduous and noble work.

Lady Vidyabehan Ramanbai Neelkanth

"Lady Vidyabehan has justified in person the demand of women to equality with men, as she educated herself even after marriage and was the first lady graduate of the University from Gujarat. Her social work is not an eye-wash, as she is connected with almost all the social service of her province."

These words spoken by Dr. Reddi at the All-India Women's Conference, held at Lucknow, in the year 1933, give an appropriate and real idea of the social work undertaken by Lady Vidyabehan, at the sacrifice of health and wealth.

Lady Vidyabehan, after the death of Sir Ramanbhai, her husband, lives the life of a widow, following the footsteps of her husband, doing work of public service.

She is the Vice-President of the Ahmedabad Municipality, the President of the Ahmedabad Municipal School Board Committee, the Honorary Secretary to the Gujarat Vernacular Society, the Honorary Secretary to The Anath Ashram, The Treasurer and Secretary to the Gujarat Ladies' Club, and she is connected with the various other institutions as member, treasurer, secretary and president. Her solution of complex problems discussed at the meetings of the above-mentioned institutions are sometimes so accurate, so wisely thought

of and meditated over, that many times persons opposing a proposal favour the same, after some words from her.

The question of untouchability is one of world-wide interest today; but even before the movement was started, in the family of Lady Vidyabehan, the word and action of untouchability was quite out of practice. She not only teaches Harijan boys without any difference of caste, but they are also treated and looked after as the members of her own family.

In simplicity, Lady Vidyabehan is great. She puts on white khaddar. She does not wear jewels. She does not even wear a wrist-watch, nor does she write out her list of engagements on blocks, according to the fashion of the day; but she keeps everything in her memory and is very punctual at all functions.

Lady Vidyabehan is full of so many merits that they can make a full volume. I am not exaggerating if I say that she is an ideal to be followed by Indian women.

We are now celebrating her Diamond Jubilee. May God bless her with long life! May He give her inspiration to do more work for the public benefit.

—Devadatta I. Tripathi.

The Late Dr. Motibai Kapadia, F.R.C.S.

THE reader has to carry herself to a period nearly two generations back, when people were not so advanced as now. In the year 1887, a philanthropic gentleman of Ahmedabad, Rao Bahadur Ranchodlal Chotalal, conceived the idea of establishing a Women's Hospital in Ahmedabad. The appalling mortality of women in childbed and the heavy death-rate among

children, due to neglect at the most critical time of the life of their mothers, moved this gentleman to do all he could to improve the state of affairs. He built a hospital and called it the Victoria Jubilee Hospital. He endowed it very handsomely and appointed a lady doctor in charge. In those days, lady doctors were not easily available. Dr. Motibai R. Kapadia of Bombay was selected



LADY VIDYABEHAN RAMANBAI NEELKANTH,
whose *Diamond Jubilee* was celebrated in
July 1935.



MISS TERESA d'SOUZA, M.A.,
winner of the Mrs. S. M. Syed Muhamed
Cup in the First Mangalore Ladies'
Club Badminton tournament, which
ended on 29th May, '35.



The late DR. MOTIBAI KAPADIA,
F. R. C. S.

See page 118.



MRS. H. P. P. RODRIGUES, B.A., L.T.,
winner of the Mrs. P. Siddamma Cup,
in the First Mangalore Ladies' Club
Tenniquoit tournament, which ended
on 29th May, '35.

for the post in 1889. Thus began the career of this timid young lady in a strange city. As time went on, Miss Kapadia proved herself of very useful help to the suffering women of Ahmedabad. She put her soul into the work, and the hospital became a very popular one in and about the city. It was very uphill work then to persuade women to take advantage of medical help and still more difficult to persuade them to go into a hospital. Women naturally objected to men doctors. There were indigenous *Dais* ready to be engaged by all families rich and poor, educated and uneducated. The *dais* were cheap, they made no fuss about cleanliness or diet and so were very much in vogue. To free women from the dangerous grip of these ignorant people was a task baffling in the extreme. But Doctor Motibai Kapadia with her great tact and kind disposition won the hearts of all who came in contact with her; and today there are hundreds of families in Ahmedabad, where her name is a household word and is remembered with unbounded gratitude. Hindus, Mahomedans and Parsis equally loved her and when death removed her from active life in 1930 their grief was remarkable. Dr. Kapadia worked for 40 years with zeal and conscientiousness.

Single-handed she bore the burden of a great hospital and from morning to evening knew no rest. Ever smiling, ever hopeful, her presence at the most difficult and abnormal case brought a message of hope to the patient and her relatives. Though she possessed rich patients, her chief care was for the very poor and she did not spare herself any exertion for their sake. The hospital, to which she was attached, is still known in Ahmedabad and Gujarat as Dr. Motibai's hospital. Such work brought to her many ideas of uplift for women-folk. She started associations for their welfare and education. Many institutions in Ahmedabad received help at her hands. Making Ahmedabad her home, she built at her own expense a beautiful Hall for the use of women. Though a Parsi by birth and religion, she had innumerable friends and admirers among Hindus. She came to Ahmedabad at a time when her personality proved to be a really useful one and her presence a great boon. The city of Ahmedabad will never forget such a great friend to humanity. Several memorials were raised in her name. May her soul rest in peace!

—Lady R. Nilkanth

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND DRINK

WE are all aware of the fact that our non-Christian friends in India often think that the Christian religion and drink go together. We must sadly admit that there has been some reason for them to think so.

In this article, I wish to say that our Holy Bible does not sanction drink. On the other hand, it forbids it and shows the evil effects of indulgence in it. It must be remembered that "wine" is used in the Bible for ten different kinds of wine, all products from the fresh juice of grapes. If the

translators had been careful and differentiated between fermented and unfermented wines, there would have been no doubt in the mind of any one, as to where the Bible stands in this respect.

The first time we read of wine in the Bible is in connection with Noah, the result of which was sin, shame and curses. If we took up every instance after this, we shall find that, wherever the use of intoxicating drink is mentioned, sin and disaster follow in its wake.

Solomon, the wise king, says: "Wine

is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" and "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not then upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Then, comes his advice to his son—"It is not for kings, O son, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink. Lest they drink and forget the law and pervert judgment of any of the afflicted."

We know that the first effect that wine has on the body is to touch the brain, the most delicate part of our anatomy. It often makes those, who use it, say and do things of which they are ashamed later. It makes them lose control of themselves for the time being. That is the reason why Solomon advises his son to keep away from it. We all pity the insane and not one of us wishes to have that calamity to come to us and yet some people like to take and defend the thing which robs us of our fine sense of judgment and act and talk unseemingly.

In the new Testament, I shall take up the three instances, which are often quoted by those who like more or less to indulge in the use of wine:—(1) Our Lord's first miracle was turning water into wine at a wedding feast at Cana. The wine which our Lord made was delicious and the people drank freely. The whole crowd should have been mad with intoxication, had it been fermented wine, but the words which end this narrative prove that it was not so. They are, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee and manifested forth His glory: and His disciples believed on Him." Is it conceivable that Christ's glory can be manifested by getting a crowd drunk? It was unfermented wine,

pure juice of grapes which the Lord made.

(2) At the last supper, the Lord instituted the Holy communion and asked His disciples to observe it often to commemorate His death. He used unleavened bread and unfermented wine as symbols of His broken body and shed blood. It is a pity that in some churches leavened bread and fermented wine are used, but we are glad this practice is gradually disappearing, yielding place to unleavened bread and unfermented wine, for such were the elements used by the master. The proof is that the occasion was the feast of the Passover when for a whole week no leaven or fermented substance of any kind was found anywhere, not even near dwellings.

(3) Paul's advice to Timothy "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thy infirmities." That was for medicinal use and not for regular use. We are glad that doctors are making less and less use of it.

Then Paul gives a list of those, who will not enter heaven and drunkards are included in it.

There is much more that might be quoted from the Bible but this is enough to prove that the Christian religion does not sanction the use of intoxicants. On the other hand, it teaches us that our bodies are the temples of the living God. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.'

Those of us, who are Christians, should beware that we do not belie His teachings through our lives. It is our privilege to prove to the world that our bodies are consecrated for the Lord to dwell in us and to be used and spent in His service, making our homes, our country and the world brighter and better.

—Satyavati S. Chitanibar.

DELIVERANCE OR SUICIDE?

(A STORY)

THE one and the only luxury, in which my hero could safely indulge, since the days of his boyhood, was a long airy walk in the hour of eventide. His home stood on a river bank and in the evenings he would walk on with the river, until she met and joined the sea. It was nearly a two miles' walk and he enjoyed it thoroughly. To his poetic fancy, the river was himself and the sea his mother, and in the place of their confluence, he would squat down for a length of time, styling himself "At his mother's feet."

He was an artist by nature and by profession, and all nature was to him his kin. The murmuring of the river and the roaring of the sea waves were to him the conversation between himself and his mother. He could clearly distinguish the very words of the message and, engrossed in it, he would sit on for hours, forgetful of himself and his surroundings. It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the goddess of fortune rarely smiles on those that take up art. Perhaps, she is jealous, or it may be she feels that what they have is enough wealth and that what she can contribute is very little. Anyway, my hero was no exception to the rule. Living on one meal a day was to him an almost usual occurrence. But his was not a nature to feel misery over such things. All misery to him vanished in his art and in his mother.

On a fine day, his fancy took him on a different route in one of his evening walks. Walking on in an aimless languid way, he espied at a distance a group of ragged urchins playing a country game in the open. But the sight that chiefly arrested his attention was that of a boy sitting on one side of the roadway away from the boys. His face was turned to the group of players and he seemed to be absorbed in the play. "Who is this young philosopher," thought

my hero to himself, "who can find more pleasure in being a spectator than an actor! Perhaps, like me, he too lacks the heart to join others." Thus musing, he neared the boy and clapped his hands to arrest his attention. The child turned not, his senses being wholly focussed on the play perhaps. The artist touched the boy's head with his hands. Startled, the boy wheeled round and the sight that met his eyes made the artist's heart stand still. In a sweet angelic face were a pair of sightless eyes upturned to him. Stooping low, the artist asked the boy his name and parentage. The boy answered not. Can he be dumb too, he wondered. He repeated his question in a louder tone and this time it had its effect. The boy heard, gave his name and added that he was an orphan child living on charity. "Deaf and blind too! oh God, why hast thou denied to this poor child two of thy most precious gifts!"—the cry went out from the heart of the artist. Searching in his pockets, he drew out a few copper coins—his whole wealth—divided it into two halves with a sad smile and handed over one share to the child. For the first time in his life, he felt miserable over his poverty-stricken condition, as it debarred him from giving the child something more than the pittance he could afford. He went on his way with a heavy heart to his mother, there to pour out to her, perhaps, all the sad woe that had met his eye.

Thenceforth, it became a daily habit with him to pay a visit to his boy friend in the evening. The boy too eagerly longed for this event in his routine. Used as he was to the scoffs and rebuffs that he met with in his begging life, this kindness and sympathy, this stretching forth of the hand of equality from one so superior to him in his conception, was a unique revelation. The artist was to him a tender parent, a

beloved friend and a god to worship. Deaf though he was to the noise of the rest of the world, it was strange that he could make out the steps of his patron. Turning his sightless face to the place from whence they came, he would be waiting eagerly, with every sign of emotion plainly visible in his countenance. It was a sight which often gave the artist a thrill of pleasure coupled with something of pain. Sometimes, he would take the boy away with him to the sea-shore and sit and chat with him for hours. Often had the thought crossed him that he would like the boy to be with him always. Two things stood in the way of his taking the boy to his home. First, he was too poor to afford him proper maintenance. Secondly, he was not one, who could stay on at a place for many days together. The spirit of the wanderer entered into him at times and taking up his easel and canvas he would drift on and on, until he came to some spot where nature revealed herself to him in all her fulness of charm. There he would stop entranced as it were and in moments of such inspiration take down in picturesque detail the scenery that met his eye. His love for his art and its products were like a mother's love for her offspring and it was always with a heavy heart that, when the pinch of poverty and hunger got too much for him, he would decide to hand over a picture to the dealer. And with the pittance he would get as remuneration, he would live on for some days. Such being the simple life he led, how could he take the poor blind boy under his patronage and care?

Once the idea came to him that he would like the boy as a model for one of his pictures. He acted on it. Taking the child to his studio, he made him sit on a low stool with hands clasped and with his sightless innocent face a bit uplifted to heaven, as if in mute prayer to the Lord of all creation. The picture thus drawn was life-like in every detail. The beauty and pathos of the face were such as would draw out emotion from all who could boast of having

a heart. The artist himself was unbounded in his admiration over the fruit of his labours. "If a pair of wings too could be added, this would have been an angel from heaven," he muttered to himself. His dire poverty restricted him from keeping the picture to himself, much as he longed to do so. Tucking the precious thing under his arm, he walked on. This picture — his master-piece — would surely bring him a nice round sum, he thought, and half of the same belonged to the boy with whose help it had been produced. He would buy him some new clothes, the artist continued in his thoughts, and ask him to discard his beggarly clothing. Dreaming on thus, he entered the dealer's. He unfolded his treasure, with something of awe and reverence and handed it to the rough, uncouth, barbarous-looking man before him, who took it in a most condescending manner, as if it was something beneath his notice. The rough indelicate way with which the dealer handled the picture was to the finely-nurtured delicate sentiment of the sensitive man before him something akin to desecration. What then was it, when the dealer in his gruff voice blurted out—"pooh, man, cannot you find a better model for your picture? A blind beggar boy! Who can find any charm in him? If I can sell the picture, I shall give you something."

Enter into the heart of my hero if you can, for his feelings at this juncture go beyond explanation. The fact that hurt him most was the brutal way in which his picture was spoken of. His feelings on this point were such as a fond mother would have felt when she saw her precious darling roughly handled by a stranger. All the delicate machinery with which he had woven his castle in the air on his way, was crushed beneath the heels of the dealer's heartless words! And the broken pieces seem to pierce deep into his heart and leave it bleeding and lacerated! Blind with his over-mastering emotions, he walked on all unconscious, his steps mechanically taking him to his boy-friend. From

a little distance he could see the boy lying flat on the road-side instead of sitting up, as was his wont. This unusual occurrence rather startled the man from his reverie and made him hurry his steps. In the anxiety he felt for the child, he forgot his own sense of sorrow. The scene that met his eye was such as added fuel to the already burning fire of his heart. His boy lay almost in a faint, his legs bruised and bloody. The artist seated himself beside him and took his head into his lap. The boy, roused at the touch of a familiar hand, attempted a feeble smile through his tears, like a peeping gleam of sunshine beneath a clouded sky. The artist asked him how he had come into this sad condition; and he was told that, while crossing the road a few hours back, a cycle had come up from behind and run over him before he was aware of it. The man had tossed a rupee to him and, seemingly satisfied with his generosity, had continued on his way. It was not tears but hot blood that trickled from the eyes of the hearer, while the boy

narrated this incident, interrupted by moaning. For a time the artist sat silent, and then he seemed to be listening to someone invisible. A smile of joy illumined his countenance. Perhaps in his vision he saw in his mother's lap the abode of peace and deathlessness.

All on a sudden he took the moaning boy tenderly in his arms and walked on to his favourite place by the seaside. Standing there with his precious burden, he cried out:—

"Mother! I have come in response to your call. You who have always taken me to realms ethereal, whenever I've come to you, take me now into it for ever. May my breath commingle with the air of your breath and may I, thy child, be clasped to your bosom, oh eternal mother of mine!"

And then a splash where the river joined the sea!

M. P. Seetavathi Amma.

OUR SERIAL STORY

King Systos the Mighty

By HERBERT PORTER

CHAPTER VII

DIDUS AND CESKA OF ARIA

IN a land called Aria, in a pleasant city, far famed for its wealth of natural scenery, its delightful foliage and happy situation, lived a great and learned scholar named Didus. Much was the accomplished man appraised by all, and his fame had spread through many lands. For philosophy and mathematics, none could compare with him. He had named and classified almost all the growing sciences which were known to men, and upon literature he was no mean authority.

Over and above these exceptional gifts, he had a glorious faculty for imparting knowledge;

and incidentally I might add that he was the owner of a heart, which was of course a very romantic and abnormally physiological thing for any man to possess. It meant, however, in the case of Didus, that Nature had made a very great genius, by adding to an extraordinarily acute intellect, a deeply human heart.

Now Didus had a daughter, whose name was Ceska, and these twain lived happily together, for Ceska had inherited her father's love of learning, and Didus had bestowed on her not only his own portion of filial affection, but that also due from the mother who, beautiful in her weakness, had died shortly after Ceska was born.

In a delightful garden of southern romance,

stood the artistic little edifice wherein these two lived. Flowers and foliage were in abundance everywhere, and palms and pleasant plants and shrubs grew in happy profusion, and this veritable Eden stretched down to a glittering and dancing sea, upon whose lovely shores and waters Ceska had spent so many glorious and perfect days of her childhood. There, sweet dreams of loveliness, and the first faint unfathomable glimmers of the haunting lights of beauty and truth had entered her serene soul. Upon nature and books, her happy child-mind had been fed, and later, to all the universal problems which presented themselves to the dawning greatness of an artistic mind, the genius of Didus had had an ever-ready and lofty answer.

Thus had she grown and been nurtured, in the innocent atmosphere of a well-nigh perfect home, and she now stood upon the threshold of glorious womanhood.

For years no exciting events had happened in the life and routine of these two happy beings. No disturbing element had crept in to cause them anxiety, or to bring about any great fluctuation in feeling on the part of either. Life, to them, had been a serene and placid river of days, that flowed steadily on into the calm sea of years.

One day, however, a messenger called upon Didus, saying that he had been sent thither by Alestes, the good Queen of the Menelos, to command Didus to attend at the Royal Palace, in order to discuss with her the offer of the post of private tutor to Mercedes, the young Prince. When Ceska received the news she was greatly overjoyed, thinking of the great honour conferred upon her father by this royal command.

Didus, however, was troubled in mind for, though he possessed great learning, he was not versed in the manners and customs of court life. To a man such as he, of quiet and meditative habits, to be suddenly cast into the midst of the many pomps and vanities of a court like that of Systos, was indeed no strong incentive to joy, even though it conferred upon him much dignity and honour.

After seriously discussing the matter with Ceska, he decided to sail at once in the *trireme* in which the Queen's messenger had sailed thither. Therefore, after the equipage necessa-

ry to such a dignified journey had been packed together, the three hastened through the sweet-scented garden on to the shining shore, where stood the small boat, wherein the messenger had rowed ashore from the trireme. Into this small boat he and Didus stepped, and soon they reached the larger boat which was then quickly rowed away over the silver sea, to the land of the Menelos.

For a long time Ceska stood waving her tiny hand to her father, and, when he could no longer be seen, she still stood gazing after the vanishing ship, and, in the bright sunshine of that cloudless day, she wondered if ever she would meet the high and wonderful Prince, for whom her father would probably be a tutor for some years.

CHAPTER VIII

A STORM AND AN INTERVIEW

For many hours the trireme which bore Didus rode merrily over the calm, blue waters of the southern sea, that stretches from shore to shore between Aria and the land of the Menelos. Long stood the scholar Didus, gazing calmly upon the peaceful majesty of the apparently infinite sea, which looked in the glittering sunshine totally incapable of wrath and treachery. Thus does Nature oft-times deceive us, for, during our happy ecstasies in praise of her incomparable radiance and beauty when she is lovely and kind, we forget her awesome and tyrannical power, when she is angry and cruel.

After some hours, he caught sight of a tiny speck of black cloud away on the far line where the sky and sea seemed to meet. With startling suddenness, a storm swept across the sky, and, breaking in the fullness of its fury, hurled itself mercilessly at the frail and solitary ship which sailed that southern sea. In the midst of the tempest, the rowers were hurled bodily from their seats by the overpowering elements, and most of the oars were swept away or broken by the rude and furious sea. Then was the little ship almost entirely at the mercy of the raging billows, that cast it hither and thither like a cork upon their heaving and sinking waters. For hours it was tossed thus, until suddenly, and without warning, the sound of cracking timbers startled the ears of the little crew, and the boat split in two pieces. Most of the wreckage did not

survive even the next billow, but was immediately engulfed.

All the men, save Didus, sank in the angry sea. It seemed that he, being such an illustrious genius, was specially preserved by the Fates from drowning, for suddenly he was lifted bodily by a huge wave and cast upon the sole piece of wreckage which seemed to remain afloat. Unto this tossing piece of flotsam, the philosopher clung during the dark, awful hours of the night, and, as daylight dawned, the storm began to lose its fury, and the big blazing sun leapt up again, like a giant in his strength, shooting bright beams of light across the sea. Gradually the waters subsided, and, by noon, Didus again found himself upon a comparatively calm sea, wondering what would next befall him in his perilous plight.

As he sat there, meditating, there came floating hazily through his mind, the lines of a song which he had known from youth:

From shore to shore it stretches,
Mighty ocean,
Imperious, majestic,
Wreckful ocean:

Storm and tempest whirl and lash it,
Death and fury hurl and dash it
At man's torrent-battered bark;
And each billow, black and roaring,
Like a cataract down-pouring,
Falls, with thunder, thro' the dark.

From shore to shore it stretches,

Magic ocean,
Blue, beautiful, transcendent,
Tranquil ocean;

Light and pleasure linger on it,
Calm their fingers lie upon it

When the storm hath passed away;
And the sunset and the morning,
Lend it glory past adorning,

On proud summer's breathless day.

Evening was again falling, and Didus was beginning to despair, as he contemplated another night on the cold sea without any protection from the bitter winds; but a strong hope sprang up within him as he espied in the distance a tiny black speck which seemed to be sailing towards him. Onward it came, nearer and nearer, until he was able to distinguish another trireme, similar to the one in which he had been wrecked. Frantically did

Didus wave his arms, and his shouts were carried to the ears of the rowers, who, turning themselves about, soon discovered that he was in need of help. By slow and careful movements, the trireme was rowed alongside the wreckage, and Didus, fastening about his body the rope which had been cast to him, was quickly hauled into safety.

He then told them how the storm had broken up the ship on which he had been sailing for the land of the Menelos, and how his brave companions had all been drowned. When he had finished his story he fell asleep, being thoroughly exhausted, and was soon dreaming about tossing ships and dreadful storms and raging seas. When Didus awoke, he discovered that he had been carried into the most comfortable place of rest which the trireme afforded. He looked about him, and saw a pair of kind eyes watching him, and, as his senses fully returned, he discerned the sympathetic face and perfect figure of a lady of most distinguished appearance and refinement.

Didus was perplexed, and began to wonder who this prepossessing person could be. His wonderment was soon terminated, however, for the lady, on perceiving that he had fully awakened from his heavy slumber, walked over to the couch upon which he reclined, and in a kindly voice asked:

"Art thou the worse for the dangerous experience of being wrecked, O philosopher?"

"Nay, madam, I am none the worse for that, but I should be the better for knowing to whom I am debtor for the saving of my life," replied Didus.

"Thou art not debtor to thy benefactress, for I am she that caused thee to come so near to death. Therefore, when I saw the storm raging and guessed that thou wouldst accompany my messenger, I did order this ship to be in readiness, and, as the storm began slightly to abate, I did brave the elements to save thee and them that were with thee in distress. Thee I have found, but they, alas! are no more."

When Didus heard these words, and perceived that this was none other than the Queen, he was amazed, for he had anticipated that their meeting would be full of stiff conventionality. But, attended neither by con-

descension on the part of the Queen, nor adulation on the part of the philosopher, he had found Alestes to be both a brave Queen and a delightful lady.

By this time, the galley had almost reached its destination, and was being rowed swiftly up one of the southern canals to the City of Art. For a while neither the Queen nor Didus spoke.

Then, as the ship came to a standstill at a landing-place which lay nearest to the royal palace, her Majesty, assisted by a court official, and followed by Didus, stepped on to land. Slowly they wended their way towards the palace, speaking chiefly upon the many fascinations of the city. Gradually, however, the conversation turned upon deeper subjects, and, ere they had reached the palace, Didus had waxed into eloquent raptures upon all the more important sciences and philosophies then known to the world. With enthralled interest, the Queen listened to this wonderful man, and, cultured and learned as she was, could not disguise her admiration for the calm oratory and delightful learning displayed by one whose acquaintance she had made in such peculiar circumstances.

She admired him, not for his learning alone, or for the dogged disposition and stern renunciation of the pleasures and attractions of the world, but also for the fineness of his nature and feelings, which, through years of patient labour and training, had been brought to the acme of excellence.

When they reached the palace, Didus lapsed into an awed silence, for he was greatly affected by the magnificence of that marvellous piece of architecture. His reserve quickly passed away, however, as he followed her Majesty into a small private dining-room, where a meal was laid in readiness. As they sat to partake of the food, they simultaneously began to discuss that very important question—the higher education of the young Prince Meredes.

"Hath the Prince any delight in learning?" asked Didus.

"He hath a great leaning to serious thought," replied the Queen, but it remains for thy genius to awake in him the true love of learning."

"That may be an impossible task," said

Didus, somewhat bluntly; "for the true love of learning is an instinct of the soul, your Majesty, which, not being presented by Nature, cannot be supplied by any external influence."

"Aye, but I am sure the Prince will come to love learning like a philosopher," said the Queen; "and, of late, I have observed that he is becoming more deeply engrossed in lonely meditations and studies."

"Excellent!" remarked Didus. "He learns well, who thinks to apply himself well; and studies of Nature, Humanity and Philosophy develop a keen intellect."

"A strong intellect is the glory of a man, but the curse of a woman, and especially so, if the woman's is superior," the Queen remarked somewhat dryly, thinking of her husband.

"Aye, 'tis often so," said Didus, "for thought is made the slave of circumstance, and mankind, the slave of both. Long custom grows trite and spiritless, and mental grooves destroy the mind's fresh springs. Yet, speaking generally, Nature gives to man the stronger and deeper intelligence, and to woman the greater capacity for the finer things of life; and therefore, when a man and woman are joined in happy matrimony, if they strive together, they perfect each other, and thus is mortal life brought to its truest heights."

"Thou speakest with the insight of a woman and the thought of a man," smilingly observed the Queen. "Such a tutor as thou art would indeed put knowledge into the dullest wits. But I can vouch to thee that the Prince will prove himself a worthy subject for thy attention. Wilt thou, O Didus, undertake the tutorship of Meredes? Thou shalt be well remunerated for thy services, if thou wilt, and, if a Queen's gratefulness be aught to thee, thou shalt have that too."

"Your Majesty, I will undertake to train the young Prince Meredes as far as lies in my power. My labour will I give freely, and I desire no recompense but the intellectual advancement of the Prince. I have, however, one stipulation to make, which is, that your Majesty graciously allows the Prince to study and receive instruction at my home in Aria.

My daughter, Ceska, and myself have lived together for many years in a world of quiet study and advancement, and, therefore, your Majesty will easily conceive that I do not now desire to leave the happy haunts, which I have loved for so many years. The Prince would be perfectly happy, were he to join the life that we live, which is so excellently conducive to learning. No counter-attractions creep into it, and our modes are 'simplicity' itself. I might also humbly suggest that your Majesty could, at any time you desire, honour us with your presence, and so be with the Prince whenever you feel so disposed."

A look of keen disappointment appeared on the Queen's face, as she received the philosopher's views on this point. She had hoped to keep Meredes at home under her own wing, for he and Aphiadès seemed to be the only two in the world to whom she could safely open her mind. She felt, however, that the philosopher's view was the fair one, and, therefore, she refrained from making any remarks upon his request, but simply acquiesced in his proposition. It was, at length, decided that Meredes and Didus should sail together the following day for Aria, at which place the Prince would take up his new abode, and study and receive instruction, according as the wise Didus should deem proper.

At this moment, the Prince strolled lei-

surely into the room, and, after the philosopher had been introduced to him, Meredes was informed of the plans which had just been completed for his future welfare. He chatted with Didus with affable ease and evident pleasure, for the thought of a new life away from the Court appealed to him greatly.

Moreover, he was at once attracted by the pleasant personality and eloquence of the man, with whom Fate had decreed that he should spend some years of perfect happiness.

At the suggestion of the Queen, the Prince and Didus spent the remainder of the day together, viewing the City of Art and the interiors of various places and temples, which greatly delighted the philosopher, for the whole city was teeming with interest for his advanced mind. That day was one of the most memorable in his life, and at night when he retired, he lay awake for many hours thinking upon the glory of that magnificent city and evolving his schemes for the tuition of the Prince.

Meredes also lay awake for a long time, wondering what the coming years would bring him, and also whether Ceska would prove to be as lovely as Didus had pictured her, for he had told him many times during that day of her exquisite beauty and profound wit.

(To be continued.)

Remembrance is the sweetest flower of all this
world perfuming,
For love doth guard it, sun or shower,
And friendship keeps it blooming.

Be thankful. The earth is full of the loving
kindness of the Lord.

Let nothing disturb Thee, nothing affright Thee:
All things are passing; God never changeth.

From *The Treasure Chest*.

HINTS TO THE YOUNG MOTHER

OBEDIENCE

IN old days, we liked either to get unquestioning obedience from our children, or let them run riot. Now, most educated parents try instead to make them "responsible, happy, self-confident adults, capable of retaining their integrity in the face of temptations and difficulties and meeting successfully their obligations to their neighbours and to society."

This is what the *Parents' Magazine* says, and surely we can agree with it. A mother has to be careful not to let her children indulge in every whim, and she need not be afraid that she may break their spirit. No, she must teach them to obey her. There are two factors to this obedience. The first is that all children must learn to obey an order, whatever it is. The second is that there must be cheerfulness and willingness in this obedience, just because the children see that the order is a right one. And why is it right? Because the order was given in order that the rights of others should be protected, to ensure which children cannot completely have their way. Another reason why children should give willing obedience is because they must be trained to trust in the mature and wide judgement of their elders, especially their parents. Yet, while the leaders appreciate this trust, they must gradually teach their children to depend on their own judgement, and therefore must teach them to form that judgement carefully. There is no doubt that most children like to obey, and thus get the loving approval of, their parents.

Parents should not give too many commands, but only those which are necessary. A good deal of patience and toleration is very necessary with children. Therefore, when parents are inclined to say "Don't," they should first think:

(a) Are the children really doing something harmful and dangerous?

(b) Are the children destroying anything beautiful or valuable?

(c) Are they really annoying others?

If these queries are answered in the affirmative, then only should mothers put in their veto. No order should be given, if it is unnecessary.

Then, commands should be given in a good manner. There should not be shown fear or expectation of a refusal. A casual acceptance should be taken for granted. If the orders given are meant for an orderly routine, obedience will soon become a happy habit. The wording should be kind and reasonable, peremptoriness being avoided if possible. There should also not be too much of a hurry expressed. In such cases, the little ones are rubbed up the wrong way with exasperation. Very often, motives for orders should be given. There should be no arguments, but just a short explanation. Immediately, you may be sure, will come a sweet response. There should also be consistency. One command one day should not be changed into another the next day. At the same time, parents should be honest. If, for example, an unnecessary order has been given, a reasonable objection, which is raised, may be considered. If there has been a mistake, there is no harm in admitting it.

As a matter of fact, parents should be very far-sighted. Care should be taken not to give orders, which are likely to be very difficult to obey. Such should be carefully led up to. But, when once a just order has been given, it should be obeyed.

There should be absolute mutual confidence between parents and children. No lies should be expected or allowed. As the children grow older, the reins of authority will have to grow looser. But greater temptations come in then for the children. What should parents do? Just break their hearts over the children, or expect stringent obedience even in older age. Neither. Let trust and confidence have already built up between them a clear and consistent and loving bridge; and all will yet be well.

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SHOP



CONQUEST OF A CHILD'S FEAR

There is a story in the *Parents' Magazine* of how a small baby of eight months old was one day suddenly frightened by an aunt, and became a great subject to fear. The child was terrified of a knock at the door, of a strange presence, of the sudden entrance of anyone. But gradually this fear was taken away, and the frayed nerves were soothed. How was this done, you ask. The neighbours were people, who understood about children, and the attendant on the baby was a kind and tactful woman. With their help, the mother acted carefully. The baby was taken for long rides in his *pram*, in which he saw people, who pretended to ignore him. Even visitors at the house did this. The baby became reassured and, though sudden movements yet frightened him, he gradually became accustomed to play with his toys in the presence of strangers. Never did people try to force his attention. They smiled understandingly at him, and sometimes tossed him a toy. His curiosity then was often roused, and he would gradually creep nearer and touch the people. Even then, no move was made, but just a smile was given. The child saw soon

that such people were quite safe.

After his seventeenth month, he became interested in other children. When a baby sister was born, he was first unhappy, but care was taken to play with him and show him attention, together with that bestowed on the infant. The baby thus became his partner at first, and then his property.

Gradually, the child was taught, as a sort of play with his mother, to greet visitors cordially, even to talk with them, and show them courtesy. When he was three years and seven months old, his mother describes him thus: "There still is a trace of timidity left. A heavy black-robed woman appearing suddenly will bring back his old hysterical look of terror. But the fear is short-lived, and he greets people with an outstretched hand, a smile, and appropriate greeting. He says *grace* before meals unassisted, in the presence of guests, as well as when we are alone; he sings, dances, romps, waves his hand at passers-by; in short he is a sturdy, happy, friendly little boy, who no longer lacks a sense of security in his environment."

—*Mater.*

CHINESE WOMEN

CIVILIZATION is advancing everywhere, and the women in China are marching along as speedily as those of other nations. They have got rid of the horrible habit of binding feet, keeping to the house, and despising labour. Many have gone abroad and taken up different courses of agriculture, science, medicine, pedagogy, law, architecture and music.

They are improving marvellously, and, but for the lack of unselfishness in some things, their country would not be left behind. They put their heart into all their studies from rather a mercenary point of view: and what is worse they have also learnt to run after the excitements of

modern society, which in themselves, though not vices, may yet lead to some deplorable consequences, such as extravagance, jealousy, ill-health resulting from late hours, no attention paid to their seniors and the neglect of children.

However, several people are trying to make the best use of the talents of women and to point out their shortcomings. Numerous huge buildings have been erected for educating, nursing and accommodating the poor: and now, whether these institutions can last long enough to be of service to the public, depends on how many are generous enough to give liberal subscriptions.

Debating societies have been organized to wake women up. One of the most interesting debates was about:—

"The responsibility of women is heavier than that of men."

The proposer and seconder said, in the course of their speeches, "Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, we have the honour to address you on to-night's topic, which is 'The responsibility of women is heavier than that of men,' and we hope you will please give your candid opinions about the same."

A man is bound to the occupation he has chosen. Women are bound in almost every direction.

Do you realize that money can evidently take away the greatest part of the burden of men, but that nothing can make light that of the women. It may be considered that, when servants are employed, the housewife need not go into the domestic work carefully; but this is one of the greatest mistakes, not only of men, but also of the majority of uneducated women.

With regard to meals, how can you expect servants to know what is more nutritious and what is not; and how do you expect them to take so much notice of your likes and dislikes? As to looking after children, would servants be showing as much kindness to them as their own mothers? No, their responsibility is too great to be replaced by anything."

One courageous woman stood up and said:—

"Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, the topic of to-night is that the burdens of women are varied and every branch is just as important as another. It is true that there were more heroes, inventors and discoverers among men than among women, but do you know the reason why? When a man has chosen his career, he need not bother about anything else, and this is the cause for saying that his burden is lighter."

In quoting history, women may still

claim that the proposer is right because Ork Fay, one of the greatest of Chinese heroes was trained by his mother. Confucius, though well known for his excellent methods, had not a single pupil, who was Ork Fay's better. This does not mean that he was not the best of teachers; but that the training received from mothers carries the most effective impression."

This speech was received with much applause and when the time for voting came the opposing party lost by 184—32.

Here is a story about a Chinese woman:

When China was waging war against Spain, a young girl wrote to the king that her father was too old for the battle field and she was ashamed that none of her family could be of service to their country, since her brother was but a child of six. She begged to offer herself as a nurse, so that she might fulfil her duties from a double point of view—faith to her country and service to her father in being able to do something on his behalf.

Her request was quickly granted, and she bade her parents farewell with a most comforting and encouraging speech, which should be instructive to the youth of all ages:—

"I am extremely sorry that I cannot always be near you, but you see, all of us should love our country as much as we love our home. Though I hate to part with you, I am sure you will feel happy that at least one of us is serving our country. If every one were to relinquish his duty to his country with the excuse that he has his parents to look after, from whom can the country get protection? All soldiers and officers have parents. We should love our father and mother as much as we can, and be near them as long as possible, but when service is needed we should let nothing hinder our way. It is the duty of everybody to make his or her country as powerful as possible."

—R. Masodeen.

NEWS ABOUT INDIAN WOMEN

WOMEN'S STATUS

THE decision has been arrived at in the House of Commons that sex in India should not disqualify for the holding of certain public offices in India, even while it could not be admitted that sex should not be a disqualification for the professions. The last point was one, which could be judged by the Indian Legislatures.

It was decided also that women should be members of the Federal Council of State. They had already reserved for them nine seats in the Federal Assembly. One seat on the Legislative Assemblies could be given to a woman for each of the provinces of Madras, Bombay, Bengal, United Provinces, Punjab and Bihar.

The defence of Indian Women is occupying a great deal of the attention of their European sisters. The Labour women of England have not forgotten to make demands for the full and equal suffrage of Indian women, not as wives and widows, but in their own right, and also for equal status with men in everything. The women members of Parliament are agitating for their sisters in India. Mrs. Hamed Ali, Vice-President of the All India Women's Conference, also expressed her views in London. She said:

"We do know what full citizenship means. As women, we are not going to be put off by certain concessions, the securing of which seems to give particular pleasure to English women who really mean well but scarcely understand, I am afraid, our broader outlook on what is desirable for all India. We appreciate just as much as the men what nationhood means and what citizenship of a free country really is. On the question of communal differences, our women refuse to recognise such divisions. They cannot agree that certain concessions, recently made by Parliament in respect to women and the legislatures, give them any

palpable advantages from a political standpoint. I agree that some of these concessions recently made may be regarded as an admission of our status, but beyond that they mean nothing. Furthermore, we do not require them, if India can get a full measure of political responsibility, because then we know we can trust our men and they will not seek to deny our complete equality in citizenship.

THE INDIAN LAW OF INHERITANCE IN OLDEN TIMES

In *Stri-Dharma* is an article, which tells us that the law of inheritance in old times was based upon the principle that consanguinity continued in women as well as in men to the fourth generation. But the daughter left the father's family and went into another. Therefore, she could not be an heir in her father's family, if there was a male heir up to the great grand-son (fourth generation). The right of the widow came after that of the latter. The right of a woman in property was thus recognised. When property was divided, the woman's share, together with the *Stri-dhanam* received from her husband or father-in-law, must equal a son's share. An unmarried daughter had a quarter of the son's share. A widow was entitled to a grand-son's share, when the property was divided between sons and grandsons. The *Stri-dhanam* was the peculiar property of the woman, and it was defined thus; "What was given before the nuptial fire, on the bridal procession, or in token of love, what was received from a brother, mother or father, are considered as the six-fold separate property of a married woman." Women could also pursue an independent occupation and gain by it. A mother was the guardian of her minor children, and had powers of adoption.

LABOUR CONSIDERATIONS FOR WOMEN IN INDIA

In an article by Pankaj Kumar Muker-

jee, in the Bangalore *Daily Post*, an interesting article appears on this subject. The laws ameliorating the conditions of labouring women in India are thus enumerated: "The existing law regarding women's labour commenced in the year 1891, and it was successively improved by the Acts of 1911, 1922, 1928 and 1934. The Act of 1891 prohibited the night-work of women, and the Act of 1911 restricted the period of work to 11 hours a day and the Act of 1922 confirmed the fixity of the working period as prescribed by the Act of 1911. The Act of 1934 has fixed daily hours of work as ten for all adult workers. It has also provided that no woman shall be allowed to work in a factory except between 6 a.m. and 7 p.m. The Mines Act of 1923 limited the hours of work as 60 hours for the surface work and 54 hours for the underground work per week. But the daily hours of work in mines are still excessive; for the same body of workers, men and women, remain engaged for 16 to 17 hours at a stretch in underground work. The Act of 1928 restricted the period of work in mines to 12 hours a day from 1st April 1930. The Act of 1922 did much towards the improvement in the conditions of women's labour. It restricted the period of work to 11 hours. It prohibited the employment of women in any factory before 5-30 in the morning and 7-0' clock in the evening. It was directed by the same legislation that the same woman should not be employed in two factories on one and the same day. Lastly, it required the manager of each factory to announce the specified time for the employment of each woman and child. The only factories which do not fall under those restrictions are the Ginning Factory and the Pressing Cotton Factory.

"There are other minor restrictions regarding women workers in factories. Women and children are prohibited from cleaning any part of the machinery in certain dangerous works. They are also prohibited from commencing work when cotton operators remain on duty. The Act of 1922 emphasised the prohibition of night-work by women labourers. The minor factory Act

of 1923 and 1926 did not deal with the problem of women workers. The Act of 1926 relaxed the provision of night-work of women in cases of fish-canning and fish-curing industries. The factory Act of 1934 has empowered the Governor General in Council to prohibit or restrict the employment of women, adolescents or children from any operation likely to expose any person to risk."

Yet, says the writer, there is much that remains to be done. India has lagged behind a good deal. While Italy, Lithuania, Switzerland, Norway, Poland, Canada, Nova Scotia, Quebec and other places have carefully regulated the 11 hours rest allowed to women, India, with the exception of a few arrangements in some places, has made no proper regulations of time, with regard to variations of season, or differentiation between factories of different type. Yet, the countries mentioned have their industrial growth about the same as in India.

We are told that there is much scope for improvement. For instance, it is advisable to close factories in summer at 8-30 p. m., instead of 7, in order to give more rest in the afternoon. Work can be started at 5.30, a. m., continued till 11-30, closed for four hours, commenced again at 3-30 p. m., and stopped at 8-30 p. m. In textiles, work in summer can be prohibited between 8 a. m. and 6 a. m. and in winter between 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. With regard to poisonous articles, different circumstances can be calculated. The multiple shift system can be abolished. With regard to the age of workers, whether 15, 17 or 18, physical fitness ought to be considered, as well as the heaviness or otherwise of the work to be done.

We have noted, since writing the above, that the International Labour Conference has prohibited the labour of women in mines. Japan has accepted the principle; and India expects to stop all women's labour underground by 1939.

THE MUSLIM LAW OF DIVORCE

A bill has been prepared in Hyderabad

and the legal adviser for the family. To be called "a son of the Manse" is equivalent to being called a useful member of the community, and many such, to whom the simple outlook of the village is too small and who outstrip the education of the village school, are called out to distant lands.

I am now in Scotland in a distant Highland glen, the *laird* of which is one of a long line of men who have felt the responsibility of their position. But, they look up to the minister of the *Kirk* and are ready to help him. Scotland recognizes no priesthood. On the Sunday that I was there, in the absence of the minister, the *laird* was asked to take the Sunday service and it was a pleasure to see the smile on the face of the *Session clerk*, (the lay-officer of the church), as the *laird* came up to occupy the pulpit. In the evening he was to have preached again, but handed the pulpit to me. The enlightened people

of Scotland do not prohibit a woman from giving her message. The older people might have objected to my occupying the pulpit of a *parish Kirk*, but none would object to it in a *School-Church*, erected by the *laird's* grand-father for the children of the distant glen. An intelligent audience listened, while I gave them some experiences of Indian Churches and schools; for even from these distant glens young men, in a spirit of enterprise, often try their fortune in India and so connect the East with the West. If there is similarity in village life in Scotland and India, there is also one great contrast. The cold wind from the mountains and the snow and ice call for well-built *cotter houses* with closely-barred doors, in contrast to the little open houses, where every breath of wind is a joy and a refreshment. We, who live in both, are learning more and more that human beings are the same everywhere.

Emily Kinnaird

FASHION SUGGESTIONS

1. WHAT IS BEAUTY?

BEAUTY is not a simple affair, but made up of various factors, such as perfect dressing, dainty cleanliness, good physique and features, charm of manner, and vivacity of expression. I was reading in *Health* the other day that these can be worked down into the three elements of physical, mental and social beauty. One is imperfect without the other, and usually palls on the observer by itself. All our faculties must be used, therefore, in realising beauty.

The great thing is to understand ourselves. We are the result of our thoughts, feelings and desires. Just as a powerful light can be dimmed by layers of material, the real personality can often be hidden under prejudice, wrong thoughts, ignorance, moral cowardice, and sentiment-

alism. Especially is this so with the Indian woman. She has to break through the outward sheath and step out into the light; then her own light will shine supreme. Inside of most of us is a beautiful and fine personality. If we know what it is, we can keep our ideals before us, and we can slowly but surely approximate towards them. There are two ways of doing this. The first is analysis, which uncovers any trouble; the second is suggestion, which begins to overcome it. And there is no use in worrying one-self. Through worry comes confusion, doubt, the inferiority complex, fear and finally stagnation. But, if the personality is correctly developed, it will find itself a suitable expression in the body and face; and then plainness even can become beauty.

2. A HEALTHY COMPLEXION

At the very outset I must warn you

that I am not an expert in this matter, by which I mean that I am neither a doctor nor a beauty specialist. But I think I can lay claim to some observation and a little common-sense, which I am sure you also possess with me. I only apologise however for "carrying coals to Newcastle," in writing about such matters to experts, who seem to know all about them even in India.

All the world agrees that though Dame Fashion is a most arbitrary mistress, yet she must be obeyed. How else can we compete with the *elite*? Besides fashion is not so unkind as we think. There is method in her madness. She has correct modes to suit all ages, sizes and appearances, and she has compensations for her most foolish fancies. The strenuous but beneficial exercise and activity of modern life, for instance, make less necessary the meagre and weakening regime, which would otherwise be needed for the modern fashionable figure. There are other such palliatives. Moreover, why should we always try to be good? Exact virtue is a weariness to the flesh. Who would, for instance, keep to a meticulously hygienic dietary? Who would completely give up harmful smoking? Who would sedulously avoid late hours? The result would be physical fitness no doubt; but it would also mean too much concentration on self, and a too premature aging of spirit, which you will admit must be avoided at all costs.

All this preamble helps me to draw the conclusion that there must be sound principles in every department of life, and therefore wholesome remedies for every ill. Take the care of the complexion, for instance. All that we desire for it is to make it look fresh, clear and healthy. Fashion has allowed the use of paints and powders; such appliances will be needed for some individuals, especially in the case of the poor health often induced by unsuitability of climate; very often, however, "make-up" ruins a really pretty colour and bloom. In any case, it is well always to remember that the materials

should not only be of the best quality, but should be specially chosen in order to tone in with the type of skin treated. The cream should be applied more by little taps and dabs, which should at the same time be massaged well into the pores, with an upward movement from the outer corners of the eyes, and across lines and wrinkles, not along them. If rouge must be used, it should be applied more as a paste than as a powder, and the edges should be carefully graded and shaded, so as not to leave a hard dab. It is well also to be careful in the use of the lip-stick, remembering not to make the curves too large, especially on a wide mouth. The red should be shaded off from the middle of the lips to the corners. When the lip-stick is not used, a little glycerine can be massaged into the lips, to prevent them from being too dry. The corners can also be rubbed with cream in an upward direction, so as to prevent a droop.

Vanishing creams for greasy skins, and cold creams for dry skins, are advisable. It should also be kept in mind that cosmetics must be thoroughly removed and the skin perfectly cleansed and sponged before the night-rest. Lukewarm water can be used, to which a little milk can be added. After the wash, a soft towel should be gently used to dry the skin.

A necessary concomitant for a good complexion is a suitable diet as much as possible, such as the avoidance of too many greasy or undigestible foods, and the taking of plenty of juicy fruit. A good plan again is to drink plenty of cold water between meals. The blood should be kept pure by doses of salines, barley water and sometimes by tea infusions of herbs. Exercises of various kinds should be resorted to, as we see by the recommendation of such devices in newspapers and journals.

3. CARE OF DETAILS

Often, the appearance of a whole *ensemble* is spoilt by the neglect of a small detail, and when a colour-scheme is not followed

up to perfection, the result is disastrous. The Indian woman's costume, as everyone knows, lends itself to the creation of beautiful colour schemes. From the sandals or slippers on the feet, to the sari, the blouse, the ear-drops and jewels, the bangles and even flowers in the hair, a perfect mingling of colours can be achieved. There is a lady who is said to have spent several hundred rupees on glass bangles alone, because she was scrupulously particular about having different shades to match different saris. One can hardly imagine where she got the room to stock this colossal number of flimsy glassware; but the fact remains that she did.

The wearing of glass bangles is once more becoming the fashion. Rich women are becoming very fond of them, and a number of gleaming glass bangles in between gold ones, look very pretty indeed; but the whole point is that these bangles must be changed with the saris. This

is a detail in one's toilet, which one must not on any account neglect. Nothing looks more careless and jarring than bright red bangles, let us say, with a saxe-blue sari. Perhaps the wearer wore the red bangles, to suit a red sari, and then forgot, or had not time to change them when she wore the blue sari; but, if one has not time to attend to this detail, one should not wear glass bangles.

Touches of black in a colour-scheme are always attractive. Thus, a black sleeveless blouse and a black and gold or silver border, to tone down a bright flame or red will never be out of place, and glass bangles of black and the colour of the sari look rather entrancing.

Shoes or sandals are always a detail that should not be neglected. They should also match the sari.

—Sister Susie

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE

1. NOP (A STORY)

THE twins were very miserable. They had not burnt their beloved dolls' house, nor had their rocking-horse dropped its mane, nor had their lovely yacht sunk in the duck-pond, nor had their plasticine been eaten by the cat; but, nevertheless, they were very miserable. Their beloved dog Nop was lost! She had strayed out of the compound on the previous evening, and, after that, not a single member of the family had beheld her again, and there was very little hope of their doing so in the future. No wonder the twins were not in the best of spirits.

Weeks went by, and the twins had more or less reconciled themselves to the absence of their old and faithful pet. Indeed, they occasionally cast affectionate glances at a little puppy which their neighbours were anxious to get rid of, but

still the position formerly occupied by Nop remained vacant.

Such was the state of affairs when, a few days later, Nurse took Paul and Paulina out for a walk. It was not a very pleasant affair, for, sadly missing Nop's gambols and footsteps behind them, memories of her little whims and habits crowded upon them and made them a rather dismal trio. But soon they beheld something which speedily drove away their troubles. Turning a corner in the road, they suddenly came upon nothing less than a Punch-and-Judy show, round which was already clustered a small crowd of gaping children. As a matter of course, the twins immediately called a halt, and soon, I am sorry to say, they all three became a portion of the wide-mouthed fraternity themselves!

Punch, as usual, roundly belaboured his unfortunate wife, and in doing so,

overbalanced himself in a highly amusing and gratifying manner. At this moment Toby made his appearance, and was hailed with a loud burst of applause from the young audience. The behaviour of our three, however, was extremely eccentric. Immediately Toby entered upon their range of vision, they gradually closed their mouths, and gradually opened their eyes, wider, wider, wider, till it seemed as if they were in dire danger of popping from their sockets. "If it weren't for its colour," murmured Paul, at last, "I could swear it was Nop." "Yes," breathed Paulina, "so could I." Then, as if of common, but unspoken, consent, they both shrieked together "NOP"! Instantly every head turned to stare at them, and, as if suddenly poked with a pin, up jumped Toby, with startled eyes staring towards the call. Without a moment's hesitation, he then leaped from the little stage, tossing over the whole contraption, and tore wildly up to where the twins stood in an ecstasy of delight!

When all had recovered from the surprise of these unexpected happenings, the audience turned round to look for the rascally proprietor of the Show, who had obviously kidnapped Nop, and trained and dyed her to play the part of Toby. This personage, however, believing that "Discretion was the better part of Valour", had hastily decamped with his assistant, leaving the twins to make their happy departure with their newly-recovered pet.

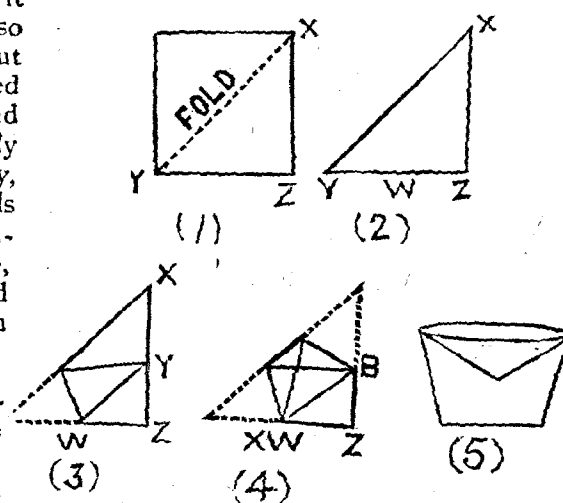
Nop never strayed again!

2. THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

a. A Useful Paper Cup.

If you go for a picnic, or if you want a cup for emergency purposes, you can very easily make one out of paper. This is

how you do it. Take a stiff piece of paper about 8 square inches. Fold it over from the top left hand corner to Z, as shown in (1). Take middle points of XZ and YZ, and fold lower corner Y to the new position of Y as shown in (3). Now take X and fold it in same way making XW, as shown in (4). Then take one of the corners at Z and fold it outside, and lastly take the other corner at Z and fold it outside the cup—and there you have it, all ready.



b. A Moving Boat.

Take some thin tin foil and cut it into the shape of a boat with a nick at one end, as shown in diagram.



At the angle of the nick place some camphor so that, while resting on the boat it touches the water as well, and then watch what happens. The boat will start moving on the water.

Parijatam

Cookery Notes

Cheese Souffle

2 tablespoons butter,	1 cup grated Amer-
1½ tablespoons flour,	ican cheese,
1½ tablespoons	3 egg-yolks, beaten
tapioca;	until lemon-colored,
1 cup milk,	3 egg-whites, stiffly
1 teaspoon salt,	beaten.

Melt butter, add flour and then the milk, stirring to make a smooth paste. Add tapioca and salt and cook, stirring frequently, over boiling water for 5 to 10 minutes. Add cheese and stir until it is melted. Remove from boiling water; let cool slightly while beating the eggs. Combine the beaten egg-yolks with the hot mixture: pour a little of the hot milk mixture over the eggs, stirring rapidly, and then return to the original vessel. Mix well and then gently fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for 35 minutes or until the souffle is firm. I find that if I allow the cooked tapioca mixture to stand for 30 or 40 minutes, it continues to thicken. When this occurs, I just add from ¼ to ½ cup extra milk to make the sauce of the same consistency as when it was taken from the stove.

Chocolate Souffle

1 cup milk,	2 tablespoons butter,
2½ squares bitter	3 tablespoons flour,
chocolate, cut in	½ cup sugar,
pieces,	3 egg-yolks, beaten,
	3 egg-whites, beaten stiffly.

Put chocolate in a vessel and heat over boiling water until it melts. Add a little of the milk and stir, adding more milk gradually to make a smooth mixture. Melt butter in a separate pan, add flour and blend. Add a little milk and stir to make a smooth sauce. Mix the white sauce with chocolate-milk, and cook over boiling water until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Remove from hot water and allow to cool slightly while beating eggs. Beat the egg-yolks, add the sugar a little at

a time. Combine with the hot chocolate sauce by pouring the hot sauce over the eggs. Stir well. Fold in the beaten egg-whites. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

Bread Crumb Souffle

2 tablespoons butter,	2 cups milk,
1 tablespoon flour,	1 cup grated cheese,
1 teaspoon salt,	4 egg-yolks, beaten,
½ cup dry bread	4 egg-whites, stiffly
crumbs,	beaten.

Melt the butter, add flour and stir until smooth. Add salt, bread crumbs and milk, and cook over boiling water for about five minutes. Add grated cheese and stir until it is melted. Remove from boiling water and let cool slightly while beating the eggs. Combine the hot mixture with the beaten egg-yolks, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites and turn into a well-greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven for 35 to 40 minutes.

Ham and Chicken Souffle

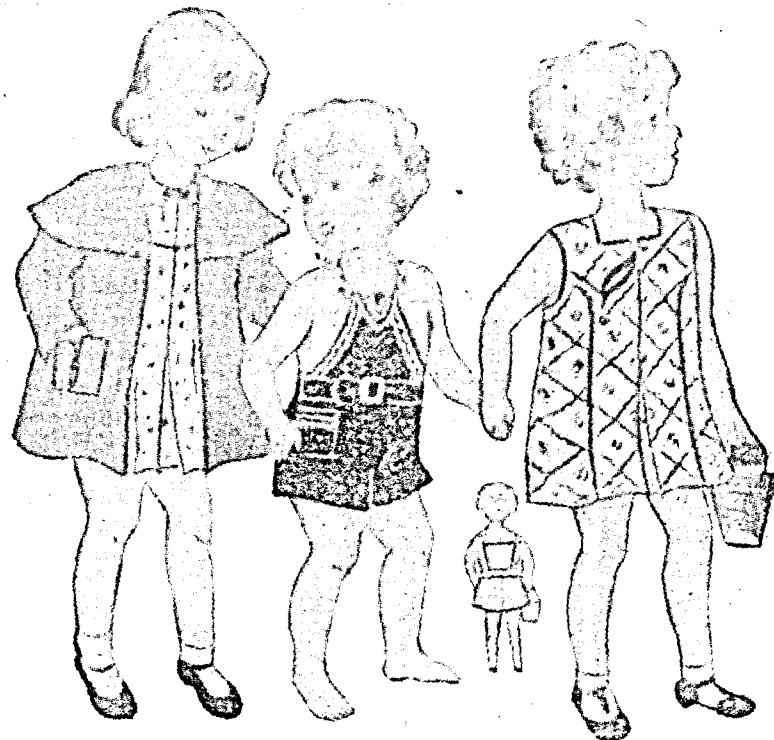
5 tablespoon	½ cup ground cooked
tapioca,	ham,
½ teaspoon salt,	½ cup finely cut
½ teaspoon chopped	cooked chicken,
onion,	2 tablespoon chopped
1 cup milk,	parsley,
1 cup chicken stock,	3 egg-yolks, beaten,
	3 egg-whites, stiffly beaten.

Combine tapioca, salt, onion, milk and chicken stock in boiler. Cook over boiling water for 5 to 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water, combine with beaten egg-yolks and then add the finely-cut chicken, ham and chopped parsley. Fold in beaten egg-whites and turn into a well-greased casserole. Bake in a moderate oven for 35 to 40 minutes. This is a good way to use any left-over meat.

(From the Parents' Magazine)

Needle Work Notes

Some patterns for Children's Dresses—



From the Parents' Magazine

Household Hints

BRIGHTER HOMES

WHY do so many homes in India still look dark, dishevelled and murky? Cleanliness and brightness can be achieved so easily—and still—we come across dusty, closed-in rooms where the fresh air hardly ever enters, and where curtains and upholstery look dark and musty, where pictures hang crookedly on walls, and cobwebs decorate unswept corners, where carpets are stained and tables are crowded with cheap dusty ornaments.

Let us start from the floor. Why have carpets and mats if you cannot keep them clean? Dispose of them, and have a neat

polished floor, which you can have swept every morning, and then wiped with a moist-cloth dipped in some disinfectant. This freshens the room wonderfully. Then, let all windows be thrown wide open, and the few necessary curtains dusted thoroughly. Pictures should be straightened and ceilings and walls kept clean. Brass and silver should be spotlessly polished, and furniture kept in a gleaming condition. Fresh flowers should fill vases each day. How different your home will look, if you will out carry out these few details each morning!

—Paddy.

A LETTER

Dear Editor,

I WISH to rouse the interest of your readers in some problems of a teacher's vocation in India. I have often seen the bright girl in an Indian Village school called out and sent to a Mission or Government Training Centre and after two years sent back to her own people to guide the education of her younger friends and be a teacher in her own village. There is a danger in this plan, as a teacher ought also to be a leader in the community and two years of college, if she has only reached the 6th standard before she enters, is hardly sufficient to give her the wider experience needed for such work. There is another side to the teacher's vocation, engendered by the present system of non-religious Government schools, which are under District Boards or the Municipality, with in general no women

on them. Men and women teachers may not be religiously-minded and so will neglect to begin school with any religious exercise. I think we women ought to see to it that religion is not left out. A time for quiet worship may commence each day which will teach children that there is an unseen, but knowable, Supreme Being, who is to be worshipped. Where it is a large school, teachers of different religions may in turn explain their methods of approach. In Mission schools, religion is not neglected although it is not enforced; but when the love of the great God is explained and made known as a personal relation, there is no doubt that young hearts thrill to it.

I am,
yours sincerely,
Emily Kiunnaird.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

May

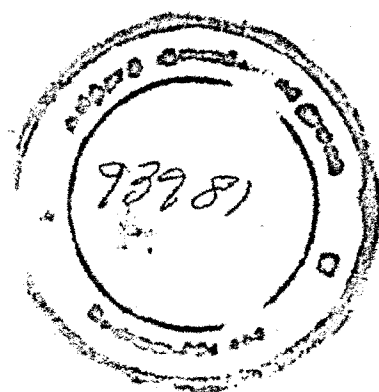
1. Mrs. Amarasurya, Ceylon
2. Mrs. Bhima Rao, Madras
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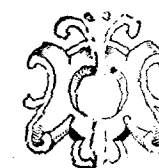
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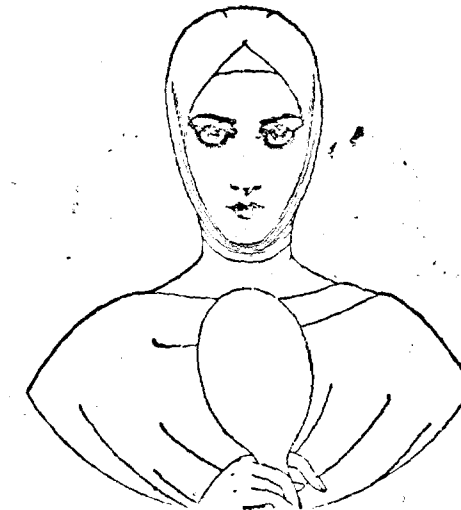
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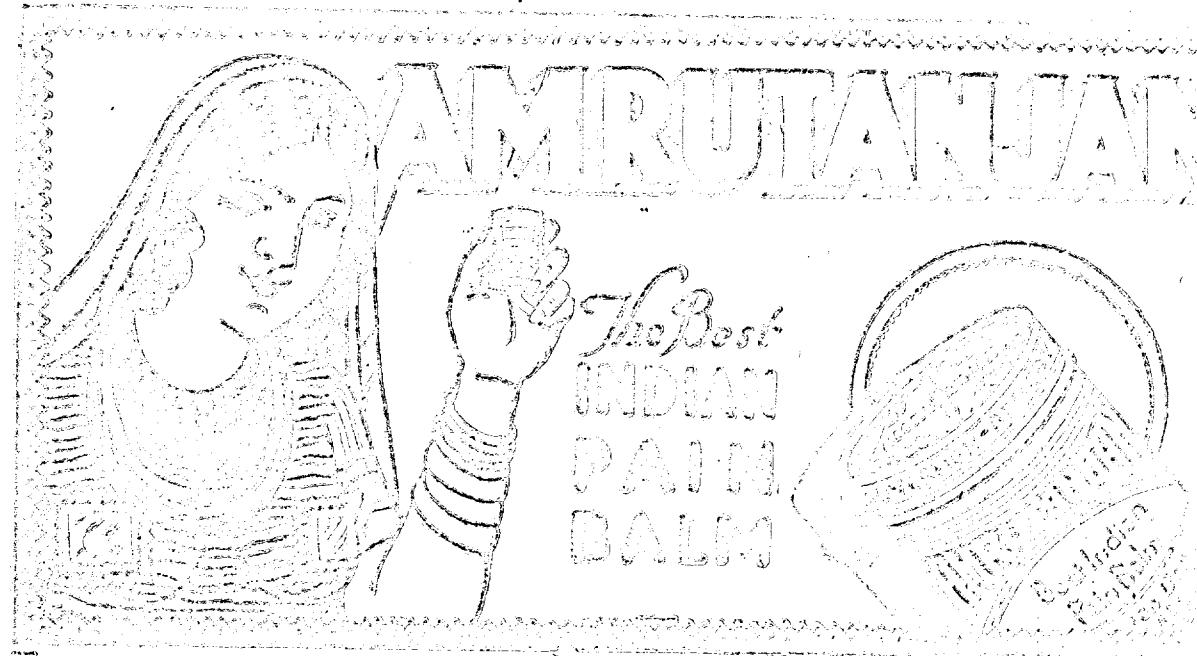
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