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HEAVEN'S TREASURE.

I stood at Heaven's gate,
My treasure in my hand,
With confidence to wait,
Yet God gave no command.
"Oh, let me in!" I cried,
But never voice replied.

I turned away in pride,
Holding my treasure fast,
I wandered far and wide
Till the long day had passed;
Then, faint and weary, lay
Beside the narrow way.

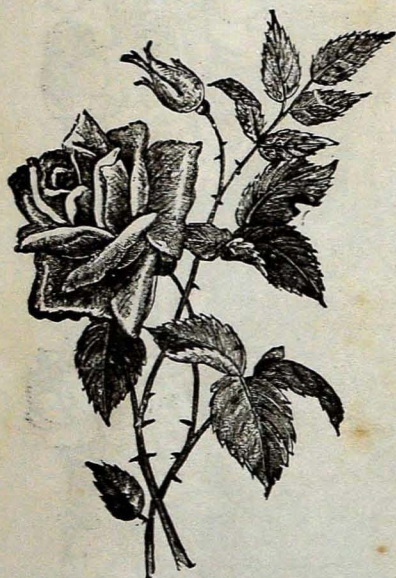
God's city of pure gold
Makes earthly gold look dim;
What then, of all I hold,
Is worthy gift for Him?
Before that silent gate
How hopelessly I wait!

Where heavenly ways ascend
Some little child, perchance,
Who knew me once as friend,
May turn a pitying glance,
And say, "Blest Father, see,
A beggar pleads to Thee."

All treasures earth had prized
Are proved a foolish dream;
Heaven seeks what earth despised,
And its stern portals seem
Fast closed against my pride;
What can I bring beside?

"That I have nought, I know,
And nothing am," I cried;
I raised my eyes, and lo!
Heaven's gate stood open wide,
"Come in," the Master said;
I followed where He led.

Balin and Balan.



TENNYSON'S *Idylls of the King* introduce us, as it were, into an old world, the old world of romance and high honour, of chivalry and knighthood, of sweet love and gentle ladyhood. A peep into such a treasure-house will well repay our efforts, especially in these days of hard utilitarianism. Where have we now that eager pursuit after honour and honour only, that loyal obedience to and worship of the king, that manly protection of gentle ladies, that chivalrous love of beauty—which enveloped the whole of that old world in an atmosphere of mystic romance and irresistible charm? Gone are those old beautiful days, except in a few rare instances. We are supposed to spend our days more profitably now than those ancient knights did; but surely we have lost a great deal which made life then worth living for!

Balin and Balan is one of the most touching of these *Idylls*. It is a story of youthful ambition and eager hope, which tries to soar high into lofty realms of pure idealism. But the time is not favourable for such an eager flight, the conditions are inimical, and the effort fails, apparently with not the slightest hope of its realization. A few characteristics are noticeable in this *Idyll*. There is no heroine in it, as there is in every other *Idyll*, except the first and last ones, and the *Idyll of the Holy Grail*. The love of women, also, does not enter directly into the *Idyll*. There is, of course, the idealism of the Queen, which runs through almost every one of the *Idylls*, and there is also, at the end, the evil result accruing from a wicked woman's false statements. But women do not enter directly into our story. Neither is the theme of the *Idyll* the working out of an evil passion or of a wicked nature.

A holy purpose runs through this *Idyll*, as through *The Holy Grail*; and, as in the latter,

the purpose fails; but the failure is not due so much to a flaw in itself, as to the unsuitability of outward circumstances. Arthur had formed his Round Table with the earnest purpose of promoting God's holy purposes. But Arthur's Court, once so stainless, has been undermined by secret sin. And the canker of the sin has been eating its way into the fair fruit, till the result is that there is corruption everywhere. The best of the knights have flaws in their natures; and where a young and pure heart is seeking perfection, even where there is no inner malformation, the outward conditions are not favourable. Moreover, the young heart has been trained in a wicked nursery, and so, all unknown to itself, with the best of intentions, its holy ideal is thwarted.

Word is brought to King Arthur one day that

"There be two strange knights
Who sit near Camelot at a fountain side,
A mile beneath the forest, challenging
And overthrowing who comes."

Possessed by the "light-winged spirit of his youth," Arthur rides out to encounter them and sees

Balin and Balan, sitting statuelike,
Brethren, to right and left the spring."

To his question of their purpose in sitting there, they answer,

"For the sake
Of glory; we be mightier men than all
In Arthur's Court; that also have we proved."

But Arthur easily defeats them, returns to his Court, and sends for them; and when they come, enquires their names. They are two brothers, Balin and Balan. Strange to say, Balin is one of Arthur's own knights, sent by him on a three-years' exile, because he had not been able to control his quick temper but had done violence to a servant who had spoken evil of him. Balan, who Balin calls "his better," is the latter's good spirit, for, says Balin, "I had often wrought some fury on myself, saving for Balan." Their purpose had been, after the three years had been over, to defeat all the knights who came against them, so that Arthur would gladly take Balin back as a worthy knight. But they are not ashamed to own their defeat by one of Arthur's own knights, whom they do not know to be Arthur himself. The king is very much pleased by this frank confession, and asks Balin to return to his Court.

Rise, my true knight! As children learn, be thou
Wiser for falling, walk with me, and move
To music with thine Order and the King."

So Sir Balin and Sir Balan become King Arthur's knights. Let us here pause for a moment to see the development of Balin's character. It is

a mixture of inconsistencies. At first, he is a high-spirited youth, full of impatient intolerance and self-pride, unable to bear an injury against himself. He has a fierce temper and has been nick-named "the Savage." But, at the same time, we notice a proper self-respect, which, if it had been restrained by reason and, in unison with other qualities, directed into the right channel, would have made the perfect man of him he longed to be. But there had been no such restraint and Balin had fallen. What does Pope say?

"Two principles in human nature reign :
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all ;
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole."

But Balin had been trained by his three-years' exile and by the restraining influence of his brother. At the beginning of our Idyll, there is again the note of intolerant self-pride. "We be mightier men than all in Arthur's Court." But this pride is not so self-absorbent now that it cannot gracefully take a rebuff. They are utterly defeated, and yet are not daunted or ashamed, but set themselves to their purpose again. Balin's is a nature of perseverance and undaunted courage. Notice again his ambition. It is the right sort of ambition, which is anxious to redress the wrong done and be taken back by the King. Balin is still a youth and is an ardent hero-worshipper. He worships the King : "those three king-less years were wormwood bitter to me, King." He loves and worships his brother also : "Make, as ten times worthier to be thine than twenty Balins, Balan knight." Notice again another characteristic of hot-headed youth. He is very impatient ; the three years of exile had been as bitter medicine to him. He cannot bear to be quiet, doing nothing. His desire is to be always up and doing some great thing. But this very impatience points to a good trait in him, his great courage and his great desire for glory—in other words, his undaunted ambition, which we have already noticed. Balin's is indeed a nature of gold. He is very frank-hearted. He is not ashamed to acknowledge the good his brother has done him. He is not ashamed to acknowledge his own faults. Above all, he is not ashamed to own his own recent defeat. "His too fierce manhood will not let him lie," as King Arthur himself says

"Too fierce manhood" is, in fact, the key-note of Balin's character. And too fierce manhood can be perverted into unbounded anger and impatience, but it can also be moulded into

boundless energy and undaunted zeal, which will carry all difficulties before it.

"The fire of Heaven is on the dusty ways,
The wayside blossoms open to the blaze,
The whole word-world is one full peal of praise.
The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell,
The fire of Heaven is lord of all things good,
The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell."

Balin begins his new knight-life under the right influences. There is keen dissatisfaction with himself, there is high resolve,—

"Now would strictlier set himself
To learn what Arthur meant by courtesy,
Manhood and knighthood."

There is good example before him—the example of his brother, of King Arthur, and of the other great knights. There is kind love and encouragement shown towards him

"Good my brother, hear !
Let not thy moods prevail, when I am gone ;
Truly save for fears,
My fears for thee, so rich a fellowship
Would make me wholly blest : thou one of them,
Be one indeed : consider them, and all
Their bearing in the common bond of love,
No more of hatred than in Heaven itself,
No more of jealousy than in Paradise."

He is humble now and willing to learn from others. An ardent hero-worshipper, he has found a hero to admire and follow—the great Lancelot himself. He thinks also that he has found the necessary stimulus for himself :

"This worship of the Queen,
That honour too wherein she holds him,
This was the sunshine that hath given the man
A growth, a name that branches over the rest,
And strength against all odds.
Shall I pray the King
To let me bear some token of his Queen
Whereon to gaze, remembering her—forget
My heats and violences ? live afresh ?"

And the result of all this is, for the moment, good ; for he is able to curb his wrath, which rises afresh when he sees the servant, whom he had once nearly beaten to death.

But Balin has also many mistakes. There is the great disadvantage of his brother, his good angel, not being with him. There is his own want of faith. Doubts arise too quickly.

"Balin, marvelling oft
How far beyond him Lancelot seemed to move,
Groaned, and at times would mutter, 'These be
gifts,
Born with the blood, not learnable, divine,
Beyond my reach ;"

and again

"Too high this mount of Camelot for me :
These high-set courtesies are not for me,
Shall I not rather prove the worse for these

He has too much confidence in himself. He is in too great a hurry to make good resolves.

Thoughtlessly, he adopts an ideal, which he has not weighed. And his ideal is too high-flown. This enthusiasm is too great and too unstable to last long. The Queen smiles at him, the King laughs at him :

"Thou shalt put the crown to use,
The crown is but the shadow of the King,
And this a shadow's shadow, let him have it,
So this will help him of his violences."

And Balin has not the true obedience of the soldier. He even dares to criticize the King. The King, he says, "overprizes gentleness." Moreover, a little jealousy seems to enter into his worship of the Queen :

"I never can be close with her, as he
That brought her hither."

But, with all his faults, how pathetic is it to see him striving for perfection ! In his young innocence, all ignorant as he is of the sin and the corruption of the contaminated court, his ideal is but the shadow of a shadow, and yet it is life itself for him :

"No shadow, O my Queen,
But light to me ! No shadow, O my King,
But golden earnest of a gentler life !"

Was it his fault, if the ideal was not true enough and powerful enough to guide him aright ?

But, while Balin "strove to learn the graces of their Table, fought hard with himself, and seemed at length in peace," the affairs of the King were in quick progression. Pellam, a tributary king of King Arthur, had failed of late to send his tribute. The King sends him a deputation, which discovers that Pellam is leading too saintly a life to interfere with the matters of the world, in consequence of which Garlon, his heir rebels against Arthur, insults him and does every sort of sacrilege. King Arthur, on hearing this, and also on being told of a reputed demon of the woods, who was once a bad man, but now had become a Fiend, rides away with his best knights and with Sir Balan, to avenge the insult and the sacrilege.

Balin is left alone to indulge his bad and his good fancies. One day he sees a sight, which disillusion him a little of his high ideal of the Queen. He finds that there is something wrong in the close intimacy existing between Sir Lancelot and the Queen. But, like the true knight that he is, Balin thinks he has heard and seen wrong, blames himself for not seeing right, thinks it is all his own fault, and rides away, blind in his rage with himself. On the way, he meets with a woodman, who tells him of the Demon of the woods. Balin is too immersed in himself to listen to the tale ; but, later on, seeing what he thinks to be an unexplainable shape of shadow and light, he flies from it and arrives in King Pellam's castle.

Here, he is asked the meaning of the sign of the crown-royal upon his shield. He answers that it is "for the fairest and the best of ladies." Here we see his youthful innocence and his courageous faith, which will not be shaken by even what he has seen with his own eyes. Truly all young enthusiasts should be like this ! Love is trust ! The same trusting faith he again shows in his defence of the Queen, for when Garlon accuses her of impurity, Balin longs to throw the goblet at Garlon ; but, poor lad ! the memory of his token restrains him ; "I will be gentle," he says. But, again and again, the same accusation is launched at him, and Balin is unable to hold himself in any longer. He leaps upon Garlon and smites him hard. Meanwhile, a hue and cry is raised against him, and Balin escapes into Pellam's chapel. From thence, in his impatience unknowingly doing sacrilege, he escapes into the outside wood, halts and looks at his shield with a shamed heart, for he has broken his resolution and given in again to the furies which had once possessed him. In his humility and in his shame, the poor youth discards the shield as too high for him :

"I have shamed thee so that now thou shamest
me,
Thee will I bear no more."

He hangs the shield high on a bough and turns away to cast himself on the ground and bemoan "his violences."

Meanwhile, a damsel called Vivien, with her Squire, rides into the wood. She is a wicked woman, but has the appearance of a charming and innocent lady. She sees the shield, she sees the fallen knight and she accosts the latter and tells him a pretended story of how she has escaped from a wicked King and desires to be led to King Arthur. But Balin refuses the honour, crying :

"Thither no more ! nor Prince
Nor knight am I, but one that hath defamed
The cognizance she gave me ; here I dwell
Savage among the savage woods, here die—Die ;
O me, that such a name as Guinevere's,
Which our high Lancelot hath so lifted up,
And been thereby uplifted, should thro' me,
My violence and my villainy, come to shame."

But, Vivien, when she hears this, laughs aloud, and tells him something about the Queen, which Balin, in his dark hour of weakness and remembering what he had already seen, believes implicitly :

"She ceased ; his evil spirit upon him leapt,
He ground his teeth together, sprang with a yell,
Tore from the branch, and cast on earth, the shield,
Drove his mailed heel athwart the royal crown,
Stamp'd all into defacement, hurled it from him
Among the forest weeds, and cursed the tale,
The told-of, and the teller."

Balin's wild scream has a result quite unexpected. It falls on the ears of Balan, who has been concealed in the forest, waiting for the demon. He thinks the savage yell to be the demon's, rides up, and sees the defaced shield and the marred crown. Naturally he has not known anything of Balin's adoption of the Queen's crown as his token. He thinks Balin to be the fiend. Both attack each other, and both, mortally wounded, fall down senseless. The wicked Vivien rides away and the dying brothers are left alone. In a little while, Balan opens his eyes :

"O Balin, Balin, I that fain had died
To save thy life, have brought thee to thy death,
Why had ye not the shield I knew? and why
Trampled ye thus on that which bare the crown?"

Balin tells him his story and Balan groans again and tells him who Vivien is and how false her tale must be. He believes the Queen to be pure :

"Pure as our own true Mother is our Queen."

Alas and alas for Balin !

"O brother !" answered Balin, "woe is me !
My madness all thy life has been thy doom,
Thy curse and darkened all thy day ; and now
The night has come."

Balan answered low

"Good-night, true brother here ! Good-morrow there,
We two were born together, and we die
Together by one doom ;" and while he spoke
Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep
With Balin, either locked in either's arm."

So the brothers die. Dark and mournful seems their death, but surely there are compensations? Balin's faith in the Queen has been revived. That is life itself for him. He has tried his best to gain a perfect life. The dark result is not altogether his fault. He dies with an unselfish desire on his lips. His last cry, his last moan is for his brother. And Balan's love is not lost to him. Through sorrow and joy, through sin and strife, the two brothers are together. Truly their love is enough for each other ! And one more compensation and the best of all. They die together, locked in each other's arms !

PADMINI.

Those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course, that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those that are busy ; for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as over-exertion of either is avoided. If all men and women were kept at some useful employment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

Female Education in Japan.



SOME days ago I came across an official volume on the "Educational System of Japan" of which the author is no less an educationist than Principal Sharp of the Elphinstone College, Bombay. In the book I saw a chapter on Female education, and, thinking

that the information would prove useful to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, I took the following random notes from the chapter.

Primary education in Japan is as obligatory upon girls as upon boys. After the primary stage, the education of girls is separated from that of the boys. Girls then enter the *Girls' Higher Schools* where, in official language, the object is "to form character, and to impart knowledge calculated to make good wives and wise mothers." The first girls' school founded was the *Tokyo Girls' School* (1872). From 1872 to 1890, female education was steadily on the increase. But the decade ending with 1900 was a period of reaction. Since that year, however, girls' schools have multiplied, and today, all told, there are more than 80 schools, Government, Public and Private. There is one girls' school for every 1,830 square miles and for every population of 575,000 souls. The work of the schools is supervised by Inspectors. The school-buildings essentially include a covered exercise-room and space for play and drill.

The class rooms, which contain accommodation for 30 or 40 girls, are airy and well lit,—in some cases, with electric light. The equipment includes a reference library for teachers and a reading-room, in most instances, for the pupils. Not infrequently, dormitories for 50 or 60 girls are attached to the institution. In the model school, namely the *Third Girls' School* of Tokio Prefecture, a separate little building, fitted up as a Japanese house, is devoted to teaching etiquette ; and a large room is provided for the reception of parents and guardians who may inspect in an adjoining hall specimens of their girls' drawing and penmanship. A cooking class room is also in progress. 15 out of the 24 teachers are women. The majority of the pupils in public girls' schools are day students.

The school hours are from 8 to 2 or from 9 to 3 according to season. There is a recess between 12 and 1, and an interval of 10 minutes at the end of each hour. The regular course of studies is arranged for 4 years. The curriculum includes morals, Japanese and foreign languages (English or French), history, geography, mathematics, science, drawing, household management, sewing, music, and gymnastics. There are also cooking classes and English conversation classes. A good deal of time is devoted to Japanese etiquette, the girls being taught how to serve tea, how to entertain a guest, how to behave on a marriage occasion, etc.—Instruction of an advanced character is given in the *Japan Women's University*, started in 1900, in which there are now about 1,150 pupils. It has lecture-rooms, laboratory, residences for professors, and dormitories. To prevent higher education disqualifying the girls for home life, the dormitories or hostels are divided into a number of blocks called "homes" accommodating about 25 girls each under the supervision of a matron. Here the girls cook and wash for themselves and "keep home." Altogether there are 600 inmates in the dormitories. A special dormitory presided over by a foreign professor accommodates girls inclined to adopt foreign ways of living. Count Okuma of recent newspaper fame is the president of the council of management. 5 of the 39 professors are ladies. The courses of instruction comprise domestic science, Japanese literature, and English literature. Some of the subjects included under these heads are ethics, psychology, physiology, applied physics and chemistry, domestic and political economy, hygiene, history, philosophy, child-nursing, etc. Art, music, and physical training will be introduced also. Each of the courses mentioned above covers 3 years. All the subjects are not compulsory; some are optional. Students may choose any one of the three courses. Girls below 17 and those who have not completed their preparatory course are not admitted.—Japan can also boast of industrial education for its women: The *Girls' Industrial School, Incorporated*, at Tokio, won prizes not only at Japanese exhibitions but also at the Paris and Chicago exhibitions! The industrial school at Kagoshima in the south of the island has turned out a thousand graduates.

Technical instruction is given in, among other subjects, sewing, knitting, embroidery, artificial flower-making, drawing and painting, and cookery.

The Diamond and its Various Uses.



THE question of the origin of the diamond is still in dispute. Some assign it a volcanic source. Often found in meteorites, it has aptly won the appellation of "a heavenly gift." To the general public it is simply the most precious of all the natural products. The poor admire it, and the affluent own and cannot but wear it. The man of science complacently styles it, "A piece of crystallized carbon," and ventures to produce it in his laboratory, and hopes,—though now with partial success,—in the near future, to confound the markets by flooding them with his produce.

Where the first mention of it is made is not clearly defined. The riches of the mines of Golconda are proverbial. It was one of the chosen stones, to ornament the breast-plate of Aaron, the first high priest of the Jews in the Bible. The Chaldeans and the Egyptians were well acquainted with its use, and by diligent disquisition it has been proved that they had largely used it in hollowing dish sarcophagi and for engraving. In Jeremiah, Chapter seventeen, we read "The sin of Judah is written with the point of a diamond."

To embellish and beautify it considerable sacrifice is made. Though the value of a stone, leaving aside its water, entirely depends upon its weight in carats, it is marvellous how unflinchingly it is reduced in size to shape it to attraction. Some famous stones, prodigious for their weight and volume, had lost more than a third of them when being faceted. Ever and anon we read of atrocious deeds that are being committed in its name: of cruel tragedies to possess this perishable crystal; of immeasurable time and labor in search of this adamant, of sanguine battles fought on the borders of its coveted mines. In Persia it infuses jealousy among the beauties of the harem to an extent calculated often to drive the lord of the mansion to utter indigence and hopeless penury.

In spite of all this knowledge, a very few only are acquainted with the multiple spheres of its usefulness in art and industry. Many know that it cuts glass, but only some are acquainted with the fact that the cut diamond merely scratches it and a certain amount of crystallization is indispensable for this purpose. It comes vastly to prominence in map making, lithography and

pantography. It is used in agate cutting and in copper and steel engraving. Delicate needles in astronomical instruments are turned by its aid. In dentistry, and the chemical laboratory, it is a familiar weapon. In precision instruments it is a necessary adjunct. Of late, in deep bore-works for the discovery of coals, salt and petroleum, the uncut diamond is doing a large share of work. There are still other applications too many to enumerate here. But, from the above short description alone, we see that the diamond holds its own as the Monarch of all gems and stones, both as regards its position in value and practice in art.

J. HARRIS.



WHAT a world of sentiment is called into being in connexion with such a simple ornament as a ring. Here, in India, it is the sign of respectability. The Malayalam proverb hath it, "If one is beaten at all, one should be beaten by a *ringed* hand." It has ever been the sign of wealth and authority. We read in the Arabian Nights that the signet ring of a Sultan sent with a message demanded instant obedience. The person receiving it pressed it to his forehead, kissed it and obeyed the order. When the Prodigal son returned from the husks and swine, one of the possessions given to him was a ring. The prelates of the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church and the Syrian Church all wear rings, with a special blessing given to them, by His Holiness the Pope or other High Ecclesiastic; and these rings are kissed reverently by devout Christians. The people of India are very much given to wearing rings, not only on their fingers, but on their toes;—only gold is never worn on the feet, as such a custom is supposed to bring misfortune ending in poverty. The lower classes of Mahomedan and certain Indian castes, to neutralise the evil eye, wear bone rings which they value very highly. Rings have a love language of their own, which is perhaps now, more than ever, prevalent, and gems not a little, add an interest to ring lore. The wedding ring is probably of Roman origin. The Roman key rings were of immense importance and were held as emblems of trust and confidence—and doubtless rings without keys were symbolical of trust and

devotion to and in the loved one; and so assumed an important part in the mental relationship. The Engagement ring is the first sign of that fellowship, which follows between husband and wife. A circlet of gold with "misphah" in raised letters round the band signifies "the Lord watch between you and me, when we are absent one from another." Then there is the double heart ring joined in one complete circlet. The ring *perse* signifies "endless"—and is a symbol of eternity. In ancient times a ring on the ear or round the neck was a badge of servitude; and may it not be that some hint of overlordship is signified in the man giving the woman the wedding circlet? "With this ring I thee wed"...and she promises to "obey." The ring round the neck is represented by the *Thali* worn by the Hindu women on a marriage symbol. In some countries, and among some Native Christians, engagement rings are exchanged as also wedding rings, though no religious sanction pertains to the ring given by the woman. In ancient times there were mystic rings. Everybody remembers the ring which, like Alladin's lamp, produced astonishing results when rubbed. There were the medieval circlets of incantation and rings set with stones, which sucked up the poison of serpents or discovered poison in the cup. The terrible poisonous rings, worn by the Borgias which on pressure induced poison into a person, are a matter of historical fact. Mourning rings are gone out of fashion now; but they have not wholly disappeared. The wedding ring is now a plain circlet of gold rather solidly made. Formerly there was no particular fashion in the matter. We read of the poet Dryden's wedding ring, the like of which is to be found in the puzzle rings of the day. Dryden's ring was:—

"With joints so close as not to be perceived,
Yet are they both each other's counterpart,
And in the midst.

A heart divided in two parts was placed."

Shakespeare's ring is supposed to have been found—given to him probably by his lady love Anne Hathaway—and if it was a gemmed ring we can understand the lines,

"So sweet to look, Anne Hathaway
She hathaway

Anne hathaway.

To shame bright gems Anne hathaway."

A lady, writing on the interesting subject of rings, quotes Macrobius, a Latin Author of the 5th century, relative to the then common custom of wearing rings. "At first it was both free and usual to wear rings on either hand, but after the luxury increased, when precious gems, rich in sculptures were added, the custom of wearing them on the right hand was translated with the left, for that hand being less employed, thereby

they were best preserved." And for the same reason they were placed then on the fourth finger; for the thumb is too active a finger, the under finger too naked,—“whereto to commit their pretiosities and hath the tuition of the thumb scarce unto the second joint.” The middle finger was too long and the last finger too small, and the fourth finger was chosen as being the least used, and because it is “in all its movements accompanied by the finger placed on either side.” The fourth finger on the left hand is supposed by some to have some mysterious affinity with the heart—and in these unromantic days gentlemen invariably wear a ring—if they wear one at all—on the little finger—and ladies do not confine themselves to the fourth finger only. Thumb rings are rings of authority and were once worn by prelates of the Church and were of monstrous size—but these are now worn on the fourth or little finger of the right hand and some of them are very handsome and valuable. Some gem rings in these days spell “dearest,” “tumari”—a Hindustani word meaning “thine”—etc., the initial letter of each gem with which the ring is set forming the word.

In *Cymbeline* we read of a ring given:—“Remain thou here while sense can keep it on;” and a pretty legend for a ring is “My love like a golden circlet shall surround thee.” The Indian very rarely sets a diamond in gold,—I am told—I speak open to correction. The actual setting is silver and this is placed over the gold and this is done even with finely cut and polished stones. In saying that Indians never wear gold on the feet, I must except anklets for children who, up to a certain age, are permitted to wear them. A very pretty story is told about this habit of gold anklets for children. An Indian Rajah, to test the wisdom of his Prime Minister asked him what should be done to the person who had the audacity to kick him on the face. The minister thought for a while, then remembering the “divine right” which doth hedge about a king in his realm, said that the Rajah should make his assailant a pair of golden anklets to wear—guessing of course that the infant son of the Rajah had assaulted his own father in this way. The amount of money locked up in rings must be enormous; and of all ornaments a handsome ring sparkling with gems is most certainly the handsomest and the most convenient to be worn. All ornaments are in a sense barbarous, but rings will endure “as long as the sun and moon endure,” for no ornament has been so continually in wear from the most ancient times as the finger ring.

RITHAM HURST.

My Ideal Girl.

AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.



I HAD just returned from England after a stay there of nearly six years, and I was particular in my ideals. My friends and relations ridiculed me and said that it would not pay to have such high notions. But what did I care for them? I was young, I was rich, I had passed my examinations well, though I was not so clever as my brother. I had a particularly kind father, and I could afford to play with ideals. Later on, no doubt, disillusionment would come, but just now it was a sort of game with me—to seek for and accomplish large things. Of course I do not mean that I succeeded—I do not believe I ever did accomplish a high ideal; but I tried my best to do so. But why talk so much of myself? There is no necessity for it. Why I brought up all this was to show that I was very particular about one thing, and that was about the choice of a girl for my wife. I wanted a certain type of woman and none else. My father—an old gentleman of a particularly conservative Indian type—was very anxious that I should marry soon, and had a girl already in view for me. But, as I said before, he was a kind father; and, moreover, as I was doing well in my profession, I could afford to be quite independent.

This was the type of woman I wanted for my wife—a truly, womanly woman, fond of her home, looking after her home well and yet not having her horizon only bounded by home. A woman with many interests in life, of an intellectual type of mind—not necessarily “a woman of examinations”—able to talk with me about the deep things of life; and yet a woman who knew when she should talk and when she should not. In short, a woman of infinite tact and sympathy. A courageous woman, who would not faint in an emergency, a perfectly true and honest woman, who would never tell a lie or shirk a responsibility, however heavy. A woman on whom I could perfectly depend, a woman so sweet and true that I could give up my life for her and

lay my whole trust in her. A large-hearted woman, immeasurably pure, and yet with enough magnanimity and nobility of character that she would understand the weaknesses of others, and make allowances for them, even while she tried to draw them on into a higher life. A woman—but why enlarge longer on perhaps an impossible ideal? But I was sure I could find her. I was not worthy of such an ideal; but what was the use of argument? There my ideal was, and there it was likely to remain.

Strange things happen in this world. I was tired of work, tired of the easy patronage of some English officials and of the self-seeking of Indian officials, and I went for a short spell of quiet to the village, where I had been born—a dear little village, nestling at the foot of an important hill-station, and far away from the noise of the busy world. I was most comfortably established in a small house in the neighbourhood and I was perfectly contented and happy, though always, as is my won't, on the look out for adventures. But what adventures could happen in this rural spot? One evening, I was out-walking in a lonely road, which stretched away before me in an unbroken regular whiteness. On both sides were laughing green fields with labourers working in them. The lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep fell pleasantly on the ear. I was walking along, dreaming of my ideal girl, who curiously enough always came into my thoughts in such pleasant spots, when suddenly a quick rumble of wheels mixed with a wild beat of hoofs and the shouts of men fell on my ear. What was it? A horse bolting? It looked like it. Yes, there it was, a large and powerful horse, bolting in a high dog-cart; and, sitting in the dog-cart—could I believe my eyes? Yes, an Indian girl was sitting in the cart, with the reins in her hand, dressed, as far as I could see, in a dark *sari* and with her hair flying behind her, such long hair too—probably unbound by the wild rush through the air. All this I saw in the twinkling of an eye, then the horse was abreast of me. I jumped to its head—a short struggle, and the horse stood still, panting. I looked at the girl, her fair face was flushed, her dark eyes were bright with excitement, and yet she did not look very frightened. Without doubt, she was brave; but how did she come to be driving? It was not the custom for Indian girls. But there was no time for curiosity. I stepped to the girl's side, and asked her where I could take her. The words would not come at first, and then she opened her lips and said a few words of thanks in beautiful, pure Telugu—my own language. I was enchanted and wanted to hear her speak more. But there was a quiet reserve and modesty about the girl, which forbade further speech. Neither would it allow me to climb into the dog-cart

with her, though I knew there would be nothing wrong in the action. But Indian girls were not English girls. I must be careful. So I went to the head of the horse and led it along the straight white road and along some side-roads, till we came to a little white house situated in the midst of a field. Here the girl was met by her father—an old gentleman in the typical Indian dress. He burst into an exclamation as soon as he saw her, and then began to question her volubly in Telugu, while she answered in monosyllables.

"What, you found the dog-cart waiting for me, and you wanted to try it. Don't you know that Indian girls are never allowed such liberties? What! does not matter in a village? No one will see? This is the result of listening to social reformers and not getting you married, like other Brahmin girls. What! this young man held the horse? Who is he? A most immodest girl eh? Why, he is the new barrister from England? Why did you not tell me so, Menaka?"

Thus an acquaintance was struck up between us, and I went often to the little white house, where I had many chats with the old gentleman—a simple, sincere man, very proud and passionately fond of his daughter. He was a social reformer.

"I do not want to get her married till she is fifteen or sixteen," he said. "My people are thinking of getting us excommunicated. But, what do I care? I have only two daughters. My wife, who may have disagreed with me, is dead. So I am free. I am just getting her taught English. She would not learn it before, had some notions about Swadeshism and so on. What! she won't talk? Oh yes, she is very shy. She will not even come near you? To be sure, yes. I like my girl like that. She is just twelve now. A pretty girl, is she not?"

Yes, she was a very pretty girl, sweet-faced, quiet, calm, dignified and she was so quiet and reserved. She never came near me. When I approached her, she managed to slip away, so that I never exchanged a word with her. And yet, reader, let me whisper a secret to you. I was sure I had found my ideal.

CHAPTER II.

My friends left the village a month after I had to return to my work. Their destination and mine lay far apart. But I made up my mind to pay their town a visit in the summer, for I was determined to win the girl for myself.

But, in the summer holidays, so many things happened. My dear old father fell seriously ill and died. I have hitherto forgotten to mention my brother, though I think I have said that I was not so clever as he. But let me say a few words

about him now. He was younger than myself, and was the only other child my father had. He was away in England studying for the I. C. S. He was a handsome young man, much more good-looking than myself, clever, witty and a very pleasant friend, while I was so reserved and gloomy and could not make a joke to save my life.

Well, this brother now had passed his I. C. S., and was returning home; so I had to prepare for his home coming. Besides, there were many troubles connected with my father's will. The money, which was much, was divided equally between my brother and myself; but there were many things to arrange concerning it. So, as I said before, I could not see my friends of the village, though, to tell the truth, the girl was never much out of my mind.

But the world is very small, after all. One day, I was walking on the beach, when I suddenly saw two well-known faces flash by in a carriage—none other than my girl—as I called her now—and her father. Day after day, after that, I haunted the beach, and at last I was rewarded by seeing Menaka and her father stop there. After that, the rest was easy. I became a close friend with her father, and I told him the desire of my heart and he was quite willing to entertain my proposal. But I was anxious to win the girl herself.

So I became a constant visitor at their house, and gradually Menaka became less shy towards me. Sometimes I managed to catch her in the garden, though she always tried to escape. And, little by little, I drew her thoughtful little mind out, and we became something like friends. She was never one to talk much, and even now it was only occasionally that she opened out her mind. But the little that she revealed showed a mind and a heart of gold. And little by little she seemed to incline towards me, and the world, I thought, seemed very good.

CHAPTER III.

On a bright summer's morning, my brother Hari—they called him Harry in England—came home. I met him in the steamer, and was quite struck by the difference in him. If he had been irresistible before, what was he now? People had called me stylish, but what was I before him? He was like an Englishman in everything, except his colour, and even that was fair enough to allow him to pass for a very sun-burnt southern European. And how well he talked and how pleasant he was.

"By the way, old man," he said afterwards, "I hear you are engaged or something of that sort. What sort of a girl is she? I remember you were always so particular."

"Come and see her," I said simply; "but I do not think you will be much taken with her, she is so quiet."

That evening I took him to see my friends and I found that, if Menaka's father was pleased with me, he was even more pleased with Hari. We formed a merry party. Menaka was there, as quiet as usual, but even she looked very pleased, and Hari tried to become friends with her. In a measure he succeeded, for she seemed to talk to him more than to me. Menaka's sister also—a little girl of five or six years, a bright little thing—came in for a great deal of attention. Hari played with her and teased her. Altogether we were a very merry party.

But, as time passed, I became a little jealous. Hari seemed to like Menaka very much, and she was much less shy with him than with me. At first I thought this was only due to his cleverness, which could draw her out so much better than I could. But, gradually, it seemed to me that Menaka liked him better than she did me. I felt very jealous and unhappy, but what could I do? Menaka was not yet pledged to me, and Hari was such a better match than I was, for was he not in the I. C. S.? Besides, Menaka liked him. So I began to fall into the back-ground.

A word of explanation here. It may seem strange that Indian girls should be allowed to move so freely with Indian men. But it must be remembered, that Menaka's father claimed to be a reformer and allowed his girls much freedom. Besides this, he was not looked upon with favour by other Hindus. And so, he was practically without friends and could do much as he liked.

CHAPTER IV.

Hari was a good fellow, but he was a great spendthrift and lived far beyond his means. One day, he came to me in great distress, "Oh brother" he cried "what am to do? I am in a devil of a mess. You know I am the treasurer of the Young Men's Benefit Fund, of which you also are a member. Well, I have had a lot of money in my hands and I—have spent it all."

"Keep back the money then."

"I have no money."

I shall give it to you."

"Thank you, old man. But the thing is—I have made up the accounts all wrong, and they have found it out. They suspect me already, and if I pay it up, they—"

"Oh nonsense Hari! Pay it up at once and leave things to take care of themselves."

So Hari paid up the money and things were hushed up. But the suspicion was there and

one day a thunderbolt fell on our quiet heads. We were all sitting together in Menaka's father's house. The old gentleman was there, talking. The postman came and gave a letter into his hand. He opened it and read a few lines, and his countenance changed. He beckoned me aside and we went into his office room. The old man closed the door and faced me.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked me in trembling tones.

"Of what?"

"Read this," and this is what I read. "As I am an old friend of the family," the letter ran, "I must warn you against the man who is to marry your daughter. No doubt, he seems an estimable young man, rich, of a good family, and in a good position. But there is suspicion against him. His brother is the treasurer of a Benefit Fund. Latterly much money has been wanting. We have reason to suspect that the treasurer's brother secretly took the keys and stole a great deal of money, and his brother naturally tried to hide the fact by writing the accounts wrong. The money has been paid up but the suspicion is there."

I looked up. The room swam before me. "Call Hari," was all I could say. He came and read the letter. I looked at him. His face turned a dull red, but not a word did he say, only looked at me with imploring eyes. Then and then only, light broke on me. I braced myself and stood up.

"O well," I said shrugging my shoulders, "if you cannot believe in me, without my speaking for myself, it is better that I should go. Goodbye."

The old man looked at me with imploring eyes; but I stared past him and went out of the room and out of the house. Hari ran after me with pleading words, but I turned from him with a bitter heart.

All that day I locked myself up in my room and waited for a letter from Menaka. But nothing came.

The next day I booked my passage to America, and a week after I started. Hari came to see me off on the steamer. At the last moment, he said,

"Forgive me, old fellow."

"O damn it, Hari, you go your way, I go mine. I have nothing more to do with you."

"But you will not betray me."

"Oh, that is all you care for? Certainly I will not betray you. You may be sure of that. Goodbye."

"Wait a minute. Menaka—"

"I do not want to hear about her. I have nothing to do with her." Just then the signal was given for the passengers to leave the steamer, and Hari, with what I thought to be a sigh of relief, left me.

I stayed in America for six years. It matters not what I did there. It is sufficient to say that it was honest work and that I did very well in it. I became a much richer man than before, and I was popular and much respected, and I suppose I ought to have been a happy man.

But I was not. My longing was ever for my home and my native land. So one day I closed my business in America and returned to India. I went to a hotel and by casual enquiries found that Hari had left the town and was doing very well in the line he had chosen. Moreover, he was married. I had expected this and knew, of course, that it was Menaka he had married.

Then I went to Menaka's house. The old man was still there, as hale and hearty as before. He was much surprised, and, contrary to my expectation, very pleased to see me. "Well, Sir," he cried, "So you have come back. Have you forgiven us?"

"Forgiven you? Why, it is you who must forgive me."

"Do you not know, then, that your name has been cleared?"

"How?"

"It was found out that Hari did it. It is all hushed up of course. Besides, he paid back the money, you see."

"And-and-your daughter? How is she?"

"Which one?" asked the old man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Menaka. Is she happy?"

"How can you expect her to be so?"

"Hari's guilt was found out after the marriage I suppose. But Menaka—"

"Menaka has nothing to do with Hari," he said curtly. "It is her sister whom he has married, worse luck for her, though she is in a very good position, no doubt."

"Oh, Menaka then—"

"Yes, Menaka is unmarried, all owing to you. For you, as a coward, left her."

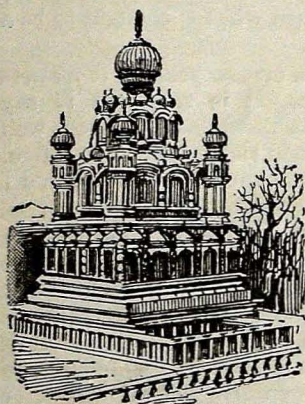
"Left her; but she did not believe in me."

"Did she not? What about her letter then, which she sent to Hari, before you left. She is quite ashamed about it, poor girl. Hari said he tried to tell you, but you said you would have nothing to do with her. So he asked her to marry him and she refused, and he married her sister. Is it clear now?"

Oh yes, it was. Everything was clear. I married "my girl," and I realised my high ideal.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

A Letter from America.



IT is no small compliment to be invited by the editor of an Indian Magazine to contribute a paper on any given subject,—especially on such a subject as that of America and of American life and customs. For, in order to do justice at all to such a theme, it behoves the writer to take great heed

lest in his zeal to approve himself quite equal to the occasion, he should permit his imagination to run riot, at the expense of literal truths which can alone commend themselves to the intelligence and interest of a discriminating and cultivated audience. I am extremely glad that I am at last afforded the proud privilege of introducing myself to a select body of Hindu ladies, and, thereby to get in touch with actual Indian intelligence and affairs in general. For it has long been a source of deep interest to me—the history and traditions of India. And this, I think, because of some strange, indefinite, subtle, innate sympathies and influences which have strongly, yet regularly, attracted and effected me in all Indian relationships. It may be—for who knows?—that, ages ago, some remote ancestor of mine either lived in and loved India; or else was of your race of Aryan conquerors and settlers in India. For, as you know there has long been much learned disputation among our philologists and scholars regarding the moot question of Aryan “first settlement” in India; or indeed, as to the actual birth-place of the Great Indo-Germanic, or Aryan race itself. And, to me, that question, and Indian traditions and history, have long been an absorbing topic of interest. and, in the works and books of such writers and philologists as Max Müller, Alexander Humboldt, Sir William Smith, George Small and other equally eminent authors and scholars, I have for many years been a devoted and sympathetic observer and student of Indian history and literature; and now deem it a great privilege and pleasure to be enabled to address an Indian audience. But how little can we Europeans and Americans really know of actual Indian life or of the spirit and intelligence of its people in the aggregate! For, when we so much as attempt to familiarize ourselves with the traditions, history,

customs, religions, (for, I believe, in India, as elsewhere, there are so many forms of religious belief or sects and creeds, as to merit the term “legion”) and literature of so vast and ancient a country and civilization as India, we are appalled by our sense of positive incompetency to adequately grasp an intelligent and sufficiently comprehensive and sympathetic estimate of so great a subject. “But,” as may well be observed, “What has all this to do, even by way of preamble, with the subject you have taken in hand; and which should alone concern you?” And quite justly might such a point of criticism and remonstrance be interjected! Nevertheless, I cannot but think and feel that (inasmuch as it is not only good “policy,” but “good manners” also, to seek to ingratiate one’s self in advance with whosoever he hopes to cultivate agreeable relations)—I cannot but think, I repeat, that I am justified in indulging in so lengthy a preamble. For how else are we to get into appropriate “touch” with each other, save by soundly establishing, at the outset, our good will and generous sympathies,—such “premises,” in effect, as shall clearly indicate mutual regard and intelligent apprehension of the rules and principles of courtesy and etiquette? This done, the task undertaken at once becomes far easier of accomplishment. And so, I will at once proceed on my course and endeavour to tell as truthfully and simply as I may what I think will most probably interest my readers in India regarding America, or, the customs and characteristics of the people of the United States of America. In the first place, then, this great Republic is a huge federation of some 75 millions of people, mostly of European descent, of 45 Free and Independent States, each entirely self-governing and self-governed, so to speak; but united in a common bond of sentiment and citizenship as “Americans” or the “people of the United States,” subject only to the Federal Administration, at Washington, in so far as the making of treaties with foreign powers, the declaration of war, the command and equipment of the Army and Navy, the control of the Postal Service, and the President’s *veto*, are vested solely in the hands of the President and Federal Congress. Thus, it will be seen how readily international difficulties may become involved and complicated by headstrong and heedless Legislative Assemblies in the various States, whose leaders are too often little better than mere demagogues and *would-be* famous innovators and bidders for notoriety—with an eye to the ultimate occupancy of the White House!—men who pose as “State’s Righters,” and who, in order to promote their nefarious ends, appeal to the lowest and most criminal instincts and sympathies of the mob element; and who care

nothing and think nothing of proposing the most monstrous measures, provided there would seem to be any chance at all of their being carried to their cherished haven on the crest of the mauntainwave which they have provoked and invited,—or else men who propose some sophisticated currency “reform,” or fiscal measure, which appeals to the greed and lust of the ignorant and criminal; whereby they hope to establish for themselves the name and fame essential to equip them for national leadership! Thus it will appear perhaps more clear to foreign minds and observers, how it so often happens that such anomalous conditions prevail in this great Republic in connection with international affairs; how it is possible that mob-rule and persecution of foreigners should so constantly startle and outrage civilized humanity, throughout the world, and yet that the Federal Power should be so often incompetent to deal with such questions and to effectually punish the perpetrators of such crimes and violations of international treaties and relations. For, as I hope I have made it clear, each and every state of the union is to a great extent, and to all intents and purposes, a sovereign power in itself, and its Legislatures are fully empowered to make such laws for State governance as they see fit—barring only such few laws as pertain solely to international relations and the control of the postal service.

Hence each State can pass such laws, as relate to immigration, as it so pleases and it is not within the Federal Power to interfere therewith. And so, when Hindu, Japanese, Chinese, and other “undesirable” (because classed and denounced as “cheap” laborers, and as detrimental, accordingly, to American Labor interests) immigrants flock in to any State—no matter how innocently or how “aided” by capitalists and manufacturers, it invariably follows that international troubles ensue; and it would be an extremely dangerous experiment, no matter how justifiably within their rights, for the Federal Power to intervene or the President to “veto” any State Legislature’s enactments. For the cry would at once be raised that the *constitutional rights* of the State were threatened and subverted, and a very slight flame of that nature would, indubitably, be fanned into a very serious conflagration. Hence the scruples and delays of the Federal Power in dealing with such issues! To the uninitiated, and yet apparently “insulted” foreigner, it might well appear a gross anomaly and an intolerable condition of affairs, that a great Nation such as the United States, should so frequently appear itself either incapable or unwilling to effectually suppress American outrages on foreigners generally; or to make prompt amends for such

shameful violations and outrages. But to my readers, at all events, it will perhaps now appear plainer wherein the main difficulty consists. Moreover, harsh and unworthy as the conduct of so many so-called “Americans” may appear in such connection, let my kind and considerate readers, at all events, rest assured that, deep and down below the coarser surface, the genuine American heart and mind is generous and humane to a high degree; and, therefore, that the crimes and brutality of that class of “Americans” which so shock and offend the susceptibilities of foreigners are to be attributed mainly to the passions and ignorance of men who are in no true sense Americans at all. For the persecutions of foreign emigrants in America are mainly to be traced and attributed to a class of wretches, who themselves are in reality “foreigners”—to men who themselves come from “foreign,” (European) shores, or who else are to be classed and eliminated as the very worst and lowest types of American manhood.

So much for the industrial question, and for all pertaining to political and geographical features and characteristics of our American Republic. Now let us turn to the “eternal feminine” question; I know not what are the general impressions and estimates of the American women in India generally speaking; but of this I am assured, *viz.*, that the average American woman is one of the most delightful, vivacious, intelligent, and self-reliant, and resourceful daughters of Eve, that any land or any race has yet evolved! she has her faults and she has her foibles—else she would not be a woman!—but she has remarkable and manifold virtues and charms—commonly denied to manifest “angels.”—Plucky, self-reliant, tactful, resourceful—these are her most sterling attributes and characteristics. Ever “ready,” ever resortful, ever mindful of her individual and God-endowed rights and possibility, she is nevertheless one of the most delightful of companions and the tenderest of guardian-angels, that ever blessed, delighted, and fortified the heart of man, or contributed to his mental and moral well-being! To be sure, there are multitudes of bad American women; but they are, still, in a comparatively small minority. Vivacious, optimistic, and yet “practical”, the average American woman is a paragon of feminine perfection. Out of almost nothing she can ever evolve a certain something! A blockhead of a husband even she will often fashion in some wise into a successful and decent possibility. And she will do it with a smile; and never for one moment allow her poor “blockhead” to become “embarrassed” by his own transfiguration! And yet, as I daresay, you have heard quite

often, there is a great deal of scandal attaching to American marriages ; that is, the divorce laws in the various States, and in some much more pronouncedly than in others, are far from being all they should be, and it is a common thing for those who seek divorce on the most trivial grounds to move from one State to another in order to take advantage of the "opportunities," which that State into which they remove for a period affords the would-be divorcee. Nevertheless, infidelity to marriage obligations is not nearly so common in actual American life as it is supposed to be : for, in spite of the seeming commonness of divorces, separations and nuptial difficulties generally, the great majority of American wives are true and loyal women, who, not only faithfully adhere to their marriage vows and obligations, but are the most conscientious, intelligent, and sympathetic of women ; and the influence they assert and exercise over their children's *lives* is, generally speaking, far greater and more abiding than that of their husbands, or of the fathers. For the American men are, too commonly, far too much engrossed in the acquisition of wealth, or else in their own selfish indulgences to permit of just and adequate parental interest in the moral welfare of their children—whom they almost always leave to the exclusive care and supervision of their wives. Yet the average American husband is one of the kindest, most considerate, and generous of husbands. In effect, he is a far better husband than he is a father : however anomalous that may seem.

And now a few words about the schools and educational system of America : it is the glory and credit of the United States of America that, primarily, of all things social and distinctively national, the education of the young is held to be most vital to the welfare of the nation, or of the most vital importance. Hence, in every State, the people voluntarily and joyfully assess themselves in enormous sums for educational purposes, and, in every village, town and city, large sums are devoted by the municipalities and authorities to the building and maintenance of large and beautiful public schools and colleges, or High Schools, which every child is compelled to attend from the age of six, upwards ; or else there is some other purely *denominational* school ; and the child begins with the common public school in which a really broad and comprehensive *curriculum* provides for his education in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, and singing, in the elementary way ; extending, as the child advances, to such proportions as to include German, mathematics, rhetoric and general literature. From the Public School to the High School is an advanced step to the attainment of a really exhaustive and complete

education, provided the pupil be really earnest and capable. Moreover, all these educational advantages and privileges are afforded the children of all parents and citizens rich and poor alike, and are free ! The only actual cost to the parent is maintenance and the purchase of stationary and books.

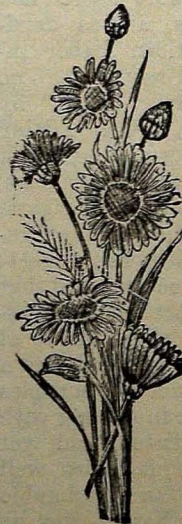
But, while school attendance is compulsory in the public or elementary schools, at all events, it is optional with the parents to take advantage or not, of the privileges of the High Schools ; and these High Schools, be it said, are in reality, just what, or even more than, colleges and Universities are in European countries.

To be sure, it is urged against them by many that they are too *embracive*, and too exhaustive in their demands upon the physical and mental resources of their graduates, to be actually *thorough*, and hence that the High School *curriculum* is either purely *superficial* in its effects and influences, or else is downright fatal in its consequences. But, however that may be, nothing of the kind can be urged against the Public School.

In another letter I may possibly enlarge more upon this great subject of American education ; but now I must really bid my readers a kindly and courteous farewell.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

Female Education.



IT is the height of selfishness in a man who, fully appreciating in his own case the immense advantages of a good education, denies them to a woman. It is argued that women have their domestic duties to perform and that if they were educated they would spend most of their time in reading books to the great detriment and neglect of their home management.

Indeed it is quite as possible for women as it is for men to neglect necessary work in order to spare more time for reading sensational novels or other catchpenny books. This is an absurd idea characteristic of a narrow mind ; men, if they willed, could also read novels all day long without attending to their duties. It is all the better for a woman to refresh her mind in the intervals of leisure with a little reading.

We should always remember that education would help women in the performance of even the narrowest sphere of their duty. Besides by mental culture is involved the knowledge by which health may be preserved and improved. A mother can then be able to consult modern books which guide her in the rearing up of her children into healthy men and women, and skilfully nurse them when disease attacks her household. Without proper education, a woman will most probably prefer the advice of superstitious quacks or deceitful mountebanks, who pretend to work wonders by magic spells and potions.

There never can be congenial companionship between an educated husband and an uneducated wife, who can only converse with her husband on subjects no higher than cookery or servants' wages. The future destiny of a child depends to a great measure on the training it receives in childhood and it certainly will be admitted that this foundation of education cannot be well laid by an ignorant mother. On such grounds then female education is a vital necessity.

Some argue that women's intellect is quite incapable of receiving or benefiting by even the lowest form of education, but they totally neglect the brilliant instances afforded in History of ladies who have fully vindicated themselves in different branches of arts, sciences and politics. Would Queen Victoria have served as an immortal model, had she been uneducated or had her mind been incapable of receiving its benefits? Abalia Bai Holkar leaves such a great name behind her that she is worshipped as a goddess in Malwa.

The only thing to be feared is the strain on women, if they study much and that difficulty can be got over easily by allowing them to have physical exercise and other out-door games so as to render them capable of prosecuting their duties regularly.

Again, moral education can be given better at home by parents than by tutors abroad. Parents have numberless opportunities of guiding their children by precept and example, while these are denied to the teacher, who generally meets his pupils in a thronged class, thus seldom having the means of becoming intimately acquainted with the various traits, to which each of them is severally prone.

Truthfulness is one of the first things a mother ought to teach her child. Ignorant mothers are sometimes emphatic in inculcating truthfulness, but on very slight occasions think it advisable to escape and importunity or curiosity of children by deception, if not by actual falsehood. They fondly hope the deceit will be passed unnoticed, but children are keener observers than they are

generally supposed to be and very quick to detect any discrepancy between preaching and practice on the part of their elders. Here an educated mother has a decided superiority over her ignorant sister.

In addition to this, all intellectual education is in proportion to its success a powerful deterrent from vice, as it enables us to see more clearly the evil effects that follow from disobedience to moral rules.

Thus education, besides being of practical utility in the struggle of life, enlarges and ennobles the mind and enables us to live as beings endowed with human intellects should live.

F. CONTRACTOR.

"Alagammal."

A STORY OF THREE FAMILIES.

A TAMIL BOOK BY AN INDIAN LADY.



THIS is a tale of three families, as the title-page says, or, to be more accurate, of three young ladies, who, having had equal and ample opportunities for a liberal education, develop, in their married state, into three different types of womanhood. First, we have a girl, fond of tinsel and finery, neglecting her studies, impatient of tasting the sweets of married life, leading by her imprudence and ignorance, an inharmonious and discordant life with her husband, ignorant and incapable of managing her household affairs and as a consequent result of this, becoming an object of scandal and disgrace to her family and to the sex she belongs to. (The authoress has, however, the generosity to make her repent of her sins and rewards her finally with a renewed and happy life with her husband and family.) Secondly, there is a girl in good circumstances and endowed, when young, with all the good qualities a girl or woman could wish to be possessed of and when raised to a more exalted position, retaining the same estimable and lovable qualities, and becoming an ornament to her family and sex. And thirdly, there is a girl, who, though brought up in and married into a lowly family, is ever contented, virtuous and humble,

a comfort to her family and her friends, an embodiment of contentment and an example to her sex. Thus, three types of women, a bad and corrupt woman (chastened, of course, in the end, by misfortune and contact with good women) a woman virtuous and lovable in the midst of riches and under all circumstances, and a woman virtuous and contented in the midst of poverty, are depicted in this novel. The whole story may be summed up thus:—

Alagammal, the daughter of well-to-do and virtuous parents had as her schoolmates, Ponnammal, the vain and pampered daughter of a Sub-Registrar, burdened with a large family, and Chellammal, the amiable and virtuous daughter of poor, but contented and happy parents; Alagammal and Chellammal, having innate good qualities, imbibed from their early life all that was good and pure in their surroundings and in the education bestowed on them and became models of good children. Ponnammal, on the other hand, neglected her studies to the adornment of her person and to the gratification of her vanity, and in the end had nothing to show as the result of her education. In the meantime, Alagammal's father having been transferred on professional duties to a different place, Alagammal took leave of her friends, with real sorrow, begging them to correspond with her and to keep up their friendship. During Alagammal's absence, Ponnammal had an offer of marriage. She was impatient to get married, not because, at her tender age, she really understood and wished to undertake the responsibilities of married life, but because she was ambitious of appearing in the role of a bride, a state wherein she could have the full advantage of valuable and beautiful clothes and jewellery, whether of her own or borrowed. Her parents, overburdened with children, were only too glad to get rid of her without caring very much to enquire into the family history or antecedents and personal habits of the bridegroom, or if they did so at all, overlooking any faults found as likely to be removed after marriage. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, but there was a rift in the lute. The bridegroom, Muthuswami, a teacher in Madras, was an educated man, but a faithful and staunch worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, so much so, that he could not refrain from slipping out of the marriage *pandal*, on some pretext or other, to get a drink; an offence serious enough in itself when committed in secret, but very much aggravated by the fact of his having left the house while the *kanganam*, the marriage symbol had not been officially removed by the priests. Every one was greatly scandalized at this. But, what cared Muthuswami, as long as his craving for the forbidden drink was satisfied? The Sub-Registrar's re-

pentance was too late. As to Ponnammal, she consoled herself with the resolution to bring him round by her influence. Some time after the wedding, Ponnammal joined her husband at Madras, where their life became one of mutual recriminations and petty bickerings. Between them their children also suffered, on account of inattention and indifference. Ponnammal's unhappy life and her husband's indifference and her own want of moral backbone due to lack of education and indifferent bringing-up, led her on to her own moral destruction and in one of her daily duels with her husband, she fled from her house to her lover and thereon with him to Rangoon. In her hurry she would have forsaken her two children also, but the father would have nothing to do with them and she had perforce to take them with her. There, the hoped-for life of bliss turned out to be one of bitterness and of repentance, at any rate, on the part of the lover, who, after repeated letters of entreaties and appeals to return, from his own distracted and forsaken wife, decided to return to her, leaving Ponnammal to her fate, a state brought on by herself and one that with unerring certainty falls to the lot of such as she. Forsaking her husband, forsaken by her lover and God-forsaken herself, she appealed to him in vain to stay with her. But nothing would move the now reformed and repentant husband. He was however magnanimous enough to take her back with him to Madras and leave her somewhere near her native village. What a miserable fate! The biter was bit and beggary was staring her in the face. She had to beg her way home to her father. Leaving her there, we shall see what was the fate of her husband. What else could it be but prison? Having lost all character and involved in debt and drink, he lost his appointment and then growing from bad to worse became an unwilling guest of His Majesty at the Debter's prison.

In the meantime, Alagammal also had, as might have been expected, an offer of marriage from Alagappa Mudaliar, an honoured member of the Indian Civil Service and then Assistant Collector of Ponnammal. Her parents, having satisfied themselves of the character and conduct of the suitor and his family connections, gladly consented. And the event was celebrated with all due ceremony and splendour. The married life of Alagammal our heroine and Alagappa Mudaliar, was all that one could desire. It was an ideal one. Alagammal, placed in a high social position, never for a moment betrayed her superiority of rank in her relations with her social inferiors. Her early friends and playmates were treated with great consideration and affection. Friends or strangers, rich or poor, were all pleased with her. And nobody that had gone to her returned without a proof of her

courtesy and love. Her esteemed husband was exactly similar to her in disposition. Unassuming in manners, considerate to his subordinates, and courteous and sympathetic towards the people, he was an ideal officer. One of his school-fellows who was a clerk under him, was a man of uprightness and integrity, but placed in poor circumstances and a widower with a large family, Alagappa Mudaliar took him under his special protection. Our heroine also took pity on the motherless children and tended them with all a mother's love. Then, ever ready to do a kindness to her friends, she bethought herself of giving the poor orphans a mother, the father, a loving, thrifty and virtuous wife. She had her eye, of course, on Chellammal, her loving friend and correspondent, whom she wished to provide with a good and faithful husband. Accordingly, after consultation with her husband, and after obtaining the consent of the clerk, she wrote to her father to obtain the views of Chellammal's parents, and, they also consenting to this very desirable match, the wedding was solemnized with due regard to the position in life and financial state of the contracting parties. The modesty and humility of Chellammal may be gauged by the fact that she refused to wear during the wedding the valuable jewels of her bosom friend, Alagammal, though urged to do so, saying that her own jewels, however deficient in value and number would suffice, and that she did not care for what was and could not be her own.

Meanwhile Ponnammal, begging her way from village to village, reached Alagammal's town and going, by chance to Chellammal's house, to beg, she was treated very kindly by her, though unrecognized. She then went to Alagammal's, where, after listening to the garbled account of herself, Alagammal recognised in the dirty ill-clad and ill-fed beggar woman her friend and playmate, Ponnammal, and never heeding her own position and the ragged condition of the woman, she embraced her with great warmth, bewailed the sad condition in which she was, and taking her and the children inside her house, she gave them a good bath, fed and clothed them and sent them to Chellammal to go and rejoice with her at their mutual friend's advent. Then, with the consent of Alagappa Mudaliar, Ponnammal was kept on in the house with the intention of sending for her husband and bringing them all together. Ponnammal had learned her lesson very well in the school of Adversity and repenting of all her past conduct, was now ready to meet her husband in whatever state he might be and begin life over again. Alagappa Mudaliar already knew, through a friend in the office, of the life Muthuswami and Ponnammal had led at Madras, although that friend never suspected that the

Ponnammal in his Superior's house and the Ponnammal of Madras were identical. Nor did Alagappa Mudaliar say a word of what he knew of the family to his wife for fear she would be much distressed at the news. He was secretly considering what steps should be taken to reform them. After Ponnammal's arrival, this generous-hearted man paid out of his pocket the money for which Muthuswami was imprisoned and after release, had him brought down to his town and lodged with a friend. Muthuswami did not know to whom he was indebted for the discharge from prison and for his subsequent support, but was all the same grateful to him. He also, like his wife, was ready to turn over a new leaf. While in this happy and apt frame of mind, he was advised that it was the desire of his benefactor that he should see the Assistant Collector about an appointment. He accordingly waited on that gentleman, who by a series of leading questions extracted the story of his life from the reluctant Muthuswami. Then he gave him an appointment on Rs. 30. And after trying him in all possible ways and after giving ample time for both to ruminate over their folly and making them eager to meet each other and be united for weal or for woe, though they knew not that the one was so near the other, Alagappa Mudaliar invited Muthuswami to dinner with the object of uniting them together. Dinner was served not only for Muthuswami and his master, but also for two others—two youngsters. Poor babes! They did not know who the stranger was. Not so, the poor man. He found something familiar in their countenance and ever and anon his looks were bent towards them. Doubt and anxiety were depicted in his face. Alagappa Mudaliar enquired why he was observing the children so closely, but Muthuswami could not give a definite answer, but promised to do so after dinner. Alagappa Mudaliar thought it would be ungenerous to try him any longer and sent Ponnammal and the children to him, and we shall leave the couple there to ask forgiveness of each other and of God for their unholy acts and to renew the vows made at the marriage ceremony to love and be true to each other.

The whole story is full of advice to the young and old. The principles and facts enunciated in these pages are acceptable to all persons, to whatever caste or creed they may belong. The book, therefore, is one which ought to be read!



Gleams of the Eastern Light (Stray Thoughts of Buddha).



WE all know the high order of the Buddhist religion. It is one of compassion, tenderness, purity, self-denial and mercy; the character of the founder of this high faith is a most wonderful combination of these qualities, and, though imperfectly revealed in existing records, it cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, and holiest, with one exception, in the history of thought. The perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the highest self-

denial of a saint, with the passionate devotion of a martyr, greatly resembles that of Jesus Christ. So, in spite of the many differences between the manners and customs of the Indian and Western peoples, there is a wonderful unity in the inner life of both which tends to draw in harmony the East and West; and the exquisite beauties of the Buddhist faith (gleams of which can be had in Edwin Arnold's *'Light of Asia,'*) if appreciated by Western peoples, will greatly aid this union.

The birth of Siddhartha is hailed with joy, and the glad Queen Maya lays the babe at the feet of a saint for a blessing, but he, recognizing in the babe the future Buddha, says,—

'This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years
But opened fills the world with wisdom's scent,
And love's dropped honey.'

A few years later the king his father thinks of teaching his son all that a prince should learn, and finding sage Visvamitra, the most competent, gives Siddhartha into his hands.

The development of the character of this prince is most interesting. He continues in school and learns all the princely arts, all the time showing the utmost reverence to his school masters, 'albeit beyond their learning taught'; he is gentle, modest and softly-mannered, though so wise and royal, and among his other beautiful qualities we see the deep compassion of a Buddha growing in his gentle bosom very early indeed.

'In mid-play he would oft-times pause letting his deer pass free; would oft-times yield his half-won race because the labouring steeds

fetched painful breath.' 'And ever with the years waxed this compassionateness even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves to spread its shade afar.' One instance of his vast pity;—a cousin of Siddhartha, when the two boys were watching a flight of beautiful swans, sends a wilful shaft which unhappily finds and brings down the foremost bird; immediately, and here is a picture of almost womanly tenderness—'Prince Siddhartha took the bird tenderly up, rested it in his lap, and soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright composed its ruffled wings, calmed its quick heart, caressed it into peace with light kind palms, as soft as plantain leaves, and drew the cruel steel forth from the wound and laid cool leaves, and healing honey on the smart.' To how many suffering souls didst this great Buddha bring thus his healing balm in after years! Our admiration of his infinite tenderness and pity,—his chief characteristic—is all the greater because of his utter ignorance and inexperience of sorrow or pain, which we see in these lines of Arnold; 'yet all so little knew the boy of pain, that curiously into his wrist he pressed the arrow's barb, and winced to feel its sting and turned with tears to soothe his bird again!' And when consequent to this a dispute arises between his cousin and himself as to the possession of the bird, we catch a glimpse of his youthful philosophy;—'The bird is mine by right of mercy and love's lordliness' says he and again the suffering of this one little bird moves him to say, 'For now I know by what within me stirs that I shall teach compassion unto men and be a speechless world's interpreter, abating this accursed flood of woe, not man's alone.'

The king one day takes the prince to enjoy a spring-scene full of life and beauty; and, though he rejoices in the brightness, looking deep he sees "the thorns which grow upon this rose of life," and exclaims "Is this that happy earth they brought me forth to see? How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! How hard the oxen's service! Go aside a space and let me muse on what ye show." This contemplativeness increases as time goes on, in spite of the king's encompassing him with the most princely pleasures, and providing some new delight for him every hour. The anxious father consults his wisest ministers about his son's melancholy, and is told that love will cure those "thin distempers." Accordingly a court of pleasure is held and all the beauties of the realm assemble; at the end of the festival the Prince is to give away rich prizes, the richest for the fairest. Yes, the richest gift, his own great heart was destined to be given to another that day. So he falls in love with the lotus-coloured, dove-eyed, exquisitely beautiful Yosodhara or Gopa;

but, before he wins her, the Prince has to overcome all his rivals in feats of courage, according to the ancient code of marriage. Among other difficult feats, he has to ride a savage stallion led by iron chains, unshod and unsaddled, for no rider had as yet crossed him; but the prince, ordering the chains to be let go, quietly grasps his forelock and speaking soothingly all the while, lays his right palm across the animal's eyes and draws it gently down the angry face, and behold, the horse sinks his fierce crest and stands subdued and meek. Oh! the might of gentleness—Arnold gives us charming pictures of their wedded love and of the beautiful palace they dwelt in, in his "Light of Asia." Here are a few lines that might convey an idea of that House of love,—“The sunbeams dropped their gold and passing into porch and niche softened to shadows, silvery, pale and dim, as if Day paused and grew Eve in love and silence at that bower's gate.” Further, within those walls no mention was ever made of death, age, sorrow, pain or sickness, and even dying roses and dead leaves were swept away most carefully every dawn; around that delightful home, though far removed from sight, were built massive walls with gates of brazen doors; a faithful watch was set, and an order ran that no man should be suffered to pass those gates even if it should be the Prince himself. These precautions were taken because a prophecy had been given out, that if the Prince did not rule as a king, he would become an ascetic; and the fond father hoped that if his son were removed from anything tending to make him brood, he might grow to be a happy sovereign and rule a king over kings. He became a king after all, but a king in quite a different sense.

So time passes on in happy ignorance of woe, save when in dreams Siddartha seeing the world would cry, 'My world, I hear! I know! I come!' whereupon his wife wondering what ailed her lord, would gaze upon him with large terror-struck eyes, 'For at such times the pity in his look was awful and his visage like a God's.'

One day the Prince, hearing in a lay, of wonderful lands beyond the city gates, where people dwelt, craves permission from his father to visit the realm. All sad or noisome sights are hid by express command of the king, and the decked and gay city only shows its fair side. Unhappily a poor old man in rags and wretchedness, creeps forth from his bovel and asks for alms; he is just about to be shoved back, when the prince catching sight of him, asks of his charioteer what that piteous sad thing could be; he is told that it is a man, and by further questioning finds out that all men will become thus, if they live so long. The prince goes home, sad and brooding and soon persuades his father to

let him go out again, this time to see the city as it is; during the visit he sees a man with the plague, shrieking with agony; Siddartha at once runs to him, takes him tenderly in his arms and with sweet looks and soft speech tries to soothe him. Great heavens! what vast love of, and pity for, mankind, must have filled this man's breast; to take that writhing wretch in his arms, accustomed only to the soft embraces of his beautiful wife! Soon he sees a funeral, and thus learning of death for the first time, he is filled more than ever with heavenly pity and cries with an intense and passionate love "Oh, suffering world, Oh, known and unknown of my common flesh, caught in this common net of death and woe, and life which binds to both! I see, I feel the vastness of the agony of earth." "The veil is rent which blinded me! I am as all these men, who cry upon their gods, and are not heard, or are not heeded, yet there must be aid." Notice his impetuous pity 'I would not let one cry whom I could save.' When the king hears how these scenes affect his son, a triple guard is set about the gates, but,—what guard can shut out Fate?

That very night his wife is disturbed by unquiet dreams and Siddartha soothes her with fond words, 'when most my spirit wanders raging round the lands and seas, full of reeth for men, ever it has come with glad wing and passionate plume to thee, who are the sweetness of my kind, best seen, the utmost of their good, the tenderest of all their tenderness, mine most of all,' and 'drink these words from heart to heart therewith that thou may'st know,—what others will not—that I loved thee most because I loved so well all living souls.' His tender love for his wife is in no way inconsistent with his character of Buddha; on the contrary, it completes the beauty of his moral character for, while the more extensive affections have control over the mind and there is a steady purpose of conformity to the divine will, the tenderer and narrower attachments of life only increase its harmony. At dead of night he soliloquizes on the pain of this world and the possible remedy, and then—his lips close-set with a great purpose, he goes out into the gloom. His grand soliloquy, in which he unwittingly reveals his great self-sacrificingness and infinite love and pity, and the touching and silent farewell he took of his sleeping wife, are most beautifully and touchingly dealt with by Arnold. Legend has it that the triple barred gates rolled back silently to let the prince pass, and that the gods plucked red mogra flowers and strewed them thickly under the tread of his horse, to muffle the sound of the footfall.

Siddartha has now become a Sanyasi. One day he comes across a concourse of Rishis in

his wanderings, and seeing how brutally, yet with what useless fortitude, they had tortured themselves till sense of pain and indeed every sense was killed, in the hope of subjugating their bodies to their spirit, exclaims 'wherefore add ye ills to life which is so evil'? Isn't this a splendid sentence? I wish every one of us could take it to heart.

"Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddhartha said
Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned
Silver and gold and purple—None of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye
Despoil your happy beauty. Oh ye palms which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas.
What secret knew ye that ye grow content
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit;
Murmuring such—sun songs from your feathered
Ye too who dwell so merry in the trees— [crowns ?
Quick darting parrots, bee-brids, bulbuls, doves,
Love of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs!"

Do not the grand sentiments contained in these lines strike the chord of memory? And does not an equally beautiful passage vibrate from the chord? 'Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?'

'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these?'

Buddha's whole life was one long chain of self-sacrifice and pity, every link of which consisted of acts of love and tenderness. On his way, Buddha sees among a flock of sheep, a ewe with couplets, one of them hurt and toiling behind, the other frisking before and the vexed dam running forwards and backwards; Buddha at once lifts up the hurt lamb in his arms and soothes its poor mother. As he is going along with the flock, a woman with a child dying of snake-bite begs the Rishi for a cure, but what human being can stay Death? And Buddha says, his heart bleeding with pity 'I would pour my blood if it could stay thy tears.'

Finding that the flock of sheep were to be cruelly sacrificed by the king to some imaginary god, his favourite idol—that so many innocent lives were to be taken owing to mere ignorance, he entreats the king and saves the victims; then he speaks of life, which no one can give; of mercy, how though man prays for mercy, he himself is merciless; of sacrifice, that far from being an atonement for sins, is itself new sin;—and so moved the king and priests, that after that all sacrifice ceased in that kingdom.

Later on passing king Bimbisara's realms, he is earnestly entreated to dwell with the good

king, but he declines and continues in his wanderings. Many adventures befall him, in which we see the beauties of his character displayed,—his humility,—when he tells the woman, who seeing his rapt meditation and feeling his great influence considers him a wood-god, that he is no such god but a human being like herself, and in these words 'The Buddhas who have been and who shall be, of these am I'; his tenderness in every act of his; his strength of character, when, though famished and weak, sustained only by offerings of those who think him divine, he tells them, "thou helpest me who am no God, but one thy brother;" his wisdom and beautiful sentiments in every word that he utters.

At length he approaches in the gloaming, the Bodhi tree, afterwards celebrated as the tree of wisdom—and seats himself under its shade for meditation—and here the greatest struggle takes place and the most glorious victory is won. The portion of Paradise Regained where Christ is tempted by Satan will give some idea of the great temptations he had to resist, the evil thoughts—so alien to his pure mind—that so filled him with horror, that he had scarce strength left to conquer them, and at last the sublime victory.

Buddha's father, Suddhodhana, his wife Gopa and his little son Rahula are his first converts, as also King Bimbisara.

The high morals that he taught and the doctrines he preached reach in their purity those in the Bible. Here are a few Buddhist ideas of Heaven:

'The Soul of things is sweet,
The Heart of being is celestial rest,
Stronger than woe is will; that which was good
Doth pass to Better—Best.'
'Before beginning and without end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.'
'This is its touch upon the blossomed Rose,
The fashion of its hand-shaped lotus leaves;
It brings to loveliness all ancient wrath and wreck.'
'The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky
Men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills
Those too the great Law binds.'
'Such is the Law which moves to righteousness
Which none as last can turn aside or stay.
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is peace.'

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



The Training of Nurses.

*A report read by Dr. Miss Krishnabai Kelakkar,
L. M. S., & L. M., of the Albert Edward
Hospital of Kolhapur, at a Prize
Distribution to the Trained
Nurses.*

IT affords me very great pleasure to submit to you to-day the report of the Nurses' class of the Albert Edward Hospital—a class founded for the training of nurses and midwives in connection with the hospital and for the use of the public in general.

Before I do so, however, a brief account of the origin and history of the former class and what led to the training of this new staff of nurses may not be uninteresting or out-of-place. The necessity of such a class was felt soon after the foundation of the hospital, and it was sixteen years ago, that the first class was started by Dr. George Sinclair, the then Durbar Surgeon, under the immediate supervision of the late lamented Dr. V. G. Apte.

It was a very moderate beginning and candidates had to be procured from among the most backward class. Many of them could hardly read a line of even the vernacular language, and great pains had to be taken to bring them to the level of ordinary nurses; but the progress of the class was none the less sure and its results were not below expectation. During the three years that the class remained open some fifteen nurses were trained; of these some were sent to the district dispensaries; two were commissioned for personal attendance on Her Highness the Ranee-sahab and the rest were drafted on the Hospital staff. For twelve years these nurses have worked, to the great satisfaction of the state and the Hospital authorities. The value of the services they rendered in their sphere cannot be over-estimated. Those in the districts have proved themselves very useful to the masses, especially in difficult labour cases. Demands are also being constantly made in the A. E. Hospital for midwives from villages near Kolhapore, within an area of 10 to 30 miles, to relieve women in delayed labours. The life of many a mother and child is saved by the timely help rendered by these midwives. Their sphere of work does not stop here however. Middle class families have begun to avail themselves of their services in ordinary labour cases, thus preventing by securing their attendance many after effects that would result from ill-conducted labours. These midwives have thus succeeded in popularising western methods in the slow

accepting minds of the masses. Tradition is yielding before them and what has not been done by talk and lectures has been effected by the practical work rendered by these nurses. Among our women class, of course, the results are very slow, but they could not be otherwise among our high-class women. They are the most conservative and at the same time the most religious class among us, and it takes patient labour to remove their strong deeprooted prejudices. These nurses have also often been called by several sirdar families and other well-to-do houses to nurse patients at home, and here also they have done their work well.

The number of these old nurses was limited however. The state and the Hospital authorities finding the usefulness of their sphere of work and the rapidly increasing demand for them resolved at length to open another class. The proposal had only to be laid before His Highness the Maharajah Sahab, who is ever ready to encourage schemes tending towards the happiness of his subjects. He at once sanctioned the necessary expenditure in scholarships &c.; and in the April of 1905 the new nurses' class was opened. We were enabled this time to select candidates who could read and write the vernacular fairly well. Efforts were also made to procure them from more or less respectable families as it was found that the genteel behaviour of well-behaved nurses by the bedside of dear relatives went a long way in making the new western treatment popular in the eyes of the public. The training that they received this time was on a higher level than what they did last time. They have been taught first aid, bandaging, compounding with a little knowledge of English, in addition to nursing and midwifery. They underwent a course of four terms, which took them two years to complete their course. I was helped in my work by the two hospital assistants Mr. D. R. Sathé and Mr. S. R. Karkhannis. Of the twelve that appeared for the examination, 10 passed and were found eligible to practice as midwives and nurses and will be granted certificates; of these ten three are Brahmin widows, one sent by the Sangli state, another by the Kurundwar state and the third by Miraj Mala. These three will return and work in the respective states. The remaining seven were given scholarships by the Kolhapore state. They will now work in the city and districts—of these seven, one is a Mahomedan, one a Rajput, one a Koli—a very backward class,—one Jain and three Marathas. The Jain nurse is probably the first in her caste in the whole Bombay Presidency to take up the profession, and it is interesting to note that in spite of being a mother of three children she has stood first in

this class. It will be seen from the above that candidates have been admitted from different communities, viz., the Mahomedan, Marathi, Jain and Brahmin; and thus efforts are made to make the art of nursing popular in all the castes.

We consider it a great fortune that you happen to visit at Kolbapore at this time and thus are enabled to be here this evening to award certificates and distribute prizes to the successful nurses. You will launch them to-day in their noble sphere of work and start them for their solemn mission in life. And let me now offer you my sincere thanks for having consented to-day to preside on this joyful occasion and thus for having given us by your presence and sympathy a stimulus to our work. I also offer my heartfelt thanks to her Highness the Sarkeorabai Raneesah Soubhagyavati Luxmibai Raneesah and Akkasaheb Maharaj, Mrs. Fenis and all European and Hindu ladies for gracing the occasion with their general presence.

Thayammal Girls' School Library and Reading Room, Kulase- kharapatnam.

OPENING CEREMONY.

ON Tuesday the 31st of December 1907, the above Library and Reading Room was opened by Mrs. Rosa Weth, wife of Mr. J. H. A. Weth, Agent of Messrs. Parry & Co., at Kulasekharapatnam. In the month of June 1907, the sympathisers of the institution were told by the founder of the school of his desire to have a Library and Reading Room attached to the school and were appealed to for their co-operation. Many of them generously subscribed on the spot, Mr. J. H. A. Weth heading the list with a liberal subscription. More than Rs. 100 were subscribed out of which a little less than Rs. 100 has been collected. 48 volumes have till now been bought and 7 volumes were presented by Messrs. Sundaram Pillay of the *Swadesamitran*, Venuvalingam Pillay of Palamcottah, and S. V. Kallapiran Pillay, Tahsildar of Chingleput, the last through his brother. It is hoped that the volumes will in time, be increased and the Reading Room furnished with Magazines and Newspapers.

There are a few special features regarding the library. In the first place the Library and Reading Room is intended exclusively for girls and Ladies, which is a rare instance; in the second place the invited guests, who witnessed

the proceedings were exclusively Indian ladies; an instance rarer still, and the conspicuous personage was also a lady. From 2-30 o'clock visitors began to gather. The proceedings were to have begun at 3. Mrs. Weth was unavoidably late. So the proceedings began at 3-30 and Mrs. Weth joined the audience at 4. The premises of the School presented a tasteful appearance. The proceedings began with a prayer and a few Thavaram Hymns. The students of the school entertained the audience with action songs, Kummi Kolattum and a farce (the Market). The audience seemed pleased with the work of the young ones and the farce especially was intelligently appreciated. Girls from 5 to 13 took part in the farce and each did her part to the satisfaction of the visitors.

The founder of the school then addressed the ladies and explained to them the use of education and the benefits of a library exclusively for them, where they could help themselves and others in improving their knowledge and education. Then, while requesting Mrs. Weth to open the library, he made her a special request to learn Tamil, thereby increasing the facilities for the intermingling of the Nations of the East and West, to exchange with each other the special virtues each is heir to. She replied that she would be willing to do so if she could. She then pulled a string from near her seat and by a contrivance for the curtain, which was drawn across the entrance of the Library Room, slid to one side and the shelf wherein the books were tastefully arranged caught the eyes of the audience. Mrs. Weth and a few of the audience now entered into the room and the contents of a few of the books were explained to them. Mrs. Weth promised the library a shelf and the school a monthly donation which was accepted with thanks.

Mrs. Weth, then addressing the audience, spoke in appreciative terms of the work of the school, urged on the ladies present the supreme necessity of educating themselves and their children and encouraged the girls to enter more into their studies and be of great use to others.

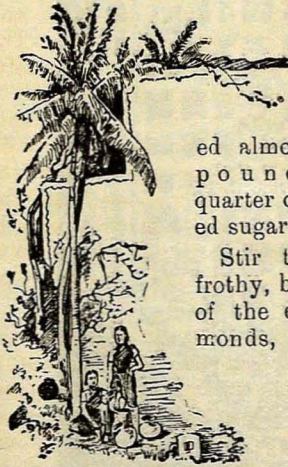
The girls then sang in Tamil the National Anthem and a farewell song. Mrs. Weth was then garlanded by a girl. With a vote of thanks to Mrs. Weth and other ladies and with the distribution of sandal paste, thambulam and bouquets the audience dispersed.

Before concluding, I as one interested in Female education will appeal to publishers, authors, journalists and the generous public to favour the school with their gifts, which may be sent to the Honorary Superintendent, Thayammal Girls' School, or to the Librarian, Thayammal Girls' School Library, Kulasekharapatnam.

By A CORRESPONDENT.

Our Cookery Column.

FRANKFORT PUDDING.



INGREDIENTS.

—A quarter of a pound of butter, five eggs, a quarter of a pound of crushed almonds, a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, vanilla essence.

Stir the butter till it is frothy, beat into it the yolks of the eggs, the ground almonds, the bread, sugar, a few drops of vanilla essence, and lastly, the whites of the five eggs, which must have been beaten into

a snow. Take a pudding form, butter it, dust sugar over it and put the mass into it. Cook in a *bain-marie* for one hour and serve hot with a fruit sauce.

POTAGE BRETON.

Ingredients.—One pound of haricot beans, two ounces of butter, one Spanish onion, half a cabbage, two ounces of bacon, pepper, salt and a tomato.

Soak the beans over-night. Boil till tender in a large tureen. Take the bacon, put it in a pan with the butter. Fry a minced onion in the fat and add this all to the beans, together with the cabbage cut up and the tomato. Let all simmer for half an hour and serve with grated cheese.

Montpelier Biscuits.—This is a most delicious and dainty savoury, but is rather difficult at first to make. The ingredients required for this are two ounces of flour, one ounce of butter and one ounce of Parmesan cheese, the yolk of one egg, and a little pepper, salt and cayenne. Rub the butter and flour together, and then stir in the cheese, add the pepper, salt, and cayenne. Then beat up the yolk of the egg and stir that in, cut them the size of small biscuits and bake in a moderate oven. Then beat up four ounces of butter to a cream, and add to this four or five anchovies which have been boned, and just moisten with a dessertspoonful of cream. Put all this into a mortar and pound. When ready, use a forcing-pipe to put the mixture on to the biscuits, and garnish with watercresses.

A Substantial Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of dripping, three-quarters of a pound of flour, three ounces of sugar and the same of currants. Rub the dripping well into the flour, then add the sugar and currants, and mix it all to a stiff paste with some water. Grease a large flat piedish and bake in a moderate oven.

A Good Breakfast Dish.—Boil two ounces of semolina in a pint of milk in a porridge saucepan, stirring occasionally. When thoroughly cooked serve like porridge, it can be eaten with either salt or sugar according to the taste of the person, and some cold milk.—“NONA.”

Potato Croquettes.—Boil the potatoes till quite tender, then slice them and pass them through a collander, moistening them with a little cream, add to this some chopped parsley, a little pepper and salt to taste, and a tiny suspicion of onion; mix all these ingredients together, beat up the yolks of two eggs, and mix some of this in with the potatoes, leaving sufficient to dip the croquettes in before frying. Beat the whites to a stiff cream and add them to the other ingredients, beating it all up together, then form them into balls, dip each one into the yolk of the eggs left for that purpose, and fry in boiling fat to a delicate brown. Serve very hot, and arrange them on the dish with parsley to decorate.

INDIAN CORN CAKES.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of Indian corn-flour, a quarter of a pound of ordinary flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, one egg.

Mix all the ingredients together and spread out into a thin paste, cut into circles by the aid of a glass, decorate the top in any way you please, paint with yolk of egg, and bake in a slow oven. Serve hot.

The prerogative of infancy, is innocency; of childhood, reverence; of manhood, maturity; and of old age, wisdom.

It may seem of little moment to be punctual, but to use the words of an eminent theologian “our life is made up of little things” Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed.

Our Needle Work Column.

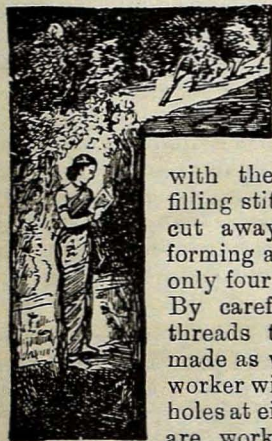


Fig. 1. This shows a very handsome although simple insertion in the double barring pattern shown at Fig. 2,

with the addition of the lace filling stitch. Eight threads are cut away and eight left, thus forming a larger square than if only four threads are removed. By careful calculation of the threads the insertion may be made as wide or narrow as the worker wishes. The large eyelet holes at either side of the pattern are worked in ordinary button-

hole stitch, the rather large holes in the centre of each being formed by the pull on the threads in working.

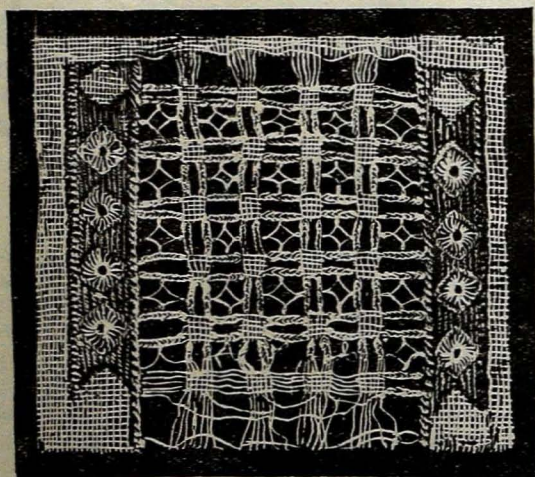


FIG. 1.

Fig. 2. Handsome design for blouse trimming, worked on finest Congress canvas, B96. These blouse and dress trimming designs can be outlined with coloured Peri-Lusta or linen threads in a shade to match the garment for which the work is intended. They can also be worked in black silk or black voile or canvas and make an extremely handsome and durable trimming.

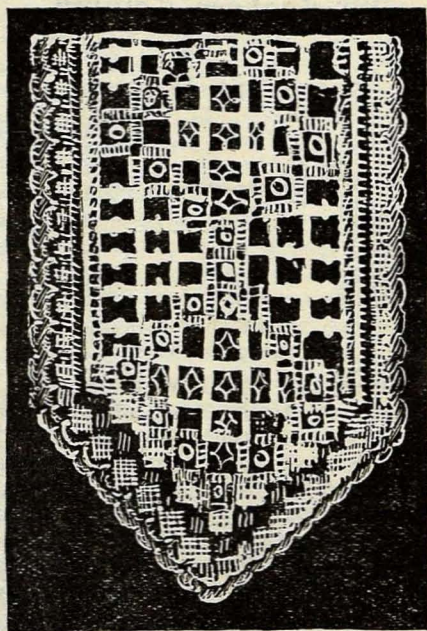


FIG. 2.

Fig. 3. All over design in outlining and back-stitching. Simple barring with picot stitch. The novelty of this design consists of the uncommon grouping of the base, the preparing of which can be readily followed from the unworked section.



FIG. 3.



Selections.

I. THE BOMBAY HINDU LADIES' CLUB.

MRS. MUIR-MACKENZIE'S ADDRESS.

THE 14th Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club was held last evening in the spacious hall of Mrs. Harischandra Pandurang Pitale's bungalow at Cowasji Patel Tank Road, Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie presiding.

The proceedings opened by Miss Sumati R. Kothare playing on the harmonium and Miss Shantabai Herelekar singing a welcome song. Mrs. Kothare then proposed, and Mrs. Umabai Khare seconded, that Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie should occupy the chair. Mrs. Bablibai Pitale, the Secretary of the Club, then read the report of the last year's working of the Club in Marathi, which was translated in English by Miss Cursshedji. The report showed that 31 weekly meetings were held regularly at Mrs. Bablibai Pitale's house, the average attendance being 20 to 40 as against 30 to 40 of last year. Various subjects were discussed both in Marathi and Gujarati. Some days were also spent in doing some fancy and plain needle-work. H. H. Laximibai Maharani Saheb Gaikawad of Baroda was kind enough to hand to the President of this Club in the year 1906, a sum of Rs. 100 for opening a Fabric and Glass-painting Class which was opened under the able tuition of Miss Jayji Goorji Nazar, and this Class is still continuing its work. Her Highness had given another grant of Rs. 25 monthly during the year. The Begum Saheb of Janjira has given a donation of Rs. 200 for opening a class, in which the old-fashioned embroidery of India would be taught, and the Committee were pleased to note that such a Class was opened in Mrs. Manakbbai Kothare's Indu Bhuvan, where many members of the Club are taking instructions of such an useful art.

After the reading of the report, the President delivered a most interesting and instructive address, which was listened to with great attention. In the course of her address, Mrs. Muir-Mackenzie said :

"It gives me great pleasure to preside this afternoon on the occasion of the Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club. It is very delightful to meet so many Hindu ladies, and it is a privilege difficult of attainment. Like the fragrant fascinating violets, you hide yourselves so securely, that we who would much love to meet you and be friends, find it really most difficult to do so. If you will bear with me for a short time this afternoon, I am going to plead

with you on the point. I have tried in Poona to persuade Hindu ladies to come to the Club we have formed there. I went to some of the Hindu houses where I was most kindly welcomed. Some of the ladies did promise to come. Now and then they do come and a very few play badminton, but I regret that on the whole they do not seem to care about the Club. I believe they think it is too frivolous a side of life, and that playing games is perhaps a waste of time. I can sympathise with their view and I can sympathise too, with your love of home. Home is indeed the dearest place on earth, and I think many a married woman, whether she belongs to the East or the West, could find her whole happiness and her life's work in her home. But over and over again, duty calls her forth to play a hard, difficult part in this world's history. The world to reach perfection must feel the active, beautiful influence of femininity in every department of life. This thought is scarcely concrete enough perhaps to trouble many of us closely, but another aspect of this question does touch every one of us. When children appear in our homes what do they demand of their mothers. Their souls ask for spiritual food, for space and light into which to stretch and grow. Their minds ask for intellectual stimulus and nourishment, their little bodies cry out for exercise and games, so that their muscles may become hard, and they may learn physical endurance. Shall mothers deny their boy-children and their girls what is necessary to them? Will the mother whose outlook on life is cramped by the four walls of her home learn the "wisest" way in which to educate her children morally, mentally and physically. The necessity for physical exercise is more and more insisted upon to-day. However beautiful ideals are, can they flourish in stunted bodies and weak physical brains? No, no, the body must have equal chances. Therefore I beg these new ideas of Clubs for games are brought to you for approval, do not turn away and say "they have no deep meaning, they are only for amusement which we despise, we will have nothing to do with them." You with your beautiful solemn ideas of life and duty can do much good in the world by mixing with it. The world is perhaps too pleasure-loving and frivolous a place, and so we have great need to feel this lovely influence which bring with you. The world is powerless to hurt you, but you can do good to the world. I fear I weary you, but I have long had it in my heart to speak these words and I am so glad to be allowed to say it here in this interesting Social Club whose activities for good ever seem to be on the increase. I know your founder the revered Mr. Justice Ranade would say something of the same nature as I say, were he with us to-day. This club is

very active in benevolent works and in intellectual endeavour, and we can judge from its aims and ideals what Hindu ladies regard as a model Club, but might you not think it good to spread your ideas among other communities by mixing more freely with them. I hope, too, when in the future other Clubs with different ideals are formed that you will like to join them and it will be pleasant for you to remember that this Club, founded eleven years ago, was the first Ladies' Club ever seen in Bombay. You may indeed feel proud that your community lead the way. Emerson said a very wise thing when he insisted that "all are needed by each one." If you believe this, then you see that the world needs you and that you have something also to learn from the world, and so again as I bid you farewell and wish this Club an ever-increasing sphere of usefulness, I will beg you to think whether it is not possible for you to include more active contact with the world in your scheme of life.

The proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the President:—*The Times of India*.

II. WOMEN STUDENTS IN INDIA.

By MISS LILIVATI SINGH,

*Principal of the Isabella Thoburn
College, Lucknow.*

Women students in the proper sense of the term are so few in India that we can scarcely with truth speak of work among them, unless in India, as in South Africa and parts of Australia, you are willing to include work among school girls under this head.

At the Tokyo Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation, when I heard the decision that no country could have a member on the general executive committee of the W. S. C. F., unless it could produce one hundred and fifty *bona fide* Christian College students, my heart sank within me. How could we produce one hundred and fifty college women belonging to a Christian Student Movement? Remember that in India only seven out of a thousand women can read or write. When in Japan I visited several girls' schools and talked with many leading educationalists, I felt discouraged over India when I learned that 91.16 is the percentage of the women in Japan, who at least receive a primary education. Still, this difference is not hard to account for. Primary education has been compulsory in Japan for thirty five years. In 1872, the Code of education was promulgated, and in the introduction to this Code occur the following striking words: "It is designed henceforth that education shall not be confined to a

few, but shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member."

Compulsory education for girls is impossible in India with its child-marriage, its *pardah* system and its sacredly-held opinion that girls have no brains. It has been the fashion of late years, especially since the Parliament of Religions of Chicago, to idolize and exalt everything Indian, English and American women with fine education, and tired of the material tendency of the West, have visited India, have studied our books, have travelled with our pilgrims in their quest for *nukti* or salvation, and have come to the conclusion that Indian women, free from the strenuous life that leaves their Western sisters no time for God and for spiritual things, are happier and more enviable. There is a fascination about India and things Indian—a charm that cannot be defined or described; and these ladies, with their lives full of the rich gifts that Christian Europe has given them, and with the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, have come and for a time and as an experiment have lived in the *zenana*, and have pronounced it an ideal place. Their captivity was voluntary; they had books, and, what is more important, a love for books, and with such companions one can live in any cell. Then, again, they had an interesting social problem to study, and this problem presented in the shape of the Indian woman—the most gentle, the most patient, and the most lovable of her sex anywhere. They are not the right judges of what life in the *zenana* means. There is a mean between the exaggerated account of some few missionaries, who picture the lot of the Indian women as all dark and dismal, and the others who point to it as the ideal of the womanhood of the world. Statistics tell us that there are forty million women shut up in the *zenana*, that there are twenty-five million widows, and that of this number, six thousand in Bengal are under a year old. What Miss Noble has written in her clever books is rare, indeed. I wish it were not. "An incomparable moment in the history of a Hindu family is that of the return to it of a young daughter freshly widowed. Unspeakable tenderness and delicacy are lavished upon her." The lot of the widow is hard, indeed. Let anyone disguise herself and live in *Mutra* and *Bindrahan*, and she will learn something concerning this matter. The Indian woman is shy, and she will not readily open her heart to a European woman. Still, in spite of these various difficulties, education is making some progress. It is only a little over fifty years ago that Dr. Duff made his oft-quoted remark, "As well try to scale a wall fifty feet high as to educate the women of India." And remember that Dr. Duff was a Christian optimist. The

wall has been scaled, and in the following manner Schools have been opened in the villages under some shady pipul or tamarind or mango tree, and groups of girls have been collected, and instruction of the most elementary type has been given them.

Then, again, famines that slip periodically over this great continent-country of ours have led missionaries to gather the homeless and friendless into big orphanages. These orphanages have done for Indian boys and girls what Dr. Barnardo and George Muller have done for British children.

We have a third type of school represented by those known as district boarding schools. The girls in these are the children of very poor parents, who cannot afford to pay more than two shilings at most per month towards the board and education of their children. They are trained as Bible readers, and many of them go to the Agra Medical School, and graduate as Hospital Assistants.

We next come to the zenana schools. Here house-to-house visiting is done, and the three "R's" with Bible and needle-work are taught. This group is confined entirely to non-Christian women. Next come the High Schools, which take students through the matriculation examination. Then come the Colleges. Of these, there are very few still. The Sarah Tucker College in Palamcottah, the Gardiner Memorial and the Bethune College in Calcutta and the Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow. In Bombay and Madras women students have been admitted to men's colleges. Strange anomaly! You do not do this in Oxford or Cambridge, and yet the experiment is being tried in India—the land of the *pardah* system! Now all these various types of schools have been started by missionaries. They have been the pioneers of education both, for girls as well as for boys in all eastern Asia. What Dr. G. F. Verback and Dr. David Murray have done for Japan, that Dr. Duff, Dr. Wilson, and Dr. Miller have done for India. India owes a great debt of gratitude to Scotland, which she can never repay. When spending a few hours in Westminster Abbey about seven years ago, I suddenly came upon the name of David Livingstone. A strange emotion stirred me; I felt I was on holy ground, and must pray. The names of these veterans—Duff, Wilson, and others, affect me the same way. And in these days of discontent and criticism let us not forget what men of this type have done for India.

Because missionaries have been the pioneers of education among girls as well as among boys, it has come about that the only women students besides the Brahmo-Samajists and the Parsis, are Indian Christians. Therefore, we do not at present at least have to face the problem of Ger-

many and Switzerland, and other countries of Europe, *viz.*, women students who are keen to acquire secular knowledge, but who are perfectly indifferent to the claims of Christ. Perhaps, if Mrs. Besant's energies had been directed toward founding a Hindu College for women, this might have been the case. I have often wondered that the condition of Indian women did not appeal to her, and my earnest prayer has been that some English woman who is devoted to the cause of Christ, and has the brains and the enthusiasm and magnetism of Mrs. Besant, will do for Indian women what the Central Hindu College is doing for men.

I must repeat myself in saying that education is making progress. While the percentage for the whole of India is still very low, in the provinces, where effort has been put, it has risen quite high. In Bombay the girls of school-going age who are in school is 6.00 per cent.; in Bengal it is 2.92; in the Punjab it is 2.28; in the United Provinces, which are most backward in this respect, it is only 8.75 still, even here, according to the last educational report, the number of scholars among girls shows the significant increase of 30 per cent. during the year.

If the percentage of the school-going age who are actually attending school is so low, you can see that the number of women who remain long enough in school to go through a four years' college course would be very small indeed. Parsis, Brahmos, and Christian women are the only ones who have taken degrees. But they have proved to their fathers, mothers, and husbands that women have brains. Year after year in the Allahabad University girls have stood at the top of the list in the Government competitive examination. To give you the record of last year. Over 400 candidates sat for the B. A. examination, and a girl stood at the top of the list. About five hundred took the intermediate, and a girl again headed the list. In the matriculation, for which over a thousand candidates appeared, two girls were fifth and seventh in the list.

Slowly, very slowly, perhaps, the cause of higher education for women is spreading and gaining ground in India. I do not think that we shall have any difficulty to come up to the required test of 150 students in two years' time. If Christian women all went in for higher education, as they do for secondary and primary education, there would be no difficulty. But the Parsi and Brahmo-Samaj women divide this honour with them, and perhaps excel them.

Since the Education Commission of 1902, and the Universities' Act of 1904, which is based upon the conclusions and recommendations of the Commission, the cause of education has received a fresh impetus, and Government

grants for educational purposes have been increased everywhere.

Training schools for women have been opened in all the capital cities, and also in some other large cities. The Bengal Government has even sent two Indian women to take a thorough course in normal methods in England. We hope that the United Provinces and the Punjab will follow this noble example.

We see that in the near future there will be great opportunities for Christian women to work among these non-Christians.

Hitherto, the work of the Student Department of the Young Women's Christian Association has been mostly in the Christian schools with Bible Classes and Socials held for other schools. The University Settlement has attempted to work among Parsi women with some success. But the sphere of labour of both has been limited, because of the small number of women students. But with the increase of these, and with the trained and ready assistance of the educated Indian Christian women the work in India ought to go forward by leaps and bounds. Herein is the difference between India and Japan. In Japan there are a great many educated women, but they are not Christians. In India the only educated women practically are Christians, ready to unite their efforts with those of their western sisters for the salvation of their country.

When the Dufferin scheme opened the doors of the Medical Schools and Colleges to women, the only women who were ready to enter were Indian Christians and Eurasians. When the educational department opened the posts of inspectresses, practically the only girls ready for these were Indian Christians and Eurasians. When the Student Movement of Great Britain and Ireland wishes to extend the work among Indian women students, the Christian women of India are ready to help.

The Young Women's Christian Association, with its student department, is doing just the right kind of work. In large presidency cities, like Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Lahore, and other places, it has opened Student Hostels, and the close personal influence of consecrated English women is sure to tell. As education spreads these hostels will have to increase in numbers. Those in places like Bombay, Madras, etc., need to be in the hands of Europeans. The others can be opened and controlled by Indian Christian women who are educated, and who have sanctified common sense. We have a Pandita Ramabai and a Dr. Karmaker to show what Indian women can do.

Yes, India has a great future before her. As some one has said, "India is the arbiter of the

future destinies of Asia. Japan has the gift of close scientific application, with corresponding disability for religious enthusiasm; while China has that of economic development, looking to the world side more than the heaven side. But India has the philosophic imagination. Her great religious heart is not dead. It beats warm and strong in its longing after God, and its admiration and reverence for an unworldly life. Only in Jesus Christ, as the supreme and Universal Saviour of the world, can that great heart be satisfied." And Christ has already begun His conquest of India.—*The Student Movement.*

III. INDUSTRIES FOR INDIAN HOMES.

MR. M. C. NANJUNDA RAO, M. B., and C. M., Assistant Chemical Examiner to the Government of Madras, has set a commendable example to his community by introducing carpet-weaving as a home industry for middle-class Hindu families. In October last he obtained the services of a professional weaver from the Madras School of Arts to teach his daughter and two of her companions carpet-weaving and the dyeing of wool. In a short time the girls learned both processes, and Mr. Nanjunda Rao at once set up a simple apparatus of the ordinary country pattern, at a cost of only Rs. 2, and supplied the girls with a quantity of wool. Having treated the wool with the different colours required, the girls started weaving under the guidance of their master, and in a few days were able to continue the work practically, independently, except for occasional advice and help. The girls first made a small carpet 3 ft. x 1½ ft., which, as a first result after such a short period of training, was considered very encouraging. They then worked at a second piece, 6 ft. x 3 ft. with even greater success, and before the middle of January they had completed a third carpet, 8 ft. x 5 ft. They worked daily from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. with an hour's interval at midday; and in a little over three months, except for a few holidays, they have made three carpets which for excellence of execution and finish are said to be not inferior to those manufactured by an average professional weaver. Our representative was allowed to inspect the loom at which the girls worked and was struck with the dexterity with which they plied their nimble fingers. One of the three had a design in front of her and read it out to her companions, who wove according to her instructions. The carpets were also submitted to the inspection of two or three Indian and European experts, who complimented the girls,

and Mr. Nanjunda Rao, on the facility which they had acquired in the art in such a short time. These carpets will be on view at the forthcoming Fine Art Exhibition at the Senate House.

Encouraged by the success which has so far ended his efforts, Mr. Nanjunda Rao is arranging to import machinery for the purpose of teaching the manufacture of socks, tape, candles, soap, matches, etc. He has no ambitious schemes, being merely anxious to prove the practicability of these industries being introduced as cottage industries in middle-class Hindu homes. The advantage of one or other of them in affording work for the wives and daughters of English-educated Indians who fill clerical and other posts in the subordinate ranks of the Public Service and in mercantile offices, cannot be doubted, for the womenfolk would be able to supplement the incomes of their menfolk and at the same time relieve the monotony of their own domestic duties. Mr. Nanjunda Rao's efforts have been brought to the notice of many Hindu families in Mylapore, and at a recent Meeting of the Ladies' Association there a paper was read by one of the members on what women can do, soap-making, the making of matches, lace making, the weaving of carpets, vests and socks, embroidery, etc., being referred to as suitable work for women to undertake as domestic industries in order to supplement the earnings of the men. Already several Indian ladies in and around Mylapore have begun to take an interest in the carpet-weaving carried on in Mr. Nanjunda Rao's bungalow, and are anxious to be taught the same. Once these industries are well established, the co-operative movement, which is spreading in this Presidency, should enable the products of these home industries to be brought to market. Co-operative bodies can also help in the promotion of these industries by arranging for the supply to the workers of the machinery and raw materials. This form of genuine *swadeshi* work, begun on quite a modest scale, should afford profitable work to many an Indian family, and Mr. Nanjunda Rao's cautious experiment in this direction will be watched with considerable interest.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Professor N. Velinker of Bombay gave an interesting lecture lately in London on Female Education in W. India.

After alluding to the Female High School at Poona and the Female Training Colleges at Poona and Ahmedabad, he said the lack of qualified women teachers was their greatest difficulty. He continued:—"In reviewing our educational machinery in

Western India, I must not leave unmentioned two very remarkable institutions which, though they cannot be technically classed as educational, are really such in the best sense of the term. The first is a large Widows' Home which is called Mookti Sadan and was brought into existence by the genius of Pandita Ramabai, one of the most remarkable women not only in India, but I shall venture to say, in the world. Here, in this great institution, which occupies almost an entire village a few miles from Poona on the Southern Maratha line, more than two thousand women, most of them widows, are not only being clothed, fed and educated, but what is more, are clothing, feeding and educating themselves! One outstanding feature of this institution which must strike even a casual visitor is its aspect of self-help. It is a kind of socialistic community complete in itself. It grows its own food, weaves its own cloth, manufactures most of the simple articles it requires, conducts its own secular and religious education (for it is emphatically a Christian Home) under the guidance, spiritual, and practical, of a woman of genius. The ideal of life in the Home is not ascetic as one unacquainted with its inner life might be led to suppose from the fact of its being so self-contained. There are frequent meetings for religious and social purposes, and I hear that now bands of women from the Home not only go out preaching and teaching in the city of Poona and the villages around, but also periodically undertake long journeys for preaching the Gospel and popularizing the aims and work of the Home. I think you will now willingly grant that I am entitled to claim for such an institution a high educational character and to speak of it along with the Training Colleges of the Presidency, for the women who are trained here in this School of practical self-help must necessarily be among the most effective missionaries and teachers of their sisters in India.

A WIDOW REMARRIAGE AT DELHI.—A Correspondent writes from Delhi:—A widow marriage took place at Dholana near Pikhwa Railway Station on O.R.R. in the Meerut District on the 27th December 1907, in the Vaish Agarwal Kadim (Dassa) community. The bride was a virgin widow, about 15 years old and a daughter of Lala Ladli Prasad, resident of Delhi, and now Branch Post Master, Dholana. The bridegroom, Lala Ram Saran Das, aged about 25 years, is also of Delhi and is a clerk in the office of Deputy Comptroller General of Post Offices, Delhi. The marriage party in spite of great opposition from the brotherhood consisted of 15 gentlemen and 2 boys of the castemen. The Secretary, Widow Re-marriage Association, Delhi, and Lala Rup Ram, B.A., pleader, a leading member of the Association, also joined the party. The Biradriwalas who opposed the marriage tried in many ways to prevent its celebration, but could not succeed. On the 26th December 1907 they held a big Panchayat to excommunicate the bridegroom and his supporters, but could not arrive at a definite conclusion. It is understood that this marriage has cleared the way for the marriages of virgin-widows in the community and several such marriages are expected in the near future.—*The Punjabi*.

THE LADIES' ART EXHIBITION.—The new feature of the last anniversary of the Jallandhar Arya Samaj

was The Ladies' Art Exhibition. The exhibits which were prepared solely by the ladies were shown at the rooms of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya. The idea of getting up an Exhibition having suggested itself very late, the due measure of success could not be attained. Yet, it would be no exaggeration to say that the Exhibition was fairly successful inasmuch as it was held this year for the first time. With growing years the Exhibition will, we believe, draw to itself greater amount of public attention and patronage, and the day should not be considered far distant when the Exhibition will assume large proportions and serve as the most attractive function in the province in the Christmas week. The Exhibition was formally opened by the Deputy Commissioner of the Jalandhar district, on the 21st December. Exhibits were received from all parts of the country. They included embroidery, drawntread, point lace work and paintings executed by Indian ladies. The Director of Public Instruction, Punjab, and Director of Schools of the Patiala State, deserve thanks for the success of the Exhibition, inasmuch as they did what they could, to help it on. More than 1,000 persons paid a visit to the Exhibition. We hope the next session of the Exhibition will be a greater success. Our only wish, however, is that our educated girls, instead of devoting themselves to the production of luxuries, spent their time and energy in providing the real necessities of life. We notice with sorrow that now-a-days the energies of our educated girls are directed solely towards producing things which only add to the luxuries of life. Let us hope the girls of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya would rise above the common level.

Last week saw an awakening in the cause of female education in Lucknow. Following the prize distribution to the pupils of the Hindu Girls' School Pandit Gokaran Nath Misra arranged for two lectures by Srimati Pandit Gyatri Devi in the Rifa-Am Hall on Thursday and Friday, these were heard each day by a crowded audience. Pandita Gyatri Devi belongs to the Vanita Upkarni Sabha of Jabbalpur which trains widows as lady teachers and as public lecturers. The Pandita herself is a very eloquent speaker and can address large audiences with ease. Arrangements have been made for the Pandita to address *Parda nashin* ladies.

A Correspondent writes:—"A Brahmin widow marriage was celebrated in the garden of Rao Bahadur Viresalingam's house at Rajahmundry on the 31st ultimo. The bridegroom was Nimmagadda Radhakrishna Rao, aged 29 years. He is a native of the Kistna District, employed in the Railway Department, on a salary of Rs. 50 per month. The bride Ramayamma, aged 24 years, was an inmate of the Rajahmundry Widows' Home. She has passed the primary examination in Telugu. She lost her first husband when she was ten years old. Both the bride and the bridegroom belong to the Videeki sect of Smartha Brahmins. The marriage was celebrated according to Hindu rites. Mr. and Mrs. Tamku Venkatachalapati Rao gave away the bride to the bridegroom, and Mr. D. Seshachalapati Rao officiated as priest. About 200 people (ladies and gentlemen) attended the marriage."

THE NEW PARTY AND INDIAN WOMAN, LONDON E.L.A.
—A feature of the recent growth of interest in Indian affairs is the desire of English ladies to be fully and

sympathetically informed inspecting their Indian sisters. Early in the year, under the auspices of Mrs. Creighton, the Women's Indian Study Association was formed, to promote "sympathetic understanding between British and Indian Women." With a somewhat similar object the Lyceum Club has formed an oriental Circle, and in connection therewith an afternoon reception of invited Indians was given at the Club rooms on Tuesday. The guests were received by Mrs. Hewell, the president and Miss Lowell. In response to a request from Mrs. Hewell, Mr. Ameer Ali spoke on the position of Indian women. He remarked incidentally that the lack of knowledge of India in this country was due in some measure to the want of someone to "boon" her as Mr. Chamberlain had boomed the colonies. He pointed out that in the Hindu social system there was a great distinction between childless widow and those who had borne sons. The lot of the former was far from enviable, owing to the strong belief of the Hindus in the need for sons to offer oblations for the spiritual welfare of the dead. On the other hand, a widow with children, after the demise of her husbands, became the centre of home life, managed the property and affairs of the family, and very often avoided friction in the household. Grown-up sons, daughters-in-law and daughters took her advice and were guided by her. In the parts of India he knew the ladies of the upper classes were generally well-educated in such Eastern tongues as Persian, Urdu, and Arabic, though not in English. In his early days it was common for well-to-do families in Northern India and Bengal to have Persian governesses to teach ladies. These were now, in accordance with the tendency of the times replaced by English governesses. As to the seclusion of women, he claimed that it was of very ancient origin, and repudiated the idea that it was introduced among the Hindus at the time of the first Mahomedan invasion in order to protect their women. He cited a passage from the Mahabharata as affording in this view incidental support to his theory of the antiquity of seclusion of women in India; but I was assured that numerous passages in the opposite direction could be cited from the great epic, to show that the women in the "golden age," of Hindustan enjoyed the fullest freedom, and educationally were on a par with men. Sri Mancherjee Bhownagregre also spoke of the Parsi ladies, their education and the position of freedom they occupy.

THE HINDU FEMALE SEMINARY.—The distribution of prizes and gifts to the pupils of this Seminary took place in the Centenary Hall on the evening of Saturday last. Mrs. Cooling presided, and there was a very large gathering, mainly of the parents and friends of the pupils. There were also present several Hindu ladies of position in the city. The pupils went through a varied and interesting programme of sacred and devotional songs in English and Tamil; recitations in Telugu, English and Tamil, and musical drills. The musical drills, which comprised fan, sash hoops and ball drills were much admired. The young lady who was responsible for most of the items in the programme had evidently taken great pains in training her pupils. The Report was read and showed that the school is attended by 150 pupils, which is as many as the present school can well accommodate. The Seminary is the only one of its kind in the city which is being conducted wholly by

Indian women for the benefit of their fellow-country women. It has been recognised as a secondary school under the Madras Educational Rules and the Director of Public Instruction has admitted it to Government aid, assigning to it a triennial teaching grant, commencing with the year 1906-07. The Seminary is maintained partly by this grant, partly by the school fees paid by the pupils, and partly by the contributions of friends who take an interest in the advancement of Indian women. After the reading of the Report Mrs. Cooling distributed the prizes and gifts and the Rev. J. Cooling, on behalf of Mrs. Cooling, who took the Chair, made a short speech.

SOCIAL CONFERENCE AT SURAT. RESOLUTIONS.—The first business Resolution on the Agenda related to female education, and called attention to the need of providing facilities for special education of young women and imparting a general knowledge to married women by means of home classes, lectures, exhibitions, etc.

Mrs. Vindya Gowri Ramanabai, in moving the Resolution, made a convincing and eloquent speech, in the course of which she asked the audience:—Can you deny that in your domestic affairs and in your social relations your mothers sisters and wives are real wielders of power, and can you deny that that want of education has disabled them from recognising the high ideals men were placing before themselves and co-operating with them in their relations most necessary? Was it necessary for them, she asked, to educate their women when there was an irresistible desire in the nation to march onward and achieve salvation? Knowledge for women was necessary for the advancement of national life and national efficiency.

Mr. Abbas Ali Tyabji, in seconding the motion, referred to the disgracefully small amount spent by the Government on female education.

Mrs. Maganbai Manakchand, addressing the Conference in Hindustani, made a powerful appeal to educated men to realise the injustice done by them to women in the matter of education and to work for their intellectual development by the promotion of female education.

Mrs. Sarlekar, Mistress in the Girls' School at Baroda, made another equally effective speech, giving proof of what education could do for the emancipation of Indian women.

Mr. Kundanmal, of Sind, advocated specialising education for women to fit them for their own duties. The proposition was carried.

THE CALICUT LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—We are pleased to receive from a Hindu lady correspondent the following:—The usual meeting of the Calicut Ladies' Association was held in the Native High School hall on the 11th instant with Mrs. Hill in the chair. The president in her opening speech expressed her heart-felt joy and sympathy with the members of the Association and requested the girls of the Chalapuram Girls' School, who were present on the occasion, to recite a few lines, which they did to the best satisfaction of all assembled. The Christmas Tree which was specially prepared for the occasion by Mrs. Hill and some of her friends was excellent and they deserve to be thanked for having given an opportunity for the Malayalee ladies to have an idea of a Christian festival. They afterwards set this Christmas Tree

ablaze, the sight of which was exceedingly beautiful. At the request of the President, K. Narayani Kutti Amma, daughter of Mr. V. Raman Menon, District Munsiff of Thrur, sang a few songs to the accompaniment of the Tamboor. The meeting then dispersed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

WOMEN'S INDIAN STUDY ASSOCIATION.—A Meeting of the Association was held at 12, Lennox Gardens, by the kind invitation of Mr. and Lady Agnes Peel, on Monday, December 2, at which Mr. Theodore Morison gave an interesting address on the *Purdah* among the Mohamedans of India. He explained that the *purdah* is a much stricter system than the wearing of the veil by women in other Mahomedan countries. *Purdah* means that after the age of nine or ten a woman may not see, or be seen by, any man except her father, her husband, her brothers, and perhaps a few very intimate relations. It is considered praiseworthy that a woman should not leave the house except on rare occasions, and, therefore, her view of life is limited to the courtyard of the house in which she lives. When she goes on a visit, an extraordinarily cumbersome system has to be devised in order that no man shall be able to see her. But, in spite of these restrictions, it is surprising to find how influential women are in Mahomedan society. Many of them transact business and manage estates with conspicuous success, though it is difficult to imagine how they do it, since they can only communicate with the outside world by means of messages transmitted by a female servant. There is a general belief in the West, said Mr. Morison, that Mohamedans care little for women, and deny that they possess souls. This is not the case. Oddly enough, many Mohamedans think that Christians believe women to be soulless.

In the lecturer's opinion, the *purdah* arose from an exaggerated care for women, and is, therefore, all the harder to eradicate. There are, however, signs that it is a doomed institution. Among the younger Mohamedans there is a strong movement for the breaking up of the custom. This is a result of Western civilisation. The young men read English novels, and are attracted by the ideal of women they find in them. They are beginning to wish for educated wives, capable of being true companions, and some of them are anxious to abolish the *purdah* altogether. A strenuous opposition is, of course, being made to this radical reform, not only by the older men, but by many women, who see in the abolition of the *purdah* nothing but danger. Mr. Morison expressed the belief that the best hope for the freedom of women lies in the slowly growing liberal views of the young men, and he is strongly in favour of leaving them to effect the change in their own good time. A great responsibility meanwhile rests with the English women who obtain access to the Zenanas. They should do their utmost to bring the women to desire a wider life, and to help them to realise it.

The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. V. S. Pope, who emphasised the importance of preparing the women to make good use of their future freedom.

In reply to a question by Mrs. Creighton (who presided) as to whether the system was as strongly enforced among the working classes, Mr. Morison replied that though lower class women were obliged to work, the *purdah* was observed as far as possible.

News and Notes.

Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourn of Winsted, Conn., claims to be the first woman who ever took a stitch on a sewing machine. When a teacher in New Hartford she visited Elias Howe's shop in that town and was invited to try his invention. Then he said to her, "You are the first woman in this world who ever took a stitch on a sewing machine."

Mrs. Cornelia S. Robinson, a popular New York club woman, president of the Happy Hour Club, and a member of the Little Mothers' Aid Association, the Woman's Republican Club, and other societies, is the inventor of a sanitary garbage closet, which has a flue to carry all noxious fumes to the roof, and also a fresh-air intake. Mrs. Robinson not only invented the garbage closet, but also took out a patent, secured a foundry, and enlisted the interest of well-known men to form a company, in which she serves as secretary. For some time after her device was placed on the market, she personally secured contracts, and supervised the proper placing of the garbage closet in buildings.

Miss Juana Palacios, head of the department of psychology in the Normal School at Puebla, Mexico, has been sent to the United States by the Mexican government to investigate the teaching of morals in American public schools, with a view to the introduction of ethical teaching in the public schools of Mexico. She believes that a simple system of applied ethics can be taught to school children with great advantage, and without touching upon the vexed question of religion. Miss Palacios took a special course in psychology, philosophy and kindred subjects at Boston University under Professor Borden P. Bowne five years ago, and has been teaching in the Normal School at Puebla ever since. She is a remarkably intelligent and highly accomplished young woman, and speaks English well. Her father was one of Maximilian's chaplains, a very learned priest, who afterwards became a Protestant, married, and left a family of unusually able children. All of them are now teachers in Mexico. A sister of Miss Palacios has also studied at Boston University, and one of her former pupils at the Normal School is now taking a course there. Miss Palacios is at 20 Batavia street, Boston, and would probably be glad to communicate with anyone who can give her points bearing upon the teaching of practical ethics in the schools.

Mrs. William Keith of Berkeley, Cal., has stirred up a tempest in a teapot, in the Chamber of Commerce of that city. The Chamber of Commerce appealed for 1000 new members. The women of the Berkeley Political Equality Club offered to join it in a body. The Chamber of Commerce welcomed them gladly, knowing how much an organization of active and public-spirited women can do to help "boom" a town. But, at one of the first meetings of the Chamber after the women joined, Mrs. Keith made a speech in which she advocated giving women the municipal vote in the new city charter of Berkeley. This scandalized the president of the Chamber, and he published in the papers a letter expressing regret that Mrs. Keith should have brought up a question of

"partisan politics," which was not germane. Mrs. Keith replied that woman suffrage was not a question of partisan politics; that she believed women's municipal vote would promote the health, beauty and general prosperity of Berkeley, and as the meeting was called to consider ways and means of doing this, the subject was strictly germane. The president, who was to have addressed the P. E. Club, cancelled his engagement, pleading a cold. Another member of the Chamber, more progressive, gave the address in his stead, and assured the women that he would gladly support woman suffrage if they would lend their aid in the effort to promote the city's prosperity.

Clara Barton has just written a delightful little book, "The Story of My Childhood." It may be ordered from the Journal Publishing Co., Meriden, Conn. It would make a charming Christmas present. Price, 50 cents.

Mrs. L. C. Van Hook, working under the board of foreign missions of the Presbyterian church, is said to be the first woman from the outside world to penetrate the fastnesses of the mountains of Persia. She had most pleasant experiences on the whole, and found the women ready to learn all she had to teach them.

Mrs. Clara B. Arthur, president of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association, has taken the lead in securing the opening of free public baths in Detroit, and the city has named the building "The Clara," in gratitude for her efforts. The women who had a hearing before the Michigan Constitutional Convention Dec. 18 to ask for the ballot, represent the women most distinguished for public spirit and for public service in the whole State.

Mrs. Malcolm was the only woman chosen as a town councillor at the recent elections in Scotland, and she was elected in a town bearing the singularly unromantic name of Dollar. The members of the town council, however, seem not to be devoid of chivalry, for, at the first meeting of the council after her election, it was proposed to appoint her junior bailie, and the lady herself had to point out to the men that the law did not permit a woman to hold this office, though it did allow a woman to be provost—which most Americans would regard as "a distinction without a difference."

The boys of the Dollar Academy also sent in a letter congratulating the town council on possessing the only woman town councillor in Scotland. They thought the event important enough to be celebrated by a holiday, and asked the council to suggest it to the Governor of the Academy. We hope the boys got their holiday.

Mrs. Catherine Breshkovsky and Mr. Nicholas Tchaykovsky are reported to have been arrested and to be now in prison at St. Petersburg. These two remarkable Russians made many friends in America, where their nobility and sweetness of character, their sincerity and earnestness, made a deep impression. The news of their arrest has aroused unusual feeling. Within 48 hours, a deputation of prominent men went to the Russian embassy at Washington, with a petition for clemency for them, bearing the names of more persons of influence in the literary, ecclesiastical and business world than perhaps ever

signed a similar petition in so short a time. The American public has heard that the best men and women of Russia were being arrested and executed by hundreds every month, but the report has seemed vague and distant. But when it was announced that to persons so well known and so much beloved here as Mrs. Breschkovsky and Mr. Tchaykovsky were under arrest and liable to summary execution by drumhead court martial, or to banishment to the Arctic circle by "administrative order," it caused great excitement, and brought the present state of things in Russia home to the consciousness of Americans in a new way. We shall be glad to take charge of any contributions to provide prison comforts for the illustrious sufferers, and to engage an able lawyer for the defence.

Miss Marie Josephine Crane, the twenty-year-old daughter of a millionaire, is deaf and dumb. She has decided to become a farmer, and to make a specialty of sheep-raising. She is now completing a three years' course in agriculture at the University of Wisconsin, and is said to have attracted attention by her marked proficiency. Miss Crane's father has given her a farm near Lake Geneva, Wis.

Mrs. Lizze J. Berlo of Boston is considered one of the best women swimmers in New England. She goes in swimming daily in the icy waters of Dorchester bay all through the winter, generally accompanied by her two youngest daughters, Pauline and Twiny, aged six and three. Mrs. Berlo is the wife of a stained-glass worker, and is the mother of ten children, nine of whom survive. Several of her daughters are remarkable swimmers. During the past five years, her family have won 97 trophies for proficiency in swimming. They won 22 last summer.

Miss May Newt of Northampton, Mass., is called the "Mother Confessor" of the Smith College girls. She is one of the bravest 'shut-ins' in the world. She is now 30 years of age, and ever since she was 17 she has been confined to her bed, unable to move and in almost constant pain. But she is so cheerful, wise and brave that the college girls have got into the habit of visiting her sickroom when they are depressed or in trouble, and she always sends them away encouraged and refreshed. It is said that a day rarely passes when as many as 20 students do not drop in upon her. She says: "I have had as many as 50 at one time, and I love them dearly. They tell me their troubles, and ask me what I would do if I were in their place, and I try to tell them. I never betray their confidences." Miss Newt is the author of a volume of hymns. Her life is a striking illustration of the power of a beautiful character to triumph over bodily illness.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, while in Massachusetts, took occasion to visit the reformatory prison for women at Sherborn. This institution, the only one of its kind in the country, has a record of thirty years of successful work. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and her fellow prisoners for conscience's sake, as one result of their confinement in Holloway Gaol, became warm advocates of prison reform. She was much interested in Sherborn, and pronounced it a great improvement upon the prisons for women in England. Among its

points of superiority, she noted that it was wholly run by women; that the physician was a woman; that the prisoners were treated more humanely, were not kept in solitary confinement, and were adequately fed. In Holloway Gaol the food is so poor and scanty that Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and all her friends lost in weight while there. Mrs. Despard lost twenty pounds. At Sherborn, the prisoners gain on an average twelve pounds during their stay, owing to the healthy and regular life they are required to live. One woman, who had been exceptionally thin on her entrance, gained sixty-five pounds. Mrs. Morton, the superintendent at Sherborn, had heard that Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson had been in prison. While showing her over the reformatory, Mrs. Morton cast glance after glance at her charming face, listened to her wise and gentle comments, and grew more and more perplexed as to what she could possibly have done to deserve to be shut up. She finally asked her, and, on being told, both Mrs. Morton and the doctor shook her heartily by the hand and wished her success in her efforts for equal rights.

Mr. M. A. Morrison, president of the Suffrage Club at Cleveland, Oklahoma, has hit on an ingenious way to bring the truth home to people's minds through their eyes. At a recent convention, she arranged in line an American boy carrying a flag, next to him a Russian, then a Negro, then an Indian, then a "bum," and bringing up the rear a fine-looking girl with her hands crossed and tied. Mrs. Morrison marched this procession through the aisle, upon the platform, and while they stood facing the audience she asked the assembly to sing the first verse of "America." Across the chest of each boy was printed "Voter"; on the girl, "Why Can't I Vote?" This brought down the house.

Mrs. Jenny Kendall of Nashua is deputy sheriff of Hillsboro County, N. H. Nashua has the largest Women's Humane Society in New England. Mrs. Kendall organized it among a few of her friends, and has brought its membership up to more than 300. It was first formed as an auxiliary to the Men's Humane Society of Nashua, which was inactive; but it has grown until, as the *Boston Post* says, "to-day the men's society is really the auxiliary." Mrs. George E. Anderson, wife of the police commissioner, is one of Mrs. Kendall's strong supporters, and lends Mrs. Kendall her automobile to take her over the city and county on her errands of mercy. Like Mrs. Jennie B. Powers, deputy sheriff of Keene, N. H., a sketch of whom we published recently, Mrs. Kendall says cruelty to children and animals is generally due to ignorance or carelessness, and by patience and reasoning, the offender can generally be led to do right. She does not prosecute needlessly, but gives the culprit a chance to reform. Mrs. Kendall owns that she sought the office. She asked Sheriff Doane for a commission as deputy sheriff. He had never issued one before, but never before had he seen on an application for a commission such a strong backing. He gave Mrs. Kendall her commission, and thinks it one of the best appointments he has ever made. Mrs. Kendall is reported as saying: "I enjoy the work. But I have not given up my home interests for these official duties. Every woman should place her home first. I should like a chance to vote, however." Mrs.

Kendall was born in Lowell, Mass., and was a teacher before her marriage. She wears a medal inscribed "For Humanity," presented to her by President Angell of the Massachusetts Society, and also a gold deputy sheriff's badge, given her by the Nashua Women's Humane Society.

Mrs. Kenward, who has just celebrated her 88th birthday, has been postmistress for 61 years at the quaint old postoffice at Wivelsfield, near Hayward's Heath, England. In addition to the work of the office Mrs. Kenward attends to her own household duties, and is a great reader of the newspapers.

A MODERN HUSBAND.—Something of a sensation took place in this city at the recent gathering of the Cook County W. C. T. U., when one of the members, in referring to the devotion shown to the organization by its president, Mrs. Emily Hill, acknowledged that this fidelity had been made possible by Mr. Hill, who had cheerfully been doing some of the housework, preparing dinners especially, in order that his busy wife should have the necessary time to devote to her club. Mr. Hill, who heretofore had been a quiet, unassuming man, was immediately hailed by our press as "The Model Husband," "A Domestic Hero," and found himself unexpectedly famous. In desperation this good man, who had never thought there was anything remarkable about his being able to clean a house or cook a dinner, asserted that he was getting far too much praise out of his modest accomplishments. "I don't want to claim the credit of being Chicago's model husband," he said, "because there are 50,000 men in Chicago who can sweep, make beds, wash dishes and do housework. I don't say there are so many who do their own housework, but I say there are men who in an emergency can do anything about a house a woman may find to do, and I believe that no man should marry until he has mastered the rudiments of cookery, since otherwise his wife becomes the slave of a kitchen range. Men and women are created equal, and womankind should not be condemned to perpetual servitude to a dishpan."—*Chicago Advance*.

WHITTIER AND THE TURTLE.—A writer in *Zion's Herald* tells a hitherto unprinted story of Whittier's kindness to animals. When he was a boy, he and some other lads one day caught a turtle, and the boys drew down the branches of a tree and tied the turtle to a branch. Then they allowed the tree to fly back to its upright position and went away, leaving the turtle suspended in the treetop. When he got home, Whittier could not dismiss the thought of the poor turtle from his mind, and after he had gone to bed he could not sleep. That turtle was

before his eyes in the dark. Finally, he got up in the night, slipped out of the house, and went to the tree. Pulling over the branches, he released the turtle and went home, much relieved in his mind—and no doubt the turtle felt a still greater sense of relief.

WOMEN AND POCKETS.—Women are learning that they must have pockets, if not in their skirts, then elsewhere. The latest are the glove and hosiery pockets.

The new gauntlet gloves are equipped with two pockets, stitched on the outside of the glove top. One pocket laps over and snaps. This one is used for change, and the other is a patch pocket where the handkerchief is allowed to ruffle out at the top.

The pockets are on the left glove, and the right hand is free to extract the contents.

The new hosiery pocket is woven in the stocking when it is made. It is set in quite deep, and it is almost impossible to detect it from the outside. It will hold letters, money, diamonds and valuable papers.

The belt pocket is quite new. A little patch pocket is made on the inside of the belt, and is useful for money or a watch.

The silk knitted skirts are equipped with a tiny pocket. There are also pockets on many night robes of the nicer grades.

The new tailor-made suit for the travelling woman has five pockets, one on the breast, which is used for a handkerchief, one on each side of the lower edge of the jacket, one on the inside of the coat, which is deep and useful, and a small snap pocket to be used for the train book or ticket.

The knee pocket is made of Dresden silk and lined with chamois, and is tied about the leg with satin ribbon.

Many valuable boas, and especially muffs, are furnished with securely-hidden pockets; also the opera cloaks and evening wraps.

Perhaps the most unique is a tiny pocket in the crown of a woman's hat. The lining covers it completely, and no one would ever suspect that money or jewels rested within.

A very simple form of marriage prevails among the Cherokee Indians. The bride and bridegroom join hands over a running stream to signify that their future lives will henceforth flow in the same channel.

In Hildesheim in Germany there is the most famous rose-bush in the world. It blooms every summer, and is known to be over a thousand years old. An offer of £50,000 for it was refused.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for January, 1908.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. K. Asadullah Khan, Esq., Coimbatore ...	4 0	18. N. V. Venkatachellum Pillay, Esq., Al-	
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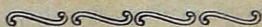
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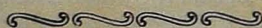
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