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PARTED.

Roses bloom and wither—
Buds of frailty sweet,
For the tenderest blossoms
Perish at our feet.

Life is like the roses,
Gay a little while,
Then the ice-breath falling,
Closes lips that smile.

Beauty is but fleeting—
Love must meet and part,
And earth's kindliest greeting,
Leaves a broken heart.

HERBERT PORTER.

SITA AND DROUPADI.

IF one has to introduce these two heroines to our readers, it will be an insult to the priceless legacy left by our Aryan forefathers. The 'Ramayana' and the 'Mahabharata' have not only spread their fame far and wide, but have also stirred the minds of the intelligentia of far-off nations. Today, these two occupy an equal rank with the world's other great classical works ; and their authors, who lived centuries ago, command our admiration and gratitude.

Think of the Ramayana without Sita, and of the Mahabharata without Droupadi ! What a different fate these master-pieces would have come to ? These two heroines are the centres round which the epics have been constructed. They were at the root of the great wars fought by the Aryan heroes and they inspired the Aryan warriors with a courage and sense of duty unrivalled in the ancient days. Their ideals, their sufferings to stick to those ideals, the sacrifices they made, and the sense of duty they displayed during the various states of their struggle, cannot but leave an indelible impression on our minds.

Still, if we analyse the character of these heroines, we shall be taken by surprise at the radical contrast one bears to the other. Sita, the heroine of the Ramayana, rises more and more in our esteem as we go through each page, and in the end we are forced to take her as an ideal, and since the ideal is so perfect we attach divinity to it. The case of Droupadi is quite different. She captivates our admiration on certain occasions; we admit that she is indeed a great woman on other occasions; and we are ready to extend our sympathy to her on still other occasions. But she never appeals to us as an ideal. On the other hand, there are occasions when we begin to shrink from her in disgust, or wish that she had not done this, or said that. We begin to understand that there is something theatrical about her and we doubt her sincerity. Naturally, our first impulse of admiring her undergoes a change. We cannot attach any divinity to her and she fails even as a mortal ideal.

A few points from the lives of Sita and Droupadi will show us the different types of womanhood they represent. Sita is an embodiment of sincerity and pure affection. We seem to see these two qualities of her heart right through her wide-open innocent eyes. She is sincere to her lord, to her relatives, to the people at large, and even to her enemies. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the sense of duty she displays throughout her life as a devoted wife. She shares her husband's exile without complaint, she has no wants beyond those of her lord's, and she obeys him implicitly without calculating the consequences. Though Ravana does immense wrong to her, she has no spirit for revenge, and the destruction of Lanka is not a source of happiness to her. The motherly attitude taken by her towards her lord's younger brothers will win the heart of any mortal. She suffers banishment in the end at the hands of her beloved husband, but she submits to her fate and tries to defend his action by recounting the duties of a King to please his subjects. Her womanly pride does not allow her to return to her lord when he seeks her in the end and she is happy to vanish from this world. Every deed of Sita makes her a dear object to us and makes us respect and worship her. Nay, we are even ready to idolize her.

Now, let us analyse the character of Droupadi. We are not bothered about her childhood, as her real history begins only after her marriage. She is not responsible for her marriage with the five Pandava brothers. She does not appeal to us very much as a family woman, unlike Sita. We never get a glimpse of her attitude towards her relatives. She is a forward woman and takes more interest in the politics of her husbands than in family matters.

Her treatment of her five husbands is marked with partiality. Yudhistira is something like a family priest to her. She listens to him, reveres him for his knowledge and truthfulness and gets the benefit of his saintly advice when anything distresses her and she is in need of mental comfort. She admires Bhima for his physical strength and amply demonstrates her admiration by giving him jobs, which cannot be done by the rest of her husbands. He is appealed to for getting rid of Kichaka, to fetch the Kalyana Sougandhi flower and a number of such other duties. Her love for him ends there.

Arjuna is her real sweetheart, and we find a touch of romance in her attitude towards him. She admires his handsome figure and skill in archery and if she had married him alone she would have shone as a better wife.

Nakula and Sahadeva are not allowed to play any important part at all in her married life. They sink into obscurity, unless she gives them such small commissions as they can carry out now and then. Her relation to them is more like that of an elderly aunt to her nephews than that of a wife to her husband.

Besides these five husbands,—real or nominal it matters not,—Droupadi has often exhibited a sneaking affection for Karna. Karna is after all the eldest brother of the Pandavas and no one can blame her for it Fortunately or unfortunately, Karna did not return her feeling and the probable attitude she would have taken towards her sixth husband has to be supplied by imagination.

If we forget the fact that Sri Krishna is the incarnation of God and if we can look upon him as on any other hero of the time, Droupadi's devotion to him can be interpreted according to the mentality of the readers of the epic. Our love for God should be as much the product of our heart as any love can be. A woman's love for her lover is the richest of all her fine emotions, and how can Droupadi be more devoted to God than by extending her vast store of love to him also?

All this does not mean that Droupadi was a disloyal wife or unchaste woman. It only shows the funny change that comes over the human mind through a host of circumstances. The environment acts upon the mind and the mind reacts. This is the greatest of all psychic truths. Human minds should find out some object to bestow their fine feeling, or tender emotion as it is called. Very often, a man chooses a woman as the object of his love and *vice versa.* It is impossible for this particular feeling to act upon two objects. If it is divided, the parts can never be equal. Now, apply this truth to the case of Droupadi. She has married five and her love has to be divided equally into five parts. Difficult indeed! Her love is so much subjected to the 'division habit' that it often breaks into six or seven parts unconsciously. You cannot find fault with her for this and she is in no way disloyal to the five husbands, if it is beyond her power to maintain her love equally among them, or if it sends out a sixth branch.

As has been said, Droupadi loved politics and adventure also. Her readiness to follow her husbands to the forest was not actuated by the same motive as what made Sita accompany her lord. For one thing, Droupadi was bound to go by the conditions imposed by the victors upon the victims. Secondly, she loved adventure. In the forest too, she wanted luxuries and she got the "Aksheyapatram" and satisfied her guests and herself. In the thick of the forest, leading an exiled life as it was, she had a desire to possess the sweet-scented 'Kalyana Sougandhi' flower. It fell to the fortune of Bhima to get it and off he went, unmindful of the dangers on the way

Droupadi's thirst for vengeance is not quite commendable. With all her abilities, divine powers and influence, one would have admired her if she had not shown so much thirst for revenge. The Kauravas, no doubt, gave undue provocation for a great war. But, when her husbands sent Sri Krishna to the Kaurava court as an arbitator to make peace and avoid war, Droupadi privately goes to Sri Krishna and coaxes him to do no such thing and gets his sympathy by showing her loosened hair. One cannot appreciate her behaviour in going against the wishes of her husbands and dictating about mighty affairs of the kingdom.

Again, her revéngful spirit found much satisfaction when 'Durvasa' and his disciples were punished by Sri Krishna. Droupadi caused the death of Kichaka, though it was done to protect her honour. If she had arranged for an open fight between Bhima and Kichaka instead of trapping him to death treacherously, no one would have felt sympathy for him. As it is, he excites our sympathy, especially when we know the fact that Droupadi entered the court of Virata as a Sairanthri, which is a sort of dancing girl in the court. No one suspected that she had a husband, not to speak of five husbands. Those were the days when a King or nobleman could take liberties with a Sairanthri. If Droupadi could not avoid him by fair means she ought to have left the court.

The wretched parents of the Kauravas, after the wholesale slaughter of their sons, repaired to the house of the Pandavas to spend their last days. Droupadi never took any trouble to look to their comforts. In any family, it is the duty of the mistress to make the guests comfortable and she failed to do her duty.

When her whole character is surveyed, Droupadi loses some of our esteem. We can admit that she was a powerful woman, had a strong will-power, took part in politics to a greater extent than desired by the most modern of modern women today, and she was diplomatic. But are these the qualities that make an ideal woman? No. That simplicity of manner, that readiness of the heart to melt at the sight of the slightest trouble in others, that love for children, husband and home, that harmless pride caused by domestic happiness, that implicit faith in the words of those whom she loves, that policy of non-interference in outside politics, that eagerness to sacrifice her own comforts for the sake of her dear ones, that mild expectation to be guided by her protectors—those are the fine strings of a woman's character that make her an ideal. The Mahabbharata heroine lacks most of these fine qualities. But she does possess some other virtues desirable in women, and these have been over-developed. She figures more as an extraordinary woman, than as an ideal. Most of us would rather prefer quite on ordinary woman with fine virtues and small faults, to one of Droupadi's type, and that is the reason why the Ramayana heroine captivates our hearts and appeals to us as an ideal.

C. P. KAMAKSHI AMMA.

N. B.—We invite replies to this article.—Editor, *I. L. M.*

THE PURE WOMAN:

THOMAS HARDY'S TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

I

WHAT interests you most in a novel? It depends partly on your taste, partly on training and mostly on temperament. The story grips the many, characters interest some and thrilling suspenses make 'the best seller.' In a writer of genius, gifted alike with an active imagination and acute observation, these features are likely to play a subordinate part to serious, thoughtful and thought-provoking reflections of enduring value. One need not go so far as Gibbon, to settle for oneself before opening a novel, the amount of knowledge one already possesses and to consider on reading it through how much has been added to that doubtful stock; nor even, is it necessary to accept Lord Morley's suggestion and take a note-book and pencil to put down the inspiring or inspired thoughts scattered here and there in the novel one proposes to read. But surely, considerable pleasure and real abiding enjoyment is lost, if a writer like Thomas Hardy, is not read slowly and cautiously. In the gliding movements of the story, patches of ennobling reflection and scenes of matchless beauty are interspersed and portrayed with such a penetrating study of men and things and such a delicate touch of the master-painter, that the thoughtful will ponder, imbibe, and enjoy the sublime appeals made by the author in his moods of thinking aloud amidst the incidents that occur to the creatures of his creation. A study of Tess from this point of view may not be without interest to the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine.

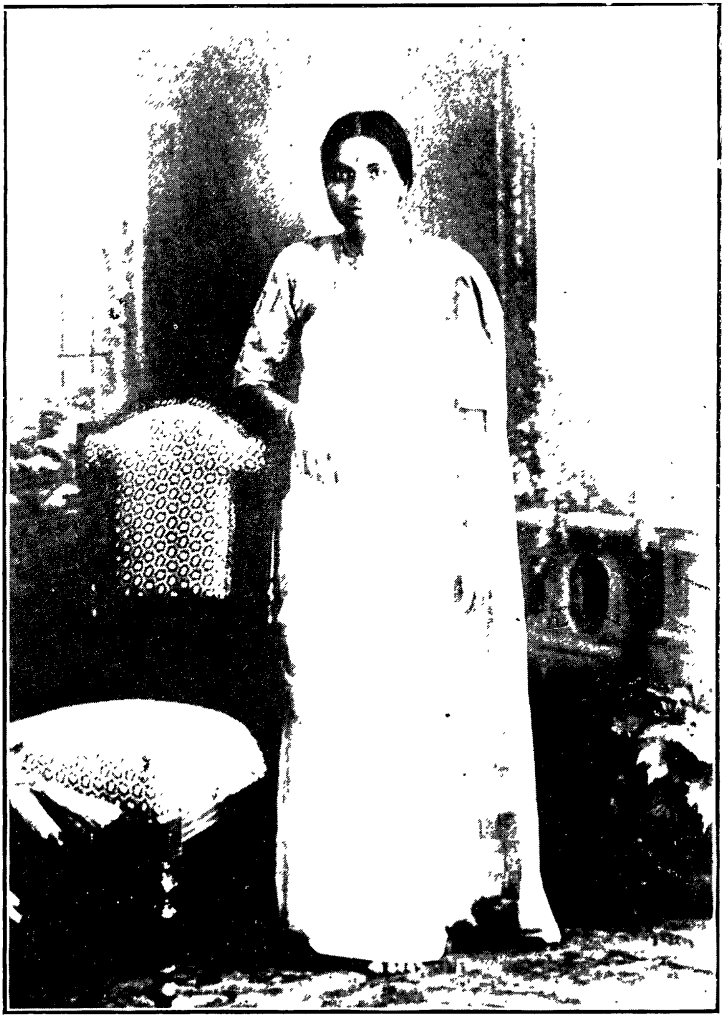
Tess, a simple rustic maiden discovered to belong to the only surviving family of the famous D'Urbervilles, has her life spoilt through the dazzling chicanery of an adventurer, who shines as the counterfeit D'Urberville—the title of her family being bought out or appropriated, through the arrogance of newly-acquired wealth; she realises the tragedy and makes a bold 'rally' to live; she reaps the 'consequence' of acquiring a true man as husband, only to lose him because of her honesty and pride; she pays the penalty of a woman in a convention-ridden society; she meets afresh the seducer as a convert and is won over on account of the continued cruelty of her idealistic husband, and finally achieves the fulfilment of the destiny after an act of murder that hands her over to the justice of the law The events are traced by Hardy in seven phases: 'the Maiden'; 'Maiden no more'; 'Rally'; 'The consequence'; 'The woman pays'; 'The Convert'; and 'The fulfilment'.

England has been made great by families of long lineage. Qualities of strength, integrity, intrepidity, and inborn ability to rule, were supposed to get into you only if you proved that some portion of your features had a resemblance, however trifling, to the brave sons of Normandy who crossed the channel with the Conqueror. Tess is a simple poor country girl no doubt, but is the only surviving descendant of the famous order of the D'Urbervilles, the feudal lords of her country. The parish priest unearths the descent. She is a beauty also and goes to a dance in company with one of the village girls. The young man, towards whom she instinctively feels a fascination, does not notice her, and takes for his partner some other girl. Ah well, "Pedigree, ancestral skeletons, momumental record, the D'Urberville lineaments, did not help Tess in her life's battle as yet, even to the extent of attracting to her a dancing partner over the heads of the commonest peasantry. So much for Norman blood unaided by Victorian lucre."

Again, fatalists or optimists are fond of praising the divine order of things. Everything in this planet is determined by a kind hand that designs the scheme of things, and it is well to sing with the poet "God's in his heaven, and all's right with the world." A poor drunkard of a father, a never-to-do-well, has a loving wife, and Tess is blessed with six brothers and sisters. It seems a holy arrangement that peasant-folk are blessed with dependents, who increase in geometrical proportion as their power to help them along decreases. "Some people would like to know whence the poet, whose philosophy is in these days deemed as profound and trustworthy as his song is breezy and pure, gets his authority for speaking of nature's holy plan".

That is not all. If a plan has been laid down, a kind hand should execute it and a merciful protector watche over it. But the

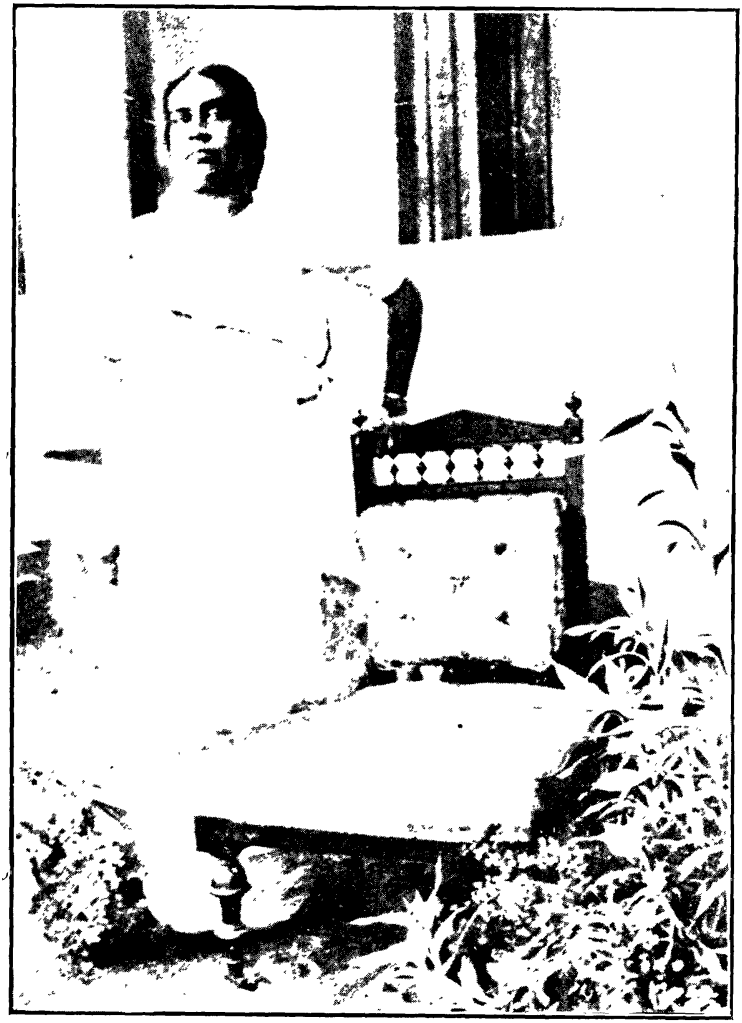
TWO DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF TRAVANCORE.



Miss. C. Rudrani Amma, the General Secretary of the Aryavamshodharini Mahasabha of Travancore, Cochin and Malabar, has been nominated by Her Highness, the Maharani Regent, a member of the Travancore Popular Assembly. She is also the Organiser of Co-operative Societies in Travancore.

Photo by :—R. V. Rao, Srirangam.

P. T. O.



Mrs. G. Sankara Pillai, who has been appointed by Her Highness, The Maharani Regent of Travancore, a Member of the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly.

Photo :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

law of retribution is as inexorable as the protection of a guardian angel should be true.

And so, the worthlessness of ancestry, the cruelty or mockery of the natural order and a divine shaping of ends, finish Tess the Maiden.

II

"All earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above;
Yet lieth the greater bliss so far aloof,
That few there be are weaned from earthly love".
Robert Bridges.

As though to prove this sad truth, the earthly beauty of Tess has been the cause of her undoing.

But does not a noble poet record his conviction that,

"To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man."

What man has made of man! The point of the human tragedy lies more in what man has made of woman.

But is it not the essence of all religion, that repentance and prayer are the best modes for rehabilitating yourself in the eyes of God and society—a society taught to revere God? You go to church and pray in all humility for light and forgiveness. Yet idle folk laugh at you. Ah! that is the girl. In the house of God, loud whispers single you out, and so, out in the solitary woods, hounded out by the tyranny of social law, the best solace is likely to offer itself.

But here again, self-analysis with a mental equipment generated from a convention-ridden environment, brings in the accusing complex. "The world is only a psychological phenomenon and what they seemed they were." An accusing, if somewhat whimsical, imagination intensifies the natural process; and if airs and gusts moan in the midnight, "they are formulae of bitter reproach;" and "a wet day is the expression of irremediable grief" at the human weakness that yielded to the impulses of nature.

But time is the greatest healer and even malignant man-made society has a convenient memory. The world's concern at your situation is more often an illusion. You are not "an existence, an experience, a passion, a structure of sensations to anybody but yourself." At the most you are a passing thought to many, and to friends perhaps a frequently passing thought.

But the course of destiny in this man-conducted world is not so smooth. The relentless operation of the natural law, brings in its train its natural consequences. Innate sensations and natural instincts are potent enough to help self-preservation, but when extended to their fruits that ar tabooed, the social law proves irresistible in its hold over you Your child that knows no father is sick. The hour of the little prisoner's emancipation is imminent. Your religion has taught you the tortures of hell that await a child, which has not received the man-devised baptizm. You get anxious; you run for a priest; the pride of your family forbids a parson to pry into your social respectability, and your natural instincts propel you to officiate as the priest, and pronounce the comfortable consolation, that "it (baptizm) will be just the same." And so on, you struggle, nature against convention, and note the melancholy extent of the latter's influence.

To be thrown into the world without defence and get the knowledge with a shock, that "all that glitters is not gold," is not after all without its help The experience, thanks to your youth surging with hope, is not incapacitating and it is possible for you to say ironically to God with Saint Augustine "Thou hast counselled a better course than Thou hast permitted." And you could attempt at a brave rally; and "where there is unexpended youth, bringing with it hope, and the invincible instinct towards self-delight", it is inevitable to tempt fortune.

III

"Drive my dead thoughts over the Universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
....O Wind,
If Winter comes, can spring be far behind?" sang a poet sanguine of hope. The urge to live is irresistible, and even the very landscape, where your new lot is thrown, expands in sympathy. The valley of depressing smallness and moaning winds gives place to a valley where the world is planned to a larger pattern, and the new air is clear, bracing, ethereal. Every breeze wafts out a pleasant voice and in the songs of every bird lurks joy. Here is the joy of creation and you, marching out to efface the past, are pleasingly reminded of the merry lines,

" and with a heart of May,
Doth every beast keep holiday :—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
Happy shepherd boy."

The promised occupation for Tess is with the cows. This is significant. To the expansive simplicity and bounty of the cow, many a thought and action of highest nobility have been given in this world. In India particularly, the dance of happiness and wisdom of the mythical Lord is associated with His action in relation to cows. And it is pleasing to recollect that the unfortunate victim of circumstances and social tyranny is to attempt a new life in such an environment.

The march of destiny is distressingly sure and calculated, and into this world comes "the man". Stirred by intellectual doubts, moved out of the ambit of the humdrum by an acute mind that questions "the why and what" of everthing that exists, the eager son of a conventional parson reaches the same place to live and to find out life.

Tess arrives there to seek and to find perhaps, but above all to try to live. And the young man Angel Clare, who has missed his chance, arrives at the same place to find whether there is after all anything original and natural in life, apart from the sentiments and modes engendered by assertive man.

Absorption of one in the other, and the almost deadening certainty of the whimsical persistence of nature in gaining dominance, is clear from the start. Conversation in company is more often a bore, and you will have to strike a note of astounding originality or oddity, to draw marked attention. Personality no doubt counts, but your tongue helped by an effervescent imagination must lead. Tess starts, "I don't know about ghosts; but I do know that our souls can be made to go outside our bodies when we are alive." "A very easy way to feel 'em go is to be on the grass at night and look straight up at some big bright star; and by fixing your mind upon it, you will soon find that you are hundreds and hundreds o' miles away from your body, which you don't seem to want at all."

"What a fresh and virginal daughter of nature", observes Clare. The dice is thrown and the success of the arts of nature seems assured. Acute thinking may weaken the hue of resolution and the doubting young man may analyse and classify, but the ways of nature are as varied as they are powerful. A casual observation leads to casual meetings, but the virginal daughter of nature is not without fears and doubts of her own fancy. She has no fear of outdoor things of course, but of life in general. You wonder how a young girl should see the seriousness of 'being alive'.

That is not all. The appeal of the senses, vivified by surroundings and your own imagination, is the favourite weapon in nature's armoury. Long before day-break, "in the twilight of the morning," when "light seems active, darkness passive", Tess and Clare meet in the open meadows, when Tess seems to Clare to exhibit a dignified largeness both of disposition and physique, an almost regnant power; "and, whilst all the landscape was in neutral shade, her face seemed to have a sort of phosphorescence upon it". The impression made is indelible, and opportunities are created for further meetings.

Tess is no longer a mere vessel of emotion untinctured by experience. Experience has by one terrible hit swung her to be a new woman. Doubts arise. The gloomy past casts its shadow. The eager lover comes from a higher social order. His advances have a deadening candour and sincerity. Stirred love anxious to achieve may have a cloudy vision. Are you worthy? Do you deserve? Or what is more, is it fair, is it honest?

And so on, hesitation leads to evasion. But the immortal shaper of things has set the wheel in motion. The scene is set. Tess is milking in the early hours of the morning. Of what shape is the form that presents itself before a young man in love? The sun is shining full upon her. "To a young man with the least fire in him that little upward lift in the middle of her red top lip was distracting, infatuating, maddening. He had never before seen a woman's lips and teeth, which forced upon his mind with such persistent iteration the old Elizabethan simile of "roses filled with snow." Perfect, he, as a lover, might have called them off-hand. But no, they were not perfect. And it was the touch of the imperfect upon the would-be perfect, "that gave the sweetness, because it was that which gave the humanity." Resolutions, reticences, prudences, fear, fall back like a defeated battalion and Clare clasps her in his arms. Tess is taken by surprise, but yields with unreflecting inevitableness.

"Unreflecting inevitableness"; can any girl in a similar situation help the inexorability of it? That is the pity of it, or the "joy" of it. It is time to explain all and create no illusion. But the maddened lover brushes away the attempt at explanations and is too happy to consider. A visit to parents is however a duty. There, an intellectual contest with the conventionalised products of Oxford to whom "all outside the University and the church are simply to be tolerated rather than reckoned with and respected," brings home the differences between the local truth and the universal truth;—"that what the inner world said in their clerical and academic hearing was quite different from what the outer world was thinking." The glamour of simplicity and the trustfulness of the country world are emphasised by contrast, and the lure of the love of the rustics, which is exhibited more often inconsiderately and for its own sweet sake, rather than in the crippled form shown the homes of the ambitious, "where a girl's craving for an establishment paralyses her healthy thought of passion as an end", is final; and the young man determines to push to the full the consequences of the course he has taken.

Meanwhile, there is a further series of fears and misgivings in the fair conqueror. Is she not unworthy? Her attitude looks tantalising and outwardly that of a flirt. "Why are you so tantalising?" pursues Clare, and clasps her again. "I will tell you my experiences all about myself—all". "Your experiences? yes"; a loving satire; and days pass on with repeated requests. The milk pots are to reach the station quick. A ride is necessary. Clare offers to drive, and Tess is taken as a companion. They drive back through rain. Tess tries to put him off by touching upon her supposed ancestry; Clare no doubt hates the aristocratic principle, but this will make his mother accept her, and the long resistance breaks, and "yes" comes out, followed by a cry of happiness, impassioned kisses, and "the appetite for joy which pervades all creation, that tremendous source which sways humanity to its purpose, was not to be controlled by any doubts, fears, misgivings, or vague lucubrations over the social fabric."

Then follows the question, Is that the end? The art that keeps you on the defence reaches its limits on the achievement of the aim. Revelations provoke revelations and candour inspires candour. The happy husband, sure in the extent and depth of the love of his wife, lays open his faults. The excuse is instantaneous, and in its suddenness comes the weakness, or perhaps the eternal tragic strength of the woman. From the pure disinterestedness of her love, she judges the rest; and the one-sideness of the analytic philosophy, 'What is good for you is good for me', is lost sight of; and she proceeds to lay open her heart. The change is dramatic, and herein lies the poignant tragedy of all creation and the divine order of things.

IV

"Be thou an example—in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity," said St. Paul. The man interprets this in his own way. His actions are to be viewed with tolerance, forgiveness, charity, and his professions to be taken with an abiding faith in his new-born spirit.

But with the woman it must be different. She commits the same error, and all her beauty, innocence, simplicity and candour are to be thrown out. She is a complement to man, and she is to be 'the picture,' which he forms of her. "Forgive me as as you are forgiven! I forgive you. Angel", cries Tess. "O Tess, forgiveness does not apply to the case. You were one person, now you are another. My God—how can forgiveness meet such a grotesque prestidigitation as that?"

Ah! there it is. That is the rub. "I am a different person. In the archives of my imagination, I had created an ideal concept and that was you. How can a detached consideration of your actions arise? How is it possible for you, to have acted different from the lines I had conceived?" Very well; you offer to efface yourself. The ideal is gone, "let me haunt you no more." Absurd again; suicide? "It is nonsense to have such thoughts in this kind of case, which is rather one for satirical laughter than for tragedy. You don't in the least understand the quality of the mishap. It would be viewed in the light of a joke by nine-tenths of the world, if it were known."

That is so; you have no option. The man thinks and arranges. The world, that was scoffed-at when you were to be won as a wife, is now to be considered. Society, that inconvenient organisation, is now to be faced. "Think of years to come and children being born."

To a girl, instinct with the purest love, ever invented by the inventor of everything holy and noble on this earth, this lurid picture of a possible wrong to her off-spring, is the final blow, and no sacrifice is great enough to remedy it. It is truly said, that "the intuitive heart of woman knoweth, not only its own bitterness, but its husband's," and she accepts a momentary presentment as the inevitable. He must leave her to find out his soul, and she remains in prayer.

The bard of Bengal, Rabindranath, has sung

"Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act."

The despised wife, as though in contemplation of this invocation, and determination, keeps her body pure, shuts out tempting half-truths, keeps her "love in flower", and crowns her struggle in an endeavour to reveal the object of her adoration in her actions. Alas! the ways of this world are too complex and wily for the resolution of any soul encaged in flesh, which is too solid flesh "that would not thaw and resolve itself into a dew." Indeed, things rank and gross in nature possess the world merely.

Yes; things rank and gross: the suffering wife meets the tempter. The cry of innocence is not heard by the rational thinker, the guardian angel that has gone to find itself; and by the time it finds out the essential distinction, that all moral values depend, not so much on achievements, but on tendencies and the will to do, the march of the sordid practical spirit, who takes everything as it comes, is rapid. The difficulties of life, the lure of immediate ease as contrasted with the mercilessness of the ideal, make the suffering body, already pulsing with a life, which alas had learnt too well for its years, "of the dust and ashes of things, of the cruelty of lust and the fragility of love", crumble in spite of its endeavour to keep itself pure. The tempter comes in a changed form, as the repentant one; and you are bound to admit of a possible resurrection. Has not a poet, with keen vision and a penetrating understanding of the ways of nature, sung,

> "Yet in his worst pursuits, I ween
> That sometimes there did intervene
> Pure hopes of high intent;
> For passions, link'd to forms so fair
> And stately, needs must have their share
> Of noble sentiment."

While you argue thus and hesitate and endure, and try to derive strength from him, who has his seat in the inmost shrine of your heart, he wanders abroad, thinking and analysing. The world is full of pathos and what value is to be attached to the, conventional dictates of the right and wrong? Who is a moral man? Above all, who is a moral woman? Does the beauty of a character lie in its achievements, or in its aims and impulses? Does the greatness of human history depend upon things done, or things willed? The tragedy is, his scholasticism has led to a growing absorption of the general principles, to the utter disregard of the particular instance. He has been harsh. Is not harshness towards lovers common? Was not Romeo harsh towards Juliet? What was even Rosalind to Orlando, and Cleopatra to Antony? The cold creulty is in the general order "of the pos tion towards the temperament, of the means towards the aims; of to-day towards yesterday, of hereafter towards today."

The mist is cleared. The injunction of St. Paul, is to "be an example in charity and purity"; the girl is charitable and pure. The man returns. "Tess, can you forgive me for going away?" Too late. Flesh and blood are weak, but the strength of love in its tragic fulness rises, and its destiny is fulfilled on the altar of the law. "Justice" is done.

T. Sivaramasetu Pillai.

OUR POETRY PAGES.

1. VESPERS.

Kinship in Nature seems most fair,
When she doth evening garments wear;
For, when the Day's bright course is run,
And slowly sinks the crimson sun,

I feel the harmonies afar,
Gleam in the rising of the star,
And know the Universes be
Linked in holy sympathy :
Ah ! then, mine intellect and heart
Rise and fulfil their kindred part.

HERBERT PORTER.

2. THE FOREST.

There's silence in the forest bounds,
Silence mixed with sounds,
Which tells, in voice and thought serene,
Of things which might have been.

This is Nature's own retreat,
Its beauty none can beat ;
Here we walk with happy mein,
Or rest on verdure green.

The leaves to us their secrets tell ;
The flowers sweetly smell ;
We hear the deer from hill and dale ;
The birds our friendship hail.

Their songs of praise for every gift,
Their prayer for more uplift,
Their cry for help, whene'er they fail,
Their softly-uttered wail,—

How sweet these welcome calls resound
Their cadences profound !
Their voices fill all Nature's halls,
And echo from her walls.

The trees like slender pillars stand;
Their branched arches band ;
The grassy carpet's 'neath our feet;
The sky a roof-tree meet.

The sun by day, the moon by night,
The stars with blithesome light,
The gloom dispel ; the breeze that blows
With music overflows.

This is where our saints of old,
Aye, and monarchs bold,
Their thoughts for India's greatness gained,
And strength and calm sustained.

Shall we then the forest seek?
To Nature often speak?
Get from dell and peak and rill
Thoughts our hearts to fill?

KAMALA.

INFORMATORY ARTICLES.

(1) WALDEMAR HAFFKINE.

ON October 26th 1930, died Dr. Waldemar Haffkine, whose part in the solution of some of the more acute of India's health problems it may be interesting to recall. He was born, between the East and the West, at Odessa in the year 1860 and so had just reached the allotted span of three score years and ten, when death claimed him from a life of great interest and of much usefulness to his fellow-men. As he grew up, he first of all studied classics, but then medical science called him and he entered the University of Odessa in order to study for the career of a doctor. He very soon found himself chiefly attracted by that branch of science known as Bacteriology, which concerns itself with the study of those minute forms of life known as germs, or bacteria, many of which are responsible for human ills. Particularly in the field of infectious diseases have these invisible foes to be reckoned with. When Haffkine was a young man, the whole scientific world was ringing with the news of the work that was being done by the great Louis Pasteur of France. Pasteur had shown that germs are responsible for various well-known processes of fermentation in industry, for the silk-worm disease, for anthrax, for hydrophobia, and had predicted that in one type or other of germ would be found the cause of numerous other diseases of plant, animal and man. Further investigation, both by himself and by the extremely able workers who followed in his footsteps, was to prove his forecast brilliantly accurate. "Search for the germ" was Pasteur's advice to those who would combat infectious disease, and within a few years the numbers of kinds of germs which were being discovered were multiplying thick and fast. It is true that Pasteur, like all pioneers, met with opposition and obstruction to his ideas, but before his death he was acclaimed by the whole world as one of its greatest benefactors, and there was erected for him, in Paris in 1888, the Pasteur Institute, for scientific Research, in which his great work could be carried on. It is no exaggeration to say that on Pasteur's work the whole of modern medical and sanitary science has been built up.

It is small wonder that the young enthusiastic Russian, Waldemar Haffkine, should have been attracted by the reports of this wonderful new line of research that was going on, and should have sought opportunities for meeting Pasteur and becoming one of his disciples. After meeting the great man, his interests became even more definitely fixed on these deadly germs, which were playing such havoc with the human race. The year 1889 saw him installed as Assistant to Pasteur in the new Institute, engaging in the same kind of problem, and learning all there was to be known about methods of combating diseases caused by germs. Pasteur had shown an astonished world that it was possible to prevent the onset of such a disease as hydrophobia, by introducing into man or beast carefully-graduated quantities of the poison of the disease, and thus, as it were, educating the body to be ready to resist a genuine attack of the disease in full force. This very important principle was to be applied to more and more diseases as time went on. The conditions for doing it vary considerably from one disease to another, and even yet we have a very great deal to learn about them. Haffkine, actually present when much of the earlier work in this highly important field was being performed, was well-equipped to do his part in carrying it on. It is not surprising then to find him being asked by the British Government in 1893 to go out to India to join the Medical Service and to bring his powers to bear on the question of fighting the dread disease of cholera. Haffkine attacked the problem with an energy and enthusiasm that were distinguishing marks through his life. Previously in Spain, an attempt had been made during a cholera epidemic to protect people from an attack by injecting deliberately a certain number of living cholera germs into their bodies, in the hope that the bodies would then become capable of resisting a larger dose of infection later on. This type of vaccination had, however, proved less good than had been hoped and was often attended with great danger to the people whom it was designed to protect. Haffkine saw that the method must be altered to make it less drastic, and bethought himself of the possibility of making a weaker vaccine from weakened germs. He thus got a mild form of vaccine, which he injected first into the body, following it up a few days later with a vaccine of full strength with which the body could now cope successfully. By this means he was able to make a human being, in nearly every case, resistant to cholera for two years. Not the least wonderful part of the story lies in the fact that Haffkine tested his vaccines by injecting them into his own body before he would consent to try them on other human beings, thus gladly taking, for the sake of the people of India, a risk for which we must do honour to his memory.

Nor does this exhaust the story of the good work which this eager and brave doctor did for the country to which his work had called him. In 1896, a terrific outbreak of the fearful bubonic plague occurred. It started near the docks in Bombay, and spread like wildfire, carrying terror and death to thousands in its train. Haffkine, still furiously fighting the cholera problem, was convinced that it should be possible to mitigate the plague by a similar kind of method. He grew the germs in tubes until they had formed a certain amount of the poisons which kill, and he proceeded to make preparations of these poisons free from the germs themselves by heating the tubes hot enough to kill the germs, while the poisons remained unaffected. What he proposed doing was to inject a small quantity of this plague poison into the body and thus teach it to resist the deadly effects which would ensue if the germs infected it later and started manufacturing their poison on a large scale. Now the question arose, on whom was the first test to be made? Who was to be given that injection of plague poison, which the body might overcome or to which it might conceivably succumb? Again, we find Haffkine exhibiting the same devotion and courage, that he had already shown in his quest for the means of dealing with cholera. In January 1897; he got a medical friend to perform the injection on him, and then waited to see whether his body would defend itself from the poison, or would give up the task. He soon found his temperature rising, and the signs of an attack of plague beginning. What was the result to be, who the victor? For two days he felt extremely ill, but went about his business, attended important meetings and said no word of what he was feeling. Then the symptoms passed off, and with immense joy he realised that what he had hoped for had come to pass. He had succeeded in performing a plague vaccination on himself, and now he could perform it on other people. They were to have a short period of discomfort in exchange for the fear, for indeed almost the certainty, at that time in Bombay, of the plague. Enormous numbers were vaccinated with Haffkine's vaccine, and very few of these lost their lives by plague afterwards. Haffkine was the benefactor of multitudes for the second time, and again at the risk of his own life. All must rejoice that he was spared to live a full life, and join in honouring his name, now that he has gone.

WINIFRED PARSONS.

(2) ST. MALO.

From gay and sophisticated Dinard, the little vedettes carry you swiftly away to another world, a world of history and romance —St. Malo—the most interesting and perhaps the most picturesque little town on the "Emerald Coast", which lies encircled by its massive old ramparts. Seen from Dinard, it is like a fairy-tale city, rising out of the sea, half enveloped in a blue-grey mist, its tall, delicate church spire like a streak of silver against the sky.

St. Malo, Niddes Corsaires—Nest of Pirates—has been the home of some of France's greatest navigators. Among the latter, the one who appeals most to the romantic imagination of the Malouins (the people of St. Malo) is Robert Surcouf, the famous pirate. At thirteen he became sailor, captain at twenty, and at twenty-seven had gained thirty victories on the sea. His statue holds a prominent position on the quay. Bare-headed, bare-necked, the stone figure stands there on its pedestal, pointing in an attitude of pride and defiance at his enemies, the English, across the sea. Incidentally, it is a curious fact, that Surcouf's old home is now occupied by the British Consul.

To the left of St. Malo, lies a bare little island. At first sight it seems nothing more than a rock, but as one looks longer one can distinguish, what appears to be, a thick old wall. It is the tomb of Chateau briand, who was a Malouin. Another famous Malouin was Jacques Cartier, discoverer of Canada. In I'Eglise St. Vincint, the church of St Malo, is a plaque which marks the spot where he knelt to receive absolution before he set sail in 1534.

In front of the statue of Surcouf, the "Porte de Dinan", a massive, ancient gateway, leads you into the town, whose old, cobbled streets are so narrow that people from one house can shake hands with those in the house opposite. The women still wear their picturesque Breton costumes and snowy white coifs. Fishing is the chief industry there, and every year over a hundred "Terre Neuvas", as the fishing boats are called, set sail for the icy fogs and rough waters of Newfoundland, bearing on board about three thousand fishermen. Storms are not infrequent there, and it has never come to pass that *all* the fishermen who left have returned home again. "Le Pardon des Terre Neuvas" is a beautiful and unique ceremony, and is the only one of its kind in the world. It takes place every year before the departure of the fishing fleet for Newfoundland. The Archbishop of Rennes comes down specially for this occasion, to bless all the boats.

This year, "Le Pardon des Terre Neuvas" was held on the 2nd of March, and thousands went to St. Malo to see the ceremony. The whole town was decorated, and the people wore their brightest costumes. All the way down the "Rue de Dinan", the chief street, was an absolute net-work of flags and flowers, hanging from ribbons stretched across from one house to another. The boats, score upon score, lay in the harbour, tied together in rows of threes and fours, with planks leading from one to another, so that the public could get into them to watch the ceremony. The rigging and masts were covered with flags, and with people who clung on in that precarious position by the hour to get a good view of the Archbishop of Rennes. Suddenly, there was excitement among the people, and from the distance a little white boat, decorated with red roses and flags, glided slowly up the still blue waters of the harbour. Inside the boat was the Archbishop, in a gold robe and crown ; in his hand he held a golden "goupillon" (holy water-sprinkler), which he shook over the prows of the boats, blessing them as he passed. He wore a large ring on his finger, and on religious occasions he lets people kiss it. The French believe that for every kiss they give the ring, they have three hundred days less in Purgatory.

After the ceremony was over, the people wandered on to another part of the town, where a fair was in full swing. Men were frying sausages by the roadside, and selling them, all hot, to the passers-by, and women under quaint little tents were selling brightly-coloured sweets.

Towards the evening, the crowds began to disperse. Hundreds of people embarked for Dinard. The view grew lovelier as the vedette went farther and farther away,—St. Malo, rising out of the sea, drenched in sunshine ; every angle, every corner of the proud old fort and ancient buildings and battlements breathing of romance and history and of victories won in the days gone by ; to the right, the ancient St. Servan—perhaps almost as picturesque as St. Malo itself, but so different ; St. Malo telling of battles fought and won by its brave young pirates ; St. Servan, the place that gave them shelter when, old and weary of wars, they sought peace and quiet Even from the quay of Dinard, these beautiful sun-bathed cities can still be seen in the distance, dreaming of their past glory.

After the day of "Le Pardon des Terre Neuvas", the boats set out, one by one, or in batches of twos and threes, on their long lonely voyage to Newfoundland, each sailor wondering if he will ever return to his beloved Brittany. They can be seen from the beach of Dinard, tiny white sails growing fainter and fainter as they vanish into the distance on the pale green waters of the "Emerald Coast".

NURGESH KOTHAWALA.

(3) THE EDUCATIONAL SITUATION IN INDIA AND TAGORE'S SCHOOL.

EXTRACTS FROM A TALK BY PROF. WILLIAM KILPATRICK OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

You must understand that India is, if not the oldest civilization, one of the two oldest highgrade civilizations in the world. I dare not say how many thousands of years it is. I do not know. I think no one knows. But it is a very ancient civilization. And it has a literature and a philosophy corresponding to its age.

When a civilization has achieved a great literature and a great philosophy, the people have a soul as a people, in a sense which, for example, can hardly be claimed of this country. It is a large country and has achieved many things that call for attention and remark, but whether it has achieved a soul, may be open to some discussion. At any rate, India has achieved, I think, a soul in a very, very true sense.

Beginning some 200 years ago, Great Britain gradually conquered India. The relationships to be observed in the future between Great Britain and India are now matters of immediate discussion. It is not for us here to say anything about that; but we cannot discuss the subject of education in India, or Dr. Tagore's education, without more fully understanding this particular aspect of the situation and I hope that in what I say I shall give no offence to any, because I feel nothing offensive as I speak.

Great Britain was, and on the whole has been, the greatest exponent of "laissez faire" in the matter of education in the world; the richest nation until recently, at any rate the richest nation in the world for 100 years. It is true that Great Britain at home had no governmental system of education for England; Scotland had one, but there was none for England or Wales. There was no governmental system that included all the people, or provision for all the people, until 1900. Now those of us in this country and those of you, who come from other countries where the government has for a hundred years had the governmental system, the public-school system, as we call it in this country, will be surprised to know that that is true. Beginning in 1870, Great Britain did establish, what we would call in this country, elementary schools for half of her people under governmental support, but not until 1900 was any provision made for taking care of all the people who cared to avail themselves of it.

Now this attitude towards her own people more or less showed itself in India. It was the theory of the Government of India, as I understand it, and I think I am correct in this, that they would interfere as little as possible with the internal arrangements of things in India, leaving the religious matters, the ordinary secular affairs and ordinary school matters, as much as possible just as they had been. And I say it was very easy for Great Britain to do this, because they did substantially the same thing with their own people. After awhile, it became desirable for the East India Company to have some Indian help in looking after their accounts, and as one hears in India from time to time, they wanted higher class clerks; and they therefore began to train the Indian boys in English, how to read and to write English. Later on, there was a demand, a proper demand, from India for more education. After a good deal of discussion, it was decided that they would establish through governmental agencies secondary schools and universities conducted in English.

How typical ! I do not recall the exact history, but I think I am correct in saying that at the first, the examination in secondary education for entrance to the universities was sent out from London. At any rate, that was the model, and the secondary schools were based upon the English model teaching as nearly as could be, transplanting the ordinary secondary schools of England. The University was at the first very much like the London University which was founded, rather to examine, than to conduct lectures and so on. To this day, the university of Calcutta and some of the other universities, also a number of colleges more or less independent, give such an examination and confer a degree on those who pass it. And this you know is quite on the model of London.

Now the point I am making is that Great Britain used its own schools as models, when it came to the problem of schools for India. There was at that time in Great Britain no special study of education. Great Britain has not been so forward in studying education as Germany was, nor even yet has Great Britain studied as we have studied education in this country. But for a great many years there was no special study of education in Great Britain. And it was perfectly natural for those, who administered education in India, to follow the Oxford and Cambridge tradition, where they had been mostly educated, and to carry on that education in India. Later, the primary and elementary education was introduced into India, and this was very much upon the British model, except for the use of Hindi, Bengali, Tamil in the South, and so on. I myself saw over at Ahmedabad, I believe it was, where I visited an elementary school, the class being conducted in two languages simultaneously; one group of students had books written in Hindi and they themselves spoke Hindi ; and another class was standing up in a row, just as we used to do in this country, with books in Urdu and were speaking Urdu, and the teachers, of course, spoke both Hindi and Urdu.

One of the things which Great Britain carried to India was the examination system. It is very pronounced. It is much more pronounced in Great Britain than it is here, on the whole, and when it gets to India it is raised to the tenth degree. I do not myself know a country in the world where the examination as an examination plays a bigger part than it does in India. Yet, when you think that the examination as conducted—I am thinking of the secondary schools—is based on the curriculum built for England and conducted in English, you can very readily see that it has had little connection with the soul and history of India.

There is an almost complete break. In fact, until recently, boys in India began their history, at 1066, when William the Conqueror landed on the coast of England. And they learned the history of India so far as the school taught it at that angle, as they learned of the gradual extension of British power in India.

This examination system was used for two main purposes, as I understand it, and I tried to study the situation as closely as I could when I was in India some four years ago. The examination system served two purposes, and was used to meet two needs, one to hold schools up to a standard—perfectly easy you say to conduct an examination, and, if a school were not up to the standard, the students didn't pass. That was all. And it was a very great incentive therefore for a school to come up to that standard, and for the students to seek out a school that would come up to that standard and to see that they themselves came up to that standard, and this we can quite understand.

The second reason for this examination is more deep-seated in its effect and that is that the examination is a certification; for any body in India, for instance, who aspires to be a typist and secretary or anything else along that line, is practically compelled to be able to show that he has passed the matriculation examination for the university What does that mean? It means that Indian boys very largely go to the secondary school and to the university in order that they may be certificated, so that they may then go on to some remunerative post. There is no profession open in India except to graduates of the university. And there are none of these semi-professional positions open, or practically none, except to those who have passed the matriculation examination. So the Indian boys and the Indian fathers come to think of the school as that particular place where they will become certificated in order to get into a vocation, a semi-professional post.

I talked with a very high type Hindu in Benares. This young man had studied at Cambridge. He was running a school in Benares, but he said to me, holding up his hands, "What can I do, the boys will not come to my school. I am trying to found a school built upon Indian thought, Indian history, Indian traditions, but the boys will not come to it; because if they come to my school they can then not be certificated for any of the remunerative posts, and they therefore cannot afford it, and they do not come." And he had a very small school, not through any fault of his; personally. I thought he was a very excellent man.

Now this prevents experimentation in India to a degree that most of us in this country cannot understand. I do not know of a country in the world where experimental education has a harder road ahead of it than in India. Egypt is very much the same but I do not know any other place where it is more difficult, because the experiment must in turn vindicate itself by the students passing the examinations, and you cannot pass the examinations in India, unless you give your whole time to them. And therefore there is no time for experimentation. And if anv school does try to experiment and at the same time prepare for examination, the students say to the teachers, "You are wasting time, that is not getting us ready for the examination." And if the boys want to study something on the side the teachers say to them "You are wasting time. That isn't preparing for the examination."

I dwell on this, because in a way it is the heart of the education problem in India as it exists today.

Now let us go on to the Poet Tagore, and see what his school has to do in this situation. Dr. Tagore is more than a poet, or at any rate, he is that kind of poet who takes in a whole civilization, who looks above and beyond any existing civilizations, and looks deeply into life. As he looks at his own country, he has felt that the type of education given does not take the young Indian and build him up into the soul of India, does not build him up through the history of India, to take hold of India and build the India that all Indians wish to see.

Tagore feels this—and feels it with all the depth that his nature is capable of. More than that, he has a very penetrating insight into the very best educational theory. I speak advisedly. One of my Indian students two or three years ago wrote a dissertation to me on Tagore's educational outlook and I had occasion therefore to look into the subject more thoroughly, and I was amazed and delighted to see the depth of insight and clearness of vision with which he, as far as I know through my own private reading alone, I have no other knowledge on the subject—in his private reading and thinking, in his own thought, had come to take much the same position as the very best thought here has taken, on the subject of education, here where many people have been studying the question for quite a long time.

Now, sensing that education must be the product of and built upon a civilization, sensing that an education must express the soul of a people, that it must in its form and content arise out of a country, out of the soul of the people, sensing all of this, Mr. Tagore looked at the emptiness for the Indian student in general; and few, few can rise above the emptiness, for to the vast majority education is just a device for passing an examination, it does not enter into their lives, it does not take hold of them to make them see clearer and better what India should be;—not through what they are learning in school. No. Having to learn in a foreign language, many of them never really grasp in clearness and fullness the conceptions that they are dealing with, still less do those conceptions have the opportunity to take root in their uttermost thoughts, in their deepest thoughts, to grow as education should grow in the lives of young men.

Now, Dr. Tagore, seeing all of that, said "I must build a school which is truly India, which will do for India the thing that an educational system should do". And he set to work to do it. It is not easy for me, a Westerner, to describe to you, mostly Westerners, and it is difficult for me to sense it adequately, and more difficult still to express as much as I could sense so that you can get it. But you must imagine a school in the woods, literally, in the woods; and scenery where the buildings are not, as in this country, the predominant feature, with the trees about them for landscape-gardening purposes, but the buildings are put among the trees, because the trees mean India, and the buildings are designed and intended to fit into that situation.

You know in India, the Hindu (of course it is the Hindu tradition that I am discussing) has a feeling for nature, which we do not have in this country. Everything that is alive, is spiritually alive for an Indian. I shall never forget going to that great laboratory in Calcutta and seeing how Dr. J. C. Bose was studying the plants and that near approach to nervous behaviour in plants. No one but an Indian could have felt about the plants and the near approach to nerve life in the plants, no one but an Indian could feel that. I am certain that a Japanese could perhaps feel it next best, but largely because the Japanese got from India the Buddhist religion which is alive with the feeling for nature.

So the poet felt that his school must somehow sum this up, somehow use it. His school also must rise above the limitations which Indian life has imposed upon itself. His school disregards the caste system and disregards the separation of the sexes. They study together in this school.

But in art—in music and in painting, and in religion, the poet has striven to build upon the soul heritage of India. And it need not surprise you that when I went to the room where the pictures were on exhibition, where they were being painted. I was asked to leave my shoes at the door as I went into the room. If any of you have been in the East, you know what that means. There is something peculiar, peculiarly sacred, going on in the room, and we must act accordingly.

Tagore has tried to look to a civilization which should take whatever good the West has to offer and use it in an Indian setting for Indian purposes. That is his effort. I need not say to you that it has been easier to do that in the primary school and in the university than it has been in the secondary school; I mean the post-graduate university. In the under-graduate school, he is bound, just as I said a moment ago, because his students wish to go into posts and professions and they must be certificated. So he has to run both of these sides together. It is a difficult thing. I regret myself that he has to do it. I hope the day will come when India can give up this type of education—which has so far, as its effect, split the soul of its youth. I hope that day may come, and I am sure the poet will be the first one, in his own school, to herald that day.

If you face hard facts in India and any one who goes there, anyone who thinks upon India, to help India, has many hard facts to face—you face this fact: these two or three facts, which go together: One, that India on the whole is a country of poverty, the vast mass of the people are dreadfully poor. Mr. Gandhi told me that the best figure he could get was that thirty millions of people saw only one meal ahead. One meal ahead—no further. If they didn't get the second meal why, starvation. Any school system that is going to take hold of India then, must take hold to help these poorest people to make more of their lives. That is for the material side. Every Indian sees it. Everybody feels it who goes there. Another thing: India has suffered through many, many generations, many centuries; conquered by the Moguls, conquered in times past, first by this warrior, and then by that; within the country and then by those from without the country; and later, being ruled largely from above by the British.

India has not had practice in self-direction, in administrative self-direction, in executive force. It is true. The young Indian in their heart know it is true. It is painfully true at times. It is a thing that it is very necessary to face. They must learn how to think ahead, and pursue a conscious and definite plan, efficiently, if they are ever going to make a success of governing India and introducing a better financial outlook. So that, on the more practical side, India must learn, Indian children must learn, how to think and act consistently to definite ends and purposes, and this must go along with the kind of education I have been discussing, an education of the soul.

Mr. Tagore felt that the schools of India, the official school system, failed to connect adequately with the Indian tradition, failed to build the boys into the tradition, to improve the tradition, and that most of all a school should do this, and that school must represent the highest insight that India has into the mysteries of life. These boys and these girls spend part of their day in meditation. I wasn't so absolutely certain in my Western mind what they meditated on, when they were meditating, but some of them, let us hope, do really meditate on spiritual matters. At any rate, that is the poet's wish and hope and belief.

And there is a chapel—we would call it a chapel—a religious house. You go into that house and you do not find any sectarian religion taught there. You find the highest and the deepest that any one can get as to man's religious problem; a house devoted to that, and a house where the religious services allow each man to feel, and to think, the deepest that he can feel or think in this realm.

So that the poet is trying in his school at Shantiniketan to build an institution, that represents a flowering of the Soul of India, preparing itself to direct India along more fruitful lines, fruitful in the highest sense of life—It is that that Tagore has in his effort at this school.

AN EXAMPLE OF INDUSTRIAL WELFARE WORK.

INDIAN EMPLOYERS IN BENGAL.

AT the request of the Editor of .this magazine, I am writing a short account of the work done by the Bengal Iron Company for the Indian employees and their families, at the works in Kulti, Bengal.

The works are iron-producing, with blast furnaces and a very large laundry,—I think I am right in saying the largest in India. We are responsible for about 15,000 people, that is workmen, their wives and families. The whole get free medical treatment, an excellent supply of filtered water, housing accommodation, and all accessories to health and well-being. This population consists of a great mixture of races and castes and tongues, who come looking for work from all over India, the Punjab, Madras, Chota Nagpur, Bengal, etc. So the languages generally resolve themselves into Bengalee, Hindi, and English. There are coolies, mechanics of all kinds, workers in the Laundry, etc; Babus, Typists, accountants, time-keepers, store-keepers etc: There are not many women employed and those only as daily coolies, but we have a maternity benefit for them, if necessary. In the works Hospital, of which I am matron, we are granted a generous supply of drugs, dressings,

Mrs. K. C. De, who has been elected to the Executive Committee of the Bengal Olympic Asssociation. She is also a Municipal Councillor. This is the first time a lady has been elected to an Athletic Committee in the annals of Indian Olympics.

Photo :—Indian News Agency, Srirangam

Some of our Babu's wives, who attend the instruction class, are mothers learning Health and Hygeine. Three in front are grand-mothers.
(See article on *Industrial work.*)

appliances, and everything necessary for the comfort of the patients. All receive full pay when ill, either in Hospital or outside, so long as they are under the doctor's care, and unfit for duty. This rule, along with compensation in accident cases, was in force with the company long before the workmen's Compensation Act came into force in 1922. Small pensions are still paid to a number of widows, whose husbands have died in the works, or those not entitled to claim compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act. We have work-people also here, over 40 years, who refuse to leave their work on a pension and their earnings. Through all the turmoil of later years, in Industrial India, we have had no strikes. Just now the Company is passing through a bad time, owing to the world-trade depression, and, when it came to reductions on the staff in different departments, the greatest care was taken so that those who were obliged to leave, suffered as little as possible, by losing their work. Some offered to stay on, on reduced wages, until times were better.

In addition to other duties, I have a dispensary for women and children in the more thickly-populated quarter, where the work-people live. The nurse, a compounder and myself give out simple medicines, do dressings, give much good advice, which sometimes goes "in at one ear and out of the other", as the saying goes. We visit those unable to come to the dispensary, or who observe purdah. We send the more complicated cases to the Hospital or get the doctor to visit them in the homes, look up new babies, and pregnant women, and once a week teach a little simple hygeine and Home nursing to the girls attending the two primary schools in that area.

We have two baby clinics in other areas, and once a month the wives of the Babus meet for some instruction about their children, their own health, foods etc. As they are nearly all purdah ladies and most of them uneducated, we read some news items from the papers, and have some music. Yearly, we hold a Health Exhibition in January for 4 days. We are busy preparing for it now. There are the usual posters, models, demonstrations and lectures during the day. Each evening, we have Health films and a Health play, the latter done by the High school boys and some of the Babus.

Previous to the Exhibition, we have a kind of intensive Baby week, Talks for the mothers, Magic lantern lectures and a Baby inspection. The Exhibition is open to all free of charge and we invite people from all the neighbouring villages and collieries, as ours is the only Health Exhibition here so far. Three years ago, the Company built a fine new Indian Institute with a big stage, which is a great boon to us for such occasions as this. There are 4 rooms and they are all fitted with electric lights and punkahs.

We have a trained nurse for attending midwifery cases in their own homes, for all classes of patients, from the Babus' wives to the sweepers. Difficult cases are brought into Hospital, where we have quite a nice little ward, built separate from the main block, and we never refuse an outside case. Sometimes we get dreadful cases from far-off villages. We have two untrained *dais* who work under supervision, and we pay Rs. 2/- to any Dai who reports any case she has recently attended. In this way, we get control over the mother and baby, and manage to teach the Dai a little more than she knows. I tried having a class for untrained dais, but it is very difficult to get them to attend, and some are quite unteachable. In the hospital itself, we have many cases of bad accidents from the works, as well as acute illnesses ; they are chiefly men. Women in our neighbourhood have not learned to come into hospital, being hedged in with conventions, caste prejudices and the difficulty sometimes of leaving their family, where the husband has to be at work all day. My day's work consists of many duties, besides helping with what I have just mentioned, works of supererogation possibly, nevertheless necessary, such as finding jobs for the unemployed, settling family quarrels, a note to the Zemindary Department for better quarters for some large family with a sick member, sometimes getting a little help for some newly-arrived workers to tide over the period when the first week's pay is due, etc. We have Departments for seeing to most of these things, but a note and some good advice from their *Ma* (myself) is always much in request. I came into the Hospital compound one afternoon to find the whole of the garden coolies in the station squatting about. I was told they had come to consult me. It was a case of a notice being issued that their pay would be given every month instead of every week, in future. We went into the matter. It was a real grievance, as it meant borrowing money from week to week until the pay came in. A tactful note to the powers-that-be settled the matter, and weekly payments still remain. One gets very near the workers in their times of sickness, and one loves them all ; even the troublesome ones, have so many good and loveable qualities. This is just a regime of work, looking back on the eight years I have been here. I feel we have got over the spade work in breaking down ignorance, and superstition, but there is still a great deal to do, and I agree with Sir John Simon that it is the women of India, who have to be up and doing, in getting legislation and spreading education. I wish Bengal was as advanced as Madras, in this respect. I had the pleasure of meeting Dewan Chaman Lal in September last on his way back from Geneva and the International Conference. His schemes for the Industrial workers of the future in India, were splendid, and in time no doubt will materialise. Meanwhile, I think the women must do their duty in helping their sisters in mills and factories, whose lot has not fallen in pleasant places; and, when legislation is passed in industry for the benefit of its employees, to see that the law is enforced. Laws in India take a lot of enforcing, especially in backward places, but I must add we have very energetic Factory Inspectors for Bengal.

M. MILLER.

'ARJUNA.'

CHAPTER I.

"Hi-hi, ho-ho, yah-yah, yo!"

A chorus of yells, shrieks and howls split the calm midnight silence. Sleepers turned round and listened in dazed wonder for a moment, then went to sleep again. "It is only the jackals," they murmured in disgust to themselves.

"Fire, fire, help! fire!'

This time, they were roused in earnest. Soon the street was full of frightened people. A crowd collected round a man, who had apparently been the first to give the alarm. This individual made the most of his short rise to fame:

"It was too hot to sleep inside our hut", he said, "there were four others there beside myself, and they were all snoring. I had eaten plenty of food and could not sleep. So I came out. Then I saw fire and smoke coming out of that house. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. It was still there. So I shouted 'Fire'. Was it not a good thing I was awake? The policeman, you say? Where was he? Oh, he must have been sleeping on some verandah, or dreaming in a corner. *We* know what our policemen are."

People scarcely troubled to listen to him. The fire was now pouring out of the little building. It was a fearful and beautiful sight. Flames rolled out into the clear blue of the sky. They seemed to wish to rival with their red light the pale sparkle of the stars overhead. But the smoke was too much for them. It wreathed itself around them in coils and twists, rivalling their ardour with its own wonderful shades of black and gray.

"Clang, Clang, Clang!"

It was the fire-engine coming to the rescue. All was excitement then. The firemen, in their workman-like way soon got their hoses ready. Their speedy shouts rose above the cries of the multitude. The walls were still intact. The roof, which was of palmyra leaves, was burning fiercely. They were too late to save the hut, but not too late to keep the fire off the next buildings.

"Are the people all out? Where are they?"

Everybody looked at each other, first in shame, then with ready assurance. Yes, yet they must have come out. Who would be in a burning house? That was why no one had troubled to look for them. They must be in the crowd somewhere. Then a woman's shrieks rose into the air ;- -

"Sitabai, Sitabai, Arjuna, Arjuna! Where are you? I cannot find you anywhere. Oh, save them, save them!"

It was indeed the little house of a poor Brahman widow and her son, which was being burnt. It was their Indian Christian friend, Shantabai, who was looking for them. Urged by her, the firemen forced their way into the building. In the room now, they found a pitiful sight. The poor mother had thrown herself over her son, with the result that the latter was burnt very little. The woman herself was hurt very badly. Both were unconscious

A great silence fell on the crowd, as the two poor rope-cots, with their sad burdens, were carried out by their brave rescuers. A ring formed around them. A medical student, who was there, came forward. He shook his head, as he looked at the disfigured Sitabai, but he did not think so badly of Arjuna. He might yet live.

Women sniffed and sobbed. Soft murmurs of compassion were heard. "She has gone to join her husband", cried one. "A good thing for her. What is a woman without her husband?"

"I wish we had known her better. But she would not mix with us. She is a Brahman. We are Panchamas".

"Hush, hush, do not speak badly of her. She is dying".

"What will her poor son do? Surely, some of their own caste people will keep him. We Indians do not leave our people to starve. These Brahmans are specially good at that".

"Hush, hush, she is coming to".

Sitabai slowly opened dazed eyes and looked around her. The first thing she saw was the pale anxious homely face of her friend bending over her. A look of relief passed over the poor burnt face, and she scarcely took notice thereafter of the weird surroundings around her.

But there was no time for her to waste. She knew that the end was near. Her breath came in great gasps;

"Shantabai", she whispered, "I am dying, and I am glad to go. You will look after my son, will you not? Where is he?"

The friend lifted up the dying woman and indicated the silent form of her son by her side. The mother gazed fondly at the boy.

"I know he will not die", she said, "I tried to save him. Oh, it was terrible, the smoke, the flames! I cried for help, but no one came. But God helped me to save my son. He will not die. Oh, say he will not die".

"No, he will live, the doctor says so", murmured the friend with great tears rolling down her face.

"God is merciful. Tell Arjuna to clear his father's name, Send him to school—Be a friend to him—Goodbye".

... ...

It was ten days later. Shantabai sat by the side of Arjuna, as he lay propped up in bed in the big airy ward of a hospital. All around him were patients. The boy looked none the worse for his recent terrible experience. But his face was scarred with tears. His friend had just been telling him about his mother.

"And so she wanted you to clear your father's name".

"She told me sometime ago she would die", sobbed the boy. "She said it was the land of fate."

"Fate is but God's will, dear child. You say it is the result of your own actions. I think it is quite true. God moulds our lives according to our own actions. We make our own careers".

After a little, she asked him if he would go to school. "It was your mother's last wish, Arjuna. I cannot keep you with me, as I am too poor. There is a very good Christian boarding school here".

"I do not want to be a Christian", replied the boy. "I want to keep my father's faith".

"Keep it, child. I myself do not wish you to be baptised, till you really are a Christian in your heart. There is a Brahman hostel attached to the school. You can have your food there".

"But who is to support me? I do not want to depend on others", cried the child, old, in spite of his years.

"You will be supported by the school at present. They have many poor children there".

"I do not wish to be among those paupers".

"Shall I find out then if any of your own caste will support you? They may be quite willing to help you".

"No, no, I do not want that charity either. They are my own people, and my father's disgrace will make them ashamed. My mother often spoke of it. But the Christians are outsiders and will not mind."

"Then go to this school. You can repay your debt to it after you have grown up and begun to work. You can either work with them, or help to support other poor boys".

.CHAPTER II.

Was it a ghost?

A weird figure came fluttering into the sleeping dormitory. It was all in white and shapeless. Ghostly flames spread out of its face and hands. Moans and groans came from it. There was the noise of clanking chains and the mournful tinkle of a bell. "Oh-Oh-Oh-O-O".

A thin shriek came from the ghost, fading away into a most dreadful sob.

All the small boys—there were very small boys there—sat up in bed and rubbed their eyes. Then most of them shrieked and fell off their beds and proceeded to huddle themselves into as small bundles as possible, out of sight of that fearful apparition. A few trembled so much, they could hardly move. Cries and confusion filled the room.

Then the ghost laughed. It threw off its wrapping sheet, which was held up by a stick above the head to make it taller.

"O, you silly, silly boys", it cried "Don't you know me. I am Arjuna. You sillies, to get so frightened".

"We were not frightened", cried a few, laughing with him. "We knew who you were. We laughed".

"Did you? I never heard you. Oh, you have no spirit in you. This school has squashed you all too much. Wait and see what I will do".

"Wait and see what the master will do to you".

"Hush, hush, hush. There is the matron coming. Get back to bed, sillies. I shall hide under the bed".

When the old lady came in, all was quite and peaceful. The boys were asleep. She smiled to herself and left the room.

The next morning dawned. The whole school of about sixty boys was assembled for prayers in the hall. There was a tense feeling in the air. Everyone knew what had happened.

The hymn was given out. A stout dark Indian woman in a grey *sari* stood forth to lead it. Then followed a weird noise, as the boys joined in a discordant medly of sounds, some falling far behind the others, others quite out of tune.

Then the missionery stood up to read the Bible. Dr. Brown was a tall, spare, dear old man with a rugged furrowed face. To look at him was to like him, as well as to fear him. Then he prayed. There was a special discourse about mischief-making.

It was a quarter to ten. Yet no bell rang for the boys to disperse. They drew a long breath. What was going to happen?

"Boys", said old Dr. Brown, "I have heard all about last night. Mischief is all right, so long as it is hurtful. I do not want to spoil your fun. But, do you think it was right to frighten the small children so badly last night? Now, tell me who played the ghost?"

Silence.

"I do not wish to say that, by confessing, the offender's punishment will be lessened. I do not believe in that. Confession must be done spontaneously, with no hope of reward. Who did it?"

"I, Sir"; Arjuna stood forward. The old missionary could hardly keep back a smile at the expression on the boy's face—it was so desperate, yet so sad; but there was absolutely no fear in it.

"Well, my boy", he said, "you are a brave child to confess. I shall not however punish you less than I intended to punish the offender at first. You must stay in your own room all day after school, and not join in any games".

"May I not go to the river and sit on the banks?"

"Well, well", said the old man, laughing outright, "you may, but don't play such jokes again."

Most of the boys were Christians. About ten were Hindus. They were all dressed in long white coats and *dhoties*, and they had black velvet caps on their heads. The non-Christian boys were distinguishable, sometimes by the caste-marks on their foreheads, sometimes by a special trick of wearing their clothes. There seemed however no want of friendship between the two parties. Arjuna, at any rate, was welcomed by the Christians. He now walked off with two of them to his room. They began to discuss the situation with all the assurance of grown-up people.

"I do not like these Christian teachers", said Arjuna. "They think so much about themselves".

"The old man is very good. See, how kind he was to you".

"Oh, he is all right. But the others under him? They carry out the rules in the full letter. They do not understand the spirit of Christianity. And they are so smug, so respectable, and lay down the law so rigidly They want to make us all Christians, just by teaching us texts".

"When I grow up, I shall make no converts. I will go and live among the Hindus and teach them Christianity all my life. I shall educate the lower classes. I shall leave it to them to become Christians or not. I do not believe in forcing them to join us; for some of them do it just for the advantages it brings them. Look at Christian servants. Some of them are very bad, yet they are so proud of themselves"

"What about baptism? Is it necessary?"

"I am sure it is We Christians must stand out for Christ and not be ashamed of our flag."

"But," said Arjuna. When a Hindu is baptised, he loses all his influence with his family. But, if he is a real Christian at heart and yet is not baptised, he can persuade them also to change their religion".

"That theory is better than that other theory that Christ is not divine. Even Christians are beginning to behave in that."

"Yes," said Arjuna, "I believe that Christ is not the Son of God. If he were so, there is no use of his perfection of life. A God can be perfect. But, if Christ was a great man sent specially by God to show us a perfect life, it will be better for us".

"But then the whole lessons of Christianity will go. Christ was the son of God and was sent by the Father to help us. See the love in that. God is so far away, without Christ. Now we go to him as to a Father, because we are the brothers of Christ. I cannot explain it properly, but I believe in it".

"What about caste?" asked another. "If there were no Christianity even, should caste go ?"

"Of course it should", said Arjuna. Look at me; I do not keep much caste now".

"Oh, you ?", laughed the other, "you are only a boy. Besides, you cannot help it".

"Boy or not", retorted Arjuna, "I am old enough to know things. I hate some of the school customs here. For instance, why do they teach us the English hymn tunes ? Our Telugu words sound so funny with them. Why not teach us the beautiful Indian *ragams* ? They are teaching them in other places, I hear".

"They are; but the people here are afraid of Indian music. They think it is associated with Indian religion and temple-worship and *nautch* dances and so on".

"That is their narrow-mindedness. But, why not teach us the stories of Hinduism, the life of Krishna and all that".

"Because Krishna's life was not a good one".

"Not a good one ? That is all that you know about it. You do not understand the allegorical meaning of it. The philosophy of Krishna's life is great. He was a grand man. In his friendship with the Pandava princes, how brave, how faithful, how wise he was ! These people cannot understand it. And they try to teach all their silly ideas to their converts. That is why Christianity is mixed up with the West so much, and our Indians misunderstand it."

"Yet, Christianity is an Eastern religion".

"But now it is all Western. It is—".

But here an interruption came to the heated discussion. One of the teachers came into the room. "There is a visitor for you, Arjuna", she said. "He is waiting in the hall".

The boy found a tall, fair, prosperous-looking Indian dressed in Indian clothes, waiting for him. He stared at Arjuna, then spoke in a soft voice;—"My boy", he said, "I am your father's friend. Before your father died, after that sad affair at the office, he wrote to me. He told me he was living here. I was away in Calcutta when the letter arrived. I came back only a month ago. I have been looking for you and your mother. I have only just found out what happened. I am so sorry." Here he paused, as if overcome, then went on;—

"I have come to offer you a home with me. Come and live with me and be my son. I have no children".

The words were kind. The man had a clean and handsome face, but somehow Arjuna could not quite trust him. Perhaps, it was because the eyes were so close together. His father had once spoken to him about the breadth between the eyes indicating the frankness or not of a character. He now stood up sturdily.

"I had rather stay here, Sir?"

"But why be dependent upon these Christians? I can adopt you as my son".

"I like this school, Sir. They are kind to me. And when I grow up, I shall pay them back".

"Be it so", said the man with a smile. "I like your spirit. But I shall always be your friend".

CHAPTER III.

The great day of the prize-giving had dawned. Everything was quite ready. The hall was decorated with flags, paper-garlands and flowers. The boys were all dressed in clean white clothes. Guests were beginning to come in. In an ante-room, some young actors were gathered together. On a table were put together, in different heaps, their respective clothes. On another table, a small heap of jewels was stored. Arjuna stood by, fingering them.

"How beautiful this necklace is," he said. "Was it not kind of my friend to lend them to us? You see how he trusts us".

"Why not?", retorted a boy. "We are not thieves".

"No, but still jewels are jewels. One of these would fetch a lot of money. But come, let us go in. The smallboys are going to sing an action song. Silly thing I call it. Such guestures and actions"!

The boy felt in a happy mood. He was thinking of the grand dress he was going to wear as the prince in the Indianised version of Cinderella, which they were going to act. How well he would look in the red velvet coat and the beautiful cap with its heavy embroidery of gold lace and jewels. Then his thoughts turned to his mother, as they often did. How pleasant it would be, if she could see him to-day! She would be so proud of him.

Suddenly, a movement in the garden caught his eye. He was standing by a window. It was nearly dark outside, as the sun had set, and the stars were beginning to twinkle. There did not seem to be anyone in the garden; and yet had not someone beckoned to him? Was it one of the teachers?

Then he heard a voice, a sad, sweet appealing voice, calling to him. The boy felt a feeling of fear creeping over him. It sounded like his mother's voice, and yet how could it be so?

Then he shook himself. This was just imagination. Someone had called to him in a low voice, so as not to attract attention. It was the softness of it, which had made him think it was his mother's. There it was again, "Arjuna, Arjuna, come here."

He got up and slowly went out of the room. There was no one in the garden: but he still heard the voice calling him. It led him to the gate and out of it. He followed as in a dream. Then he heard it from the high road. It was too dark to see anything; and there was a crowd of people, as usual, on the road. But he followed. He went on, till he came to the town, near the shops. There he lost the voice. He woke up and rubbed his eyes. What had happened? Where was he? Why, there was the big shop of Manning and Co., just opposite. And there was the jeweller's shop. They were still open. Customers were flocking in. The road was full of carriages and people. But, he had no business to be there. He must go back to the school. He hoped he would get in again without anyone seeing him.

But that was not to be. As Arjuna slunk in, one of the teachers was in the garden. This was one of the men he hated most, and to whom he had always been cheeky and rude.

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing, Sir. I have just been for a walk".

"For a walk at this time? Are you not acting in Cinedrella"?

"Yes, Sir

"It will be your turn soon. Go in, go in. I shall report you to Mr. Brown. You have no business to go out without leave."

How he got through the play, the boy never could tell. He acted well, but that was because he had been so strictly trained. It was just his body that turned and spoke. His mind was still lost in a whirl of wonder and fear, mixed with longing for his mother.

The next day he had a surprise. He was called into the sacred study of Dr. Brown. The old man looked kindly and anxiously at him, and Arjuna met him eye to eye, as was always his habit.

"Arjuna", said the missionary, "I have called you here to speak about a very grave matter. But first tell me, were you out last night?".

"Yes, Sir'.'

"Why" ?

The boy could not answer. He was ashamed of the dream-quest he had been on. He would be laughed at and not believed, if he told of it. He shifted from one foot to the other.

"I do not know, Sir."

"Do not know ? Come, my boy, tell me everything. I feel to you as to my own son".

Arjuna was surprised. This seemed graver than what he had expected. But he shook his head.

"Then I must go on", continued Dr. Brown. "You know the jewels that were lent yesterday by Mr. Ramachari, your friend. Well, one of them is missing. We cannot find it anywhere."

This was news to the boy. He stared at the master.

"Don't you know where it is, Arjuna? Come, my boy, tell me, and I shall forgive you. You won't ? Well then, it was found at the jeweller's shop in town. The jeweller sent for me, and said that a boy had brought it there to sell to him. He thought we ought to know the boy. And Arjuna,—the boy was like you, he said".

"Like me?"

"Yes, like you. Now, my boy," he went on severely, "You were seen yesterday playing with the jewels and admiring them. You were seen at the jeweller's. You were seen going in there. There is no doubt that you have taken the jewels. Why did you do it? Did you want money? If you wanted it, could you not come to me for it? Oh, my boy, I am so ashamed and grieved. I expected better things of you. And there you stand, so sullen and desperate. You will not even confess to me. Go to your room."

CHAPTER V.

Once more, Arjuna stood in the study of Dr. Brown. And this time there was anger and pride on his face. There were two men in the room, the old missionary himself and Mr. Ramachari, the friend of Arjuna's father.

Dr. Brown was speaking in a weary, broken vioce. "And so", he said, "I shall pardon you. I never thought you could be a thief.

Your sin has been great. But, as God shows mercy to me, I will show mercy to you. You can stay on in the school".

"You allow me to stay here, Sir, because you cannot send me anywhere else".

"Not at all, my boy. I can get you sent to the Reformatory, if I wish. Don't be so hard and proud, Arjuna. Try to think we are doing our best for you".

"You are not doing your best for me, Sir. You have believed me to be a thief, in spite of my own denial. You have put no trust in me. Therefore, you have no love for me. I have stated the truth, in spite of everything' .

"You are mistaken, Arjuna. Love need not always trust, for no man is ever perfect. And even the truest love will often be disappointed. But love can always love; even if the loved one has gone wrong, love can forgive. That is true love".

"It is not true love for me, Sir. Thank you very much for your love, but I do not want it. I am going away from your school".

"Where"?

The boy turned hopelessly to his friend. Then he drew back, Perhaps, his friend did not want him, now that he was called a thief. But Ramachari did want him. "Come with me, my boy", he said, "my house still stands open to you".

"Do you believe that I did not steal the jewel?"

"Yes, come with me".

The life led now by Arjuna was very different from his school-life. It was full of pleasure and luxury: And it was a life of slackness and aimlessness. Arjuna felt weary of it after a few days. He begged to back to school and work hard at his lessons. He was fifteen years old now and had been getting on well with his work.

But his friend hummed and hawed, and wasted time. Then one day, Ramachari took him to a bridge-party. The boy watched his friend and three others at play. The game fascinated him, and he begged to learn it. He got his desire. Soon he began to be an expert player. And soon he also learnt to play for money. The new excitement took off some of the *ennui* of his rich life. He learnt also to drink wine, sparingly it is true, because it went to his head, but none the less appreciatively.

Another day, he was taken to a nautch dance. All round him hung gorgeous curtains of gold brocade. He sat on a dais on a fine carpet. With him sat many of the rich people of the place. Silver trays full of fruits and sweet-meats stood near by, and goblets of sherbet were handed round. The intoxicating smell and smoke of incense was in the air. Then, a small band of Indian instruments struck up a quaint tune with brazen drums and shrill flutes. And before him danced and played two beautiful girls. Their faces were fair, their eyes shone radiantly from their darkened eyelids, their long tresses of hair were dressed with jessamine. Arjuna had seen nautches before, but never such pretty dances. He felt fairly bewildered and enthralled.

Suddenly, there was a clapping of hands. One of the dancers came on the platform. She knelt before him and offered him flowers. Arjuna felt quite charmed. How sweet it would be to talk with the girl, to feel her soft arms round him, to think she would love him always. Why, it would be like having his mother with him.

But stay, those eyes with their side-long glances were not like his mother's soft, ones. That downcast look, now shy, now bold, was not his mother's straight, frank, sweet gaze. This woman was not like his mother at all. Then before him rose the latter's face and figure. He seemed to hear her words of long ago; "Arjuna, my son, I have called you, Arjuna, because I want you to be like your name-sake, the Pandava prince of old, gallant, brave and grand. Remember that always.

Arjuna pushed away the girl. She stood up with a look of chagrin and moved away, and from all around him came an amused laugh. But he did not care either for scorn or ridicule. His mind was far away.

But that night, as he lay in bed, temptation came to him anew. He thought of the sweet dancer and longed to be with her. Then he got up from his bed ; his mouth was parched and dry. He must have some wine to drink.

The electric switch was on the other side of the room. He got up to grope for it. He advanced to the middle of the room. Then, a wonderful thing happened. A soft light seemed to come by itself and fill the room ; and out of it rose a gentle shape, the face and figure of the benign Christ, as he had seen it in pictures at school. The figure beckoned to him with a loving hand; a dream-voice seemed to whisper softly and sweetly to him.

"Take me, I am here. Come unto me, and I will give you rest. I have suffered for you. I have died for you. I have loved you. Come to me".

Arjuna fell on his knees and covered his eyes. When he looked up, the vision had gone. Darkness was in the room again. Then he fell forward on his face and cried aloud in the bitterness and agony of his heart :

"Oh divine Christ, I come to you ; I believe in you. Take me and make me yours. Yours is the truelove, the love that under-stands and yet loves; not the love that pretends to love, and leads astray".

Peace filled his heart. Then again he looked up and prayed another prayer.

"But Oh Christ, help me to clear my father's name. Teach me how to do it. I am your humble follower, help me".

CHAPTER VI.

As Arjuna lay prostrate before his vision of Christ, he must have fallen fast asleep; for gradually the darkness faded and the soft light of morning came in through the open windows. Yet, Arjuna did not stir.

Yes, there it was again. He started and sat up. He looked round with dazed eyes. What was it he had heard? Surely there was some commotion in the air?

Yes, there it was again. The cry of 'snake', the rustle of leaves, the thud of sticks. All this came from the garden. He rushed out, as he was. Outside, he saw a strange and terrifying group. On one side was a group of people with lanterns and sticks. One of them held up a snake by the tail. The head of it was smashed, yet the body wriggled. The man had a look of triumph, and yet of fear on his face; for had he not just killed an object of worship? But Arjuna had scarce time to look at him. His face travelled on to another group. Here, he saw the figure of his friend, Ramachari, sunk into a chair, his head drooping forward. Another man was bending over his foot and tying something round the ankle. In the early morning light, there seemed to be a look of pale affright on all faces.

Arjuna walked up to this group and asked what the matter was. The man at the foot looked up and whispered;

"A cobra has bitten the master. I am trying up the ankle above the wound. We have sent for the doctor."

Arjuna looked aghast at his friend. The other looked back with piteous and blood-shot eyes, and whispered. "This death is too sudden. I am too young to die yet. But I must die, and I must confess to you of the wrong I did to your father. Listen".

A sob rose in Arjuna's throat. A moisture dimmed his eyes. He knelt before the injured man.

But, he was pushed side by one who seemed in authority. He was the doctor.

Ramachari's pulse was felt. He was roused from his half-swooning condition made to drink brandy, and walk up and down; and all the necessary things to keep him immune from the effects of the bite were done.

That night, Ramachari sent for his young friend. He was quite out of danger now, but looked weak and pale. He beckoned to the boy and asked him to sit down. And then Arjuna had the next great surprise of his life. For his friend made a confession to him, and it was this—

"My boy, I have wronged you and your father. You must forgive me. First then, I was your father's friend for many years. I often went to his home. There, I met your mother, for unlike the majority of Hindu ladies, she had no false modesty or shyness. She used to talk kindly to me and make me comfortable and happy.

I began to love her. But she never found it out. Or perhaps she did towards the end, for sometimes I felt her cold and distant towards me. But she was always a sweet friend. Then a temptation came to me. I wanted to make your father fall into disgrace. I thought that either he would die of shame, for he was a proud and honourable man; or that your mother would be disgusted with him and turn to me for comfort. I easily got at your father's office keys, gained access to the safe in his room and stole the money. I knew the accusation would fall on him. Then I went away to Calcutta. I expected to come back to your mother. But things happened differently. She—died. Then I found you. I felt very sorry for what I had done. I wanted to atone for my fault. At the same time, I was bitter towards you. I wanted to make you suffer for your mother's coldness. I know not what my feelings were. So, I myself came into the room at the school, where the jewels were and stole the necklace. I made another boy call softly to you to lead you out. At the jeweller's shop, this boy impersonated you. Thus the accusation fell on you. And you were forced to come to my house. I wished to make amends to you. But sometimes, I tried to lead you astray. Oh, the heart of man is a wonderful thing and hard to understand. But now all shall be made right. Your father's name will be cleared. You shall go back to school, then to college I shall adopt you, as my own son. And I shall make up to Dr. Brown for all his goodness to the poor, poverty-stricken orphan Hereafter, all your education shall be paid for and you need not be obliged to anyone. But now don't run away with the idea that all Hindus are like me. I am one of the black sheep. There are thousands of good people among them."

Arjuna woke up out of a daze and said to Ramachari,

"But I am going to become a Christian".

The other looked nonplussed for the moment. Then he cheered up and said,

"Very well, do what you like. Only be happy. You shall still live with me and be my son. And perhaps you will make me a Christian too, eh?"

The boy went happily back to school. There, enough could not be done to him to make amends for the past doubt and disgrace. There was great rejoicing over his conversion to Christianity. He was treated like a hero. But he was not the old Arjuna any more. He was growing into a man. And ever, he had one purpose before his eyes. He would take all the education given to him, and make himself fit to work for Christianity. Then, he would proclaim himself a Christian, but still try to live like one with the Hindus and influence them by his life. He would not work under any special mission, but be an independent worker and an independent missionary.

K. S.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

GAURI'S MARRIAGE.

(Gauri, Mallika and Sankar are the children of a fine Indian Christian couple. Gauri, who seems to have suffered some misfortune in her young life at one time, is persuaded by her father to consent to marry Arjuna Narayan Rao.)

CHAPTER II.

Gauri walked impatiently up and down a few times and then went to lean on the closed garden gate. She had never done that alone before and she was a little afraid. And there seemed to be cause for fear; for, as the girl approached the gate, she saw a shadowy figure distinctly hiding behind the post.

Her heart missed a beat, and she stood still with her hand at her throat. Was it—could it be—he? Was it possible he had taken this way of coming to meet her? If so, he must be romantic, and she liked romance. A small smile came to her lips.

But no, it was Sita, the little Hindu widow, who, as Mallika had said, was her great friend. Gauri came forward and the two girls met and clasped hands.

"What are you doing here, child? You shouldn't be out like this. Fancy you, a Hindu girl, being so bold."

"I know, I know, and I am trembling still. But it was for you, my friend. Gauri, are you still bent on this marriage?"

"Yes, I am, and, for my father's sake, I must go through with it."

"But why should you sacrifice yourself so, for even your father, my beautiful girl? And, you are so romantic too. You will hate this arranged match."

"I am surprised at you, Sita. Why, you should be the first one to approve of this arrangement. When have you known Hindu girls being allowed the choice of their husbands?"

"I know, but you are so different from others, Gauri. Oh, Gauri, I love you and think so highly of you. I want the best for you, especially after what happened before. Oh, oh, what shall I do when you are gone?"

"You will often come to pay me a visit, won't you? I know you will miss me, and so will I, but—"

"And you'll forget all about me in your happiness. Oh, oh,—" sobbed Sita.

"My dear, my dear, what is this? What has come to you? For your own sake, you must not be so fond of me. Is it for this you do not wish me to marry? Are you jealous?"

"I am not really ill-natural, but—", fiercely, "I am jealous, I must admit it. I grudge the possession of you to others."

"Naughty child!"

"There is another thing. I believe this man was very fond of his cousin and wished to marry her, but she would not have him."

"Really? Are you quite sure?

"Not quite, but—I am afraid, I am afraid. Who knows whether there will be a repetition of the first evil. Besides, what business had he to make such a cold-blooded arrangement to get you, my peerless one?"

Gauri looked grave and put her hand over her friend's mouth, and then took her to the gate.

"There, my dear, don't go into hysterics over me. It is time for you to go home and I must go back to the house to meet him. Oh," she cried, catching her breath. "I wish this thing need not be."

"There is still time, Gauri. And bethink you, Gauri, be warned by what happened before. If, if—this man is of the same sort,—"

"You promised me", said Gauri sternly, "not to speak of that. And yet you break your word. There, there, don't cry. I am not really cross with you. Shall I take you home? No? I shall stand here watching you, till you reach home. Run along, Sita."

After Sita had quite gone, Gauri stood waiting for her father to come out and take her into the drawing room, as arranged beforehand between them. Oh, she wished it was over and done with. How she hated this wretched business, and all because of her father, who might die any day. Her eyes filled with tears, which she had to wipe away, lest they should show on her face. Then, she resolutely set her teeth and threw away the painful thought. How she wished her father would come out soon. And how she wished her mother could be with her. But she was ill and in bed.

She went down the moonlit garden and walked about in the shadow, her bare feet making no noise. She came back after that nearer the drawing room, the door of which was open; and from within she heard a desultory sound of voices, with pauses between. One voice sounded new to her. Gauri, had, of course no thought of eavesdropping; and from the distance, where she was, she knew she would never be able to make out what they were talking about. But she found herself unconsciously waiting for that voice. Was it his? And at the thought, a pang seized her heart, and a shudder ran through her limbs. It had all happened like this before, and oh! how it hurt her. How she wished she had not such a thing to remember! Again she shuddered with bitter self-reproach and self-pity. After awhile, she took hold of hereself. Her father had said it was all right, and so it must be, though she hereself did not think so. Then, she forced hereself to attend to other matters. That voice now! What was its timbre? Did it convey anything to her, as that—that other voice had. But then, she had been blind. Perhaps, her infirmity had sharpened her ears, and made her judge right, for Heaven knew, she had been able to judge correctly. She was a girl much given to reading, and she agreed with those people, who said that the character of a person could be made out from the voice. The new voice was not heard often, so it must be, she thought, that he was a person of few words. But what he said seemed to be said authoritatively, and at some length. Was he a prig then? So he would be, she ruminated resentfully, with all his settled notions about marriage. Then, she tried to be fair-minded. He might be a prig, but he also evidently suspected himself of being one; for, sometimes it almost seemed as if he broke off suddenly and as if rather sorry for having spoken too much. So there was hope for him. And, he had what she designated as "the tone". What that tone was exactly she knew; it meant that he spoke like a nice Englishman. Now, Gauri had never looked upon that tone as necessary for the making up of a fine Indian,—her imaginary hero, for instance. Indeed, she rather affected to despise it; but she had a sneaking feeling that her distaste was partly due to her own "cussedness", just indeed because some other people seemed to set such store by it. She had heard several England-returned men criticised thus: "He dresses stylishly, and behaves well; but he has not got the Englishman's tone. One cannot think that he has stayed long in England," and so on. Well—well, why on earth should an Indian possess an English voice and an English accent? That meant that perhaps he could not speak his own language properly, and with the correct stress. Why should Indian Christians try to become Anglicised and desire to be thought as English as possible. Why—why?

Then she pulled herself up short, for she felt herself growing hot, as she always did about such points. Where was she? Yes, the voice! Well, she had to admit to herself that somehow she liked "the tone" this time. What a hypocrite indeed she must be! To dislike a quality in men she had nothing to do with, and then to like it in—her own man. Her own man! Good gracious!

Poor Gauri felt herself again growing hot. Why was her father delaying so long? Then she found herself listening once more. She was so glad to find something humorous in the voice, as if he were laughing a bit at something in his own mind, perhaps over his own laying-down of the law! And, it was a trustworthy voice, a deep voice, revealing powerful lungs He must be a big, tall, broad-shouldered man. Gauri had now entered into the spirit of the thing, and was enjoying herself hugely, for she loved such discussions with herself. But suddenly, she heard quick steps on the verandah and somebody whisked out into the garden. It was her sister. Gauri suddenly awakened to her position. Oh dear, what was to be done now? What would that *harum-scarum* Mallika do, or say? Oh, she wished, she had not been standing there like a fool, and evidently appearing to eavesdrop. How was she to explain? And, what would *he* think of her?

"Gauri," this in quite a loud voice, which Gauri vainly tried to hush, "What are you doing here? Actually listening? And you always told me that that was wrong. Ah, ha! I have caught you now, you cunning girl!"

"Sh—sh—Mallika, I was only waiting—"

"Waiting for what? No, no, you were listening. Why hide your faults, and tell lies? But come, father has sent me for you. Wait, wait, let me look at you. My dear,—" evidently in great amazement, as she drew her out into the moonlight, "are you going in like that? Your hair down in a long pig-tail as usual, and in that simple sari, and no shoes and stockings! Look at me Gauri, how stylish I am! I declare he will like me better than you. Perhaps, he does so already, eh! He has been talking a lot to me, and I have been airing all my English, and I am sure he is impressed with me. Come along, Gauri, don't hesitate. But why have you been crying?"

"No—no—"

"Yes, you have. But what have you been crying for? Why do you always cry now-a-days? Is it because you are engaged? Give him up to me then, if you hate the idea so much You know," in a whisper. "You have had your turn already".

"Oh, shut up, child, and don't talk nonsense."

"Oh—Oh—you are getting up your beastly temper! What would he say if he knew you had one?"

"Say ? Let him say what he likes. Tell it to him. Let me pass, Mallika."

And so it was with the air of an outraged Empress that Gauri strode into the room ; yes, strode—for she was a tall well-formed girl used to walking, and her feet were not encased in narrow shoes. Her fair face looked flushed and proud ; but the contour of it was thin, and there were dark rings under her large well-opened dusky eyes. So somehow, the first impression of hauteur was soon negatived. The well-cut lips of the wide mouth were pressed together, the round chin looked very firm ; the hair was ruffled in becoming rings round her low brow, and what a long plait behind her ! That loose way of doing her hair round her head suited her. And her dress too was good, though it was so unfashionable, but that could be altered. Quite a fine girl, indeed, not pretty, but well—, rather distinguished, and a girl to be trusted, simple and straight-forward.

So thought Mr. Narayan, as he looked at the girl he had arranged to marry. And, as he looked at her fine free figure, and gentle yet spirited face, a feeling of compunction stole over him. What right had he to settle the match in such an off-hand manner? Surely, she, or indeed any woman for the matter of that, deserved better treatment !

All these thoughts had passed through his mind by the time he had risen to greet her, and had been introduced to her by her father. He found himself shaking hands with her, and looking straight into her eyes. How pleasant her glance was, he thought, and what a firm grip of the hand the girl had, not the nerveless clammy touch of bread-and-butter misses. He felt happier about himself ; but what about her ?

Then Mallika bounced into the room, looking a little squashed, he thought ; and he laughed to himself, for he had heard the heated voices at the door. Then, they all sat down, Gauri very near her father, he noticed, and she hardly said a word, except to answer one or two ordinary questions he asked her ; but that little she said well.

In truth, Gauri wanted a little time for thinking, for she needed to adjust her thoughts. A new idea had been suggested by Mallika's pert words to her. Why not let Mallika get engaged instead of her ? But then, was not the child too young for that and she was still in school ? And somehow, the thought made her feel a little unhappy. She looked at Mr. Narayan again. He was quite different from what she had guessed by his voice ; tall, it was true, but thin, and rather ascetic-looking, with aquiline clean-shaven features, and long dark eyes, which looked pleasant on his light-coloured face. And what long lashes he had, just like a girl's, as he sat looking down at his hands. Somehow, she felt that the resentment, that she had first harboured against him, was slipping away. Her prejudice against him was disappearing. But—what about that other girl, the cousin, he had wished to marry.

Then, Oh dear! what was her father saying? " Gauri, why not show Mr. Narayan those pictures we have been talking about?"

Gauri looked rather dazedly at her father, and he laughed.

" She is always like that, Mr. Narayan; her wits go wool-gathering. You must excuse her. I am talking of the pictures of Travancore, Gauri. Show them to him, child ".

Gauri hesitated, and Mallika chimed in, " I know where they are, father. Shall I show them to him?"

" No, no, child. You go and talk to your mother. She will be lonely. Do not disturb her. if she is asleep, though. Then you can bring your books to me."

And so, Gauri walked across the room with him, the long narrow room, which she had taken such pains in arranging; it was by no means fashionable, or up-to-date, but it was neat, comfortable, well-balanced, harmonious, work-man-like, and quite pretty. He looked about him and remarked about it, and she was pleased. Then, they sat down with the pictures between them. Suddenly, the shrill voice of Mallika broke in, on their somewhat stilted conversation. " Oh father, I am tired. Let us do that tomorrow. I also want to go and look at the pictures."

" No, my child," they heard the father say calmly, " you stay here with me. And, let me see, where were we?"

" A pert miss, isn't she?" asked Narayan laughing. " Quite a spoilt darling, in fact. "

Gauri raised her eyes in frank surprise. She had thought he liked Mallika.

" Oh no, she is quite a good girl, " she said in quick defence, " though she is very high-spirited. "

" Then, don't you think, Miss Sreenivasan, that goodness and high spirits go together?"

Gauri felt confused. Though her father had accustomed her to the society of men, she had always been somewhat shy of them. And of course, she found it difficult to talk to this man. She felt in such an invidious position. Besides, she was not quite sure whether he was laughing at her.

" Oh no, " she stammered, " I do not mean that I meant that—that—though she—talks so much—

" And so saucily, " he put in.

"But that is the way the English girls always talk, don't they?"

"Sometimes, but I was not thinking of them.

"And our Indian girls are usually so sat upon, and—and—so smug So father allows Mallika to talk as she likes."

"Quite so, Miss Sreenivasan. By the way, may I—say something to you?'

The girl sat up with a jerk, but was silent, for the thrill, which ran through her, made her feel tongue-tied.

"You know," he said, leaning forward and looking into her fascinated eyes. "It was very kind of you to consent to what I asked of you. Let me first thank you for the honour you have done me, and let me apologise for doing things in such a hurry. I feel that I must explain, I came from England only a year ago, and my mother, who was veey ill, wished to see me married before she died. You see, before I went to England, I had made a sort of promise to her to accept whomever she chose for me. So, before I returned, she had looked out a good bride for me. She died soon after I came. She never thought, did she, whether I would make a good bride-groom? But, all fond relatives are like that, don't you think?"

Gauri merely nodded, and he went on. "And so, she selected you. But, she died before she could see it through."

"I am so sorry," murmured the girl,

"Thank you," he said. "I hesitated for some time, and then I wrote to your father. You must forgive me for being such a complacent fool. And—, shall we say—, let us start it all fresh again? What do you say? Let me come here often, and let us learn to know each other better, And, if you do not like me, why then chuck me out."

"And, if you do not like me?" asked Gauri naively. He laughed aloud at that and apologised.

"I beg you pardon, but it was so sporting of you to say that. How is that which you think possible? You see I have already made up my mind. I had seen your photo, and—. Never mind though. Shall we shake hands on our compact?"

"And my father has something to say to you about me. Perhaps you will change."

"Your father has told me all about it, and I do not blame you. My mother also knew about it and she did not mind. After all, it was not your fault."

But Gauri's innate frankness was urging her to ask him a question about his cousin. The matter was worrying her; but how could she be so bold as to talk about such a thing? She hesitated, then whispered with flaming face, "But—if there is —someone else whom you like better—why—"; her voice trailed away. He looked at her keenly, and then spoke with decision, for he too was frank. "There might have been, but not now. Won't you believe me?"

There were several points that Gauri wished to argue about, but somehow she could not bring them out, and she found herself solemnly shaking hands with him.

"Did you hate this arrangement very much, Miss Srinivasan?" he asked after that," I thought I saw tears in your eyes, when you came in. Have you often cried over me? Your sister was saying something to you about it, I noticed."

"Did you hear, then, all that my sister said?"

"No—no, and I must ask you to excuse me for listening. But she spoke so loud."

"She always does," asserted Gauri grimly; "I cannot break her of that habit."

"You have been trying to, then, have you?" he asked with evident delight.

Again Gauri was not sure whether he was laughing at her. But she left that, and went straight to the point, which was worrying her. "Did you—think- -I was trying to listen to you at all."

"No—no," he spoke in quick protest. "How can anyone think that of you? Believe me, it is impossible. And you must not be so sensitive. Why imagine such things?"

"She thought so."

"She would indeed. That is another habit of hers you must try to break her of, you know. But tell me, you did not wish to—to—marry me, did you?"

Gauri felt an overwhelming shyness stealing over her. But she was so afraid of being thought falsely modest. So she looked up shyly and managed to stammer, "How could I, Mr. Narayan? I had not known you, you see," she added gently, as she saw a look of pain on his face. "Father asked me to consent, and I consented."

"To a marriage of convenience?"

"I hated it."

"But you will try not to hate me, Gauri."

"Of course not," she replied gravely. "And the same applies to you."

Again, he grinned in delight. "I love to hear you say that. It is so unusual now-a-days. But see, your father is standing up. He does not look well, I think, does he?"

With a quick pang at her heart, Gauri forgot evertHing else, including the surprise, she had been feeling at her own want of reserve, and rushed to her father. But, he said, he was only tired. Mr. Narayan shook hands with him. "May I come again tomorrow?" he asked, presumably of the old man, but looking with a smile at Gauri.

"Of course, of course," said Gauri's father, and Gauri felt herself nodding, while Mallika, who had just then bounced into the room, for once stood neglected and speechless.

And so, the dreaded ordeal was over, and not so badly either, Gauri thought. She looked forward rather happily to the coming days. But, how often does it happen that "Man proposes, and God disposes?'

That night, Gauri's father had a sharp attack of the heart and died. And her mother—her frail hold on life nearly parted—lay at death's door.

(To be continued)

IN MAN'S REALM.

A REPLY TO "A MERE MAN".

Sometime ago, an article appeared about "Women as Friends". Though I belong to the masculine species, I should like to state a few points in favour of the " Women ".

In his article, " A Mere man " states that women of India should be friends with men of India, and so raise the standard of manhood. The smallness of the number of fine men, he affirms, is entirely the fault of Eve and her tribe. It may be, he is right, may be he is not, but there is always the other side of the question, which might appeal to the reader.

The broad gulf between the women and men of India must be bridged. But how? That is the burning question. " A mere man " says, let Eve come forth, shake Adam by the paw and say, "Let us be friends. I adore your greatness. I think you are wonderfully clever, let me mould you ". Adam says " Yes ", and the bridge is gulfed. But Eve cannot do that. I suggest that " A mere man's " sister should go up to a man and say, "Hullo, how are you?" Mrs. Grundy, immediately gets busy, and Eve is pulled down and trodden on so badly, that perhaps, she dare not raise herself again. The gulf gapes open once more. No, a thousand times No. The duty of making friends depends entirely on man. Take a man A, and a woman B. A studies B and thinks he will like her as a friend. He gets introduced through a third party, which is not always very easy and talks to her the lightest conversation he can indulge in. If B likes A, then the gulf is filled, and it only remains for A to take her out to a few theatres, and they *can* remain friends. At least, such is what I hear of the modern girls. I say '*can*' for reasons, which I shall explain. A great fault in man is vanity. Going back to our example, as soon as A finds B taking an interest in him, up jumps a small idea, " I think she admires me ". Later, comes a bigger thought, "I believe the girl cannot do without me ".. Still later, " I believe she loves me. " Then " Will you marry me ?" and the gulf gapes again. All these thoughts are those of a decent man. Of course there are others, and sad to say, the latter exceed the former by many legions. Whose fault is this, may I ask? Eve is doing her best, and Adam, the conceited Adam, thinks, " What a horrid girl to give me so much of encouragement when she meant only friendship !"

I am referring to the present attitude in India. Again, is not man too lazy ? Should he not travel many miles to meet a girl, to whom he feels a sisterly attitude. He will find a number, who hold out their hands and say "How do you do ?" But a real nice girl, he finds, is on a hill, and the path to her is very stony, steep and discouraging. One cannot expect her to descend ; as the idea of 'her' on a lower plane, is unthinkable. A definition of a real friend is that he is one, who knows all and still likes you : a very difficult thing to fulfil between man and woman.

"A mere man" quotes two examples, Jesus Christ and St. Francis. I think that the taking of these two examples is very much out of place. In the first example, our Lord Jesus Christ was a famous and much-beloved man, before He enlisted His train of women-followers. He attained this height of greatness by divine help and self-sacrifice, and after he attained it there were many women, who were his true friends. But He got up to his glory and power without the help of women.

Similarly with St. Francis. His better self told him to give up himself and to do his duty, which he did. And then came forth St. Clare to succour him. If a man conquers self and attains greatness, many women, or one woman will come forth to keep him there. To take two other examples, Gandhi fought a great battle between his self and his patriotism, and the latter prevailed. The result was a host of friends, both men and women. Similarly with a Cambridge rowing man. He gives up much, when he goes into training for the race, and, after he has rowed and perhaps won for Cambridge, he is surrounded by a host of admirers, who turn into friends when he needs them.

But the ladder to greatness is only climbed by the influence of the home, or the mother, who is the Home. There runs an old saying: "There is no greater pleasure in my life, than to love another man's wife, my mother."

The mother is the greatest friend to a man till he marries, and then comes his wife. Only these two can urge and help him on to greatness, and no one else. If both have been denied, then the only advice is to go and acquire the latter.

Yet again, "A mere man" quotes some lines which point out the result of the 'Touch of women on man's soul". Poetry is written by poets. Poets dream; and has ever such a dream come true? A dream of a poet is so romantic and beautiful, that it cannot be transferred to this base place of ours. It has to remain in the brain, where it is in its own atmosphere and is appreciated. If this were not so, why has not Tennyson's Palace of Art been created? If it had been, it would no longer be so beautiful as the scene painted by words for us by the poet, who dreamed it. Similarly, the divine touch of woman on man's soul is also a dream.

I think when "A mere man" wrote the article, he was merely stating a platitude, the sound of which is beautiful but which is really of no use. To be helpful, it will be better to think of practical ways and of means and better still to put them into use.

"BAA"

Rather a one-sided view, though quite true. What do our readers say about it?—ED., I. L. M.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

THE OBSTINATE CHILD.

THE obstinate child is a problem in many a household. It becomes a source of constant worry to the parents, especially to the mother, instead of giving them any happiness. Very often the child wants to accompany its parents to a place where they cannot take it. It refuses to have a wash, when its mother gets ready to bathe it. It does not want a particular dress given to it, but something else. It has no rest, unless it meddles with the things in the house which will sustain damage at its hands. Other children in the house or neighbourhood must be deprived of their toys or such other proud possessions, failing which the obstinate child wants to trouble them.

Still, I have heard many mothers declaring with satisfaction and a certain amount of pride that their children will never yield to anyone. They think that obstinacy is a happy substitute for will-power, and a quality to be encouraged in their children. There is another class of mothers, who are conscious that obstinacy is not by any means to be developed, but they confess that they are powerless and are unable to improve their little ones. I call such women "weak mothers," who allow their children to have their own way because they are not able to command the obedience of their little ones. The third type of mother gets irritated so n and loses her temper. She will begin with coaxing the child. The child is not to be won over by coaxing words. Then she has resort to arguments with the child. It is still obstinate. The next step adopted is bribery. She promises something nice to the child, or extends some privilege. This step is equally futile. The mother has no more patience left. She beats the child, mercilessly. The child makes a terrible noise with its loud cries, rolls on the ground and beats its head. The mother's heart is moved and eventually the child comes out triumphant in the war.

I am sure all parents want their sons and daughters to grow up to be worthy persons. If they can only visualise the harm done to their children in the long run, by this childish obstinacy, they will not spare any pains to uproot it at the very beginning. Children become selfish and self-willed. As long as they are surrounded by dear and near relatives, they can have their own way. But the time will come when they have to face the wide world. Then suddenly they meet persons who will not tolerate them and who will not yield to them even in a single point. They cannot have their own way and in attempting to exercise their self-will they pick up many enemies. The world is too cruel to them and they become wretched cynics.

This danger can be avoided if parents are a bit careful in bringing up their children. Routine of life is necessary as much for a growing child as for an adult. The child should be trained to get up at a regular time, to have its food, bath etc. at regular hours. It should go to bed when bed-time is announced and should not try to linger near the elders when they might be talking for a while after dinner. Children should have a particular place to play about in, or interest themselves in other ways. They should be made to understand that there are certain things in the house which they should not meddle with.

The mother should see that the child obeys her. This should be effected, not by beating or by scolding. The child is to understand that it is obeying its mother, not because she will beat it otherwise, but because it is its duty to obey the elders. The elders also should be careful not to give commands which the children cannot obey. There must be a good understanding of the juvenile mind by the elders. Such orders should not be given to children as will wound their pride and mar their self-complacency. Very often elders commit the serious mistake of giving orders to children, which are psychologically impossible for them to carry out. Once an order is given, children should be made to obey it and should not be allowed to be obstinate under any circumstance. There is no use of punishing them and then withdrawing the order.

The elders should take their children into their confidence. The greatest harm is done by parents, when they tell a lie to their children just to satisfy them for the time being. Children are not only intelligent, but also quick-minded. They will find out the truth before long and they will lose confidence even in their own parents. If parents can adopt false-hood in cases of emergency, why shouldn't the little ones too do the same? Suppose the mother wants to pay a visit to a house where a near relation is sick. The child wants to accompany the mother as usual. The mother cannot take it. Under such circumstances, the mother should not tell a lie at all. The truth must be told and the child convinced that it cannot expect to accompany the elders wherever they go. It will obey. There is no doubt of it.

When children show a tendency to be unselfish, kind and charitable, they should be encouraged. There is no harm even if the father and mother praise their little ones for such things. They should be taught to be kind to animals first, and to the sick and poor afterwards. The child should understand that it should show much more consideration in certain cases than in others. Usually a child's freedom should not be restricted when it plays. But, if some one is ill in the house, let it know that it should not make any noise at all.

Little ones are very fond of hearing stories and the elders should tell them good stories. Ideas of God, justice, truth, obedience, kindness etc. should be impressed on the growing mind through such stories. Very often they ask us questions which we cannot answer. Even then they should never be discouraged from asking such spontaneous questions. They should be answered as correctly as possible and never told that they are asking stupid questions', or told to 'shut up'. Such questions are the gates through which the child has to pass, before it gets a knowledge of its environment. At the ages of three and four, children are very inquisitive. They want to know "where they came from," "how the rain falls," "why monkeys do not live with them in houses," "why birds do not talk", and a number of other such questions. They should never be discouraged from asking such questions, and it is an elder's duty to give satisfactory answers. If the children are given some lame answers and hushed up, such answers are bound to stick to the children's imagination and give them a wrong conception of the world. If they are scolded, then imagination will be crushed.

When they are five years, children should be sent to school and the teacher will take up the duty of training them in the best possible way. The work of the parents is made easy. When the children get accustomed to school, they are not so very impertinent. It is before the school-going age that children are found unruly and it is then that parents ought to be careful. School-going children, however, are likely to show one dangerous tendency. They often possess two codes of laws. I have often seen the best-behaving boy or girl at school, behaving in quite a different fashion at home. At school, it does not quarrel with other children, never uses bad words, obeys its teacher implicitly and shows many an act of selflessness. But at home it thinks it need not stick to such good points and tries to be capricious and obstinate. Parents should never tolerate this and it is here that the co-operation of the parents with the teachers will prove to be of immense help. Another tendency of the children is to hide their mistakes at school, the punishments given for such, and their fallings-back in school-work and examinations, from their parents. This is a very bad habit, and should not be allowed. The best cure for this evil is co-operation and interest in school-lessons and the encouraging of confidence between the little ones and their parents.

AN INDIAN WOMAN.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE MODERN INDIAN GIRL.

The magnificent ball-room was crowded with a number of guests, both Indian and European. The Indian women were resplendent in their beautiful saris and gleaming jewels, and the European women looked cool and pretty in their evening dresses, their bare shoulders shining white in the bright light of the hall.

The polished dancing floor lay like a transparent pool in the centre of the room, the Jazz band started its weird rhythmic music, and most of the European men and women commenced their dancing. Not a single Indian man or woman dared to dance. Most of them did not know how to do so, and those who did had no courage to take the initiative. After a few minutes, however, an Englishman stepped across the room to an Indian girl whom he knew, and they joined the dancers. The girl knew that she was creating a sensation. All the other Indian women looked at her askance, and the Indian men regarded her, some with admiration, and others with contempt. The band stopped, and the girl and her partner went away into the cool garden to have a drink. When she came back to the hall, she was surrounded by her Indian friends, some saying, "Oh, I was so proud to see you dancing"; others exclaiming, "You have shocked everyone—fancy having the courage to dance."

No doubt, many of the older women thought she was going too far—but the girl did not mind. She knew she was doing no harm; but merely having an innocent form of enjoyment. After all, dancing, so long as it does not become a craze, is quite harmless, and very good exercise.

PUNKAJAM.

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) OUR SERIAL. DR. VIKRAM'S CHILDREN.

(Dr. Vikram has six children, who have grown up happily together under the care of efficient parents.)

CHAPTER II.

RAJI AND BABU—THE TWO YOUNGEST

Dr. Vikram seldom spent his evenings at home. The Association Club, where he could discuss with the best intellects of the town the topics of the day, read the dailies and periodicals, and play his favourite billiards or tennis, had a great claim on his spare time. His five-seater could without much difficulty accommodate the whole family at such times as when Mrs. Vikram made up her mind to go out for a drive. The Club was given up for the time being and the chauffeur permitted a holiday, while the Civil Surgeon himself piloted the car. But often his wife preferred to stay at home or take pleasant walks, for which the isolation of Malati Bhavan was eminently suited. Now and then, some of the children went with their father and looked into picture-books, or played on the dry bed of a river, under the walls of the Club.

One afternoon, the rain came pouring down in torrents. Mohun returned from school after a good ducking, and all the children stayed indoors, amusing themselves as best they might. Mrs. Vikram, busy as ever in the kitchen, was trying to finish her part of the task before retiring to her cosy lounge chair with some book, or a bit of crochet work in her hands. The heavy black clouds however, had hastened the oncoming of night, so that five o'clock on the dial of the big clock still saw her toiling in her department.

The dark sky in the north-east corner seemed to be perpetually quivering, as flash after flash of crimson lightning trembled and shook for a moment, and then over-spread the whole vault of heaven, only to disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

The momentary blaze however flooded, with a blood-red light, the dark hall of Malati Bhavan, from one of the windows of which Raji and Babu were watching the rain. Raji squatted on the window sill, attired in a heavy black and yellow, chequered, silk Kornat saree, her favourite costume, and talking to Babu in quite a grown-up fashion, as she held the window bars. The little two-year-old, dressed in a close-fitting red jersey, from which his chubby hands and legs protruded, stood near his sister with his face pressed against the window bars. A shout of delight that reminded one of a parrot's screech, broke out from the two little ones, as they tightly closed their eyelids, whenever a dazzling flash of lightning came, and then peals of baby laughter followed, Babu dancing with excitement and trying to clamber up the bars. But when the lightning gave place to the hollow deep-toned dum-dum sound of rolling thunder, which crackled and exploded with terrific din, there was a look of profound awe in the wide open eyes of the children, who clung to each other for a moment. A crow with draggled and dripping feathers perched disconsolately on the drooping bough of a gold *mohur* in front of the window.

"Yaji, Yaji, Pushy," lisped Babu nestling close to his sister.

"Where?" inquired Raji to whom also a cat was an object of infinite terror, but, as became her role of an elder sister, she looked as brave as possible. With her heart thumping against her ribs, the little maid pressed her face to the window bars and cast a strained look askance to see the pussy. Her glance fell on a curled-up furry thing, yellow and white, at the threshold of a house in the front row. "No fear, Babu," assured the tiny mother drawing the little chap closer ; and, casting an anxious glance at the hall door, to see that it was securely bolted against pussy's running in for shelter, she continued,

"Am I not your elder sister, boy ? I will take father's walking stick and beat the pussy properly, if it comes here."

Just at this moment, a man came hurrying down the street. He was scantily clad and his few garments were soaked with rain and clinging desperately to his spare and shivering limbs. He turned aside and mounted the steps of the aforesaid house for shelter, the cat got up and ran indoors, and both children heaved a sigh of relief.

"He is not afraid of Pussy, no ?" said the little boy.

"No. He is a thief. But why should he come so far in the rain ?"

Raji muttered the words more to herself than as an answer to her brother, who asked next,

"If his father sees him ?"

"Thieves have no father and mother," was the prompt and knowing answer.

Babu gave vent to a peal of laughter as he danced and cried, "Hi, boochie,"

"Why are you laughing, Babu?" his sister wanted to know.

"See there," and the boy, thrusting his hand out to indicate the direction, gave another shriek of merriment.

A cooly woman, using her empty basket as a covering for her head, was hurring along. Raji clapped her hands and laughed too. Presently, a sound as of a calf flapping its great leathern ears was heard right under the window. Both children held their breath and looked at each other. Then Babu tumbled into his sister's lap wildly screaming, "Take me down."

(To be continued.)

H. Kaveri Bai.

(2) THE RAIN

(BY SUSY CHANDY).

Pitter papper, pitter patter, on the window pane,
Oh dear! Oh! dear! it's a shower of rain;
Little drops of water falling on the ground,
The flow'rs that were so thirsty, brighten at the sound;
The children look so gloomy, for they must stay indoors,
While outside the rain, not heeding, steadily pour;
The birds, flying to their nests, do hate the rain,
It rushes down the hillside, and runs down the lane.

The rain is a blessing, it swells the grain,
It refreshes thirsty flowers and brightens them again;
The ducks and geese and turkeys all,
Love the rain when it does fall;
But now the rain is calming down
Soon the sun will shine anon;
The happy children no longer frown,
They can play out, for the rain has gone.

(3) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Do you not think that a squirrel is one of the prettiest animals to watch? How graceful it looks, as it prances from bough to bough of a shady tree; how daintily it holds a nut in its two little hands, and nibbles it; how shy and reserved it is when any human being tries to approach it, and how swiftly it bounces across a garden-path, with its bushy tail high up in the air.

The common Indian squirrel, is grey and small, with three stripes on its back. There is a pretty little story about the origin of these stripes. It seems the Indian squirrel helped Rama in the building of his bridge from Rameswaram to Ceylon, and one day Rama noticed that the squirrel was tired after its hard work, and pitied it and stroked it along its back with his three middle fingers. Since that time, the marks were left behind—and our garden squirrels still have the marks of Rama's three middle fingers on their backs.

There are various kinds of squirrels. There is a beautiful large brown squirrel called the Malabar squirrel, which is found in the forests of the West Coast. It is much, much bigger than the ordinary squirrel, with a large bushy tail, and a beautiful furry coat of a rich dark reddish-brown colour. A Malabar squirrel, if it is caught when young, and trained, makes a very good pet and becomes very tame and friendly.

In Canada, there are a great variety of squirrels. The Pine Squirrel is found in the Rockies, and it has a strange habbit of scolding.

The Chipmunk is a very pretty kind, that prefers the ground to climbing trees. Then, there are the Ground-Squirrels that have abandoned tree-life altogether, and the Red-Squirrels that feel safe and happy only on trees.

All Squirrels have bushy tails—some very thick and long, others thinner and shorter. Hiawatha called the squirrel "Adjidaumo," which means "Tail-in-air." The word "Squirrel" comes from Latin "Sciurus," and Greek "Skia-oura," which means "Shady-Tail." The squirrel uses its tail as a sun-shade, a signal-flag, a coverlet and a parachute. Its chief use, I think, is that of a parachute, for, when it falls or jumps down from a height, it spreads its tail out as much as possible, and therefore lands without too much of a jar, and the right side up.

There is a story mentioned in a book called, "Woodland Tales," in which a squirrel lost its tail in an accident. The wound, however, healed soon, and a little stump was left instead of a tail. The squirrel seemed quite happy; but one day, it missed its hold after a jump and fell. If it had had its tail, it would not have minded this fall; but because it had no tail, it was badly shocked, and before it could recover, a dog had caught and killed it.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

INTESTINAL WORMS.

THe commonest of worms found in children are the round worm and the thread worm.

The *round worm* is a reddish or whitish, round worm, resembling the earth worm ; measuring from 4 to 12 inches. Its body is smooth and tapers off gradually to a point at either end. It generally inhabits the first part of the intestine and sometimes makes its way into the stomach and gets sent out from the mouth, giving rise to no inconsiderable alarm. It is seldom found single, an enormous number, running up to even some hundreds, being found at a time; the worms are usually found in children between the second and tenth years, and are never found in nurslings.

Symptoms of round worm infection are very indefinite. Generally speaking, restlessness, grinding of teeth, startings during sleep, picking at the nose, offensive breath, disordered conditions of bowels and general health, are the signs. *Abdominal pain*, for which no cause can be found, *vomiting* without any cause, and *restlessness* indicate with a fair amount of certainty that round worms are present. If the worm is actually evacuated in the stools, or is accidentally vomited, more worms should be suspected.

Treatment for round worm : The public have an unfortunate habit of concluding that worms must be present when a child continues to fall off unaccountably, especially if his bowels are irregular, and he is detected in the trivial act of picking his nose, the result being that the little patient is quite unnecessarily dosed with worm powders. It is essential in the first place to make out the presence of the worm, before we try to get rid of the undesirable guest. Ocular demonstration is certain proof of its existence ; but in cases of doubt a microscopical examination of the stools must be made. (This is undertaken by the King's Institute, Guindy, for a fee of Rs. 7/-) The round worm is destroyed as follows : A dose of castor oil is to be given very early in the morning and nothing but a scanty quantity of simple semi-liquid food allowed throughout the day. In the evening, another dose of the oil is to be administered. By this means the worm is laid bare and exposed to the action of *santonin* (a specific for these worms), which should be administered in suitable doses, early the next morning on an empty stomach. Another purgative is not often necessary. The child can resume his usual diet six hours after administration of the drug. This is the classical method and a cure is sure to be effected by a single dose of this drug; but the treatment may be repeated two or three times, at intervals of a few days, if the worms continue to be present. These repetitions of treatment need not necessarily be preceded by castor oil. The worms will be killed by the direct action of santonin and they will be passed out naturally.

The treatment described above may appear to be too severe in certain children, who are weak or who cannot swallow castor oil. For them, light food during the day and a dose of *Santonin* and *calomel* at bed-time will be satisfactory. This form of treatment also can be repeated at intervals of a few days.

Santonin may in some children cause the urine to be of a dark colour and it may occasion the patient to see objects, with a yellowish tint. But such symptoms are of no consequence and need not cause any alarm.

The thread worm: The symptoms of the presence of this worm are almost the same as for round worm, with this peculiarity that some of the signs are more common. The surest sign, of course, is its finding. It varies in size from 1/6 to 1/3 of an inch in length, is white in colour, has a pointed tail and resembles a piece of thread. These worms inhabit the lower part of the intestines and appear in large numbers upon the surface of the stools, where they move briskly about. They do not affect the nursling infant, but are very common in the older children.

Treatment: Administer a brisk purgative in the morning. The diet throughout the day should be of the lightest description. In the evening, give a warm soap and water enema up to half a pint so as to wash the lower bowels thoroughly out. This having been accomplished and the worms thus laid bare, they are most effectually and easily removed by injecting a *solution of common salt*, (4 oz. of warm water, and 1 teaspoon of common salt) into the bowel by means of a large syringe or enema apparatus and making the child retain the same for a few minutes. By this means, the worms coming into contact with the solution are killed outright. This may have to be repeated two or three days running, leaving out the purgative. Thread worms are not easily killed by worm powders administered by the mouth. It is advisable to administer a tonic, after the worms have been exterminated.

Foot Note: Solution of common salt is the most easily procurable and a fairly satisfactory medicine. Lime water, infusion of garlic, or infusion of quassia may also be tried if one or the other fails. Infusion of quassia, 4 oz. with 30 drops of Tincture Ferri Perchloride is the most effective.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION NOTES.

Brown seems to be one of the latest notes of colour in fashion; and, though I do think that some shades of it look too smug and "mousey," yet there are some other shades, which look especially fine; e. g., the lovely warm golden-brown, which tones so well with the Indian complexion, which after all is more or less of some shade of the same colour. A costume made up of different shades of brown will suit a fair Indian girl well;—a jacket of biscuit-brown crepe-de-chine or silk or voile, bordered at the sleeves with a reddish-gold border, and at the neck with embroidery of the same tint will look pleasant with a rich brown Benarés sari, or some Indian sari. Flowers in the hair of a pale red, tan sandals to match and gold jewels on the arms and round the neck, will make a fine *ensemble*.

Now that flower patterns are so much in vogue, the jacket can be of brown sprigs and flowers. A sari and blouse of floral voile suits our Indian type auite well. A border to the sari may or may not be necessary; that is left to personal taste, but I think the blouse and the sari can be of the same material; or the blouse can be of one colour, reproducing the principal note in the drapery. I saw a middle-aged woman, who usually went in dark silk saris dress one day in a flowered muslin costume; and she was admired on all sides and told that she looked younger.

SISTER SUSIE.

SNAPS AT SOCIETY.

LET US NOT GAMBLE!

I came across an article "Let us gamble" in the October issue of this magazine, which made me feel that the subject was not treated with that imagination, which racing requires. Having said that gambling is worth its excitement on the race-course, the writer could have whipped up the enthusiasm of a hesitating punter to make him take the plunge. But what I will say is, 'Don't', after the manner of Punch's classic, knowing very well that it will not be heeded.

I am one of those who mourned the passing of Bucket shops in the city and elsewhere. I loved to sit and listen to the oracles who haunted those places, and I wonder where they have gone to, now that their occupation is gone!

What a delightful sense of security those places displayed! The lights burned bright, people passed in and out, petty arguments turned into a righteous war, and noise and confusion prevailed. Punters collected below the lists to learn the results, as well as 'acceptances,' for the next races. The Bucket shop man had a bag of money, and the coins chinked pleasantly. A few fortunate ones calculated their winnings, which the clerk with elaborate care checked, to the obvious interest of the onlookers, and the envy of the losers.

A few keen ones monopolised a table and the chairs round it, while the oracle, the one dirtier than rest, aired his views.

"Musk Rat," says he, peering through his glasses at the Company, "is a safe hand. She ought to do it. 6 furlongs is no distance to 'Musk Rat'. I have watched her, watched her record, mind, and there isn't anything to touch her in the whole bunch. I—I will back her for a WIN!"

One or two greenhorns, at the mention of the name, write down rapidly on the acceptance form. The oracle heaves himself out of the chair and walks round the company, stopping at the place, where he can look over one of the greenhorn's shoulders.

"That's right, sir", says he. slapping the back of the stranger, "You are a man of discrimination. Allow me to congratulate you, sir."

"Well, I—" stammers then the novice, blushing, "I am sure, I am much obliged to you for your tip."

"Oh, pray, don't mention it!" says the oracle, kindly. "I like your looks, sir. I deal with honest men".

"You are very kind," says the novice, again blushing.

"Not at all, not at all," says his Mentor, feeling, in his pocket for a cigarette." "See you, sir," says he whispering hard in his ear "You know the Round Tana in Mount Road. I will be there tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock sharp. If you care to be there, you will hear of something to your advan—".

"Thank you, oh, thank you," says the novice blushing like a house on fire, with a look as if he would like to fall on the neck of the oracle, kiss him, call him his brother and do a hundred such foolish things, in spite of the oracle's unshaven face, dirty shirt and dhoti, his vile reek of cheap tobacco and country arrack. Profound and mutual is their sorrow at parting. The oracle slips out into the night, probably in the direction of another bucket shop.

The next morning they meet, and the oracle (still unshaved) dumps on him some "red hot tips straight from the table" ("I know the Jockey boy, and it is all right"), and as there are several mugs equally eager to swallow anything, our greenhorn of last night parts with a rupee without the least hesitation. I need not say the oracle keeps out of his way for the rest of the season after that.

But all are not novices. There are cold, calculating men, who make a regular income out of these things by backing horses judiciously. A few of these work out calculations called astrological and pyramid methods, but most of them rely on the record of horses they are backing. Out of a card of eight races they pick out three 'certainties' and bet on them and nothing more. And, suppose the first certaintly fails to materialise, they go home and sleep on it till the next meet. Nothing will induce them to tempt Fortune or luck, whatever it is, more.

I know an old man, grown grey at the game, who spends five rupees on a day's betting on judicious combinations; always managing to take home a tidy bit. Even a day of extraordinary good luck will not induce him to spend more than five rupees on the next day's races.

I know men, with families to maintain, who set apart a sum every month (as they would a tithe) and take the accumulated amount at the end of the eleventh month to the race course and fling it in the face of chance. To them it is business, just downright business, and their calculations, probably due to their business training, never fail them.

A few complete greenhorns, back some rank outsider out of sheer ignorance and return home with pockets bulging with money. That is luck.

I have seen women on the race course gambling with utter abandon, mortgaging their jewels, race after race, to obliging Marwaris who act as camp followers to every race course. These women do it with little principle, buying up those tickets which others buy and lose. They are mostly illiterate, but with the gambling fever in their veins.

It is the lower class of men and women, who storm the smaller Tote and lose heavily and more often than not, at the end of the day's races, find themselves even without the price of a fare home. They have a glint in their eyes, half of despair and half of madness, with curious lines round their weak mouths. I have met several. They hate the lucky ones with the hatred of a serpent. It is bad policy to taunt a loser at the end of the day. Murders have been committed for less.

The people who throng round the Bookmakers are those with money to burn. They make thousands and lose thousands. Most of them take their disappointments well, but a few of them take to their bed and die, as happened in the case of a man (and highly placed he was, too) who lost fifteen thousand rupees with the Bookmakers in the course of two days' racing. But such things are rare. Hope springs eternal, especially in gambling.

I know these and a hundred things more, in my capacity as a journalist and as one interested in the study of human nature. If I have written so lightheartedly on a subject, that has proved the tragedy of so many lives, it is perhaps because I am not a kind man, for I have never put my shirt on a horse.

F. T. A.

(2) THE OLD ABBEY AND THE ROOKS.

For hundreds of years, rooks had built their nests in the tall trees which grew about the ruins of an old Cistercian abbey. On summer's evenings, these dark birds floated lazily on high, or perched in the tree-tops, filling the air with their strange cries. "Caw," "Caw," they called from their lofty places, and on raven wings, flew about the beautiful ruin. In the abbey, lay the discarded bodies of many monks, and this sacred old place seemed clothed in the very garments of beauty and peace. To lovers of artistry and quiet meditation, this abbey, nestling in its ancient vale, was indeed a place of delight and inspiration. And, when the sun went down, and the moon and the stars lay in scattered profusion about the deep blue heavens, a glory and wonder inhabited there, which only the true artist could appreciate.

Moral: Observe how kindred things find each other. It would be difficult to imagine that old abbey without the rooks.

Herbert Porter.

(3) THE PRIMROSE AND THE CLOD.

"A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him—
And it was nothing more."—Wordsworth.

Spring came with delight, and the primrose lifted its lovely little head to look about a fair and temperate world. Beauty stalked everywhere. Nature had donned her pied robe, and the gentle winds played in the woods, where multi-tinted greens would shortly cover everything with grandeur. The skies were radiant, and pleasure lingered where the bend of the river lent an enhanced beauty to the scene. Along the river-side, came a clod on his way to his daily task in a quarry on a hill near by. Seeing the first primrose of the year, he plucked it from its root and, as he walked, tore it to pieces and cast the fragments into the river, upon whose hurrying waters the broken piece of beauty was carried away to the open sea.

Moral: However refined and beautiful may be the things which Nature presents to the senses, if there be no beauty within, there can be no aesthetic response.

Herbert Porter

TACT IN SOCIETY.

POSTSCRIPTS.

"The postscript is longer than the letter," is a common saying, and I think it particularly applies to a certain type of Indians who are well-versed in the art of placating, pleasing and flattering those from whom they wish to ask a favour, before coming to the point, and stating in plain terms what their business is. They do not seem to realise that there is nothing more annoying to the recipient of the letter, than a long preamble before the writer comes to the real cause of his writing the letter. Sometimes, they go so far as not to mention business at all in the letter proper; but, after pretending to write a perfectly friendly letter, and closing with the most affectionate terms, they add a "P. S." in which the favour is asked. Alas, they little realise that they are ruining their own case.

The same thing applies to visitors, who appear to pay a perfectly friendly call, and then, when they have got up to, suddenly pop a business matter. How much more straightforward and frank it would be if they said at the very beginning of their visit; "I have come for such and such a thing."

Leaving alone the very unpleasant process of asking for favours, there are some others who are tiresome in a perfectly unconscious and innocent way. These are those people, who have an annoying habit of saying "Goodbye," but still stand on the doorstep and do not depart, thereby making the "Goodbye" longer than the visit. This habit is specially awkward, as the visitor refuses to sit down, but keeps on repeating the fact that he is going, and the host is compelled to stand about with him. I once read a book, in which the heroine said she liked a man, because he went when he said he was going. It is marvellous how tact in such small matters as these makes one popular or unpopular.

"WORLDLY-WISE."

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS.

HOW TO TREAT SARIS.

A good way of preventing silk saris from becoming crumpled, is to fold them lengthwise in a long strip about a foot wide, and then to roll the strip tightly and compactly.

Neither naphthaline balls, nor camphor should be kept in contact with silk saris, as the silk will be spoiled.

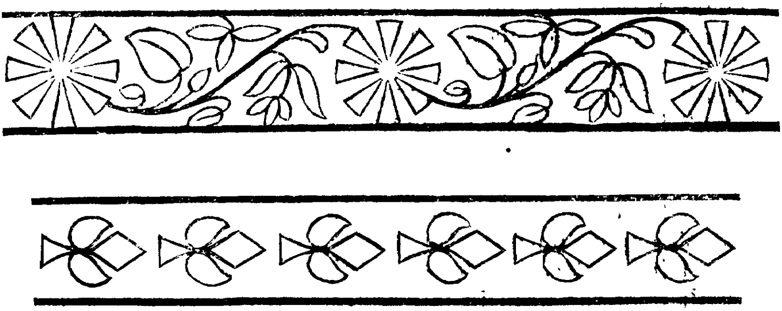
Saris should not be folded and kept away as soon as they have been worn and taken off. They should be aired and dried in a room for some hours, before being folded.

Washable cheap saris should not have flimsy borders sewn on to them, as they cannot be washed freely, for, if the border is washed with the sari, it spoils the material of the sari. The border can of course, be removed before the sari is sent to the wash, and sewn on again ; but this means a great deal of trouble and waste of time. Washable, ordinary saris, should, therefore, have borders that are good enough to be washed with the saris.

A good way of removing stains from silk saris is by covering the stain with washing soda, and squeezing some lime juice over it. Then, boiling water should be poured over it, and it should be allowed to soak for a little while, and after a few minutes, it should be gently washed with soap, and dried.

"PADDY"

OUR NEEDLEWORK NOTES.



TWO SARI BORDERS.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

SOME BANANA DISHES.

BANANA SANDWHICH.

1 fully ripe banana mashed fine.	1 teaspoon brown sugar.
1 tablespoon, peanut butter.	A pinch of salt.

Mix well and spread between thin buttered slices of whole wheat bread.

BAKED APPLES AND BANANAS·

Peel and scrape bananas and roll them in cinnamon and sugar. Cut them in half and fit each half into a cored apple. Bake in a hot oven. Serve with plain or whipped cream, or just the jelly from the apples.

BANANA CELERY SALAD.

Stuff celery stalks with peanut butter and cut into small pieces. Serve on lettuce with dried bananas and mayonnnaise.

BANANA DELIGHT.

Add 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, ¼ teaspoon vanilla and 1 teaspoon orange juice to ½ pint of cream. Whip until stiff. Mix lightly with 1 cup marshmallows cut into quarters, 2 cups of banana slices, ¼ cup of chopped nut-meats. Pile in tall glasses. Top with slices of banana and maraschino cherry.

—*From the Parents' Magazine.*

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

DONT'S FOR FIRST AIDERS.

Don't delay in cases of haemorrhage.
Don't take upon yourself the duties of a doctor.
Don't wait for appliances not readily to hand—improvise.
Don't give stimulants in haemorrhage.
Don't neglect to protect a wound·
Don't lower a bleeding wound.
Don't carelessly handle an injured limb.
Don't take extension in compound fracture.
Don't try to reduce a dislocation.
Dont's expose burns to the air,
Don't jump at conclusions—think.
Don't raise the head in fainting.
Don't lower the head in sunstroke.
Don't give anything by mouth in apoplexy.
Don't fail to treat shock in all cases.
Don't delay in cutting down in hanging.
Don't give emetics in corrosive poisoning.
Don't let a patient go to sleep in opium poisoning.
Don't forget the doctor.

(From *Accidents and Emergencies*, by A. T. Gooding, published by John Bale, Sons and Danielsson Ltd.)—*First Aid.*

EFFECT OF COLOR IN GARMENTS.

Light-colored garments are cooler than dark, because white does not absorb light rays but reflects them. Black, on the other hand, drinks in these rays. From the point of view of decency and health, however, white is to be preferred, because it shows dirt so readily. It must be sent to the dry cleaner or the laundry frequently, while dark apparel, although equally soiled, can be worn indefinitely. Woman send far more of their apparel to the tub, than do men, and hence enjoy greater cleanliness. Daily change of underwear and hose is recommended, even if the articles are not sent to the laundry each time. The interval serves to air them thoroughly.

—*Good Health*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED.)

AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE LAW.

Common law arose through the Englishman's desire to protect his property and himself. Statute law has arisen entirely through the necessity of covering some situation the common law failed to provide for. And it has been through this loophole that the legal status of woman has been viewed. She has had scant rights under common law, and as a married woman she may be said to have had none whatsoever.

The struggle of women for legal recognition has been a long, laborious effort that has even yet not resulted in complete emancipation. The National League of Women Voters (America) has recently published a survey of the legal status of women in the United States which enumerates the progress that has been made.

Forty-two States hold that the wife owns wages earned by her outside the home. In five states the wife's earnings are deemed part of the community property and subject to the husband's control.

Well-defined laws are in effect regulating the age at which men and women may marry without consent of parents or guardians. It is in no instance over twenty-one years, and not less than eighteen for both men and women. Where consent is obtained, boys may contract marriage as young as thirteen years of age and girls twelve years of age, although the average low point is sixteen and fourteen.

In thirty-one States the husband has no authority over the wife's separate estate, but in twenty-two States she can be made to pay for family necessities ordered by her.

In thirty-one States husband and wife have an equal interest in each other's real estate. In seventeen they do not. Only eight States give the wife any share in property acquired by their joint efforts after marriage, but even here the effort is nullified, because the husband is given control of it during his lifetime. And no State accords the wife a share in the family income except as she earns it outside the home.

MORE VOTES FOR WOMEN-

The Franchise Sub-Committee in London resumed consideration of the special qualifications requisite for voters if age is not to be the sole qualification.

It was agreed that special measures were necessary to secure increased enfranchisement of women, and recommendations were made to this end.

The Sub-Committee agreed that the system which, as at present, resulted in women voters in six Provinces numbering only a quarter of a million, compared to 6½ million men, was wholly unsatisfactory and recommended to the Franchise Committee to work out the best means of securing a nearer approximation of women voters to men. Though details were left to the Franchise Committee, which would consider the varying Provincial conditions, it was invited to hear in mind the Simon Commission's proposals on the subject and also the proposal made by Begum Shah Nawaz, with the support cf Mrs Subbaroyan, that the vote should be given to voters' wives and widows at 21, instead of 25, as recommended by the Simon Commission.

— *The Madras Mail.*

"EXAGGERATED SEX EDUCATION."

A Papal Encyclical of 16,000 words has been issued, reminding the world of the sanctity of marriage, "the divine institution which is often derided and despised by men not only in the theatre, the cinema, books, films and wireless, but in their own lives."

The letter inveighs against divorce, companionate marriage, birth control and sterlisation of the unfit, and insists that the word "obey" shall be retained in the marriage service.

The Pope condemns "exaggerated sex education" and recommends state aid for mothers, pointing out that bountiful assistance seems to be granted to unmarried people and their offspring, but little for the legitimate.

BENGAL GIRL MUSICIAN.

Kumar Sheela Hajra, the 13 year old daughter of Captain B. B. Hajra, late of the I. M. S. and Health Offier of Uttarpara (Bengal) gained singular distinction at the Classical (Bengali) Music Competition, held during Christmas week.

Miss Hajra was awarded the challenge shield and an *esraj*, presented by Dr. P. Neogi a, Professor of the Presidency College.

ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

Delegates from ten countries were present when the All-Asia Women's Conference was opened by the Rani of Mandi, on behalf of the Maharani of Kapurthala, who was unavoidably absent.

The Rani of Mandi said: "This is the first gathering of its kind in Asia. We meet to promote cultural unity among the women of Asia to place at the service of humanity those qualities which are peculiar to our Oriental civilisation, to stamp out those evils which have crept into our civilisation, to pick out and adapt those qualities of civilisation and culture which have elevated the West to the high pinnacle of social and material prosperity, to benefit ourselves by exchange of experience in our respective countris and lastly to advance the cause of world peace. It is our desire, not merely to regenerate ourselves, but through us regenerate and promote human progress and happiness at large."

Concluding, the Rani of Mandi said: "Let us discard the customs and traditions which have been strangling our domestic lives and wield an inspiring and noble influence in our household, in our country and in the world at large."

The Secretary read messages from prominent women and women's organisations throughout the world.

Among the foreign delegates were Mrs. Mohl (Jerusalem), Madame Nasik Abed (Syria), Madame Nour Hamada (Damascus), Mrs. Ani (Basra), Madame Mastoor E. Afshar (Tehran), Mrs. Hasan Ara (Afghanistan) Bibi Moulk, and Begum Amiruddin (Persia), and Mrs. San and Miss Soon (Java).

The most interesting part of the proceedings, which was punctuated with cheers at short intervals, was when the delegates wished the Conference success in their own languages and in broken English. The Japanese delegate was vociferously cheered when she said that knowing English was unnatural in their country. There being no woman delegate from China, General Lin Yen Hen spoke for that country. Visitors from New Zealand and America specially came.

Sir Jogendra Dingh, Minister of Agriculture, welcomed the Conference on behalf of the Punjab. He said the Conference showed signs that a new down was breaking in the East with a promise of renewed life and glory,

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ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi, in the course of her Presidential Address observed :—

We are holding this year's Conference under very depressing circumstances hoping that we might still be able to render some useful service to our people.

Has our past anything to give us? Without boasting ourselves of the past, (which is of no use to us at present), it may be safely stated that India's past is stimulating and inspiring to all men and women who desire to study her history and be benefited by it.

The Hindu and the Mahomedan religious books have laid down clearly that a knowledge of letters is as essential to women as to men.

You are, I am sure, familiar with the names of the many Vedic women writers, philosophers as well as warriors and rulers. From the records now available to us, we come to know that they had enjoyed absolute equality with their men.

At the beginning of the 19th Century, after a long period of internecine quarrels and disturbances, the state of women's education, north of the Vindhya Mountains at any rate, was most deplorable.

The Government when they began their educational policy in India restricted their efforts to the male population.

The initiative in modern education for women was taken by missionary societies, helped by Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the Indian Reformer and Mr. Hare. It was however, in 1849 that a member of the Bengal Government, the Hon. Mr. Bethune, founded a school for Hindu girls in Calcutta and induced Lord Dalhousie to lay the duty on the Bengal Council of providing funds for girls' as well as boys' education.

There is ample evidence to show that there is a keen demand both on the part of the parents and the public for the education of their girls. Even in the so-called purdah province, the few existing schools have been overcrowded and admissions for new pupils have been refused.

The Hartog Committee writes:—"The time has come to redress the balance, and we believe that the difficulties in the way of women's education are beginning to lose their force and the opportunity has arrived for a great new advance".

Therefore, the women delegates who represent the several provinces here and the standing Committees of the constituent conferences, should agitate for the formulation of a definite policy or scheme to develop and improve women's education in their respective provinces and for the allotment of more money towards the same end. Now Madras and the Punjab are the only provinces that possess a woman Deputy Directress, an officer who is charged with the duty of starting new schools in schoolless centres, of opening training centres for women teachers wherever there is need, to modify syllabuses for the girls' schools and to advise the Director on matters relating to girl's education.

The Madras scheme consists of a ten year programme of expansion, and includes the opening of a hundred middle schools for girls, eighty rural training classes for Hindu women, ten rural training classes for Mahomedan women and the provision of stipends.

Abolition of Purdah, the enforcement of the Sarda Act and the improvement of the existing schools must be given the first place in our programme of work this year.

I think it is a wrong system to begin English teaching in our primary schools for girls and also in the rural schools for boys and girls. All our primary schools should concentrate on the teaching of the vernacular. Educationists have stated more than once their experience that the students grasp the subject better if it is taught through their own vernacular.

In the case of girls going up for higher studies and for professional careers. English may be introduced in the middle school standard.

This is the fifth year of the existence of our conference. At the commencement of its fifth year, it has been able to put forward a scheme of education for girls which would renovate and revivify the whole educational system in India and produce the right type of teachers to spread the gospel of true education throughout India. The scheme in my opinion, is the very child of our conference and therefore it behoves every one of us to mother it, to foster it and to grow it till it blossoms, and fructifies. The Central College when established will ever bear witness to Her Excellency Lady Irwin's deep and abiding interest during her stay in India, not only in the cause of the Indian women's education but also in their general welfare.

I plead that the lives of saints, spiritual teachers and religious personalities should be included in the daily lessons of the pupils without any of the myths. legends, rituals and ceremonies, which have been ever the fruitful causes of quarrels.

Regular and systematic medical inspection and treatment of school children do not yet find a place in our school curriculum of both boys and girls. In our own presidency medical inspection has been made compulsory in all the secondary schools, colleges, but not yet in all the elementary schools owing to financial stringency.

While physical culture has been introduced as a compulsory subject in the school curriculum of boys' schools, the fact that the needs of girls schools have been totally ignored in some of the provinces, cannot be passed without comment.

The poverty of the parents and the consequent poor physique of the school children will have to be taken into our serious consideration in planning a scheme of universal complsory education.

Women's activities of late have spread into all spheres of life and many adult education centres and industrial classes for poor widows and destitute women have been opened in every city.

We should only continue on a larger scale, those very useful activities and every one of us in the midst of our home and professional duties should find time, to help in such good work, either with our suggestions or with our money, and we, both Hindus and Muslims, should direct our charity to promote these nation-building activities.

The Empress Noor-Jehan greatly encouraged the manufacturers of the country and under her patronage the Dacca muslins acquired great celebrity. We should develop our home-Industries, encourage khaddar and swadeshi if we want to have more money in our hands.

India as a whole records a very high maternal mortality, a higher infantile mortality and yet in no province have any organised attempts been made to reduce both.

In every province, there should be instituted a department of health under a senior woman medical officer similar to the Deputy Director of Public Instruction, whose duty will be to start new hospitals for women in places where none exist now, to appoint the necessary women medical staff, to establish centres of training for nurses and mid-wives and to arrange research and post graduate courses for women medical graduates etc.

This conference of Women should devote as much attention to the organisation and development of efficient and adequate medical aid for our women and children as for the promotion of education of our girls.

I need not point out that a healthy intellect is possible only in a healthy body and that a healthy progeny will arise only from a generation of healthy mothers.

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"STARTING THE STOVE"

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