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The Indian Ladies' Magazine



VOLUME VIII

SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER 1935

NUMBER 5

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The INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII.

No. 5

Illustrations:— Madras Lady Graduates of this year; Drossiemai Syriem; Mrs. Ramabai; Mrs. Chandrawati Lakhanpal; Miss A. Padmini and Miss Savithri; Mrs. Elizabeth Paul.

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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

SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER

No. 5

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

I HOLD it the duty of one who is gifted,
And specially dowered in all men's sight,
To know no rest till his life is lifted
Fully up to his great gift's height.

He must mould the man into rare completeness,
For gems are set only in gold refined,
He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness,
And cast out folly and pride from his mind.

For he, who drinks from God's gold fountain,
Of art or music or rhythmic song,
Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice,
And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.

Great gifts should be worn, like a crown befitting,
And not like gems in a beggar's hands.
And the toil must be constant and unremitting,
Which lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox



MADRAS LADY GRADUATES OF THIS YEAR

"YOUTH AND RELIGION"

By LOUISE PIN YEN CHANG

I. THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION

EVER since the appearance of human society on earth, religion has exerted a tremendous influence on social control. Where customs, law and government have failed, religion has succeeded; for, as a rule, one does not subscribe one's efforts to any task unless one deeply believes in its principles. The development of science has, to a certain extent, counteracted its operation, but so far science has failed to solve the most vital problems; rather on the contrary, it has furthered the miseries of life. Our dreams of progress are sinking further away from realization. Recently, the Hague Conference, the League of Nations, the Disarmament Conference, and all other efforts that attempt at securing peace have been frustrated. It remains the task of religion to bring about universal brotherhood on earth.

II. WHAT KIND OF RELIGION DO WE NEED?

Before answering the question, we must first determine whether we are utilizing religion as a means to an end, or are considering it as an end in itself. We must first formulate our object before we can answer this question. Is our object to be religious and religious only? Certainly not. Our aim is bring Heaven unto earth. Unless a religion administers to this end, it has no legitimate place in our scheme.

What, then, is religion? In my opinion, religion is devotion to society, in which the supreme Deity is our father, rather than an autocrat. It should aim at fellowship rather than communion with the unseen power. It should will at universal peace and harmony in order to prepare for the realization of a universal family; for we crave a household in which all are

brothers and sisters working for the public good under the direction of our father, God. It should denounce dogmas, superstitions, orthodoxies, or partisanship, which blur the truth and obstruct mutual understanding. It should attack prejudices, envy, malice and spite, which are the inveterate foes of magnanimity, kindness and forgiveness, the stepping-stones to the land of idealism. It should obliterate national, racial, class and sectarian distinctions, which have forever been operating against the union of different elements. It should untiringly labour to uproot the desire for wealth, power and fame, that are obtained at the sacrifice of others. It should emphasize love for others; and, for love's sake, sacrifice. On the rational side, it should lay stress on wisdom, which will make us see that we are the masters of our own destinies. On the behaviour side, it is conduct rather than the devotion of mental attitude, that is called for. Prayer, contemplation, religious service, scripture-reading and evangelistic efforts will be meaningless, unless supplemented by altruistic enterprise. Such is the kind of religion that all people will not object to, even if they do not agree with. It is not the religion of a nation, race or class, but of the universe.

III. HOW TO REALIZE SUCH A RELIGION

We should formulate our creed, or rather our aim, of religion. It should be thus: We all, being brothers and sisters of the same father and mother, do hereby work for the democracy of God, in which all races, nations, sexes and ages have an equal footing to develop our capacities for the good of mankind; we work for peace which will give us prosperity and conditions necessary for the development of culture; we cooperate for the production of common good and allow chances for every one to do his share; we cooperate to

eliminate and prevent vice, sin, crime, and immorality; we put love in front as our ruling motive in all our dealings with each other, place the individual interests behind those of man-kind, and sacrifice them for the preservation and progress of humanity.

To accomplish this, several factors have to be utilized. The first is the organization of a society, the members of which consist of men and women in all walks of life, of all nations, and of all races, classes, political parties, and trades. But having been enlisted in the society, every member is expected to render his minimum service to the organization in one way or another. Let branch societies be organized in all countries, regardless of any pressure or opposition. Every member is expected to be dauntless, firm in upholding the principle of his religion, willing to sacrifice for his faith, and not to be induced by economic gain, power or fame to change his cause.

The second is the establishment of schools. The society should establish schools and make them train youths with such ideas. We want youths whose minds are unpolluted. Teach them with examples, lead them, suffer and enjoy with them, till they are willing to be crazy fellows to fight the battles of our religion. Let the teaching of the ideas of a universal religion be introduced in all subjects. As the knowledge of hygiene can be imparted in any course other than anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, so the ideas of universal religion can be imparted in any subject other than ethics or philosophy of life. In the meantime, those members, who are teachers or leaders of schools, may preach the principles of universal religion in them.

The third is the building up of a religious family in every home. It is in the family that universal religion is to be first taught. Parents, who support the religion, should very early train their children in humanitarian ideas. Give them chances to express themselves, but at the

same time set before them worthy examples. Let them, for example, play with children of other races, make friends with them, and treat them well. When they grow up, they will not shake themselves away from their faith.

The fourth is the organization of the press. The society and its branches should organize papers, magazines, journals, periodicals and books to disseminate the principles of universal religion. Where financial resources do not permit, the members should secure the aid of the existing presses that are in sympathy with their motives and seek their active assistance. The contents of magazines or papers that they publish should consist not only of the principles of religion, but also of the means of carrying these into effect, affording definite examples. The press should also issue literature which treats of ethical principles with illustrations. The language should be clear, so as to be understood by all. There should be translators, who shall render these written works accessible to all people.

The fifth is social work. The society should not preach merely with the tongue; it must preach also with deeds. We must propagate our religion with our character and through our conduct, rather from the pulpit alone. Let us be ready to radiate the light of love in all directions. For example, we should liberate slaves of other races; we should care for their welfare as we care for our own; we should refuse to fight for material gain in order to make our country militant and triumphant; we should obliterate racial and class distinctions by demanding the same voice to all in politics, the same chances in industry, and the same opportunities in education and leisure.

We should also take part in actual humanitarian work. We should help to eliminate the evils of opium, fight against alcoholism, attack prostitution, replace prisoners in society, care for orphans, the aged, widowed, divorced, deserted, diseased,

insane, epileptic, feeble-minded, unemployed, and other unfortunates. Such work will disseminate the ideas of universal religion faster than any other organ.

The sixth is missionary enterprise. There should be missionaries to propagate the principles of religion in all walks of life; but they should not be exclusive missionaries. Members of the society, regardless of their occupation, may undertake the work at any time and in any place. But one thing is imperative. These missionaries must be trained in character: they must be patient, philanthropic, willing to sacrifice—people who are ready to forego material comfort, reputation, or even life. They must preach with tongue and deed and never say or do anything inconsistent with the principles of universal religion.

The seventh is the utilization of existing religions. We should not criticize or attack any existing religion. Let all who desire to subscribe to our creed remain in their own religion if they choose, for in fact, the fundamental principles of all religions are the same. But we must boycott professors, captains of industry and missionaries, who infuse the ideas of "my country first, right or wrong," "racial superiority," or "might is right." We should utilize all existing religions to promote the growth of our religion. Let all the progressive members of existing religions, that subscribe to our creed, congregate and incorporate such ideas into their churches to be issued from their pulpit. Convince them that all religions come from the same God, our Father.

The eighth is the appeal to law. We can approach politicians and try to influence or even convert them to our religion so that in legislation, administration, or judiciary procedure every act shall be based

on humanitarian principles that lead to the building up of a United States of the World. Let our youths labor to get into politics, so that they will guide government to carry out these principles and even adopt them as tenets or policies. Then our religion will automatically run in the right channel towards universal brotherhood.

The ninth is the appropriation of the results of science. Science has been denounced as the enemy of religion, but probably of only a narrow and inhumanitarian religion which exists for itself. For our religion it will be a helper or even a supporter. A universal religion needs science to reveal the mysteries of life; for to us science means right knowledge. When we possess right knowledge, we shall understand the universe better and shall be able to formulate a conscious programme to eliminate all dangers, to promote all improvements and to accelerate progress in our lives. We shall be able to find out the missing link between causes and effects, and know better how to utilize our experiences to the proper enterprises.

Of the several sciences, Anthropology with its theory of monogenesis is of supreme importance. Let it be emphasized in schools, so that all will be imbued with the idea that we all are from the same source, whether we are white, black, red or yellow. We may then have good reasons to persuade all people to unite to work for peace rather than to fight for hatred.

Let all youths, men and women, even those that are chronologically or physiologically old but spiritually young, cooperate in such a movement with tireless energy for the realization of such a Religion.

(Adapted from the *New History Society* competition.)



DROSSIEMAI SYRIEM,

the eldest sister of the ruling chief of Cherra, a small independent state on the Khasi hills. The Matriarchal system obtains here, and this lady has the right to be with her brother on all ceremonial and official occasions. She is popular in the state, especially among the school children. She took much interest in the recent Silver Jubilee celebrations in her state.

PHOTOS: INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SRIRANGAM

AN ANCIENT TAMIL CITY

OVER two thousand years ago, there stood on the spot where the Kaviri (Cauvery) mingles with the sea, a very flourishing city. It was celebrated in the Tamil literature of the time as Puhar and Kaviripoompattinam; as Puhar because it was situated at the mouth of a river and as Kaviripoompattinam because it was a beautiful maritime city on the Kaviri.

Tradition has it that originally Kaviripoompattinam was named after a woman deity who, by hard penance, protected the place from the ravages of demons. At the entreaty of one of the kings, who came of the Chola dynasty, the Kaviri issued from the water-pot of Agastya. When the deity beheld the goddess of the Kaviri rushing towards her land, she advanced to receive her kindly. The river-maid herself, at the bidding of Agastya, did obeisance to the deity who was considerably older than herself. Highly pleased with the courtesy, the older woman took the maid on her lap and, kissing her affectionately, decreed that the land should thenceforth be named after them both.

Kaviripoompattinam was made the capital city of the Chola kingdom, which then extended roughly over the modern districts of Nellore, Chingleput, South Arcot, Tanjore and Trichinopoly. It was under Karikalan I, who is believed to have ruled sometime in the middle of the first century before Christ. Karikalan was a mighty prince, whose ambition was to make the Chola kingdom great and wealthy by commerce and conquest. The capital city established by him is extolled in some of the ancient Tamil classics, which have lately aroused so much interest among the educated Indians of the Tamil country that they are at least talked of frequently, if not actually read. One of these classics is known as Pattinappalai, a poem of about three hundred lines, composed by Uritaran Kannanar of Kadyalur, a poet of fame in the days of the third Tamil Academy, the commencement and end of

which are still a matter for conjecture. The poem was appreciated so much for its literary excellence by Karikalan himself that he rewarded its author with an incredible quantity of gold.

We are told that a husband proposed to go to distant lands to acquire wealth and to make his family happy. His wife, fearing ill might befall him in his journey, implored him with tears not to go. Moved by his wife's tears, the husband assured her that he would not leave her, even if he were tempted to do so with the grant of Kaviripoompattinam itself. Incidentally, he gave her a description of the splendour of the city.

In all probability, Uritaran Kannanar himself proposed in his poverty that he should go to Karikalan to obtain money, and it was his wife, who did not consent to the separation. Anyway, the description put into the mouth of the husband by the poet is graphic and pleasant, though somewhat difficult to read. The city was watered by the Kaviri, which never failed but always fed the fields and saved the land from famine. Fertility and abundance flourished everywhere. The land was studded with tanks and wells, groves and gardens, choultries and alms-houses. Young girls, set to watch the foodstuffs which were spread out to dry in courtyards, threw their jewels at birds to scare them away. So wealthy were the households, that we are told the jewels lay unnoticed in the dust and were not picked up for use again.

On full-moon days, the fisherfolk of the city rested from their occupation and made themselves merry, drinking toddy, dancing on the beach and bathing in the sea. They lacked no enjoyment in life and had plenty of fish and flesh to eat. Indeed, lusty with meat and drink, they often rioted among themselves with stones and crude weapons, and the vulgar lives they led contrasted strongly with the refined existence of those who were engaged in agriculture and



MRS. ELIZABETH PAUL
of the Mary Wanamekar High School in Allahabad who won two prizes in running, at the U. P. Olympic Sports. She did 100 yds., in 11 seconds, the time taken by the boy, who secured first place in the same race.

merchandise and abhorred eating flesh and drinking toddy. The latter patronised all good institutions and encouraged honesty in business and charity to men and beasts.

Of quarrels over religion there were absolutely none. Prince Karikalan was remarkable for his religious toleration. No sage was disturbed in his penance. So thick was the smoke which arose from the sacrificial fire of the sages that the cuckoos, it was said, mistaking it for clouds, flew away seeking for a refuge. Buddhist and Jain temples existed side by side in perfect amity. The festival of Lord Muruga, the chief deity of the ancient Tamils, was celebrated unfailingly with pomp and riot and to the accompaniment of flutes and drums.

Commerce was in a highly flourishing state under Karikalan's rule. There was a strongly-organised customs service, under which smuggling was impossible. Every article of import or export was carefully examined and sealed. The chief article of trade was salt, manufactured from the sea, conveyed in boats to the interior and exchanged for paddy. Quite a number of boats could be seen every day drawn up at the mouth of the river, like

horses kept in order in stables. The market was flooded with articles exported from distant countries. Horses were brought by sea and bags of pepper by land. Gold and precious stones came from the Himalayas, fragrant wood from Coorg, pearls from the South Sea, corals from the East, food-stuffs from Ceylon and many articles of luxury from Burma. So vast was the commerce of the city that it brought into the land inhabitants from various lands, who spoke various tongues.

"The art of man is able to construct monuments far more permanent than the narrow span of his own existence; yet these monuments, like himself are perishable and frail." Thus wrote Gibbon dwelling on the ruin of Rome. The splendid city reared by Karikalan I survived him; but it perished after remaining for many years the capital of the Chola kingdom. According to legend, a successor of Karikalan failed to observe the festival, which had been held every year in honour of Indra for the protection of the city. Provoked to wrath by this failure, the deity who presided over the destiny of the city decreed that it should be swallowed up by the waves of the sea.

—I. D. Tangaswami.

CO-EDUCATION

PRACTICALITY has become a slogan of modern days; and people, who advance theories and ideals for guidance or meditation, are often painted in vague colours "as dry dreamers, who build castles in the air." But it stands to reason that hard practice, however honest, must be supported by theories. Without sound theories, there is often the danger of superficial work, which does not really tackle the problems involved. Especially is this so with the question of co-education, with regard to which we must be careful not to fall into the misconceptions of our orofathers. The fundamental basis or ideal,

on which the conception of co-education is developed, must indeed be clearly understood, though, among the supporters themselves of co-education, there may be vast differences of opinion.

I have often seen and disagreed with the motto that "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom". This seems to me to be a mis-conception of knowledge. Should not love or devotion be the beginning of wisdom, and not fear? Life is natural, life is vital and life is sublime. Wherever it may be, in East, West, North or South, it should be earnest and yet spontaneous, based on the individual aspects of physical,

emotional, mental and spiritual humanity. Hence, our motto should be the development of life in all its completeness.

The sweet faith of the child, the tender kindness of the mother, the gentle affection between husband and wife, the natural ties between family and community members, the general ambition for one's own country, the fine inter-action between man and the rest of the universe, the sublime beauty of nature, revealed to us by the rapture of tiny birds, the flowing of streams, the murmuring of leaves, the blowing of wind, the rolling of the waves, and the radiant outpouring of beams from sun, moon and stars—all indicate the universal flow of love, which, though manifested severally in different degrees, remains yet the natural living force of the world. Love of children, love of parents, love of family, love of country, love of the world, love of nature, represents its various stages, and the highest stage is .

Universal love where oneness of feeling should become the source of internal happiness. Hence, our ideal in co-education must be the right development of the mutual and loving co-operation of humanity. We cannot put life into water-tight compartments, as it were; but must try to meet all the necessities of life, towards the creation of a better humanity. An ideal can be clothed in many garbs, or painted in different hues; but the principle must be the same everywhere, individual and yet universal, and inclusive of all religions, communities and countries.

Young India, the builders of tomorrow, let us try to live this ideal spontaneously, yet wholly at our best, though no one can be perfect in thought or action. Let the understanding of life unite with the purification of life, as the basic principle of co-education.

— K. Krishnan

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

H. H. The Dowager Maharani of Mandi

SOME time ago, I had the pleasure of a most interesting interview with H. H. The Maharani of Mandi. This lady, we know, has lately been in a very serious motor accident, the result of which could be seen in a fast-healing, broken arm, which was still stiff and painful. I asked her, if it was true that she had been hurt so badly, because she was trying to save a child, who had been seated in her lap. She admitted reluctantly that it was; and that she had done nothing extraordinary. In the same breath, she extolled the devotion and the presence of mind of an old servant, who had cut through the window of the overturned car and had extri-

cated her from the ruin. "So far everything has been successful in my life," she said pathetically. "I have succeeded in most of my aims. God has blessed me; but here is this broken arm now."

The Maharani of Mandi, as we know, was the President of the All India Women's Conference held at Patna some years ago. She conducted the sittings very carefully and cleverly, and managed to get through a good deal of important work. I asked her, if she thought such Conferences did much good; she replied that they were useful, provided that the theories were worked into practice; one of the very good results of the A. I. W. C., for instance, was the Lady Irwin College for women. In any case, the A. I. W. C. was the mouth-piece of Indian women, and proved their capability, while keeping alive the public

MY SEA-VOYAGE

A Fancy

THE sun was on the point of taking his bath after a day of strenuous labour, and the moon was just peeping out from the other side, hesitating as it were to come out before its rival's glory sank into insignificance. And this last bright flare of the waning sun's eddying flame, coupled with the modest soothing rays of the incoming moon lent an added glow and charm to nature around.

It was at such a time that I took myself to the beach one day. On reaching there, I found that I had arrived at a most opportune time, for my friend, Mr. X, was just going boating in the sea. He eagerly invited me to join his trip and I assented with ardour. Together, we launched out merrily into the sea. Various topics of discussion passed betwixt us and thus whiled away the time in the most pleasant way imaginable. Gradually however, our tongues slackened and silence fell upon us. Automatically as it were, each felt that silence and one's own thought suited that balmy hour best, when Nature seemed to bestir herself to produce her most wondrous picture of beauty.

My thoughts went to the sea around me. Fish of all sizes, great and small, were dancing about in the sea, some staring at the moving vessel in which we had seated ourselves. To them it must have seemed a surprising phenomenon that we should thus imprison ourselves, instead of being in the water with as much ease and freedom as they enjoyed. One of them of giant size—one of their patriarchs perhaps—bolder than the rest, came very near me, staring at me open-mouthed. It seemed to me that it was remarking, "oh, is it you, one of those species of the so-called highest evolution! Yet in spite of all your boasted evolutionary height, you can only float on the mere surface, and unlike us can never dive deep and enjoy the treasures hidden beneath"

With that it gave a triumphant splash of its tail, incidentally giving me a bath, and dived to the depths below.

The sun sank and the moon shone out in all her proud calmness, glad that now at last she was the cynosure of all eyes. No cloud marred the beauty of the perfect sky and a light fragrant breeze added to the charm of the atmosphere. The sea was calm and unagitated, and even Lady Moon herself seemed not to be able to resist the temptation of coming down to enjoy the scene below. With her fair delicate fingers, she began to play upon the still waters. The vibration thus produced caused a rhythmic rippling of the waves and a sweet harmonious melody, which seemed like Heaven's sweetest music to my ears. Altogether the atmosphere was so serene and soothing that I felt myself sinking down into unconscious bliss, somewhat like a tiny babe lulled to rest on her mother's breast.

Thus I was drifting on and on, unmindful of my destination, when with a sickening dread of heart I found that the atmosphere around me was darkening fast. Black clouds began to gather up the hitherto pale-blue surface of the sky. Soon they spread throughout, leaving us in complete darkness. We were almost in mid-ocean, having gone on for three or four hours.

The waves began to rise up in heavy onslaughts, as if reproaching us for having dared to come so far. Rain began to pour in torrents. Thunder and lightning—those inseparable companions—began to dominate the scene. I remarked to my friend that we had been fools to come out such a long distance, as the prospect of going back looked poor indeed. My friend answered me not. I called him by name—once, twice and three times. Yet there was no answer. Surprised, angry and agitated, I began to search with my hands the place where my



MRS. CHANDRAWATI LAKHIANPAL

of the Gurukula University, Kangri, Hardwar, who is the first woman to receive the *Mangalaprasad Prize* of Rs. 1,200 for her book, *Shiksha Manovijyan* in Hindi. Last year too she was awarded a prize.

to their real needs. Education, said the Maharani, was necessary for Indian women; how else were the mothers to bring up their sons and daughters wisely and well? Everything depended on the women; the happiness of their sons, their brothers, their husbands. For this, as well as for their own sakes, they needed the highest and best education possible. For many, of course, a different sort of study from that of men was indicated. It was enough for many women to be trained in house-keeping and management of children. But why, asked the Maharani, should such training, as well as religious training, be always supposed to be given in schools? Could not mothers do it themselves for their young children? Of course, they could, if they had education! And here it was that there was such need for the removal of ignorance and illiteracy. There was nothing like good house-training for the young child. Well-brought up girls and boys were capable in later life of many great things. Co-education, for instance, of which the Maharani approved in some ways, would mean no harm to them. The success of co-education really depended on the quality of the pupils and the teachers. Neither would there be any danger from intensive education, like that anticipated by some grumblers. A really well-educated girl would never allow herself to be too forward, and too foolishly go-ahead, like some modern girls in modern society. The Maharani disliked the ways of some social centres; rather would she spend a quiet time at home than enjoy some of their doubtful attractions; but what would not a certain type of the modern girl do for excitement? And some so-called educated girls thought nothing of spoiling the happiness of other people and other households than their own, just for the sake of what they thought was their own happiness. But, what a great deal depended on the women! A well-conducted woman could impress her personality on any society, quelling, for the moment at least, the ignobleness of even the worst-charactered man. And Indian women should be careful to keep certain conventions, not throw them aside, for the sake of foolishly aping Western women, even while they do not understand the limits of the rules they despise. The best of every nation's customs should be adopted, the others left out.

Why should marriage be the aim of all girls? Till they were eighteen, girls should be

like bachelors, forming their character. Then they should be allowed to have a voice in the selection of their mates. I asked the Rani what she thought should be the ruling idea in marriage. At this moment, a friend who was there, repeated the saying of Mr. Sarda, "that marriages in the West began in love and ended in hatred; those in the East began in respect and ended in devotion." The Maharani laughed, and said she partly agreed. Yet, there was nothing like a true marriage based on real love, which would always remain constant and true. She thoroughly approved of the Sarda Act, which was in good force in her own State. She approved of divorce for women, if it was in force for men. Divorce was necessary in some cases: but separation was better, if living together was not possible. She also said that self-control was better than birth-control; but the latter seemed to be useful in some cases.

I asked her if she approved of children being sent very early to England. She said that that was all right, if there was someone really good to look after the young ones; and if they were kept in constant touch with India, so as not to become too Westernised. At present, it was the fashion for rich people to send their children very young to England. Some turned out well; some were "rotters." The whole thing was rather a gamble.

The Maharani spoke well of all religions. The same God was worshipped by everyone; but the ways of approach to Him were many. Why then despise other religions than our own? Did not the same sun shine on the world, even while its heat affected things in different ways?

The little but independent State of Mandi is in the hilly Kangara district of the Punjab. About thirty miles from the capital is the Hydro-electric scheme of Jogendranagar, which is about the best of its kind in all Asia. The Maharani is the Dowager Rani, her adopted son being the ruler. Mandi is a small State, but very progressive, I have heard. In the capital itself, with its 7000 people, there are two high schools, one for boys, and one for girls. In the former are 1100 pupils; in the latter about 400. There are about 70 or 80 outside schools. The language used is the Takanri language, which has written characters like those of Sanskrit. The rulers approved of education in English and the vernaculars.

The present ruler, we are told, is enlightened and educated, and has eschewed several customs, which were not satisfactory. The Maharani, his adopted mother, is quite pleased with him in every way.

Social Service

That one of the greatest objects of education is social service was emphasised by Mrs. Brijlal Nehru some time ago at Mysore. As she said: "education could never be perfect if it did not develop in the students the idea of, and desire for, social service. No service could be considered greater than the service rendered to a fellow being." For this service there should be deliberate training in schools, as well as in colleges. "Side by side with moral and spiritual training, there ought to be training for social service." And this service should be in the form of practical work. "Great efforts should be made to utilise knowledge for doing social service in a practical and useful manner. Close contact with life was necessary to see clearly the utility of applying theories in practical life."

There are several ways in which social service can be done in India. "Mass illiteracy and the condition of villages called for social service. It is remarkable how little of such work is done in villages. There are so many institutions in towns for social work; but hardly any in villages. It is time therefore that our educated men and women organised something really practical for rural work."

As the *Stri-dharma* tells us, the first rural women's organisation began in Canada in 1896, with the object of "promoting that knowledge of household science, which shall lead to improvement in household architecture and with special attention to house sanitation; to a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods and fuel; to a more scientific care of children, with a view to training the general standard of health of the country." Soon after this, various bodies came up of a technical and agricultural type, such as the *Union of farmer's wives* in Belgium, the *Women's agricultural Union* in Austria and the *Union of house women* in Germany. The real ideal was reached in Denmark, where very efficient schools made it possible for girls to be expert farmers, as well as well-versed in arts, science and literature.

In India, very little has been done. The *Saroj Nalini Dutt Memorial Association* does work in Bengal, and there is the *All India Village Industries Association*. It is time, as the *Stri-dharma* suggests, that an *All-India Women's Country Organization* should be started.

We are glad to hear of the training of women in moral uplift work in Lucknow. Started in 1932, the classes have been progressing. The course lasts about six months and ranges over a wide field, comprising domestic economy, domestic hygiene, child welfare and home nursing, food values, first aid, midwifery, cooking, laundry, tailoring, knitting, gardening, and music. There is also the *Satara Village Improvement Propaganda Sub-committee*, under the leadership of Mrs. Hamid Ali, well-known as a delegate to the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform. In 1300 villages, propaganda courses are held for men and women, which all castes attend. To quote Mrs. Hamid Ali herself:

"We teach cooking, sewing, laundry work, soap-making, weaving, dairy work, carpentry, sanitation, kitchen, gardening, midwifery and child welfare, the care of infectious diseases, and the diseases of cattle, the law as it affects women, and the law as it binds the money-lender—everything that should make life in the villages cleaner and happier."

"And in the evening, when the classes are over, we try to give them something beyond the village, music, pictures, games, laughter. Our poor people have forgotten how to laugh. But you should hear them one of these evenings, when there are songs and broadcast music and laughter. Others come uninvited. I have known two or three thousand gather outside to listen."

"Our pupils go back to their villages, and the work spreads. They colour-wash their houses, build new kitchens for themselves, take fresh pride in their homes, and teach their neighbours. Some of their men complained that we had taught the women laundry work, but they had no money to buy soap. We taught them how to make soap—two hundred men at a time."

Is there any doubt that, with the spread of various kinds of village education, especially among women, communal strife will end?



Mrs. RAM BAI, who has passed the *Vidvan* Degree examination of Madras, and has become Kannada Pandit of St. Anne's School, Mangalore. She is the first lady among the Gouda Saraswats to get the *Vidvan* title.



Mrs. A. PADMINI AMMA (on the left) is the first lady to pass the B. A. with Hindi as her second language. On the right is her sister, SAVITHRI, who has passed the Intermediate, also with Hindi as her second language. Both have studied at the Maharajah's College, Ernakulam.

PHOTOS: INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SRIRANGAPUR

friend had seated himself. He was not there! By this time, I had become soaked and drenched with rain, the boat itself was gradually filling up, while the waves were furiously breaking in. Could my frail boat stand against such an array of opposing forces! A lonely traveller, in a rudderless boat, on a stormy sea, on the darkest of nights—the prospect was such as would shake even the most undaunted; and I was certainly not one who could be admitted into that category, in spite of my usual philosophy about the worthlessness of human life, and the glory of an after-world. I now realised for the first time that “preservation of life is the first law of nature!” I called aloud to my friend, asking him why he had so cheated me. Tearfully, I prayed to God, begging him to save me from the jaws of death yawning beside me. Then, I slowly sank down in the boat and, conscious of being dragged down to a living death, I shrieked and shrieked.

Suddenly I felt that I was being roughly shaken by a firm hand, and I heard my name called. Thus rudely-wakened, I opened my eyes. My friend was at my side, peering into my face and breaking into

irrepressible laughter. Irritated, I sat up, and to my wondering delight found that I was still safe in the boat and that the atmosphere around me was as calm and undisturbed as at first. “When did the storm abate?” I asked my friend. In reply, he broke into another fit of laughter; but, seeing my serious and perplexed face, he stopped short and answered, “As soon as you awoke from your sleep.” He explained that the serenity of the atmosphere had but coaxed me to deep slumber and that he had been loth to disturb me until my shrieks left him no choice. Had I been really sleeping, I wondered and was everything a dream? I touched my dress to see whether it was wet, but it was as dry as it was when I had put it on!

When I explained my little dream to my friend, he smiled and said, “If only the storms and winds that disturb the smooth current of our lives are as fleeting and shadowy as this dream of yours, how much better would life be!” With these words we stepped on shore, for our boat had been carrying us back, while I was having my wonderful dream.

— Seelavathi Amma.

“IT ONLY WALKS BY NIGHT”

SAVITRI was really quite a practical girl. That was why she had left her home and taken up work—a secretarial job, in a large city. She loved being independent and was therefore quite proud of herself earning her own living, and staying in her little flat all by herself; but she felt very lonely at times, especially when after dinner her Ayah and bearer left her to go down-stairs and have their meal. Only a short half-hour, she knew, before her Ayah came back, chewing her *pan* and full of gossip and ghost stories; but still, a lonely half-hour!

To-night, Savitri felt rather more

lonely than usual, and perhaps a little nervous, for she could not help remembering a certain man who had followed her on her way back from office. A nasty-looking man, with eyes that stared madly at her, and a ghastly smile on his pale face. He had followed her for a long time, until, thoroughly nervous, she had jumped into a passing bus, and thought she had given him the slip. However, she had got a nasty jar when she thought she saw him again, just for an instant before she entered the garden of the house in which she had her flat. What if he should try to come up now—when she was all alone?

Ugh—a shudder passed through her; but only to change into a sigh of relief when she saw her cheerful grinning Ayah come into the room.

To-day, the old woman was full of ghost stories. She had heard this and that and the other. "What do you think?" she said; "Even this house is haunted, Miss, and only a little while ago, the *Mali* told me that a woman in a *burka* walks about just outside the rooms, in that verandah, at dead of night. It seems a Mohammedan woman died here a few years ago. She died quite suddenly, one new-moon night, and some people say she committed suicide, and ever since then she walks by night on a new-moon day, and peers into all these doors and windows."

"Oh stop it," cried Savitri, "anyway, it isn't new-moon to-day—thank goodness, so perhaps our ghost will spare us. We had better go to bed."

She slept well that night, and when she awoke the next morning no memory of the ghost clouded her happy mood.

It was a week later, however, that she was rudely reminded of it when a friend of hers, looking into the sky one evening, and beholding the new-moon, said, "Oh, Savitri, let me look at your face. There's the new-moon." That night, she tried to tell herself that her Ayah's story was all false, and that she herself was much too sensible ever to believe in ghosts; but she could not help peering rather fearfully around, when she had put the lights out and had gone to bed. How silly she was, though. There she was, quite safe, with her Ayah in the next room, and her bearer outside her locked door. What was there to fear? She never believed in spirits. Why then this sudden dread of the supernatural? Was it because her nerves were all going awry for other reasons; and because she had some fear that was more urgent than threatenings from the under-world? She dreaded going to office more and more now, for the moment she stepped out of her flat,

the gruesome follower of a few days ago was there, always watchful. He followed her wherever she went—sometimes close behind, until she was afraid to look back, and felt her hair stand on end, and sometimes far away, when she could feel his eyes piercing her even from the distance. What could she do? She could not avoid him—and she could not report him to the police, for he never molested her, or even spoke a word to her.

It was late, but Savitri could not sleep. She tossed restlessly on her bed, and every now and then looked at the verandah, fearful of seeing the apparition. Her Ayah, forgetful of the new-moon ghost that only walked by night, was asleep in the next room, and Savitri could hear her snores. She closed her eyes, and tried to forget her fears; then she thought she heard a faint rustle outside—just the crunch of a dry leaf on the verandah under a heavy foot—and trembling with a dread that seemed to choke her, she opened her eyes. Yes—there it was, a woman in a *burka*, walking along the verandah towards her open door, making straight for her bed. As if hypnotised, she stared at the apparition as it came nearer and nearer. She could not move a limb, and the sweat poured down her pale face. Nearer and nearer it came, until there it was—stooping over her, peering into her face—Oh God alive, what was happening? Savitri gave one terrific scream, as if all the devils in the world had possessed and were torturing her soul—and then she fainted.

When she regained consciousness, her Ayah and bearer were standing bewildered beside her, and Mrs. Rama Rao, the lady down-stairs, was trying to make her sip some brandy and water.

"What's happened? Where's the ghost?" asked Savitri. "I thought it was going to kill me."

"It was only a nightmare, Savitri," answered Mrs. Rama Rao. "Your Ayah heard you scream, and came to see what had happened. You had fainted. She was so

frightened she came down and called me. It must have been a bad dream."

"No, no—she was here—the ghost that only walks by night. I swear it," and so poignant was her memory, that she began trembling again.

That night, Savitri developed fever, and for many days had to be in bed. Mrs. Rama Rao arranged that she should stay with her down-stairs, and, when Savitri was strong enough to move about, the doctor ordered that she should go home for a rest. So, Savitri decided to go back to South India to her parents, on a month's holiday. The ghost, and even the leering face of her follower were becoming vague and unreal to her, and she was beginning to think that her imagination had played her false that night.

Imagine her astonishment, therefore, when, at the station, she again saw the *burka* figure walk before her, and enter her compartment marked "ladies." Her first exclamation was, "Oh God, it also walks by day," and she felt herself go cold and faint; but she pulled herself together and said ghosts did not parade on railway platforms in the midst of a thousand other people. Also, India had many *burkad* women, who had as much right to travel in a ladies' compartment as she had. She could not help wishing however, that she could have a third person travelling with her.

Savitri gave up looking out of the window and turned her attention to her companion. They were well on their way now, and she was surprised to find that her companion still had her *burka* on. A shudder crept over her, and she looked at her more carefully. Too much of a studied indifference for a Mohammedan woman! Why did she look so steadily out of the window? Savitri stared and stared, and suddenly her eyes rested on the hands of her companion.

Large hairy hands—good gracious, could those huge fingers ever belong to a

woman? Frightened, she looked at the feet, and sure enough, her fears were confirmed, for there, just below the fringe of her *burka*, she saw the folded flap of a trouser leg. With difficulty she suppressed a frightened scream, and turned towards the window again, for now she was certain that a man was in her compartment, and that this same man was the ghost that had visited her that night. Time, it was time she wanted, for she was sure her adversary was biding his, until she should be off her guard. Struggling for breath, and trembling with dread, she sat on, afraid to rise and pull the alarm chain, lest he should be too quick and prevent her. At last, after what seemed ages, she heard the engine whistle and knew the train was nearing a station. He was probably waiting for this same station to pass before he molested her. Oh God—would the station ever arrive? She watched every movement of his from the corner of her eye, and once, when he got up, she became cold with stark fear; but he only looked for something in his bag.

Then, she saw houses approaching, and at last the train drew up before a station. She waited her time until a guard passed by, and then she called him to ask what the time was. As he came near the window, she stooped over to him feverishly, and whispered in his ear, "Guard, there's a man in the compartment. Come in at once." Bewildered, he entered, and before the *burkad* figure knew what had happened, Savitri said in a loud voice:

"Guard, that is not a woman but a man."

But the guard was too late, for the ghost that walked only by night had sprung at the guard and held him by the throat. It was Savitri who came to the rescue, and called a station orderly to the guard's help. Soon there was a crowd before her compartment, and the *burkad* figure was held fast. Roughly, they drew away the covering draperies, and there, before her,

Savitri beheld the leering face of the man, who had followed her along the streets for so many days. He now looked quite mad, and she thanked her stars that she had been saved from a lunatic, as the station officials dragged him away from her compartment.

—Rohini.

TRUE LOVE

YOUNG Gopal, the sixteen year-old son of the *coolie* at the Rice Mill, began to think of his own misfortunes. He, one of the best-looking of youths, one of the cleverest of students in the S. S. L. C. class, one of the best sportsman in the whole school, to be the son of a labourer, to be living in a house which had only two rooms, not to be able to wear a silk shirt or get the sweet-smelling soaps he wanted;—was not God cruel? And people had the foolishness to call that God kind! As these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was combing his hair, and adjusting his clothes at a small mirror. Suddenly, a dark thin man came into the room, looked at the boy with eyes full of anger and said, "Boy, you are wasting my money like this. What right have you to eat your food in laziness, which I earn with such difficulty? My curses be on you. May you never be happy!" As the last words came out of his mouth, tears came into his eyes and he rushed out of the room. The boy stood there as if he had heard nothing. Then there came into the room a girl of about ten years, wearing a torn skirt and with a child of two in her arms. She too rebuked the boy "Brother, what a bad boy you are! You are wearing clean white things, you have everything you want, while we have nothing..." Here she was suddenly stopped in her childish prattle by a cruel kick from Gopal. She went out crying loudly, and Gopal went to the other room. Dirty clothes were seen everywhere in heaps, and in one corner a middle-aged woman, as thin as a bamboo stick, lay on an old mat. She was weeping. As soon as she saw her son, she said "Gopal, you wicked boy, I am not going to live long. It is you that should look after the girls. Why are you so cruel? Can't you be without always making yourself look nice?" But Gopal only smiled; and with that beautiful smile playing on his beautiful mouth he went to the door and stood there, as if waiting for some one. All the time he was grumbling angrily to himself. At last, a young girl of thirteen wearing a dirty red sari came running in from somewhere. She hid her left hand in her sari, while in the other she held an eight-anna coin towards Gopal with a smiling face which was full of love. To her utter amazement, however, the boy, after taking the money and putting it in his pocket, pulled out the hand which she was hiding, and said, "Thief, what are you hiding?" But, to his wonder, blood was pouring from a finger, which was crushed and injured. He cried out, "Lakshmi, what is this?" The girl quietly said, "It is nothing, dear Gopal! Don't be afraid. It is only a scratch, which I had when I was grinding corn. Do you think that I do not love you enough to endure a small scratch?" But the proud boy's eyes were full of tears and taking his silk handkerchief he tenderly tied it round his sister's finger. His next work was to run into his room and, one by one, he threw his soap, his hair-oil and every other cosmetic into the ditch outside. And from then onward all were amazed to see the change in him to a dutiful loving boy. And so it was that the mind, which could not be affected by anger, jealousy or grief, was at last brought round by true love.

— A young Indian sister.

OUR SERIAL STORY

King Systos the Mighty

By HERBERT PORTER

CHAPTER IX

THE PRINCE IN ARIA

MEREDES arose betimes the following day, his keen spirit dancing for every joy, his thoughts burning like coals in a glowing fire.

It was a most perfect day. The sky was a deep transparent blue, with tiny white clouds floating lazily across the shimmering expanse of the heavens. Long shafts of liquid light were darting from the golden-faced sun, like mighty spirits leaping in glee over land and sea.

The Royal household was astir shortly after Mercedes arose. The Queen and Didus met almost simultaneously in a pretty breakfast room, into which the philosopher had been ushered. Mercedes arrived somewhat late, but full of happy apologies. He had been collecting some of his personal treasures, to carry away with him to Aria. Breakfast, attended by much pleasant conversation, was quickly over. Then were said the "good-byes" and, though the Queen was inwardly sad, she shewed but few signs thereof outwardly. With a gay spirit, Mercedes, accompanied by the philosopher, left the palace. The two were quickly aboard the galley, which stood awaiting their arrival, and soon the ship was speeding happily down the canal towards Aria.

Words flowed apace from the vivacious Prince. He chattered with eager excitement about a multitude of things, as a youth often does, while those more advanced in years take a more silent and philosophic view of life. Didus was not in a talking mood, but was forced into affability by the sheer buoyancy of spirit in the Prince. The journey passed merrily. The waters were perfectly calm and the trireme was sent bounding over them by the steady and practised strokes of the sturdy oarsmen.

In the bright and streaming sunshine—watching the endlessly incoming waves, lapping and breaking in white and glistening foam—

crests on the golden sand—sat Ceska, her thoughts wandering away over the sea to the famous City of Art, whither her father had gone.

The *Medea* of Euripides lay unstudied in her lap. After many attempts at concentration of mind, all of which had proved futile, she had abandoned her task, and given herself up wholly to the delight of dreams.

The day had been perfect. Now the lights of evening were beginning to fall, and somehow, she could not remove thoughts of Prince Mercedes from her mind. She seemed to be held in an entrancement beyond her understanding. A vague sense of a subtle "something unfathomable" stirred her whole being, such as the soul can only feel, when it goes out in yearning and searching and groping in the dark—when it speeds abroad to meet the invisible soul which Heaven ordains should be its companion and help-meet.

She had sat thus, so full of dreams, that she had not observed the steady approach of the ship which bore her father and the Prince. Suddenly, she espied it bounding along. Rising and shaking off the lethargy into which she had fallen, quickly she launched her own boat, which lay upon the shore, and was soon rowing towards the oncoming ship.

The keen, hawk-like eye of Didus discerned the approach of the small boat. He stood watching it draw nearer and nearer, until soon Ceska had rowed alongside the trireme, which, by this time, had been allowed slowly to drift. The Prince and Didus and also their equipage were lowered into the punt, and Ceska, turning the prow homeward, sent the little boat skimming over the sea, for she was as strong physically as she was mentally.

The trireme was also turned about and was soon on her homeward route. For a few moments Didus watched the receding trireme, and then turned to introduce to each other, Ceska and the Prince. Mercedes, at that psychological moment, was thinking that he had

never before seen such a radiant and beautiful vision. An electric thrill passed through the Prince's body. His pulses throbbed and his heart seemed to him to be trying most frantically to burst from its seat of existence. His face flushed, as he graciously acknowledged the pretty little smile and nod of the head, which, in the circumstances, was the best possible method of greeting.

The Prince suddenly became quiet and contemplative, and Didus, attributing this change of mood to shyness, greatly relieved the situation by the recital of his experience with the elements and his nearness to death. Ceska listened intently as her father described how the frail ship had split in two, and how her crew had perished with her. Also how he had clung, through the violence of the storm, to a floating piece of wreckage. The Prince heard but a few stray sentences concerning the philosopher's night of peril. He had no ears or eyes for any but Ceska, who seemed to him to be the very embodiment of all things heavenly.

At last the keel of the boat grated on the shingle and the three stepped ashore, passing through the sweetly-scented garden, and, as night approached and the silent moon went sailing more and more brightly amidst the starry hosts of the firmament, they wandered about the beautiful shores of that Eden called Aria.

Neither the Prince nor Ceska spoke many words, for each of them was transported into that perfect heaven of bliss, which needs but silence for its interpreter, and in which the mere presence of the one specific soul sought is sufficient to fill the mind of the other with a thousand radiant visions of life perfected. Didus attributed the silence of the Prince and Ceska to the fascination and extremely dignified beauty of the night, for Ceska and himself had oftentimes wandered thus for hours together, without exchanging a word in the calm presence of enchanted Nature.

Therefore, silence was the acknowledged and perfectly understood rule on such occasions. So Didus wandered away in thought through many realms of knowledge, for "the beautiful" in Nature always elevated his mind to the consideration of universal things; and, as this stage of mind grew upon him, his pace

slackened and soon he wandered on alone, and Ceska and the Prince, perceiving his abstraction, hastened their steps, leaving the philosopher to his worthy cogitations.

Few words were exchanged between the two lovers, but a powerful understanding seemed to have suddenly grown up between them. Each understood the silence of the other. Each felt the mutual heart-throbs. The keen eye-beams, which flashed between them, bespoke the strong soul fire which had kindled in each, in so short a time, and, ere Didus again reached his pleasant garden—to which Ceska and the Prince had returned—though no word of love had passed between them, each knew that a quenchless flame was lightened for ever in the heart of the other. Each realised that a new and boundless joy had leapt into existence, and that naught but Death could undo that which Fate had done in but a few short hours.

At this precise moment, the slow steps of Didus sounded on the garden path, and the two unavowed lovers, glancing quickly into each other's expressive eyes, turned and passed into the house, and were soon absorbed in a conversation upon many things in general and particular. The Prince soon discovered that Ceska was much in advance to himself, where knowledge was concerned, and he at once determined that he would work well and long at his tasks, for the spirit of emulation, which formed a strong element in his nature, arose greatly within him.

It was some considerable time before Didus joined them, he being busily engaged in the task of setting everything in order about the house, and personally attending in detail to all matters which concerned the Prince's comfort. When, at last, the philosopher did join his two pupils, it was to find them immersed in a discussion concerning the wisdom of Thales and others.

"What, then, is the real end and aim of knowledge?" asked the Prince.

"To instruct and elevate the mind, to lead a man to usefulness to his fellows, and eventually, to help spiritualise the whole being," replied Didus.

"The senses are easily deceived, and it is wholly unwise to trust too much to them, even

in the acquisition of knowledge," remarked Ceska.

"It is certainly foolish to judge of things by their appearance," said the Prince. The sun appears to traverse the Heavens, but actually the revolution of the earth upon its axis gives the impression. When the body goes down into the grave, a human being appears to be dead and finished with, but the hour of death is that person's true birthday."

"The senses are like the sun. The sun makes the heavens invisible and the earth clear; the senses obscure heavenly things and open up earthly ones," said Didus—quoting Philo Judaeus. "We must get within the sanctuary of the Spirit, for all true and perfect power," continued the philosopher. "If we could reach the real depths of the Spirit, all knowledge would become intuitive and the mysteries of Creation and Life would stand revealed. We must, as it were transcend knowledge and break into Cosmos."

"Yes," said Ceska, quoting Yudisthira. "True knowledge is that of Divinity. True tranquility is that of the heart. Mercy consists in wishing happiness to all. And simplicity is equanimity of heart."

"It seems that life can only be brought to human perfection," said the Prince, "by a balance of all the powers. Some over-develop the mind, and lose the soul. Some over-develop the soul and lose the mind. So that, by quiet unfoldment of all, and the interaction of each upon others, we get the highest type of mortal."

"That clinches the argument," said Didus. "So let us be off to rest."

Ceska bade the Prince and her father "good-night," and vanished like a sunny vision.

The philosopher led the way to the rooms which were for the Prince's private use, and, bidding him sleep well and prepare for hard work on the morrow, he passed into his own apartments, and was soon soundly sleeping.

CHAPTER X

LOVE DECLARED AND LOVE UNDECLARED

So the days went speeding on, and the Prince Mercedes grew more and more both in

love and learning. His studies under the philosopher were so well ordered and consistent that he quickly grew into the spirit of wise counsels and increased greatly in understanding.

The happy influence also of the philosopher's home, together with his burning love for Ceska, began more and more to stamp itself upon his clearly-defined and intellectual face. His physique was excellent, and his demeanour was sufficiently reserved to lend him true dignity, without that undue pride which so often mars natures which might otherwise be termed almost faultless.

To the Prince, Ceska had grown an indispensable being. Their wanderings together through the lovely paths and by-paths of Aria, their evening strolls on its interminable shores, their endless discourse upon endless subjects, all these had led them both further and further into the meshes of the fine net of love, until the Prince could no longer live without declaring to Ceska his ceaseless affection and adoration. It haunted him by night, it lived with him all the day through, and go whither he would, his imagination turned to see but one image—the radiant vision of Ceska.

Studies were over, and the day was again declaring as these two beautiful spirits went wandering away for their usual evening ramble. They were both in a silent mood on this particular evening, and strolled on without exchanging ideas upon any single point.

The great sun, like a ball of crimson, was sinking slowly. All the western sky was ablaze with livid light, and the sea also looked to be a mass of liquid fire. The sky above was clear, and the pale moon and a few fallow stars held just sufficient light within themselves to cause them to be observable. In the distance, a few small boats were sailing homewards, and, but for these, the whole span of earth and sea seemed to be forsaken.

Transported in spirit by the fascination of this scene, the two had stopped by mutual yet unspoken consent to gaze thereon in ecstasy.

They had stood thus for sometime, when suddenly the Prince, burning with love and quivering with emotion, clasped Ceska in a strong embrace and kissed her with a swift kiss of immortal affection, crying: "Know, Ceska, that I cannot live another day upon this earth,

without telling you of my great passion for you. I have loved you since first I beheld you, smiling and beautiful, on the day whereon I came to Aria. Tell me that you love me, as I love you, for I have read it in your eyes that you do."

For a moment Ceska was silent; then, with a swift movement, she threw her arms about him, saying: "I love you, Mercedes; but you are a Prince, and I....."

Before she could say more, the Prince had stopped her lips by the seal of his own, thus arresting any further protest, and declared: "Were I ten times a Prince, I would renounce all for your sake, if necessary, and speed away with you secretly from all courts and crowns and such like. Do not let us speak, tonight of such things, but let us live only in the happiness of this present dream of perfection—in the joy and knowledge of the vastness of our love, which shall overcome all obstacles and cast down all barriers from between us, whatsoever may arise."

So the Prince and Ceska, full of the ecstatic pleasures of their newly-told love, with glowing minds and hearts as strangely on fire as the great setting sun before them, lingered on the shore, while the evening faded quite away, and night with mystic and mellow light crept out of the darkening east across the silent sky, lighting a myriad glittering orbs in the translucent heavens.

The moon, with silver beams, was sailing high above them as they turned again towards home.

On arrival at the garden, they observed two figures moving slowly along the path, and, with a little exclamation of joy, the Prince hurried forward, drawing Ceska along with him. At the sound of hurrying steps, the two figures in front turned to greet those approaching, and, in a moment Mercedes had clasped both his mother's hands in his own, in a warm and delightful greeting, for the queen, weary of being so long alone and parted from Mercedes, had come to Aria to spend a few weeks with him and Didus.

After the Queen and the Prince had exchanged greetings, Ceska was introduced to Alestes, and the four, in jubilant mood, passed into the house. When they were all well seated, the Prince arose, and, facing his mother

and Didus, declared to them in a few simple words, how greatly he loved Ceska, and that his love was reciprocated, that he had that evening declared to Ceska his passion, and that they had promised each other deathless devotion.

The Queen did not seem in the least degree surprised at this piece of intelligence, but Didus received it with more or less of a display of wonderment, for he had hardly contemplated that Ceska would ever fall in love.

Didus glanced swiftly at the Queen, and the Queen in turn glanced swiftly at Didus. It was a case of mutual consent, and therefore they at once congratulated the happy pair, who were made the more happy by the knowledge of the mutual acquiescence of the Queen and the philosopher to their betrothal.

As the days passed, Alestes became so impressed by the beauty and romance of Aria, that she determined to stay much longer than she had originally intended, during which time she spent many happy hours with Ceska and the Prince, and also many intellectual and pleasant evenings with the philosopher, when the two lovers had finished their tasks and had strolled away to delight each other with tales and anticipations of the years to be.

Thus the Queen and Didus were left to each other's company a good deal, and gradually Didus began to be seized by strange and, at first, unaccountable feelings. When in the presence of the Queen, he became more silent and abstracted in mind, and at times, even erratic in conversation, until, at last, he was forced to admit to himself that he was fascinated by the sweet charm and beauty of Alestes.

The Queen, with that keen intuition which characterises an intelligent woman, began to suspect that Didus also was falling in love; and, before the philosopher had absolutely realised that he loved the Queen, she had perceived that such was the case.

This complicated matters.

It meant that, out of kindness for this wonderful man, she would perforce be obliged to return to the City of Art, for though she so much admired the genius and kindly disposition of Didus, she could never love him.

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During her lonely days, after Mercedes had left the place, Alestes had discovered that the intense love of her intense nature had passed beyond her power to sway. She loved, with every clinging fibre of her being, the lonely and despised prophet, Aphiades!

(To be continued)

Advice to a Young Mother

1. Artificial feeding for infants.

THE ideal food should be as much as possible like human milk, should be fresh and rich in vitamins, and should not leave any undue residue to ferment in the bowels. Cow's milk is the best for this purpose; but it contains a larger proportion of curds than human milk. Therefore, it should be diluted as shown in the table below :

Up to 2 months...	1 part of milk	1 part of water
2 to 4 „ ...2 „	1	„
4 to 6 „ ...3 „	1	„
Then, whole milk.		

But then the sugar is lessened, and must be made good by the addition of cane sugar in the proportion of one level teaspoon for every 3 ounces of *one in one* dilution; one teaspoon for every 4 ounces of *2 in 1* and *3 in 1* dilutions; one teaspoon for every 6 ounces of *whole* milk.

The fat is also less. To make it up, cream used to be added; but half a teaspoon of cod-liver oil is now recommended morning and evening, mixed in the feed. The milk should be boiled to get rid of bad germs; but the boiling should not be overdone. It is enough if the milk is brought up to 3 boilings; and the water should be added before the boiling. The vitamins lost by boiling can be supplied by orange juice.

The quantity given should be regulated; 2 to 2½ ounces of fluid for each pound of body weight are required in 24 hours. This should be divided into the number of feeds;

and each feed should be made fresh. The intervals of feeding should be altered with the age. Up to 3 months, the child should be fed every 3 hours, i.e. 6 feeds a day. After 3 months, it can be fed every 4 hours. When the food is strengthened, the change should be made gradually, first for one feed, then for two and so on.

Iron should be given in some form. The following has been suggested :

Ferri et ammonii Citras	grs.	2
Glycerinum	m	3
Water to make	m	60

Sig. A teaspoonful to be added to three feeds in the day.

The following summary can be made of the rules of feeding :—

- (1) Calculate the amount of fluid required for the baby's weight.
- (2) Choose correct dilution according to age, and the amount required for each feed.
- (3) Dilute the milk just before administration, boil and add sugar in proper proportion.
- (4) Feed the baby at regular intervals and avoid feeding whenever the baby cries.
- (5) Add half a teaspoonful of good cod liver oil for the morning and night feeds.
- (6) Give a teaspoonful of fresh orange juice daily.
- (7) Give a teaspoonful of iron mixture three times a week at least.

Tinned foods should be used only, when

fresh cow's milk cannot be had, or when the baby cannot digest cow's milk. There are 3 kinds of such:—

1. Dried milk which is prepared by evaporating fresh milk, and is always sterile. There are two kinds of this, full-cream and half-cream. The latter is like human milk, and needs no sugar to be added. *Allenbury's I and II, Cow and Gate half-cream* and *Sunshine Glaxo* are examples.

2. Condensed milk is made by evaporating cow's milk to 1/3 of its bulk, and can be had sweetened and unsweetened. *Nestle's Ideal milk* is very good, being given for infants up to 3 months in the proportion of 1 part of milk to 3 parts of water, with 1 teaspoon of sugar for 4 ounces of food. After 3 months, the proportion should be 1 in 2.

3. The other foods are to thicken the milk for babies over six months; and the strengthening should be done gradually. Some of the foods are *Allenbury's No III; Glaxo Malted Milk; Nestle's Milk food*, and *Robinson's patent barley*. *Benger's food* and *Mellin's food* are good for sick and weak children.

(Adapted from Health)

2. Building of self-confidence in Children

The motive of every disappointed life can be traced back to childhood; and is usually found in a sense of inferiority felt by the child when compared either to other children or to grown-ups. Then the child will either feel itself in the back-ground and become shy and timid and self-deprecating; or will wish to compensate in some

way and prove that it is good enough, and so become boastful and bullying. Parents should try to find out this tendency and do their best to treat their child in the correct way. Sex and size have to be considered. They can keep from saying be-littling things about boys and girls as against each other. Sex or age also should not be allowed to be used as a means of threatening or force. A child need not be pitied in its presence. And the commands of adults should not be enforced, but should be given with tact and politeness. Children can be taught to do things for themselves, instead of being helped. Too much attention and love is always crippling, and makes the child unfit to deal with school, business, or even marriage in later life. On the other hand, too little love also spoils the child, makes it feel crushed, rebellious and resentful. It feels others preferred before itself and takes to undesirable actions to get attention directed to it. Especially is this so when a new baby arrives, in which case the older child should be made to understand that it is still as much loved as before; and that the difference of attention is because the smaller infant needs more care.

"If we could act in the belief that life was co-operative rather than competitive, that we were working and acting with people and not against them or in rivalry with them, and train our children to live in the same belief by encouraging group and individual activities, appreciating their efforts to solve the problems that come up, and putting a stern check on our impulses to solve them for them, we would be able to eliminate to a very large extent their crippling fears. Right training in childhood can do this."

(Adapted from The Parent's Magazine.)

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

(a) Care of the feet.

NOW that most of our ladies have given up stockings and have taken to the wearing of sandals, it is very expedient that attention should be paid to the feet. They should look in the fashion too! Apart from that, there is the fact that, since work for Indian women is increasing, the labour thrown on the feet is also increasing. More walking, more exercise for the feet; hence the feet must be fit for the work required of them. As an English Magazine says: "The foot is a delicate piece of mechanism. The small and delicate bones, the slender tendons, the intricate arch, the ankle pivot, all are most minutely adjusted and delightfully constructed to bend and move as we desire, and to bear the weight of our bodies." The first thing to see to is the correct fitting of the shoes or sandals. It goes without saying that the best shoes should be bought. If very expensive, they can be made to last long by careful looking after. We know that they must not be too tight, but they must also not be too big. There should be an arch to support the instep. I also like a slightly raised heel. There are so many sandals available now-a-days, which do not supply these two needs. The result is flat feet, which become more flat as the days pass by. Springiness goes from the walk, and the limbs get easily tired.

Then the feet should be as carefully cleaned as the hands. After that, it is inevitable that there should be manicuring for the toe-nails. The pushing back of the cuticle, the cutting of the nails fairly short, and a little creaming of them, will help; corns can be easily removed. Tinting and varnishing of nails must be left to individual taste. In ancient days, we know that Indian women adopted this measure as an increase to beauty. Blood-red nails look too bizarre, but a slight

colouring of them will look rather pretty, I think.

Slim ankles, slender shapeliness of the feet and a graceful arch of the instep, can be induced by exercises. *Dress and beauty* suggests this: In the morning bath, a gentle massage with soaped hands of the tendons of the toes should be done, from the toes downwards, softly rubbing away the knobs and the nerve-nodules caused by too much strain or by ill-fitting shoes. The massage should be continued under the foot, smoothing out the big toe joint and working well into the arch. Then, it should be taken up to the ankle, moving the foot around the joint to make it supple. The muscles of the calf and the leg should be rubbed up to the knee, special care being given here also to the nodules, which may have formed.

Thick ankles are one of the most unsightly things in the world and should be got rid of. They are induced by bad circulation, we are told, and can be reduced by exercises. *Dress and beauty* suggests some. The first is to sit or stand with feet six inches apart from each other, and with knees rigid. Roll the weight to the outer edge of the feet, curl in the toes, lift the arch and raise the toes. Then press each toe down separately, starting from the smallest. Now stretch out the toes and raise them as high as you can. This exercise should be repeated often. The second exercise is to repeat the process of rising on the balls of the feet and then dropping weight to heels and raising toes. The third one is to cross the knees, to circle one foot after the other, first out and down, then in and up, while the ankle is left relaxed. It is good also to walk sometimes round the room, putting the weight on the outside of the feet, with the toes curled in.

For aching feet, a bath in hot water with Epsom salt is good. Methylated spirits or soft soap can also be dabbed on

to the soles, especially before the day's work begins.

(b) *The vagaries of fashion.*

It is rather surprising to me to see sometimes articles by Indian ladies, not only recommending the use of power and paint, but explaining how to use it to the best advantage with the Indian costume. This is all to the good in some ways. I am glad that our Indian women are not only coming to the fore, but are also holding their own in the realm of fashion; not only taking the fashion-example of other nations, but also putting their individual touches into it. But this is just where I wish to complain. In spite of the touch of independent personality, the fact cannot be denied that the art of powder and paint belongs more to the West than to the East. True, our women of old did use the *Kohl* and a few cosmetics; but these were nothing to the make-up of modern days.

As a set-back, therefore, I am glad to welcome articles by other ladies in which they somewhat deprecate the extreme use of fashion appliances, and the use of foreign phraseology. I have seen, and known, how great is the slavish imitation of fashion in this respect by some Indian women, and how much their own value is depreciated thereby.

And I also ask why this should be so. I have often wondered why it is that women should be such apt pupils of Dame Fashion. Time and again, no doubt, we have been given explanations of the fact, in which some sort of camouflage of this tendency has been put forward. Women, we are told, do not care to adopt the vagaries of fashion, unless they really suit them. Moreover, fashion is said really to be the index of comfort and convenience. The intention therefore, is good; but what really is the practice?

Powder and paint are the fashion now; so are certain peculiar methods of costume;

and because they are the fashion, there is said to be no harm in them. But I say, what is the good of them? Do they beautify the woman at all? They may, in some ways, if she has a dull and insipid look; as a matter of fact, any startling appearance like a red gash across the mouth, a blooming carmine on the cheeks, a beautiful whiteness on the skin, will catch the attention even on an ugly face. The bizarre is always attractive to some people! And then, of course, there is the fear of being thought dowdy without such things. "We shall be out of the fashion," say the girls of the West. "We shall not be showing ourselves aware of modern tendencies. We shall be falling back. We shall not be *chic*, and no one will notice us." And our Indian girls are going one better: "We are trying to hold up the flag of India in every way. We are trying to show that Indian women also can keep up with Western women. Why then should we fall back in the realm of fashion? Let us show that we can also be *chic*."

But then, I say, all men are not the same. If you are always out for the admiration of men, remember that there are many men, who like to see a woman unadorned by powder and paint. Especially is this so, I am sure, among Indian men; I have seen so many of them stand aghast before painted beauty, and then scutter away like frightened sheep. I remember once years ago, going to a party given by an English lady. All the women there—of the West,—were dressed in the height of fashion, with the exception of one. She had on a rather loose, dowdy dress, well-cut no doubt, but not at all in the fashion. What was the result? I found her the centre of attraction, not of mockery or criticism, but of genuine attraction. And why? Because, she had such a charming personality, which made itself pleasantly felt. Yet, no doubt, in the West—we are shown this often enough on the screen—there is ridicule and amusement at the unfashionable woman. But anything can become the craze, as we know, of Dame Fashion, as we were told

the other day in the *Talkie*, "Lilies of the Field," in which even the inconvenient Victorian dress became the fashion for some days in modern London! One gathered that what was really wanted was to create and follow a new *craze*, whether it suited one or not!

The point, however, is that it does not need powder and paint, or a bizarre fashion of dress, to make a woman attractive. On the other hand, such will often spoil natural beauty. I have seen many a fine skin coarsened, many a smooth complexion ruined, many a fine figure corrupted, in this way; while as for plucked eyebrows, reddened curves of lips, and men's clothes on women, what can I say! On the other hand, bobbed and shingled hair does suit some of our Indian women; and perhaps a little darkening of the eyes may not be bad, while lighter and easier clothes than our old-fashioned ones are certainly advisable. Is there need, however, for extremes? A plain woman can become attractive surely in other ways. She can develop the good points in her own personality, eradicate the bad ones, make herself less dull and insipid, and work up a natural and true personality, which is sure to trace out its own path, even among the *elite*. And this can be done by our Indians in their own inimitable Indian way. Why should they seek to be foreign in their effects? Why seek to be slaves to an alien fashion?

We are trying to Indianise India, even while internationalising it, if I may use the word. Let us do it, even in the region of

that haughty autocrat, Dame Fashion. There can be an Indian fashion too, you know! Even old-fashioned women, like myself, can be permitted at least to indicate what we think about it to our unruly descendants!

Of course, there can be retaliation from the younger set. "In what way," they can ask, "did you score by your ways in the older world? Were you able to work hard in your costumes, play in them, go about in them, as we are. In your world, you kept to your houses. In our world we go out, and must dress accordingly. Were you not also catering to public opinion, in your conventionality, just as we do in *ours*? Six of you and half-a-dozen of us, indeed!"

True, my girls, quite true. I have no objection to find, as I said before, with some things in your modern dress. But then there can be extremes in everything.

And why camouflage? It may help in some ways, but remember that camouflage can be often very easily seen through! And then comes the double accusation, not only of ugliness, but also of hypocrisy.

Of course, if slavery to fashion is really due, as I guess it often is, to high spirits, the desire for something new, and the "cussedness" of youth, why then we, carping critics, must bow our heads in humorous resignation, and hope for another and a better change in fashion.

—Sister Susi.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

Bimala 'Boogles' the Burglars

(A FUNNY STORY)

"I SAY, come and hear this, *Acca*," called Kumar excitedly, poring over the latest copy of "The Madras Mail." Bimala, her head bent over the essay on "What to do in case of fire", that she had just written for school, slammed her note-book shut and ran to where her brother was seated.

"*Amma* told us not to read this," she scolded in a voice of big-sisterlike authority that made nine-year-old Kumar writhe guiltily.

"I was only looking at the pictures, and this caught my eye," he protested, pointing to a paragraph in heavy type. Forgetting for a moment that she, too, had been forbidden to read the many scandals and other pleasantries most newspapers delight in printing, Bimala began reading it; first with mere curious interest, and then with such absorption as to make her brother give a naughty chuckle and ask with mock surprise.

"What, *Acca*, you interested in a newspaper? *Aiyo*, what will *Amma* say?" But Bimala was not heeding, so enthralled was she in what she read.

It was as follows:—

"Twelve-Year-Old Girl's Pluck."

"Pushpavelli R....., playing on the verandah with her two small brothers, suddenly saw a king-cobra, hanging from the roof over the baby's head.

Quick as thought, she snatched the child to one side, and, as the snake fell on the verandah, she seized a heavy stick that lay near and killed it with one or two blows. Afterwards, she called the *Ayah*, and left the children in her charge.

"She was brave," Bimala murmured, her eyes shining, "and if I had the chance, I—I would try to be like her." Kumar

screwed up his eyes, and surveyed her thoughtfully, his head on one side, a wicked expression on his face.

"I do not think you would, Bimala," he said slowly, adding, as he made ready to dash from the room, "you would shout for help"; and with one bound he was across the room, while his sister, her skirt and *thavani* (small sari) flying, chased him out into the passage, where he nearly collided with a peon.

Touching his turban respectfully, and not in the least perturbed by his little master's agility, the peon said in broken English, "Missie, men coming to see your father; I tell he is out, *Amma*, but they say they come to remove *wart-robe*."

Bimala thought quickly, and then she asked, "Have you sent them up?"

"Yess; Seshan with them in *Amma's* room, *he* watch."

"Then *that's* all right," breathed Bimala with relief, adding aloud, "did *Madam* tell you they would come?"

"Yess, Missie, she tell me, and I send kitchen-boy." Feeling glad that she would not have to deal with the matter, Bimala yet thought it would be as well to go up and see what was going on, since Seshan *matey*, was not particularly noted for his commonsense.

Mounting the stairs, two at a time, she suddenly wondered what had become of Kumar, and had half a mind to go down again and find out, when she heard a sound as of something falling. Wondering what this could possibly mean, she sprang up the remaining four steps, landing with a slight thud on the polished floor above.

The door of her mother's room was slightly ajar, so Bimala crept up softly, and looked into the room from behind an *Almira* which prevented her from being seen by the people in the room. These

two were busily ransacking her mother's wardrobe, pulling out silk sarees and jewels and throwing them into a large sack which lay on the floor, while two others ransacked a bureau. But what made Bimala, horrified as she was at the spectacle, stiffen with even greater horror, was the sight of the kitchen-boy lying in a corner, blood streaming in a thin trickle from a wound in his temple.

"Oh, oh," she gasped, forgetting for a moment that the slightest sound would betray her. The men turned simultaneously to her. An ugly look passed over the face of the one nearest her, but suddenly his face changed, and he said in a smooth voice, "Missie, keys please! we have orders to empty this *wart-robe* before taking it, and we want the key for the middle cupboard, it is locked."

Bimala thought hard, and then, as an idea suddenly presented itself to her, she replied calmly, "I shall get it;" and she left the room, going in the direction of her mother's writing-room, where she kept her keys and the household money and files of bills and receipts. There was a smile on her face as she went in, thinking how she was going to turn the tables on the men. She met Kumar as she was coming out, at the head of the stairs.

"Phone Police," she whispered, "explain later;" and she walked towards the door of the room where the men were, a key held tight in her hand, while her brother, mystified, scampered down again.

"Click!" went the lock, as Bimala swiftly turned the key, locking the door upon the men inside. But there were two doors to that room, so, remembering this, she ran quickly across the verandah, round to the other one, just as angry voices told her that her prisoners had discovered her trick.

"*That's* done," she said excitedly to herself, as the second door was successfully locked; and then she sped downstairs to wake the servants and await the arrival of the police. To her surprise, she met Kumar again,

his face wreathed in smiles, and making for the direction whence she had just come. Stopping him, she related hurriedly what she had done, adding in a triumphant voice, "You said I could never do what that girl in the paper did."

"You *are* ver...ry clever," acknowledged her brother, adding, as he took the key from her hand, "and now you had better let me set my friends free; the Venkataraoas are acting this for me, and I wanted to test you." And off he sped laughing, leaving Bimala *speechless*.

Ever afterwards, the stock tale of the season amongst the Venkataraoas, their next-door neighbours, was how Bimala thought red ink was blood, and managed to 'boogle' the burglars. But she herself never understood how it was that not a *thing* of her mother's was really touched, and how the two real furniture men could be in league with their neighbours, acting so well that she was easily deceived. Those were things Bimala longed to find out, but never did.

Still, sufficient to say she managed to successfully "Boogle" the burglars."

E. K. Tampoe, Age 14 Yrs. 10 ms.

A Safety Code for Children

WHEN ON FOOT.

1. *Always stop* before crossing the road, look right and left and, if all is clear, cross quickly.
2. *Always stop* and look before running into the roadway on leaving school, or to fetch your ball or hoop.
3. *Always* cross busy streets where there is a policeman or refuge, if you possibly can.
4. *Always* look out for vehicles turning corners.
5. *Always* look and listen for warning signals.
6. *Always* wait till the bus or tram stops before getting on or off.

7. *Always* guide younger children across the road.

8. *Always* walk on the right-hand side of the road, when there is no footway.

9. *Never* run behind or hold on to motors, lorries, carts or other vehicles.

10. *Never* throw each other's caps, or push each other, into the roadway.

WHEN CYCLING.

1. *Never* ride on the step, crossbar or handlebar of another's bicycle.

2. *Always* keep your brakes and rear reflector in proper condition.

3. *Always* go slowly at cross roads and dismount unless you can see that the way is clear.

(From "The Policewoman's Review," February 1935)

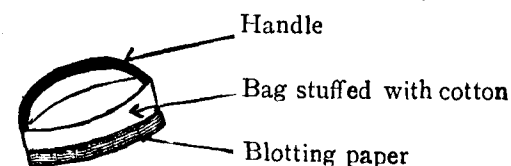
Things to do

Writing-table fitments.

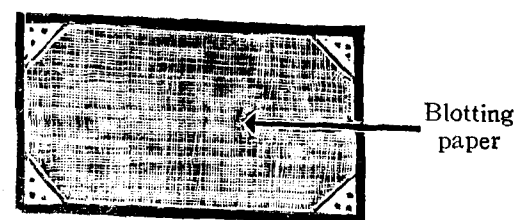
It's always a problem what to give people on their birthdays and for Christmas; but there's nothing *granny* or mother or father would appreciate more than something made by you. Here are some useful things you can make for the writing-table.

The Blotter. Make an oval or oblong bag of about 6 inches long and 3 inches

wide, and stuff it tightly with cotton and sew up the open end. Cover the bag with some nice silk on top—and attach a handle on one flat end, and blotting paper, cut the same size as the bottom flat part, to the other end. Your blotter is now complete.



The Pad. Cut out a piece of cardboard, about 16 inches by 14 inches. Get some water-proof cloth or green baize or felt, and cut it according to the shape of the board and cover it front and back. Next, cut triangular pieces of the same material, and attach to corners by means of small brass nails. Fit in blotting paper into the corners, in order to cover the top of the pad. It is now complete.



THE ETHICS OF BRIDGE

ATTEMPTS have been made to include bridge among the purely gambling games of the world. I think they have been more or less frustrated. One is glad of that, though of course it cannot be denied that Bridge does partake largely of gambling. There is so much chance in the falling of the cards, such a variety in their distribution, such endless combines among them, such scope for change of methods and attitude. Women especially seem to feel the chances of the game, as proved by their

superstitions at the table. The cut pack must be chosen for deal; walk clock-wise; never leave aces for seats; to be lucky in cards is to be unlucky in love, and so on. With the quality of chance also goes the monetary value of the game. There can be no doubt that the higher the stakes, the more interesting is the game. But still, there are many people, who like the game for itself, and care not for points. But there are others, who hate "playing for love", and who in such a situation bid too high, or care

too little for the hazards of the game. To circumvent such, stakes are necessary. Yet there can never be said to be too much gambling in such games. One has always to be ready for defeat or loss in bridge, as well as in other chances. One day's losings may mean another day's winnings; and at the end of the month one generally equalises. Apart from all this, however, there is no doubt that bridge is a grand game; carrying almost as valuable lessons in its inception, as does the great game of cricket. One may originate a saying hereafter—That is not bridge—as we do in cricket. What is bridge then—I mean, not the game, but the intention of the game? Why, it should mean as much as any other sporting game! Just the sport of it, the sporting spirit of it, if you like.

In the first place, real bridge means the honest observance of certain rules. No doubt, too much has been made of such conventions; and bridge now-a-days is apt to become too solemn a business, as serious almost as any profession. We see the point of this, when we visit an Englishman's club. All is quiet, orderly and methodical. Seldom does an outsider interfere. The players are left to themselves to ponder and think and play. Now go to an Indian club. Very often at such, bridge is more social than otherwise. Lookers-on walk about, often making audible comments, and very often take a hand in the game itself; and immediately after the game is over begin to offer as many remarks, and as many items of advice and criticism, as those tended by the players themselves; so much so indeed that they often become "a weariness to the flesh." There is no greater bore, I think, than the one who from an outside stand-point constantly criticises; but perhaps a greater bore still is the player, who is conscious of his inferiority complex, and who, the moment he becomes *dummy*, or the moment a game is over, begins to ask for advice and to deprecate the calls he has made, or the play he has played. Is not all this absence of convention really worse than too much convention? To many people it is; and

I cannot think of anything more annoying than to be constantly prompted over the shoulder how to play. Rules in bridge, therefore, should, be as important as rules in any business walk of life. Then again, bridge means the consideration of other people. *Post-mortems* naturally mean a lot of noise, which disturb players at other tables. They also mean a waste of time, as well as of energy. Again, they mean a clogging of the faculties, an *addling* of the brain, which may be clearer otherwise.

Thus, bridge teaches the spirit of unselfishness; I think it is one of the best teachers of that rather scarce quality. Apart from the control of one's criticisms, there is the altruism of the play itself. There are players, for instance, who love to keep the play in their own hands largely, and no doubt sometimes correctly, because they think they can carry off a game better than their partners can. Can there be anything more selfish? After all, bridge is a game. To over-call one's opponent is good, if it is correct; but to do so from purely selfish reasons, and thus very often to foul a game, is terrible!

At the same time, let it not be forgotten that an inferior player should not impose himself too much on good players. No doubt, one cannot learn unless one plays with really good players, and no doubt one pays his way to play in a club. But here also can the spirit of altruism step in and hand-in-hand with humility and the perception of one's own faults, hesitate to presume "where angels may fear to tread."

Another great lesson of bridge is that it teaches people to make the best of a bad situation and not to lose their heads or get desperate in reverses. In bridge, as in other events of life, the proverbs often come true that "while there is life there is hope," and that "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." Besides, what harm is there in loss? It is good to learn to play as well as in losing, as in winning. I have heard of players, who throw up their hands when they get bad cards. What then about their

partners, and of their opponents? Have these not be considered? "Play the game" is as true in bridge as in cricket. Thus courage, pluck, nerve, and persistence are some of the lessons of bridge; as well as the induction of the methods of education, inference, elimination, construction, and orderliness. Too much elation at success and therefore too much over-confidence, is discouraged by general experience in bridge. The control of one's vexation and chagrin at loss, the acquiring of equability of temper, poise and balance are other lessons.

There are few games, which show up the nature of the players, as does bridge. Watch the erascible player, frowning over his partner's mistakes, grumbling and rumbling; and the moment the game is over, bursting out into angry rebukes. See the conceited one chortling over his own cleverness and over the *coups* he thinks he has carried off by himself. If his hand is a poor one, he praises his self-control at not over-bidding; if the game is won, he vaunts his courage; if it is lost, he gives what he thinks are unavoidable reasons for what are mistakes and proceeds to criticise his partner's faults. The cunning player watches the faces of his opponents, and is on the *qui vive* for slips of any kind; perhaps he insinuates many shrewd remarks which may help his partner. The boisterous player makes too much noise; the foolish player tries to hide his want of knowledge in pretentious remarks. The unkind player makes *catty* remarks; the unsporting one placates his superiors in play and bullies his inferiors. The selfish player tries to monopolise the play. And the real sport? Why, he is everything that those others are not. All honour to him, for he is seldom to be found—the man, who knows really to play bridge; who sees the faults of his poor partner and who is clever and kind enough unostentatiously to accom-

modate his play to those faults, and kinder still to make allowances for such a partner and make him feel at ease: who does not mind if he loses, or at least does not in any way exhibit his chagrin, who never interferes, and who always tries to make everyone feel happy, in short who is a *gentleman* in bridge as in everything else.

It is natural that the play among women should be different from that of men. The latter think of nothing but their bridge; the former cannot often concentrate; they must talk of clothes and prices, and servants and babies and food in the intervals of the game, while they or *dummy*, perhaps in the middle of a game itself. Is it any wonder that men like to have the bridge-room to themselves; while women like to welcome men to play with them! What an exhibition of poor spirit is this among women, and yet what a proof of an eternal verity! But, are not men selfish sometimes to keep themselves to themselves? I am sure they are. I like them when they mix up with women; but I do not grudge them a few rubbers to themselves. In any case, if they play mixed bridge, they can partake of the lovely *binges* which women have a special knack for—delicious snacks to munch, delightful drinks to sip and delectable bits of gossip to whisper! Whatever the undersirability of a *binge* for men, its worth to women cannot be made too little of. How it blows away the cobwebs of too much thought, how it lightens the labour of concentration, and how it clears the decks for further action!

Let none think, however, that there are no good bridge players among women. Far from it. What about the Mrs. Culbertsons of the game, than whom their husbands cannot find better or more reliable partners?

— Kamala.

NEWS ABOUT WOMEN IN INDIA

(1) Progress of Women

IN an illuminating article in the *Hindu*, Mr. Kumarappa gives us a sketch of the struggle of women for freedom. In the ancient world and the Middle ages, the view was that women could not take part in state affairs, and so had no need for public education. But British women were not satisfied, and in the middle of the 19th century, started the Women's movement, which may have originated in democracy, or been a natural development of social and political evolution and the growth of industrialism. In any case, women were afraid of loss of independence, through the deprivation of cottage industries in the industrial era, and of self-degeneration through the consequent enervation and inactivity. The women's labour movement demanded, not only that work should be thrown open to them in professions, political and skilled labour circles, but that they should also be trained for the work. Then came the demand for fair conditions and equal wages in factories. Finally, with the advance of education, came the request for the equal share of responsibility in all affairs.

The National Union of Women's suffrage Societies, founded in 1867, did much to improve the social, educational and economic status of women. But very slow progress was made in the winning of the right to vote, as the first right of equal citizenship. Well-known women formed the National Women's Social and Political Union in 1906; and aggressive and offensive war was carried on against government to secure privileges. Into the midst of this conflict came the great war, which at once proved the capability of women for hard and persistent work. In 1918, a new bill conferred limited suffrage on women, which was a concession won partly as a reward for service done in war, but chiefly on account of the aggressiveness of the women themselves.

The women's movement started earlier in America, we are told, and by 1900 franchise had been achieved in four states. Something a little better was gained in 1915, and in 1919, suffrage was really ratified.

On the continent, the Danish movement goes back to 1872, and in Norway to 1886. French women had complete enfranchisement in 1907; Norwegian women in 1913, and Danish women in 1915. In Sweden and Holland, the fight was much more severe, success being finally achieved only in 1921 and 1919 respectively. With the growth of democracy after the war, the right to vote became more valuable. In Germany, the women's movement was more for the securing of improved social and educational conditions. In Russia, Madame Schiskiva-Yavein led the agitation, and won the right to vote. The Russian example was followed by Poland and other countries, till now more than two-thirds of Europe is enfranchised. Mr. Kumarappa thus enumerates the demands of women:

"In every country where women vote, there demands immediately grow up for legislation to provide equality of rights, opportunities and pay between sexes and for the better protection and education of children. Equal economic status for women, equal divorce laws, equal responsibilities of parents for illegitimate children, pensions for widows with dependent children, and protection of young persons from drink and other vices, are prominent lines of reform which women have already set in motion and for some of them they have already secured legislation in some countries. From what we have already seen of their social and economic interests and activities, it is not difficult to envisage the future. With equal responsibility in the administration of the affairs of the world, the distinctive contribution of women is

bound to be towards the advancement of the economic and spiritual welfare of mankind."

It would be well to consider, as a continuation of this sketch, the summary of Mrs. Margaret Cousins in the *Hindu*, of women's position in India. In the Buddhist and Vedic eras, women were equal to men in every way. Since then, they have gone down, but are coming back to their own again. The improvement has been swift during the last twenty years, gaining impetus from the national awakening.

With regard to social conditions, we know the evils of child marriage, the purdah system, inefficient maternity service, and the poverty of the masses. But various associations of welfare and Municipal, District Board and Panchayat Councils are doing their best to improve conditions. The Sarda Act is a great help, though much has still to be done to improve it, as well as to enforce it.

As regards education, the average rate of literacy is very low, sufficient money not being in evidence for the early education of girls. A small percentage of girls has taken to higher education, becoming later lawyers, teachers, scientists, accountants, journalists, authors, artists, philosophers and politicians. Co-education is increasing. The education of adults, who cannot go to college, is taken up by associations of various kinds. As regards oral and traditional education, however, the level of general culture of the women of India is quite high. Domestic and home training has been standardised by the founding of the Lady Irwin College in Delhi by the All-India Women's Conference.

The economic status of women is not very high. Except in teaching, women receive less wages than men. Though all trades are open to them, they are generally kept back from better-paid work. The want of Maternity-benefit laws, and of women's trade-unions handicaps women. Proper conditions in factories are not fully avail-

able; and women are being forced away from underground work. In agriculture, the conditions for women are the same as those of men, but poverty in villages is very great, though efforts are being made to ameliorate it.

In property, the Muslim women have the most privileges, but Hindu women are in an unjust position, though Baroda and Mysore have lately instituted great reforms in this direction. In Malabar, however, women hold all the property through the matriarchal system. In political status, women have the same rights as men to vote and be elected to legislature and government bodies, besides rights of nominations; but the qualification being a property and literacy one, the percentage of women voters is very low, as compared to that of men. There are women members of Legislative and Municipal councils, as well as of District Boards and Panchayat Unions, and Honorary Magistrates. There has been a Deputy Speaker for the Madras Legislative Council and a woman Minister of Health in Travancore. Three chief associations are working for women in India, the All India Women's Conference, the Women's India Association and the National Council of Women. National consciousness has been roused in the women of India.

It is interesting to note in this connection the differences drawn between men and women. The *Illustrated Weekly of India* mentions some of these. It includes the assumption that "men can do without women, but women cannot do without men." The truth is that "women are essentially simple and men essentially complex." Yet none is superior to the other; for, though they differ, there can be no criticism of these differences. The keynote of women's simplicity is emotion; of men's complexity is thought. The strongest emotion in women is creative; and, being limited, takes the narrow sphere of husband and children, in award of sex. A man, however, finds satisfaction in other things, in creating, and striving, in doing, in thinking, in art for art's sake. He

loves the effort and the battle, not the result. But women want the result, the completion. And thus the really complete woman is the woman who has found her man. "The others have the soul and the mind of a man in a woman's body." To man therefore, it is the principle that matters; he can easily separate it from practice. But the woman must fulfil her theory in practice.

Is there any doubt of the cause of the power wielded by woman everywhere? She does wield it; and therefore in order to be equal to it, she must be educated. As the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri said the other day:

"In our country, though she is ignorant, a woman is not only the wife of her husband, but also his mistress. We are ruled by our wives, in some cases to a very great extent, and we are not ashamed to admit it even in public. We throw the blame on our wives, as though it excuses us from the responsibility.

I do not object at all to women being equal with us in the responsible tasks of life in the bearing of the burdens of the family. I should certainly agree to certain duties being departmentalised and given over to them, but after due preparation of the party for the job. The job is delicate, it is difficult, demanding the attention of a highly prepared agency, and yet to the most crude and undeveloped agent we entrust our affairs and we pride in the fact that we entrust to them great duties. Thus this question also demands the attention of the social worker."

2. Women in underground work

Begum Shah Nawaz, adviser to the Indian Government Delegation to the 19th session of the *International Labour Conference* submitted her report lately, and the Conference acting on the lead given by the Committee, unanimously adopted a Draft convention, prohibiting the employment of women in underground mines of all kinds.

In India, according to the Report of the chief Inspector of Mines, in 1933, out of a total of 2,06,507 workers working in mines of all kinds which come under the Indian Mines Act, underground workers totalled 1,12,355, of which 99,556 were men and 13,799 were women. The latter figure, however, has been steadily decreasing. In March 1929, the Government of India issued regulations which came into force on 1st July 1929, under which no woman is permitted to enter or remain in the underground workings of any mine other than an exempted mine, unless she is authorised to do so in writing by the chief Inspector. The exception is intended to provide for cases, where a lady-doctor, a lady-inspector, or a lady-visitor may wish to enter a mine, from the underground workings of which women are excluded by law. In the exempted mines—the coal mines of Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, and the Central Provinces, and the salt mines in the Punjab,—the prohibition of the employment of women underground is to become operative by successive stages over a period of ten years, so that by 1st July 1939 the exempted mines will be subject to the rules applied to other mines from 1929; that is to say, by that date the practice of employing women underground will have been totally abolished. The progressive reduction in the employment of women underground is proceeding steadily and even at a rate exceeding that anticipated. According to the annual reports of the Mines Inspection Department, the number of women employed underground in mines in 1928 was 31,785 and had fallen to 24,089 in 1929 (23 per cent. of all underground workers), 18,684 in 1930 (15.56 per cent. of all underground workers), and 14,711 in 1932 (13.26 per cent. of all underground workers). For coal mines alone, the figures for the years 1928, 1929, 1930, and 1931, respectively were 28,408, 21,880, 18,287 and 16,632.

3. The A. I. W. C.

The Standing Committee of the *All Indian Women's Conference* has concluded

its half-yearly meetings at Poona, representatives having coming to it from Hyderabad, Baroda, Sangli, Gwalior, Indore, Travancore, Kolhapur, Bombay, Maharashtra, Kokan, Sind, Madras, Andhra, Punjab, Delhi, Bengal, C. P. and Gujarat. It was represented that the organised women of India have taken certain general exceptions to the *India Bill*. They also press for joint-electoralates for reserved seats for women in the legislatures — not on a communal basis. They object strongly to the wifehood qualification, but like the literacy one. They dislike the application condition.

The A. I. W. C. has thought out a new method of work through four commissioners, one for education, one for labour, and two for social problems. Each with its Chairman and Secretary, will submit their reports and suggestions to the central Conference. Tours will be undertaken to centres of social and educational interest, and to villages to enquire into the life of Harijans. The central work will be in Delhi with a paid Secretary, for which purpose funds are appealed for.

(4) The *Association for Moral and Social Hygiene*, founded in England by Mrs. Josephine Buttler in 1869, has its branches in India. Its principles are :

- 1. An equally high moral standard for men and women.
- 2. Liberty with responsibility.
- 3. Respect for human personality.

There are five main sections :

- 1. The responsibility for *investigation and research* rests with agencies, both official and voluntary, who have access to facts, and can spend time in gathering information in a sympathetic way.
- 2. The responsibility for *legislation* rests with barristers, magistrates, police, the Legal Remembrancer, and the Legislative Department, and voluntary protective societies.

3. The responsibility for *education and measures* for the benefit of the family, rests upon the parents and home circle, the college and school teachers, and religious sects ; and such groups as the Seva Sadan, Seva Samitis, Guides, Scouts, and other organizations serving young people.

4. The responsibility for *medical measures* rests upon the Health Department, private physicians, hospitals, and other health organizations of a voluntary welfare type.

5. The responsibility for *rescue work and the revival of interest in wholesome recreations*, rests upon social agencies, censorship boards, Municipal Committees, and especially upon the women's organisations.

At the Fifth Conference in Geneva, and another conference in London, held last year under the auspices of the League of Nations, India was represented, and the pioneer work done by the Indian Association for moral and social hygiene was considered. The following extract from the *Statesman* in an article by Mrs. M. Shephard will give an idea of the extent of the work intended to be done :

The work of the conference will be to enlist official and non-official support in furtherance of the movement. In India, there are special difficulties not found in other countries, notably in the enlistment of women to do welfare work and in the after-care of prostitutes. Owing to the "purdah" system, women of the better classes are not available in sufficient numbers for this work ; and in this country, as elsewhere, many women, it is said, condone prostitution as an inevitable evil. So long as their womenfolk adopt this attitude, it is not surprising that the men should be inclined to see no moral wrong in the vice. Indian women, with their undisputed authority in the home, have it in their power to revolutionize public opinion in this matter. So far as the after care of prostitutes is concerned, rescue work is handicapped by the diffi-

culty in India of finding work for girls. In the West, honest employment or work can usually be found without difficulty for girls who are rescued, but social conditions in India at present bar the way. Industrialization has brought another special problem in the checking of vice, and, it may be added, the spread of disease in India. Owing to the system of engaging labour that has been prevalent in many places up till now, large numbers of labourers are separated from their wives and families for months in the year, and on their return to their villages take with them disease, which is spread with disastrous results. This is an aspect of the problem that needs urgent attention from employers of labour, and all concerned with the public welfare.

There is a vast field to be worked over, and there can be no doubt that welfare work and protective legislation will not suffice by themselves to better the lot of women. Perhaps, the requisite change of outlook can be brought about only by approaching the problem from the religious and cultural standpoints. In other words, the most promising field for reform would seem to lie in the schools and homes, where better moral standards can be implanted in the minds of the rising generation."

(5) *Sundries.*

We are glad to hear of the opening of the *Central College for Women in Nagpur*, the idea being "to fit the students for that wider sphere which they have to fill in the world as wives and mothers and teachers of society, as well as teachers, college professors or business women."

The *Bengal Hindu Sabha* has laid down a special programme to deal with crimes against women. Vigilance societies are to be organised in several localities

and will act as advisers to the Central Committee, their objects being, not only to get all information of crimes against women, but also to be in touch with the guardians of girls, to keep watch over women, and to take charge of helpless women. Besides this, an *Order of the protectors of women* will be organised, which will also act under the central committee. Prizes and medals are to be given every year for brave acts in defence of women. Propaganda work will be carried on and trained teachers will warn bad people of the evil of their ways.

We are glad to hear of the appointment for the first time of a Nambudiri woman as a public vaccinator.

It is good to read of proposals for the opening of *free libraries* for women in towns and villages, in order to give opportunities for study of various subjects. Since literacy has become one of the qualifications for enfranchisement, such libraries will largely help our women, creating in them a habit of reading, which is bound to result in much benefit.

The National Council of women of India, under the guidance of Miss Ruby Navalkar, has just produced a *Who's who* of women in India. The effort is a good one, and the book will be of great use to several people, besides bringing into public note the names of many Indian women, who are working quietly, but none the less effectively in their own spheres. It is pleasant to know that there are so many efficient and educated women in India as are found in this *Who's Who*. The book, however, has not been brought up to date in many places.

News about Women in Foreign Countries

(1) The *Hindu* tells us of Prof. Watanabe of Japan, who for 35 years has successfully managed a prominent *Girls' Sewing School* and a *Girls' Sewing College* in Tokyo. These schools have lasted for 55 years, and out of them have come 20,000 girls of whom 2,000 are now teachers in big educational institutions. The Department of education takes an interest in these institutions; and some of the councillors are very distinguished educationalists. The girls are sent to cinema pictures to watch foreign design and etiquette. Then, while some study this carefully, all have to interest themselves in courses of Japanese sewing. The designs are worked out by them, and the materials are dyed by them in well-equipped laboratories. Fine stitching is learnt; and cutting-out is done according to arithmetical theories. At the same time, each student is taught to develop her own personal taste.

It is noteworthy that one of the conditions of the work is that girls must marry after graduation. Prof. Watanabe believes in happy marriage and motherhood, not in business alone, which may spoil the jobs of men. This is what he says about the modern Japanese girl:

"Educate the girls first and you won't have to worry about the men. I am convinced that the modern Japanese girl has more refinement, charm, and cultural interests than her mother or grandmother at the same age; in every way she is a better girl. She is far more intelligent. When we began our school, we had to teach girls the fundamentals of mathematics. They had to learn arithmetic before we could begin to teach them to sew. They had no idea how to measure cloth. But to-day they have learned arithmetic in the primary school and when they come to the sewing school they can step right into the measuring and drafting without any preliminary study. They dye cloth by chemical formulae and they cook by exact recipes, which they scientifically compute. The modern Japanese girl is much healthier than her mother or grandmother was. I suppose this is the result of her training in sports. She has not only a healthier constitution but also a better figure and as a result of these factors, she is a prettier girl. Her interests are wide and her activities are growing daily."

(2) A short while ago, there died at the age of seventy-five, in Chicago, Mrs. Jane Addams, the internationally-known social worker and "champion of world peace." She has been described in several well-meaning phrases, "America's greatest woman and most illustrious citizen", "Chicago's most useful citizen," "best-loved woman in the world." Sometimes, she has been called a "world revolutionary," but she has also been known as a keen "humanitarian." The *Hindu* gives us the following details of her life. She graduated from Rockford College in 1881, and travelled much for sometime. She settled then in Chicago, and started a settlement, which she called Hull House. This became gradually the centre of many social activities, such as a club for boys, a haven for working-women, a meeting-place, a legal aid society, etc.,—"a citadel of compassion, where the dispossessed and the bewildered, the friendless and the forgotten have gone for refuge and help." It also became a centre for sanitary work in the slums; later, this institution inspired many campaigns not only in Chicago, but also outside it and led to great social legislation. This is what was said of it in the *Edinburgh Review*:

"There is still one hope for the new social democracy, and when I reflect upon Jane Addams' mission and contemplate the true meaning of the work she has built up, I am sure that if Christ ever comes to Chicago he will stop at the Hull House."

Jane Addams took a great interest in "world-peace." She started the *Women's International League for Peace and Freedom*. She advocated women's suffrage, and took part in Roosevelt's *Progressive* campaign of 1912. She tried to secure peace by mediation during the great War, earning much criticism thereby. She became President of the *Women's Peace Party* in 1915. After the war was over, she exerted herself to lessen "the excesses of the war-fever." In 1931, she was joint-winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. She also was given the M. Carey Thomas prize, usually given "to an American woman in recognition of eminent achievement."

(3) We are glad to hear of the removal in London of the bar on married women to take

up public posts. Miss Dawson, Chairwoman of the *General purposes* committee of the *London County Council*, who has been working for twelve years to achieve this purpose, says:

"Naturally I am delighted with the decision; it is twelve years now since as a member of the Committee of the National Union of Women Teachers I threw all my energy into the fight against this unjust ban. Then I led a deputation to the L. C. C. and we approached

every member. There were meetings, petitions and letters. But the bar was imposed; the door was shut. Now it will be open again. The schools need a proportion of married women teachers. Any sort of establishment that is made up only of celibate men or celibate women cannot have the healthiest of atmosphere, apart from the new experiences as a wife or mother, which must increase a married woman's human understanding."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

1. LIGHT IN DARKNESS

LOOKING through the back number of an English contemporary, I came across a very interesting article on "Illuminating your garden," and there were beautiful illustrations of patches of gardens illuminated with flood-light, giving a most magical effect. The author says that electric lighting has enabled us to put the words of the poet, "the best of all ways to lengthen our days," into practice. Hours are stolen from night, and darkness is made light, not only in the dingy interiors of houses, but out on God's good earth in the open.

"The lamps and wiring would, of course, both be waterproof," says the author, "so that they can take no harm at any season of the year. It will be found that they give effective illumination to a distance of about 60 ft. and over approximately the same breadth," if the lights are two "750-watt lamps in reflector housings."

In India, a floodlit garden would be very beautiful, especially on a hot summer day, when to stay indoors is so irksome.

2. BRIDGE BINGES

When husbands are away working hard

in offices, what do wives do? Why, play bridge of course—and *contract* bridge has taken on so rapidly, that there is hardly a pastime more enjoyable than to get together a congenial four (all ladies of course—else it won't be so chatty and all bridge friends) and have a cheerful morning. To the woman, who has not as yet taken to playing bridge, and does not go to or have these delightful *binges* in her house, I would advocate quick lessons in *contract*, and a swift entry into the bridge circle—else she will be missing one of the good things of life.

Now-a-days, these binges can be made so attractive. Everything about the room must be delicate and up-to-date and fresh and clean. The fan should be fast enough to keep the players cool; but not too fast to blow the cards away, and the lighting should not be too bright or glary, and at the same time not too dim. The cards should be new, the bridge table a good one, with little tables by the side on which are placed cigarettes, sweets and ash-trays. The *eats* provided should be delicate and mostly delectable savouries, and good coffee is always an asset. Bridge Binges are good entertainment for ladies, and the sooner Indian women take to them, the better.

— Paddy.

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42. Mrs. P. Rajagopal, Rajahmundry
43. Dr. Ratnavelu, Ceylon
44. Mrs. Schmidt, Tanjore
45. Mrs. D'Souza, Madras
46. Secretary, Ladies' Club, Dharapuram
47. Mrs. Lazarus Sreenivasagam, Palamcottah
48. Mrs. Swaminadhan, Madras
49. Mrs. Shettiar, Calcutta
50. Dr. Tajuddin, Madras
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52. Sir R. Venkataratnam Naidu, Pittapuram

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Cookery Notes

Orange Pudding

Juice and rind of 1 orange,
1 tablespoon butter,
1 cup sugar,
2 cups water.

Put the above ingredients into a baking pan and bring to the boiling point. Then add by spoonfuls the following batter :

$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon butter,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar,
1 cup flour,
1 teaspoon baking powder,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. The crust should be brown. The juice under the crust makes a delicious sirupy sauce for the pudding. It is best served warm with whipped cream.

Oatmeal Cookies

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter,
1 cup sugar,
2 eggs,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk,
2 cups oatmeal,
1 cup raisins,
2 cups flour,
2 teaspoons baking powder,
1 teaspoon cinnamon,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt,
7 tablespoons cocoa,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking soda.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the eggs, milk and oatmeal. Sift the flour, measure it and sift again with the measured baking powder, spices, baking soda, cocoa and salt. Add the raisins to the mixed and sifted dry ingredients and stir into the oatmeal batter. One-half cup of nuts may be added for older children. Only half the amount of flour may be used, if you prefer a very light cookie dough. Drop the cookie dough by teaspoonfuls on greased pans and bake in a moderate oven for ten to fifteen minutes.

Needlework Notes

A pretty pattern for a border. This can be worked, in a larger design if desired, for saries, for handkerchiefs, or for teapoy cloths. The pattern should first be carefully outlined with a rather coarser cotton than the one used in the embroidery.

The flowers and leaves can be of different kinds and with more spaces between. The design can be worked in silk thread, or even stencilled.

Fasten the thread along the pattern with running stitches. The spaces between should be padded with loose back and forward stitches, raised more in the middle than on the sides. No knots in the cotton should be allowed anywhere; a new thread should be passed between these stitches; and then worked over as usual and the end finished off along the tracing, or behind some pattern stitches.

The little flowers with their six petals can be done in satin stitch, which is worked straight

and flat over the padding. The flowers with five petals can be worked in stitches which go slanting over a single thread run between. These should go from left to right. The veins between the petals can be worked in back-stitch worked from right to left, one behind the other in a straight line. The leaves can be done with a straight stitch from left to right over a single thread run between. The insides of the petals and the leaves can be filled in with back stitches scattered over. The centres of the flowers can be filled in with small French knots, inside the double circle. The outline of the latter can be done from inner to outer circle in a straight stitch over a thin padding of stitches.



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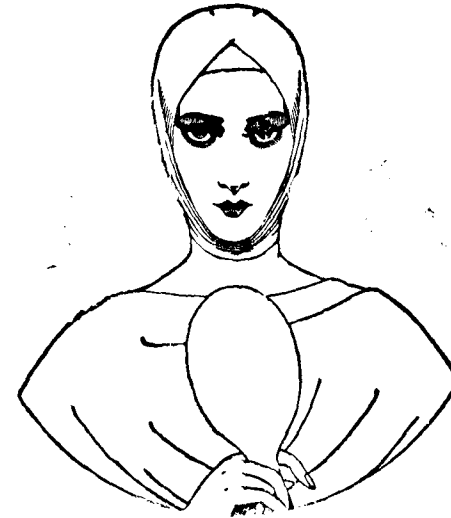
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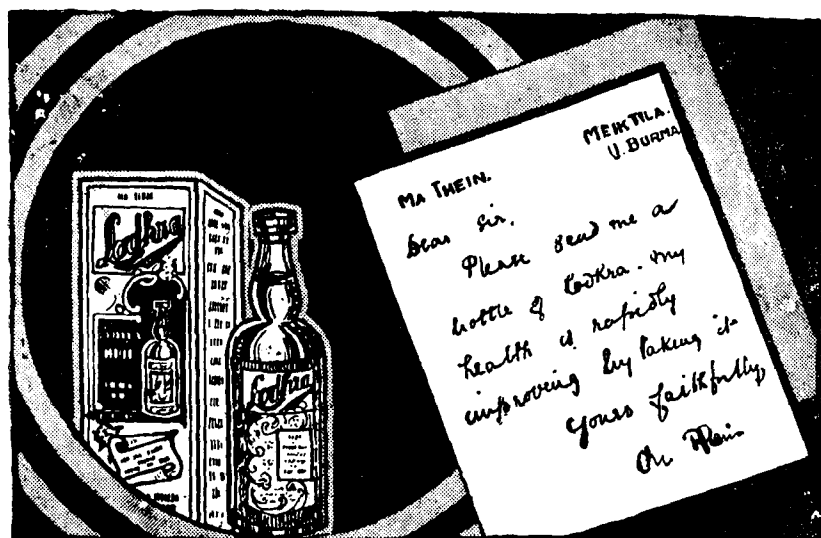
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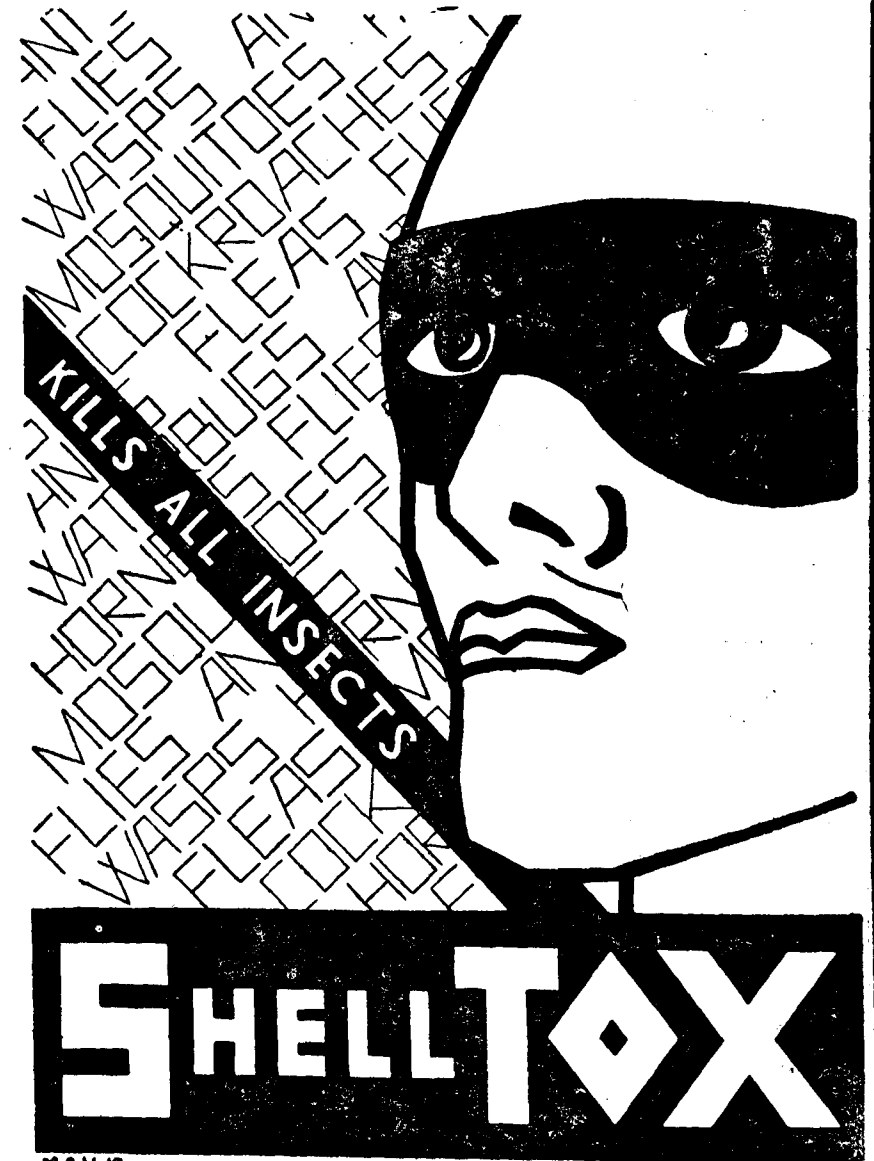
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII.

No. 6

Illustrations:— A Happy Mother. Three lady pioneers in public work; two pictures of Uday Shankar.

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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

NOVEMBER & DECEMBER

No. 6

Motherhood at Christmas

THIS is the day when the heavenly child
Was born on earth of Mary mild.
With hope and joy she gave him birth,
For God's own choice had proved her worth.
She grieved for his woe over human sin,
Yet bowed to the plan salvation to win ;
She mourned for his pain,
Yet gloried in gain
Of moral power
O'er sinful dower.
Oh, peace be to mothers, where'er they be !
They're angels of God sent to make us free ;
They're lamps of peace, and stars of light,
That help to brighten our deep'ning night.
Hail to motherhood sublime,
Through endless, ageless eons of time !

—Putrika.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CROSS

THe world is indeed a place of contrasts and contradictions. The joy of birth must give place to the sadness of death: men are born to die. Success in one way may lead to failure in another; growth often ends in decay.

And the Christmas of Christ is but the beginning of His cross. Yet, has humanity lost by this process? Never, in the real sense; for taken rightly the loss is but material, while the gain is spiritual; the loss is but transitory, but the gain everlasting; the loss is but of useless excrescences, never of the true and real growth. And so it is with the life of Christ, the beginning of which is celebrated in Christmas. We welcome Christmas with joy and feasting; but we know we have to look ahead to the cross. Christ was born to die, yet Christ's death was but the summit of His life. The little life, which began so humbly, yet so sweetly, in the manger; the little breath, ushered in so meekly, yet hailed so rapturously by the shepherd, the wise man and the angel, was meant to end in the shameful yet quenchless glory of the cross. Need we despair or weep?

The rapid advance of science, the unrelenting reconstruction of society have not done away with the troubles and sufferings of humankind; rather have they increased them. Men and women have at all times to face their cross and bear it; but there is a vast significance of beauty in that cross, which will, if we only can understand it, overshadow and obliterate its seeming unpleasantness. The cross is, as it were, the very crown of the beautiful alliance between man and his Creator. As an unrivalled touchstone of character; as an unfailing fountain-head for the lessons of submission, endurance, courage, persistence, faith and hope; as a powerful teacher of the realisation of duty to God and service to humanity; as a sublime

exponent of the grand ideals of self-denial and self-sacrifice, which are the greatest proofs we can have of love; as an ever-standing reminder of the near presence of the Almighty Father and of the comfort and solace to us thereby;—the Cross is always before us. It is the salient symbol of the Christian religion; yet it surely has its poignant appeal to every other religion. Is there anyone in the world without his or her cross? With its burdens and its blessings, with its privileges and its responsibilities, it exists in every household, be it Hindu, Moslem, Christian, Parsi or Sikh. But, have we the power to envisage it fully through our haze of doubts, fears, difficulties and pleasures? Have we the time or the opportunity in this busy world to pause for a while and think of its significance? Very seldom indeed. Most of us know only to grumble and complain, either when we have real crosses to bear, or take to ourselves imaginary crosses to endure; and we lay ourselves open to that self-pity, which is so often such a degenerating force in life. But the cross is there, not as a tremendous burden, not as a desperate *finale*, but as a splendid agent for the carrying out of a glorious fresh life by a wonderful transmutation of evil into good.

It is a common idea, I think, that women have more of the cross to bear than men. I wonder why this is so. Is it because women are understood to complain more than men and draw more notice to their troubles? Is it because they are supposed to be more emotional and imaginative than men? Is it because they are unfortunately endowed with less physical strength? Is it because they are thought to have more leisure in their domestic routine to brood over grievances than men have in their busy world? Or, is it because the softer domestic routine, which usually is woman's world, is thought to be more open to worry than the sterner world of business, which

is the field of men? Whatever the reason is, there is no doubt that many women, if they so desire, can and do emerge from their troubles, imaginary or otherwise, with just as smiling a front to the world as men. I should like to think that this proves a great power of endurance on the part of women, and a fine strength of moral purpose, which makes up for their want of physical strength. We need not, however, argue the question here. We need only to remember that modern women are inviting

more crosses into their lives with the new privileges they are demanding. The burden of public life is now being added to their burden of domestic duty and each burden carries, as we know, its own responsibility. I am sure that women, with all their great ideas of public and social work, will not allow themselves to forget this fact, but will take up their cross in the right spirit and make it a force for good in the world they are labouring in.

— Kamala.

"MOTHER'S DAY"

ALTHOUGH "Mother's Day" is a quite modern institution, originated only a few years ago, it is already considered in many countries as one of the important festivals of the year and, as such is, eagerly looked forward to by the public.

The idea of devoting a day each year to honouring mothers and giving them tangible proofs of respect and affection was first conceived by an American Woman, Miss Jarvis. In memory of her mother, whose favourite hobby was growing white carnations, Miss Jarvis asked that this flower "as the symbol of truth, purity and love," should be adopted as the emblem of "Mother's Day," and that the second Sunday in May should be set aside for the observance of the day.

In Europe, Austria was the first country to adopt the idea. At the present time, "Mother's Day" is observed, not only in America and Europe, but also in Japan, Australia and New Zealand. Last year, "Mother's Day" in Germany was celebrated in collaboration with all ecclesiastical and youth-movements and social welfare bodies; newspapers, cinemas, theatres and broadcasting-stations joined in making it an outstanding event. In Hungary, "Mother's Day" was introduced by the Junior Red Cross in 1925. In May 1933, the first statue in honour of the Mother was raised at Postcenterzebet by the six thousand Juniors of the town.

In Yugoslavia, the Juniors have instituted a "Grateful Children's Fund," and each year, on "Mother's Day," a grant from this Fund is made to one needy mother in each province.

The Junior Red Cross of Austria is affiliated to the Mother's Day Committee. The first head of the Committee was Frau Marie Hainisch, mother of the then President of the Austrian Republic, who was the author of an inspiring message to Juniors, which appeared in the Austrian Junior Red Cross magazine in May 1926. Thus, the Junior Red Cross takes the initiative in many countries with regard to this day.

"Mother's Day will be celebrated on the second Sunday of May, as last year. Once again it will be a manifestation of love and gratitude. Mother's Day is a national family festival, for it is observed in every household. Happy the mother who, on rising that day, finds flowers on the breakfast table and all the housework done by the children; who listens to a poem composed specially in her honour; who is taken by her children for a trip to the country; who finds some pleasant surprise awaiting her. The whole nation must be made to realize that it owes to its mothers the best that is in it, viz., the existence of a healthy younger generation. The mother is the source of all love."

WHAT IS WOMAN'S SPHERE?

IS domesticity alone woman's sphere? Is the highest bid of a wife for a happy marriage to be only the *slogan* to "feed the brute?" Sir Mirza Ismail remarked lately on this matter at Bangalore, and approved of the teaching of *domestic science* to girls; but he took care to enlarge the meaning of this term to include everything a girl should know about home-making. He said: "Nowadays, domestic science is far more comprehensive. It implies a knowledge of food values and a capacity to prepare a balanced meal. The dishes have not merely to be appetising, but should be served in an attractive manner, because plain food can be made appetising by being attractively served. Beyond this, a girl who has been trained in domestic science should be able to invest a home with the atmosphere of a home. For, it is said that the average man makes a den, while it requires a woman to make a home."

But why, after all, should there be such a difference in the education needed for girls and boys? Both must have some knowledge in languages, sciences, history and geography, aye and in mathematics too, though some may think the latter too "brain-racking" for women! Some education in the fine arts is necessary for both. As a matter of fact, what are needed are really sound principles in education. These will aid in the case of *all* people, old and young, men and women. A good training for efficiency, thoroughness, high purpose and management, is always needed indeed, and welcome too. Home training is not surely enough for women!

Sir Mirza stressed the value of good education. The *Madras Mail*, commenting on this, wondered humorously whether a good education was after all considered not a handicap in life for woman, in that it taught her to lack proper respect for her

lord and master! But the same paper distinguished between *good* and *bad* education, the values of which ought to be the same for girls, as for boys. It said rightly that education was meant to bring out hidden capacities and so there was no use of too much fuss about a special education for women. "Too much concern with superficialities, which often form a very large proportion of female education—formerly much more than today—leads to shallow minds and the discontent which is such a mind's chief form of expression." Let us not be too worried about *feminine* subjects; for, as Sir Mirza said, these must be for those, "who are not likely to go beyond the secondary stage." "Treat them," as the *Madras Mail* said, "as vocational subjects, even though some of them belong to the vocation of marriage." It is of the utmost importance to India's future that Indian girls should be taught not only to cook, to sew and to look after a household or to play gracefully on the *veena*, to dance or talk French as well as English, but that they should also learn to think."

Miss Barkworth of London said lately in *Educational India* :

"As far as time allows, let a girl follow the boys' syllabus to the extent of her wishes and powers; and there will be always be some who desire to specialise in studies or professions until recently reserved for men. But in general it would be of far more value to a girl than specialisation, if she learned to acquire general knowledge, so as to become an intelligent member of her social circle, even in the company of the other sex. Girls, no less than boys, should be trained to read the newspapers, and to take an interest in current events both in other countries and in their own. It would be good if they had some instruction as to methods of local government, so as to have at least some understanding as to what goes on in the village or municipa-

lity, the incidence of taxes and so forth. Moreover, appreciation of art and literature, and of beauty whether of deportment, clothing or house decoration, might almost be called an essential of truly educated womanhood. It has been said that a woman's mission is to be beautiful. Let this beauty be confined, not only to her face and her dress, but also to her mind, her bearing, and above all, her soul. Rightly has beauty been associated with Truth and with Goodness in the divine triad; for none of these can in reality exist without the other, either philosophically or translated into terms of human life. So it will be with man's helpmeet. She longs by her very nature for beauty in many forms; she will attain it and fulfil her mission truly, only if there is within her heart a gracious gentleness and purity emanating from a goodness rooted in the divine. Above then and beyond any details of curriculum or of educational culture, the only goal of enduring value for woman, as for man, must ever be the knowledge of God Himself, in whom alone are hid the treasures of wisdom, and Who alone can bring to fruition all her womanly qualities through the divine indwelling of love."

As an English paper says, "a man should not always want a *hausfrau* for life, but an honest and intelligent friend." There is no use of expecting a wife to be specially kept to her *home*, in order that *he* may be made comfortable. There can be housekeepers, good servants and good conveniences to help. "I am not going,"

says a man, "to urge my wife to surrender her stimulating contacts with the outside world the moment that economic security of a sort falls into her lap. I have too great an admiration for the mental qualities of the modern woman to seek to increase my domestic comforts at such a cost." What a fine philosophy of marriage will such a view provide in India! It is sure to produce its own response in home-making; for a woman likes as much as a man to be comfortable in her surroundings; and, knowing that she is more capable than the man for this task, she is sure to be careful about it.

Moreover, such a view of marriage may provide a possible remedy for an inevitable outcome of equality between the sexes, of which Princess Nirgidma de Torhout complains in the *Spectator*. Does woman gain by the equality she asks, woman with her "long tradition of indulgence behind her, who is still far behind man?" And do not so-called *inferior* women exert as much influence on men as that exerted by *equal* women? Who is happier? But perhaps, as the Princess says, happiness is not the most essential thing in life!

What woman really needs, I think, is a happy marriage in which she can, together with her man, have "a more spacious and more worthy life than now," and not be trammelled and held in by chains and fetters, though such may be of gold and jewels.

—K. S.

CHRISTMAS IN A FAMILY

SCIENTIFIC inventions and world upheavals have wrought considerable changes in our mode of living. But the changes have affected only the exterior of our lives, for inwardly we are as our fathers were generations ago. Erudite archaeologists and professors hold that there is not even a tittle of evidence, either Biblical or traditional, to establish the twenty-fifth day of December as the birthday of Christ. Still, we have not swerved from the time-honoured path of observing Christmas. In some unorthodox circles, Christmas is designated as the festival of the

and thought that, in compensation for the Christmas kindness shown by them, they had a right to a feast and great bunches of hot-house flowers. When they sat down to the table, one girl whispered to her mother, "I wish I could send my bunch of flowers to father. I am afraid he is not having such a merry Christmas as we are."

Though the novelist does not say so,

there need be no doubt that, as they ate the supper, they brought to mind the words of Him, whose birth they celebrated, the words dinned into their ears by their parents constantly ever since they had begun to understand—"I was an hungred and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me".

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

I. A RESOLVE

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

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

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

2. A HOPE

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But, as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer;
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand Eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earth-ward,
Whatever is—is best.

A Wife's New Year Prayer

The rooms below are colourful and gay
With scarlet caps, confetti, horns and drums,
And toy balloons—but, God, I slipped away

To be alone this hour the new year comes.
I slipped away to thank Thee on my knees
For all the lessons this old year has taught,
For Thy past kindnesses, and oh! for these,
The shining hopes this new year, God, has brought!

I come also to Thee for strength to-night,
An understanding heart, and patience, too—
Knowing full well that no wife's load is light,
And wanting much in this new year, to do
All my work well, and longing so to be
The kind of woman Thou hast dreamed for me!

(From *Stri Dharma*)

STRANGE CONTRADICTION!

A PLAY

By Padmini Satthianadhan

CHARACTERS

THE MAHARANI OF PURANPUR

NALINI (her daughter)
ROHINI (aged nine, Nalini's sister)
SANTI (Nalini's friend)
MALINI (aged eight, Santi's sister)
Mrs. Gopal Rao
Mrs. Visvanath Iyer
Miss Solomon (Indian Christian)
Mrs. Gregory (European)
Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair
The Maharani of Sripur (Nalini's prospective mother-in-law)
The Rani of Narangpur (her daughter)
Kamala (her second daughter)

Members of
the Ladies'
Club.

SCENE I.

The bridge room in a ladies' Club. In the centre is a bridge table at which Miss Solomon, Mrs. Gregory, the Maharani of Puranpur and Nalini are playing. Santi, Mrs. Gopal Rao, and Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair are looking on. Rohini and Malini, in a corner of the room, are playing draughts. Mrs. Visvanath Iyer, seated in a comfortable chair, is reading the paper.

Mrs. Gregory: One spade.

Miss Solomon: Double.

The Maharani of Puranpur: (puzzled) Oh dear, do I say anything now, partner? These one doubles always puzzle me.

Nalini: Hush mother, you mustn't ask in the middle of a game.

Mrs. Gopal Rao: (looking over the Maharani's shoulder) No - - no, don't say anything. It's Nalini's duty to take her partner out.

The Maharani: No bid.

Nalini: Two diamonds.

Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair: (pointing to a suit in Nalini's hand) You should have gone this.

Mrs. Gregory: (mildly) I don't think lookers-on should say anything. Two Spades.

Mrs. Gopal Rao: Oh, by the way, did you hear the latest news? Kamala Rajan's engagement with Mr. Surya Rao has been broken off.

The Maharani of Puranpur:—No—really—good gracious, how terrible! Whose fault was it?

Mrs. Gopal Rao: I don't know. Anyway, it's a dreadful scandal. Some say he jilted her, and some say she fell in love with someone

family. But this designation does not deprive it of its deep religious significance.

In *Little Women*, Louisa May Alcott, the daughter of a minor prophet of Transcendentalism, who belonged to the celebrated group of American writers, which included Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau, has left us an admirable and artless picture of life in the sixties of the last century. We have therein a view of how a devout family, not endowed to an appreciable extent with the good things of this world, celebrated Christmas in dark and discouraging circumstances.

The American Civil War had broken out and the Reverend March had gone to the front to do his bit of service as an army Chaplain. The family had also fallen on evil days, Mr. March having lost his property in trying to help an unfortunate friend. But in spite of his poverty, the Reverend March maintained such strict integrity that all manner of men and women, earnest, thoughtful, troubled, sinful, gifted, ambitious and downrightly worldly, were attracted to him. He was a quiet and studious man "rich in the wisdom that is better than learning, the charity which calls all mankind *brother*, the piety that blossoms into character, making it august and lovely." The responsibility of bringing up his four young girls during his absence on the strict Christian principles he had adopted for himself was a serious strain on the motherhood of Mrs. March. To add to the responsibility, the four girls were fast growing into womanhood and always fretting about their poverty. Margaret, the eldest of the four, was sixteen and possessed a beauty of which she was vain. Jo was fifteen years old and was a veritable colt in her behaviour. Elizabeth was a shy-mannered girl of thirteen and bore the appellation of "Little Tranquility." The youngest, Amy, had a good many little gifts and virtues, but she was a conceited and self-important child. When Mr. March lost his property, the two eldest had begged that they should

be allowed to do something at least to support themselves. With the consent of their parents who believed that the cultivation of energy, industry and independence could not be begun too early in life, Margaret had found a place as a nursery governess on a small salary and Jo had become an attendant on her aunt, a childless and rich old lady who had offered to adopt one of the girls, but had been told by the unworldly Marches, "we cannot give up our girls for a dozen futures. Rich or poor we will keep together and be happy in one another." Elizabeth remained at home, helping the house-keeper, and Amy was a pupil in a day-school.

On a Christmas eve, one of the girls exclaimed with sorrow, "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents"; another said, "It is so dreadful to be poor"; the third remarked, "I don't think it's fair for some girls to have lots of pretty things, and other girls nothing at all"; while the last consoled, "We've got father and mother and each other anyhow." In fact their father was away where fighting was and was not likely to be with them for a long time to come. Their mother was out on her day's hard work as usual, not having had time to come home even for dinner. She had told them already that they should not expect Christmas presents, as they ought not to spend money for pleasure when their men were suffering in the army; and that, though they could not do much, they could make their little sacrifices and make them gladly too. One of the children, suddenly remembering that their father had charged her to take special care of their mother while he was gone, proposed giving her a present. This led to an agreement among them that they should each get their mother something for Christmas. In this good resolve, they forgot their poverty and took counsel of each other as to how they should spend Christmas night. Just then their mother came in and was glad to find them all so happy. Supper over, she read to them a letter from their father, sending all sorts of loving wishes for Christ-

mas and an especial message to them to love one another. They were delighted to hear the message, though their delight was tinged with the sad thought of their kind father's absence. Cheered by their mother's advice to bear their burdens even as Christian did, and the girls understood the advice well for they had used to act *Pilgrim's Progress* when they were little things, they went to bed to dream of Santa Claus and the presents with which he would, during the night, fill their stockings.

When the girls woke up the next morning, they were disappointed in their expectation of stockings, but found, each under her pillow, a book in an attractive colour which contained the "beautiful old story of the best life that ever lived". They had read, loved and minded this book once, but of late they had neglected to be faithful about it. They looked for their mother to wish her a merry Christmas and to thank her for her handsome present, but were told by their servant, "Goodness only, knows where she is. Some poor creeter come a-beggin, and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin away vittles and drink, clothes and firin." While they were preparing to surprise their mother with their presents, she came in and was greeted in chorus with "Merry Christmas, Marmee! Thank you for our books; we have read some and mean to every day." "Merry Christmas, little daughters!", she returned in delight.

The girls were all unusually hungry now, because they had waited for their mother for nearly an hour. They proposed to sit down to their Christmas breakfast, but to their surprise their mother said to them "I want to say one word before we sit down. Not far away from here lies a poor woman with a little new-born baby. Six children are huddled into one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. There is nothing to eat over there; and the eldest boy came to tell me they were suffering hunger and cold. My girls, will you give

them your breakfast as a Christmas present?" For a minute, only for a minute, no one spoke. And then, one exclaimed, "I am glad, mother, you came before we began"; another eagerly asked, "May I go and help carry the things to the poor children?"; "I shall take the cream and muffins," added another girl heroically; and the remaining girl was already piling the bread and cakes into one big plate. "I thought you would do it", said the mother smiling in satisfaction; "you shall all go and help me and when we come back we will have bread and milk for breakfast and make up for it at dinner-time".

They all set out in a party to where the poor woman lay with her new-born baby and six hungry children, cold and comfortless. After clothing them with their own clothes and feeding them with their breakfast like veritable angels sent from Heaven, they returned home to content themselves with bread and milk. And in all the city there were not four merrier people that Christmas morning than the hungry little girls, who had given away their breakfasts and contented themselves with bread and milk.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Be kind even to people from whom you can expect no return, and a blessing in some kind from some other quarter will come unexpectedly unto you. The blessing may be long in coming, but come it will, according to the Book which tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Our four angelic children found the benefit of their charity, not after a long waiting, but in a few hours. When they walked down to supper after a day of preparation and an evening of genuine Christmas enjoyment, they found the table loaded with dainties and flowers which took their breath away to behold. Who had done this? Was it their 'marmee'? They were inclined to believe so at first. But they were soon told that their friend was a kind old gentleman known to their marmee's father. He had heard by chance of their breakfast-party

else. They were so modern and went about together so much. Disgraceful, I call it.

Nalini: I happen to know Kamala rather well. There's no scandal in it. They discovered they made a mistake and broke it off before it was too late. Let's not talk about it.

Santi: Yes, quite right. There's enough misery in this world already. We should help those who are in trouble, and not gloat over their misfortunes. Why can't we, women, mind our own business instead of trying to malign others?

Mrs. Gopal Rao:
Oh dear, isn't she virtuous?
Anyway, I can't help thinking it's scandalous. What are our Indian girls coming to?

Mrs. Gregory: I said two spades. It's your call, Miss Solomon.

Miss Solomon:
Three diamonds.

The Maharani of Puranpur: Tell me all the calls. I've forgotten everything with all this chatter going on.

Nalini: (sighing) one spade, double, no bid, two diamonds, two spades, three diamonds.

The Maharani of Puranpur: (dazed) Who said two spades?

Nalini: Oh dear!

Santi: Is this bridge you're playing?

[Enter the Maharani of Sripur and the Rani of Narangpur]

Mrs. Gregory: Ah, Maharani, you've come at last. When did you arrive in town?

Maharani of Sripur: Only this morning. Now you must stop playing that horrid game,

and come into the next room. I've brought you all some lovely sweets and hot-stuffs.

[The players throw down their cards]

Nalini: (to Santi) Thank goodness that's over. I hate playing this dreadful chatty bridge, don't you, Santi?

Santi: That's why I never do play in this club. I get better bridge at home and at the mixed club we go to.

[The other ladies all troop out of the room with the Maharani of Sripur.]

The Maharani of Sripur: (before she leaves the room) Won't you also join us, Mrs. Visvanatha Iyer?

Mrs. Visvanatha Iyer: (beaming) Thank you Maharani. (She leaves her paper and goes out with the rest)

[Nalini and Santi stay back, and Rohini and Malini are still silently playing draughts in the corner.]

Nalini: Let's stay here, Santi, and have a chat. I hardly ever see

anything of you these days.

Santi: Yes, I'm sorry, Nalini; but what with my work and a thousand and one other things to do, I hardly get time to go and see you. You live so far away. However, I meet you here at least once a week, don't I?

Nalini: Yes, I know you only come to see me. I wish I could give up this wretched purdah. It's so silly and aimless. I've never heard of a more absurd custom. And Santi dear, I simply can't make up my mind to marry a man whom I've never seen before. How can I? In spite of being purdah, I have modern ideas, and it's ghastly to think that I'm selling myself to someone I have never

seen, just because marriage is an institution. I'll be regarded as nothing else but a means of producing future heirs to the State of Sripur; but I have a soul of my own, and I want my husband to love me for myself and not because I happen to be the Rajkumari of Puranpur. What can I do, Santi? I can't marry this benighted prince. For all I know, he may just be a fat fool, or one of these modern England-returned-rakes, who go about with pretty Anglo-Indian girls, and live in dancing halls and on race-courses.

Rohini: (who has just finished her game) Oh dear, How she talks. Look here Nalini, don't you talk badly of my friend, the Rajkumar? You may be going to marry him, but he's my friend, and I love him very much. He's the finest man on earth, I think.

Santi to Nalini: When did she come to know him?

Nalini: Oh, just about a year ago, when the Rajkumar returned from England. Not being purdah, Rohini can go where she likes, and she made friends with my future husband. We are cousins, you know. Children are so impulsive.

Rohini: Child though I may be, I can judge character better than you can. You are a jolly lucky girl to be able to marry such a super man. Thank your stars and keep quiet.

Nalini: Oh shut up, Rohini, you don't know what you are talking about. When you grow up, you'll know how difficult it is to marry someone you have never seen in your life.

Malini: Well, why don't you go and see him?

Santi: I believe she's right, Nalini. Out of the mouths of babes, you know.....why don't you go and see him?

Nalini: Have you taken leave of your senses completely? How can I, when I'm purdah?

Santi: Purdah be hanged! Why must you keep it? Run away one day and go and have a chat with him.

Rohini: Oh yes, Nalini, how lovely that would be. I could arrange a meeting for you so easily. He's often told me he would like to see you. He also hates to marry someone he's never seen. Listen, I'm going out to

fish with him on his little private lake tomorrow. There won't be a soul there. You come dressed as my Ayah and when you get there I'll introduce you to him.

Nalini: What, a Maharani's daughter go dressed as an Ayah to see her future husband! You must be crazy!

Santi: Not so crazy after all, Nalini. Why don't you do as Rohini says? Anyway it will be some excitement, and you can see for yourself the man you are going to marry.

Nalini: (pensively) I believe I shall. Yes, I really shall. Wish me luck, Santi. What fun!

Rohini: (jumping about in delight) Oh how lovely! Tomorrow, I'll introduce you to him, and you'll see how wonderful he is. (She takes Malini's hand and gyrates round the room)

[Enter the Maharani of Puranpur and the other ladies.]

The Maharani of Puranpur: What's all this excitement? Rohini, why are you jumping about like a mad girl? How many times have I told you that you must not behave like a tom-boy? You will never get a husband if you go on like this. Come on children, it's time to go home.

[Exit all, except Santi and Nalini.]

Santi: Wish you luck, Nalini, and above all, don't be discovered.

Nalini: Oh Santi, suppose I'm caught! What will happen?

Santi: Nothing of course. But why should you be caught? Anyway, best luck.

Nalini: Thank you. I need it. (Exeunt)

SCENE II

A room in the Maharani of Puranpur's Palace. Nalini is weeping on a large Divan.

[Enter Santi]

Nalini: (looking up and wiping her eyes) Oh, hallo Santi! So you've come at last. I thought you had also deserted me in my time of trouble.

Santi: Don't you know that I'm your friend? I'll never desert you, Nalini.

Nalini: No, I don't believe you will. They say that a true friend is one who comes in when all the world goes out, and I believe you are that sort.

Santi: But what's all the trouble about? I got your desperate note this morning, and came rushing here to find out.

Nalini: Oh, my dear, things have turned out terribly. I followed Rohini's plan and dressed like an Ayah, and went with her to see the Rajkumar. Everything went very well at first, and I thought the whole thing was going to be a great affair. When I saw the Rajkumar, I found he was the nicest man on earth. Oh Santi, what a fine man he is. I love him, I love him

Santi:
Splendid!
Then everything is all right. You can marry the man you love and be happy ever after.

Nalini: No such luck. How wise was Shakespeare when he said that the course of true love never did run smooth. I love him Santi, but I can't marry him now.

Santi: What on earth is the matter with you? The marriage is all arranged, and the invitation cards are about to be printed. What can you mean?

Nalini: Just this. Just when we were getting to know each other and becoming friendly, the Rajkumar's sister, Kamala, comes running in to give him an urgent message, and whom

should she find there, but me all dressed up like a servant. 'Why Nalini?' she cries in horror, 'what are you doing here dressed like that? I'm going to tell my mother,' and off she goes, before I can say a word. There was a dreadful hue and cry and before I knew what had happened the whole palace was bursting with the news, and I was sent home in disgrace. Neither of us could explain anything, and Rohini made things worse by weeping, and this morning mother told me that I had disgraced the whole State, and that the Maharani of Sripur had sent word to her saying she could not give her son to a woman with a bad name.

Santi: What absolute cheek! But what has the Rajkumar got to say about it all?

Nalini: He tried to defend me, but what can he say? He has to obey his parents.

Santi: Oh rot, if he doesn't marry you in spite of everything, he is not worth much.

Nalini: Don't say that, Santi. What can he do?

[Enter the Maharani of Purnapur with a letter in her hand.]

The Maharani: Look at this awful insult, Nalini? See what disgrace you have brought on all of us. How can I ever lift my head in public again? 'Dear Sister, This is to tell you definitely that the marriage between my son and your daughter

cannot take place. We cannot disgrace our good name by allowing our son to marry a bold modern hussy who runs away and tries to capture a man through cunning means. The Maharajah and I hope you understand our point of view. We would also like to state that all friendship between the families will henceforth cease.

Yours sincerely,
Sarala,
Maharani of Sripur.'

Santi: Well I never! What cads! Oh, I wish I could get hold of that wretched little Kamala. What a cat, to give the whole show away!

The Maharani: She did quite right. I see that you seem to have been in the plot also, Santi. Well, I hope you are satisfied with the result. And as for you, Nalini, I think it will be better if you join an Ashram or something. Goodness knows what we are going to do with you.

[Nalini weeps softly, and Santi puts her arms round her. The Maharani stalks out of the room.]

Nalini: How strange this world is, Santi! Full of contradictions! When I could have married the best man in the world, I was not satisfied and didn't want him, and now that I'm longing to marry him, I cannot have him.

Santi: Yes, strange contradiction! When you hated the marriage, all the world wanted it, and now you want the marriage, all the world is against it. But I feel everything is going to turn out all right. Don't weep Nalini. God always does things for the best. What's that?

[There is a tap at the closed window. Santi goes and opens it, and steps back in surprise.]

Santi: Who are you, what do you want here? [A man's voice sounds from outside the window.]

Hush, don't make a noise. I have been here for some time, and have heard all the Maharani had to say. I'm the Rajkumar, and I want to speak to Nalini. Do you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes? I can't come in, but I have something urgent to say to her.

Nalini: (who has joined Santi at the window) So you have come! (She opens the window, while Santi quietly tiptoes out of the room.)

SCENE III

The Ladies' Club again. The Maharani of Sripur and the Rani of Narangpur seated in the centre with Mrs. Gregory, Miss Solomon, Mrs. Gopal Rao, Mrs. Visvanath Iyer and Mrs. Kunhi Kannan Nair seated round her.

The Maharani of Sripur: Well, of course, I had to cancel the marriage. The Maharajah was furious. A bold and unnatural hussy, he calls her. No dignity, dressing like an Ayah. The Purnapur State will never be able to get over this disgrace.

Miss Solomon: I can't help admiring her spirit though. She's quite right not to want to marry a man she's never seen.

Mrs. Gregory: After all, Maharani, it was only a harmless little adventure. Don't be too hard on her.

Mrs. Gopal Rao: What has your son got to say about it?

Rani of Narangpur: Oh, he's trying to act the modern gentleman; says he's in love with her, and will marry no one else.

The Maharani of Sripur: That's only boyish chivalry. He thinks he must stand up for a girl who risked everything to have a glimpse of him. Men are weak. What do you expect, when girls insist on running after them. They lose their heads, poor creatures.

Miss Solomon: But Maharani, it sounds the opposite to me. If Nalini meant to run after your son, she would have just allowed the marriage to take place. Don't you see.....

The Rani of Narangpur: Oh rubbish—she ran after him. You modern women can never see our point of view.

Miss Solomon (with feeling): That's true, and I hope the time is not far distant, when you too will change your point of view, and look at life from a healthier and saner perspective. Thank goodness, the purdah system is gradually dying out, and with it its prejudices, so that the Nalinis and the Rajkumars of the future will be given the opportunity that

these two young things have snatched for themselves of being friends, before marriage binds them together for life. Your Nalini's point of view makes me.....Yes, thank goodness, we are different to you, though even in our community God knows we have our scandal-mongers, especially those who pretend to be extra good Christians and make an outward parade of going to Church and praying in public places without any true inner religion, Pharisees and hypocrites, disobeying the teaching of Christ and setting up a new code of the.....

Mrs. Gregory: Miss Solomon, you musn't be so violent. Reverting to our subject, however, Maharani, I hope you will be more lenient and allow the marriage to go through.

Mrs. Visvanath Iyer: Yes, even I beg of you. I'm very orthodox, but I can read the character of youth fairly well. It was a childish fit of impetuous romance that made Nalini do what she did. Can't you forgive her and forget all about this little lapse? Let her marry the Rajkumar.

(Enter Santi and Malini)

Santi: I heard what you just said. I don't think Nalini will want to be treated as an object of charity. There's no need for the Maharani to be so magnanimous.

The Maharani of Sripur: What does she mean?

Santi: Wait and see. I think I know your son better than you do.

The Rani of Narangpur: Indeed. I'm sure my brother has nothing to do with girls like you.....

Mrs. Gregory: Come, come, we want no quarrels. Now, don't let's squabble. Let's

have some refreshments. What will you have, Maharani, a drink or an ice-cream? (Rings the bell) (Enter waitress).

Mrs. Gregory: Bring drinks all round, please. Lime squash I think and an ice for Malini. You'll have one, won't you, Malini?

Malini: Yes, please.

[Exit waitress]

(Enter Kamala, all flushed and angry)

Kamala: (Handing an open telegram to the Maharani) Mother! Father just received this telegram, and sent me with it to you at once. He is tearing out his hair, and is acting like a madman.

The Maharani of Sripur: (snatching the telegram from Kamala with a trembling hand) What is it? What has happened?

Kamala: Read and see. It's dreadful news.

Maharani of Sripur: I can't read it, I have no glasses.

Mrs. Gregory: Give it to me Maharani. (Takes the telegram and reads.) 'Eloped with Nalini this morning. Married by special licence. Spending honeymoon Europe. Will return after three months. Expect you to give my wife a cordial and kind welcome.

Your son,
Gopal Raj'

(The Maharani of Sripur gives one scream and faints. There is confusion. Waitress enters with drinks, and Mrs. Gopal Rao, in nervous anxiety to help the Maharani, takes a glass of lime squash and splashes it on the Maharani's face.)

Santi to Malini: (Aside) Thank God. It's proved a success. Come, let us go, Malini.

RECIPE FOR MAKING A GOOD NURSE

Mix together equal parts of pluck, good health, and well-balanced sympathy; stiffen with energy, and soften with the milk of human kindness, use a first-class training school for a mixer; add the sweetness of a smile, and a little ginger, and a generous amount of tact, humour and unselfishness, with plenty of patience.

Pour into the mould of womanhood; time with enthusiasm, finish with a cap, and garnish with ambition.

The sauce of experience is always an important improvement to this recipe.

(From *The Nursing Journal*.)

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

By Dr. STANLEY JONES

WHAT is the meaning of Christmas? Is it just another birthday, albeit the birthday of a great man? Or does its significance lie deeper? I know that it is easy to read into ancient accounts meanings which are not inherently there. Do we do that when we say that we see a peculiar significance in the birthday of Jesus? We think not, and for several reasons.

FIRST, there is the fact that this birthday has had an actual influence on life that is truly remarkable. It divided time before and after into B. C. and A. D. Is humanity, or at least a very large part of it, right in believing that this event did make a dividing line in the history of humanity? Was this a beginning of a new step upward in the human race? Did humanity now begin to see its goal more clearly and to take steps toward that goal? We think that it did.

SECOND, we see that this birthday day took place at a unique time in history. All the great philosophies in Greece and India and China, the three great centres of civilization at that time, had just been completed. Mankind seemed to have reached in its search after God as far as it could go. The philosophies extant were the concrete result of that upward movement towards the Divine. Some of these philosophies reached noble truths and some of them missed the way and led into error and confusion. But they were all an upreaching after God. They were the high-water mark of philosophical achievement. The mind of man indeed has not gone much further in speculation since then. We are grateful for those speculations, for they prepared man for what was to come. They themselves were not sufficient.

THIRD, when man had gone as far as he could in his upward reach towards God, then there came the downward reach toward man. God stepped in to complete the dim reasonings of man and to purify them. We speak of man's search for God. We forget God's search for man, which is of far greater importance. God's search for man is what we call Revelation. There had been many partial revelations of God, some of them through these very philosophies, but what was needed was a complete Revelation, an uncovering of the very heart and nature and purpose of God. How could that Revelation be made? By more words to add to the great abundance of words which philosophy had used? Hardly. What was needed was *The Word*.

This Word would gather up into itself all the lesser but true words and complete them and fulfil them. But this Word could not be a spelled-out word, it could not be a verbal revelation. Life is not merely intellectual, it has to be a lived-out word, a vital revelation, for life is life, and this not only includes the intellectual, but is also very much more besides. God would have to speak to us through life to life. How else could He show His character except through a character? How could He show us how to live, except He show us how to do so in the very place where we live, namely in the stream of human history? The Word had to become flesh.

FOURTH, it did so. The idea became fact. Mere abstract ideas make us a little tired. We grow weary of the abstract idea of beauty, but we never grow tired of beauty when it meets us in a person. The mere idea of goodness makes us revolt against it as *goody-goodyness*, but we never get tired of goodness when it meets us in a person. Then it becomes warm and tender, winsome and compelling. So we had to see goodness and through it God. In Jesus we see goodness. He did not talk to us about it. He let us see it through the windows of His own acts and thoughts. Think of a Man who lived such a life, that we can read back into God every one of His acts and ideas and feel that we are thereby not lowering the estimation of the character of God, but actually heightening it. Jesus not only showed goodness, He showed nothing but goodness. He showed not only love, but nothing but love. Many people have showed us goodness and love, but no one has showed us goodness and love unalloyed. Others blurred goodness by contradictory things, but Jesus never blurred the Divine goodness by a single act or attitude or word. He was the Word with no contradictory words within it.

FIFTH, and what does the Word say to us? It says to us that God is not merely kind and good and pure, but that He is redemptive. Jesus not only let us see the nature of God, but came also to change our own. Jesus tells us that the worst can become the best, the weakest can become the strongest, the most sinful can become the most holy. That is the *good news*. Jesus did not merely come to bring that message. He was that message. When we open our hearts to Him, there is not merely the memory of a Christmas long ago, but there is a new birth now within us. We find the message become a living fact in our own experience. So at this Christmas time I do not remember Christ, I realize Him. He is born within me now. And what a birth it is, from darkness to light, from confusion to order, from moral defeat to moral victory, from myself to God! The first great Birthday was in history; the second can be in me and in you.

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

(1) The woman a man hopes to marry.

NOT the colour of the eyes, not the colour of the hair, not the shape of the face, not the contour of the lips, not the curves of the figure--these are not really the influencing factors about the woman of a man's choice in many cases, but as a man-writer states in *Dress and Beauty*: "One must fall in love with one's mind, as well as with one's body. I would go further and assert that compatibility of temperament, combined with a mental respect for each other, is a far safer foundation for a successful marriage than even the most overwhelming of sex attractions. It is the language one talks, not the language of the lips, that matters in the long run."

The first item a man is said to need in his wife is the same response to the art of living and the reality of the world, combined with the same sense of humour. For instance, the author requires his wife to be as amused as himself by the antics of *Mickey Mouse* on the screen, "because I feel that her negative reaction showed a fundamental difference in our respective make-ups that would be bound to crop up incessantly in other ways."

The second item is a similarity of tastes. For instance, a liking for the same games, so that both may spend happily together their free time; e. g., how can an ardent golfer and a poker-player combine nicely with a bridge and tennis fiend?

The third item is that she must wish to do her share of service to the world. The author does not specially want a wife who gives him home comforts, but he wants his complement, who will be a worker like himself and meet him on equal terms and be "a critic and comrade" to him.

The fourth item is that she should have a dress-sense and achieve a success in her dressing, knowing that "the art of dress is the

art of simplicity." And this, not merely for the outside world, but also and chiefly for her husband. And she should not skimp and save on her clothes, but take an allowance for herself, and spend it well.

The author does not want a young woman, but needs one who has come up to her thirties, and so does not need to pretend to be sophisticated, but "possesses the best of two worlds, the world of youth, and the world of experience, sure of her position and so able to advance or retreat with equal ease."

This is the sort of woman a man hopes to marry, but probably in the end has to compromise about!

In this connection, I would like to quote what the Countess of Balfour, the mother of six children, says about marriage: "Unfortunately, marriage is not a profession that we can be assured of attaining by passing any form of examination. I can assure you that there is no profession which needs a wider, fuller, and deeper education than that of marriage. You have to be a leader. You have to have imagination and sympathy and understanding. You have to be a companion in mind and heart and soul for your life's chosen partner, and you have to be a stimulating, loving, understanding example to your children."

(2) Education for the Wife

Not long ago, there were some of our England-returned young men, who used to moan that they could not find suitable wives in India. That does not seem possible now, except perhaps in a few extreme cases. The young wives that we see enthroned in the houses of young officials, are women to be proud of in every sense of the word. Sometimes, no doubt, they are too inclined to follow English ways, but even then they contrive by a few touches to give a charming Indian polish to the *ensemble*. Where it is the other way, where perhaps there is

everything too Indian, there may be a few inconveniences existent for some people, in spite of the pleasant atmosphere. But, there are many of our women, who have discovered for themselves that the happiest medium is a pretty mixture of the East and the West. And why not? Are not the guests—I am speaking of Indian officials—from both spheres? Is it not the wholesome cult now to enshrine nationalism in internationalism? Indian articles can be used in international methods—in whatever way indeed seems convenient.

It seems to me—I ask pardon for laying down the law, but I am really not doing so, only suggesting—that the wife of a young official has five spheres before her, in which to make herself of use. The first is the home, where everything is to be happy and cosy for husband, children and relatives, a place of rest and shelter where tired minds can recuperate and disillusioned hearts can be consoled. For this, wonderful tact is necessary—"blessed are the peace makers," as the Bible says. Then forethought, organisation, order, method, management, kindness, sympathy, self-denial and love are indicated, everything running on oiled wheels as it were, everything in place and done to time, with nothing of confusion, tumult, noise and quarrel.

The second sphere is entertainment. Officials—especially young ones—have plenty of friends and also those placed above them, to entertain. The chief point to remember is that guests must be made to feel so at home that they will like to come again. The hostess must bethink herself how to make them feel happy in other ways than by excellent food arrangements. She has indeed to show herself a *lady*, by which term is meant, I think, a woman who is able to put others at their ease and at their best. And she must remember not to leave everything to the husband to arrange. He may take up the task happily, but how much happier will he be if his wife takes the brunt of the task off his already busy time? Her worth to him then will be "above rubies!"

The third sphere of the young wife is the encouragement of social and public activities. It too often happens that our young women, especially if there are older women in their *menage*, who are conservative, are apt to retire

into their shells. They do not like to come into the public eye. But it is for them to remember that, being in a good position, they can do much for society, by way of encouragement of clubs, organisation of charities, conduction of committees, running of public functions etc. Their very name sometimes gives the extra weight desired; but even that is often not enough. The ladies need not speak in public; but they can take an active interest in affairs, think and talk and act for others and be alert and ready for emergencies. At the same time, let not all their time be frittered away outside the home!

The fourth sphere is the uplift of the lower orders, by which I mean the neglected, the poor, and the *Harijans*. How much can the young wife do here, especially if she belongs to the higher castes? Beginning with the menials under her, and extending to the villagers around, she can shed her sympathy on all those who feel themselves, and are thought to be, inferior to others. And mind you, sympathy should be real goodwill and love, and not the patronage issued by a great lady just to show how grand and dutiful she can be! The women alone in India can solve the solution of the depressed classes question. It is the women who hold back the men; and so it is the women who can pull forward the men in this matter. What is caste and class after all? It behoves us to remember that India will never become an advanced country till her communal strife is ended.

The last sphere, I would like to mention for the young wife, is her own, her own individuality. She must not neglect herself—not merely in health—but also in mind and spirit. She may have passed examinations, she may be cultured, but unless there is exercise and new food for that culture and education, not only stagnation, but in the end deterioration, will be the result. Thus, the young wife must contrive to secure a little time for herself; and not only that, but also a little place for herself, her own *sanctum*, where she can be at peace for a while. It too often happens that our women do not know where to be alone, when they wish for solitude. The very desire is thought to be strange and selfish. But, are we not out to explore new paths and exploit new methods for ourselves and for others?

THE MISSION OF YOUTH

WHEN we—the future children of the world—look around us we see all kinds of illusions prevailing in the name of humanity; and the earnest and enterprising young soul feels disappointed and loses faith in life.

The youthful hearts of India do not feel the necessity or usefulness of the caste-system. Has this still any meaning at all? Does it really keep up the balance? Is it not a menace to the progress of India's children? But how are we to solve the problem of its eradication? Surely only by means of whole-hearted action! Let us erase altogether our caste mentality, so that the sunshine of love may illuminate our hearts! Let us follow the simple natural law that one must not even dream of caste. Let us all really feel that we are all living organs of a universal brotherhood! But, there is no use of polishing things superficially, unless one dives deep into the cause! And so let us begin to live life, not in pomp and glory, but in service and love.

Then, there is the incessant warring of religions. One despises the other most inhumanly. But do you think religions in the beginning had any prejudice or hatred towards each other? I am sure not. Each religion equally emphasised its own faith and lived up to its own ideals. And looking into the pages of history, it is clear that *clergies*, *priests* and *mullahs*, through their narrow-mindedness, created clash

and strife among the followers of their religions. Whatever faith one may have, whatever kind of religion one may follow, can any one say that his is the only best religion in the world? It would be well if educational institutions properly dealt with various kinds of religious problems. There is no use of tabooing religious instruction in the education of young India. Peace and goodwill can be established only by a knowledge of all kinds of religions, and by the clear outlook on life that each springs from a common Divine Power!

Another vital problem, that faces us, is national feeling or patriotism. One cannot forget one's mother when she is alive and adopt another! But one must not cling to the idea that his mother alone is the best of all mothers! Universal brotherhood through nation-hood should be the motto of the young.

If the whole world is adorned with one colour, can we appreciate any beauty in nature? Let the children of each country always remember that they are brothers of the children of other countries. In our clear vision, there should exist no place for untouchability, for religious or national antagonisms. We should be able to distinguish between only two classes, those who know and those who do not know. Realisation is the chief thing that matters most in life. But really those who know are only a few!

K. Krishnan

OUR SERIAL STORY

King Systos the Mighty

By HERBERT PORTER

CHAPTER XI

SYSTOS AND THE KINGDOMS

MEANWHILE, Systos had hastened, with his terrible arms, into the empire of Pythos, which lay on the north-west of the land of the Menelos.

There he dethroned the Emperor Pythos, and slaughtered his people like sheep. With relentless fury, he passed on, falling upon all the northern nations, who, as the noise of war spread, joined themselves together against him. Many battles were fought, but Systos conquered always.

His strategies surpassed all the cunning which had ever before been conjured in the minds of men, and, as the army conquered, so it grew in multitude, for Systos placed in the front of the battle all the men that were captured from the fallen nations. Onward, therefore, with death and devastation in his path, he sped, mowing down nations like grass, until he had captured all the great empires which lay west and north of his own land.

Having achieved his plans thus far, Systos moved eastwards, down towards the Parthian empire, which was the greatest and most fearsome which he had determined to capture. The Parthians were a strong people, and a stubborn, warlike spirit pervaded the whole empire. Therefore Systos was more wary in his methods of attack, and pitched his army in one mass on the shores of Armees, (which he had last captured), from the Parthian empire.

When the Parthians perceived that the camp of Systos was set on the shores of Armees, they gathered their army together on the opposite shores, and awaited the attack. Then Systos held council with his chiefs of war, and called into his presence spies that had been sent beforehand into the Parthian empire to discover the weaknesses of the land.

"Where standeth the vast Temple of the God of the Air, whereof ye spake to me?"

demanding Systos, as the spies came before him.

"O mighty King," said they, "it lieth but one league to the right of the river's bend, and but two leagues inland."

"Are ye certain that the Temple is deserted?" queried Systos.

"Yea, 'tis so," replied the spies, "for the God of the Moon hath cursed it bitterly, so that all worship therein hath ceased."

Then Systos bade the spies depart, and commanded the chief warriors to divide the army into three sections. So the force was divided, and Systos, after discovering the part of the river which was most shallow, ordered massive blocks of stone to be brought from inland and caused them to be cast into the river, so that the Parthians thought that the army of Systos would there cross over into their land.

While these operations were progressing, the second portion of the army was busy, under the personal supervision of Systos, boring out a passage to open into the mighty and deserted Temple of the Air God. This passage was cut under the river, and the work went on headlong day and night, until, at last, the vaults of the great temple were reached, and Systos and his men climbed into the midst of the awful gloom and silence of the vast and deserted temple.

A small company was left in charge, and Systos returned to the camp and ordered the work of the filling up of the river to cease. Then the King bade the whole army take rest for three days, so that the men might regain strength, and be full of vigour for the battle. When the Parthians perceived that the arduous task of filling up the river had been discontinued, they began to wonder why the attack was being delayed, and, on the third day, themselves began to cast huge boulders into the river from their side, and to prepare to attack the Menelos.

Thereupon, Systos commanded three-fifths of his army to march to the passage under the

river, and to fill the temple and the vast passage, and there remain until an arrow with a blood-red sign sped towards the tower of the temple, which commanded a view of the shores. Then, with set jaws and grim faces, the Menelos began the attack, but the Parthians stood in a body, like a rock, against them. Once, twice and thrice, the Menelos were driven back.

Suddenly a large arrow with a red sign attached, sped through the air, and the troops which had lain hidden in the old temple, began to pour forth like an aggregation of wild beasts, ready to devour any prey. Little by little, Systos managed to force the Parthians back along the shore, until he was able to bring about an inrush of troops. As he accomplished this, the remainder of the army came down upon the Parthians from the temple.

Then ensued a terrific fight. Spears and swords clashed and flashed in the sunlight. Arrows flew and chariots flashed over the dead and dying. Everywhere men fell like reeds into the bloody streams that flowed like new tributaries into the river. So the Parthians were surrounded by the numberless army of Systos, the Mighty, and, brave as they were, and well as they fought, they could not withstand the overpowering blows which fell upon them from every quarter. They had been entirely outwitted and outnumbered, and they fell in the dust and died. Thus were slain the Parthians, and thus fell the Parthian empire; and the river Tetron was named, from that day forward, the river of death.

Then Systos took captive all the Parthians that remained alive after the battle, and all the world said: "How mighty is Systos become! Lo! the whole earth is at his feet, for he commands, and all obey him; he fights and the nations fall. Truly he is a god, for there is none mightier than he."

After this, Systos marched onwards, with his army, into the land of the Mendiceans; but no battle was fought there, for they were terrified, when they saw the Menelos approaching. So the Mendiceans sent messengers to meet Systos, offering surrender, and Systos usurped the throne and rested many days in the land of Mendicea.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MAGICIAN OF SYKOR

In Sykor, the capital of Mendicea, there lived a magician skilled in the sciences of the occult. Diurnally, in the market-place, at noon and at even, he stood practising magic and sorcery. Crowds of the Mendiceans always gathered to watch this wonderful man conjure, while blue and red and green flames leapt into the air from a tripod which he placed in the midst of the market-place.

He was a weird looking man, with deep-set, dark eyes, which glittered unceasingly. His dress was as strange as his face, and, in the sight of the people of Mendicea, he had, at first, been greatly regarded with cynicism—scoffed at and looked upon as a mere trickster, and a follower of witchcraft; but he had repeatedly performed many wonders, and worked such miracles of healing among them, that they had come at last to regard him as possessing an ultramundane power. Some said that he was in league with the devil, and that he had been sent from hell to delude men. Others avowed that he was a god in human shape, and that he worked wonders to interpret to mankind the mysteries of the stars and the magic of the heavens.

He lived quite alone in a deserted part of the city, and was always referred to as "the silent magician," for he never spoke to any—not even to those by whom he was addressed, except upon very rare occasions.

It was a somewhat gloomy day, as the chief warriors of Systos passed at noon through the market-place of Sykor; and, observing a crowd of spectators standing about a huge tripod, they pressed in among the throng, and stood in bewilderment, watching the strange feats of conjuring performed by the magician. Suddenly, they saw a man's body begin to float into the air and melt away into nothingness from their sight. Then, at a wave of the magician's hand, birds of beautiful plumage flew and hovered about the place where the crowd stood. Then the skies seemed to open and they saw spirits falling from the heavens into clouds below, and then down and down and down into the leaping flames of the tripod and there disappear. After this, the magician took up his tripod, and wandered slowly away among the dispersing crowd.



UDAY SHANKAR
(in costume)



THE SWORD DANCE OF UDAY SHANKAR AND HIS troupe

A GLIMPSE OF UDAY SHANKAR

IN spite of efforts being made by true lovers of the dance to popularise Indian dancing and remove the stigma that has been attached to it all these years, many of us still suffer from an antediluvian prejudice against *nautches* and Indian dances. I was one such old-fashioned creature, until I went to see Uday Shankar and his troupe. I must admit that I went with trepidation, not knowing what would be shown us, for this was some time ago, before the great Indian dancer had taken the world by storm. We had only heard vague rumours about him, and were not quite sure if we were going to enjoy his performance or not. You can imagine our surprise and the breath-taking interest we experienced, therefore, when the tall, handsome, graceful dancer stepped on to the stage, and as "Indra, the God of heaven, the stars, the clouds, lightning and rains," gave us an idea of how beautiful Indian dancing can be, and how much prejudiced ignorant individuals would lose, if they insisted on closing their eyes to the artistic value of a great art, and looked on it merely from a jaundiced point of view.

The criticism against Uday Shankar by all those who have studied Indian dancing is that he is westernising and modernising a great ancient culture, and is not a true follower of the traditional Indian dance. Perhaps it is because of these very critics, who will insist on harping back to an ancient past, without in any way changing it to suit the modern mentality and the hectic unrest that is evident everywhere today, that our Indian dancing as an art is so stagnant and without appeal to the general public. Connoisseurs are few and far between, and if a great art such as dancing is only to appeal to the "knowledge" man, what is to become of us, poor ignorant creatures? We want something that will appeal to us, and here we have Uday Shankar, who has not only based his *Mudras* on the *Bharat Natya Sastra*, the

Abhinaya Darpana and the *Katha-kalis* of Travancore; but who has at the same time catered to the times, and made his dances of profound interest to the world at large.

"If you want to see real Indian dancing, go and see Bala Saraswati," said a friend of mine to me, one day. Well, I had already seen Shankar and his troupe, and, much to my chagrin, I had heard adverse criticisms of him by traditional snobs in Madras, so I went to see Bala Saraswati. She was wonderful; but I soon tired of her, and being ignorant of the meaning of the dance I could not interpret her poses. Though her grace was supreme, and she was a complete master of the art, her costumes were not attractive. After two hours, I left the hall.

Uday Shankar, on the contrary, has taken the best of the Indian dance and made it appeal to one and all. Every gesture and movement of his is an embodiment of grace. Meeting him sometime ago at Calcutta, I asked him if he minded the criticisms against him, and he said:

"I dance for the sake of my art, and do what I think is right. It does not matter to me in the least what people may say. Dancing with me is a religion."

On the cover-page of his programme are printed these words; "I am dancing the life of the people and their Gods," and one can see that this is true, for Shankar is Indian to the core, and has so influenced his followers, that all of them dance, not for self-glorification and fame and personal ambition, but to show the stuff, of which India is capable.

Few pleasant sensations can rival those felt when Shankar and his two faithful pupils — Mlle. Simkies and Miss Kanakalata—dance before us in *Raj Leela*. "Krishna, in the playfulness of his youth, rejoicing with the Gopis, inspires them

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Then the chief warriors moved away together, talking in serious wonderment, concerning the magician and his secret powers. As they neared the Palace from which the King and Queen of Mendicea had been expelled, the warriors determined to inform Systos concerning the weird magician. So when they arrived at the palace, the chief warrior, Nebulos, went immediately to the door of the chamber where Systos was lodged. A guard, consisting of three stalwart warriors, stood at the entrance to the private chamber, and saluted him as he passed into the presence of the conqueror of the whole earth.

"What news is on the lips of Nebulos?" the King asked, as the warrior approached, and fell on his knees before him.

"Strange news, O mighty King," replied Nebulos, "There is a man possessed of much power of spirit, O worthy King. He stands in the market-place, at noon and at even, daily working miracles and practising sorcery and magic before the multitude, by whom he is greatly feared—yea—he is even thought to be a god by many."

When Systos heard these words, a great jealousy consumed him, and, seizing the warrior by his shoulders, he dragged him to his feet and bade him bring the magician before him to display his power. So Nebulos departed, and bade his fellows be ready to accompany him at sunset to capture the magician and bring him before the King.

Therefore, when the usual evening exhibition of psychic power had been manifested, the warriors quietly followed the magician to his comfortless abode, and, waiting until a late hour, when deep darkness had fallen upon the city and its inhabitants were sleeping, they rudely burst open the door, and seizing the man carried him with violence to the palace and put him in a strong room.

The next morning, he was brought before Systos, who bade him display the wonders of his weird art. So, the magician performed, with delicate dexterity, many profound wonders before Systos. The man's psychic forces were indeed amazing, and, as Systos beheld the varied performance, he grew livid in the face, and black in spirit against the magician, so that his jealousy became madness.

"None but Systos shall be feared," he cried, "Whence hast thou this power, man?"

The magician made no answer, and the infuriated Systos bade the warrior take him away and chop off his head, and hang it in the market-place, so that all the people might know that none held greater sway than Systos.

So the magician was dragged away and taken again to the strong room, and there, after being bound hand and foot, his neck was placed upon a large block. One of the warriors then took a formidable battle-axe, and, grasping it with both hands, lifted it high above his head. Down it came with terrific force upon the magician's neck and his head fell upon the floor.

Without further ado, the chief warrior, Nebulos, picked up the head and placed it in a leather bag, and, leaving his companions to dispose of the trunk, took the head and hung it in the market-place and according to the instructions of Systos, wrote above it:

"BEHOLD THE MAGICIAN."

When all the people saw the magician's head, they feared Systos more than ever. Many hated him as greatly as they feared, and none dared to utter any words against him.

It chanced that evening, that the magician's only brother passed through the market-place, and, seeing the head hanging, he staggered like one inebriated against the wall of a building opposite. His senses did not altogether desert him, but he remained leaning against the wall, until his thinking powers fully returned. He had not been on friendly terms for some years with his brother, because of the magician's eccentric ideas and his practice of the occult. Yet he loved his brother with a very deep love, and his remorse was uncontrollable and lamentable to behold, when he realised that the gentle sorcerer had passed for ever from this earth.

With an effort he gathered his scattered thoughts together, and, drawing near the crowd that stood gazing with awe at the head hung upon the wall, with horror he learned how and why the magician had been slain. As he heard the story, a fierce burning hatred of Systos sprang up within him; and, as he walked away from the market-place, he vowed to himself a vicious vow of vengeance. His teeth chattered with rage and his limbs shook with malicious trembling.

(To be continued)

Three Women Pioneers



Mrs. T. TANNIMALAI
of Karaikudi, the first lady Honorary Magistrate from the Nagana-
than community.



MISS KARUNAKARA GUPTA, M.A.,
the first lady lecturer in the
Dacca University.



Mrs. S. PEACOCK,
the first lady to be nominated as a
Member of the Bobbili Dt. Board.

with the charm of his unconscious divinity, and weaves illusions which he constantly evades." Then again, the two girls in their famous dance *Snanam*, are the embodiment of charm and grace, when "gathering flowers they are troubled by bees, and while bathing are suddenly frightened away by the sound of approaching footsteps."

Shankar's programmes are varied and attractive. Each item is exquisitely short, except the last one which is usually a legend enacted in dance movements, such as *Shiva Parvati Nritya Dvandva* and *Tandava Nritya*. The music is quiet and melodious and exquisitely rhythmical, and the costumes perfect. To go to a performance of Uday Shankar is a treat, and all those who have not seen him should avail

themselves of the very next opportunity afforded to them.

In private life, Shankar is just a simple, sincere, unostentatious person. He does not know the meaning of the word, *conceit*. He is courteous to all those who wish to make friends with him or ask him questions and is a perfect gentleman. His costume is always Indian, and many a time do we see him at parties and shows in Calcutta. His personality is striking, and even those, who may not recognise him as the great dancer, usually turn round and ask, "who is that handsome man?" when they see him anywhere. Shankar is one of the men of whom every Indian can be justly proud.

Padmini Sathianadhan.

NEWS ABOUT WOMEN

AT the *Cochin Thiya Vanitha Sangham*, many resolutions were passed relating to the uplift of Thiya women, who, as was represented, were backward, compared to their Nair and Christian sisters, in education, wealth and social position. The Civil Marriage bill, ensuring freedom of choice with regard to marriage, unhampered by caste or creed, was approved of. There were requests to the Government for privileges with regard to property, public appointments and representations in the councils, amelioration of the conditions of women of the working classes, and the provision of good maternity and child-welfare centres.

An appeal is made in the *Modern Review* for an increase in the number of Indian women students abroad. While Chinese women students in Europe are increasing in numbers, India has made no progress in this direction. The result is that Indian women are not going ahead with the times, while their men are marching on in international progress. A great gulf is

thus being created between men and women; and the former, returning home, are bound to fall back into social stagnation.

Chinese students go usually to Europe as married couples, and thus get more chances for social education, as obtained in the West. But what happens to Indian students? "They are at home neither abroad, because they are socially unacceptable, nor in India, where they do not often meet women, who are inspired by common hopes and fears, similarity of tastes, ideals and intellectual aspirations." Why should not India follow the example of China, and Indian men take their wives oftener with them to Europe?

It is interesting to read in the *Asiatic Review* an article written by Mrs. Protima Tagore, in which she traces the origin of the Indian woman's costume. The short bodice of India, seen even now in Rajputana, the United Provinces and Gujerat, had its origin in the *ria* of the Middle Ages, and became the *Kanchuli* or the *Angai*

worn with a thin drapery over it, and passing over the head.

Then, the *Mekhala* became under Persian influence in the Moghul age, into a wide transparent skirt, worn over the *pyjama* trousers. This became a real heavy skirt later, which is still seen in North India, measuring as much as fifty yards of cloth sometimes. In Bengal and Orissa, however, the *mekhala* became wider and longer, till it became the *sari*. This word is derived from the Sanskrit *Sati*. From Bengal, as seen by the folk-lore pictures on temples, it spread down to south India, becoming under Mohammedan influence a drapery covering the whole figure and face, and just leaving one eye free, as still seen among *pardah* ladies. Now, saris, as we know, are being manufactured all over India, there being definite types of them. Madras, Madras, Orissa, Dacca, Murshidabad, Benares, Gujerat, Rajputana, Maharashtra, Gwalior, Nepal, all have their sari industries. The drapery of the sari is indeed so beautiful that it is bidding fair to conquer even Europe in the coming fashions.

"The Abyssinian women will go to the battle-field with their husbands, as they have always done in the history of my people," said the Empress of Abyssinia. Their duty will be not only to cook and to nurse, but also to fight with rifles and spears if necessary. They did this forty years ago, when the Empress Taiten inspired the Ethiopian soldiers in the battle of *Adowa*. The women are usually reserved, and shirk public life, but they will not be so in the case of war. They are delicate and frail, but they are determined to undertake the long march to the battle-field.

"They will march as steadily as their husbands. We could not hold them back. If the men drop their arms, our women will pick them up. If the men die, our women will prefer to die with them."

Princess Nirgidma de Torhout writes in the *Spectator* about the absolute equality of men and women in Mongolia. This equality is not at all modern, but was framed by Genghis Khan, from whom all Mongolian laws originate. In divorce, in inheritance and property, even in service in the army, the woman is the same as the man. The word *kun* applies to both sexes. The woman has as much freedom as the man and is quite responsible for herself. But this equality has the drawback that there is no thought of chivalry to the woman. No special consideration or priority right is shown her; but she shares in all the hardest tasks of man. This is perhaps hard for woman, who is physically so much weaker than man, but it is undoubtedly the inevitable outcome of equality between the sexes.

Mr. J. M. Kumarappa writes, in the *Hindu*, of women in the Nazi State, the conditions of which in this respect are far different from those described above. The German woman has been more or less always conservative. Under the monarchy, German women, in associations like the *Queen Louise League* helped in social, charitable and educational problems. In the republic, women had the franchise and representation in parliament. But, in spite of the Suffragist League, there was never made by them a vigorous fight for freedom and equality. Now, they have fallen back into the position of the *Hausfrau*. They are said to have a vital part in the state, not to run it however, but only to preserve it, by attending to the domestic routine of wifehood and motherhood as the foundations of public life. In this ideal, they are said to follow the Aryan ideal, and share in the honour of being the physical nation-builders, as well as of preserving the purity, the spiritual culture, and morality of a race," which is claimed to have made practically all the notable constitutions to civilization. As the national leader of their womanhood said, "Reduced to a common denominator, this means that alongside of military con-

scription, there stands an unwritten law for women for the preservation of the inner strength of the German people."

... ..

As a result of the Istamboul Conference of women, the Egyptian Government has been called upon to abolish polygamy, and enforce equality between the sexes. A letter was sent to the Premier by Madame Huda Hanem, in which she said regarding polygamy, "The continuance of polygamy has its painful effect on family and social life, apart from the fact that it harms our moral reputation in the civilised world. Polygamy is incompatible with the law of Nature and the tradition of the present age. In fact, it is inconsistent with the spirit of the Moslem religion, which has allowed it only under certain conditions impossible of fulfilment. By submitting this resolution to Your Excellency, we only renew the application made by our Union in 1926 to the Government, asking for enactment of legislation to prohibit polygamy except in certain exceptional cases, such as barrenness and diseases that prevent the woman from performing her matrimonial duty. We do not believe that Egypt, which occupies the position of leadership among the Moslem nations and which is taken as an example by them, will allow them to precede her in introducing this reform. Your Excellency is not unaware that the woman has been at all times the effective element in the renaissance of nations and in the service of humanity. Therefore, we are hopeful that our demands will receive Your Excellency's care and attention, thereby enabling the Egyptian woman to do her share in the country's renaissance and in the service of humanity."

... ..

We take an extract from a letter in a *Daily* by an Indian lady on this subject. "The future well-being of this country imperatively demands that the standard of life of its people should be raised from its present low level. Women form one half of the popula-

tion in this land. They are compelled to live in enforced idleness by the rigours of social and religious customs obtaining in this country. They are steeped in illiteracy; and a large majority of them are kept behind purdah. They form a dead weight and have to be carried along by the men in their onward march towards the goal of progress. It is, therefore, not surprising that in the march towards prosperity, this country is left far behind.

Women should also realise that they have as much responsibility as their brothers in the building up of the prosperity of their motherland. They must shed their present inferiority complex, and actively enter and participate in the various occupations for which by their capacity they are fitted. They must learn to love the dignity of labour and give up their present life of ease and idleness. India is an agricultural country and the majority of its people live in the villages. It has an abundant supply of raw materials and human labour. Women were great experts in all arts and crafts for which Ancient India was justly famous. Spinning, weaving, dairying, gardening and a hundred other cottage industries can usefully engage them. Illiteracy should be banished from among them; and every girl in the land should be given some sound vocational training. If the women in the land will only engage themselves in useful and profitable occupations, it is bound to increase the prosperity of the country. The various cottage industries will hum with prosperity and the standard of life of its people will be considerably enhanced.

In the few limited opportunities afforded to women in national service, they have by their work demonstrated their great capacity. It is up to their brothers to seek the co-operation of their sisters and jointly march hand in hand, to the goal of progress."

... ..

The following notification is published in the latest issue of the Gazette of India:

Legislative Department:—A regulation

has been made that "no woman who is not by reason of her sex disqualified for registration as an elector for the Legislative Council of a Governor's Province shall, by reason only of her sex, be disqualified for registration on the electoral roll of any constituency of the Council of State in that province."

... ..

We are glad to hear of the progress at the Women's Hockey Association, Bengal, which held its annual meeting at Calcutta lately.

Miss Vianest, Secretary, reviewing the past season's doings, said "The standard of play last season was good and there was considerable improvement in the team work, more method in performance with consequent improvement in combination, so that the team was strong as a whole and not merely because of one or two brilliant individuals." It is pleasing to note the interest and enthusiasm for the game, which are as strong as ever.

The total number of affiliated clubs is now 15. The "Indian Cricket Magazine" organising the Inter-Provincial Championship in Delhi in February next, urges them to improve their game and so perhaps get the honour to represent Bengal. Bengal is the birthplace of women's hockey in India and it is up to its women to put up the best side to compete. Concluding, Miss Vianest made a strong appeal to club captains to exercise discipline in the teams. "This, I am afraid, applied very much to junior divisions, who do not seem to realise that none except captains are supposed to talk once the game has begun. To quote an instance, I have seen at a junior division match the backs busily engaged in conversation and their attention of the oncoming forwards was only attracted by the screams of their despairing halves. This sort of thing is hard to believe but it was so. For the good of the team, you will agree it should be stopped."

WORK FOR INDIAN WOMEN

JOURNALISM

In her *Travel Notes* abroad, Mrs. Kuttan Nair makes mention of the various varieties of work undertaken by women in Europe, in social, international and humanitarian interests. While congratulating India on the fact that her women also are taking vital part in such work, Mrs. Nair deprecates the want of journals in India like the weekly "*Time and Tide*," run by Lady Rhondda in London, and contributed to by many brilliant women and a few men. She speaks of the writers, Miss Winifred Holtby, of Cicely Hamilton, Vena Brittain, Rose Macaulay who are authors of books, and the inspirers of modern generations of English writers.

COMMUNAL FARMING

There is a plan in England, originated by women, to settle groups of about a dozen

women each on farms near towns. On these farms, bee-keeping, poultry keeping, butter making, cheese-making, milking, market-gardening, vegetable, fruit and flower growing, will be taught by trained people, and the produce will be sold direct to the consumer, through the medium of travelling shops, to avoid *middlemen*. The Principal of the Kent Horticultural College said about it: "If I were free to do what I wish, I would like to have twelve unemployed older women at the College. I would give them a year's training in all branches of farm work and let them carry through the scheme in a small way. I see no reason why women should not be successful on the land just because they may have failed elsewhere. Of course the women would need to put their whole heart into the work, for farming is a wholetime job. I would like to make the demonstration to see if the communal

farms run by women would pay. The test would take at least three years."

RURAL MATERNITY SERVICE

A great scheme has been brought forward by the Mysore branch of the Indian Red Cross Society. There are seven varieties of maternity and child welfare work mentioned, viz., (1) the establishment in every *mohalla* of maternity homes in which the midwives could do their work in quiet and clean surroundings, (2) the establishment of *creches*, (3) the nursery school movement, (4) the establishment of anti-natal and child welfare centres in smaller towns, (5) bringing the benefits of medical women once or twice a month with the aid of a small organisation to very small towns, (6) provision of maternity homes in the villages and (7) increase in the number of midwives. The most important need seems to be the want of midwives. It was

suggested that there should be one midwife at least for every *hobli* or group of villages, the cost being met by the government, by the District Boards, by the Panchayats and by the Red Cross. This is a good scheme and bids fair to supply a very much required rural maternity service for one mother in at least five, instead of for one in ten as now.

COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

A public meeting of women in Travancore considered the encouragement of industries, like screw-pine mats, lace and embroidery, bell-metal articles, ivory and inlaid work. Not only were better methods of design and production required, but also there was a need for sales depots at different places, attached to one at the centre, and the whole to be worked on a co-operative basis, thus doing away with middlemen.

— K. S.

CONCERNING HEELS

By MEA

OUR grandmothers of the eighteenth century are responsible for many of the ills from which women suffer today, in consequence of their having introduced the ridiculous fashion of high-heeled shoes. Their object was probably to make women partially or entirely helpless, and to distinguish the aristocratic and leisured class from working women.

Corns, bunions, in-growing toe-nails, aches and pains at the back of the head are among some of the countless ailments and minor distortions which we have come to accept as inevitable, but which can all be abolished if the vanity of women will permit them to discard high heels. We pity the Chinese women with their compressed and distorted feet, but actually their plight is no worse than that of the modern European woman.

Because our eyes have become ac-

customed to the sight of our women walking with mincing steps on miniature stilts (some women brag of having shoes with heels six inches high), we have come to regard high heels as smart. Imagine Cleopatra in high heels! What would the Greeks, the greatest lovers and cultivators of physical beauty in the history of the world, have said if their women had distorted their feet? What would they have said if their women had been unable to move without going through contortions? The famous beauties of ancient Greece and Egypt moved with that grace that is typical of the Eastern woman of today, whose sandals are devoid of heels, or at most have low flat heels.

A picture appeared recently in an illustrated paper which was said to depict a scene in the film, "Romance of a People." The picture showed a virgin about to be

sacrificed to the God Moloch. With that disregard for accuracy, for which films are becoming notorious, the virgin in question wore high-heeled shoes of a distinctly modern type, than which nothing could look more incongruous. The Romans wore various kinds of shoes, but none of this description. If the girl had been wearing anything on her feet—which is doubtful on such an occasion—it would have been either the *solea* or sandal, which is familiar to most of us, or the *calceus*, which covered the whole foot, somewhat like our shoes but without high heels, and which was tied with a latchet or lace.

Although the high-heeled shoe only appears to have become fashionable in England during the eighteenth century, it appears to have been in vogue in Europe for several centuries, and its object was undoubtedly to make the foot appear smaller. In the *Musee de Cluny* in Paris are high-heeled shoes dating from the sixteenth century. The purpose of the high heels is to make the foot appear shorter by forcing some of its length into the height, thus making the bust appear taller, and to thrust the bust forward, thereby making it more prominent. This brings some of the weight of the body upon the tips of the toes, pressing them back and, to a certain extent, doubling them under.

The following Act passed by the British Parliament in 1700 has never been repealed:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall after such an Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scent, paints, cosmetic waters, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hooks, *high-heeled shoes* or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law, now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours, and that marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

From a purely hygienic point of view, it is obvious that the old Roman *solea* or sandal, which in various forms is still the recognised footwear over a considerable portion of the East, though unfortunately Japanese commercial enterprise has recently been flooding the markets with cheap imitations of Western boots and shoes, is a healthy article. And it is noticeable that there has been a remarkable tendency in Europe lately to adopt a modification of the Eastern sandal, and modern fashions in footwear merely show a distinct move back to nature. It is stated that one London firm alone supplies over 6,000 customers regularly with shoes that have no heels at all, and that heel-less shoes are widely adopted by men and women today.

Mrs. Baraclough, a member of the Astrological Lodge in London, who is well-known for her contributions in the field of astro-diagnosis, states: "Wearing heels definitely causes the curves of the spine to change; when a heel one-and-a-half inches high is attached to a shoe, the head is thrown nine inches forward. The spine is thrown into a grotesque position, directly unsettling the nervous system. Deformities of the feet so prevalent today are very largely the result of wearing heels. It is widely believed that heels help to preserve the arches of the foot, because of the raised position of the heel; actually the shoe with a heel is acting as a prop for muscles of the feet which can only remain healthy by working for themselves." The bone of the leg is naturally at right angles to the surface of the earth; and, in elevating their heads, women are inviting endless troubles for themselves. Many European women have been compelled to give up dancing, entirely owing to injuries to their feet which have been the result of wearing shoes with high heels. It is one of the ludicrous anomalies of human nature that the sex, which is most avid for physical beauty, destroys with the utmost deliberation the beauty of an important part of the anatomy. While many primitive peoples

deform the lips, nose, ears, etc., for aesthetic or magical reasons, one can think of no primitive people which deliberately deforms the feet. It is positively insanitary at any time, but especially during hot weather, to encase the feet in almost airtight boots or shoes. This is so obvious that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it, but, in spite of its obviousness, it is what is done.

It is pathetic today to see the cramped crooked toes of children, which have been compressed in shoes in order to make them conform to our distorted ideas of beauty.

Dr. Maurice Parmelee says, "It is not necessary to go so far afield as the foot-binding of Chinese women, and the horrible deformities created thereby, for illustrations. The narrow toes and high heels of the footwear of Occidental women result in a vision of toes jammed together and weakened arches, a hideous nightmare to any one with aesthetic sensibilities." Boots and shoes cause for men as well as for women not only deformations of the bony structure, such as flat feet due to broken arches, which destroy the form and shape of

the feet, but also corns, bunions, callouses, blisters, itches, cracks in the skin between the toes, scaling flesh, ingrowing toenails, excessive sweating and an offensive odour therefrom, and many other discomforts and hygienic ills."

Men have more beautiful and stronger feet than women because they have not been so much addicted to high heels and pointed shoes. Men are much less likely than women to have the broken arches and flat feet, which are often caused by high heels.

If some of the leaders of fashion will set the example of wearing the fascinating and really beautiful sandals that are now being produced by Western bootmakers, they will be doing a very great service to the present generation of women and also to their children, while they themselves will reap the benefit an hundred-fold.

Modern women have shown that they can defy conventions when it suits them. Let us hope that they will really set their faces and their feet against the tyranny of high heels. If they do so, they will earn the gratitude of posterity.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Coiffures.

A present favourite mode of hair-dressing is to sweep the hair smoothly to either side of the brow and to catch up the ringlets at the back into a cluster. This would seem to suit the *sari* quite well, in cases where women like to cut their hair short. Perhaps, it may not be suitable to sweep the hair back from the brow, but flat and glossy waves to either side of a central parting, will be very pleasant. A few soft curls and ringlets round the face will be very welcome, I am sure.

Colours.

It is good to hear that rich colours are to predominate in the near future—deep glowing browns, "*Medici*" blues, "*Sistine*" blues, "*Cellini*" golds, "*Michael Angelo*" reds, "*Moretto*"

greens, "*Veronese*" greens, "*Titian*" rose-pinks," which will all rival the lovely hues of nature's flowers, trees and skies. Such colours are sure to suit the drapery of the *sari*.

Slimming.

A lecture in London on health deprecates the fashion of starving in order to be slim. Foods like milk, butter and starch are given up sometimes almost entirely, forgetting the fact that such contain nitrogen, phosphorus and energy-giving substances, which are very necessary for the body. And, after all, is a too slim figure an attraction? "Men," we are told, "certainly do not admire excessive slimness in women."

It is certainly not good to eat too much; two good meals a day are often enough for a fairly active person; but systematically to

deny oneself enough food to exist in health is too great an error on the other side!

It is also good to remember that there must be a system in eating. Meals, to be useful, should have proper and regular intervals between; and while they are being eaten, there should be mental and bodily calm, and rest for a while afterwards.

It will be instructive to touch here on a remark lately made by an old physician in England about the unsuitability of certain games for girls. He said "In a great many schools, girls were taught to engage in combative games, sometimes even—I shudder to say—boxing. The result has been inability to confine the combative spirit to games. A gentle feminine girl becomes harsh and bellicose in all her relation to life. Girls are made thoroughly unhappy because, being feminine, they cannot adapt themselves to these unsuitable rough and tumbles."

But surely, this is reversing matters with a vengeance. A storm of protest, we hear, was raised by the above remarks. If the body improves by exercise, and the mind by games, how should womanliness be spoilt by such? There are certainly some rough games, like football and boxing, which do not seem to suit women; but surely real womanliness includes fitness both in body and in mind, not merely a soft and feminine spirit! As another doctor is reported to have remarked, "The creative nervous energy of young restless girls finds a natural and salutary outlet in games."

Too few clothes.

It is all very well to try to effect coolness and comfort by a minimum of clothes, as in the costumes of modern girl-hood. But, when the weather changes from hot to cold, surely some precautions ought to be taken, in order to avoid chills and colds. Remember that a severe cold makes its subject one of the most unsightly objects in the world. Moreover a cold gives rise to many evils, ending finally, as a doctor says, in a nervous breakdown. "The most damag-

ing poisons of the nervous system are those which are to be found in the accumulation of toxins from a neglected cold, infected tonsils, adenoids and teeth. It is an insidious thing. Very little poison per day will accumulate until the effect is damaging. The effect on the nervous system is found when the person complains of being tired and lethargic, but it is seldom suspected that the reason is that the nervous system is being poisoned."

Rest.

There is nothing like rest to give beauty and bloom. But how can rest be obtained? I was much amused sometime ago at reading in a *Daily* "A memsahib's moan" about "a day in bed." Under doctor's orders, she tried to relax in bed for a day. What was the result? Incessant worry, constant disturbance, terrible nerve-tension and finally "reduction to pulp" — exactly opposite to the doctor's prognosis!

But, who should be blamed for this? Not the servants, not the household, but the *mem-sahib* herself, I consider. She keeps the keys in her room; she omits to give orders about letters and orders to be sent; she takes no account of necessary things to be done on that special day, such as the laundry etc.; worse still, she keeps the conduct of affairs in her hand, so that none else can carry them on without her; and worst of all, she neglects to train her servants well and efficiently. If rest is needed, responsibility must be transferred to able shoulders, by which I mean trained shoulders; and, for this, long thought and consideration are necessary, not only suddenly at the time needed, but long before, and that systematically. Organization is necessary, and a willing transference of burdens must be gladly made to others, who should be well trained for the purpose. And, who can be better-trained, or prove more efficient and useful, as well as really thoughtful for the mistress or master, than Indian servants, if trouble is taken over them with kindness and tact?

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

(1) LESSONS FROM BIRDS

The Parent's Magazine offers some instructive remarks of birds as models for parents. In the first place, birds are careful in protecting their young, sometimes going to the extent of strong attack from even the gentlest of birds like the robin; while the fiercer hawks and owls and geese wage vicious battle. To protect their young again, birds often sacrifice themselves, as for instance, when adult birds are brought into the open by the imitation of the *cheeps* of birdlings. We also know of the "decoy habit" of birds like the wood-cock and goose, which try to draw attention away from their nests by several peculiar manoeuvres on their part.

The second characteristic of birds is that both parents take part in feeding their young, with the exception of a few polygamous birds. When the mothers are killed, fathers readily take up the attention. When the mothers are busy with a second sitting, fathers very often take up the training. A bird-observer writes: "Nothing can be more comical than the cardinal's behaviour when he first conducts his young family out into the world, while his mate is engaged with her second sitting. He is as fussy as any young mother, hopping about in great excitement, and appearing to think the whole world thirsting for the life of his pretty little ones." Sometimes both parents, but not often, share in nest-building as well as in the incubation of eggs. The male bird very often sings to the female, when she is sitting on the eggs. It is noticeable that in some cases affection is displayed between the parents, even after the period of mating. "Some exhibitions of continuing fondness between parents, even after eggs are laid and nestlings are being reared, seem strangely human. Sandhill cranes, anhingas, ravens and great blue herons are notable for expressing affection. The delighted fluttering of wings, the mutual caressing of the

feathers of sitting females, the nibbling of one another's bills against crests and plumes, and indeed, true kissing with bill against bill, are evidences of a loving familiarity in these and some other species."

Here is a pretty picture of the domestic love of the *Snowy egret*: "All through the mating and nesting seasons they bill and coo, wave their aigrettes when close together and chatter sweet nothings to one another. He brings her the sticks for the nest; she alone arranges them. He incubates the eggs, while she is gone to the distant feeding grounds; and he hovers over the young later, during her absences. By some exceedingly mysterious telepathy, she and the young appear to know, several minutes in advance of his returning with food, that he is nearing home. At the nest they will all suddenly awake, begin to call loudly and gaze in the direction of the feeding area, before they can possibly see him. Presently he arrives; first addresses his mate with soft cries and caressings of her feathers; then regurgitates the fishes, shrimps, tadpoles and crabs he has gathered into his mouth for his young ones. Then he assumes guard over the babies, while she is off on the ten-mile round trip to feed herself and bring home her finds to them in turn. The young are never left unattended."

Some adult birds are very careful to leave the best grounds of feeding for their young, while they themselves feed outside. Occasionally, mother-birds carry their young from place to place for food, or to avoid danger. A certain kind of duck, we are told, takes her fledgelings to a stream or pond, where she finds food for them. The wood-cock carries her babies between thigh and body, not in her long bill.

Birds are on a higher plane, we are told, than humans, in parenthood. In the first place, they have to find the right sort of nourishment for their young, which is no

Beauty of posture.

How much beauty is there in posture, and yet how few of us achieve good posture! And remember that, worse than ugly posture, is affected or too studied posture!

The *Parent's Magazine* gives three chief reasons for bad posture:

- (1) Some nervous or muscular weakness,
- (2) Badly-adjusted clothing, such as too high a waist-line, or too high heels,
- (3) Indifference.

The last is the chief cause of the faulty physical attitude of modern young people; and it is up to parents, especially mothers, to correct their offsprings, not by nagging, but by persuasion.

It is a good idea to exercise posture before a full-length mirror. There are several positions recommended.

First, as to standing; one is instructed to stand full back to the wall, with heels, shoulder-blades and back of head touching it.

Then one should walk away on the balls of the feet in the same attitude. The result will be the head well up, the spine straight, the chin held well, the abdomen held in, and the shoulders pleasantly relaxed and not stiff. Walks should be taken in the same way, but not of course on the ball of the feet alone! The results will be very effective. Double chins will be avoided, muscles and flesh will not get sagging and flabby. There are many exercises also which will help in posture, and deep breathing is a great asset.

Secondly, with regard to sitting: one is

advised to throw the weight on the thighs and not merely on the shoulders or the very lower end of the spine. If the posture is good and square, the feet rest comfortably, the limbs get rest, while the whole of the spine, the hollow of the back, and the hollow between the shoulders feel at ease. Much of this depends, of course, on the kind of chair used.

... ..

Tennis fitness.

Dress and beauty gives some suggestions gathered from a well-known tennis player, about fitness for the tennis court. First of all, "No drill after the day's play, reasonable smoking, light meals and plenty of sleep." No efforts at slimming are required, and not much exercise besides tennis. No dieting is needed except moderation. Massage of legs, especially at the start of a season, will be helpful, so that the play can be begun with loosened muscles, with no fear of cramp. A good skin-good to help against the ravages of sun and wind, a good lotion at night for the eyes to relieve the strain of strong light, and dust, though really the constant change of focus seems to strengthen them, are advisable. Well-fitting shoes are very necessary; and, sometimes to prevent blisters, methylated spirits, *eau-de-cologne* and *talcum* powder, are useful for the feet. "And tell your readers", said the tennis star, "that the picture must be completed with nice clothes. It all comes back to beauty. You can't *look* perfectly right, unless you *feel* perfectly right."

Sister Susie.

Style ?
Smartness ?
Durability ?
Cheapness ?
Service ?

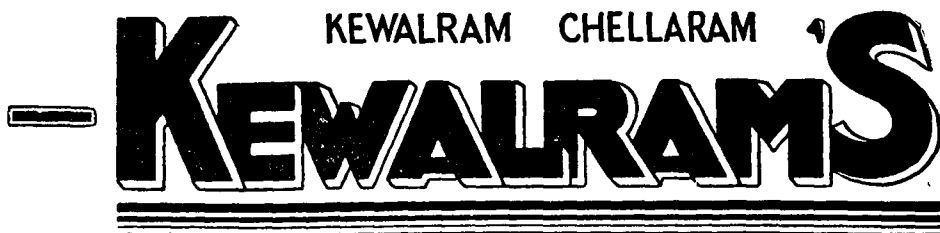
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ANYTHING FOR GOOD WEAR FOR ALDIES, CHILDREN AND GENTLEMEN

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WHAT
LADIES
LOOK
FOR
IN
DRESS
MATERIALS
—
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easy task, and they do find it, for we find that very seldom are mistakes made. But think of the mistakes human parents make; think of the doctors they have to call in, and the medicines they have to use.

Then, think of the processes of nest-building. Here is an account of the robin. "A lady robin selects a safe support for her heavy nest-to-be; provides, in the right order, the three different types of materials to go into that structure; heavy stalks and straws, mud, grass lining; waits a day or two for the mud cup to harden after she has moulded it into shape with her breast; then lines it and has the whole complicated operation finished just about the day when her eggs are ready for depositing; when she never before saw an egg or watched a nest being made."

Then, there are their ways of training their young: "Birds do not punish; birds do not demand more from their young than their physical development is ready for; bird children are fed on what is good for them: birds do not fear in advance of the danger; they are not taught to obey for the sake of obedience." Surely, this competence is the effect not only of *instinct*, but also of *intelligence*!

(2) A CHILDREN'S HOTEL.

The suggestion for a *children's hotel*, put forward sometime ago by the *Madras Mail*, is rather interesting. It will prove of inestimable service to harassed and over-worked mothers, who can otherwise never take a really-needed rest and holiday. It also gives the children a first lesson in independence, which seems such a necessary asset now-a-days in their bringing-up. It also militates against home-sickness and prepares for school.

The hotel should be in a place where there is plenty of place for excursions, and plenty of open air, country life, and if possible, the sea. If the weather is bad, there should be room for indoor games. The hostess must be a lover of children and

possess much patience, tact and kindness. Good nurses, and plenty of good food are required. And rules must be kept strictly, yet with kindness.

(3) CHILDREN'S WALKS.

Children's walks can be made interesting in various ways. For instance, they can be taught to collect little plants for their gardens, or find flowers of all sorts to press. The art of it should be taught them, the blossoms being first pressed carefully between sheets of blotting paper, and then fastened into a book with narrow strips of gummed paper. Another idea is to teach the children to observe birds and their ways, and to imitate their cries and songs. The special sounds made by different birds can be very soon differentiated; and even humble specimens, such as the *seven sisters* and the *mynas* will often prove of interest; while in forest walks, great will be the attraction of *jungle-cock* and *partridge*.

Sometimes studies can be continued in walks, introduced into play or song, recitation or march.

(4) A MODEL ROOM FOR CHILDREN

The *Parent's Magazine* gives suggestions for a model room for children. It is good to keep the sleeping-place separate from the play-room. Sometimes curtains can be used to keep the two apart; or sometimes the idea can be carried out by the special disposal of furniture. And everything in the room must be strong and sturdy, able to stand hard wear and not likely to be easily broken. The floor should be easy to be washed, and the walls also if necessary. Everything in fact should be easy to keep clean.

When the room is ready, the child should be taught to keep things in order, and to take care of its things. Everything should be practical, and easily-accessible places for storing-up should be provided, such as open shelves for books and big cupboards

for toys. There should also be work-benches, with a sturdy set of tools; little desks and materials for writing, blackboards, chalks and erasers, for drawing pictures, etc., and everything should be so ordered as to allow room for playmates. It is good for the child to play alone a good part of its time; but it is also good to teach it social manners by giving it companions.

There should be a soft and diffused, yet adequate, light from lamps placed out of reach of the children; gay, but not too bright colours for the room, with, if possible, the child's favourite shades. Here is a pretty scheme for a child's room (the wall-papers can be left out, and distemper substituted.) "The wall-paper in the bedroom section has a creamy beige ground, on which is an all-over flower design in white. The flowers are delightfully done as a child might have drawn them. The ceiling matches the colour of the paper, and this same shade is used on the plain walls of the playroom and on the outside of the book-cases; these are lined with green linoleum. The green is repeated in the arch, which holds the indirect lighting

and in the *hopscotch* game which makes a charming inlaid pattern on the beige linoleum floor. At the windows, an inexpensive pongee material, finished with a green wool fringe, has been used for curtains over *Venetian* blinds which match the colour of the walls. The chests, the bed and the night-table are a painted a deep cream with a green stripe, and the bed-spread and pillows, piped with the same green wool as the curtains, are of soft homespun material in a harmonizing beige shade. The rug is of a green tufted wool. The desk and the desk chairs are metal with cream tops. Because a child loves to give tea-parties and because it is sometimes convenient to serve a meal on a tray to a child in his room, a tea-table is provided for the purpose. It too is of metal with a cream top. Green glazed chintz with a small all-over design in soft yellow has been used on the stuffed chairs. It is pleasantly colourful and yet will not show soil easily. The bases of the ring lamps are of chromium, while the shades are of natural parchment".

—*Mater.*

SAYINGS ABOUT WOMEN

(1) LACK OF ROMANCE.

Baroness Orczy deplores the lack of romance in modern girls, who are made up to too much standard. She says "look at the girls. They are mass-produced. No longer do they have any mystery for men. They all wear exactly the same clothes, paint their faces in exactly the same way, pluck their eye-brows in the same line, adopt the same expressions, use the same phrases, go to identical places of amusement. They are afraid of doing or wearing anything original.

"It seems such a pity that girls no longer have any secrecy, glamour, romance. Their men friends know all about them,

what they will do, what they will say. They have nothing to conceal. Perhaps they think it clever to reveal themselves all the time, to have no inner self. No longer does a man wonder what a girl is really like, or what she really thinks.

"It makes love a very different thing from the falling in love our mothers knew. And the young men too, again they are mass-produced, living in a mass-produced world."

(2) GIRLS BETTER THAN BOYS in some things?

We are told that in the report of the last Cambridge examinations in Ceylon, the following remark was made:

"Girls write better English than boys. The girls' essays were distinguished by a certain insight and sensitiveness and by a natural and easy diction. The boys, on the other hand, used exuberant and involved writing, when it should have been simple and direct."

The superiority of girls to boys as air-pilots has been pointed out by *Moderna* in the *Hindu*. In connection with this, a report from Moscow says:

"Delicate, sensitive girls, specially chosen, have proved in exhaustive tests, that women will make better air-pilots than men, for work at high altitudes in the next war. M. Grohovski, one of Russia's leading aerial experts and designers, said: 'Give your woman pilot two months' holiday each year and six months' special leave every two or three years, so that she can have her babies, and she will prove superior to male pilots under all circumstances.' The tests have shown that girls are usually not affected by the rarefied atmosphere even at over 26,000 ft., whereas the best men pilots in perfect training generally need the use of an oxygen respirator at over 21,000 ft.

This insensitiveness to altitude will be of vital importance in the next air-war, which is likely to be fought at great heights, because oxygen respirators obstruct the pilot's view and impair his fighting skill. Therefore, women are specially suitable for fighting at great altitudes."

In this connection, we are glad to hear of a scholarship of Rs. 1,000, which has been offered by a non-official public body to enable a boy and a girl alternately to receive training in aviation. The Das-Roy Memorial Fund has formed a committee to perpetuate the memory of the

late Mr. B. K. Das, one of Bengal's pioneer flyers, Mr. D. K. Roy, Miss Brownlow and Mr. P. Gupta, who lost their lives in a flying accident near Dum Dum Aerodrome, and this year gave the scholarship to a Bengal girl, on the condition that she must enrol herself as a member, at her own cost, of the local Flying Club and have sufficient knowledge of English to understand instructions.

We must also mention that *The Planter's Journal of Madras* avers that in some ways women coffee planters are better than men. It says:

"In our district, several women have recently begun to work their own estates, and, contrary to the expectations of some of our die-hards, the estates still exist, and even seem to have come on quite creditably!

One of the advantages a woman has in planting is that, if she takes the trouble to talk to the coolies sometimes after hours and keeps a few useful medicines, and perhaps some little flannel or cotton shirts in the office, she is able to take a practical interest in the welfare of their wives and children. Coolies are notoriously ungrateful, but there are occasions when they really do appreciate a little trouble taken with a sick wife or baby, and it makes them feel that someone does consider them as human beings and not mere work machines.

Our women planters are all either wives or daughters or widows of planters, and it would appear that by taking an intelligent interest in planting topics, and by asking and taking advice from one's men friends, it is possible for a woman to make a financial success of coffee planting, as well as amusing or occupying herself with it."

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) THE HEROIC TUNGA

Years ago, in India lived a king
Called Prithviraj, whose praises men still sing,
A warrior great, with armies to command,
A noble prince, beloved by all his land!
And o'er this land, he reigned for many years,
Protecting it from harm and evil fears.
'Gainst foreign foes, with victory he strove,
And ever from his realm the Mlecchas drove.

At length, determined to defeat his fame,
The Mleccha king with mighty forces came,
And Prithviraj thought his kingdom lost,
For great the loss this foe to him had cost,
So few were left of all his fighting men.
His army, therefore, dared not fight; and when
They saw the mighty power of their foe,
Their hearts lay crushed in misery and woe.

But, among his troops, there was a soldier
Who with his life, the kingdom thought to save;
This hero, Tunga, went at dead of night
Together with his son, to try and sight
The Mlecchas and their king. But soon he found

A pit of redly-burning coal surround
The foreign camp. No other way was there
But fire, through which to reach the enemy's lair.

The coal-pit glimmered brightly red
On that black stormy night;
A fierce and glowing light
Showed Tunga's features pale and white,
As he beckoned to his son and said,
"Beyond this glowing deep,
My boy, the Mlecchas sleep,
While our poor people mourn and weep.

But for my king I'll make a stand,
I'll save my monarch's fame,
I'll step upon this flame,
And from my shoulder you shall aim
At the Mleccha king, and free our land
From a cruel blow.
Come, swiftly take your bow
And let me to my death-bed go."

But the son, though young was brave,
And he could not bear to live,
Whilst he saw his father give

His life, that he may save
His kingdom, and defeat his foe.
So he begged and prayed and said,
Your aim is better, Sire;
So, on the red-hot fire
Please let me stand instead,
Whilst you art free to draw your bow."

And Tunga answered, "Yes";
And kissed his valiant son,
The tears then, one by one
Rolled down his face and dress.
And then the gleaming stars on high
Beheld the boy descend
Into the smouldering fire,
Whilst over him, his Sire
Stood fast. They saw him bend
His bow, and heard an arrow fly.

Thus did Tunga save his honoured land;
For on that night, with his heroic hand,
He slew the Mleccha king; but oh, the cost
Was dear indeed. Had he not thereby lost
His stalwart son, his brave and valiant boy
His only child, his comfort and his joy?
For, in that pit of glowing fiery tide,
Heroic Tunga's gallant son had died.

—Padmini.

(2) A TIGER SHOOT AMIDST THE SATPURAS

I recently visited the camp of Mr. X. in a distant village, situated in the midst of thick forest, near the foot-hills of the eastern Satpura range.

Hills upon hills rose around us overgrown with *teak*, *dhak*, and *mahuwa* trees, amidst which grew various kinds of smaller plants with thickly-clustered branches entwined with ever-green creepers of different varieties. A few yards from our camp, flowed a river which had cut its way through the huge rocks of the valley, and around it bent and waved the graceful branches of tall trees sighing in the passing wind.

Two *bodas* (buffalo-calves) were tied up at different places and two tigers chose to kill one of the *bodas* on the very first

night, which was indeed very convenient for us. Our jungle was beatable, and the *boda* had been tied up in a place which, from pug-marks, had been ascertained to be on the tiger's usual parade. There was water near, and good cover for him to hide his kill and lie up, in order to finish it the next night. A tiger usually likes to keep a close watch on the kill, sometimes waiting even for three days, after which however, he abandons it entirely. It is wrong to believe that on the first day of his kill the tiger only drinks the blood; for in our case we found quite a pool of blood congealed all around the twisted neck of the *boda*; but the brute had made his meal off the back.

A *machan* was tied over the kill, fixed in a tree, which was on the tiger's natural line of retreat, and hidden completely in the midst of green leaves. It was about thirty yards from the kill, which lay on a strong river bed.

The tiger usually comes out of his cover for his evening meal just after sunset, hence when the sun was still a little high on the western horizon we got on the *machan* to sit up for the beast. One of us had a big torch ready to flash on the tiger when he came on the kill, while Mr. X. sat with his .450 double-barrelled Winchester, cocked ready for action. A few Gonds—a wild tribe inhabiting the hilly tracks of the Central Provinces—were stationed in a grove of trees about a hundred yards from us with their muskets loaded. Sphinx-like, we sat on the *machan*, keyed to the highest pitch and expecting the tiger to appear every second.

A dark curtain fell on the stage of the day, and with it we heard a shrill but subdued cry as if of a jungle cat. It was repeated and repeatedly answered by another cry, and we thought that some hungry jungle cats were stealthily approaching to steal a morsel from the kill. It was a still night, and the slightest rustle in the leaves could be heard. We felt our nerves

giving way. But the cries stopped, and we thought that the jungle cats had either bolted, or were quite near the kill. About half an hour elapsed, and then we heard a larger noise in the leaves, followed by some sort of purr, again as if of a jungle cat. We had forgotten to test our torch, and now unfortunately it failed to give light. But, Mr. X., being an experienced *Shikari*, was able to glimpse one of the tigers tearing open the stomach of the dead calf. He quietly took aim and fired. We heard the sound of the brute's crash through the forest glades, and thought that he had escaped scot-free. We peered through the misty darkness, and at last Mr. X. discerned His Majesty, the king of the forest lying stark and stiff. The tiger was quite dead. Apparently there had been two of them, and the other one had run away, frightened by the report of the rifle. A few stones thrown from the *machan* proved that life was extinct in one of them at least. He was a young but fully-grown tiger and measured a good length. It was clear that both the tigers had been calling to each other by means of the cries, which we had taken for those of jungle cats; such at least was the explanation given by the Gonds, who knew the ways of tigers.

— K. S.

(3) THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

Can you paint? If so, set to work at once and paint your own Christmas cards. You need not be expert artists to do this. Paint or draw little things, and make up attractive little cards, with a neat little ribbon-bow. You know the sort I mean. If you can't paint or draw, do splash work. That's ever so easy, and if you don't know what that is, just ask your drawing teacher at school. You can't think how the value of a card is increased if you do it yourself. Your friend, who receives it, will at once know that you have taken so much more trouble over it, than you would have done if you had just gone to a shop and bought it. If you are more energetic, you can make

little callenders. Buy the little printed ones that are stuck at the bottom of pictures, paint your own picture on a neat piece of paper, stick it on to some grey or brown card-board, stick the calender on, so that it hangs below, and send it off. It will be much appreciated.

When you receive Christmas cards, don't throw them away; because you can make a screen of them. This looks very pretty indeed.

Well, let me wish you all a very Happy Christmas, and a bright and prosperous New Year.

—Punkajam.

(4) THINGS TO DO

The *Treasure Chest* suggests *sponge* gardens for young children. The sponge should be soaked with water, and fitted into a glass dish, so that half of it appears above it. Then, seed should be sprinkled on the surface, and the whole kept in a warm and

dark place. When the seedlings appear, light and sun are required. Various kinds of greenery, both pretty and instructive, can be produced in this way.

(5) MY WISH

I wish I were a bird,
Mother,
So that I could fly.
I wish that you were, too,
Mother.
We'd go way up high—
The clouds would be fine for hide and seek.
We'd look down on our home.
The top of a tree would be my swing,
And I could swing alone.

At night I think that I would like
To slide down through the air,
And find our home with lamps all lit,
And daddy waiting there.

From the *Parent's Magazine*.

Needlework Notes



(1) *Sweater knit outfits* of fine zephyr wool for brother and sister. New ribbed collars. The girl's skirt has contrasting suspenders.

(From *The Parent's Magazine*)

(2) A SAILOR JUMPER WITH SHORT SLEEVES.

For the front: using a 3-ply white wool, knit 2, purl 2, in rib for eleven inches, on a beginning of 120 stitches. Then narrow one (knit 2 together) at a time, at beginning and end of alternative rows; till there are 60 stitches left. Cast off.

For the back: On 120 stitches, rib for eleven inches, then narrow at beginning and end of every 4th row, till there are 82 stitches left.

For the sleeves: On 80 stitches, rib for one inch. Then add 1 stitch (work 1 into the back and 1 into the front of each stitch) at beginning and end of every row, till there are 100 stitches. Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of

every alternate row, till the needles are empty.

For the collar: Work a rib of knit 1, purl 1, for 6 inches on 120 stitches, in a contrasting colour.

Then, rib 42 stitches, cast off 36, rib 42.

Work at both ends, one after the other, thus: narrow at beginning and end of alternate rows till 6 stitches are left. Rib the 6 for 13 inches.

Add 1 stitch at beginning and end of alternate rows till there are 14; rib for 6 rows. Work, narrowing at beginning of one row, and at the end of next row, till the needles are empty.

At the back edge, crochet a row of double crochets with white wool, without allowing the edge to become frilly. Then work 2 rows, in other wool, of double crochets into backs of

stitches, then 1 white row and 1 coloured row.

Cast on 26 stitches: rib, knitting 2 and purling 2 for 1 inch. Narrow at beginning and end of alternate rows, till all are worked out. Make another strip like this.

Sew up the sides and sleeves; and attach the sleeves, with their longest sides at the back. Then, holding the right side towards you, work double crochets into every other stitch at the back of neck. Work back with 1 d. c. into each of these, leaving out the last. Work thus for 8 rows.

Work in the same way on each shoulder and on the front of neck. Sew up the crocheted edges of the shoulders: sew the collar slips inside the front neck corners: then sew them down with a button on the jumper.

(The measurements can be altered as desired)

(Adapted from *Dress and Beauty*)

Cookery Notes

THREE SOUPS

Potato and Spinach Soup

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 quart diced potatoes,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound raw spinach,
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts milk, chopped,
1 egg, well beaten, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Fry the onion in the fat until a golden brown. Add the milk, the diced potatoes, spinach and salt. Cook slowly, preferably in the top part of a double boiler, until the potatoes are done. With a potato masher, stir the soup well and mash the pieces of potatoes into smaller bits. Pour a little of the soup over the beaten egg, stir well, and then pour back into the soup pot.

Canned Pea Soup

1 small can peas, 3 tablespoons butter,
3 or 4 carrots, chopped, 2 tablespoons flour,
2 large potatoes, diced, 1 teaspoon salt,
2 cups fresh milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

Cook the carrots and potatoes until tender, in just enough water to cover, mash when soft,

add the can of peas, and put through a sieve. Melt the butter in a deep pan, add flour and stir until smooth; add milk, and cook until slightly thickened. Then add the vegetable puree. Salt to taste, add grated cheese and remove from stove. Use, if desired, a tomato flavour.

Supper Soup

$1\frac{1}{2}$ qts. diced potato, 2 teaspoon salt,
3 or 4 onions, 3 cups milk,
1 egg, 1 cup flour.

Have the potatoes cut in half-inch chunks. Put them with the onions, cut in slices, in a deep kettle and cover well with water. Add salt and cook until the potatoes are soft and the water is almost cooked away. Don't drain. Add milk so that the potatoes are well covered and heat slowly. Turn the cup of flour into a flat pie tin and in the middle of the flour, break the egg. Break the yolk with a fork and stir it so that it forms little strings and lumps with the flour. Stir this into the hot potato soup and cook five minutes.

TWO SALADS

Raw Carrot Salad

4 small carrots, 2 teaspoons mayonnaise,
grated, A few drops lemon juice.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins,

Chop the raisins and mix with grated carrot and mayonnaise. Serve on a lettuce leaf or use as a stuffing for a halved pear or halved peach salad.

Tomato and Shrimp Salad

6 medium tomatoes, 2 tablespoons water-
cress, chopped,

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked fresh shrimps, 1 hard-boiled egg,
Salt,
3 anchovies,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad dressing.

Skin the tomatoes, scoop out the centres, sprinkle the shells with salt, inside and out, and place on a platter in a cool place until serving time. Make a stuffing of chopped shrimps, anchovies, watercress, egg and salt, all chopped thoroughly together. Moisten with salad dressing and, just before time to serve, tuck neatly into tomato shells. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

(Selected from *The Parent's Magazine*.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

WHAT HAVE YOU BOUGHT THIS MONTH?

THERE are so many accessories and luxuries one wants in a house; but, instead of buying them all in a lump sum, and running up a tremendous bill, it is much better to make up one's mind to buy the most necessary luxuries each month, and leave the others for a later date. In fact, it will be rather a good idea to buy one thing at a time, that one has set one's heart upon. Thus for instance, now that the cold weather has come, and gardens invite one to spend more time in them, one may like to invest in a comfortable deck chair, to put out in the garden. We can get lovely ones that can be converted into lounge beds, and instead of lying on the grass and being troubled with ants and insects, it would be ideal to have one of these under a shady tree, and read or dream away the time.

Then again, your crockery or cutlery may want replacing. Perhaps you are badly in need of coffee cups. Well, why not buy a dainty set this month, or replace your fish-eaters, or get a good tea-set?

Such fine tea-cloths and tea-napkins are being sold these days. Make it a point to buy a set one month. They always come in so useful either for tea, or for Bridge and other occasions. It would be better still to make one yourselves, if you have the patience.

Perhaps, your lamp shades need renovation, or they may be too old, in which case you'll have to buy others—and so it goes on.

Something or another is always needed, and the wisest plan is to make a list, and buy something each month.

—Paddy.

A TALK ABOUT TALKIES

HERE is a good definition of a Talkie, provided by the *Renaissance Theatre of Madras*, which hopes to carry out the principles mentioned:

"A Talkie is a Motion-Picture first and foremost, a dynamic pattern of moving images

and its one and only medium is the projected visual image on the screen, aided by sound and music, by speech and song, if need be.

"A Talkie is not a play exactly recorded upon celluloid and projected on the screen, nor is it a mere translation of the narrative struc-

ture in a novel into picture images of its incidents. A Talkie need not always talk or sing only because it must, and not incessantly, merely because it can. Speech and song in a Talkie should be neither casual nor an aural accompaniment to the visual image projected on the screen; they must be vital to the development of the narrative and must make the action-treatment of the theme, which when re-assembled would give a unified and vividly expressive impression of the whole content of the different incidents. Sound and music should develop with the visual image."

Miss T. P. Rajalakshmi, who has returned to South India, after long study at the studios in Calcutta, says in the *Madras Mail* that her object in joining the *talkies* is "to prove to the world that talkies do not necessarily suppress action, provided the actor is really gifted." She does not care for too much music or song in a talkie, which should not be made into an opera. Action should be given an equal, and if possible, a predominate place; but she has found it difficult to induce this reform. She intensively admires the art and acting of Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer, who, she says, are supremely natural. "The art of acting," she says, "though difficult, is not impossible to learn. All are not born actresses. Many acquire the art after strenuous practice. The object should not be merely to win fame. Take care of your actions and fame will follow, as night follows day. Unless one is prepared to stake all and give all, no useful purpose is served by entering the profession. An actress has to take her profession seriously. Moreover, an actress should not mind temporarily difficulties and privations, to infuse the necessary element of naturalness into her actions."

Miss Rajalakshmi observes that mythological themes have become worn-out, and advocates the use of social plots and social backgrounds, especially in the vernaculars.

It is unfortunate that there should have been such a protest from the *Parsi* community against the inclusion of two *Parsi* women into a film. One is glad to note that there is a certain section of that community, which tackles the matter in a tolerant light. After all, women cannot hold back eternally from the stage; specially if they have artistic talents and

capabilities, which men do not possess. Someone must begin reform. Moreover, women must portray women, and men men. This is but natural. And why should there be harm in being on the stage? Cannot reform be introduced here as anywhere else, and cannot old ideas of conservatism be banished? Remember that the West has gone through a similar process, as that which the East is now passing through, and has emerged from it with success and triumph to the actress and the film-star.

As some *Parsi* defenders of the stage have said: "There is nothing wrong in adopting this profession. In the West, this profession is held in esteem. I don't see any reason why the screen in India should be considered unrespectable. As long as one has to make his or her livelihood in an honest manner, there can be nothing dishonourable in it. *Parsi* ladies have been taking part in dances and other social activities; and, if taking part in a play or a film is considered questionable, then even participation in dances and other public functions is reprehensible. *Parsis* are one of the most advanced communities in India. Why shouldn't they move with the times? It will be apparent to any one that the cinema industry in India is coming to the forefront and will offer avenues to many seeking employment. It will be a good opportunity to many of our *Parsi* boys and girls, who are now on the roll of the unemployed, to seek their livelihood on the stage and on the films."

"It is certainly good to be concerned about the morals of girls. But the economic viewpoint has to be given its due consideration. There is a large number of *Parsi* boys and girls studying in colleges and in pursuing various vocations, who come in contact with all sorts of people, and if the two girls who have taken up the profession of film artistes, are running any risk from the moral point of view, the risk is not greater than ordinarily run by a large number of *Parsi* girls living a modern free life. Thoughtless criticism makes people shamefaced or reckless and is responsible for many a vice. Besides, why should we presume immorality amongst these ladies? Can we not be broadminded enough to presume that they will lead a straight life, no matter what film-land may be? Why have not the *Parsis* protested so vehemently against their boys joining the film world?"

The same situation as produced among the *Parsis* affects undoubtedly South India, those South Indian parents, who are so averse to seeing their girls on the stage and on the screen. It is time they change their attitude in which is very conservative in this respect. We recommend the arguments used above to some measure at least.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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1. Miss Daniel, Madras
2. Dewan Bahadur M. R. Ry., N. Gopalaswami Aiyangar Avergal, Madras
3. Maharani's College, Mysore
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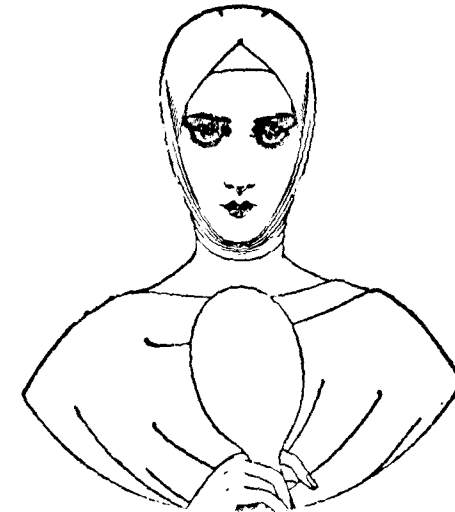
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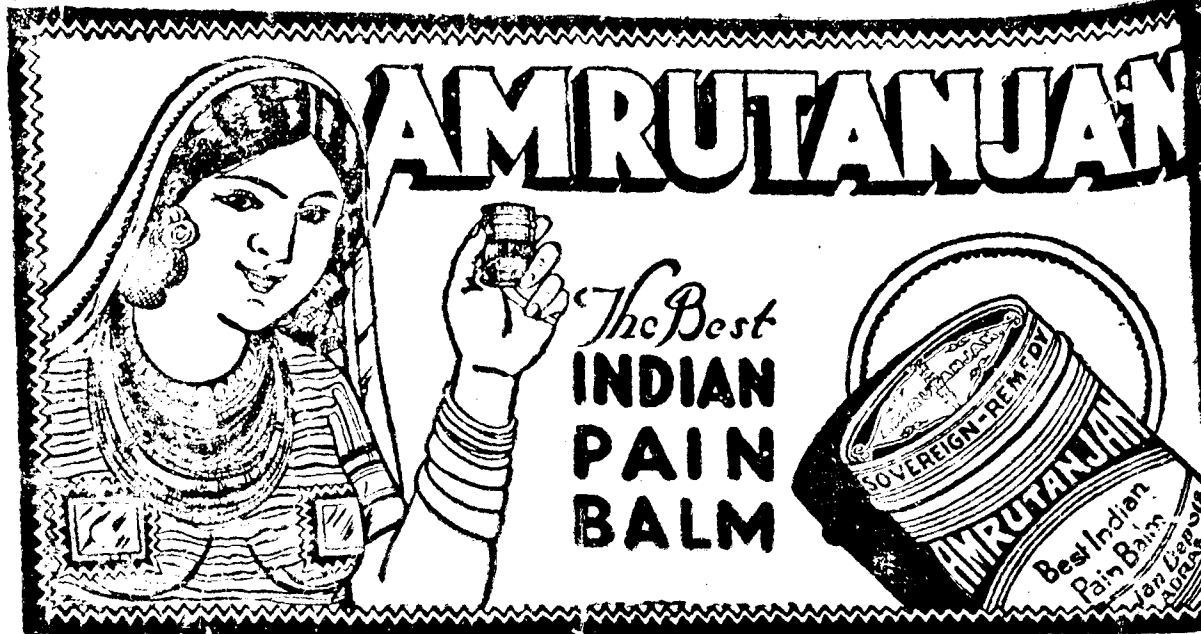
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