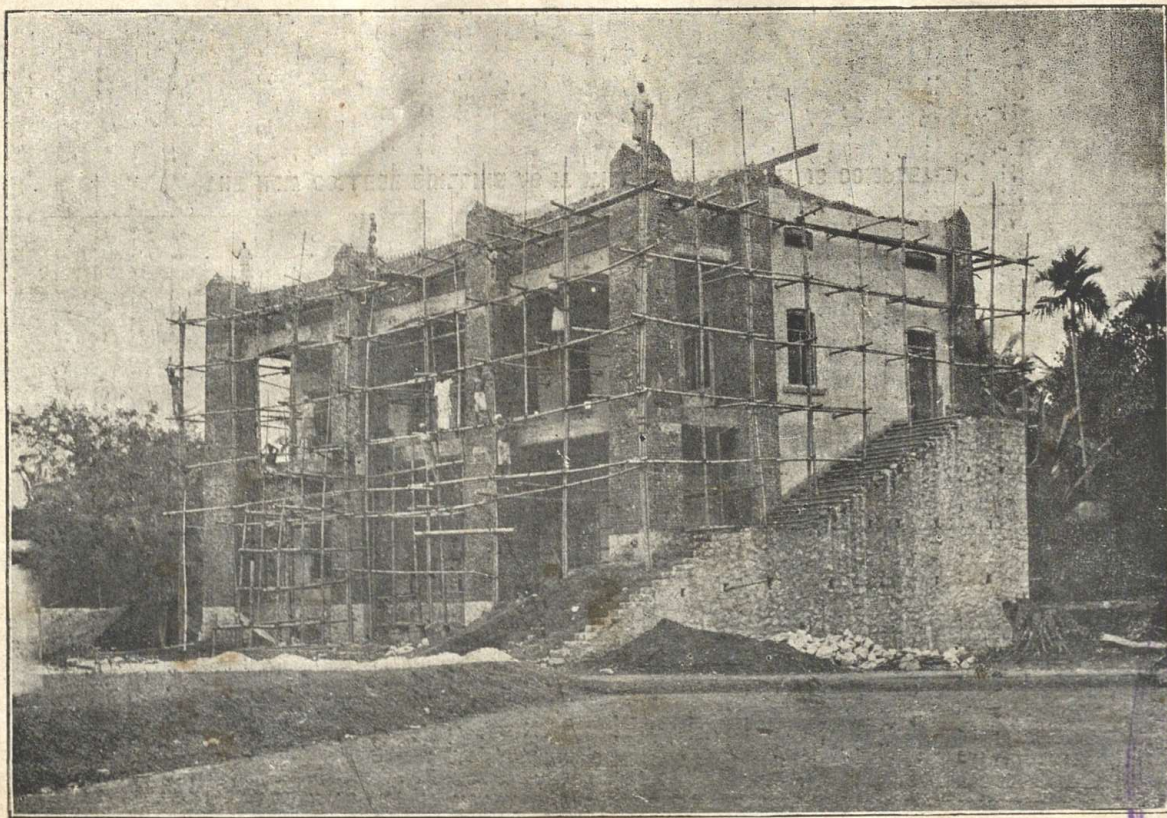
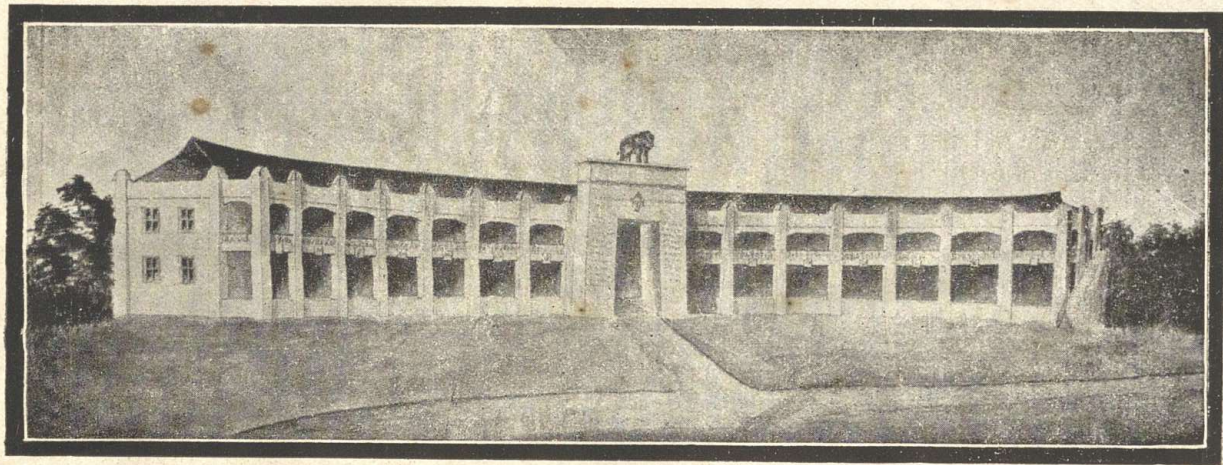




THE FIRST BLOCK ON WHICH WORK WAS BEGUN.





THE NEW COLLEGE BUILDING AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN IT IS COMPLETED

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THE

WOMEN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

Vol. IX.

December-March 1928.

Nos. I & II.

EDITORIAL.

We come with an apology to all our Readers for failing them in December. The preparation of that number was unavoidably delayed till such a late date that we decided to bring out a double number in March. We wish all our students past and present who are sitting for the Examinations as this goes to the Press, the best of good luck.

The history of our College for 1927 taught us the value of patience, endurance and perseverance, which offer in 1928 every hope of being rewarded. The University Commission that visited us on the 13th February 1928 has written a very favourable Report on our request to be given the rank of a First Grade College. We now await the formal ratification of that Report by the Syndicate and Senate. For our disappointments of 1927, 1928 is full of compensations. Our College won the "Golden Jubilee Challenge Shield" from the High School. Our College again was victorious in all the events open to women in the Sri Mulam Sports; but the greatest of our compensations is our joy and pride in our beautiful new College building, illustrations of which are

given in this volume, and which being of brick and granite will be a more lasting memorial of the year 1928, than many another external triumph already forgotten with the passing of the years.

This time again we mourn a former student, an old friend of the High School Staff, and a constant visitor to our College. Mrs. Whittaker *nee* Joyce Garcias Gomez, was called to her eternal rest on the 16th November 1927. She was staunch and true alike to her College and her friends. Her marriage made no difference. How it might have expanded her life, it is now no use to speculate. We sorrow with her mother and feel deeply for the little daughter who will never know a mother's love.

EDITORIAL

We come with an apology to all our readers for leaving them in December. The preparation of this number was unavoidably delayed till such a late date that we decided to bring out a double number in March. We wish our old friends and new ones who are waiting for the forthcoming as this year the best of good luck.

The history of our College for 1927 taught us the value of patience and perseverance. The year 1927 was a year of many changes and growth. The University Commission that visited us on the 13th February 1928 has written a very favourable Report on our progress. We have given the text of a Report by the University and College. The first publication of 1927-1928 is full of commendations. Our College won the "Golden Jubilee Challenge Shield" from the High School. Our College again was victorious in all the events open to women in the 24th March Sports; but the greatest of our accomplishments is our 100 and 150 mile in our beautiful new College building. Illustrations of which are

To

J. G. G.

She walked along our trodden way
Of work to do, or tasks begun,
Ah, now she greets the fuller Day
Now that her portioned toil is done !

She gave of all she had to Life :

A woman's mind, a woman's heart,
Love, comfort, Light, as daughter, wife
She gave it all with magic art.

With radiant joy her face did glow,
No cloud could dim her spirit bright,
We miss her silvery voice's flow,
We feel a joy has taken flight.

She'll walk no more our busy ways,
We'll see no more her welcome face,
Yet lo ! from out the night afar
We see the gleaming of a star.

L. M. N.

In Remembrance.

"There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies all day. And after
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness."

These words are appropriate to the sudden death of Mrs. Joyce Whittaker which dazed her many friends and admirers, and desolated those nearest and dearest to her. As a teacher, she was gifted with that hidden and wonderful influence, so difficult to define— the charm of personality. Her fine face, usually lit up by a cheerful smile, her gentle manners, her excellent possession of a soft voice, enhanced this charm. I was always struck with the vitality of her teaching - and noticed that neither the monotony of drudgery that is inevitable in a teacher's life nor the depressing effects of weather, made her listless or inert in her class. She was an ideal teacher, an agreeable colleague, a loyal member of the staff. The sympathy of the school for her broken-hearted mother who has lost in her a devoted daughter, and for her bereaved husband who has been bereft of her loving companionship is heartfelt and intense. We would fain comfort them if we could. We pray,—

May he who sent to you this bitter sorrow
Comfort your soul in its dark hours of grief
And send the peace that passeth understanding
To give your soul relief,

Forget not in your hours of lonely sadness
The loved and lost beyond life's stormy strait
Have reached at last, a peaceful sheltering haven
And there, with love, await.

Remember that all hopes, all dreams, all faces
The cherished joys, We've lost in earthly years
Will welcome us in all their perfect fruition
And smile away our tears.

*From the
Head Mistress of the High School.*

* * * * *
Lullaby for a baby bereft of its mother
Softly slumber, baby dear
Love "uniteth sphere and sphere."
There's more balm in Heaven's caress
Than in earthly tenderness.
Mothers love is now more pure
Mothers care is now more sure
Softly slumber, baby dear
Love "uniteth sphere and sphere."
From His crib will Jesus say
When He comes on Christmas day
Slumber softly little child
I'll share with thee my mother mild.

M. I. R.

Short tributes to Mrs.² Whittaker's memory from H. S. Students.

This is the saddest year in the history of the H. S. for a beloved teacher—Mrs. Whittaker has died in the prime of life. She was loved and esteemed by all her students for her cleverness and charm, her winning ways and attractive personality. She taught in such a way that even the dullest student could grasp the important points in a difficult lesson. She took an interest in our physical development and joined in our games.

SUSAN PAUL, VI F.

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The untimely and unexpected death of Mrs. Whittaker has filled the hearts of her students with sorrow and dismay. She was a companion and friend to her pupils who loved and respected her greatly. Her gentle manners won all hearts. She was full of sunshine and could brighten the dullest subject. She urged us to work, and was ever encouraging. She made us interested in the world around us. In spite of her intelligence and many gifts, she was devoid of pride, and amiable towards all. Though our sorrow is great, we know that it is not to be compared to the profound grief of her devoted mother and husband with whom we deeply sympathise.

K. G. THANKAMMA, VI F.

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Mrs. Whittaker was more than a teacher to her pupils, she was their friend and elder sister. We often wondered at her marvellous patience. She never frowned at our blunders. She increased our joys and tried to soften our grief. She inspired us with a love of English literature, mainly by her impressive way of teaching recitation. When President of the Library Club she made us act lovely little plays, and



took part in them, with us. Her gentle manner and charming personality won our deep affection. We miss her greatly and feel keenly this sudden, and tremendous loss. We know that she has "but passed beyond the mist that blinds us here" and we pray that she rest in peace, in that beautiful rest that God gives to His beloved.

K. MADHAVIKUTTY AMMA.
Senior special Intermediate class.

Lines written on

**His Highness the Maharaja's
Fifteenth Birthday.**

Fair wishes, sweet as roses, greet thy Birthday
And among them humbly do I lay
These my flowers, poor garlands of a day.

Thy new-born year God's choicest blessings fill,
It bears thee up one step to Manhood's hill,
God keep the childhood 'neath thine eyelids still !

O, mayst thou live for many a year !
And may each year e'er more and more endear
Thy Soul to Nature's elemental cheer.

Thy people watch thee with expectant care
As some new Star arising full and rare
To shed a whiter glory everywhere.

And when thy noonday glows with splendour piled
May Pomp of Power show in thee still mild,
Preserving evermore in thee THE CHILD.

L. M. N.

Lines Written on

**Her Highness the Maharani Regent's
Thirty Second Birthday.**

We pray that all thy years be crowned
With fairest gems of Love and Peace,
With Beauty that in Truth is found
And nothing is that's more than these.
"Wake!" runs the silent Word of God
"All lovely things! go sweet array
Her sheltered land, her simple sod
To the utmost limit of its way".
So spoke the angel as he passed
To the spirit of the things that be:
In Song and Flower and Beauty massed
Thy country wakes to-day for thee.
Love Smiles with Power to give and bear
Hope gleams thro' fields of green delight
Truth prides her prophet robe to wear
And Faith will lend her Soul of Light.
Away false Shapes! unlovely dreams
Let nothing mar thy new-born day
May Beauty be as Heaven seems
Thine own Birthright, to guide thy way.

L, M, N,

COLLEGE NOTES.

The College.

The college closed for Christmas on the 17th December 1927 and re-opened on the 11th January 1928, after the Syrians had celebrated their Christmas.

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The summer Vacation is to last from 31st March to 1st July.

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Miss Laura Noe joined the staff on the 19th September.

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Sry. V. K. Karthiyani Amma and Miss K. C. Annamma were presented with gold medals by their respective communities, for the honour they had brought to them by taking Honours Degrees in Sanskrit and Mathematics.

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The University commission visited our college to inspect it before it can be affiliated for Group II in the Intermediate Grade, and Groups V and VI in the B. A. We hear they made a favourable report. We are all anxiously waiting to hear if we are to have the B. A. class next year.

The Commissioners this time were :—

Mr. Rammunni Menon—Convener.

Mr. Corley.

Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Renganathan.

Mr. Kunjan Raja.

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Our new building is attracting the attention of all the Engineers and architects who come into the Town, on account of its unique architecture.

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Our music Room was lent for the first Arts Exhibition. Many old historical paintings were exhibited.—One of Martanda Varma the Conqueror, copied from a fresco roused much interest. Ravi Varma, his brother, Rajaraja Varma and his surviving sister Mangala Bhai were all represented.

Scholarships awarded since our last issue was published were given to —*K. M. Mariamma, S. Janaki Amma* and *G. Bharathy Amma* of the Senior Intermediate Class,

and to *J. Bhagirathy Amma, P. Lakshmy Amma, M. J. Elizabeth* and *K. Sarada* of the Junior Intermediate class.

Given below are the results of the September Intermediate Examination.

Complete Certificates :—

Elachy Abraham.

Josephine Mascareene.

T. P. Bhargavi Amma.

Mary Abraham.

Beatrice Joseph.

K. Bhagirathy.

Ethel Cosméa.

Peace Mammen.

B. Saradamma.

PASSED IN PART I ONLY.

K. L. Meenakshy Amma.

K. Devayani.

N. Hurva Bibi.

PASSED IN PART II ONLY.

V. K. Bharathy.

We most heartily congratulate *Sy. C. Rukumini Amma* who won the Cup in the Ladies' Singles in Tennis at the Sri Mulam Sports,

Janet Ruth Joshua and *K. I. Annamma* who won the Ladies Doubles, and

K. I. Annamma.

K. M. Mariamma

Aleyamma Mathew.

A. Sosamma.

J Ammukutty Amma

the winning Team in Badminton.

Visitors.

The college was *en fete* on the 12th November 1927 the day Lady Birdwood wife of the Commander-in-Chief and Miss Birdwood paid us a visit. They were accompanied by Mr. Cotton the Agent to the Governor General and Mr. Stephenson Director of Public Instruction was also present. Half-an hour was spent in going round the classes before the party came into the Music room to hear the Choir sing, and see the girls at their Physical exercises. After the College Song the words of which we once more print to revive the memory and interest, of our old students in the College, several Part Songs and Rounds were sung. The singing was followed by a set of several and precise Swedish exercises succeeding which several exercises for rhythm and grace were done. The girls finished up with the national 'Thiruvathira Kali'.

Other Visitors were.

27th July 1927 - Miss Howard, Principal, Sarah Tucker College Palamcottah with Mrs. Shackle.

13th October 1927—The Dewan with Mr. Vipin the Chief Engineer.

21st October 1927—The Poet Vallathol Narayana Menon with his friend, also an Author, Mr. Nalappat Narayana Menon.

24th November 1927—Dr. James H. Cousins, Mr. E. S. Craighill Handy and Sry. Kamaladavi Chattopadhyaya.

25th November 1927—Mrs. Buckley, Girl Guide Trainer, Madras with Mrs. Shackle.

1st February 1928—Mr. Buck, Advisor to the University in Physical Training.

8th February 1928—Dr. J. W. Graham of Manchester University.

13th February 1928—The University Commission Messrs. Ramunni Menon, Corley, Barnes, Renganathan, Kunjan Raja

COLLEGE SONG.

In the shade of the waving palm trees,
In the Valleys where rice fields grow,
Twixt the sentinel Ghats and the girding seas,
Remote from life's rattle and roar;
In the green of the land, 'neath the blue of its sky,
Lies the home of peace and plenty,
Lies the home of liberty,
Lies the shrine of charity,
And the gadi of Travancore.

Chorus

Then Hip hip Hurrah!
For beautiful Travancore
And its College for Women securely set
In the heart of Travancore,
Hip, Hip, Hurrah!
And Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah!
For all who join beneath its roof
In toil through weal and woe.

Your years be long,
And your heart be strong,
Guardian of love and truth.
Peace be yours,
And joy be yours,
Dear Home of our dreams and youth.

In the din of the world beyond,
In its clamour for wealth and power,
Men wreck their lives and break their hearts,
And scatter God's goodly gifts,
In the peace of our land, in her rich content.
Lies the way of fairer doing,
Lies the way of higher thought,
Lies a matchless opportunity,
For the greatness of Travancore.

Chorus

Held in nature's shelt'ring arms,
In the lee of a mighty Power,
Secure from trouble, secure from alarms,
Rich in her priceless dower,
God protect her: God preserve her.
Keep her free from pride and dissension,
Keep her free from envy or hate,
Keep her safe from ail calamity,
Our beautiful Travancore.

Chorus.

Words and music by Eu. Watts.

COLLEGE CLUBS.

The Literary Club.

The Literary Club held three meetings this term—two ordinary meetings and one special meeting. The first took the form of an interesting debate. Miss. Marie Fernandez opened by moving the proposition, that "Man in the Civilised State is Happier than Man in the Barbarous State". She supported her proposition by well thought out arguments and concluded by saying that the fact that she, a member of a civilised society, is happy, is, in itself a strong proof of the validity of her arguments. Sry. S. Janaki Amma opposed her. Most of the arguments of the mover were contradicted, by the opposer, but her paper was rather long. A very spirited discussion followed, many of the Junior Intermediate Students taking active part in it. The advocates of "our friend, the Barbarian", clamoured and thundered but when the motion was put to the vote, the mover won by a large majority. The President, in a short speech congratulated the speakers for the successful way in which they had conducted the debate.

A special meeting of the Literary Club was held on the 21st of October at 10:15 A. M., when Kavithilakam Vallathol Narayana Menon who visited our College with his friend, Mr. Nalappattu Narayana Menon, delivered a very interesting lecture. The meeting began with the College Song. Sy. V. K. Kartyani Amma. B. A. (Hons.), read a Welcome address, which was pregnant with the joy that the College felt in having that favourite son of the Muses to address us that day—a day memorable in the annals of the Women's College Literary Club, the 1st occasion when a living Poet, took part in its activities. The poet then gave a very interesting and thought provoking lecture in Malayalam—a lecture, simple, humorous, but impressive and dignified conveying to the young minds, in poetic images, the great maxims and



ideals of life. In glowing terms, he laid before us the ancient Hindu ideal of womanhood, citing Sita as an example. Then, as now, woman is the guide, the guardian, the friend of man. Sri Rama, the Poet remarked, had to meet so many troubles because he did not listen to the wise advice of Sita, that he should not take his weapons with him into exile. There is no harm, he said, in studying a foreign literature for all literature may be said to possess educative value. But, what he wished to emphasize was that we should not use 'Manchester-made mull, but home made Khaddar. He concluded by again expressing his appreciation of our College and its head and by wishing our College every success in the future. Miss. Watts, on behalf of the College thanked him for his interesting and instructive lecture. The meeting dispersed after a vote of thanks to the guests.

Another ordinary meeting was held on 4th November, with Mr. C. P. Parameswaran Pillai, in the chair. Sry. M. Bhargavi of the Junior Intermediate class read a well-written paper on "Kumaranasan and his Poetry". She briefly dealt with the Poet, and pointed out the chief qualities of his Poetry, quoting examples from all his Poems. The speech was followed by two short recitations from two of Kumaranasan's Poems. Then the President made a few lucid remarks on the subject and the meeting was brought to a close with a vote of thanks to the chair and the speaker,

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As many of our free evenings were spent in playing the matches, we had entered for in the Sri Mulam sports, the Literary Club was prevented from being as active as it wished to be. We however managed to get in three meetings of the Club before the Senior Intermediate girls left us. One was a special meeting when Dr. J. W. Graham of Manchester University spoke on "Education"—cultivation of

intellect and development of character. The second meeting took the form of a debate when Miss. Anbammal Daniel of the Junior Intermediate Class moved the Proposition " Co-education is not desirable for India ". Miss. M. J. Elizabeth of the same class opposed her. The debate was carried on in a good spirit, as Miss. Watts., the President of the evening remarked, and the speakers expressed their thoughts freely and openly. In the last meeting, Sry. J. Bhagirathi Amma of the Junior Intermediate Class read a paper on " A comparative study of Mrs. Browning and Miss. Christina Rossetti, which showed good preparation and much study. The President, Miss. L. Noe, our French Tutor, made a few apt remarks on both the writers as Lyristis, and the meeting was concluded with a vote of thanks.

SPORTS CLUB.

Golden Jubilee silver shield Tournament College V. High School.

This month of Vrischigom will ever remain a memorable era in the annals of the History of the Women's College sports Club, for have we not come out triumphant in the keen contest with the High school for the silver shield—the Golden Jubilee silver shield, the goal of our athletic ambition!

At the time of our separation from the High school nearly 5 long years ago, it was with deep regret that we left the shield behind for they had won it last. Since then, it was our greatest ambition to win the shield by our Athletic skill and sportsmanlike tactics. This burning desire was enhanced when our new Drill and Music Room was completed and it was found lacking in a testimonies of our sportive talents. Even though this desire was in us for a long time, still it was only this year we were able to challenge the High school effectively. Finally it was decided by authorities from both sides that the Tournament should consist of 4 competitions namely; Rounders, Badminton, Basket Ball and Tennis (singles) and points were decided as follows:—

Rounders	3
Badminton	4
Basket Ball	4
Tennis	6

After enormous preparations on both the sides, by way of regular practice the Tournament commenced with the Rounders Match which took place in the College premises on Monday the 14th November 1927 at 4 P. M.

Rounders Match. The school team that at 4 followed by Miss. Rosemeyer and most of High school.



Having won the toss, the High school started the game, but one has to acknowledge that the play was not very interesting. There were three innings in all of which the College Team kept ahead. The High school played up, but they were not able to score many points and finally the college won by 15 points, the score being 32 to 17.

The Badminton Match—the 2nd item in the tournament came off on the evening of the 18th November, when the whole College was practically transferred to the High school compound. It was a keen contest, for both parties were very well matched and it was a high standard of game that they played that day. With true sportsmanlike spirit, with fiery enthusiasm, the two teams displayed their splendid tactics in the form of 'smart cuts' 'smashes' 'current like services', to the wonderment of the spectators. The first game was won by the college.

On restart the struggle warmed up and it was a deadly contest as both the parties were bent upon victory, all the same the college keeping far ahead of its opponents. We were almost sure that the 2nd game also would be won by the College for they had now come to 'Game Ball'. But alas! there is many a slip between the cup and the lip for the 'Game Ball' of the College to our great dismay (and it was the service of the last hand of the College Team) was snatched away by the High school who began to score up with surprising rapidity and finally won the game.

On courts being changed, the struggle was renewed with a great deal of warmth and alacrity and the greatest of excitement prevailed on both sides. Even the most lethargic of spectators entered into the spirit of the moment and shouts of "played" "splendid" "play up" came spontaneously and frequently from amidst the crowd. Till the last moment one could not decide with whom the victory would rest.

At last it was 'Game Ball' you are eager to know for whom! the College! I say with legitimate pride.

So in Badminton too—we had carried the day. Next was the Basket Ball Match which took place on the 21st of November in the High school court. We had a presentiment that we would be hopelessly defeated by the High school, as on previous occasions. It was not half so exciting and interesting as the Badminton Match. The College played up so well that we may very well say it was a "clean sweep" of the High school by the college, for our score was 24 to 7 for the High school.

But the retaliation came with the Tennis Match which was played in the college court when the High school champion Miss. Abisha Bibi snatched both the sets without any difficulty and this made a "clean sweep" of the college as we had done with them in the case of the Basket Ball Match.

To sum up the Golden Jubilee silver shield was won by us—the college. Our grand total being 11 against the 6 (Tennis) that was scored by the High school.

A special meeting of the sports Club was held on the 25th of November in honor of H. H. The Maha Rani Regent's Birthday, presided over by Miss. D. H. Watts, when there was a Tennis Doubles between Miss. Noe and Janet Ruth Joshua on one side and Sy. C. Rukmini Amma and J. Ammukutty Amma on the other. It was a very interesting game. The 1st set was won by the latter and the 2nd set was won by the former. The 3rd set was taken by Sy. C. Rukmini Amma and J. Ammukutty Amma, who thus won the Match.

In conclusion the Travancore Anthem was sung and the meeting dispersed with three cheers to Her Highness the Maha Rani Regent.

An ordinary meeting of the sports club held on the 19th October 1927, took the form of a well contested Badminton Match between the senior and Junior Intermediates under the Presidency of Miss D. H. Watts. The parties were very well balanced and the game throughout was played with so much of spirit and enthusiasm that not even for a moment did it prove chill or uninteresting. Cuts from the senior 'Centre' were cleverly met by smashes from the junior 'Fronts' and the senior 'Backs' were not a whit behind the Junior opponents in sending shooting strokes. But due to better experience and organisation—the seniors began to take the lead and scored a number of points. By the time they were 27, the Juniors were only something like 14 or 15. But with surprising rapidity the Juniors pulled up and for a few minutes kept the spectators in rapt attention by their clever tactics and strokes and, ere long, in the midst of universal applause the 'Referee' proclaimed that it was '27-All' upon which the game was started anew with '5-All' as the score.

On restart the seniors began to show more grit and vigour and their balls hit with the determination to snatch away the victory proved to be somewhat too hard. But then, the juniors rose equal to the occasion. The play warmed up. Both the parties displayed their skill to the utmost, putting all their sports tactics to test. The Juniors even though they found that the game was not to be theirs, played up with true sportsmanlike spirit. The Match by half-past five was nearing the end and everybody was expecting a draw, when towards the end by some masterly strokes, the seniors carried the day.

With a few congratulatory and encouraging remarks from the chair the meeting came to a close by 5-45.

A Rounders Match was played on the 8th of November 1927 between the Mathematics (greens) and History (yellows) sections of the senior and junior classes. It seemed uncertain whether the Match could be held as there was a drizzle at the time of the Match and both parties were looking forward eagerly for the weather to clear up. After a few minutes to the great joy of the players the drizzle ceased, and the game commenced. The toss was won by the Historians. For some time they scored more points than the Mathematicians and it seemed as if they eventually would win, but the 'greens' did not lose heart, on the other hand, they played up smartly and with several full runs scored 5 points more than the yellows, thus winning the Match. The score stood as follows 37-32 points.

* * *

We have great pleasure in recording the Match played on the 9th of November 1927 between our two tennis champions Janet Ruth Joshua and J. Ammukutty Amma. J. Ammukutty Amma played well at the start winning 3 continuous games over Janet and it was when the game stood at 4-1 that Janet pulled up making it 4 all. There was tense interest for the next few minutes among the spectators but Janet's greater freedom of movement and energy soon decided the point. At 6-4 the set was Janet's. Change courts! From the Umpire. The next set was more strenuously fought out and again it stood at 4 all, both sides alternately winning a game. Janet's greater vitality again saved the situation for her and the set was for the 2nd time hers. It must be said to Ammukutty's credit that if she had not been recently ill and had as much practice as Janet, the issue of the play might have been different.

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The 12th general meeting of the sports club took the form of a Badminton Match. The students of the College took the Lady Tutors

by surprise by challenging them to a friendly Badminton Match on the 17th of February. The game was very interesting and almost memorable as it was the first time that the Tutors and students had come face to face in the court. The Tutors had hardly any practice. ("It is not our fault" the students may say) and defeat, ofcourse was the foregone conclusion still they played up heroically and fared much better than they expected. To economise time the long game of (87) was played and it was wound up when the students reached 44, by which time the Tutors had come to 32 only, to their great disappointment.

In the Sri Muliam Sports Tournament our Students took part only in Badminton and Tennis doubles though in Tennis singles too they were allowed to compete. The Badminton Finals were played on the 28th of February in the High School Court between the Y. W. C. A. and College Teams. It was a High Standard of Game that was played and the spectators were kept in thrilling suspense. The Y. W. C. A. Team was an excellent one, but 'fortune' being fickle the victory turned out to be ours. Both the games were won by the College Team. In the Tennis Doubles too we were fortunate. The first game was played against the Park Team in our Court and our students were victorious. The next had to be played against the College tutors and in this too our girls were successful thus winning two silver shields for the College.

A Basket Ball Match between the juniors and seniors of the College classes was the next activity of the club. This was played on the 1st of March. Both parties played up well but the juniors who played a more careful game carried the day by 4 points. The score being 14—10.

Arts Club.

The second meeting of the Arts Club (and the 1st of this term) took the form of a Variety entertainment presided over by our Lady Principal. After "God save the Maha Raja" the day's function commenced with an enchanting Tableau of Goddess Saraswathi impersonated by J. Sumukhi Amma of the Senior Intermediate. It was only that morning that the Great Poet Vallathol while addressing the college invoked the blessings of Saraswathi, the Goddess of Learning, to be showered on this our dear Alma Mater and in the evening it seemed that the Goddess had appeared responding to the call of Her Favourite Son "Vallathol", ready to bless us, one and all! The stage looked a Veritable Shrine. The flickering light of the two, fifteen-tongued lamps (Nila Vilaku) placed on either side of the Goddess, the sweet fragrance of flowers mixed with the lighted incense gave a sublime effect to the scene and kept the audience spell bound for a few minutes.

Then came a "Veena Duet" by the President of the Arts Club and her aunt, Sreemathy G. Annukutty Amma. For a time the air was filled with Music. The sweet and skilful touches on the Divine Instrument were universally appreciated.

This was followed by a "Recitation (Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution') by Sy. Gouri Amma of the Junior, which won the applause of the audience and everyone at once agreed that she was a veritable elocutionist.

Next came the most interesting of all the items, the "Valla Pattu"—When the curtain was raised, lo! and behold, there was a set of sturdy oars men, steering away at a rate, accompanied by their jolly music. The leader was our Secretary Janaki Amma, so well disguised in her "talakettu" and 'Shirt' that there was not the slightest trace of herself in the "Amarakaran" of the evening. They kept the audience

in roars of laughter with their chorus "Ailalem-ailalem, Ai—lalem, Ailamiah!", The Vanchi Pattu for the evening was chosen from the famous "Kuchal Virthom Vanchi Pattu"—It was indeed a splendid success.

Last of all there was the Tablaeu "Sakuntala and her friends watering the plants and King Dushanta admiring them from behind a tree". Our Sakuntala (P. C. Eleza) looked simply charming! and her friends too (K. V. Aley and P. A. Mariam) were equally beautiful. But our King, unlike the Dushanta of Kalidasa, was too matter of fact to be attracted by mere feminine beauty, too indifferent to appreciate it, and as he hid himself entirely behind the tree that he was invisible to the mortal eyes of the audience. The President and the Committee members had a great deal to do in assuring the audience, that there was our Dushanta on the stage but he was too shy to make his appearance. So this item also was a success.

* * *

The meeting came to a close with very encouraging and inspiring, remarks from the chair and a vote of thanks to the President and Sy. Ammukutty Amma by the Secretary of the club.

On Wednesday the 8th of February there was a very successful and even unusually interesting meeting of the Arts Club presided over by our Lady Principal. It was previously arranged that the main item of the evening should be "Thiruvathira Kali" by a professional set of trained girls who had promised us a performance. But owing to unavoidable circumstances we were not able to get them on the day fixed for the meeting and unfortunately the notice was already circulated! The President of the Club was in a fix! But she soon rose equal to the occasion, of course with the Co-operation of her friends, the lady

teachers, "why not we, teachers, act? Say a part of Moliere or something interesting from C. V. or—". "An excellent idea" said the President, "A drama by the teachers would be the very thing, a novelty and would be enthusiastically welcomed by the students". Then began the hurried search for a suitable farce and the still more hurried choice of actors—It was not at all a difficult task, thanks to the generosity of Friendship!

Thus practically with little or no preparation, the farce "Kettamantai Keineetam" was staged and to the extreme wonder of the actors, it was unanimously pronounced to be a complete success. The 'Mother' was a typical Nair lady, impersonated by Sry. Ananda Valli Amma who won straight away the appreciation of all. The "Father" a poor man was not only "hen-pecked" but even chicken pecked. (Miss A. Cherian) played her part wonderfully well. And so did the 'son' (Sry. Rukmini Amma) and the 'daughter' (Miss R. Thomas). The "Anchal Peon" (Miss Netto) was unrivalled—And last, not in any way the least in importance was "Kettammamon" (Sry. Karthyani Amma) who did the part very well indeed.

The other items of the evening were "Music" by K. C. Thankamma who even in this tender age is almost incomparable in that art—and a dialogue in English "The Obstinate Hawker" and an English song by the College Choir.

The meeting came to a close by 5-50 P. M. with a short speech from the chair eulogising the actors and with a vote of thanks to Miss D. H. Watts for kindly presiding over the function.

Hostel Notes.

The Hostel now contains 34 students, four of them being admitted for a month's stay in the Hostel to join the March Examination.

The members of the Hostel Union take a very active part in lectures and amusements as well, on suitable occasions—of course under the guidance of our beloved patron Miss D. H. Watts.

A special meeting of the 'Union' was held in the Hostel Hall at 9-30 A. M. on Tuesday the 8th of Thulam with Miss Watts in the chair to celebrate the birthday of His Highness. The usual guests were invited. After a welcome song, a toast was proposed to His Highness the Maharajah, by Sry. V. G. Gouri Amma. The death-bed scene of Desdimona in Othello, and the courting scene of Sadaram and Kamapala were the important items. With a few comic items and mangala slokas in honour of His Highness the meeting dispersed.

The next meeting, though ordinary, was the most amusing. There was a spirited debate on the 18th January '28 at 5-45 P. M. with Miss Watts in the chair. Sry. K. Sarada opened the debate by moving the proposition—asking the Legislative Council for a vote of Rs. 50,000 to erect a statue to the memory of Raja Kesava Das. Miss Singari Ammal opposed the above proposition and proposed the amendment that the form of the Commemoration should be not a statue, but a technical Institute, seeing the present unprogressing condition of the country and the unemployment of its people. Both of them proved their powers of argument and eloquence very creditably. After this open discussion began. It was such an interesting affair that for a time we felt that we were actually members of the Legislative Council. The president of the Council, in conclusion gave a few more points in favour, and against, either side. Votes were taken and the Second party—the amendment proposed won by a majority of votes.

On the 16th February 1928, Thursday at 5-30 P. M. a "Katha Kalakshepam" performance by Professor Srinivasan was held under the auspices of the Union. We had a large gathering including the usual guests.

The performance was a complete success as usual with him. After the distribution of flowers and garlands, the meeting dispersed at about 8-30 P. M. with a hearty vote of thanks to the performers of the evening.

The members of the Hostel invited Miss Watts, our beloved patron for a social in the Hostel at about 6 P. M. on Friday the 24th February '28, in connection with the birthday celebration of Miss Watts. Since it was a homely affair, no guests were invited except Miss Rosemeyer and Mrs. Alweyn.

Besides social tea we had a few items. A few songs in honour of our patron were sung after which a toast was proposed to Miss Watts by the President of the Union. "Indian Dancing" or "Thiruvathirakali" as it is more familiar, was another item of the evening. Then Miss Watts thanked the members of the Hostel and after a vote of thanks and the distribution of garlands and flowers, the meeting dispersed at about 8 P. M., with cheers to His and Her Highnesses, the Maharaja and the Maha Rani Regent.

N. B. The University Commission who came on business to Trivandrum, visited our Hostel. We are indeed very proud to express our great satisfaction and pleasure in reading their written remark "an excellent institution" about this Hostel, since we are sure that it adds much to the credit of our kind patron Miss Watts.

Marriages.

Sry. B. Kunjamina B. A. to Mr. Sukumaran Nair.

7th November 1927. Sry. M. C. Bharathy Bai, B. A. to
Mr. Padmanabha Pillai. B. A.

9th „ „ Miss Mary Hoogewerf, B. A., L. T. to
Mr. Albert Alexander Conner.

Sry. Lekshmy Pillai Thankachi to
Dr. Kochukutten Menon.

8th December 1927. Miss Alice Jacob to Mr. P. M. Joseph.

22nd „ „ Miss Glory Mammen to

Mr. P. V. Abraham.

8th February 1928. Sry. C. K. Parucooty Amma to

Mr. K. V. Gopalan Nair.

We wish them all long life, health and happiness.

Engagement.

Miss Mariam Esau to Mr. K. J. Ommen B. A.

The marriage will take place in Medom.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Jewels.

In primeval ages, before the refining influences of civilization could mould the mind of man, jewels exercised on him a strange fascination and a mysterious charm. Brilliants with their myriad facets and necklets with their delicate tracery he knew not, but on the rough mountain slopes he beheld the dull gleam of gold and buried in the earth he found red and white stones that glittered and shone with every hue of the rainbow. From these he fashioned ornaments—heavy barbaric bangles and crude massive chains. The stones he gave to his children for playthings, not knowing their value, yet drawn to them by their wonderful glitter. Years pass on and the prehistoric cave is replaced by the populous town, but jewels have not lost their lure. The society butterfly in silk and rich brocade adds to her charms the soft lustre of the pearl and the dazzling radiance of the diamond. The weary peasant toiling homeward, after the day's work, gazes fondly on the pretty locket her industry has bought, while in a distant palace a crown encircles the brow of a queen, who shares with lady and peasant a love and a longing for beauty.

Different climes have bred different types of loveliness, and fashioned different forms of jewellery. The Eastern princess decks herself with every gem her native land produces. Pearls are twisted in her hair, rubies and emeralds flash from arms and neck, and diamonds scintillate from rare and intricate settings. In the West, jewels of value are mingled with those which scientific inventions have rendered cheaper, though of almost equal brilliance. Gold mixed with alloy yields ornaments unsurpassed in delicacy and beauty of design. Pearls manufactured by secret processes threaten to rival their natural sisters in lustre and sheen. Crowns and tiaras, bracelets and brooches—these are the jewels that adorn the fair forms of the West, while away in the wilds of Africa, a dark-hued beauty traverses the forest-clearing in kins and hides, in crocodile teeth and cowrie shells. The fierce Red

Indian decks himself with feathers and porcupine quills, while the ancient Egyptian reveals to the wondering gaze of the present age golden urns and jewelled scarabs, vases of blue faience and engraven amulets.

Treasure, through the distant ages, has held for humanity an irresistible appeal. Crimes and murders innumerable have been committed in their name and men have lost all sense of honour and gratitude in their wild lust for gold. Tales of hidden jewels, of sunken galleons laden with doubloons, of pearling grounds in the distant Pacific, and of secret mines in the heart of Africa, have long enthralled the world with their mystery and adventure. Numerous collections of gems "of purest ray serene" have been garnered from the "unfathomed caves of ocean" and the mysterious depths of the earth. In the dead past and in the living present, jewels have attracted man with their mystic lure and in years to come, they will still exact from him the homage and the admiration due to their wondrous sparkle and gleam.

Fairer far than these, found everywhere on earth, in green fields and rugged mountains, in silent deserts and fertile plains, are Nature's jewels. The sky above glows like a sapphire, rivalling in beauty the aquamarine of the sea. The moon in silver robes drives her chariot across the skies, and the stars like "patines of bright gold" thick inlay the floor of heaven. Fireflies dance hither and thither in the gathering twilight—living jewels on the coronet of night. Birds in gorgeous plumes glitter as though they were encrusted with gems, and away down in the moist woods, glow the ruby of the rose, the gold of the daffodil and the amethyst of the violet. On the emerald foliage of the trees glisten diamonds of dew, while in colder climes, the "hail pearls" shower down in dazzling radiance. Leaves and flowers, sun and rain, moonlight and starlight grace the fair earth with gems brighter than the rarest jewels of man.

I. S.

Mandalay.

Mandalay the second city in Burma is historically very important. It was the capital of the Burmese Kings and now it attracts many tourists by the novel aspect it presents.

The Arakan pagoda at Mandalay was built by a king named Bodawpaya (1782-1819). He built it to enshrine the Mahamunni image which he carried away from Arakan by conquest. This is a colossal image and many Burmese kings tried to bring it to Burma. But they failed because it was too big to be transported from Arakan over the hills to Burma. Bodawpaya cut it into three pieces brought them over and then put them together. It is an image of Budha made of a marble-like stone. The eyes are set with precious stones. The Burmese are very superstitious and they believe that the image perspires before any dire calamity breaks out in the city.

The Mandalay hill is worth seeing. It is of historical and religious importance. Further the panorama of nature we see from the top of the hill is excellent. The legend says that Mindon Min the best king who sat on the Burmese throne, dreamt one day that Budha beckoned to him and standing on the Mandalay hill pointed out the spot where the city was to be built. Astrologers monks, and Soothsayers were consulted and the work was started. The palace was completed first and then the moat and the battlement. The moat is connected with the Irrawaddy river and constantly the stagnant water is let out and fresh water from the river is allowed to flow in. While the buildings were under construction human sacrifices were given on the foundations. 'Mysade' is the Burmese name for a human victim buried alive under the foundation stone. Such a horrible thing was done to provide the building with a guardian spirit. Mindon Min

hated doing this but was persuaded by the astrologers that a few must be sacrificed for the welfare of many! Legend says that Buddha took his abode on this hill. Nineteen years ago a Venerable hermit, Wrk-hanti collected Rs. 6,000,000 and built hundreds of covered step ways leading to the top of the hill. Many pagodas and zayats (rest houses) are seen on it. We also see a replica of the famous Ananda Pagoda which was built by Kyanzitha (1084-1112) at Pagan, an old capital of Burma. The pagoda is the model of the wonderful Ananda temple in India on the Odaygiri hills. In one of the pagodas on the Mandalay hill we see the highly venerated foot-marks of the Lord Buddha gilded. At the present day Mandalay hill is lit up by thousands of electric lights.

This hill is a bulwark of Buddhism. Here go many devout Buddhists to worship Buddha. On the pillars of the pagodas the life history of Buddha is given in Burmese. In one part the various stages of Buddha's life from birth to death is given in pictures drawn by Buddhist artists.

The birds' eye view of Mandalay city is excellent indeed. In the night we see the streets all glowing with brilliant electric lights. In the day the moat, the battlements and the pagodas of the city make the observer linger. His eyes can never feast enough. And it is very reluctantly that he retraces his steps down the hill.

J. E. Daniel.

A Visit to Ceylon.

X and I. We started on a Friday night in May, four weeks back, and took 2nd class passages through to Colombo. We reached Maniachy Junction, early on the morning of Saturday. There we changed train to Tutucorin and reached the place at 9-30. X slept in the train like Kumbakarna. No trifling there. Nothing would awake him. I kept awake all the night partly through fear of the thieves rumoured to appear within the railway compartments, and partly because I was enchanted by the passing scenery. That part of Travancore between Quilon and Shencottah was the loveliest of scenery I have ever seen in India, through the windows of a railway train. Lit by the brilliant moon, the mountains and their valleys appeared to me heavenly rather than mundane. The train stopped at Shencottah for a pretty long time, and I was amazed to see gigantic teak trees, on the side of the platform from end to end, which were tiny twenty years ago. Perhaps, I thought then, God is more fond of trees and shrubs than men and beasts. That is the very reason man degenerates in form while plants do not. Let me not philosophise, but hasten to tell you my experiences.

A word about Tutucorin. It is a place, cursed by God and man. It was so hot and sunny that I got a severe head-ache. The roads are dusty, streets are dingy and filthy. The buildings are so hopelessly uncomely. They are of such awkward construction. Perhaps it might have so happened that day, I could not see even one fair face with a fair colour. All are black and they all look alike. Animals, nothing could I see except the donkey-like horses harnessed to the rotten jutkas of a very curious shape and size. Look up. You will only see crows, every where, cawing remonstrances from the top of the buildings, and hovering over, to the passengers. "Don't stay here. This place is

bad." But for the fact that it is a seaport and but for the existence of some buildings owned by Messrs. Madura Co. Ltd., and Messrs. Vavauseur Ltd. mainly for the purpose of trade this place would have been deserted like Sodom and Gomora. There is no fresh water, no trees, no wind, nothing in fact but the trade and the passengers who crowded there to cross the sea.

Now my voyage. Without much difficulty we got the medical certificate. We took 2nd class passage. But there was plenty of time for the ship to start. At five in the evening the launch would take the passengers to the ship. So we had to wait in the waiting room in the railway station at Tutucorin. It was a trial unendurable, this long waiting in a dingy room in the railway station. At last the time arrived for the launch to start. We hurried up and got into it. Alas! it was such a small steam launch that would not hold even 500 crammed. But it held that day over 600 people with their trunks, bags, and portmanteaus. It started with a whistle to the steamer "Barjora" that lay in anchor 7 miles off from the coast. When the launch started it was fine weather. But before we could go three miles a storm began. The launch began to toss so that nobody could sit up steady. Water from the waves washed all the deck, and drenched all passengers and the authorities began to fear for the launch. Women and children began to cry and husbands and fathers became anxious. X was all fear and held fast to the seat he was seated on. The heap of trunks and portmanteaus were jirked down on the deck from where they had been piled up. If the worst came to the worst, I was prepared for a deep-sea swim. But fortunately nothing happened. Every body got sea sick except a few and I was one of the fortunate ones. At about 6 p. m. we neared the boat. But landing on board the steamer seemed impossible for a time. But some how or other all passengers were

helped on board one by one. It was a new experience, rare and risky. A fellow passenger told me while on board the ship that never had he such an experience in his life though for the last 15 years he was going and coming back once a fortnight to and fro from Ceylon. Finally the steamer started at 9. X went into the cabin after dinner while I stood on the deck the whole night, merely for the pleasure of it. It is impossible for me to describe all the feelings of my voyage hither. Imagine some one standing on the deck, gazing towards his own native land leaving for a while, dear friends and near relatives, enveloped by the night with the ocean below, through which the lifeless boat, makes way with its giant power, plunging through the awful current to reach its destination, the harbour at Colombo, the gem of the Second England of the British Empire. I stood upon the deck with a thousand thoughts, while the moon rose out of darkness and out of the mid ocean at midnight and the cloud traversed through the sky and the horizon that never left me. End cometh for all things. Morning broke. The sun comes up. But rain sets in. Nothing could be seen till nine o'clock because of the rain clouds. At nine it became a little clear. But wind continued and swelled into a storm. The roll of the sea became frightful. Waves which rose like mountains, I had only read about in books, I saw face to face. I had read in Tagore's Gitanjali of the "countless waves of an inky sea". Never did I understand the true meaning of the poet's words before than when I saw the countless inky waves of the Indian Ocean. One cannot understand the value of books unless he travels and sees things in reality is my thought now. Let me not be lingering on the Indian Ocean but hurry up to the coast of Ceylon. The boat which ought to have landed us at 12 noon on Sunday arrived only at 4 P. M. owing to the troubled waters. All about the piloting of a ship into harbour is interesting, but space would not permit, so I am telling now of the port. It is charming to see the

harbour. In the harbour lies a man-of-war with its alert intelligence ready for action at any moment should need arise. Besides lie there every day over seven or ten steamers and hundreds of cutters, motor boats, steam launches, boats etc. It is a lovely sight for the new comer. It is charming too to see Colombo town. All its buildings are neat and beautiful and are done in English fashion. Every house and other buildings are rich and lively and lovely. People here are so busy that I did not see people standing idly on the road and talking. This is a city of trade. For at every nook and corner you will find factories and trading companies. I visited all the big shops and other important places. Every where the eye has something to see that to the heart is a feast. All details and anecdotes I will tell you in person. As I am writing this note my heart flies across the ocean in joyous wings. But it comes back to me. Let it rest within my bosom for a while, as the world is wrapped up in its mid-night slumber to meet its own trouble and toil of the morning. "What ills may fall, bear with me my burdens small" so saying I begin my sleep for the night, as the gong in the factory down in the valley has struck one at night. I will continue writing this tomorrow night.

"Y" came first. Waves which rose like mountains, I had only read about in books. I saw face to face. I had read in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* the "countess waves of an angry sea." Never did I understand the true meaning of the poet's words before than when I saw the countless tiny waves of the Indian Ocean. One cannot understand the value of books unless he travels and sees things in reality. It was my thought now. Let me not be lingering on the Indian Ocean but hurry up to the coast of Ceylon. The boat which ought to have landed us at 12 noon on Sunday arrived only at 4 P. M. owing to the troubled waters. All about the placing of a ship into harbour is interesting, but space would not permit, as I am telling now of the port. It is charming to see the

"Sumathi".

It was eleven at night. All human kind had taken to rest under the sable garb. Among the crowded bushes and over hanging stems of many a tamarind and jack on the bank of the river P—a lonely man was seen sitting on a rock, ruminating on some late incident that caused him great mental trouble. His countenance could not be seen, but the occasional heaving of his breast betrayed great internal agitation while he gave vent to his feelings by an unintelligent expression, "With all that I must love—" an electric torch flashed. A voice was heard "Ah! Gourista you are still here?"

The nocturnal meditator started back, and said "Is it Revaji? Why, what brought you here?"

Revaji replied "Nothing Gourista, but our friendship which involuntarily prompted me to expect to find you here. Our friendship, you see, is such that the souls themselves are in communion for ever with one another. By the by, why do you stay here? Are you still conjured by that devil of a widow's tricks? Let us leave this place. Come along." So saying Revaji took Gourista's hand and they both walked homewards. As they went along Gourista said to his friend, "What shall I do? Apart from her peerless virtue and manners, her angelic beauty makes me reflect often and often on her gloomy future. Oh! cursed, evil custom, which makes many such blooming flowers to 'waste its sweetness in the desert air'."

Revaji added "I abhor this custom Gourista. Such young widows must be allowed to marry again. Only the Brahmins follow this cruel custom. Fie! I pity your Sumathi—a nice young beauty!"

Gourista continued "Beauty? No, it is not for her beauty alone that I worry. But where can you find such virtue wedded to beauty? A pure soul embedded in a perfect frame? A curse on the custom that

mars her happiness! Brother, can you suggest some means to unite us?" "Sooner can one untie the Guardian knot!" exclaimed Revaji "Your parents are against it. Social law prevents it, and—"

Gourista interrupted "Yet why not we try?"

"Let us see" replied Revaji. "Well meet again tomorrow". As he said this, they were near Gourista's house, and leaving his friend at his gate, Revaji proceeded homewards reflecting thus:—"Sumathi, no doubt thou art beautiful. But I like thy wealth rather than thy beauty. If Gourista is to marry you, then what becomes of me? I who introduced you to him should go empty handed. No! no! now thou must be my willing slave, or thou perishest. Else I am no Revaji, and all that happened are dreams. Aye, Gourista shall be the bait with which thou art to be fished. You must be put into my basket. Yes surely you must be in my basket now, there is Pachy to help—Oh Sumathi!

II

In a cosy room utilised as a study, a young Brahmin girl of middle stature was unconsciously putting herself into a picturesque prose in front of her table. She now and then skipped over the following letter placed before her—

Vani Vilas,

1st Oct. 192 .

My dear Sumathi,

I am very glad to know of your success in the debate. I am extremely thankful to you in affording me an opportunity of writing to you. I expect to meet you tomorrow at 8 A. M. with the required book.

I shall ever remain,

Your faithful friend,

GOURISTA.

She was merged in meditation about the author of the letter thus:—

“ Oh Gourista! thou art more than life to me. From the moment I met you in that grove of palm trees when you walked all that distance to return my handkerchief which had slipped an instinctive feeling revealed to my heart that you are in some way connected with my life. Scarcely a fortnight has elapsed since Pachi introduced you to me. What with your amiable manners and deep knowledge; Your love never left my mind. Like a tendril that entwines itself round a tree, my heart yearns for your society.”

As she reflected thus, her next door neighbour and friend Pachi crept into the room, and slowly bending her corpulent frame, gave a slap on Sumathi's cheek.

“ What, always reading letters! ”

“ Yes, Pachy, yes,” said Sumathi. “ Reading his letters is a pleasure which I cannot forego.”

“ Fie, fie,” chuckled Pachi, “ Don't tell me about him. He is a hypocrite. How often have I asked you to look on his conduct with suspicion? Is not the evidence I have brought you sufficient to declare him to be a dishonourable man? For my part I hate him. Though at the time I brought him here, he seemed a good man, yet on further watching him, I have found him to be a villain. Even Revaji condemns his character.”

“ Why they are friends ”, retorted Sumathi.

“ Yes ” replied Pachi, “ My Revaji tries to justify him, but I think he is incorrigible! ”—

“ Anyhow, towards me he is not so, and I admire him much for that day's behaviour.”

“ Forbear Sumathi ” remonstrated Pachi “ You need not plead for him. He is a juggler. He carries a scorpion's tail behind.” “ A truce to your vociferous vituperations. I don't want your help ” reiterated Sumathi.

"Then, ruin seize thee, foolish girl! I must leave you now—Good night", cried Pachi, and danced out of the room.

III

The corpulent creature, crooked both in mind and body, directed her steps to a ruined temple close by. It was supposed to be a haunted place, and the common folk would never frequent the region after sunset. But Pachi used to meet her lover Revaji there. The clock struck eight as she entered the ruins. There was an imposing figure dressed in black, pacing to and fro before the forsaken deity.

"Are you come at last? I have been waiting for you here for more than half an hour. But I am ready to excuse you if you would assure me that matters are mended. Has that willful girl been brought round?"

Pachi replied "I can only do my best. I am very sorry to tell you that all my endeavours have been in vain."

"But that cannot be, Pachi" remarked Revaji. "Is she so very obstinate? With the narration of all that I told you, are you still not able to convince her of his character?"

"She flatly denies all, and holds to her opinion. Anyhow, I will try again."

"No, you need not," said Revaji. "I will adopt my last resource this very night. But keep it a secret if you fear death "Oh Revaji" cried out the wretched woman, "Your countenance is horrible. You are planning some violent deed; stay, stay, forbear! Forget, forgive!, harm him not!"

"Shut up, fool! or thy thick skull I shall crack. Go home and sleep soundly."

So saying, the villain emerged from the ruins and went towards Gourista's bungalow. His cruel heart was haunted by many a fearful and dangerous thought.

"That should not be" he muttered. "I must have her wealth, even if I die; this night shall decide all. What if he were my friend? Thousands of friends I can get when I am master of Sumathi's estates. But then, would she obey my dictates. Ay, that she shall. The knife which shall separate her from Gourista, can also unite her with me. This chimerian darkness shall envelop my deeds and befool the world."

IV

Bleak and forbidding was the scene that lay around Gourista. Night's black mantle, thicker than usual, covered the earth. All humanity—except those forgetful of the working of the wheel of fortune, which makes their woe or weal—were sweetly reposing after the day's toil. Nothing but the gurgling sound of the river P—and the mopings of the owl disturbed the calm. In the meantime, Gourista was listening to the whisperings of his companion Revaji, who had brought him to the river-bank for a lonely chat.

Ding, dong, there goes the bell; one, two.....eleven. "Your warning, Revaji, is as unnecessary as it is uncalled for. She will never have the heart to make me a laughing-stock. Nothing, man, can love her better than I. I will strive to make the knot tighter and tighter. Her happiness shall be my endeavour, and here do I vow to devote the rest of my life in doing her will. Oh! when I think of her innocence, and purity, that charming face with angelic sweetness—"

"Let the devil take her" cried out Revaji. "For God's sake and for your future good, cast her off."

"Never in this life!" expostulated Gourista. "Friend though you are, please don't interfere in this matter. My life would be barren without her."

"Will you throw my words to the winds? Your love seems stronger than your friendship. You must end with the one or the other!"

"I will never cast her off! sorry then, let us end our friendship."
"You provoke me" retorted Revaji. "Not to be my friend is to be my enemy. Think when you deal with Revaji, you deal with fire. Aye, but water can quench fire. What!!! fool" cried Revaji. "I am no more your friend. Look what is in my hand!" Where flashed a long knife lit up by the starlight.

"Here is my bare breast. Dive it deep if you dare" said Gourista, calmly, and removed his shirt.

"I am no coward to draw back at the eleventh hour. Take this!" cried Revaji, as he savagely raised his knife to stab Gourista.

At that moment, the bell of a carriage at hand sounded loud, and the villain shuddered. An instant's reflection made him dread the consequences of being found out in the very act of his bloody deed, and he ran away from the spot.

Gourista, astonished at first at the audacity of his companion, and exhausted by the rage in which the conversation was carried on, sat down on the green turf. Before long a horse and carriage was at the scene, and from the carriage, stepped out a young damsel, followed by a corpulent dame. It was Sumathi and Pachi. The latter in a fit of remorse and repentance, had revealed the villainy of Revaji.

C. V.

Our Trip to Narkanda.

We started from Simla at 9:40 A. M. that is Aunty, Daddy and myself, with 2 servants and our dog Bruin, 2 mules and our bedding in kit bags, tent and full company kit, all strapped on the two mules. Daddy walked and Aunty and I went in the rick. Between the 6th and 8th mile, I walked, that is near Wild Flower Hall Hotel where people come for the week ends. This place is quite pretty. There are many wild flowers growing on the hill side under the shade of pine and deodar trees, scarlet pimpernel blue bells, primulas, and daises, candidtuft. Between 1 and 2 we had lunch at the Kufri. It is a pretty place with big trees and quite a lot of flowers; there were mostly candidtuft, daises, and primulas. We stayed there for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour and had a lunch of cold meat with bread and butter. We boiled the kettle for tea by gathering twigs from the wood. We started again and I walked a little way where it was shady. Between mile $\frac{9}{3}$ and $\frac{9}{5}$ the hill-side on the right of the road was covered with wild Rhubarb. A little further on the hill side was carpeted with a variety of wild flowers, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile ahead there was a spring the clear water of which is protected with a sheet iron roof. A little further in the Kufri bazaar we saw a little child with a smaller child tied to her back. She looked very sweet. A little further on we saw a Gypsy family and our dog chased their little boy. We were now very near Fagu and the whole of the valley was covered with fields. When we got into Fagu first it was about $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3 P. M. The first thing we did was to pitch camp. When we had finished that one of the rickshaw men made a chula (hearth) and gathered some twigs for the cook to light a fire to boil the kettle for tea. After tea we made the beds for the night. After that between 6 P. M. and 7 P. M. we had our dinner which consisted of Boveril and some chicken which we brought from Simla. We then began to prepare for the night and were in bed at 20 to 8 with the lights out. We got up at 5 A. M. and had chota at 7 A. M. At about 8 A. M. we began to dress

and had our breakfast at 9 A. M. Daddy then took a snap of us at breakfast. Breakfast consisted of fried eggs and mutton curry. We then took down the tent and packed up our things and loaded the mules and left at about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 for Theog a journey of 5 miles and 5 furlongs. Most of the way was very sunny only about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile was shady. We got to Theog at 20 to 2 in the afternoon. While Daddy put up the tents the boy and the cook prepared lunch which consisted of chicken which we brought from Simla. In Theog there were a great many stray dogs and our dog always wanted to chase them and Bruin had a fight with one of them and they both went rolling down the hill side below the road. Then till tea which was at 4 P. M. Daddy slept, Aunty read and I knitted a little while before tea. Daddy and the cook made scones which were more like bread than scones. While Daddy and the cook were making scones Aunty and I went a little way up the road and a little way through the Bazaar which was nothing much, rather dirty. When we came back tea was ready. We ate the scone bread and a cup of tea each. Then before dinner which was at half past six P. M. Daddy, Aunty and the boy made the beds and put them into the tent. We had dinner which consisted of chicken made into stew Boveril and tin apricots as pudding. We went to sleep at 8 o'clock and were awake at 6 A. M. and were dressed at 7 A. M., had our breakfast at 8 A. M. We took down the tent and packed up our bedding and cooking things and loaded the mules and started for Matiana between 10 A. M. and 11 A. M. The road to Matiana was very pretty. Most of the road ran through wood lands with many springs, farms and flowers. The wood was mostly of pine and oak. One mile from Theog all of us walked. After the one mile Aunty got into the rick. At the third mile before I got in Daddy took a snap of a very pretty piece of road. We had lunch under the shade of some trees. After lunch most of the road was exposed till we got into Matiana.

The camping ground was much better than at Fagu and Theog. Daddy started to put up the tent and the 2 servants got tea ready. After tea the cook went to the bazaar to get two fowls and a leg of mutton which we had roasted for dinner. Before dinner the beds were made and put into the tent. For dinner, we had Bovril, roast mutton and tinned apricots for pudding. We went to bed at 20 to 8 with lights out and got up at 6 o'clock, had our chota as soon as we got up and were dressed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, packed up our bedding, had breakfast at 8 A. M., took down our tent, loaded the mules and started at 9.30 A. M. The march to Narkanda was very pretty. Most of the way was shady and there were many springs along the way. Daddy took a snap of a bend in the road. We had lunch at mile 35 under the shade of stately pines near an orchard owned by Mr. Wilson. We waited there till the mules came in. Tea was made from a kettle of water obtained from Mrs. Wilson. After lunch I went and bought 6 annas worth of apples from the place. The road after that was straight. When we got there we stayed at the..... House kindly lent to us by Father Udsh. We rested there the whole of the next day. After breakfast Daddy and I went for a ramble a little way off from the place in which we were staying. The place was very pretty; the hill side being covered with maiden hair ferns and all kinds of flowers. Daddy took 3 snaps one of the road with Bruin and me, one of the Narkanda bungalows and one of a wood a very pretty place full of maiden hair and ferns. We then came back to the house for tea. After tea Aunty read and Daddy and I sat by the fire. From the bungalow you can get a view of the snows including K2. We had dinner at 6 P. M. and went to bed with lights out at 8 P. M., got up in the morning at 7 A. M., had our breakfast and started at 9 o'clock and started back on our return journey. We got into

Matiana at 1 P. M. making a short halt at Mr. Wilson's Orchard to buy a few apples. The next day we left for Fagu stopping for an hour for lunch and also to rest the rickshaw men. We got into Fagu at about 4 o'clock. When we arrived there it was very windy; so we had to go into the Dak bungalow. In the morning from Fagu we could get a view of the snows. At about 9 o'clock, we set out for Simla sending the cook ahead of us to get the house opened. We arrived between 1 and 2 in the afternoon but found the house locked up. We stayed for a little while in a lady's house till Daddy came and opened it by taking out a pane of glass. We all having enjoyed our trip very much but were glad to get home.

T. E. B. WATTS.

(Aged 11.)

Who wrote Scott's Novels.

Two friends 'Ivanhoe' and 'Quentin Durward' were very curious to know who wrote Scott's Novels. - As they were riding towards 'Castle Dangerous' to ask 'Count Robert of Paris' whether he knew anything about it, they were attacked by 'The Pirate'. Fortunately, however, having escaped from him with the aid of 'Rob Roy,' they sought shelter in 'The monastery' at 'Kenilworth' where 'The Abbot' treated them kindly. They were here discussing about 'The fortunes of Nigel' when 'The Black Dwarf' thrust himself upon their company. Being a

talkative little person, he told them, 'The legend of Montrose,' and before retiring, he gave them 'The Talisman' saying that, whoever wore it was sure to win 'The fair Maid of Perth'.

The next morning the two friends resumed their journey, and this time they met 'Guy Mannering' and 'Anne of Geierstein,' 'The Betrothed' pair, and asked them if they knew who wrote Scott's novels. But they could not answer the question because their minds were quite restless after hearing of 'The story of Prince Charlie' who had drowned himself in 'Saint Ronan's Well' because he could not wed 'The Bride and Lammermoor.'

However, the two friends continued their journey till at last they met 'The Antiquary' and 'Old mortality' together, and asked them the same question about Scott's novels. These two old men knew it, and one of them said "Tis sixty years Since' I read any Scott's novels; but I know who wrote them, and I'm not going to give out the secret just now!"

And so, the two friends are still enquiring as to who wrote Scott's novels. I can't help them. Can you?

M. F.

The Youth.

The scene was the dreary room of a hostel redolent of musty books and the Stale smell of that favourite dish, Sambar. The youth himself was there seated on a stiff chair before a stiffer table on which lay scattered a medley of note-books and text books in various stages of wear and tear. It was evident the youth was preparing for an examination or at least trying honestly to fix his mind to it for the way in

which his arms and legs spoke implied that they would sooner wield a racquet or kick a ball than remain cooped up the way they were made to do.

The youth was quickly turning over the pages of his Shakespeare—two more voluminous note-books of him to go through when the morning outside was fast beginning to weave a magic glory on all things beautiful! Golden weather ran like a song through his heart, ran like new wine through his blood. In sheer despair he looked at the reference books fresh from the library on his rickety shelf. His eyes fell less anxiously on his "Golden Treasury"—he would amuse himself with that—it might help him in his poetry paper!

The youth opened the book: his eyes alighted on:—

"Grow old along with me the best is yet to be"

Ah! Ah! The youth laughed—"That is the rhyme of the old optimist whose love story was not yet over!" The youth loved Browning at odd places, at odd times. What a pity he wrote "Sordello" and all the other wretched stuff! He turned over the pages—"The Lotus Eaters" How Soothing the melody of it, how disquieting the thought!

"Death is the end of Life Ah! why should Life all labour be!"

The youth closed the book with a bang! Books were getting on his nerves! Besides the morning was making bright faces at him through his barred window. He swung himself out of the room.

"Death?" He looked up at the sky and laughed. He looked down at his limbs and again he laughed—Very sincerely. "Life is sweet, brother; Sun and Moon and Stars, brother: there is a wind among the trees," he sang, leaning against the Gate, feeling supremely

happy. Then he stood erect and stretched himself—he felt one with the morning. Soon he found his class-mate yonder reading. “Hullo ! Still mugging hard’ Yes, yes, the Shakespeare paper next week Time enough for it man.”

That was a little cloud but it soon passed. No cloud could dim the joy which the day promised him. He leapt the gate. “Death ?” he laughed again. “Who Speaks ?” Guess now who holds thee ? Down the road the silver answer came—Not Death but Love.”

The youth walked down the road—his feet quickened, faltered, quickened. Ah ! there she was coming up the road in her little pink jacket.” Would She look at him this time ? His heart beats wildly. A new sensation draws out his tenderest smile and makes his eyes shine with careless rapture. They meet. He Smiles with meaning. She Smiles demurely very shyly looking at him for just one moment. O, heaven !

That was the beginning and the end of all things for the youth. He shut his eyes and saw rain bows in the making. There was a pink and white smile everywhere. He smiled again, this time to the memory of a smile and every body smiled with him. Soon there were miles and miles of smiles. Life was worth while because she smiled !.

How that College Bell jarred upon his senses ! Dreamily he walked into class and sat down among the others. First Period Shakespeare—, So said the Time Table. “Othello” was the text. The lecture began, but soon the youth was lost in a story all his own.

Suddenly his neighbour shook him and a voice half-mocking, half reproving was telling him : “You are sleeping over there, Sundar !” “No, Sir”, The youth said with a start.

“Are you aware of the subject we were discussing just now ?” “Yes, Sir . . . I think you said, Sir that...that...Desde mona smiled at Othello.

"Rubbish!"

The class roared much to the youth's embarrassment. He grew very hot in the face.

At 4 o'clock in the evening, the youth was free to live his own life.

Tennis of course! The youth played as he never played before—his friends were surprised. They saw in him at once the champion of the year. Bang! Bang! Did the spectators notice that shot? "Splendid!" "Played!" he heard on all sides. One set was enough for him this evening. He wanted time to turn his thoughts to a pet subject. He walked along as though the road belonged to him alone, walked with eager eyes aglow longing for the next glad hour that was to dawn. And all the while his heart said: let me hurry on! Let me hurry on!

His mind rushed back to the smile of the morning. He felt himself a man and in love and that was a proud feeling. His heart was full with a thousand sweet secrets. He remembered his wise friend, Sadhu; he would confide in him and give his over-burdened heart relief.

Sadhu greeted the youth in the grave manner of a young book worm. After a few moment's talk about books and lectures Sadhu said "you are bursting with some news; out with it man!"

The youth laughed rather guiltily. "Ah! yes" he tried hard to put on a careless air—"its about some one I admire—its about Kamala Sadhu. I am beginning to feel very serious about it all."

"Yes, I know her family but didn't you hear the news? She is engaged to Sivaram who finishes his College course this year. So you have'nt the ghost of a chance. I say, old chap, you are still in your teens—you have no money, no position, not even a proper exam to your credit."

The youth suddenly saw the world around him grow grey. His hopes which came with the sunrise as quickly faded with the last rays of the setting sun. Ah! yes, Sadhu was right. Who was he to aspire to love!—a poor youth, who had yet to plod through three weary years of study and then make a place for himself in this hard, old world, and the maid of his dreams was the promised bride of an older and better man. The youth felt cold; he shivered.

"Turn your thoughts to your books and pass your exams, man", said the wise acre, Sadhu.

But the youth only smiled bitterly, "and after the exams?—sweep the streets or swell the crowd of the poor unemployed, eh?"

"That's another matter, man. Keep yourself going and fit yourself for the battle of life" — so spoke wisdom from the corner.

But the youth walked home in great bitterness of spirit. Suddenly he stood stock still. He would fight; he would stick to his guns; he would win, he must win. He would begin with the work which lay nearest him—lose himself in study. To-day was his, to-morrow would take care of itself and Kamala—she would be happy. Now his thoughts burned unreasonably with anger against the man who was to be hers. "I know that puppy," he said to himself.

The next day The Youth glared fiercely at Sivaram. If only he could have it out with him! They met at tennis that evening. The Youth aimed every ball at his rival and played a mad, reckless game. The next satisfaction he got was when he deliberately jammed into Sivaram's bicycle and knocked him over. There followed a mad exchange of words which would have ended in blows if the policeman had not severed the impact. The Youth suddenly turned upon the intruder. The policeman, as is his wont, turned tail and slunk away. Sivaram filed a complaint but the case was thrown out. It was mere accident.

So the Youth spent his nights in long fits of reading and his days in great bitterness against the whole world. Each time he met Sivaram his blood boiled and he clenched his fists and Sivaram wondered why the Youth was so set against him. He racked his mind for a cause but could not find one.

One hot evening the Youth went to the river for a dip. For a long while he stood on the loose sand of the shore musing. The river seemed to comfort him and its rippling waters sang him back to peace and harmony. All the cares of life seemed far away, falling away from him and in their place a sweet peacefulness seemed to fill his heart and a voice from the river said: "True Life is Sacrifice". He caught at the words, he mused again, and life seemed to be filled with a new meaning for him.

Just then he heard further up the river a choked voice calling to him for help and desperate hands trying to cling to something in vain. The Youth had no time to lose if he must save the drowning man. He splashed into the water and swam towards mid-stream. As he neared the drowning man came up and the Youth saw to his dismay that it was his enemy, Sivaram.

For a moment a wild thought ran through his mind like a flame. What if he let him drown! Life might be happier for him. But it was only a moment's thought. He again heard the voice of the river, "True life is Sacrifice!" There was no hesitation now. Quickly he reached the drowning man and with a strength born of determination he held him in a tight grip and managed to keep his head above water. In the meantime others had gathered on the bank and a rope was thrown to them. The Youth caught at the rope and put it into Sivaram's hand who clung to it with all his remaining strength. He was quickly pulled ashore.

But where was the Youth? Not a trace of him on the wide waters of the river. People ran about the shore eager to save him, ready to throw the rope to him. Alas! in his case the whirlpool had done its work.

They found the Youth's body only after some hours far from the scene of the disaster. Lifeless but beautiful he lay, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking in this world.

The College proclaimed him a hero and gave him a grand funeral. His friends stood in groups talking of him. "What a good boy he was!" one said. "So brilliant!" said another. "He was making such splendid progress particularly this last term", from a Professor. "Quite a champion at tennis", said a sportsman, and so on and so on they heaped praises over the dead body of the Youth while in life, when he most needed it there were none to praise him, or love him or give him understanding and sympathy.

And more, on his tombstone they carved: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man gave up his life for his friend."

How We Kept Our Principal's Birthday.

This year our "Birthday Party" took the form of an excursion to Warkalay than which no more ideal place could be thought of within our reach combining as it does beauty of sea and hill and river with possibilities for observation and inference. To the student dreamer it is replete with matter for imagination, where she can find a fairy tale in every nook and work her sense of wonder from any angle, and to the student of reason Warkalay is just what it is pure and simple. We cannot exactly tell how many fairy tales were woven or how many scientific observations made, but we do know that a very happy, jolly one it was, this all-day picnic of ours.

Well, to begin, to give it all due dignity we must say we went in cars, not those weeny-teeny little insignificant cars, but in real long, rambling, rumbling conveyances which bear the disproportionate name of "bus". The while you travel in it you close your eyes and think of a thousand furies and pardemonium, of a heaven above and a hell below, of all your sins of omission and commission and the penance thereof! But we had the true excursion spirit which enjoys the-going-there as much as the-getting-there. So we drowned the creaks and cranks of our bus with loud merry chatter the while with robust optimism we whispered when all the earth around went flying, spinning :

"God's in His Heaven

All's right with the world."

O, but we did enjoy it all thoroughly!

We were making for our shelter for the day—the Maidan Bungalow. There was a shout of joy when its cool, thatched roof and the wind among the casurina welcomed us. One by one with a shriek and

a groan the buses stopped in front of the house. Its caretaker ran to meet us as though he were our life-long friend, and then, as customary, silently and quickly vanished from the scene!

Now was confusion difficult to describe. It was all something like this:

In and out, in and out,

Every, anywhere about,

Feet a hurry

Wings a flurry

Helter—skelter,

Came the shout!

Twenty times full twenty

School girls in the plenty

Day of Youth—

Fun and laughter—all in truth

In an open Nature school

With hardly ever any rule.

Our Principal reminded us of the springs of Warkalay. It did not take long to reach them in spite of the sun. Pure spouts of water perpetually falling from the green hill-side. How refreshing! It was all too tempting to resist the cool flow of water in the hot sun light. Some of us laved in it to our hearts' content while others explored the hill-side and had a long perspective of the canal lying like a length of green ribbon in between its ferny banks. After our bath and a little bit of sight-seeing we climbed the way back to our shelter and the whole hill-side echoed with the sounds of merry voices.

Need we say we were hungry! Never was food more welcome to the easy appetite of youth. Never was the "boley" so sweet or the "jelaiby" so delicious! But we must come to the ceremonious part of our picnic. When we uncovered the Birthday Cake and made our

Principal cut it while three different choirs at least one after another Sang Birthday songs and Many Happy Returns of the Day. One could easily have seen that our Principal was thrilled. But alas! great emotion is always an appetite killer. She ate next to nothing but had recourse to three cups of tea which thanks to our "chief" was excellent.

We had "Charades" after lunch and the impromptu make-ups and acting were both interesting and amusing. But the Sea-Siren was calling to us; there was a cliff besides which we had yet to explore. The lumbering buses again came in handy and they took us to the camp-shed. In a few minutes we were there facing the utter blue of the sea. There below it lay, a great blue heaving, glistening sheet fringed here and there with foam with a bright blazing sun high on the horizon, for it was only three o'clock in the afternoon. The sea has always enough of salt to keep it sweet for all time, for any time. How irresistible it is to the responsive heart of Youth! The girls were already there running up and down with the mad waves, as free and irresponsible as the ocean itself. Away to the right was the pink face of the cliff with the sun full upon it. It was too hot to inspect it closer. We only saw it as part of an incomparable picture and it was enough. While the girls enjoyed the sea at close quarter some of us found natural seats under the spreading palms where a native of the place who was inclined to be more voluble than any we had met gave us little interesting sketches of the fishing population of the village.

The next item of our programme was to go in open boats through the tunnel and get back to our buses before five o'clock. The boats lay ready—we crowded in much to the distress of our boatmen who had not bargained for anything like a whole boatful of fidgety school girls

out on a holiday! It was very pleasant on the water, and the merry round of

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream,
Merrily, merrily, Merrily merrily
Life is but a dream.

kept the boats buoyed up more than the pole of the much bemused boatman. Soon the tunnel appeared into which our boats noisily glided one after the other awakening a thousand echoes.

We were out of the tunnel and up the bank and into the buses sooner than we expected and at five in the evening we were all ready for the return home which to many seemed tame after the rollicking adventures of the day. Our "tea" was carefully packed and put into our hands by way of giving us fortitude to bear the rigours of the 25 miles we had to do ere we reached home. As we passed each bus there were lusty cheers and much noise was raised along with the dust.

It was seven in the evening before we came creaking within the shadow of our College porch. "Are you tired?" We asked the girls we might as well have asked the British soldiers' "Are you down hearted?" There were many more cheers and much throwing of flowers and garlanding and many more songs for our Principal before we could let her go home. It was now or never—every one got round her and sang and shouted and cheered and while some threw on her petals others picked them off her dress and hair and face! It was the perfect end of a most perfect day.

SELECTED.

Seaside Sights.

Sandy stretches, surging surf, salty smells,
Shelving shore, scorching sun, shining shells,
Sprinkling spray, sparkling surface, stormy sky,
Stuffed stages, sprightly spinsters, suitors shy.
Stylish suits, soaked stockings, splashed skirts,
Sly sparking, soft speeches, summer shirts,
Shrieking swimmers, shapely shoulders, sick swains.
Skinny shins, sunshades, stretching scenes.
Scudding schooners, screw steamers, sloops, sails,
Small smacks, strong sailors, silvery scales,
Saving stations, signals, streamers, shrouds, spars,
Skilful skippers steering ships, seats, stars.
Savage sharks, sea serpents, skates, soles,
Snipe, snappers, shrimps, scollops, sunken shoals,
Sea spiders, swarming skeeters, seagulls,
Silly singers, soulful strollers, swift sculls.
Solid sleep, startling scores, saline sniffs,
Strapped strangers, stern sires, shallops, skiffs,
Splurging striplings, sappy snobs, sudden squalls,
Sedgy swams, scarfs, satins, silks, shawls,
Sabbath sinners, social scandal, sinkers, snells,
Scheming scamps, Simple simons, sporting swells.

H. C. DODGE.

WOMAN OF 100 WHO LIVES ALONE.

HER TWO GREAT-GREAT -GRAND CHILDREN.

GRIMSBY, Wednesday,

Although she is 100, Mrs. Ann Smith, of Limber, near Grimsby, lives alone and does all her own housework, keeps cheerful, and, she says, feels like living a long time yet.

She reached her century to-day.

A native of Horncastle, she came to Limber with her husband, a farm labourer. He earned 10s. a week, and out of that they had to feed eleven children and pay rent.

She has 16 children, 45 grandchildren, 90 great-grandchildren, and two great-great grandchildren. Her husband was 84 when he died.

"I never learned to read or write," she told me, "but life is not dull for me. I am always busy keeping my cottage clean or making bonnets. I feel like living a long time yet."

N. B. 10 s. a week, might represent rather less than Rs. 10 a month in spending power

S. B. W.

From the Morning Post of 21st January 1928.

PASSION PLAY IN JAPAN.

UNIQUE WORK BY NATIVE

GOSPEL STORY FROM A NEW ANGLE.

Reverent Treatment

Tokyo

One of the most remarkable and striking plays ever staged in Japan came to an end in December last. This is "The Christ," a dramatisation of some of the leading events in the life of Christ.

Written by a non-Christian Japanese and acted by non-Christians, it, nevertheless, deals reverently and sympathetically with the Gospel story, which, with a few minor exceptions, it follows closely.

It seems that Koryoku Sato, its author, once saw the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau. Good, however, as were the actors and the staging there. Christ, he thought, was made to appear too weak and effeminate. He determined, therefore, to produce a similar play in Japanese, based on his own conception of the Messiah and of the other leading characters, emphasising in particular the wonderful love of this Saviour of the world for mankind and showing His manly strength of character and majestic personality. In so far as his interpretation of the Central Figure is concerned, he has succeeded admirably, though there may be some who might take exception to his treatment of some of the other Gospel characters.

Mary Magdalene, for instance, is shown as being quite incapable until the final scene at the Sepulchre on the Resurrection morning, of distinguishing between spiritual and physical love. Her sudden realisation of this difference is strikingly shown, however, in the final scene when Christ speaks to her in the garden.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL MARY

Mary, the Mother of Jesus, is also depicted in rather a different way from the usually accepted version, for she is shown as a gentle, but rather querulous old woman, whose motherly love makes her try to dissuade her Son from exposing Himself to such constant dangers.

The conception of these two characters, though not strictly in accordance with the Gospel story, is understandable, and being that of a non-Christian, is of particular interest.

The principal part, played by Shojiro Sawada, one of the leading actors in Japan, was magnificently done, and the make-up was perfect, tallying in every respect with the popularly accepted appearance as depicted in pictures and carved figures of Christ.

In all there were five acts of twelve scenes, the most striking of which, in order of sequence, were the dance of Salome before Herod and his wife, the Last Supper, the trial before Pontius Pilate, the road to Golgotha, and the Crucifixion itself.

The last named was particularly impressive and wonderfully portrayed—the dark, forbidding hill-top lit up by flashes of lightning, with the three crosses set up on the sky line; the central Figure, naked except for a white loin cloth, with blood streaming from the pierced side; the two male factors, the one reviling Him and the other rebuking the reviler; the small silent group with the Blessed Mother kneeling at the foot of the Cross, and the Roman soldiers watching on, some of them showing complete indifference while others are visibly moved. The dramatic effect could not have been bettered.

The Last supper was portrayed with equal fidelity to detail and was seemingly based on the famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci of which it was an almost exact reproduction,

PETER'S DENIAL.

Peter's three-fold denial and his subsequent penitence, and the terrible remorse of Judas, the interpretation of whose character from start to finish was one of the outstanding things in the play, were shown to great effect; but, with the possible exception of the Crucifixion, the most arresting piece of acting occurred in the scene on the road to Golgotha with the crowds booing and jeering as Christ, with the crown of thorns on His head, stumbles wearily along and finally collapses under the weight of His cross.

The soldiers start kicking Him and lashing Him with whips in order to make Him rise when out from the crowd comes a burly young countryman, who threatens to fight them if they persist in their cruelty. The soldiers laugh at his anger and say, "Why! He is only a common criminal, so what does it matter?" Back comes the angry reply, "He may be only a criminal, but even criminals are human."

Historically there is nothing to show that Simon the Cyrenian acted quite in this manner, but there is something very true to life in the action of this honest, burly young yokel, who knows nothing about the condemned man or the reason for His condemnation, and is actuated solely and entirely by a desire to see fair play.

These are but a few of the more striking features in a play which, of its kind, is probably unique by reasons of its composition and production by non-Christians.

List of Exchanges.

1. The Queen Mary's College Magazine.
2. The Sun-flower.
3. The Journal of the Travancore Teachers' Association.
4. The Students' Own Magazine, Trichur.
5. The Hyderabad Youth, Hughes Town, Hyderabad.
6. The Students' Chronicle and Serampore College Magazine.
7. Our Little Paper.
8. St. Thomas College Magazine, Trichur.
9. Our Little Friend, Ernakulam.
10. The Scholar, Palghat.
11. The Old College Magazine, Trivandrum.
12. Mahilamandiram, Trivandrum.
13. Excelsior, St. Berchmans' College, Changanachery.
14. The Pachayappa's College Magazine, Madras.
15. The Indian Thinker, Trivandrum.
16. A Government College Miscellany, Government College, Mangalore.
17. The Maharajah's College Magazine, Ernakulam.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Copy of the Resolution passed at the meeting of the Editorial Committee held on 25-1-22.

"That silver and gold stars be offered for competition and that the procedure to be followed in giving effect to this Resolution be as noted below:—

(a) Each paper sent in may be on any subject, e. g., Interview or Review, or Mail bag or Contribution.

(b) The paper must be clearly marked "For Competition."

(c) In each issue one paper under each category will be judged best; or,

(d) If the quality falls short of the desired standard no judgment may be given.

(e) Any competitor gaining three judgments will be entitled to a silver star and the winning of three silver stars will entitle a competitor to a gold star.

A supplementary resolution to the one quoted above was passed at the meeting of the Editorial Committee held on 3rd August 1925 and runs as follows:—

"Resolved that the contributions of Past Students and Present Students be judged separately for the award of the "Stars" for literary merit.

The "Judgment" in this issue is not awarded.

CALENDAR.

Date in Christian Era.	Date in Malabar Era.	Day.	Events.
March 31st to 1928	Meenam 18th 1103	Saturday to	Summer Vacation.
July 1st "	Mithu. 18th "	Sunday	
" 15th "	" 32nd "	Sunday	Dakshnayana Punnyakalam Karkataka Seevali at Trivandrum Karkataka Vavu orikal. Holiday.
" 16th "	Kar. 1st "	Monday	Karkataka Vavu. "
Aug. 15th "	" 31st "	Wednesday	New Moon, Adi Aruthi. "
" 16th "	Chin. 1st 1104	Thursday	Avanipurappu. "
" 19th "	" 4th "	Sunday	Vinayakachathurthi "
" 25th to	" 10th to	Saturday to	Onam Holidays.
Sept. 9th "	" 25th "	Sunday	

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