



"NATURE"

*Courtesy of "Grihalakshmi"*



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## MONUMENT OF LIFE

WHEN I think of the day when I shall be  
No more, when mine eyes shall be closed in peace  
And my heart cease to beat, before mine eyes  
The world does like a splendid vision rise ;  
Its endless beauty renewed every day ;  
Its gentle and unceasing melody,  
Its hope that breathes in every work and play,  
Its love that leads our tottering feet with ease,  
Kind faces, gentle voices and calm eyes,  
Soft smiles and touches, rise up to the skies  
Like to a mighty Monument of life,  
Yet to be finished with some stones of strife,  
A touch of pain and plastered o'er with tears ;  
And my heart to itself still more endears.

—*Susi P. David.*

# HOBBIES FOR GIRLS

## An Indian Woman

I CAME across an article lately in the *Deccan Times*, which spoke of the value of hobbies for girls. This is indeed a very good topic to emphasise, for it concerns that important portion of a girl's time, which requires to be most carefully disposed of, viz., her leisure time. It often happens that a girl has a good deal of unemployed time hanging on her hands, especially if she has learnt carefully to concentrate on her studies and so to finish them quickly. We know the proverb, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." A girl's study hours are usually carefully supervised and arranged for; but her leisure hours are left absolutely to her, and it needs a steady temperament indeed, as well as useful ideas, to fill up that time profitably.

The definition of a hobby, as given in a *Dictionary*, is "any favourite object, plan, or pursuit." Now, there are many stereotyped occupations scheduled for leisure hours. It is in leisure time that physical exercise, chiefly in games and sports, must be resorted to. There are also other activities to be considered. In the article referred to above, hobbies are divided into four heads, devotional, cultural, social and physical. This seems a good division; but I would like to point out one important point concerning it. Leisure time, as we know, means an interval for relaxation, recreation, and therefore for a certain amount of "lazing," which yet prepares brains and energies for the next period of work. What is the use then, of undertaking arduous labours during leisure time, which make their doers more weary than ever and therefore less rested? The situation, of course, is different, if such hobby-activities are of so much interest to the individual that they mean absolute bliss for her; or if they provide a different sort of

work than that of office hours. Therefore, I would bar, during leisure hours, hobbies, "which are meant for thinking, and for making lives useful and serviceable;" as well as those suggested by a professor of History, viz., "the study of antiquities, prehistoric and mediaeval remains and later architecture, customs and folk-lore; investigation, for instance, into the question whether the dolmen builders were of one race which migrated from one coastal region to another, over a vast area from Japan and India to Africa and Ireland, or the art was evolved among several races independently; and especially the study of folk-lore which might lead to the study of traditional beliefs, customs and songs."

Such, no doubt, are hobbies, but they should be undertaken more by those who have finished their academical studies, being looked upon more or less as "post-graduate studies."

Hobbies should mean recreation and relaxation. They should give rest to the mind, body and soul. They should mean "lazing," as I said before, but not "laziness," between the two of which there must surely be a world of difference. They should really be undertaken, not as a means of earning a livelihood, though that may naturally come in as an accessory, if the hobby is a money-producing activity, as it may be. The motive for a hobby again should not be the desire for shewing off one's special talent, or a craving for admiration. It should not also be merely the satisfaction of doing a necessary duty, because it is felt essential that time should not be wasted. A hobby indeed must give special personal happiness and pleasure, meaning the satisfaction of some hunger for achievement, some great longing for a certain sort of action.

There are numbers of such hobbies, some of which cannot be attempted, alas, unless there is comfortable access to much money. Gardening is one; weaving, pottery, painting and drawing, photography, fret-work, leather-work, needle-work, etc., for these help one "to cultivate a sense of beauty and design, and to display originality and individuality." How interesting indeed can such hobbies be, especially painting, drawing and photography, which bring in their train another hobby, viz., travelling. Then, there is journalism, and the writing of novels or other books. Allied to this is the hobby of reading. Music can be another great hobby, though it entails arduous training of technique. Housekeeping and cooking can be made hobbies, quite apart from domestic routine. I mean, there are so many little branches in these occupations, which need not necessarily be taken up by a house-wife but which can be resorted to as pleasurable hobbies of interest and relaxation; such as the provision of dainty accessories and little luxuries for the house, the cooking of special dishes, etc. Then, there is the keeping of pets, like poultry, and chiefly of dogs, those wonderful friends of men, whose companionship, once enjoyed, cannot again be easily dispensed with. Bird-keeping can also be called a hobby, I suppose; but I would not encourage it, for it means the loss of freedom for those aerial creatures,

which above all others were meant to be so absolutely free. But the study of bird-life can be a very fine hobby. Some other recreations are philately, collections of coins and picture post-cards, etc. The fever of taking part in newspaper and other competitions can also be called a hobby, I suppose, for, though it entertains a good deal of brain and body fag, it yet means relaxation of a sort.

There are many other hobbies, which one cannot think of at once; but it often happens that somehow each individual can find out his own hobby, some special thing which appeals to him or her, more than to others. I think a hobby should be sought for, even when not readily present for choice. If it is not easy to be indulged in, some effort at least should be made for its acquirement.

In any case, some time should be left for a hobby, squeezed out as it were even from taxing employments and duties. But even here, a warning needs to be applied, viz., that no hobby should be allowed to interfere with, or spoil, a necessary task; nor should it be "ridden to death" as it were, thereby satiating the individual and making her tired of what was once her favourite occupation. In fact, the motto for everything to be done in moderation and that done well, applies to *hobbies*, as well as to *duties*.

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## Eventide

At eventide, when I sit by the sea,  
 When the sun like Thy wonder mystery  
 Sinks down into the sea in majesty,  
 Bequeathing to the world its joy of hues,  
 When sea-gulls from the mid-sea bring the  
 news  
 That the star-inlaid veil of night is thrown  
 Over the gleeful countenance of day,

When the full-laden boats return all gay,  
 Rocking upon the ocean's bosom kind  
 Like to a poem in the poet's mind,  
 I realise the sweetness that is blown  
 In Thy own earth, I see the gorgeous crown  
 That thou hast set upon its beauteous crest,  
 And weep for joy to think how we are blest!

*Susi P. David.*

# What would Droupadi have done in the Modern World

By KAMALA

SOMETIME ago, we considered in this magazine what Sita would have done if she had lived during present times. Droupadi seems to me to be a far different proposition, for she partakes much more of the modern spirit than modest, shy, retiring Sita. Yet there are points of comparison between the two heroines; both were charming women with many of the fabled caprices of womanhood; both were women of royal lineage; both became the faithful wives of kings; both were condemned to a life of exile.

Sita was the wife of one husband; Droupadi of five; but the polygamy was not her fault, and Droupadi was faithful to her husbands, many though they were. The very number was in a way the result of her own virtue, for, during her previous birth, just before, maddened by grief for the loss of her beloved partner, she threw herself into the fire, she called aloud five times to the husband she had lost, and so was rewarded by five husbands for her chastity. Droupadi knew indeed to be loyal to her lords, even though some of them were not faithful to her. And so, I think, she would have strenuously objected to the privilege of divorce for the woman.

By no means, however, did she suffer her troubles in silence. On the contrary, she chided her husbands for their shortcomings; and we know how often she betrayed her jealousy to Arjuna when he brought home other wives to be placed under her care, as custom ordained. All their boasted submission to her was, she knew, mere eye-wash; and our poor heroine must have suffered agonies when her most beloved husband, as I think Arjuna was, was led away by the beauty and charm of other women.

She also did not hesitate to lecture her

husbands on other matters. Where Sita never questioned her lord when he accepted exile, Droupadi was constantly furious with her men for their submission. Where Sita delighted in the delights of their woodland solitude, Droupadi was constantly bemoaning her misery in the forest. Where Sita sensed the hand of fate and justice in the hard lot vouchsafed to her, Droupadi was for ever arguing against the so-called inevitability of their lives. Yet, I am sure, even if she had been allowed to, she would never have dreamt of letting her men go into exile without her, nor did she ever hesitate to share their troubles.

She was a woman therefore who would have loved standing on the lecture-platform; for, in addition to her tirades against her husbands, she had often long arguments with her friends on many subjects. She delighted to be up-to-date and to air her intelligence. More than that, we know she loved to talk to her lady-friends about the efficiency of her own house-keeping and her tactfulness in conduct.

She was a woman of excellent behaviour. She always conducted herself with discretion. She had no inferiority complex about herself, nor did others doubt her judgment about herself. She was a queen, behaved like a queen, and was respected like a queen. She must have been also a very gracious and sweet woman, for her five husbands all loved her and respected her. She was also a fine house-keeper and managed with absolute success the huge household of a great Emperor. She was a clever woman, for her advice was valued, and she was able to argue well.

She was a woman of great courage, nay more of daring, for she never showed the white feather when her enemies had all

but encompassed her downfall. And, she was full of resource, for she was still able to get help when all help seemed to have failed.

She was a woman of persistence and determination; as an example, witness her vow to keep her hair unbound till the insults to her had been avenged. And she was a woman, who could make her husbands rise above the ordinary level by the force of her own character. Above all, she was a woman of religious principles, for she knew the value of prayer and devotion.

She was modern in that she hated to seclude herself from her men-friends. We know how often she had long talks with Sri Krishna and with other great men.

She had her little failings, as all women have. Sometimes she railed against what she felt was correct. Sometimes she found fault with fate itself. She might

also be almost accused of being a coquette, for some of her talks with men-friends may have shewn a tendency to flirt; certainly, she liked to be admired. Sometimes, she was unreasonable in her desires, as when in spite of the danger to him she egged on her stalwart and devoted Bhima again and again into the unknown realms of enemies.

Take her for all in all, Droupadi would have excelled wherever she was placed. A good and virtuous woman whose worth was far above rubies; a crown to her husbands; an excellent mother not only to her own children, but to all the world—a true ~~mother in Israel~~ in fact—: an ideal Empress; a great-hearted creature of beautiful character and purpose;—what was there she could not have achieved, if she had set her heart to its accomplishment?

## What sort of Education is needed for Indian Women

By Mrs. Jordan, Moradabad.

**F**IRST of all, let me point out that an all-round education is needed for Indian women. Indian women by nature are quick to perceive and eager to learn and put into practice what they have seen and learnt; hence the teaching should be systematic. I suggest the following lines:—

1. Godliness.
2. Household duties—  
Cooking, cleaning, beautifying the house, needle-work, cottage industry.
3. Care of husband and children, training of children,  
first aid, care of invalids.
4. Sanitation.
5. Social Reform—

Maternity and Child-Welfare, war against child-marriage, temperance, unity.

**Godliness.** Indian women should be educated to be true to their religion to love God and their fellow-beings, to be pure, honest, truthful, straight-forward, hospitable, generous and sincere.

**Household duties.** The house is woman's realm, and she is queen of her home. The welfare of her household depends on good and nourishing food, hence she ought to know how to cook simple wholesome meals, and a variety of them. She should learn how to make sweets, as home-made ones are delicious. She should also learn to make simple chutneys, jams, pickles,

sherbet etc. She should know how to clean every nook and corner of her house. She must be clean and tidy in her clothes and appearance and beautify her home. No matter how humble it may be, she can make it most attractive.

She should also be taught simple sewing, to cut out and make her own clothes and her children's; to use little odds and ends of scraps and little pieces of cloth, put them together and make attractive little garments, which children will love to wear and feel proud of, because their mother has made them.

*Care of husband and children.* A woman should know that it is her bounden duty to look after her husband. A young man has his mother tenderly to look after him until he gets married and then the wife takes her place. So she must look after him most devoutly and faithfully. She should be a real companion and help-mate to him, sharing his joys and sorrows, difficulties and worries, and soothing his cares away.

It is most essential for every woman to know how to look after her children, bring them up to be healthy, happy and strong and train them to be obedient, truthful, kind and helpful. A mother should know how to look after the children in their various childish ailments, she should know how to look after invalids, and what sort of diet to give them. She should also know how to render first aid when necessary.

*Sanitation.* Every woman should be taught to keep her surroundings clean, to pay special attention to the clearing of drains and not have any accumulation of dirty water around or near her house. With a little care and love of gardening, a lot of water which is used in every house can be used for watering vegetable, flower

and fruit trees. Plantains, *papayas* and several other fruit plants thrive on such water. Accumulation of water breeds mosquitos and causes malaria. Every woman should be educated to be interested in some cottage industries and make a delightful paying hobby of them, such as spinning, weaving, the making of bed-tapes, baskets, mats, etc., etc.,

*Social reform.* Every woman should be taught to be a social reformer; to abhor evil and cling to that which is good and noble.

The success of a nation depends on proper maternity and child welfare. So many lives are lost by ignorance and by having ignorant *dais* to render help in time of need, even when there are trained nurses and competent doctors and a few maternity and child welfare centres available. Great stress ought to be laid on popularising this important work, beside all the activities of the Junior Red Cross Society. Women should be educated to abide by the *Sarada* Act and do away with early child marriages. They should also be educated along temperance lines, to be temperate in every thing—not only abstaining from liquor and alcoholic drinks, but also from using foul and abusive language, from dirt, idleness and all manner of evil. To learn to be punctual and value time, to be prompt in being and doing good and helping others, are great virtues.

The last, but not the least, need is to educate the women of India, along the lines of unity, for there lies the success and strength of a nation. We need unity in individual homes, villages, towns and provinces, in fact throughout our beloved motherland giving love and sympathy to those who do not belong to our race, sect or religion, so that we may reach our ultimate and ideal goal in the end.

# How can the Youth of Universities and Professional Schools contribute to the reconstruction of the Human Commonwealth ?

By Senorita Martha Garcia Ochoa

THE great crisis of modern life, affecting with more or less intensity all peoples alike, tends towards the complete destruction of humanity, and the dissolution of established society through a mad struggle of the classes. War, which lowers the political and economic standards of civilization; the revolution of ideas experienced by the immense majority and understood but by a small minority, the lack of understanding and intimacy among peoples, the absorbing economic ambitions actuating the forces of imperialism, the distrust of each other which daily estranges men more and more, the hypocrisy dominant in politics—all these factors sweep us along the down-grade toward social disintegration, as well as to a low moral plane.

“REFORM OR PERISH!” Infallible axiom! We ought, or, rather, we must reform or we shall perish! The world-wide body of students, which is supposed to have intelligence and energy, is, in my opinion, the one which can most be expected to contribute to the gigantic work of the reconstruction of mankind with pre-guaranteed success.

Indeed, it is the universities and the professional schools which turn out men and women able to represent the several branches of human knowledge. These men and women, with the weapons of intelligence and education, can combat the destructive factors mentioned below :

1. Wars,
2. Economic inequality,
3. Ignorance,

4. Modern systems of organization. their theories and false interpretations,
5. Corruption of habits, vices, incurable diseases, deformities and general physical defects.

It is necessary to establish inside and outside the universities methods to combat these five black spots, which are exterminating humanity in disintegrating struggles.

1. The student body of the world, united in sentiment and in ideals, should make “*war against wars*”, essaying to reach people through their emotions, and thus guiding them toward universal understanding :

(a) Each university should solicit the government of its country to offer free hospitality to one student from each foreign country during a period of two years.

(b) These students should be selected from among the poorer classes, with special attention to these five principal qualities : application, intelligence, natural intuition for psychological analysis, dispassionate power of judgment, and facility for writing articles. Poor students must be the ones chosen, because of the fact that the rich can pay for their own studies ; thus the number of students actively engaged in interchange of universal understanding will be increased.

(c) Each university should issue a monthly bulletin which will carry the writings of their respective students to foreign countries.

(d) Tolerance should be inculcated in the student body, especially among the

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*Senorita Martha Garcia Ochoa (age 21) of the University of Havana. (This paper won a prize in an International competition of the New History Society)*



emotional Latin people, to the end that they may be willing to correct their faults when these are pointed out to them.

(e) The press and radios of the various countries should serve as vehicles of propaganda to carry to the several classes of each nation constructive ideas regarding other lands.

(f) The subjects which these students study should be: languages, political systems, religions, national traits and customs.

(g) The chosen student should be a graduate of one or more courses given by a University of his country.

(h) An international student institution should be organized, "*for peace and union.*"

(i) The student body must energetically oppose every attempt to disturb the peace of the world, bearing in mind the fact that offensives practically never originate from the people themselves, but from their rulers who seldom interpret the judgment of the aggregation they represent.

(j) Students, having graduated as professionals, will create in their turn analogous institutions, the purposes and functions of which will be similar to those of the student body.

(k) Every kind of propaganda should be used for these purposes.

(1) Following the two years of study in a foreign country, students must teach in their own lands that which they have learnt, continuing at the same time in direct contact with their comrades of that country, which offered them hospitality and augmented their culture.

*2. They must fight pauperism and imperialism:*

(a) They must work towards a perfect inter-relation among the several economic classes of students.

(b) They must form, support, and make practical those plans which tend to relieve the neediest classes.

(c) They must establish a student savings account. Funds should be deposited each month in university banks under the direction of professors of the faculty. The depositor will be able to withdraw his money only after graduation, at which time 20% of his savings will be donated to societies for the benefit of children.

3. *They shall combat ignorance, organizing committees in every possible place for the promulgation of culture in its most elementary and in its highest phases. Professionals of all ages and of both sexes must take charge of this work.*

4. *Explanation and propagation of modern theories must be made, and efforts that the most complete freedom of thought should reign in each country. Wholesome ideas can develop only in the sunlight of liberty, which turns to dust everything inimical to human beings and to the natural principles of the peoples, who of themselves know the best remedy for the healing of their wounds. In this way, without error or alteration, the several systems of existing governments, with their theories in regard to the functioning of the State, will be available.*

5. *They must challenge vice and its consequences:*

(a) Campaigns of propaganda for social prophylaxis should be organised in the confines of every university, where there will exist committees of "Health, Hygiene and Vigor", which will extend their campaigns nationally and internationally, with the support of all the Secretaries, Ministries and Departments of Sanitation of the world.

(b) Those campaigns should be conducted with all available means.

(c) Sports and every kind of healthful exercise should be engaged in public contests, the proceeds of which will make

possible the organizing, about every two years, of an "INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY CONGRESS FOR SOCIAL PROPHYLAXIS".

(d) Special prizes should be created for the best books, bulletins, pamphlets, articles

or speeches written or delivered on these subjects. The prizes to be awarded in the International Congress, shall represent contributions from all the governments. The prize-winning works should be translated into all languages and widely distributed.

## FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

### Conferences

**T**HE constant falling of even a drop of water is enough to wear out a stone; and as the Bible tells us, the importunate usually get what they want. The constant demands of women's conferences now being regularly held all over India are sure to be satisfied sometime or another, besides proving to the world, that women have not only the decisive judgment to know what they want, but also strong wills to persevere in the face of great odds. Still, there is much more required of this desire to advance. As Begum Sultan Mir Amiruddin was recently reported to have said: "Indians should shake off their lethargy, and become more active." The intense patriotism found in Great Britain, which makes its people work for a first place among nations of the world, is wanted in India, as well as "discipline, organisation, the sense of duty and civic responsibility that one finds in England to-day, and that we must be indefatigable in emulating." As a matter of fact, what is needed is "a happy blending of East and West. The materialism of the West should be tempered by the spiritualism of the East," and "the simple easy going-life in the East" should not be spoilt by "the luxurious and ever-rushing life of the West."

"I am not a believer in copying the West wholesale," said the Begum. "India is rich in ancient culture and it would be a pity completely to efface it and replace it by Western civilisation in its entirety. What we need is to build on this ancient culture of India, which has been embellished by the culture of Muslims, by

borrowing from Europe only such things as are suitable and beneficial to us".

We are glad to note that the need for social service work is emphasised everywhere. More concentrated work in slums, more throwing-out of child welfare and maternity work, and more interest shown by men and women of good position in such work, are factors of the needed spirit. This was made a special point of at the National Conference of the Y. W. C. A., held lately at Calcutta. It was also emphasised by the Travancore, Mysore, Andhra and other Women's conferences. Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddy said at Travancore:

"My appeal to you, is to come out in large numbers and interest yourself in the wider problems of the country. You have to take an active part in the passing of good laws and the establishment and continuation of good government schools, and colleges for girls and boys should organise social service groups and arrange visits to social service centres. Education should not be merely academical but also practical. Then only will its true purpose be achieved."

Efforts to remove communal differences and social disabilities, the improvement of the economic position, the elimination of beggary as much as possible, are other problems to be thought of and worked for. Above all, efforts to eradicate the evil of untouchability are needed more largely. This has been brought home to us by the fasts and prayers of Mahatma Gandhi; and, best fitted as we, women, are by tradition and domestic education for the task, it is up to us to do what we can,

sustainedly, devotedly and selflessly, throughout India, to help other women in this direction. As was said at the Andhra conference: "If we cannot dedicate ourselves with a religious zeal to remedy the deplorable conditions of our down-trodden brethren, let us at least make a united effort to build a strong public opinion and remove the reproach often levelled against us, that the fair sex is offering the most determined opposition to throwing open the door of our sacred temples." Sincere efforts in this direction will surely advance the education of the illiterate mass population of India; for "how are we to impress on our brothers and sisters in the villages the need for sanitation and thrift, or the evils of drink and untouchability, when they are steeped in utter ignorance?"

There are other problems before our conferences: the rights of inheritance of women, the rights of divorce in certain cases, the safe-guarding of the Sarda Act to prevent child-marriages, the need to enlarge educational facilities for women, proper and considered training in nursery schools and juvenile schools, the provision of women teachers for young boys, the enhanced teaching of hygiene, domestic science, food-reform and moral instruction, the proper medical inspection of schools, the increase of industrial teaching and crafts for women, and the active participation of women in the co-operative moment. A careful enquiry into women's disabilities and the amelioration of their condition is indeed necessary. One is happy to note that women everywhere are making good progress, especially in Travancore. Our Western sisters are doing their best to

help us, as evidenced for instance by the delegation, which arrived from Britain by air, of two prominent English-women, to attend the Karachi Conference, in order to get Indian women into closer touch with International movements.

We know that women have their own individuality to work out and to improve upon. AS observed lately at the Cochin Women's Conference:

"Women like conservation, not because they are not radical, but they like to save everything that is of value. Women hate to see waste of human life, hence they oppose war and bad working conditions and are earnest workers for the prevention of physical and moral diseases. Again, women hate waste of human energy; many of the labour-saving devices have been invented by women in the West, and the foremost authority on the elimination of useless motion on the part of factory workers is a woman engineer. Women hate to see money wasted on drinks, or on cheap or inefficient articles, or on wrong kinds of education for children. They do not like to see human happiness wasted."

It has always been the aim of Indian women to appreciate "that type of womanhood, which embodies in itself the ideal partner of the husband, the loving mother of the child, the humanitarian social worker and a soldier in the battle for freedom." "Goodwill, harmony, non-violence and peace are the cordial virtues which should always be before them." And, such can be achieved by sacrifice, by co-operation, and by organisation.

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"A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is His delight. A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour; but through knowledge shall the just be delivered. He that is void of wisdom despiseth his neighbour; but a man of understanding holdeth his peace."

*Proverbs.*

# OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

## King Systos the Mighty.

*A Thrilling Tale of the Imagination*

By HERBERT PORTER

### CHAPTER I.

#### AT THE GATES OF THE CITY

**O**UT of the deeps of Time came Man, and into the shadow-land of death he goes; his progress upon earth is surcharged with events, his days are filled with apparent fortuities, his hopes prosper, or are scattered as the dust before the wind, his spirit vanishes as the lightning, and the years of his life are closed as the fading of a dream. Perverse is the will of man, and full of mystery is the whole earth, for the foundations of the world are in subtle deeps, and the props of the Universe are spirit. The daylight dawns and the daylight fades, and all things perform their natural functions. The stars cease not from shining, and a myriad suns light up the infinite stretches of space. The planets sing to the spinning suns and the whole firmament is a network of shining glory. The changeful seasons come and go, and man treads the earth as a god or a fool.

Thus soliloquized Aphiades, an erudite and inspired prophet, as he sat at one of the splendid gates of a beautiful city of old time—a city of dreams and enchantments, a city of resplendent arts. Twenty massive gates of brass formed the entrances to it; palaces and temples raised their shining towers towards a blue and cloudless sky: domes of burnished copper and bronge glistened like the fiery chariot of the setting sun, as he drives his steeds of darting light down the western edge of the horizon, and rolls into the abysmal chasm of night.

It was evening as Aphiades thus meditated. Changeful lights were beginning to fall about the golden sun, and the beauty of a peaceful eventide settled upon the lustrous and wonderful city.

Men and women of exquisite physique and garb sauntered to and fro, within and without the city, and each, and all talked

hurriedly and with suppressed excitement, as if some great event were imminent.

Among the quickly increasing throngs, Aphiades seemed to be the only person alone. This was not to be wondered at, however, for he was a deep thinker, and all the world's greatest and best men have been lonely men, men whom the masses have rarely understood; men who, forsaking power and defying erroneous rule and tyrannical law have become martyrs upon earth, that Mankind might be exalted to a wiser vision of life.

Such as these are the makers of History; they are the casters of the dice of Destiny. Many have lost their heads, but their power remains in the world for ever.

The general air of eventuality and the undercurrent of excitement which pervaded the city were not unjustified, for a really great event in the history of the Menelos (such was the name of this people), and of all other nations then alive, was about to happen. The mightiest, the cruellest, the most autocratic of kings since the beginning of Time, was about to ascend to the throne, and to reign in terror, not over the Menelos alone, but eventually over all other nations upon the face of the earth.

King Moran, the father of Systos, had been a man of regal qualities, a lover of aesthetics and a designer of great works of Art; for the grace and majesty of the delightful city which I have described owed its virtual attributes to him. A shrewd king he had been and when necessary, a warrior of might, but, being essentially a lover of peace, he had striven always for good and the welfare of his people.

But Systos, his son and heir to the throne, was a man of strangely brooding habits. His was the mental temperament, to which Nature had added a strong touch

which caused him to be, at times as moody and spiritually black as Charon, by whom the souls of the dead were ferried across the rivers Acheron and Styx. Even after his days of adolescence, Systos had been daily reprov'd and kept under constraint by King Moran, since whose death he had grown more and more impulsive, bold, passionate and selfish. His outbursts of fury terrified his subordinates, who, whenever possible, fled in panic at his approach. Upon occasions, his passion appeared to border upon madness.

Few philosophic observations are required to perceive how little a nation really knows the intrinsic qualities of its rulers, and few nations are sufficiently alive with wholesome thought, or sufficiently awakened from the apathy of ignorance, to desire even the slightest knowledge of the character and disposition of their sovereigns to be. Thus it was with this great nation, whose destiny was so shortly to be decided. The men and women strolled, or sat leisurely, about the city, some groups of whom were gathered in praise of the late King Moran, and some of whom gossiped idly over the events of the morrow. In short, everything was discussed, but the one central fact of their destiny—the character and personality of Systos.

But one man perceived the sadness of this sunset scene, and that man was the lonely Aphiades. He had learned and perfectly understood the nature of Systos, and knew that, unless a miracle were worked, naught but woe could result from the crowning of such a man. He divined that calamity brooded upon the earth, hence his strange soliloquy, as he sat upon a marble slab at the city gates, watching with sad eyes the magnificently-attired people of the city of Art.

A determined man was Aphiades, with a mind almost as deep as the Universe itself. He was eternally wrapt in thought and eternally kind of heart. His face was pale always, and strange lights lit his eyes, which seemed at times like stars of changing colour, glittering alternately with rising and waning fire. His soul was a furnace of such strength and wholesomeness, that whatsoever passed through it

came out purified and beautiful in form like crystals.

The sun had sunk below the sky-line and a chilly wind came from the east upon the city, as the prophet arose with a shudder, trembling through his slight frame, which many mid-night watchings and studies had worn to such meagreness. He turned in at the near gateway, and walked silently through the city, past the Palace of Wonders to the Royal Palace, which lay parallel to a long chain of mountains, by which the city was bounded on the east.

Aphiades paused as he reached the Royal Palace, which by this time was ablaze with a myriad lights. A magnificent building was this palace, with its masonry of superb delight, its towers and turrets and domes, its sculptured pillars, its marble steps and giant walls. As great stir prevailed within the palace as without. Menials rushed hither and thither, and each and all, as occasion permitted, discussed the events of the morrow. Aphiades stood for a few thoughtful moments, gazing with sad and luminous eyes upon the scene, after which he walked on very rapidly through one of the eastern gateways, and passed unnoticed into the darkness of the quickly gathering night.

## CHAPTER II

### SYSTOS COMES TO THE THRONE

The following morning, ere the sun had fairly raised an arc of light above a deep gorge between the eastern mountains, innumerable crowds of men and women flocked from all parts of the city, running and shouting like a territory of sane people suddenly turned mad, for the suppressed excitement and chatterings of the previous evening were now turned into the hilarious and uproarious feelings of a festive nation.

The Menelos formed a race unmatched for physical strength and endurance, as well as for beauty of form. Giants and lion-hearts they were when led, but, without a leader and a ruler, a nation that quickly sank into a state of adynamy.

The shouts continued and the people flocked so eagerly to the Palace of Wonders and

the Royal Palace that, ere an hour had elapsed after sunrise, it became almost impossible to pass through the great square, where Systos was to be made king. Towards noon a long procession slowly emerged from the immense courtyard behind the Royal Palace. There came priests in strange and motley garb, prancing horses, chariots of surpassing beauty of design, and spearmen and warriors of terrible mien. All moved with great pomp and dignity to the front entrance to the palace. But a few minutes elapsed ere Systos and his beautiful wife, Alestes, appeared through the great portico and stood for a moment at the head of the magnificent marble steps which formed the palatial approach. A deafening shout rent the noon air, as these two royal personages stepped down into the famous chariot which had belonged to King Moran, and the procession started for the Palace of Wonders. The priests marched at the head in their shining, silken robes. The royal chariot was next; then followed kings, princes and governors of other nations—chariots and horses and spearmen and warriors, like a thin endless cloud. Magnificent to behold was this gorgeous scene, and entrancingly beautiful like the hazy fascination of a delightful dream. Through the streets of the proud city they passed, winding in and out, through the principal squares and thoroughfares, until, amidst many cheers and a great noise of shouting, they reached the Palace of Wonders, which stood like a huge sentinel before them. Here, with great punctiliousness, the procession halted. Systos and Alestes alighted from the chariot and, led by the chief priests, seated themselves upon a specially-erected dais which faced the eager multitude. The priests then formed about the dais, and, with long and tedious ceremony, with many incantations to the great God Isar, Systos was crowned King of the Menelos, the mightiest nation upon earth. Flags and banners waved from street and temple-top. From house-top and turret, cries of "Long live King Systos!" "Systos the Mighty reigns!" "Happy be Queen Alestes!" rang through the overcharged air with ceaseless repetition, until the procession again marched on, slowly passing round the cheering and excited city, back to the courtyard of the newly-made king.

During the whole day, mirth and merriment continued throughout the land, and, as dusk fell, a myriad small lamps began to glow,

giving the City of Art the appearance of an enchanted kingdom. On the south side of the city, small boats moved up and down long canals, which at short distances were spanned by light and artistic bridges stretching out towards the open sea. Festoons and garlands were hung everywhere, and little lanterns, like tiny specks of light, shone from the boats and the bridges, and slowly upon that rejoicing realm rose the full, pale moon. At this juncture, the banquet-hall, which was situate upon the north side of the Royal Palace, began to be even more brilliantly illuminated than the remaining parts of the palace, for Systos had ordered a great feast to be made to all the principal and the mightiest personages in the land, and from all lands.

From far and near, guests had come to see Systos crowned, and unsurpassed was the pomp and the show and the dignity of this spectacle. Gathered at the great and festive table were kings and queens and princes and governors and priests and mighty warriors. Systos and Alestes sat in regal splendour at the head, and on either hand from greatest to least, were seated the pricelessly-adorned and distinguished guests. Excitement filled the banquet-hall ere the feast commenced, but a deep hush fell upon all, as Systos arose and, in a voice of thunder, spoke thus:

"O kings and queens, O princes and governors, O men of might and power, hear the words of Systos, on the day wherein he ascended to the Throne of Moran, on the day wherein he arose to the power of the Menelos....Great is the earth and pleasant is strength! Who is greater than kings, and by whom can power be diminished? Glory increaseth with might, and rulers are the stay of the earth. Let us, therefore, rejoice with feasting and wine! Let the spirit embrace pleasure! Let music accompany the swinging of limbs in the dance, and let no soul be in heaviness this night, for majesty and wealth are the joy of kingdoms. Therefore let the feast proceed!"

Cheers greeted this oration as Systos, with much dignity, seated himself after his usually pompous fashion. Then the feast began and revellings followed and continued until the sun rose again.

When the feast ended, the good queen

retired at once to her own apartments, for Systos, being drunk with wine, had become agitated and angry in mind and disposed to become quarrelsome. Many tears wet the

queen's pillow, ere sleep wrapt her in its dark mantle, for even in the midst of such wealth and luxury she was unhappy, because she lacked life's sweetest gift and blessing...love!

(to be continued)

## UNVEILING OF THE PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ANNAMALAINAGAR LADIES' CLUB.

**T**HE new premises of the Ladies' Club were *en fete* on the 8th Dec. for this momentous occasion. After tea, the members and guests adjourned to the spacious hall, which was most tastefully arranged, and looked very pretty indeed, with its beautiful electric lights adding to its charm. Here a short musical programme by some of the members commenced the evening's proceedings. Mrs. S. S. Ranganadhan, the President of the Club, in a few well chosen words introduced both the distinguished guests of the evening, the Senior Rani of Kollengode and sister R. S. Subbalakshmi, the well-known educationist and indefatigable worker in the cause of the advancement of women in India. The latter was requested to preside over the evening's function. She and the Rani, as well as Mrs. Ranganadhan, were garlanded by members of the Club.

Mrs. Bharati, as secretary, said she was glad to be associated in that evening's function, and during the short time she had worked with the President she had learned much from her. It was entirely due to Mrs. Ranganadhan's ceaseless efforts and genial manners, that they had a club today and they all felt that it was but right that they should show their appreciation by having a bromide enlargement of her portrait to adorn the walls of their beautiful club building, which was the generous gift of Rajah Sir Annamalai Chettiar of Chettinad.

Mrs. Chakravarti, one of the first members, gave a brief history of the Club, its birth and growth and develop-

ment, all of which, she said, was entirely due to their President's efforts. She herself had arrived at Annamalainagar four years ago, an utter stranger in a strange land, but Mrs. Ranganadhan had soon introduced her to the members of the Club with whom she had quickly learnt to be quite at home. She hoped that Mrs. Ranganadhan would continue to be their president for at least another three years, for they still felt they needed her fostering care and guidance. She then requested the Rani of Kollengode to unveil the portrait, which, she said would be a permanent and constant reminder to them of one who had taught them by her example of love and service to try to do noble things and live up to high ideals.

The Rani then unveiled the portrait amidst loud cheers. She said it had given her untold pleasure to perform the pleasant part of that evening's programme, and she was very happy indeed that this Club had been brought into existence and developed so far by her good friend, Mrs. Ranganadhan. The members were indeed fortunate to have for their leader one who was so popular and genial. She was very glad to find that there was such a happy family feeling amongst the members, and that they had such a beautiful building and so many facilities for improving their games. She hoped the members would come regularly and make as good use of their opportunities as possible.

Mrs. Ranganadhan then thanked the members for all the very kind things they

had said about her and her efforts in establishing the Club. She felt they had somewhat overestimated her services. Without their co-operation and kind help she could not have succeeded in her social efforts: neither would they have had their new Club without the Rajah Sahib's generosity.

There was however a feeling of satisfaction and joy when one's efforts were crowned with success, and it had been so in the progress and growth of the Club. Starting as they had with only a handful of members, they had gradually and steadily increased in strength, and, within five short years of its existence, they had been able to get a building of their own, an achievement they could rightly be proud of. It was her great desire that, even after she left this place, the Club would continue to flourish and increase, not only in strength but also in usefulness and service to the women of their little University town. And she hoped the

members would continue to co-operate together and help her as much as they had in the past.

Sister Subbalakshmi then spoke to them on 'The Value of Club-life and the importance of recreation to Indian women.' She said that Clubs, *Sabhas* and *Sanghams* were only new names for the old meetings of women in villages at the well, the river-side, or the temple. The purpose was just the same. For bringing women of varied castes and creeds together socially and creating a friendly atmosphere amongst them, Club-life was invaluable and it helped to foster a feeling of *give and take* among them and broadened their views of life, besides improving their general knowledge. Games too improved their general health and helped them to take failures and successes in the proper spirit. The meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the chief guests.

## SUGGESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE

(Continued from last issue)

By SAHODARI

### 5. A PLEASANT HOUSE

“WE have been talking of entertainment”, said Miss Sarada, the Head of the Etiquette school; “and I would like now to lay before you certain surface faults, which we find in our households. We know that it is not at all necessary to have everything in tip-top arrangement, or with very costly articles. A visitor to my house one day looked reproachfully at me, as he entered my sitting-room. He said: ‘Why do you gather these pretty things around you? Why these ornaments, these knick-knacks, these chairs, these tables, these extra things? Waste of money, I consider, for who needs them?’

All that we want is kindness, goodwill and hospitality’.

I agreed with him in the last of his statements; but, girls, I think prettiness and beauty are needed around us even in ordinary, everyday things. We all have read of the effects of good colour-schemes on the mind. We can imagine also how the sight of gleaming silver and brass, good glass, pictures, decorations, cushions etc., can raise our worn senses even to the height of creation. Who can get inspired in drab surroundings? After all, life should not all be mere utility, should it? Added to this, is the effect we produce by careless rooms on foreigners. What will they think



of us? Among them, it has been said that the quality of a sitting-room shows the quality of the house-lady's mind.

Let us assume then that a pretty room is necessary to be set apart for ourselves to relax in, and for our visitors to come into. Apart from this, we also need constant care and beauty, of course, in the arrangement of other rooms; for, after all, we are seeking not only to impress others, but also to elevate ourselves.

The surroundings of the house have also to be considered. There should be a small garden at least, with a few bright flowers, ferns and crotons to gladden the eye. This should be kept scrupulously tidy and clean. Special attention should be paid to the porch and the drive to the house. There should not be allowed untidy heaps of rubbish anywhere about, as far as the eye can see. As a matter of fact, even where the eye cannot see, such as in the back premises, there should be great cleanliness. All litter should be burnt up, it being also remembered that the unsightly circles left by burning embers of rubbish, should also be cleared away. I would advise, therefore, that litter should be thrown into prepared holes and burnt there. And beware of the smoke! Then, the house should present a pretty appearance from outside the colouring clean and fresh, windows all neatly held back, doors open, glass panes cleansed and shining, pretty curtains in uniform style, no cobwebs, and the steps swept."

"I have some dear friends", said Miss Sundari, the Assistant Head, "and I do love to go to their houses; but oh, how I long to arrange some things there. Let me tell you what I sometimes find, which hurts my eyes and sensibilities and which makes me long that our dear women should be educated, not only in domestic science, but also in the appreciation of beauty and harmony. What do I find then?"

A bleak and bare exterior outside the house, or a so-called garden carelessly

arranged and kept untidily; an unswept-drive, a not very clean porch for the car to get into. Then we are ushered into as bleak a room. On the walls, I see many dirty smudges and marks. There are no nice pictures; perhaps there are some horrible reproductions of standard pictures of scenery; perhaps also many Indian pictures, sometimes arranged in a straight line along the top of the wall. Now some Indian pictures, including Ravi Varma's paintings, are good, but why not delight the eye by a careful hanging of them? In addition, are found ugly calenders, cheap fans and illustrated plates from papers, hung up anywhere and anyhow. Very often most of the windows are closed, or carelessly left half-open, which is worse, I think. The glass of the windows too is clogged with dirt."

"Then sometimes," said Miss Sarada, taking up the tale, "there are cobwebs left hanging high in corners. The lamp-shades are dirty; the bulbs dim with dust.

Then come the chairs and sofas in more or less stiff lines along the walls, or with no pretence at a pretty placing of them. If one wishes to read by lamp-light, nothing is in position. No comfortable chairs are to be found for tired men returning from hard work; or, if there are camp chairs, the canvas is very dirty, with great oily patches where the head rests. Tea, coffee and tasty *palaharums* are offered so sweetly and kindly; but on tables which are grimy and have dirty marks on them, in glasses which have not been polished, in cups carelessly handled. The use of silver utensils, as in many houses, of course obviates much of this, and is much to be advocated. Then, there are children heard screaming all round; or, if they come in, they usually and immediately begin to suck their fingers and sometimes the whole hand."

"Why should there be all this?" asked Miss Sundari, "Surely, the lady of the house can take some thought about such things."

"But do not think that they are not doing so", remarked Miss Sarada; "There

are lots of our educated women now, who have beautiful arrangements in their houses. I cannot help thinking, however, that some of them are too Anglicised in character, and do not tone in with the Indian things. Moreover, so much is left to butlers and servants, and the delicate touch of the woman is absent. Everything is stiff and formal."

"And don't think that the *higgledy*—

*higgledy* appearance I have been describing reflects on the character of the hostess. Not at all. As I said before, she is usually one of the kindest and nicest of creatures. No, it only shows that her training has not been complete. She has not been taught to take thought for such things. If, and when she does, great I am sure will be the result."

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## PAINTINGS OF RAVI VARMA

THE name of this artist, once so popular, has now not only faded into the background, but has also in some circles become somewhat of a by-word, as wanting in art and technique and partaking too much of the extravagant. In not many houses of the civilised *elite*, do we now find reproductions of Ravi Varma's pictures; but the fact remains that he is still very popular in the homes of the middle-class. Immense popularity indeed and appreciation by the public is the factor, which adverse critics of this painter have to cope with, when they run him down.

An appreciative monograph on *Ravi Varma* has lately been published by K. P. Padmanabhan Tampy of Trivandrum, who has thus done a service to India. In the foreword to it, Mr. K. V. Rangaswami mentions some points of the bright side of this painter's work, which Mr. Tampy enlarges. The great claim for Ravi Varma is that he started a new tradition in India, in that he united Eastern and Western styles of painting and applied them to life and literature, especially of Hindu India. He thus originated a certain branch of popular art. He has perpetuated Indian tradition and even its history. Besides that, it was he, who enthused the idea of picture-decoration for the home in India; he has created a model of fashion for Indian women, for the stage and the screen. He

has thus made himself a "unifying force," not only in the social atmosphere, but also in the national life of India.

Ravi Varma, without doubt, contributed somewhat to "the religious consciousness of India", for not only do his pictures of divine life make religion a daily reality to people, but also it may be said that "he found the earthly and heavenly reflection of Divinity in Art". Moreover, by his transcriptions of the stories of mythology, he has ennobled the literature of India. He was an artist of *Reality*, of detail and form, as opposed to the artist of *Suggestion*, of symbolism, mysticism and the spirit. And yet, he expressed in forms the emotions, "the mysterious passions that govern life". Moreover, he loved romantic beauty, not only in the female form, but also in Nature, though he used the latter only as a background; he expressed well the various effects of light; he "seized the spirit, the soul and the expression of beings and things". Thus, he may be called in a way an "artist of inspiration and creative genius".

There have been many faults, as we said before, attributed to Ravi Varma, of inattention to technique, proper perspective and true proportion, of extravagance of colour, sameness of theme and expression, of a "superfluity of nearness to human life", of too much attention to form, too much tendency to be influenced by the

aristocratic bent; but yet he may be called an artist of "warmth, spirit and joyousness", of observation and thoughtfulness. The *Indian Ladies' Magazine* has occasion to be grateful to him, in that he allowed some of his pretty pictures to be reproduced in it.

Ravi Varma Koil Tampuran was born in 1848, at Kilimanoor, in a family of artists, of a branch of the royal house of Travancore. Later, he became, by marriage, by connections and association of friendship, one, it might be said, of the royal house itself. He studied Sanskrit, and received some training in art from his artist-uncle, Raja Raja Varma; later, he studied a little under the Western painter, Theodore Jansen. He was a great lover of Western art.

His first exhibition was that of a Nair Lady at the Fine Arts' Exhibition of 1873, for which he won the Governor's Medal. His picture of Lord Hobart, the then Governor of Madras, won a gold Medal in

India, and a Gold Medal and Certificate at the International Exhibition at Vienna. The likenesses of other Governors of Madras, as well as of the Duke of Buckingham, were done by him. Again, he won a gold medal in 1874, and presented some of his pictures to the then Prince of Wales, when he visited India. In 1878, the Governor-General's Gold Medal was given him for his picture of Sakuntala. Sita's *Ordeal* got the Gaekwar's Gold medal in 1880. In 1885, he was invited to paint pictures of the family of the Maharaja of Mysore. Later, he did paintings of elephant hunts for them.

In 1888, he spent two years in Baroda, adding to the Art gallery there with fourteen pictures. Soon after this, oleographs of his paintings were produced. In 1892, ten of Ravi Varma's oil paintings were sent to the Chicago exhibition. Ravi Varma also did two pictures of the Royal family of Udaipur. In 1904, he won the Kaiser-i-Hind Gold Medal. He died in 1906, after a long and successful career.

## OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

### Changing Models

**C**OLOUR everywhere—orange, green and blue purple, red and gold, how magnificent our saris look in the sun-light, or in the blaze of electric lamps—and yet, there are some Indian women who condemn bright colours. Pale hues, shell-pink, mauve, canary-yellow, the lightest shade of green,—these they advocate; but striking colours? No, for these, they say are too old-fashioned, and what they call primitive, not what enlightened women should wear; and so the fashion was introduced, a few years ago, of mild colours and pale hues. Luckily, however, it was soon realised that bright colours are for the Orient, and to-day once more gayer hues have crept in.

Thin *georgette* saris of the most exquisite shades are now all the rage, and the strange part is, that the whole fashion is changing, for whereas we have always worn saris with gold and silver borders, to-day borders are worked in with silks and *georgettes* of other shades, so that there are multi-coloured saris with black and red borders, or plain shades with jazzy edgings, that give a most unique and entrancing effect.

Flowered material is also coming into vogue, and borders are not mere straight strips, but zig-zagged or curved, or in quaint angles. The strips are attached to the saris with silver *beading*, which gives

a neat finish to the whole ensemble.

I read of a Burmese lady the other day, who said that fashions never changed in Burma, and that she wore the same kind of dress today, which she wore twenty years ago.

People believe the same of the sari, and often have we heard European women heaving sighs of despair at their rapidly changing fashions, and envying Indian

women for being able always to wear the same kind of costume.

Recent years are belying this statement, however, for a sari can be out of date, or in with the times, as a dress, and even the style of dressing, the pattern of the blouses, and the lightness or wrongness of wearing gold belts and brooches, have all to be considered carefully by an Indian woman.

—*Sister Susie*

## OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

### 1. HER FIRST FLIGHT—A STORY

**R**ANGINI was a strange child. Unlike other girls, she hated playing with dolls, sewing and cooking and anything domestic. She was always out with the boys, playing rough games with them and competing with them in every form of boyish sport, sometimes even going so far as to play foot-ball and hockey with her brother and his friends. She also hated school, and, though she was twelve years old, it irked her to sit and read history or literature, or to spend time indoors in a class room. She was of a mechanical turn of mind, and was always inclined to take things to bits and put them together again. Thus, when a kind old uncle once gave her a toy sewing machine, thinking it an ideal present for a girl, she unscrewed all the parts and tried to study the intricate working of it, instead of sewing little garments on it. So keen was she in having an out-door life, and in things mechanical, that she soon became the despair of her parents, for she was always last in her class and showed no desire to improve.

"I think we'll have to stop you from going to school," said her father to her one day. "You're a regular disgrace to us."

"I'm sorry, father," was Rangini's answer, "but I hate studying."

"What do you want to do then? Surely you don't want to be a dull uneducated girl, marrying the first man who comes for you?"

"Oh, no, I'd hate to get married; but I tell you what I'd like to be—an Air Pilot. It's my one great ambition father; but I have been so afraid to tell you this all these days."

To her surprise, however, her father did not fly into a rage, and she would have been still more surprised if she had heard him tell her wish to his wife later on, and express his desire to try her out, and see if she would be a success.

"What a dangerous profession, though," was the mother's objection. "I shall die a hundred deaths imagining accidents and dangers."

"Rubbish," was his reply. "There are dangers everywhere these days, and anyway I can see that Rangini has set her heart on this profession and on nothing else. I think every modern girl should be trained to do some definite work, and not be dependent on marriage and a husband."

And so, it was settled that Rangini should be tested, and one day her father went to the flying club, and arranged with

a pilot to take her up—not merely for a straight ride; but to make her sit through all the usual stunts, and see if she had the courage to enjoy them.

Rangini, therefore, though only twelve years old, was taken up on her first flight one sunny morning. She was strapped in in front and the Pilot sat behind, and her heart thrilled to the roar of the engine. Nor did she feel in the least little bit nervous when she soared up, and looked at the world below. It was a different matter however, when the Pilot went up to a height of 2000 feet, and did a sudden drop. She thought she was going to die, and gripped her seat tightly. Through the ear-phone she heard the pilot ask her if she was all right, and bravely she answered "yes". Far worse was it, however, when he looped the loop, and did the spiral; but each time he asked her if she was all right, she gallantly answered in the affirmative.

At last it was over, and she reached ground again and was helped out by her father.

"Well, how did you like it?" he asked.

"It was perfectly lovely," she answered enthusiastically, and the Pilot said, "she's a brave girl, and will make a good pilot."

So it was decided that day, that when Rangini grew up she should be trained to be an air pilot.

P. S.

## II

### THINGS TO KEEP YOU OCCUPIED

The art of entertaining! How few have got it, and still how essential it is for everyone of us, man, woman and child, to acquire it. When we go to parties or invite guests to our house, we come across some people, dull, dead, and without a word to say for themselves. They come and partake of refreshments, and then sit still. In vain do other people take trouble to talk to them and amuse them; but

nothing interests them, because their world is narrow, and their ideas limited to their own lives and those of their own families.

It is essential therefore, to learn the art of entertainment when one is young, and therefore, you can all start straight away. Every journal these days, is full of pages with puzzles, tricks and conundrums. Learn some of them, and when you find that a party is beginning to flag, practice some of them on your guests. Little feats of skill are also always very amusing, such as going up to a wall, taking three steps back, holding your hands behind your back, and without bending your knees touching the wall with your head; or sitting on an empty bottle, stretching your legs before you, with the heel of one foot placed on the toes of the other, and lighting a candle beside you, without rolling off the bottle. Can you do either of these feats? Try them, and ask your guests to try them. Also, learn heaps of other feats like them.

You should also learn useful original games, and when you have a party plan out a programme, so that time may not drag. Keep your guests occupied and amused from beginning to end, and to do this read up and learn as many new games as you can. Here is a very useful one which I read of in the "Hindu Illustrated Weekly," and which I am repeating here for you to learn. It is called "cats and dogs."

"Before your guests arrive, hide 100 or more small articles (say buttons), in as many rooms as possible, up-stairs, down-stairs—anywhere that would be difficult to locate.

Appoint a girl to be the mother-cat and a boy to be the father-dog. All the rest of the girls are to be kittens of the mother-cat and all the boys puppies of the father-dog. Give the mother and the father each a small pail or basket.

Announce that you have concealed 100 and more buttons about the house and

it is the business of puppies and kittens to nose around and find them. If a kitten finds a button, she does not touch it, but mews for the mother-cat, who runs to the spot and puts the button in her basket. If a puppy finds a button, he barks, without

touching it, and the father-dog runs and puts it in his basket. When time is called, say in 15 or 30 minutes, the buttons are counted and the side having the most is declared the winner."

—Pankajam.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

### A STUDY FOR THE MEM-SAHIB.

IT is always an understood fact that the man of the house — the breadwinner — should have an office-room and a huge big table with all his papers and paraphernalia scattered gaily thereon; but the woman of the house seldom thinks of having a den of her own in India. She usually has a small writing-table tucked away in a corner of the sitting-room, or elsewhere, but a study of her own? Oh no — such important stress on a mem-sahib's writing or reading powers is seldom laid in this country.

Has it ever occurred to people, however, that a woman may wish to have her own little room permeated with an atmosphere befitting her own special nature, as much as a man, who can brazenly boast of his secluded retreat exuding the aroma of a particular brand of tobacco, and scattered profusely with pipes and ash trays? Especially in modern times, when a woman's importance socially is daily gaining ground, she should

have a study; for many are the committees she belongs to and innumerable the letters she has to write. Also, she may wish to have a quiet half-hour with a book, away from the rest of the members of the house, and where else can she spend this more profitably than in her own little sanctum?

I saw a picture of a modern study the other day, which seemed to be rather ideal. It was a tiny room, with a bright bare polished floor, and huge windows letting in the air and sun-light. There were just two or three comfortable chairs of quaint futuristic designs, and a beautiful writing-table with innumerable nooks and corners to tuck papers away in.

With a small book-shelf adorned with one's favourite books, and a much appreciated print or two on the smooth bare walls, what else does a woman want in her study?

—Paddy.

## OBSERVATIONS

### Educational India

*Educational India* contains an enlightening article by Prof. A. Bagshaw on 'THE PLACE OF BEAUTY IN EDUCATION.' The writer of it first draws attention to a

well-known observation by Plato: "A man should begin by loving earthly things for the sake of the absolute loveliness, ascending to it as it were by degrees or steps.....from fair forms to fair conduct, and from fair conduct to fair principles,

until from fair principles he finally arrives at the ultimate principle of all and learns what absolute beauty is."

Such an ideal, though particularly possible in the case of children, is yet very little practised in their education; what little there is of it being of only recent date. The reason seems to be the fact that aesthetics has always been neglected even in philosophic studies, not only because there has been fear of the disturbance of mental poise, but also because the appeal of beauty has been often sensuously misused. So much indeed has this been done, that morals and religion have become opposed to art, and "morality without taste is set against art without conscience."

It is obvious, however, that this should not be; beauty of outer things should become an incentive to the perception of inner beauty. And the best method for such inspiration should be through the early education of children to perceive and appreciate beauty. Mr. Bagshaw therefore advises that one of the factors in the choice of sites for new schools should be natural beauty. In the case of old schools, something should be done to give beauty by plantation of trees and gardens, by the hanging up of good prints of well-known Eastern and Western pictures, and by the introduction of the decoration of flowers into class-rooms.

There must also be beauty in teaching. Pupils should be led, not to feel school a prison-house, but to be alert to see

beauty everywhere, even in common-place objects. Even the Chemistry teacher can guide his students to see beauty in proportion and creation; the drawing-master above all can make the young mind respond to the perception of beauty in his models and his pictures; music again is a great treat to the child-mind, for what better teaching of beauty can there be than "the magic power of harmony"?

Again, beauty can be seen through poetry, which shows us "treasure of the mind and soul, wise understanding, sympathy, a nature at peace and in harmony with life". The teacher's duty, therefore, is to raise young souls above repetition and mere words and phrases, into "the fire of imagination", and the "unborn desire to create beauty for themselves".

Attention should also be paid to creative work in schools, not through dull and set and conventional types, but through real self-expression.

If all this and more is done, the world will be transformed. Ideality will triumph over the material. As a great poet said:

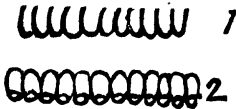
"Beauty is the prime motive of all his  
excellence,  
His aim and peaceful purpose." And again,  
"Verily by Beauty it is that we come at  
Wisdom,  
Beauty, the eternal Spouse of the  
Wisdom of God  
And Angel of his Presence through all  
creation."

## Needle-Work Notes

### Button-hole stitch and its application :

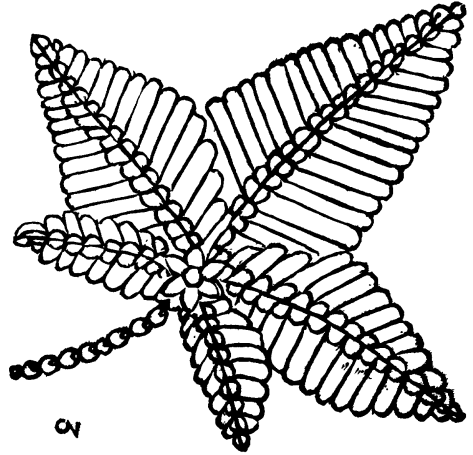
Button-hole stitch, which is well-known in plain needle-work, is very useful also in embroidery, besides being an important stitch in needle-point lace. Owing to its construction, it is well suited for the covering of raw edges, and it is also adaptable to a variety of other purposes, such as open or close fillings of leaves and flowers, cut work, and outlining of applied work.

There are two ways of making the stitch, the common button-hole and the tailor's button-hole. (Figures 1 and 2)



Another example of the use of close button-hole is shown in the ivy leaf in figure 3. The stitch is worked in two rows, back to back, in each lobe of the leaf, and the resulting ridge

down the centre rather happily suggests the veining. This method of filling in might be



just reversed for a rose leaf; the heading of the stitch would then suggest the serrated edge, and the meeting of the two rows down the centre the line of the vein.

—B. P. Purushottam.

## Cookery Notes

### Plum cake :

This is a rich dark-brown cake, looking and tasting quite as well as though eight eggs and a pound of butter were used. Sift 2 lb. of flour into a basin, and rub into it  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter or clarified dripping. Add 1 lb. rasins cut in halves, 1 lb. washed and dried currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. peel cut small, 1 lb. brown sugar. Pour a pint of sour milk over a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a basin; the mixture will then bubble up; beat in two eggs and moisten the cake mixture with the whole. Add a little milk if necessary; the cake should be rather

moist, as it takes a long time to cook. Bake in a moderate oven for 3 hours. Halve the quantities for a smaller cake.

### Ginger Candy :

This is very good, economical and splendid for cold weather. Materials required are 1 lb. of coarse soft brown sugar, 1 table spoonful of flour, 6 table spoonfuls of water, 1 oz. powdered ginger. Boil the ingredients in a saucepan, try a small piece on a plate, and if it sets, turn out mixture on a greased tin and cut to size required.

—B. P. Purushottam.



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*Errata* : For 'Mrs. S. S. Runganadhan' in page 272 read  
'Mrs. S. E. Runganadhan.' We regret the mistake.

*Editor, I. L. M.*