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## WATER-LILIES.

Delicious scents are sleeping in the air,  
And stillness falls on hill and vale and brake;  
Sleep holds the streamlets in a gentle calm,  
And wraps the water-lilies on the lake.

Bright blossoms, drooping at the water's edge,  
Unable in those depths their thirst to slake,  
Show weary faces, but like breaths of breeze  
Fresh water-lilies float upon the lake.

As cool and cloud-like as the misty foam,  
That angry wavelets from their shoulders shake,  
I see those white crowns on their leafy shrine,  
Those water-lilies swaying on the lake.

And to the rhythm of the tiny wave  
That faintest breezes on the surface make,  
With dainty heads deep laid in shadows grey,  
Fair water-lilies float upon the lake.

A goodly number of those cups of snow  
Lie there, as if they slept there for my sake,  
And tranquil thoughts and pleasant memories  
Are wafted by the lilies on the lake.

There may be sorrows in a distant world  
But now from me the peaceful scene doth take  
All darker thoughts; imaginations bright  
Drowse in my mind, like lilies on the lake,

Snow-wreaths, dream on, the summer glory through,  
And let no storm such lovely sleepers wake.  
Thy peace be mine, and may I ne'er forget  
My water-lilies floating on the lake!



## The Zenana System.

*Translation of a Bengalee paper read by  
Mrs. N. C. Sen at the last Ladies' Social  
Conference in Calcutta.*



UNDERNEATH the order that pervades the universe, behind every created object, great or small, a saving Providence—an expression of Divine purpose, is clearly manifest. Creation is moving—tending towards the fulfilment and

fruition of the object that lies at the root of things. There is an ideal towards which everything is approximating, and individuals like all other created objects are for ever striving to fulfil their destiny, however remote the realization of that purpose may be. Whether the accomplishment is effected in one or many lives it matters not, the progress continues through endless time. As in animal life, man represents the highest ascent and the culmination, the ideal creation through different natural orders,—so in human life again there are graduations in differing degrees of expression of Divine purpose. Is there not a world of difference between the primitive, uncivilized, non-aryan aborigines and the cultured product of the twentieth century, the repository of light and culture the inheritors of the knowledge and wisdom of twenty centuries? The world has passed through successive stages of progress. Every age, every century, every cycle, nay every month, day and hour is recording the eternal progress that is going on, leading humanity higher and higher in the scale of ascent. The door of human knowledge and the store of human wisdom are being opened proportionately and the Divine Light is streaming through it in increasing abundance. The progress is not confined to any particular channel; human sympathies and emotional faculties have gone on enlarging and expanding and developing themselves along the line of universal evolution in the same way as knowledge and

wisdom have increased. As the human body is composed of arteries and veins, nerves and tendons, muscles, fat, blood and bones, and as there is gradual growth, development and expansion from infancy through growing age, so in the human soul there is an illimitable aspiration and an unconquerable craving and yearning after the attainment of the ideal, with this difference, that while the tissues are subject to destruction and the progress is confined to the limit of human life, in the other kingdom progress is eternal, unfettered by any limitation, either of time or life. Since the dawn of existence the world of ideas has gone on expanding, yet it is still as far as ever from the stage of development and maturity. From a simple current, human life has betaken itself into countless streams, and yet there is no cessation of multiplication.

The Divine Father, the Universal Life, is the one Ideal, and when the ideal is realised the destiny towards which all created objects are moving will have been fulfilled. Then no more necessity will exist for the life-current to flow. As the river finds its last resting place in the arms of the mighty ocean, so does human life when it is merged in and united with the Divine Essence. It is then that deep mysteries of creation will be revealed unto it. But countless ages must pass. The path of progress is not smooth, despite the Eternal progress that is going on. How many impediments, lapses and falls, does it not record, making the general march slow and the ideal difficult of attainment? It is not often that the difficulties are of our own creation. We fight against Nature and leave the broad highway for the tangled labyrinths and interminable by-ways branching off and away from the goal. We are too often sacrificing the large universal weal of humanity for the sake of our petty selves and our own selfish temporary advantages. It is difficult to trace and hard to tell how, through neglect and disuse, through dependence and want of freedom, faculties get stunted and smothered and to what extent they have failed to attain their natural development. Suitable environment, open space, absence of disturbing agencies are the normal requisites for development in the law of creation. Even the smallest flower and the minutest plant requires



light and air for growth and development. As in the human body, want of exercise and absolute disuse create an unhealthiness and deformity, depriving the thing of its natural grace and beauty, so in the world of ideas restraint produces harmful effects and cripples growth and progress. If at the present moment degeneracy and inferiority in womankind are traceable in our country, it should be to a very great extent attributable to the Zenana System, that imposes artificial restraint. There is darkness and ignorance; and excluded from the wholesome influence of light and air, the woman grows, if growth it be, fighting against the normal conditions, which regulate development. And if perchance through the narrow apertures the light of knowledge and wisdom finds its way into her world of darkness, she finds it a strange light and the glimpse of the world of activity which is reflected upon her artificial world is a strange vision. The light, unused as she is to it, dazzles her vision and she retires to the darkness, which has become her artificial environment, for safety and relief. While, in the outer world, progress and activity are going on in every department in life, new achievements, while new discoveries are bearing testimony to the incessant activity in the world of thought and ideas, while men of action in the sphere of religion and in the domain of worldly progress are immortalising themselves and women (in civilized countries) are performing their allotted functions in life and glorifying themselves, the zenana ladies, crippled by the artificial restraint imposed upon them, neglect their normal functions in life, behave as if there is nothing which they need learn and see for themselves, and keep themselves out from the sphere of activity as if it were a thing apart rotting in sloth and inertia. In such countries they forget and lose sight of the fact that woman's gentle hand is as necessary as the harder and mightier arm of man to accomplish the purpose of life. It is by the harmonious combination of man's strength and woman's grace, by the conjoint action of man and woman, that perfected humanity is evolved. In domestic life and spiritual life, in the social plane and in the wider platform of human exertion, woman is man's companion and each has a destined and allotted function to perform and accomplish. Man builds the edifice, woman adorns it

with grace and happiness; man creates resources, woman disposes them and distributes them for the welfare of mankind; while man governs and controls and holds the sceptre with his mighty arm and protects, like the father, those that are committed to his care; woman, like the mother, rears and brings them up, supports, sustains and maintains them with her love and care. The man makes new discoveries, the woman brings them into co-ordination with every day life. It is, thus, that man and woman, working together, performing their allotted functions, build up the perfected man. Such perfection is not possible when the woman is confined within the four walls of the zenana and her faculties lie dormant and undeveloped. Exclusion from the wholesome influence of light and air can never lead to true culture. The outer world with its manifold diversity of life and character, creates new ideas, new aspirations and new thoughts and dispels the inertia, inactivity and lethargy of ages by infusing new life into what was degenerating into a lifeless existence. In this country, the highest ideal prominently remained before womankind for example and guidance. Hundreds of object lessons were before them. The epics of the country furnished innumerable instances, history afforded endless examples, all betokening how woman realized her responsibilities in life; she knew what it was to be the mother and what patience and endurance, culture and learning were requisite to enable her to perform the grave responsibilities of maternity. Ideal mothers of the type of Kunti, Gandhari and Sumitra were only possible in our country and Sita, Savitri, Sakuntala, Arundhati, Gargi, Maitri, Khana, each and every one of these was like a resplendent diamond, radiating light and radiance around them. Leaving aside the misty traditions of the Puranas, even the women we meet with in the bright pages of the history of Rajputana and other parts of India, in times not far removed from us, stand unequalled, indeed incomparable. There is no lack or scarcity of ideals among us. Only during the long seclusion of ages, our feelings and faculties have, through disuse, got so stunted, all but destroyed like flowers withered in the bud, that we are fallen to this state of inactive dependency. As much labour and manifold culture is necessary on land lying fallow for years, so



steady perseverance, unlimited patience and training, carried through long toilsome years, are indispensable pre-requisites for our progress. True it is that the state of our mind on the first reception of the light of liberty will be that of a small caged bird, which, when released after long imprisonment, will not venture very far for fear of losing itself in the vast illimitable expanse of the sky; but if we advance with steady, patient, unfaltering steps, we have no hesitation in saying that we shall one day, resume our proper position among the nations of the world.

### Milton's Sonnets.

MILTON'S sonnets are very few, being only seventeen in number, not including his Italian sonnets; but they did one important service for the sonnet, in that they enlarged its sphere. Milton showed that the sonnet was suited, not only for the expression of the tender emotions; but also for the utterance of higher kinds of feeling—elevated, philosophic thought, earnest Christian meditation, and whatever was grand and majestic in poetry. As Wordsworth says: "In his hands, the thing became a trumpet, whence he blew soul animating strains; alas!—too few." But few as they are, they have obtained the admiration of all true lovers of poetry. Johnson's opinion of them is no longer regarded. He says: "They deserve not any particular criticism; for the best, it can only be said, that they are not bad; and perhaps only the eight and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation," because, "Milton's was a genius that could hew a colossus out of a rock, but could not carve heads on cherry stones." Milton's sonnets are indeed unequal; sometimes, the expression is obscure, sometimes too pedantic; the rhymes are often monotonous, and there are frequent deviations from the best Italian structure. But the fact remains that most of the sonnets are good, ennobled, as they are, by a majestic simplicity and holy calm, peculiar to Milton's genius.

His first trials were made, while he was still a Cambridge student, long before that "damp," of which Wordsworth speaks, came into his life.

The series of his sonnets, however, beginning about 1630, extends to 1658; and many were written at intervals, while he was engaged in prose polemics and was forced to stop writing all other kinds of poetry. His best sonnet is that written on "The latemassacre at Piedmont," which Southey characterizes as "a magnificent

psalm," so full is it of just indignation and noble pity; though it is well-known, we quote it here.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow  
A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

The sonnet on his blindness is very pathetic. He had long been waiting to perform a work which only his public duties had hitherto prevented. But now, while his grand purpose is still unfulfilled, perhaps not yet begun, blindness comes upon him; and though he bows with sublime patience to God's will, yet the sense of his infirmity wrings from him a most pathetic complaint:

"When I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless;  
'Doth God exact day labour, light denied?'  
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.'"

The same noble submission to God's will is expressed in his sonnet to Cyriack Skinner; and in his sonnet on attaining his twenty-third year.

The sonnet to Fairfax is an example of his political feelings uttered with noble and patriotic dignity, a trumpet-call, as it were, to his party, to remember the duties, which a victory had imposed on them.

The sonnet on his dead wife is very pathetic, and we may quote here what Mr. Stopford Brook says, regarding it: "Because Milton was bitter against the bad woman in Delilah, it has been too much forgotten how he loved and honoured women.....In the sonnets he sketches with all the care and concentration the sonnet demands, and each, distinctively, four beautiful types of womanhood—the virgin wise and pure; the Christian woman, his friend, whose 'work and alms and good endeavour,' followed her to the pure immortal strands; the noble matron, 'honoured Margaret;' and the perfect wife, whom he looked to see in Heaven:

"Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face, with more delight."

Milton, as we have said before, helped to re-establish in England that stricter mechanism of



the sonnet which had been in favour with the Italians. After Milton, the sonnet almost disappeared out of English poetry for a time, chiefly owing to the rise of the unromantic school of French poetry, which came into England with the restoration of Charles II and put an end to Italian influence. For this reason, the sonnet with other forms of Italian poetry fell into great disrepute, so much so that, later on, even when it was beginning to be cultivated again, writers like Pope and Johnson speak of it in scornful terms, as when the latter, speaking of Warton's poetry, said :

"All is old and nothing new  
Tricked in antique ruff and bonnet,  
Ode and elegy and sonnet."

PADMINI.

## Philosophy of India.

**M**AN," says an ancient philosopher, "is the measure of the universe!" This may seem at the first sight paradoxical, but when we regard the universe as an object of human knowledge the paradox becomes true. Our knowledge either of God or the world, mind or matter, is knowledge only in so far as we have a faculty of knowledge in general. There is no study greater than the study of man; he will ever remain a mystery to be solved. "Among the Hebrews," says Carlyle, "the true Shekinah is man. Yes, it is even so, this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself 'I'—ah, what words we have for such things?—is a breath of heaven; the highest being reveals himself in man."

Now-a-days there is a tendency to keep this study of man in the background. Before Bacon's time philosophy was the chief study, and he was the first to give a practical turn to the old system of learning; but since his days too much importance has been given to practical science, and too little, in fact, scarcely any, to philosophy. Well now, what has been the result of this change? It is true, science has advanced and accomplished mighty wonders. You can in these days go to any part of the world with the greatest ease and in the shortest time, or send a message to any one at the other end of the globe within a few minutes; you can if you like bottle up your grandfather's voice and fifty years' hence charm the ears of his grandchildren, or talk to your lover whenever you like by means of a wire. Why multiply instances? What with the telephones and photophones, stylographs, and chromographs of the present day—call you

not this a marvellous age? Marvellous indeed—mighty tricks which shew "the stretch of human brain." But here it all ends, and the greatest of all knowledge—what man is—your twentieth century does not pretend to know more about, than what the ancients taught you. "What man believes in these days is something which he can button up in his pocket and with one or the other organ eat and digest. We call these ages in which he gets so low, the mournfulest, sickest and meanest of all ages." Alas! that there should be so much of the *steam engine* element in this century.

If this age we live in, with all its advancements in science, cannot enlighten us further on the all important questions,—whence we are?—what we are?—whither are we going?—let us at least see what we can learn from great men of ancient countries. We may not arrive at any different truths, but let us remember that what belongs to man is the pursuit of truth. "It is not the goal, but the course, which makes us happy."

The field of Indian philosophy is so wide and complicated that it is difficult to give any concise idea of its principles; and the fact of its being found mostly in books on religion makes the task still more arduous. In order to get any notion of the earliest philosophical views of India, we ought to turn our attention to the Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindus. The Vedas, (the word itself means knowledge) are the sacred writings of India, and are said to have issued from the self-existent being Brahman. They profess to be a continuous revelation of the God-like in the terrestrial and common.

The date of the Vedas has been variously fixed; but, according to the best authorities it is not later than the twelfth or thirteenth century B. C.—The Vedas consist of hymns and prayers to the various deities, but what we are chiefly concerned with now are the philosophical ideas scattered here and there in this map of literature.

The first question which would naturally have puzzled the writers of this stupendous work, would have been the origin of the universe. This mighty world with all the beauties of nature, the starry heaven above, the glorious sun and other heavenly lights, the birds, the beasts, and yes, man too—most wonderful of all—could all these have come out of nothing? Or is there some intelligent Being who has created all, and governs all by his own fixed laws? If there is such a Being, who or what can that be? It is indeed most interesting to trace the earliest conception of the deity, and find this conception gradually rising higher and higher. First was worshipped Varuna, or "The Investing sky." This mighty firmament above, which surrounds us on all







One and so on, did not suit the tastes of the unphilosophical masses. They longed for some concrete object, something which they could see with their eyes and handle with their hands. There is always a tendency in man to represent to himself abstract ideas by means of concrete objects. What is Idolatry? It is paying too much attention to the concrete.

What the masses wanted, the philosophers gave. If they cannot comprehend the idea of Brahman, let them have something which they always see, as a symbol to remind them of higher things. Let them have a bull, let them see his strength, his very "being," and have their thoughts raised to the All-pervading One. Let them even have a stone; true it is lifeless, but it will do just as well if it reminds yonder man who passes by in the street caring for nothing but what concerns this world, that there is One above to whom he owes something. Alas! the great men of India scarcely ever dreamt that the creature will be worshipped instead of the Creator.

It is indeed a sad task to trace the downward course of Hinduism. But at the same time with greater ignorance and superstition came greater wisdom and faith, and it is consoling to find that only after Hinduism had been degraded into rank idolatry the several systems of philosophy rose in India. "And although innumerable gods and goddesses, gifted with a thousand shapes now crowd the Hindu Pantheon, appealing to the instincts of the teeming millions whose capacity for religious ideas is supposed to require the aid of external symbols, it is probable that there existed for the first Aryan worshippers a simple theistic creed: even as the thoughtful Hindu of the present day looks through the maze of the mythology to the conception of one divine self-existing being, one all-pervading spirit, into whose unity all visibles are gathered, and in whose essence all entities are comprehended."

### A Short Trip to Tinnevely.

SOME five or six years ago when the 'iron horse' had not penetrated into the lovely regions of Travancore, I had to go to Tinnevely, where my husband had some business. We started from Trivandram, the capital of the well-known 'Land of Charity.' It was a bright summer evening. The clock struck five, and we got into a cabin boat from the *kappalakavu* or the old landing place of Trivandram; as the boat moved on the oarsmen began to sing pretty amusing songs peculiar to their caste (Makkuvans). For some time we took our seats

on the top of the boat enjoying the breeze, the fine scenery on either sides and also the merry songs of these boatmen. At the end of the Trivandram canal, there was a small lake called Vally Lake. What beautiful scenery we had there! But we were not to enjoy it long. We passed the lake very soon. I wanted to remain on the top of the boat and enjoy the scenery fully, but night prevented me from having my wish fulfilled. At 8 p.m. we took our supper in the boat and slept. At about 5 a.m. we reached Quilon, one of the oldest sea-ports of Travancore. We had our things taken to the travellers' bungalow and we halted there for the day. The next thing we had to do was to engage a bandy from Quilon to Shencottah, the eastern-most extremity of Travancore. From Shencottah to Tinnevely there was the Railway train and so we would have no trouble. With the assistance of the Tahsildar of Quilon, we arranged for two bandies—one for us, and one for our luggage and servants. They came at half-past six in the evening and we started. At about 6 a.m., we reached Kottarakara, a small town historically important (as the capital of one of the oldest Rajas from whom the Travancore Raja took the place). Taking our breakfast there, we left the place for Punaloor and reached it at 11-45 a.m. There we halted till 8 p.m. The S. I. R. Company had just commenced its work at the Punaloor rocks. The tunnel through which the train now goes was in its commencement then. One of the Railway engineers took us to the place and showed us how they fire the rocks. We saw everything and at about 8 p.m. we resumed our journey. Then we had to pass through a road on either side of which we saw nothing but forests. We passed on slowly and we reached *Arayankavu* at about 7 a.m. the next morning. *Arayankavu* is a very sacred place. It is the seat of the great god *Dharma Sastha*; since *Sastha* is our family deity we proposed to halt there and worship in the temple. The temple was situated at a place several feet lower than the public road. Still it was not far off from the road. The place seemed very terrible; for there were nothing but forests and wild beasts round it. There were very few houses near, but there was a police station on the northern side of the road. It was said the if any man approached the temple with any bad intention he was certain to be devoured by a tiger or other beast. Tigers, elephants, &c., were the favourite servants of this god, and it was said that these wild beasts lay in the temple at nights. People also said that these beasts left the temple, on certain days, only very late in the morning. They did no harm to those persons who went there for worship.

There was a small river flowing on the



southern side of the temple in which we bathed. The water, since it came through the forest, was very chill. But there was a big tub placed by the Government of His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore to prepare hot water to take off the chill of the cold bath. So we resorted to that also. While bathing, several monkeys came to us from the forest. They did us no harm except that, while we were taking our meals, one of the monkeys with whom I was playing, took off the leaf laid before me with the rice and curry served for my dinner. After our bath we went into the temple for worship. It was not very big, but still it was very artistic. We started for Shencottah at about 2 P.M. At about 6 P.M., we reached Shencottah. Taking our meals at the hostel we slept in our bandy and got into the Railway train at 5 A.M. for Tinnevely.

There was nothing important in our journey from Shencottah to Tinnevely and from Tinnevely to Shencottah, since we travelled in the train. Our return journey from Shencottah to Quilon was rather fearful and interesting. The two bandies that we brought from Quilon were waiting for us at Shencottah and we resumed our journey in that. We sent the bandy containing our luggage and servants a few hours earlier, in order that they may reach Quilon early and arrange for the boat, &c. At about 12-30 P.M. we started from Shencottah and reached *Aryankavu* at about 6-30 P.M. When we reached the place, the police station officer came to us and asked us where we were going. We told him our destination. Then he told us that we should not go then, since it was nearly night. He also said that a wild elephant was roaming in that forest and if we went along the road it would come and do us some injury. These stories made me much afraid. But my husband was made of a sterner stuff and was determined to proceed. So we left the place. It was a dark night and we were passing through dark forests, so you can more or less conceive how dark it would be. We had only a single lantern with us, which we gave to the coachman for the guidance of the oxen. Not a single house was to be seen near, not a human noise was heard. The bandy containing our luggage and servants had passed some distance away from us. We were alone in that dark forest, through the middle of which went the road. On the southern side of the road, there was a river flowing, making a murmuring sound. Suddenly was heard a loud roar very near us, and a huge tusker was seen a few yards from us following another huge one. We were almost dead with fear. The two oxen yoked to the bandy fell down at this terrible roar. The bandyman too threw himself down. We both re-

mained in the bandy speechless. But fortunately for us the elephants went their way without caring for us. But still we were not bold enough to go on from that place. An hour passed, and we heard a similar noise far away from us. This made the bandyman get up. He told us that the elephants had left us and had gone to the interior of the forest and we should start instantly. We went on and on driving the oxen as fast as we could and we passed the terrible forest in five hours. Early in the morning we reached Punaloor. If the elephants had turned towards the east in our direction, instead of towards the west, we do not know what would have been our fate. At Punaloor we met our servants and the baggage. They also told us that they had heard the roaring of wild elephants that night, not very close to them however. From Punaloor, we started the two bandies together and reached Quilon the next morning safe. After taking some days' rest at Quilon we left the place and reached Trivandram 25 days after we had left it. Thus we had a fearful and interesting trip to Tinnevely a few years ago. But now there is no such trouble. There is the Railway train. If we get into the train early in the morning we can reach Tinnevely in the evening. Still even now we very often hear of wild elephants and tigers in the *Aryankavu* forests.

S. PARUKUTTY AMMAL.

## WHERE ?

WHERE shall we be next year  
When the leaves of autumn fall?  
The crimson leaves, and the wind that grieves  
For the lost beyond recall;  
We know the changes well,  
And the soft familiar sigh,  
And the silence deep in field and dell,  
When the songs of summer die.

Where will you be next year ?  
There is many an empty nest,  
And the hearts we love must look above  
Old Earth for joy and rest ;  
We know the vacant place,  
And the faint, remembered tone,  
d the tender thrill of the last embrace  
When they leave us all alone.

Where shall I be next year ?  
It is not for me to say ;  
But the world of peace where sorrows cease  
Is never far away ;  
If this be my farewell,  
Listen, and give me no tear,  
You can hear the sound of the golden bell—  
Where shall I be next year



## Third Class in an Indian Railway.

### A COMIC EPISODE.



IT was like a steam oven. Compartments constructed to seat ten passengers had already accommodated double that number; and still they came. They came, the women in bright coloured garments, the men variously clothed from the bare-bodied villager to the over-dressed Collegestudent, from the Brahmin in orthodox *dhoti* to the Mahommedan in shining silk and velvet. It was an altogether picturesque medley and the gas lamps over-

head touched it with a grotesqueness that would have delighted Doré.

They came, these picturesque people; they rushed hither and thither; they hurled their bags and bundles at the head of anybody that crossed their path. The most orthodox of Brahmins clutched frantically the arms of pariah porters, and widows with clean-shaven heads and enormous cloth bundles rushed into the arms of unresisting white men. If you did not know they were people trying to catch the mail train you would have taken them for lunatics or a company of over-zealous social reformers.

But everything human must have an end, and even delaying mail trains must start. The bell rang and there were sighs of relief. People mopped their sweating brows and began to take note of their fellow-passengers. Let me describe the company in our compartment. First, there were two yokels, strong and sturdy limbed, going to their village and they were greatly interested in a song book they had purchased for three pies. Then there was a mild-eyed Brahmin of forty travelling with his family. He was a public servant he told us. One of the corners was occupied by a flashy young man, a College student going home for the holidays. He was dressed in a light check coat, black dirty woollen trousers and patent leather shoes. This, by the way, is how the East sometimes copies the West. Between his lips was a rank cigar and in his hand a 'penny dreadful.' An

aged *purohit* and his wife were also travelling with us. There was also a widow of about fifty, and in her glittering eyes one could read of subdued daughters-in-law. The rest of the space—what there was of it—was occupied by cloth bundles, gunny bags, tin boxes, and children of assorted sizes.

As we were steaming out of the station there was a patter of feet. The door opened and there rushed in a white man. "A drunken soldier" the student whispered in my ear, and I could see that he was in the first stage of inebriation. He smiled genially on the company, poked one of the villagers in the ribs, warmly shook me by the hand and persuaded himself into a seat near the student. And yet there are people who would talk of the exclusiveness of Englishmen!

The women and children were naturally enough, frightened by this apparition and they moved away from him as far as the compartment permitted. Even the *purohit* covered himself properly in his *uttariya* and coughed uneasily, for one must be careful of one's behaviour in the presence of a *doorai*. And the *doorai* in the meanwhile began to apply himself vigorously to a black bottle which apparently formed the whole of his luggage.

"My cake, oh my cake!"

It was the shrill cry of a four-year old. "Hush, little one, hush," said the mild-eyed Brahmin official, "or the white man will take you away from your mother."

"Don't cry. I shall give you something to eat" said the widow. But the child would not be comforted "My cake, oh my cake" he cried pointing to where Tommy Atkins was sitting. Then it was evident to all that the white man was sitting on a piece of cake belonging to the lachrymose little one. He would have that or no cake. The cry for 'my cake' rose in shrill triumph over the whistle of the engine. There was an anxious look on every face. But no Vedic Rishi absorbed in contemplating the *Brahman* was more oblivious to his surroundings than this white man. What could anybody do? Who would dare to ask a *doorai* to get up? It was a terrible half-minute. But a defiant light was visible in the student's eye.

"May I ask you to have the kindness to get up for a minute?" he asked of the soldier in spotless English.

Tommy eyed him suspiciously, "Oo're yer?" he said.

"I beg your pardon", said the student, who understood only the English of Macaulay and DeQuincey as expounded in his annotated textbooks.



"Oo're yer?" repeated the other with a mysterious smile, as if he were proposing a clever conundrum.

"I am an arts student."

"Wos sat?"

The student was evidently puzzled; but he answered at a venture "I am studying in the—College. I am now going home for the holidays.

Will you please get up? You are sitting on a cake for which that child is crying."

"Oo're yer?" said Tommy with damnable iteration.

But the perseverance of the student prevailed in the end. The soldier got up, when lo and behold the cake had vanished! The little one stopped his obstreperous demand for the cake; probably he was convinced of the futility of weeping. Thus peace promised to reign over the compartment once more.

But a threatening scowl was gathering on the soldier's brow.

"W'y-der-ash-me-gerrup?" he asked the compartment generally "W'y-der-ash-me-gerrup?" He fixed his eyes finally on the old Purohit, who began to shiver in his clothes "W'y-der-ash-me-gerrup? I'll-gi-ye-a'iding, mind. I'm-gwine-gi-ye-blooming-good-'iding", he continued to mutter, as he began to unbuckle his belt. The student explained the situation to the compartment in voluble vernacular. The Purohit shivered more and more, the children squealed, the villagers closed their little song book and stared in wide-mouthed terror. The student continued to abuse the soldier in highly poetical Tamil.

But we had reached the next station by this time. A uniform darkened our window and a white head was thrust in.

"Ere, 'arry, wot's this?" he said on seeing his lost brother sitting dazedly among us with the belt in his hand.

"Wot-d'e-ash-me-gerrup-for?" replied our companion.

"So you gave it un 'ot, eh? Ha ha ha" the man outside was convulsed with laughter; but he said "Look ere 'arry: you get out of this." 'Arry tumbled out with his black bottle and then we saw that his back view was marred by a small piece of *Gilebi* cake: a glorious example of the East meeting the West and the twain clinging together with a tenacity that must have non-plussed even Mr. Kipling.

C. N. R.

## The Dewan's Daughter.

An Indian tale of the time of Akbar the Great.

(Translated into English by R. C. DUTT, Esq.,  
late I. C. S.)

(Continued from our last issue.)

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THEY MET IN THE TEMPLE.



A Celebrated Temple of Siva stood on the banks of the Ichhamati river about five or six miles from Chowberia Palace. The day after her father had left her Bimala set out for the Temple in a palanquin. She was accompanied

by two faithful old sepoys and several women. Her object was to offer worship to the god, and then to follow her father to the seat of the war unknown to him. A daughter might be of some help to her father in times of trouble.

The Temple stood in the midst of a quadrangle surrounded by a wall, and a lofty gate permitted access to the quadrangle and to the Temple. Palanquins and carts could come as far as the gate but were not allowed to pass through. There was no separate entrance for the rich; the king's daughter and the beggar maid went into the Temple side by side: the ascetic in loin cloth and ashes passed in with the Dewan clad in his robes of gold and silver. What does religion know of the distinctions of the world? What has it to do with riches; what count does it take of wealth?

Although the quadrangle was large and spacious, it was often full to overflowing. Pilgrims came from different parts of Bengal to offer worship in the far-famed Temple, and vendors collected there to sell various commodities: eatables and clothes for the pilgrims, ornaments for women, toys for children: the muslin of Dacca, the brocade of Benares and the shawls of Kashmir were exposed for sale. The merchants carried on a brisk trade day and night in their stalls.

When Bimala arrived at the Temple, it was night. Her women tried to dissuade her from



going to the Temple that night, but her heart was weighed down with anxiety.

"I shall have no sleep until I have offered my prayers for my father," she said; and she stepped alone into the Temple.

The moon had risen, and the noble pile of buildings stood out against the deep blue of an Indian sky. Flooded by the silver light of the moon, its white walls shone like silver. But inside, there were few people at this hour; the dim lights of a few lamps fell on the stone walls and corridors.

A bell pealed. It was the hour of the second watch of the night. When the bell had ceased, a service was held by the priests. The small congregation stood round silent and reverential. Flowers were offered to the deity and Sanscrit hymns were chanted. Bimala bowed, with a prayer for her father. The final song was sung, and the service was over. The worshippers left the Temple, and Bimala wandered along the corridors alone and thoughtful.

She had not been to the Temple for a long time, and saw many things she had not seen before. The beautifully coloured decorations attracted her eye, and she stopped to examine the sculptured walls as she wandered hither and thither.

In one of the corners into which she penetrated a worshipper was lying asleep, and her eyes suddenly fell upon him. The youth's forehead was broad and lofty, his dress betokened his rank; his limbs and muscles indicated strength. Bimala examined the sleeper from head to foot, and thought he must be some traveller going on some high mission. Perhaps he had been overtaken by night, and had taken shelter in this Temple, having none else. Bimala was a woman, and the young man aroused her curiosity, and perhaps her sympathy.

The sleeper suddenly awoke, and his eyes fell upon the beautiful young girl, watching him. Bimala was abashed, and retreated a few steps in confusion. The young man, too, was somewhat surprised. He thereupon went up quietly to Bimala, and said,

"Lady, even though I am unknown to you, will you pardon my boldness if I ask you whether any special quest has brought you to this Temple when all the worshippers have left? And can I be of any service to you?"

For a time Bimala bent down her head in shame. Then she raised her eyes and spoke softly:—

"To offer prayers for my father I came to this Temple; I did not know any one else slept within its walls. Pardon me if I have disturbed you."

"I join thee, maiden," said the stranger, "in praying for thy father's safety. I, too, came

here to offer prayer for a helpless widow and orphan."

Are they in distress?" asked Bimala.

"Aye, in distress," said the stranger "and suffering from an undeserved wrong. I am going to ask that justice may be done to them. The great Raja Todar Mall will not refuse justice."

Bimala started. Her father, too, had gone to Munger where Todar Mall was then encamped. No longer abashed, she said in a clear voice:—

"Stranger, you have just prayed for my father's safety. He, too, is at Munger. May a helpless daughter pray that you will befriend him if need be?"

"Lady, I will do my best," said the stranger. But who is your father, and where may I find him?"

"When you go to Munger," said Bimala, "you will see the Dewan of Bengal, Satish Chundra. He is surrounded by snares and dangers. Promise me to do all you can to ensure his safety."

It was now the stranger who started, for he was no other than our friend Indra Nath. His brow contracted, and his face became very stern.

"Why dost thou hesitate?" said Bimala. Surely it is the work of every valiant man to befriend an old man in danger! And if you hear anyone accuse him of crime, declare it is a lie, and that Shakuni is the criminal."

"I have no idea of what you are talking, lady," said Indra Nath. "Will you not speak plainly? Who is Shakuni?"

"Shakuni is Satish Chundra's evil genius," said Bimala. "The villain is responsible for the death of the noble Raja Samar Sing. He is dragging my father to crimes and to death: he is seeking my estate and my hand! Pledge yourself in this sacred place to help my father, for I know that you can help."

Indra Nath listened but spoke not. His heart was torn by contending feelings—by belief and distrust, by hope and despair, by a passion for revenge, and by a rising passion to help a helpless, friendless maiden! This image of purity and truth—the daughter of the arch-traitor Satish Chundra! Satish Chundra himself an instrument in the hands of a deeper traitor! Treason spreading in darkness, engulfing the widow and the orphan he had left at Rudrapore, engulfing the maiden who stood before him! Indra Nath hid his racked head in his hands and could make no reply.

"Speak, warrior," once more urged the maiden, "and do a warrior's duty. It is a woman who seeks your help, and she asks for her father's life."

"Daughter of Satish Chundra," replied Indra



Nath, "there are rivers of blood which separate your father from the widow and the orphan of Samar Sing, whom I seek to serve."

Bimala started once more. But her woman's wit and her anxiety for her father urged her on.

"Foeman you are to my father and his house, as I perceive by your last words: Be it so—I trust my father's life, my fortunes, my own honour and safety in the hands of a generous foeman; do with us what you will. The rivers of blood were shed by a hand you know not—smite the same hand which now seeks for my father's blood too! The noble Raja Samar Sing and Dewan Satish Chundra are the victims of the same dark traitor!"

Tears streamed from the beautiful eyes of the young maiden, and Indra Nath could bear it no longer.

"Stop fair maiden, and speak no more," he said, "the sword of Raja Todar Mall smites the guilty and never the guiltless. Poor and powerless am I—but such influence as I may have shall be exerted in your father's cause, fair maiden, if what you speak be true. Part we now; for the morning dawns, and my way to Munger is far."

"Thanks, noble stranger," said Bimala, "and whatever fate be ours, there is one who will never forget you and your kindness. Perhaps even at Munger we may meet."

## CHAPTER V.

### A SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE.

In the centre building of the great fort of Munger, laved by the waters of the Ganges, was seated the soldier and statesman whom the great Akbar had commissioned to reconquer Bengal,—Raja Todar Mall. There were not many people in attendance on him at the moment, only three or four of his most trusted leaders. They were holding a counsel of war, and talking in low tones. Just then a soldier appeared, and prostrating himself before the Raja, said:

"Sire, a solitary rider has come from a great distance, and desires to have an interview. He is awaiting your pleasure at the gate."

"Who and what is he?" asked Todar Mall.

"Is he a Hindu or Mussulman?"

"He is the son of a Kaist Zemindar of Bengal," said the soldier.

"These Zemindars," said Todar Mall, "have influence in their land and could muster troops if they would. Their assistance would be invaluable for the Emperor's work. Let my Secretary see him, and bring him to me in the evening. Other work claims our attention now."

The soldier bowed and withdrew.

It is doubtful whether among the galaxy of great warriors and statesmen who thronged the Court of the great Akbar there was a braver warrior or a greater statesman than Raja Todar Mall. Born of humble parents, he lost his father when an infant. His mother, in spite of her poverty, bestowed infinite care on his education, and early in life Todar Mall shewed signs of great sagacity, and became a writer. But his talents were remarkable, and he soon exchanged the pen for the sword in the service of the greatest Emperor who has ever ruled India. Every humble soldier under Akbar, as under a later Emperor, carried the Marshal's baton in his knapsack, for the keen eye of the Great Mogul distinguished merit where he saw it, and rewarded it without distinction of caste or creed. Raja Todar Mall thus rose to the position of a Marshal of the Empire,—one of those great warriors and statesmen, who extended and consolidated Akbar's vast dominions. Twice he had been to Bengal—first under Munaim Khan and then under Hosein Khan, and had helped in the conquest of that Province by his courage and sagacity. But the Afghans had risen again, and were encamped in great force near Munger;—and Todar Mall had come to Bengal now for the third time, to quell the insurgents and reconquer the land.

In the evening the Raja's Secretary introduced the stranger. Todar Mall eyed him for some moments in silence, and then asked:

"What is your name, young sir?"

"Indra Nath," the youth replied.

"Where is your ancestral home?" asked Todar Mall.

"In the village of Ichapore," said Indra Nath, "in the Province of Nadiya."

"How many soldiers have you," continued Todar Mall.

"For the service of the Emperor," said Indra Nath, "my father keeps about 2,000 foot soldiers. But at present I have come alone, and can but offer my own services."

Raja Todar Mall was a little disappointed. He darted penetrating glances at the youth: but the youth's countenance was open and sincere.

"Was not your father," said Todar Mall, "able to send some soldiers here to help us to carry on the Emperor's work?"

"When he receives your Excellency's commands, he will send them," replied Indra Nath. "At present they guard the estates much harassed by Afghans."

"Are you a soldier?" asked Todar Mall. "Have you been in wars? You look scarcely old enough to have seen much service."

"I have not served yet," said Indra Nath—"so



please your Excellency. But when yet a boy I sometimes accompanied the late Raja Samar Sing in his expeditions against bodies of Afghans in our part of the country."

There was a dead silence at the name of Samar Sing. Courtiers looked at each other at the name of a traitor who had been executed. The face of Raja Todar Mall spoke no thoughts. Slowly he spoke at length:

"You served under Raja Samar Sing—a man who was afterwards executed for treason."

"Through the vile machinations of traitors, Sire!" said Indra Nath. "A braver man and a truer servant of the great Emperor never lived than Raja Samar Sing."

"Daring youth," said Todar Mall, "when I ask your opinion about a man who has been executed as a traitor, it will be time enough for you to state it;—in the meantime, know he died by royal orders—for treason."

Fire flashed from Indra Nath's eyes—but he felt the rebuke was deserved. And he bent his head low to the ground, and Todar Mall was appeased.

"I pardon thee, young man," said Todar Mall, "for questioning royal justice in a moment of warm gratitude and devotion to a departed chief;—such feelings do your heart honour. As a soldier you could not have a better teacher than Samar Sing,—I have seen him fight."

There was a pause again. Past memories were crowding into the Raja's mind—and sorrows and regrets. Possibly the great Raja, whom nothing escaped, knew more of Samar Sing than Indra Nath himself: but his thoughts found no utterance.

After some further enquiries the Raja dismissed the young man with an order to the commander of the cavalry to take him into service. Indra Nath bowed and withdrew, with a heavy heart:

"Poor Maha, sheta! Poor Sarala! It will be long, I fear, before you will find justice on this earth. But that justice I will seek—even from this hard and unsympathetic Raja—if it be at the cost of my life!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A GALLANT STAND.

Months passed, and Indra Nath obtained the command of a small body of horse, and was fortunate enough to attract the General's notice in one or two skirmishes. The enemy had taken up their position outside Munger in vast numbers, and Todar Mall, with consummate military skill defended the fort. The garrison made frequent sallies, and sometimes ventured out far, plundering the enemy's stores and inflicting considerable loss. It was

in these artful and successful attacks that Indra Nath distinguished himself. His comrades congratulated him on his successes, and the enemy held him in terror.

One morning Raja Todar Mall himself left the fort to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The enemy's camp was at some distance, and there was no reason to apprehend attack; but the Raja had taken some of his own troops, and the body of horse under Indra Nath. The morning was spent, and the Raja was returning, when suddenly a noise was heard from behind a thick belt of trees. A man on horseback rode like the wind towards the Raja, so that his horse's hoofs seemed scarcely to touch the ground. It was one of his own scouts, who informed him that the enemy had got news of the Raja's movements through spies, and had secretly assembled 2,000 cavalry, which was coming full speed, behind the trees, to capture the Raja.

There was consternation among the Raja's attendants and guards; but the Raja maintained order, and commenced a hasty retreat. Indra Nath, who was not far from the Raja, ventured to suggest:—

"If the Raja permits, I and my company will, for a time, keep the enemy at bay, while he reaches the fort."

But the Raja replied somewhat coldly:—

"When the time comes for fighting, I shall know it, young man, without your advice. It is likely to be serious work to keep 2,000 Afghans at bay with 200 horse; and I do not desire needless waste of life."

The retreat continued; and before the Afghans could fall on the Mogul party the latter was close to the entrenchments of the fort. But to their surprise and consternation the Raja's soldiers saw that a bridge constructed over a narrow stream had been broken down. Some traitors in the camp had probably destroyed the bridge, and also given news to the enemy of the Raja's reconnoitre. To try to swim across the stream when the enemy was almost close was to be shot like dogs in a ditch. The Raja therefore halted, and now turned to Indra Nath with a smile

"Have thy wish, young man—form a line and resist the attack; signal has already been sent to the fort for a wooden bridge to be immediately made. It will not take long:—till then, shew what your troops are worth."

With a heart bounding with joy, Indra Nath formed up the troops for action. He arranged them in three lines in the shape of a half moon, one behind the other. When the first row was broken, the second would replace it, and the third would come to the front later, if needed. By this arrangement in lines, each line could be relieved in turn. Behind the semi-circle ran the



stream; and there was no fear of attack from that direction.

It was now nearly four months since the enemy had surrounded Mungur, but the fiercest shock with which the two sides engaged in battle to-day had not been shown before. In the hopes that they could break through the ranks and make Raja Todar Mall a prisoner, the enemy precipitated themselves on the defenders again and again like the waves of some mighty ocean which carries everything before it. But the waves dashed themselves against an invulnerable rock. The numbers of the enemy were of no avail, as only about a hundred could present themselves for attack, and the crowd of assailants were discouraged, and got into each other's way. However, the brave Afghans hurled themselves over and over again against the small and compact phalanx of defenders with shouts that rent the sky,—and for a time the phalanx seemed to be likely to be swept away by sheer force into the stream. But the little force stood its ground, and Indra Nath's face beamed with joy when the wooden bridge was constructed. The Raja safely crossed over, and hundreds of Rajputs and Moguls came over to join their brave comrades and repel the Afghans. The attack had proved vain—the Afghans retreated to their camp.

But a sad incident marked the close of this heroic fight. Indra Nath had been bleeding from a wound received during the encounter. When the Afghans were retreating towards their camp, and the last of the Moguls and Rajputs were crossing the newly constructed bridge, Indra Nath, faint with loss of blood, fell from his horse, unnoticed by his own troops. A few Afghans noticed this, and turned back like lightning on the prostrate foe. Before his own friends could come to his help, Indra Nath had been lifted up and carried off a prisoner in the hands of the Afghans!

## CHAPTER VII.

### THEY MET IN THE PRISON

For three days and nights Indra Nath was imprisoned in a small dark dungeon. His fate was sealed. Orders were issued that he would be executed on the fourth morning. Indra Nath was a soldier, and had no fear of death. But the thought of the anguish that his death would cause to his old father at home brought tears into his eyes. When his father, the good and pious Nogendra Nath, would hear that his only son was dead, how could he, at his age, bear the shock? Nogendra Nath had no one but him, no wife, no daughters, no other sons. The old man's life was wrapped up in him, so that when

he would hear the sad news he would certainly die of grief. And an old and historic family would disappear. And that innocent girl, his adored Sarala, whose childhood was passed in misery and privation—what would happen to her? Indra Nath had promised her to return on the seventh full moon: the time would arrive and pass away; hope would die out of her eyes, and she would fade away in silence, as a flower out of season!

Outside the prison was stationed a sentry who guarded the prisoners day and night. Every evening a Brahmin used to come and bring him food, and when he had eaten, a female servant used to come in and clean up the place, also without saying a word. No one else was admitted into the prison. But Indra Nath had one friend—the servant who used to come in and clean the prison was filled with pity. She spoke not, but as she came and went out in the dark every day, she often turned her face and wiped away a tear. And, the servant used to look at his wound too, and apply healing balm, and dress it with clean bandages. The prison was so dark that he could scarcely see her, and if he tried to speak to her, she used to lay a warning finger on her lips and point to the sentry. Indra Nath then relapsed into the silence of his own dread forebodings.

The guards of the prisoner, observing the care the servant took of him, used to chaff her about it. "So, lady, you want to make this Hindu your lover, do you?" The servant would return them a meek answer, and used occasionally to bring them spirits to drink, and they thought a great deal of her. So the days passed. On the last night, the servant promised the guard an extra allowance of drink; and, true to her word, she appeared at midnight bringing a brimming jar. The guard was overjoyed, and, as the spirit was strong, and probably drugged, it had its effect before long.

Indra Nath rose from his sleep, and was amazed to see the servant in his room. She was overcome with emotion, and had sunk down by the couch, silently shedding tears.

"Why, O woman, dost thou grieve over my fate?" asked Indra Nath. "It is a soldier's business to die."

The servant made no answer, but continued to weep silently.

"Take this gold ring, good woman, as a token of my gratitude," said Indra Nath. "After I am dead, it will serve to remind thee of all thou hast done for me, and of a soldier's gratitude."

The servant bowed, and fastened the ring to a chain which she wore round her neck. She then dried her eyes and said in a voice choked with emotion:

"I will wear your ring as a token of a warrior's kindness to me, though the warrior has



forgotten a humble suppliant and servant, alas, too soon!"

Indra Nath knew that voice! He had heard that voice once in the Temple of Siva: he had seen the graceful form in the solitude of a midnight shrine. It was the Dewan's daughter who had sought him again—in his prison!

Seizing Bimala's hands in both his, Indra Nath spoke in a voice full of tenderness:

"Are you a woman or a goddess? Have you braved all the dangers of this hostile camp to serve me, and have I talked to you as though you were a servant? When did you come to Munger? What led you to this Afghan camp? And why come you to a wretch condemned to die at sunrise?"

"Hush!" said Bimala, "speak not aloud, or we may be overheard. My father is at Munger, and I came here shortly after, and joined him; for I dreaded the dark traitor Shakuni! And he too, on hearing of my escape, has come here,—to poison the great Raja Todar Mall's mind and to ruin my father as he has ruined Samar Sing! But of that anon. I have come to my 'foeman' because he is brave and generous, and was kind to me in the Temple; I have come to him because I wish him to live, and not to die at sunrise! I have planned a way of escape for you. The guard is drunk and asleep, and you can pass out in the garb of a woman I have brought for you, and no one will know you from the servant who often comes to your prison. Speed, for there is no time to lose."

"Angel from heaven!" said Indra Nath. "I am your slave—your friend in life, if I live; never shall you or yours be my 'foe' again. But how will you escape after I have disappeared from the prison?"

"Think not of me," said Bimala. My father is just now in this Afghan camp, offering to the Afghan leader some terms of peace sent by Raja Todar Mall. I have walked daily from his tent at night to this prison in the guise of a servant, and no one knew. I will steal out again in the servant's dress and no one shall know. And if I am found out to be the Dewan's daughter,—even so, they shall surely take me to the Dewan's tent, and the Afghan leader dare not punish the daughter of him with whom he is now negotiating peace."

"Little do you know the Afghan Chief," said Indra Nath. "When he knows that you have helped a prisoner to escape, even your father's rank and position will not save you from insult—perchance from death!"

"Little has she to fear death to whom life has brought little of joy," replied Bimala. "But I tell you there is little chance. Remember, brave warrior, I am pleading for my father's life as well as your own. My father is not safe

for a moment while dark Shakuni is abroad."

"Maiden," said Indra Nath, "the last drop of my blood will be shed for your father's life. But can I risk yours, and leave you here?"

"Remember," said Bimala, "again I am pleading for Raja Samar Sing's widow and orphan. Who will help them after you perish? Speed, speed, warrior, the light is breaking in the East, and there is no time to be lost!"

The image of Sarala flashed on Indra Nath's soul. He sprang from his couch and donned the woman's clothes. For one moment he held Bimala by the hand and said:—

"You have saved my life, noble maiden,—never in life shall I forget you! We shall meet again:—he had disappeared in the darkness.

"Never in life shall I forget you!"—were the words which Bimala repeated to herself—alone in the prison.

(To be continued.)

## Things Seen.

### 1.—A CAR FESTIVAL.



I HAVE often wondered why certain scenes of childhood get themselves impressed on the tablet of the mind, with vividness and intensity, while others leave no trace behind, and are clean forgotten. I must have been a lad of twelve then. It was the day of the car festival, and the great car was taken

in procession through the only decent street, which our quaint old village by the sea-side boasted of. The procession started from the temple, which was situated right at the end of the street, facing a large lotus-covered tank, with stone steps on all sides. I was watching the whole scene from the *pial*. I could hear distinctly the loud beat of the *tom-tom*, the shrill sound of the barber's flute and the clanging of cymbals. Strange to say, the sight of a crowd has always had an exhilarating effect on me. It takes me out of myself, as it were, and I always feel elevated in thought and feeling. At that early period, of course, the effect was ill-defined; but, all the same, the dense shouting crowds, the barber's music, and the ever-moving groups of human beings—all had the effect of pinning me



to the narrow *pial*, on which I was standing; and I stood gazing, with a feeling almost akin to intoxication, on the weird bustling scene that was approaching nearer and nearer. My sister and I had looked forward to this day with great eagerness. She was older than me by two years, and she had described vividly to me what she had seen the previous year. She told me how the gorgeously decorated car, containing the goddess, stopped right in front of our house, and would not move an inch, however hard the excited crowd kept tugging away at the ropes; how the holy priest, who alone was allowed to stand by the side of the goddess, on the very top of the car, shouted out, that the goddess refused to move, unless a sacrifice was made by the person, opposite whose house the car had stopped; and how people shouted out at the top of their voices the name of my father, and how he had to send servants to fetch a goat for the sacrifice; and then she told me how the poor goat was killed to appease the wrath of the goddess, after which the car moved on with great rapidity. I was wondering whether the car would stop again this time in front of our house, and whether the same scene would be repeated. I saw the huge car, which towered higher than even the tall cocoanut palms that liberally edged our street, covered with tinsel and gold, and decked with jessamine garlands, approaching nearer and nearer. Right at the top of the car, under a gorgeous red awning, was the fierce looking goddess, the blackness of which even the thick besmearing of saffron did not help to relieve; and, standing by the goddess, was the priest with his clean shaven face and piercing eyes. His figure was only too familiar to me, as he was the person who came every day to make *poojah* in our house, in which my mother always took part. The car came nearer and nearer, and, for a moment, my gaze was averted from the motley, shouting, yelling crowd below and was fixed on the terrible looking goddess at the top, for her fiercely glaring eyes seemed fixed on me. For a long moment, I felt myself in the grip of a very terror of fascination; then the car passed on and the tension was relieved. I breathed again.

## 2.—A SOCIAL GATHERING OF ENGLISH LADIES AND THEIR HINDU SISTERS.

Let me recall a picture, which comes vividly before my mind. The occasion is a gathering, which an influential English lady is giving to her friends, who have been asked to meet their Indian sisters for social purposes. It is a purely ladies' affair. The drawing-room is a pretty sight. Chairs and lounges are scattered about in luxurious profusion. Wherever we turn,

lovely and refined pictures meet the eye. Velvet carpets receive the feet in their soft embrace. A grand piano is in the corner. Beautiful flowers lift their blooming faces from every available vase. Altogether, the scene is a very pretty one. And it gets prettier still. For, up the broad stair-case comes a train of Indian ladies, gaily dressed in bright *saris*. Most of them are adorned with valuable jewels; they glitter with diamonds and rubies, flowers are in their hair, their clothes exhale a sweet Indian scent. There is an air of gentle luxury about them, they form, as it were, a bed of fragrant hot-house flowers. Many of them are fair-faced and very beautiful. Some are dark, but even they have a keen beauty, which is very attractive. Some are apathetic and dull-faced, but perhaps the dullness is only an effect of their shyness. Up the stairs they come, and with them mingle English ladies with their white faces and in their artistic dresses of soft colours. What a contrast between the two races! Greetings are sometimes exchanged between friends on each side. But, except in a few cases, the welcoming smiles do not extend to genial conversations.

Soon the drawing-room is full. What do we see? Most of the Indian ladies are stiffly sitting down. Many of them are shy, they do not even converse with each other, they do not know what to do with themselves. I am sure they are earnestly wishing that the earth would open and swallow them up. The English ladies are gathered together in groups, gaily conversing with each other. They do not seem to want for subjects of conversation. Bright smiles are exchanged, soft trills of laughter float about the room. Many of our English friends do not seem to care to cultivate the acquaintance of the Indian women they have been asked to meet. But there are some, who are trying to break the ice. Let us listen to the conversation of a few of them:

"What nice Indian girls," says a beautiful lady in blue; "So refined and so gentle. I wish I could make friends with some of them."

"Why do you not make an attempt?"

"I did, but what is the use?" They smile at you and do not say a word. Or they look down and are shy."

"Do you know, I have been to a few Hindu houses to make friends with the women?" asks a lady in pink; "but one can never get near enough to them. There are no subjects of conversation between them and us."

"What, no subjects in common?" asks a young girl, who seems a fresh arrival from England. "Why! we have so many. Why can we not—"

"Oh, you do not know anything about them, Evelyn. They are so apathetic. We ask them





AN ASSAMESE WOMAN.



about their children and their homes, and then our conversation ends. Where is the common standpoint between us? They have no education."

"Why cannot they be educated then?" asks Evelyn.

"Oh, everybody is trying to educate them. But, what is the use? The Indian women themselves do not seem to care. They only care about their children and their jewels. Nothing outside interests them."

"And they ask you such silly questions," chimes in another lady; "Are you married? What is your husband's pay? How many children have you? One does not know what to answer."

"And yet that must be the beginning of their education," says Evelyn. "Why cannot we help them?"

"What is the use of giving them an English education. It will de-nationalize them. They are so fond of trying to imitate us. Look at the dress of those Indian ladies now? Look at their fashionable blouses, their shoes and stockings?"

"Why cannot they imitate us? They will never lose their nationality, I am sure. They know, by instinct, how far they can go. And how intelligent they look, and how sweet. I am going to make friends with them. Won't somebody introduce me?" So says Evelyn, but she is new to India. Away she goes to make friends with her Indian sisters, and with her go some, who are really friends of the Indian ladies; but how few these last are? and what quizzical glances follow the enterprising Evelyn?

"Oh! well, it is the fashion, you know," draws a fashionable lady. "It will soon wear away." "For shame, dear," says another. "They are really attractive, you know. There is an air of mystery about them. So many people like them."

"Yes, but how long will the attraction last?"

## Annual Report of the "Hindu Ladies' Association."

### BERHAMPORE.

#### PRESIDENT AND SISTERS,

I have now undertaken the pleasant duty of reviewing the work of this Association since its birth, and trust it will give you some satisfaction to see that Berhampore is not much backward in this era of development.

This Association saw the light of day on 6th January, 1906, when an informal meeting was called for by myself and a proposal was put forward

for the formation of an Association. Thanks to my associates, the ladies that were then present readily responded to my call and it was agreed to form an Association at Berhampore. While thus the proposals were in the infant stage, Mrs. Rhenius, the Inspectress of Girls' Schools, arriving at Berhampore gave a vigorous stimulus, herself consenting to be the permanent President of this Association. I was then called upon to be its Secretary. I was rather reluctant to accept it, till I was given the valuable help of an assistant Secretary in Mrs. V. V. Jogayya.

Her services need good recognition, for immediately afterwards she secured half-a-dozen members for the Association. Since then about twenty fortnightly meetings have been convened, in which many subjects were spoken about, by various ladies including myself, such as "Domestic Economy," "Cleanliness," "Foreign Travel" &c.

Every meeting began with prayer to God and ended with music. Ancient books on religion and morals were also read. In one of our meetings, a prayer-book by H. H. the Sri Maharani Lady Gujpath Rao Garu of Vizagapatam was read and much appreciated.

Some of these meetings were presided over, respectively, by Mrs. Ayling, wife of our late popular District Judge, Mrs. Somayajulu, wife of the District Munsiff of Sompeta, Mrs. B. Seshamma of Coconada, and last but not least by Mrs. D. Venkataramayya.

The Association gradually improved and it can now boast of eighteen respectable leading members, of which Mrs. Venkataramayya is the only first class member. To ladies of this type much credit is due, for, being of an orthodox section of the community, she came forward with self-sacrificing interest to further the object of the Association.

However, the Association, to tell you the truth, was not able to do much substantial work this year as it was in the first year of its existence, when every member was desirous of improving herself. Only once the members as a body went out and that was to inspect the local girls' School and distribute prizes and sweets to the girls to encourage them in their studies.

During this period, Rs. 68-4-0 were collected by way of subscriptions from the members and Rs. 48-6-0 were spent for newspapers and magazines and pay of the servant, besides a few miscellaneous items of which Rs. 10 forms the biggest item of expenditure, the cost of prize articles given to the girls on the occasion of the visit to the school.

The Association gets the following newspapers:—

- (1) *The Indian Ladies' Magazine*, (2) *Savitri*, (3) *Bala-Sarasvati*, (4) *Manorama*,



*Weekly News, Satyavadini* and the *Andra Prakasika*—the latter two being weeklies.

Of these, I regret to say that, none of the magazines except the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, are regularly received; the Telugu journals are very irregular. The *Andhra Prakasika* is, I am glad to tell you, very regular, but the others are again irregular. From time to time I complained to the Managers of the irregularity. But, as I am sorry to say, there was no response nor improvement; I propose to discontinue getting those papers and keep the two well-conducted ones. From January I have been receiving the *Kristna Patrika* and consider it contains some valuable information, so I propose to subscribe for this paper in addition. It is a weekly.

Now, ladies, I have detained you all long by various details of the working of this Association.

Before closing this, I express my sincere thanks to all the ladies here who have taken much interest in attending this meeting, and specially to our President.

However, I cannot but express my sorrow, as we miss our permanent President, Mrs. Rhenius, who would have taken this Chair to-day, were she here.

Our grateful thanks are also due to Mrs. Ayling who used to evince much interest towards our Association when she was here.

Sisters, may God grant you all and our Association long life and prosperity. Once more I thank you all and take leave of you.

B. BUNGARAMMA,

*Secretary,*

*Ladies' Association, Berhampore.*

## Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

### I.—ODE TO PRINCE RANJIT ON HIS ACCESSION TO THE GADI OF JAMNAGAR.

Oh, welcome! welcome, Ranjit, to thy land.  
Thou who art blest by Fortunes' blissful hand:  
Ye subjects, welcome him in sweet march air  
Welcome him, who is the rightful heir.  
Proclaim him the Jam Rawal in each street  
Adorn, ye citizens, his fort and fleet.  
Under his feet, fair maids of Jamnagar,  
Scatter sweet blossom, scatter near and far.  
Ring merry bells, in triumph loudly ring,  
Sing sweet Koyal, in Ranjit's honour, sing.  
Compose sweet verses, bards of Kathiawar.  
His praise be echoed in the great Durbar;  
Welcome, welcome him of world-wide fame,  
Welcome, ye youths, the Prince of the great game.

Long has he wandered in the distant West  
And suffered long, though now by deities blest.  
Oh bless ye old folks, bless the country's pride,  
Bless profusely the hero known world-wide.  
Where'er we are with one jubilant voice  
Our Ranjit we all welcome and rejoice.

KSHAMA.

### II.—TO A BABY.

When the morning glow  
Lights the world below  
Wondrous seem thy charms,  
Babe, within my arms:  
When the midday light  
Makes the earth so bright  
Just a gleam of joy  
Seems my baby boy:  
And when evening fair  
Sends its twilight rare,  
Rarer is the grace  
On that dimpled face.  
But I certes can tell  
Sweetest is thy spell  
When the night of calm  
All the world doth balm,  
For then quite soul-deep,  
In the charm of sleep,  
Such a light divine  
On thy form doth shine,  
That one golden dart  
Pierces through my heart  
With its wondrous power,  
Reaching my soul's bower.  
Then the world doth seem  
A celestial dream,  
And my baby bright  
A cherub of delight!

LALITA GUPTA.

## Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

### THE USES OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

Disappointments in this world are inevitable. And yet disappointments affect us so sorely. We get into comfortable happy ruts of life; the future lies before us fair and serene and life seems sweet and lovable. Suddenly, the sky darkens with clouds. The flashing of lightning and the rumbling of thunder heralds new and unforeseen dangers; and, before we can even prepare a shelter for our heads, the sharp and heavy shower of grievous sorrow overwhelms us. And, sweet life seems broken; happiness becomes fragmentary. Sometimes money is lost; sometimes health vanishes away; sometimes beloved ones die and leave us with saddened hearts to "long for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." And, Ah me! What a longing it is! How the heart breaks and bursts with grief, till we scarce know what to do with ourselves.

And yet, disappointments are inevitable. The night follows the day; the sky is never without



a cloud, howsoever small; no rose is without a thorn; no life is exempt from grief. But how many compensations are there for the dark side of life! The night is brightened by stars; there is a silver lining to many clouds; the fragrance of the rose makes up for its thorns; and griefs and sorrows have a real use in this world. For, the uses of disappointments are many. Different people meet disappointments in different ways. Some get full of despair and long for the quiet deliverance of the grave. Some are braver, but life is henceforward lonesome and dark for them and they live in sombre resignation. But some—how brave are they? They look up with hope. The responsibilities and obligations of life they receive with open and willing hands; they see the hand of God in every sorrow. They refuse to run in the hour of trouble; and by that very refusal their characters gain a new strength. The brave man even tries to re-adjust his life to altered situations. And presently he discovers that by this very re-adjustment, he has received moral training of the highest sort.

What are the uses of disappointment? First of all, as we said before, it compels a new adjustment of life and gives a high moral training. We look up and see God, who is not the God of the prosperous alone, but the God also of the poor and the helpless and the sick and the sorry. Out of the ruins of a life, are often built up new lives, stronger and more robust than the ones which have gone before. "The hopes and ambitions of our hearts are sometimes pruned with a sharp knife, but in the end there is the prized ability to bring forth more fruit."

A second use of disappointment that it brings forward new and important elements in personal character. People, who have passed through sorrow, see life in a clearer, nobler spirit than others. They understand the agony and anguish of others and the world is richer by their new-gained sympathy. "Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress," says the psalmist. "The world's redemption is carried forward mainly by those tear-stained hearts that have seen the light die out and then have seen it come right again—a new, strange softer light by which they walk and by which they guide the heavy hearts of others in the way of peace."

Again, disappointment makes us recognise Providence large enough as a power, large enough to include sorrow among its forces. There is a deep-rooted idea in the world that sorrows come as a punishment of sin. But I wish we could punish such thoughts. The way of the transgressor is hard, and disobedience is wrong. But we must understand that God's wisdom is broad and impartial and does not often interfere with human lives. Sorrow may come as a

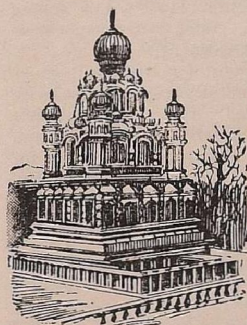
punishment, but we cannot know when it is so. God's ways are mysterious. Sometimes, he chastens those whom he loves, and the chastening is a benefit. Gold is purified by fire. Our confidence must be in the thought that the affairs of the world are within the hands of a large, wise and invincible Providence. We are safe in His hands; and all that comes to us is for the fulfilment of a purpose, which we cannot understand. And so, let us be patient and wait; for the clearest eyes are those that have been washed in tears, and the dark hours of disappointment reveal realities both in us and in our spiritual world, which before had been unseen.

"I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And with the chastened Psalmist own  
His judgments too are right.  
I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured above that life and death  
His mercy underlies.  
And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore."

## Home Talks.

### III.—HOME-NURSING.

(Taken from the *Girls' Own Paper*).



BY common ailments, we mean those ailments which, although extremely painful and wearying to the sufferer from them, are not of sufficient importance in themselves to call in medical aid, at any rate unless the pain be very severe and much prolonged.

Earache is a pain from which children, as a rule—poor mites—suffer more than adults. The causes of it are many and varied. It may arise from sitting in a draught, or a cold will sometimes bring it on; again, some foreign substance may have got into the ear, causing irritation and pain. Often it is caused by general debility. Nearly everyone one meets has a remedy for earache. A safe one is to make a piece of flannel very hot, fold it and place it over the ear, and bandage, not only to keep the



channel in position, but to keep the heat in. This will often bring relief. Hot fomentations of poppy-heads will allay the pain and will often produce sleep. Hot salt and hot bran are also efficacious; the old-fashioned remedy of the heart of an onion roasted, or a raisin roasted and placed in the ear, will ease if not take away the pain. Laudanum dropped on cotton wool and placed in the ear has a soothing effect. Warm oil salad oil dropped in the ear, or some cotton wool soaked in warmed oil and put into the ear, can also be tried to lessen the pain. Should the pain be persistent, see to the general health of the sufferer, call in a doctor, pay strict attention to diet, clothing and open-air exercise.

To remove any foreign matter from the ear, pull the lower ear upward and forward; this enlarges the canal. Never on any pretext whatever allow anything in the shape of a bodkin, hair-pin or pencil to be poked into the ear, or it may cause untold injury to the drum of the ear. Should the ear have to be syringed, let the doctor do it, and be most careful to dry the ear well afterwards.

The ears should be dried carefully after each time of washing them, as they are such delicate organs, and persistent dampness and chill might cause permanent deafness.

Toothache. Alas, this pain, which is so hard to bear, is in at least seven cases out of ten the result of neglect. The chief cause of toothache is decay, which means the breaking away of the enamel which covers the tooth, and exposes to every change of temperature the delicate nerves beneath. Colds will often cause a dull aching pain through the teeth, which will disappear as the cold gives way to treatment.

An abscess at the root of a tooth will cause intense pain, which generally results in the tooth having to be extracted. For a gumboil split open a fig, roast it and place it between the gum and the cheek; it is quite the best poultice for such a case and should be applied frequently. Toothache, like earache, often arises from general debility; then medical aid should be sought. For those who can afford it, a visit to a good dentist once or twice a year, will save a great deal of pain, and will preserve the teeth into old age. The least sign of decay should be attended to at once, and to prevent its appearance the teeth must be kept scrupulously clean. Brush them well night and morning, the night being really the most important time, as cleaning the teeth then prevents particles of food sticking between the teeth, which would ferment during the night. Toothpowder should be used once a day, and every dentist will give his patients a prescription for the powder he considers the best to use.

When a tooth has been extracted, the mouth

should be rinsed with warm water containing some slight disinfectant to cleanse the cavity. Iodine painted on the gum gives great relief and is a good remedy for toothache. When children suffer from toothache in their first teeth, the tooth is, as a rule, pulled out. When the pain is caused by a decayed second tooth it is generally stopped.

Headache. The chief causes of headache are over-taxed nerves, worry, and the general health out of order.

For a bilious headache, give the patient a strong aperient, bathe the head with vinegar and water, Eau de Cologne, or cold water. If very severe, put a mustard leaf or a mustard poultice at the back of the neck. Make the patient lie down, darken the room and the pain will probably yield to treatment, the patient falling asleep. When he awakes, give him a cup of tea and lemon-juice if liked, but no milk and sugar: serve with it a slice of crisp dry toast.

Nervous headache is caused by over-strained nerves, in fact, by over-work of any kind, either mental or physical. If continuous, a doctor should be called in, as a tonic is needed. Make the patient lie down in a darkened room, and a mustard leaf at the back of the neck will give relief. Often a nervous headache is caused by want of food, and a meal will lessen the pain if it does not take it away altogether.

Children's headaches need special attention, as it is not natural for a child to suffer from headache. When the child first complains, attend carefully to his general health and diet, giving plenty of milk and stewed fruit. Make the child lie down in the day-time, and above all things see that he leads a regular and natural life. If the pain be persistent, seek medical aid, as children's headaches are so often the beginning of an infectious disease.

The care of the eye is often much neglected. Anyone who suffers at all from weak eyes, or who has to use them much for working, reading or writing, should bathe them every night with boracic lotion. This lotion is most simple to make; take a level teaspoonful of boracic powder and dissolve it in half a pint of very hot water. It is better to make it in a bottle, as then it can be shaken well.

To remove anything that has got into the eye, pull down the under lid, and if anything can be seen, remove it with a soft handkerchief. If anything of a gritty nature or lime be in the eye, bathe with vinegar and water and send for the doctor at once. All chemists sell what are known as eye-baths, which are most useful when it is necessary to rinse the eye.



## Our Needlework Column.

### BABY'S SHOE AND SOCK—KNITTED.



**M**A T E R I A L S  
required:— $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of Paton's 2-ply white super Scotch fingering,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of white Peri-Lusta knitting, three steel knitting needles No. 16. Other materials also may be used.

With Peri-Lusta cast on 65 stitches. **1st row**—Plain. **2nd row**—Slip 1,\* make 1, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 2, make 1, knit 1, and repeat from\*. **3rd row**—Purl. **4th row**—Same as second. **5th row**—Plain. Repeat the last four rows seven times,

**34th row**—Slip 1, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 5, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 5, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 3, make 1, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch



over, knit 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 2, make 1, knit 3, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 5, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 5, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 3. **35th row**—Purl. **36th row**—Knit 19,\* make 1, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 2, make 1, knit 1, and repeat from \* once,\* turn, and work plain upon the seventeen centre stitches. Work fourteen more short rows in the pattern upon these stitches. **15th row**—Slip 1, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 5, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over,

knit 3. **16th row**—Slip 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 2. Break off the Peri-Lusta. The wool is now used.

Holding the sock with the right side towards you, knit the first 18 stitches, pick up and knit 10 stitches down the flap, 10 across the foot, and 10 up the other side of the flap, and finally knit the 18 stitches on the other needle. **2nd Row**—Plain. **3rd row**—Purl 30, make 1, purl 6, make 1, purl 30. **4th row**—Plain. **5th row**—Purl 30, make 1, purl 8, make 1, purl 30. **6th row**—Plain. Continue increasing in every alternate row until the **16th row**—Knit 80 stitches plain. **17th row**—Purl 29, purl 2 together, purl 18, purl 2 together, purl 29. **18th Row**—Plain. **19th row**—Purl 29, purl 2 together, purl 16, purl 2 together, purl 29. **20th row**—Plain. **21st row**—Purl 2 together, purl 27, purl 2 together, purl 5, purl 2 together, purl 2 together, purl 5, purl 2 together, purl 27, purl 2 together, **22nd row**—Plain. **23rd row**—Purl 2 together, purl 26, purl 2 together, purl 3, purl 2 together, purl 2 together, purl 3, purl 2 together, purl 26, purl 2 together. **24th row**—Plain. Cast off. Sew up the boot neatly and run a ribbon round the ankle.

### NEAPOLITAN CAP FOR A SMALL BOY.

Cast on 120 stitches; 40 stitches on each of the three needles, and work fourteen rounds in ribbing—knit 2, purl 2. Then knit 2 plain rounds. **1st round**—Knit 1, purl 1, and repeat. **2nd round**—Purl 1, knit, and repeat. Repeat these two rounds twice more. Knit 6 plain rounds. Repeat these twelve rounds eight times more. **109th round**—Knit 2 together, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, and repeat. **110th round**—Purl 1, knit 1, and repeat. **111th round**—Knit 1, purl 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, and repeat: purl the last 2 stitches together. **112th round**—Purl 1, knit 1, and repeat. **113th round**—Knit 2 together, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, and repeat: purl the last 2 stitches together. **114th round**—Purl 1, knit 1, and repeat. **115th round**—Knit plain. **116th round**—Knit 2 together, knit 1, and repeat. **Subsequent rounds**—Knit 2 together all round. When only a few stitches are left on the needles, divide these equally between two needles, and finish by knitting them off together in the usual manner.

Wind the wool tightly round three fingers 24 times; tie firmly with a piece of the same wool, then cut the round into strands, dividing it at the point furthest from where the round was tied. This forms a tassel, which sew to the point of the cap. Turn the ribbed part under, and sew down into place with a needleful of wool. This ribbing holds firmly to the head and prevents the cap from slipping.



## BABY'S FIRST PETTICOAT—KNITTED.



BABY'S FIRST PETTICOAT.

Materials required:—4 balls J.P.H. 5-ply fingering, three bone needles No. 13, four yards ribbon, four buttons.

Begin with the skirt which is knitted in two parts.

For **Front Width**, cast on 121 stitches. **1st row**—\* purl 4, knit 3, purl 1, knit 3, repeat from \* to end of row. **2nd row**—\* purl 3, knit 1, purl 3, knit 4, repeat from \* to end of row. **3rd row**—Same as first. **4th row**—Same as second. **5th row**—Same as first. **6th row**—\* take your third needle and slip the first two stitches off on to it, knit next two with your using needle, then place the two stitches back on to the needle you took them off and knit them. (This makes the twist or cable), purl 3, knit 1, purl 3, repeat from \* to end of row. Repeat this pattern until you have ten cables finished, turn, \* knit 1, take 2 together, purl 1, take 2 together knit 1, purl 4,

repeat from \* to end of row; work until eleventh cable is complete, then turn, \* take 2 together, purl 1, take 2 together, purl 4, repeat from \* to end of row; work until twelfth cable is complete, turn, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, \* purl 2 together twice, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, repeat from \* to end of row. Turn, slip 1, knit 1, turn the slip 1 over the knit 1, \* purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, slip 1, knit 1, turn the slip 1 over the knit 1, repeat from \* to end of row. Leave front now completed on a needle and start back.

For **Back**, cast on 99 stitches and knit as directed for front until the tenth cable is reached, where the back is divided for the placket hole; knit along five cables, turn, \* purl 4, knit 1, take 2 together, purl 1, take 2 together, knit 1, repeat from \* to end of row, and continue until this half back is finished the same as the front.

For **Second Half**, begin nearest placket hole, by casting on 6 stitches, \* purl 3, knit 1, purl 3, cable, repeat from \* to end \* of row. Turn, \* knit 1, take 2 together, purl 1 take together, knit 1, purl 4, repeat from \* until the six extra stitches are reached which are always knitted, finish same as front and when this is accomplished we are ready for the bodice which is knitted in bird's-eye pattern. Place your one half of back to one side of front and the other half back to the other side, front, taking care nothing is twisted. Start at the six plain stitches, knit 1, \* purl 1, knit 1, repeat from \* to end of row; turn, on 1 plain, purl 1, and on purl 1, plain, 1 this being bird's-eye pattern. Work eight rows backwards and forwards (16 rows in all) then for holes, knit 6, take 2 together, \* wool over needle, take 2 together, repeat from \* to end of row; turn and knit 1, purl 1 to end of row and continue same pattern until you have thirteen double rows (twenty-six needles). Then for armholes, knit 6, \* purl 1, knit 1, repeat from \* for eighteen stitches, cast off next 4 stitches, purl 1, knit 1 for thirty-four stitches, cast off 4, knit 1, purl 1 to end of row. You will now see your knitting is divided into three portions two backs and one front. Continue knitting the back where your wool is attached until it is the desired length, sixteen double rows. Knit up the other back and front the same. When they are all the same length they are joined by casting on 4 stitches at the same places as you cast them off in making the arms. One row is sufficient knitting to join and then cast off. Now all the ends of wool must be securely fastened off with a darning needle, and the skirt sewn up with wool.

For **crochet Border**.—\* 1 treble, 1 chain, repeat from, \* forms first row. **2nd row** is shell pattern, but could be done in any pattern, fancied.



## Our Cookery Column.

### HELENSBURGH TOFFEE.

*Ingredients.*—Two pounds of loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, one tin of Swiss milk (6d. size), one teacupful of water, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla essence, a few chopped-up almonds or walnuts.

Melt the butter in a moderate-sized saucepan, then add a little of the water, sugar, and milk, and continue adding these gradually. When it comes to the boil, boil about thirty minutes. Stir carefully *all* the time or it will burn. When finished add the vanilla essence and either almonds or walnuts and turn out on to a flat buttered dish to set.

To find out if it is sufficiently boiled, when you think it is done, drop a little of the mixture into a cup of cold water, and if in a few minutes this is set, the toffee will be done.

This toffee never turns very hard.

### A DELICIOUS MILK LOAF.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaped-up teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one breakfast cupful of milk (half-a-pint).

Mix all together as rapidly as possible, and heap on a flat tin in the shape of a large bun, and bake about one hour in a fairly hot oven.

*Orange Marmalade.*—This is a very quick and excellent way of making marmalade, saving a great deal of time and labour. Soak the oranges in water for one night, then boil them whole till tender in the water in which they were soaked. Then take them out of the liquor and cut up the whole pulp and peel into thin slices, of course removing all the pips. Weigh the fruit, and to every pound of fruit put two pounds of sugar and a quarter of a pint of the liquor in which the oranges were boiled.

Then boil the whole together for a good three quarters of an hour, stirring well and removing scum. When the jam begins to thicken it is finished and ready to be put into jars; when cold it should be tied down.

*Apple Jelly.*—To four quarts of water add eight pounds of apples not pared, but cut into thin slices, throw them into the water immediately so as to preserve their colour. Place the stewpan on the fire and boil the apples slowly for two hours until thoroughly dissolved, then put them into a hair sieve, but without using any pressure, stirring slowly, and taking care

that none of the pulp shall pass through the sieve into the juice. Add a pound of white sugar to every pint of juice. The peel and juice of a lemon will improve it very much. This jelly will keep very well if poured into small-sized pots for some time.

## Varieties.

*MADAM.*—The term “Madam” was originally only used in addressing a lady of rank or authority, or to the mistress of a household. It has now become a conventional term of address to women of any degree, but chiefly to married ladies. The Queen is always addressed as Madam.

*WHAT'S IN A NAME?*—Things are not always what their names would seem to imply. For instance, Brussels carpets do not come from Brussels; guinea-pigs do not come from Guinea, and are no relations of the pig; and Irish stew is not a dish that came to us from Ireland.

*EIGHTY.*—A lady who was endeavouring to teach the signs in music to a village choir of country yokels explained that *p* meant piano, or soft, and that *pp* meant twice as soft. *F*, she said, meant *forte*, or loud. “And now,” she asked, “can any one tell me what double *f* stands for?” Instantly the reply came, “Eighty, please, mum.”

*Nom de plume*, literally a “pen-name,” a pseudonym used by a writer instead of his real name, is an expression not used in France. It originated in England, and was composed in imitation of *nom de guerre*, lit. a war-name, but now a name assumed for any purpose.

*THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE.*—Patience is generally associated with the milder virtues such as meekness; few connect it with fortitude, which is suggestive of strength and courage. But patience is both a passive and an active virtue, and fortitude is simply the former combined with courage.

“Many are the sayings of the wise.....”

Extolling patience as the truest fortitude.”

Milton.

*ENVY.*—Envy is an uneasiness of mind caused by the consideration of a good we desire obtained



by one we think should not have had it before us.—*Locke.*

ON THE VALUE OF TIME.—The moment should be improved; if suffered to pass away it may never return.—*Washington.*

BLUE-STOCKING is an expression used to describe a lady of superior education and learning; but it originated in the following way. A gentleman, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet by name, the grandson of the Bishop, used to attend Mrs. Montague's evening parties wearing a pair of blue worsted stockings. His conversation is said to have been so interesting that, whenever he was absent, the hostess declared that her evening was spoilt without the blue stockings. And so it came about that people who discussed learnedly were nicknamed blue stockings.

*School Teacher*: "Now, children, I want you all to keep so quiet that you could hear a pin drop."

A short pause, during which absolute silence is preserved.

*Small child*: "When are you going to let the pin drop, please, teacher?"

#### AT A SCHOOL TREAT.

*District Visitor*: "Do you like shortbread, Sissy?"

*Sissy*: "Not when it's so short that it won't go round, ma'am."

### Editorial Notes.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Romesh C. Dutt, the translator of the very interesting Bengali story "The Dewan's daughter," which we are now publishing in our magazine. We need not say how much we thank Mr. Dutt and the lady who has helped him for placing this story at our disposal. We hope that they will give us some more stories after this is finished. This is the letter from Mr. Dutt:—"The announcement that this story is translated into English by me is hardly correct, and does not do justice to the real translator,—the gifted daughter of a gifted father,—who has honoured me by render-

ing my Bengali novel into graceful English. It is true that she sent her translation to me for revision,—but the real work is hers, and the credit for undertaking the work, and doing it so well, is hers. I hope the fair translator will permit her name to be revealed;—Indian ladies will read the story with greater interest when they know the artist who has put it in its present garb."

The following is a copy of the inspection Report of the above school. The school is a good and progressing one and we wish it every success:—

#### The Girl's Normal School, Aligarh.

I visited the above school on the 11th March 1907, and found 51 girls present out of 56 on the roll. This school has been recently started and the attendance shows that it is going to prove a popular institution. Probably this is due to the fact that so many influential gentlemen are interested in the school. I was very pleased to meet two ladies (near relatives of Mr. Sheikh Abdulla, the Secretary of the Association) who supervises the work and has the interests of the institution at heart.

The present school building consists of two large class rooms and rents for Rs. 11 per mensem. "Doolies" at the rate of 24 per mensem are used for conveying the girls to school. Two mistresses and a woman-servant are also engaged for the school. The instruction given at present is of course, of a very elementary nature. The majority of the children are mere beginners, though I was pleased to find that six girls were able to read very fairly.

I had the pleasure of talking over matters with Mr. Sheikh Abdulla and Mr. Zia-ud-din Ahmad, a professor of the Aligarh College. These gentlemen inform me that they have already bought a site for the school building for Rs. 2,100. As soon as suitable accommodation is available, the authorities hope to have at least eight or ten girls as boarders. A training class for teachers will then be established. The present school will serve the purposes of a practising school for these teachers. As there is a large number of little girls attending school, it is the intention of the Secretary to open a Kindergarten department. Mr. Zia-ud-din Ahmad during his stay in Europe gained a great deal of useful knowledge regarding the Kindergarten system. It is his intention to introduce this system in Urdu for the benefit of the Institution. I understand there are several Mohammadan gentlemen who are interested in this school. They are anxious to do something for the furtherance of Female Education and the betterment of their community. At present it is practically an impossibility to obtain the services of a well educated Mohammadan



lady as the Principal of this Institution. It has been considered advisable therefore to engage a qualified European lady for the Principalship on Rs. 200 per mensem. It is for this purpose that memorialists need the aid of the Government. It appears that the Mohammadan community are not prepared to help in this matter, although they have contributed Rs. 13,000 already towards the building etc. Personally I consider the scheme a capital one. I strongly recommend that the Government give some substantial aid for two years for this purpose as a trial. It is natural that Mohammadan parents would have more confidence in their own community, so that this Institution should be a flourishing one in time. We may also expect this Institution to supply the United Provinces with competent teachers later on, the present state of affairs being almost hopeless. In conclusion, I wish this Institution all success and prosperity.

(Sd.) A. GANGA,

Inspectress of Girls' Schools,

I. Circle, U. Provinces.

## What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

**HOW TO ADVANCE HIGHER EDUCATION AMONG WOMEN.**—We have read with much satisfaction the following passage in the Convocation Address of the University of Madras by the Vice-Chancellor, Rev. Father Sewell. The Rev. Father said: "There is one important duty that will devolve upon you all as educated men and women, to which I cannot omit a short allusion. My interest in the subject makes me regret that time does not permit of my doing more. I speak of Female Education, and I would earnestly entreat of you to do all in your power to improve its condition. For many years I have heard exhortations given from this place and the graduates of each successive year urged to impress upon their unlettered countrymen the incalculable advantages, nay, I would rather say, the imperative necessity of educating their girls. Notwithstanding all that has been said, Female Education is still in a woefully backward state. I pray you bear in mind that to insist on it is a duty you owe to your country. Until the mothers in the land are educated, the training of its sons must ever be hampered and imperfect. It is, or should be, the mother who develops the first germs of thought in a child, and it is the mothers of a country that make the men of the country what they are. There is to me nothing more touching than the tender care with which a mother watches the first dawning of her child's mind, the winning perservance with which she encourages it to notice things around it, or the genuine pride with which she boasts of its first feats of observation. Indian children are often

accused of defective powers of observation. Can this be a matter for surprise, so long as the vast majority of Indian mothers are incapable of training their children in the use of these powers? If a mother is unable to plant the first seeds of knowledge in the child's mind, the want will assuredly be felt through life. I beg you, then, not to lose sight of the subject nor to be satisfied till there are as many girls under instruction as there are boys." Every well-wisher will scoff at those who place their reliance on it as a blasphemy. Is not the degradation of India due to the violation of the moral law? Is it not the nonobservance in fact and in practice of the principles and mutual love?

For some time past there has been a Society for the cultivation of the French language in Bombay. The other day the Society held its anniversary meeting under the presidency of His Excellency the Consul-General of France. After the presidential address, a jewelled gold locket set with rubies was presented to Miss Akhtar-un Nisa Tayebji—who had taken up French as an optional subject in her Matriculation and come out successful. Miss Akhtar-un Nisa belongs to the family of Mr. Amir-ud Din Tayebji, brother of the late-lamented Mr. Budr-ud Din Tayebji. Here is a fresh proof of the fact how an enlightened and cultured head of the family brings up the younger members irrespective of the disqualification usually held to attach to the female sex.

The management of the Calcutta Girls' High School at 150, Dharamtollah Street, an institution conducted by the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, are about to undertake extensive additions to the school premises.

Up to three or four years ago, the institution had on its books one hundred and twenty boarders, and in addition about double that number of day scholars. It had become one of the best known institutions of its kind in Calcutta and held a high place at the various University examinations.

Under the new educational regulations, the School Managers were directed by the Director of Public Instruction to reduce the number of boarders to eighty-six, for which number they were informed the existing accommodation provided. This order brought the school authorities face to face with a serious problem the issue of which was that to keep the school in line with affiliated institutions over thirty children had to be turned adrift, and new applications for admittance had to be refused. The first of course implied serious consequences to children whose studies were thus abruptly interfered with.

After much consideration it was eventually decided to extend the premises and increase the dormitory accommodation. The first plan was to add a storey to the premises (which were then three-storeyed); but that idea was found to be unworkable. It was then decided to make a big extension and to add a wing to the premises half as big as the present school. In this will be provided new dormitories, a Kindergarten hall and new teachers' quarters, and on the ground floor a complete and new sanitary installation on up-to-date Western lines will be erected.

The new regulations require that each child shall have a dormitory accommodation of seventy super-



ficial feet : the present space is fifty feet ; but the seventy feet space rule is based on a room height of ten feet, whilst in the Institution the dormitories are seventeen feet high and the school authorities claim that in view of this height and the fact that the dormitories are open on all sides to the wind and breeze, the premises as they stand are exceptionally healthy and that the excess height of the rooms above ten feet, might have been taken into account.

Plans have been prepared by Messrs. Mackintosh, Burn & Co. (who will also construct the new wing) and have been formerly sanctioned by the Education authorities. The estimated cost of the extension will be Rs. 60,000.

We regret to record the death of a great worker in the field of Female Education, at Benares, on Saturday the 20th inst. In noticing her death the *Statesman* writes :—"Such a life as that of Her Holiness Mataji Maharani Tapaswini would be impossible in any country other than India. Those who had no personal knowledge of her personality and work would find it difficult to realise the nature and extent of her influence. Her house was a place of pilgrimage and pious visitors from every part of India came to do her homage. Her power over the orthodox Hindu community was unrivalled, and it would be true to say that she wielded it with a single purpose to further the cause of what she conceived to be national righteousness."

Mrs. Hemantakumari Chaudhuri of Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, Calcutta, Lady Superintendent, Patiala Girls' High School, delivered a lecture in the Brahmo Mandir, Lahore, on Saturday, the 6th April, 1907. The subject of her address was "an appeal from a sister." The audience was unusually large and the lecture was much appreciated.

**THE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.**—*Monthly Report for March 1907.*—This month brings the first quarter of the year to a close. The number of inmates at the end of December was 75. At the end of March also it is 75, although 6 of the non-widow students joined the new boarding school for girls which Prof. Karve has started in Poona under the name of the "Mahila Vidyalaya" for the education mostly of non-widow students who cannot be admitted into the Home on account of the limitation of their number required by the Rules of the Home.

2. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale's work at Indore was very successful. She worked there nearly till the end of March. Over a dozen meetings, large and small, were held. People of different classes showed great sympathy and rendered willing help. Several young men worked very enthusiastically. The collections there came to Rs. 600 nearly.

Mrs. Venubai Nanjoshi had an occasion to go to Berar and she seized the opportunity to organize a meeting of ladies and gentlemen at Malkapur. Mr. Chandekar, the Tahsildar there, presided and Mr. V. B. Savji rendered great help.

3. A meeting of the Ladies' Committee was held at the Home in the third week.

4. A general meeting of the members of the Association was held on 31st March 1907, at the

house of Prof. R. P. Paranjpye of the Fergusson College. At the meeting, the annual report was adopted and the managing committee and other officers were appointed.

5. Prof. R. P. Paranjpye of the Fergusson College, has kindly assigned his life policy for Rs. 1,000 to the Widows' Home. In addition to the monthly contributions, Mr. S. N. Pandit has sent us a cheque for Rs. 500 to the Building Fund in memory of his son Vasantrao. Shrimati Soubhag-yavati Savitribai Saheb of Indore has given Rs. 100 to the Permanent Fund. These contributors have placed the Home under great obligations.

6. Mr. Joshi of Amraoti sent a parcel of oranges and Shrimati Gitabai Chandwadkar of Yeola, a bag of bajri. Several ladies at Indore presented pieces of bodice cloth.

7. Eighty-nine people visited the Home during the month, 34 being ladies, 51 gentlemen and 4 students. Of these, 37 came from Poona, 15 from Bombay, 12 from the Deccan, 9 from the Carnatic, 6 from Central India, 3 each from the Nizam's Dominions and Konkarn, and 4 from the Punjab. Among the visitors, the following may be specially mentioned :—Dr. Y. G. Apte of Gwalior, R. B. M. S. Kulkarni, Sub-judge, Ratnagiri, R. B. D. M. Patvardhan, Dist. Dy. Collector, Broach, R. B. K. B. Gokhale of Kolhapur, Dr. V. K. Kirlskar of Sholapur and Prof. Vishnubava Paluskar, Principal, Gandharva Maha Vidyalaya of Lahore.

8. The total number of contributors during the month was 441 and the total contributions amounted to Rs. 1,761.—KASHIBAI DEVDHAR, *Secretary*.

Another of those interesting intermuriages between two different sections of Kayesthas, took place lately when Miss Sisirbala, a grand-daughter of Sir Chunder Madhab Ghose was married to Mr. Hriday Krishna Bose, the youngest son of Mr. B. K. Bose, District Engineer of 24 Pargannas. The ceremony was held at Sir Chander Madhab's Bhowanipur residence.

Female education which is the main plank in Social Reform and in which while State legislation is not required, yet the Government evince such lively interest, has not reached beyond 0.80 per cent. of our women, for no other reason than that we are unmoving, unmoveable, talking automatons. Government need not legalise the removal of the grey or dark *purdah* from the face of your daughter or wife, but it hangs on there for centuries past and will hang on another century under the guard of the benevolent, gallant knights of the foremost city in the Empire. There are no laws binding on every bridegroom to exact the last pie out of him who bestows on him his 'dearest' on earth, but still while we are resolving and re-resolving, Bachelors and Masters of Laws decoy not a few humble parents every year. Far from excommunicating the foreign traveller, the Government extend liberal scholarships to such of those as are qualified, but here again not the Government law but the unwritten law of the land, the parent's protest, the friend's coldness, that mar the prospects of many a youth, that saves the country from Western influence! To allow before marriage a few more years for education and development to a girl or a boy ; to invite your non-Brahmin friend for a meal ; or to permit a child widowed daughter to remarry ; no one need or should expect a statute in the



Blue Book, but yet we have been waiting on and on patiently and perseveringly, yet without success, for the sanction of our grand-mother or grand daughter.

#### Ladies' Associations.

Enlightened Bengal is setting an example to other provinces. From time immemorial Bengalee women have always taken an active interest in the advancement of the country, and since a few decades Bengalee women have been advancing in all directions, and perhaps, it may not be new to many that there are in Bengal ladies who take an energetic part in the progress of Swadeshi. To gain the latter end several ladies' associations have been formed, and the members of one prominent association, the Outsahi Association are resolved to visit different houses and "discuss ethics and the state of the country." They will also teach one another mechanical arts." This resolution of the association is very laudable. How advanced these ladies' associations are in Bengal. Look at our own Ladies' Association in Calcutta. Beyond reading essays on such hackneyed subjects as female education and the inevitable Onam and Tiruvattira festivals they are quite innocent of such serious things as Swadeshi propagandism. But then, we are so behind the times in benighted Calcutta, along the whole line, whatever unselfish mode of activity it may be we need not despair.

The staff and girls of the Mylapore Girls' School, Madras, paid their respects to the Maharani of Rewa at her residence, the "Admiralty House." The function was a successful one, and was attended, among others by Lady Bhashyam Aiyengar. The programme commenced with a prayer sung from the famous Syamala Dandaka. The next item was a song in Tamil, expressing the gratitude of the girls to the Maharani for her sympathy with the cause of female education. The third item was a kirtan on the violin by two girls. Then came the performance of a Court scene in Telugu by four girls. The infants of the school sang an action song with their dolls, which was well appreciated. The girls of the First and Second Forms then acted in English a representation of a school at work, and the English song in the interlude was very excellent. Then the last item was a song, wishing long life to the Maharani and her family. The head mistress then read an address, expressing thankfulness for the donation of Rs. 5,000 made by the Maharani towards a building fund for the school and wishing her a long life to extend her sympathy and help to make the Institution grow into a High School for Women. The new building for the school, the site, and the estimates were all then explained, and sweetmeats and dolls were distributed to the girls. The staff and the girls took leave of the Maharani and returned to a musical farewell march, a special drill having been devised for the occasion.

**THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF HINDU WOMEN.—More Funds Needed.**—From time to time practical articles on this subject appear. But behind all their excellent writing the problem was being "worked out" by the small school of Hindu ladies at Mylapore, Madras, opened four months ago under the auspices of the National Indian Association and

the able direction of Mrs. Brander, of educational fame. About nineteen women assembled daily studying with so much zest and earnestness. Mrs. Brander directing their studies not so much by any strict rule-of-thumb methods, as with a view to that realisation of self and all the potentialities within one for good, pure, sweet, wholesome living.

But to-day the school is closed—temporarily let us hope—and why? The almost insuperable difficulties of getting young wives and mothers to assemble in one building for study—not to mention many others—have been successfully overcome, and now the whole fabric so strenuously raised falls before the paltry obstacle of want of funds. But surely the Hindu gentlemen of this Presidency need only to be told this to make it right. India's patient, long-neglected women deserve something better from their fathers and husbands than that such a work should languish for want of funds.

We must "take the current while it serves, or lose our ventures." Never did current serve better than now. Here are the men clamouring for education for their wives and daughters—here the women anxious to be taught—here the one fitted above all others by virtue of her thirty years of work amongst them to lead and inspire them. The money only is lacking.

Such an opportunity! Such grand issues hanging on it! But—who will pay? "Friends, I am sorry for this man to the extent of half a crown. How sorry are all of you?" said a burly working man in a crowd that had gathered around a man who had met with a bad accident in a London Street. How much is our sympathy worth in the matter in hand?

**MANGALORE GIRLS' SCHOOL.—Exhibition Day.**—MANGALORE, 18th April.—This year a new departure was made from the ordinary routine of life in St. Ann's Girls' High School, and the undoubted success that it was makes one only wonder why the Sisters of Carmel never thought of it in the past. We must put it down to the characteristic modesty of the nuns who have been content to see a great deal of good achieved without wishing to have it trumpeted abroad. The congregation of female educators stationed at St. Ann's has been working in South Canara and Malabar for over thirty years. In Mangalore itself they conduct a well-attended High School, a Boarding Institution for young ladies, a Lower and Upper Secondary Training Department, and two more branch institutions in the town. The Lady Superior of the institution and her staff have this year for the first time given an exhibition of the handiwork of the pupils, followed by specimens of calisthenics, elocution and music the exhibits which were artistically arranged in the entrance Hall comprised samples of drawings in pencil, black and coloured crayons, painting in water-colours and illuminating and every variety of useful and ornamental needlework. The results of the annual public examinations were graphically represented on black-boards from which it could be gathered that in the last five years the school presented 52 candidates for the Matriculation examination and passed 29, Out of 91 who appeared for the Teachers' Certificate Examination, 84 passed, while in the Lower Secondary and Primary examinations of the last three years out of 103 and 59, the school passed 98 and 49 respectively.



The music rendered by the school choir was a genuine treat. The vocal performances of the young ladies were extremely tuneful, and proved that this part of their education had received every attention. The action songs by the children of the Infant Class who looked very neat and trim in their snow-white dresses and paper bonnets, were most attractive and merited the hearty applause of the audience. A venturesome attempt was made in the representation of a number of scenes from Canto V of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and the success that crowned it should certainly embolden the students of the school, at an early date, to stage a complete drama. A *Ruinet Cup of Tea* was the nearest approach to a dramatic performance. It was a short play illustrative of the oddities of four gossiping characters engaged in discussing their neighbours over their tea. Hearty congratulations are due to the teachers of St. Ann's for having furnished so enjoyable an evening to their many friends and well-wishers.

Her Highness the enlightened Begum of Bhopal is to be congratulated on her evident resolve to educate her subjects by all means. Her energy appears to be more than masculine, and she seems to be more of a man than many of the crowned heads of the stronger sex. She frequently goes on tour throughout her little principality, and wherever she goes, she seldom fails to play the role of the benevolent autocrat exhorting her people to rise and move on. The Begum is a real ornament to Indian rule, and her example might be very profitably followed both in British India and many of the less advanced Native States.

Lady Minto, who has proceeded to England, hopes to discuss with the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava the improvement of the Dufferin Fund.

THE MADHAVDAS RAGHOONATHDAS WIDOWS' HOME.—Within the last few days we have received two letters from the Central Provinces and Upper India, enquiring if there are any Widows' Homes in those parts of the country like Mr. Karve's Home in Poona. So far as we know there are none, though it may be possible in a few suitable cases to get provision made in respectable families for them. This plan is, however, obviously not capable of expansion. There is a growing necessity felt of Widows' Homes everywhere. The old prejudice against such Homes has died out chiefly on account of the splendid example of the Poona Home, and to some extent also on account of an improvement in the feeling in such matters. How profound the change is and to what extent it is the sign of healthier and purer modes of thought, are evident from the significant fact that not only young widows but unmarried girls also are often sent to the Poona Home. There is a class of critics who sneer at the social reform movement and Social Conferences but those who understand these things will not fail to be struck with the fundamental changes in our points-of-view which have been wrought by these movements. Twenty years ago no Widows' Home had a chance of getting inmates. To-day the demand for such Homes is increasing on all sides.

We, in Bombay, should make haste to establish such a home here as early as possible. The death of Mrs. Madhavas Raghoonathdas has accentuated the need of it. Our suggestion that a Widows' Home should be started in commemoration of her great services to widows, has met with approval in many quarters. Several of our contemporaries have endorsed it. We have received a cheque for Rs. 30 from Mr. G. C. Whitworth, late of the Bombay Civil Service now in England, to be handed over to the Funds of the Madhavas Memorial Home and have been asked by a few other English readers to be informed of the development of the suggestion. Friends in Bombay, and other parts of the country are very anxious to start the movement as soon as possible. What is wanted is that some one should devote himself to the work of collecting money and organising the institution after the manner of Professor Karve. The difficulties in the present case will be much less than what Mr. Karve had to meet. There is practically no opposition to overcome. An eminent friend has suggested that the present writer should devote himself to the work, but beside the total lack of almost all the qualifications needed for the mission, the work he has already on hand is about as much as he can hope to keep going. We shall gladly do all that we can to help any one who undertakes the work.

EAST AND WEST WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HELP.—*Touching Farewell to Lady Rivaz.*—Of the many demonstrations of regret which have marked the departure of Sir Charles and Lady Rivaz from the Punjab, none is more significant than the *puṛdale* party given to Lady Rivaz, at the Lady Aitchison Hospital for Women, Lahore, on February 16. Three hundred ladies gathered to bid farewell to Lady Rivaz, President of the Hospital Committee. A Mohammedan lady read an address in Urdu, from which the following extracts are taken; they show the kindly spirit which Lady Rivaz has always endeavoured to foster between Eastern and Western Women.

"We, the women of the Punjab, representative members of all the three communities—Hindus, Muhammadans and Christians—beg leave to give expression to the feelings of obligation and indebtedness with which our hearts are full.

"The epoch of Sir Charles Rivaz, whose co-adjutrix and helper you have been, especially in all matters relating to our sex, has been a remarkable one.

"This is not the time to recount all your acts of goodness for which we feel so grateful, nor is it easy to do so. This period will always stand prominent on account of the valuable and generous help given to Female Education. The foundation of a High School for Indian girls is a noble work that will always endear your name to the mothers of this country.

"The friendly parties, which you have been so kindly giving us from time to time, have proved very beneficial in helping Social Reform. They have broken down some of the barriers that kept us estranged from each other, and have thus succeeded in bringing the Indian and European ladies nearer each other than they were before.

"We again feel very grateful to remember that you always took a keen and hearty interest in this



hospital. Your good example has served to impress upon our minds that to help such an Institution is a work of true honour and charity.

"Hence on this, the eve of your departure from our country, we can see no better way to commemorate your interest in us than to form a *Women's League of Help* to give assistance to this Institution and collect for other objects.

"The spirit of charity is not wanting in this country where religion takes so important a place in our lives. A league of this kind is being formed, and we hope it will make steady progress. When working as members of this league, we shall remember your charity and generosity. We conclude by saying that we shall always remember the true sympathy, affection and kindness with which you have won our hearts.

"We pray that happiness and prosperity may ever attend you, your gracious husband, and your family."

The address, on illuminated parchment, was presented to Lady Rivaz by the wife of the Hon. Justice Chatterji, and also an exquisitely carved ivory box of finest Delhi work by the wife of Nawab Sahiba Zolphiqar Ali Khan, on behalf of all her Indian friends.

Lady Rivaz made a short speech in acknowledgment of the affection and regard thus shown to her; there were wet eyes and loudly expressed regrets when she finally took leave of the assembly and drove away.

Such a gathering as this marks an epoch in the history of the advancement of Indian womanhood towards more independence of thought and action, and it is hoped that the projected Indian "*Women's League of Help*" will open up a still wider outlook for all who join it.

**INDUSTRIAL TRAINING OF WOMEN.**—The activity that is now going on in Bengal is an all-round one. It is widely known that political emancipation is not the only thing the Bengalee has set his eyes upon. Economic and industrial questions are receiving attention in Bengal equally with political questions. The birth of several cotton mills and factories clearly indicate the practical side of the Bengalee character. Now there is a movement on foot to give industrial training to Bengalee women. Silpa Samity, a society, which has been registered under the Indian Companies Act, has taken upon itself the task of promoting industrial education among the womenfolk of Bengal. The Samity has taken over several Technical Schools for girls from private management to be worked on extensive scales. It is under contemplation to start a Free Day School where technical and industrial instruction will be given for girls. Verily, Bengal is setting examples day by day for her sister Provinces to follow.

Sir Arthur Lawley's recent visit to the Narayanaswamy Mudaliar's Girls' School at Arcot has drawn attention to an institution which has already done much to promote female education in the Madras Presidency. Founded in 1899, the school soon developed into an important establishment with 140 girls on its rolls. A second institution was started in 1904 to meet the requirements of high-caste Hindus in another part of the town. Both these schools have been recognised by the Education Department and their collective attendance, according to the latest report, now amounts to 266 pupils. The founder,

after whom these establishments are known, crowned his liberality by the establishment and endowment of an orphanage and technical institutions for poor girls and boys also, thus extending to the lower classes the benefits enjoyed by the upper.

**A WOMAN AND A SNAKE.**—A correspondent gives the *Rozana Paisa Akhbar* an account of the exemplary courage and presence of mind displayed by a woman in Bhopal, in an encounter with a snake. She was grinding wheat when she felt something crawling within her clothes. She caught hold of its mouth and then realised that it was a serpent. Far from being frightened, she tightened her grasp, and sent for her husband, who had gone out for prayers. But her husband could not help her; he could not even drag the serpent out, nor could the other neighbours who had come for assistance. Finally she told them to go away, pulled off her clothes, and threw the serpent against the wall, killing it. Immediately she resumed her work, but shortly afterwards another serpent appeared, and made its way towards her, and this one she killed with her shoes.

## News and Notes.

**WOMEN AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.**—Miss Ida Smedley, D. Sc., in the *World's Work* summarises the position of women in regard to the scientific societies. She writes:—"One of the surest signs of the gradual acceptance of women as fellow-workers in the different branches of science is seen in the attitude of the scientific and learned societies. Many of these are still not open to women, but scientific societies recently founded no longer exclude them. It is a point of some interest that under these old charters married women are excluded, as they were unable to form part of an incorporated body, and a distinction might be made between married and single women. It appears, therefore, that a new charter is necessary to ensure the validity of their admission and to remove all disabilities. The charter of the Royal Astronomical Society, for example, dates from the time of King Charles II., and a new charter will have to be obtained before the admission of women to its Fellowship can be legalised. The most obvious way for women to work for their admission is by the production of work of a sufficient level of excellence to show that by their continued exclusion a considerable number are affected."

Miss A.C. Maitland, Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, died recently at the age of fifty-seven. Her public work began again in connection with the Liverpool Domestic Science Training School, and she acted for fifteen years as Examiner for the National Union of Schools of Domestic Economy, publishing several works on this department of women's education. In 1889 Miss Maitland was appointed Principal of Somerville College, which has prospered under her management, the number of students having increased from thirty-five to eighty-three.



Miss Martha E. Johnson, who was elected tax collector of Laconia, N.H. a year ago, has submitted her first annual report. It proves she has performed the duties of the office so well that there will be a smaller list of delinquents than ever before. Instead of sitting in her office day after day, sending out bills and waiting for people to come to her, she has gone to them. Of the \$100,978.05 placed in her hands to collect, she has collected \$90,164.24, and is confident that she will gather in the greater part of the few thousands yet unpaid. She has also collected over one thousand dollars which stood on the old tax lists.

Mme. Juliette Adaro, the famous French woman of letters, says in a recent symposium: "Why should not women vote, when they bear part of the burden of social taxes and are able to take charge of a household whenever necessary? No banker in France will, from a business standpoint, deny that a household in which a woman takes active part is more solid, more worthy of credit than any other. I am absolutely convinced that the family, the race, the weaker, will be taken better care of when women have a share in legislation."

Queen Taitu, the consort of King Menelik, is described as an elderly and dignified lady, good looking according to the Ethiopian view, and a great stickler for etiquette. She leads a sedentary life, but occasionally shows herself in public seated on a gorgeously caparisoned mule, and surrounded by court ladies similarly mounted. Nobody who has not been formally presented must gaze on her except from a distance. In the palace grounds is a large kitchen garden which is one of the queen's hobbies. The moment her red umbrella appears, all the gardeners must make themselves invisible.

Eva McDonald Valesh contributes to the *American Federationist* for March a long and very clear article on Child Labour. A careful analysis of the Census Bulletin on Child Labour proves it to be so inadequate as to rouse "the suspicion that it was intended to counteract the present agitation on the subject." She follows this with a summary of Beveridge's speech before the Senate. Copious extracts are presented, including Beveridge's abstract of the various State Child Labour laws as well as the text of his bill. The author closes her valuable contribution to Child Labour literature with a few remarks on the mooted question of the constitutionality of the bill, and on the present status of public opinion as to *Federal v. State Legislation*.

Mrs. French Sheldon says that the African women are native artists in their designs for basket decorations. They adorn all the household utensils with elaborate patterns, are great at bead work and show considerable power of invention.

Lady Jane Steel, of Edinburgh, Mrs. Alice Clark, of Street, Somerset, a granddaughter of John Bright, and several other women in Great Britain have just refused to pay their income tax on the ground that "a

Parliament in which no women are represented has no right to levy taxes upon women without their consent."

Mrs. Clarissa Truitt of Kokomo, Indiana, ninety-seven years old, is reported as saying, "The present generation knows nothing about hardships." In her youth she was left a widow in Delaware, and went West with her young children, travelling to Indiana by wagon. She did her cooking at night along the way, and walked by the side of the wagon a thousand miles.

Queen Margherita was a steady friend of Carducci, the late Italian poet of freedom, although among his clerical enemies he was known as "Satan's Bard." Once, when he was greatly in need of aid, she bought his library, with the understanding that he might keep it as long as he lived. Last year, she secretly bought his house, meaning after his death to turn it into a Carducci Museum.

Mrs. Anna F. Costonhas, Staten Island, New York, is the oldest laboratory and factory. It is where the distress signals, her own invention used in the army and navy, the revenue service and the life-saving and lighthouse bureaus, are manufactured. The signal burns with a strong red-white-blue flame for two minutes, and is visible twenty miles away. The formula is a secret.

Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, President of the New York Women's Auxiliary of the S. P. C. A., has evolved a promising scheme for the benefit of old fire horses. She proposes to establish on Long Island a home for crippled and aged fire horses, where they can spend their last days after being dismissed from service. Heretofore the New York fire horses, after their days of usefulness, have been sold at auction, and their treatment by their new owners is often not what it should be. In an appeal to 500 assembled teamsters, a story was told of a crippled fire-engine horse sold to an Italian, who beat him cruelly because every time the fire-engines came by the old horse tried to gallop after them.

RUSSIAN GIRL MURDERER.—Tatiana Leontiff, the Russian girl, who shot M. Muller, a gentleman of independent means residing at Paris, in an hotel at Interlaken on September 1, 1906, mistaking him for M. Durnovo, a former Russian Minister, was brought to trial before the Overland Assize Court, on March 25. The accused declared that she mistook M. Muller for M. Durnovo, who had been condemned to death by the Russian fighting Socialist Revolutionary Maximalist organisation, to which she belonged. The indictment stated that owing to hereditary taint and to irritability of the nervous system and to mental derangement with which she had been afflicted a short time ago, the accused showed symptoms of degeneracy, so that her criminal act was committed while she was in a state of attenuated responsibility. The gendarmes confirmed the statements in the indictment. They said the accused had for a long time obstinately maintained the belief that she had killed M. Durnovo and would not admit



her error. The accused confessed that she had been party to a plot against General Trepoff. The affair at the winter Palace caused her to decide definitely in favour of revolution. She refused to answer the questions put to her about her movements and her preparations for the crime. She quietly avowed that she belonged to the fighting organization, whose sentence one carried out. There were two groups of terrorists, and the mission which she had been ordered to carry out had been confined to her by the Socialist Revolutionary Maximalist section. She then made a declaration, the substance of which was that she wished to kill M. Durnovo, as he was a representative of capitalism and the aristocracy and the organizer of pogroms. The President asked her whether she did not regret the murder of an inoffensive old man. She replied that she had certainly not done it on purpose, but as a Socialist she did not regret that she had been the means of removing a member of a *bourgeois* and capitalistic society. She was indignant with M. Durnovo because he hired bands of ruffians. A sensation was then caused by the prisoner declaring that she had refused to make any statement at the preliminary inquiry into the murder because she had been ill-treated. According to her statement, the examining Magistrate wished to have her photographed for the tenth time and she refused. Thereupon in spite of all she could say, the Magistrate and the gendarmes tore off her dress, the gendarmes holding her hands while the Magistrate took her by the throat and pressed her against the wall. According to her story, she then spat in the Magistrate's face, and said that she would answer no questions.

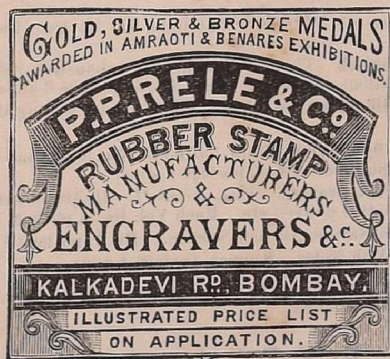
A series of meetings on Indian questions arranged by the Liverpool Branch of the Indian Famine Prevention Union and addressed by Mr. Parameshwar Lall, M.A., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vice-President of the London Indian Society, took place on April 10, 11, and 14. On April 10, Mr. Lall spoke at the Church Hall of the Hope Street Unitarian

Church on the Industrial Revival in India. He pointed out how once Indian manufacturers had been famous all the world over, how they had been crushed by the selfish policy of the East India Company, and how an effort was now being made to revive them. He asked the audience to get their representatives in Parliament to urge upon the Government of India the necessity for founding technical schools in all the towns in India, so that Indian students might learn in India the various trades of scientific and commercial methods.

On April 11, he spoke at the studio of Mrs. Style, by kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Style. Mr. Style, is Treasurer of the Liverpool Branch. His subject was "The Indian National Congress." He showed how the Congress had been started as an expression of the loyalty felt by the educated classes for British Government and with the desire to interpret its wishes to the people, and the people's wishes to it, and how its ultimate aim was local self-Government for India such as that enjoyed by the Colonies. He proved that Indians were ready for local self-Government by the way they acquitted themselves when given responsible administrative, scientific and literary appointments.

On April 14th, Mr. Lall addressed a meeting of men in Crescent Congregational Church, Everton, by kind invitation of the Minister, the Rev. J. Mathieson Torson. His subject was The Present Condition of the people of India. He showed that the people of India were the poorest people in the world, that farmers were periodical that they had to support the most extensive of all Governments, a Government by foreigners. The only cure for this was self-Government.

Mr. Lall also addressed a class of men and boys in connection with the Friends Meeting House, Berkenhead, on "The Burdens of India." There were three in number.—"The Burden Military, The Burden of a Foreign Government and the Burden of a material and moral drain. He urged upon his audience to do all that lay in their power to relieve India.





## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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