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WOMEN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

We owe an apology to our readers for the late issue of this number.

The last term of the college year was a very short one and a very busy one so that there was no time to do all that was planned to be done.

The new building is now quite completed and will be occupied in its entirety when the college reopens in July.

The construction of the Indian Music Hall is proceeding rapidly and the building is expected to be completed by the end of this month.

By the time this Magazine is in the hands of our readers there will have been changes again in the college staff which will be duly chronicled in the next issue.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

As the college was very busy with the arrangements for Miss Watts' Farewell Entertainment and the Sri Mulam Sports, there was scarcely any evening free to hold our usual club meetings. Still a few were arranged. There was a debate on 'Vegetarianism' conducted purely by the Junior Intermediate students. At another of the meetings of the society, J. Bhagirathi Amma, one of the Senior Intermediate students, read an account of C. V. and his contribution to Malayalam Literature. Miss M. I. Rosemeyer, the Ag. English Professor, with her characteristic humour and vividness of presentation, spoke on Toru Dutt and Mrs. Naidu at one of the special meetings of the club. The club was also particularly fortunate in having Mr. K. Ramachandran, a Graduate of the Viswa Bharathi University at one of its special meetings to speak on Santiniketan and Sabarmati. This year is also unique in that almost for the first time in the history of the college, we celebrated the valedictory meeting of the various college clubs together, on a grand scale. There was a large gathering of ladies present. The valedictory address was delivered by Miss Brentnall, and prizes were awarded to winners in sports, elocution competitions and fancy dress. It was, indeed, gratifying to see the students leaving for a time the heavier preparations for examinations and coming out merrily to join the sports and to take part in the variety entertainment.

SPORTS CLUB.

The sports club has endeavoured to give the various teams every facility to train and keep themselves in form. In the second term of the school year three matches were played. The first two were a badminton and a rounders match between the students. The third was also a rounders match between the lady members of the staff and students. The game was most interesting and exciting, in spite of the little practice the staff had had. The students won the game by a few points. In the third term our students were most active, practising for the Sri Mulam Ladies sports tournament. They took part in all the games open to ladies *viz.*, Tennis singles and doubles, and Badminton. The badminton finals were played in the High school court between the Y. W. C. A. and college teams. Both the games were won by the college team. In the tennis singles, Miss Janet Ruth Joshua came out victorious and won the silver cup. In the tennis doubles too we were fortunate, the college thereby winning all the trophies of the Sri Mulam Sports Tournament.

ARTS CLUB.

During this last term the Arts Club was unusually active. There were three very interesting meetings. On the 6th of March was held an ordinary meeting of the Arts Club with Miss Carrapiett in the chair. The programme consisted of three or four interesting items. First of all there was the Violin solo by Sry. Kunju Kutty Amma whose exquisite touch on the instrument evoked universal admiration. Next came an interesting comic song by Miss Stelle Roche. Last of all came a series of Tableaux * (i) "Sakuntala with her friends, writing the love letter".

(ii) "Two friends of the wide, wide world" which set the audience in roars of laughter.

(iii) "Damayanti and the Sivan" the representation of which was a splendid success. Miss Kamala Bai, who impersonated Damayanti looked every inch of her, that romantic princess. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

The Second meeting, this term, came off on the 8th of March, kindly presided over by Miss Carrapiett. The 1st item consisted of an orchestra. The band of violin, veena, mandolin and piano struck up a lively melody, which was heartily appreciated by all. This was followed by a drama "*Kurupilla Kalari*". The actors acquitted themselves creditably. The meeting came to a close with a few appreciatory remarks from, and vote of thanks to, the chair.

The combined valedictory meetings of the three Clubs was held on the 11th of March, under the presidency of our Lady Principal, the speaker of the evening being Miss Brentnall of the Y. W. C. A. The items were elocution, sports and the contribution of the Arts Club, this being, music, a fancy dress competition, and a few tableaux. The meeting, the first of its kind in our college, was a grand success and terminated with the presentation of prizes to the successful competitors at about 6-30 P. M.

HOSTEL NOTES.

The Hostel Union continued to be active during the last two terms.

An ordinary meeting was held on Saturday, the 13th October 1928, with Sry. Priyamvada in the chair when Sry. M. Janaki Amma spoke on 'എഴുത്തമ്മനും മലയാള ഭാഷയും.'

An "Ottam Thullal" was conducted on Tuesday the 23rd October, 1928, under the auspices of the Union. The performance was greatly appreciated, especially as the actor was a boy of about ten.

A general meeting was held on Saturday, 3rd November 1928, at which "stump" speeches were made both in English and in Malayalam on simple and humorous subjects. Sry. N. Ammini Amma presided on the occasion.

A special meeting was held to celebrate the birthday of Her Highness the Maharani Regent.

The items were music, English and Malayalam recitations, toast to Her Highness, some scenes from Mr. C. V's farces, and comic songs.

At an ordinary meeting held on the 30th January, 1929, with Miss Annamma Cherian in the chair, a debate was held when Sry. K. Gouri Amma moved the proposition that married women should not be allowed to hold Government offices. Sry. K. Sarada Amma opposed the proposition which was rejected by the house after a lively debate. A special meeting was held on Saturday, the 2nd March 1929, when Professor Srinivasan gave a very successful Harikathakalakshepam, the story being Chithrasenopaghyanam.

The valedictory meeting was held on Saturday, the 9th March, 1929 with Miss Carrapiett in the chair when, Professor Sahasranama Iyer gave an interesting and instructive lecture on "The Idea of Progress".

VISITOR.

THE NAWAB OF BANGANAPALLI.

Smiles and Tears in Poetry.

Life has been compared to a music-book in which white and black notes are mixed, all together making excellent harmony, for we only know too well how roses and rue mingle, how sorrow jostles our joy.

It is not surprising therefore to find frequently figuring in poetry, those striking expressions of joy and sorrow—smiles and tears.

Not only are there fine poems that have smiles, laughter and tears as their theme, but scattered through innumerable poems are allusions to these indications of emotion. Again, smiles, laughter and tears furnish the poet with picturesque imagery.

Let us first consider the metaphorical use of these terms. Here are some expressive figures of speech in Poetry :

Nature has a voice of gladness and a smile of eloquence and beauty.

As nature wears the smile of Spring

When sinking into summer's arms.

"O good gigantic smile of the brown earth"

"Where the quiet coloured end of evening smiles

Watch your mirth.

Unsharing in the liberal laugh of earth

Blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake

The wanton airs through the tree-top

Laughingly through the lattice drop.

April, laugh thy girlish laughter

Weep thy girlish tears.

Now woods of winter glee

Their tears upon the thorn."

What a wonderful world of smiles in poetry, smiles of children, smiles of men and women, smiles of angels, smiles of the Infant Christ, smiles of God.

Smiles brimming over with good nature, springing from an innocent heart! Winning smiles, alluring smiles, sneering smiles, humorous smiles! wonderful smiles, transfiguring smiles.

Let me briefly illustrate some of these.

"It flows from the fresh fountain of her heart
True smile of nature, all untaught by art".

"A smile that turns the sunny side of the heart
On all the world as if herself did win
By what she lavished on an open mart".

The smile of a child

"It added glory to the earth".
"Without the smile from partial beauty win
Oh! what were man, a world without a sun".

"Her loveliness I never knew
Till first she smiled on me."

"There is danger in men's smiles."
"One may smile and smile and be a villain."
"Silent smiles of slow disparagement."

"The fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean"

"Smile you into treason."
"And with the morn those angel faces smile."

"Ah! see what a wonderful smile;
Shall I hide it away in my heart,
To remember one day in a world of pain,
When the years have thrust us apart".

"How soon a smile of God can change the world".

It will be obvious from the above quotations that smiles are not expressions of joy alone.

Smiles may be marks of deep emotions or pain. Mrs. Browning's poem 'A Mask' illustrates this perfectly—

"Behind no prison gate she said
Which slurs the sun shine half a smile
Live captives so uncomforted
As souls behind a smile."

While the close of the poem Incident in a French camp—

"Smiling
The boy fell dead"

illustrates how a smile concealed intense physical pain.

A smile may comfort as in Meredith's "Love in a valley"

"And her smile
can heal no less."

A smile may teach, as in George Macdonald's poem :—

"Smiles better teachers are than words'.

Our smiles are often won at the cost of others' tears :—

"Is there ever a smile upon a living face
That doth not mean some living face's tears."

Smiles alternate with tears ;—

"All smiles come in such a wise
Where tears shall fall or have of old
Like northern lights that fill the heart
Of Heaven in sign of cold."

Tears may express other feelings than sorrow—they may even spring from joy. In one of the verses of Robert Bridge "Growth of Love" he mentions all the tears that a mother may shed.

"Tears of love, tears of joy ; and tears of care
Comforting tears that feel uncomforted ;
Tears o'er the new born and tears beside the dead,
Tears of hope, pride and pity trust and prayer

Tears of contrition—all tears whatsoever
Of Tenderness and kindness had she shed

Tears give relief to the burdened spirit.

“Tears are summer showers to the soul

To keep it fresh and green”

Tears are “woman’s weapons”

“And the tear that is wiped with a little address

May be followed, perhaps by a smile.”

Tears are efficacious intercessors with God.

“God says nothing is lost that is wrought with tears”.

Tears enhance Love :—

“Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.”

Tears of remembrance are sweet :—

“Tears from the depths of some divine despair

Rise in the heart and gather in the eyes

In looking at the happy Autumn fields

And thinking of the days that are no more.”

In Dolben’s exquisite tribute to his Mother called “The shrine”
we have the lovely lines.

“The angels’ tears in tender rain

Would make the temple theirs again”

How beautiful is the picture of the father in Patmore’s poem,
gazing at his son’s tear-stained face

“Kissing away his tears, left there my own.”

What a lovely mingling of smiles and tears in the last verse of the
Blessed Damosel beginning : “I heard her smile” and closing “I
saw her tears”.

Landor has a brief poem in epigrammatic style on “A smile”.

John Drinkwater’s poem of the Dreaming John of Graffons contains
a verse full of Nature’s laughter with which John’s laughter is in unison.

John Masefield's poem "Laugh and be merry" has excellent advice.
I quote the second verse :—

"Laugh and be merry, remember in olden time
God made Heaven and Earth for
Joy He took in a rhyme
Made them and filled them full with
The strong red wine of His mirth
The splendid joy of the stars
The joy of the earth"

There is a delightful legend of the Marigold celebrated by a writer in Punch, which tells how the flower got its golden tint. I give the concluding lines :—

And all the flowers bowed down,
For holy was the place.
Only a little common flower
Looked boldly up and smiled
To see the happy Mother come
A carrying her child.
The little child — She laughed aloud
To see the smiling flower
And as She laughed the marigold
Turned gold in that same hour
For she was gay and innocent
He loved to see her so :
And from the splendour of His face
She caught a golden glow.

Maynard has a mystical song of laughter :—

"The stars with their laughter are shaken,
The long waves laugh at sea
And the little imp of Laughter
Laughs in the soul of me.

I know the guffaw of a tempest
 The mirth of a blossom and bud ;
 But I laugh when I think of how
 Cuchulan laughed
 At the crows with their bill in his blood.
 The mother laughs low at her baby,
 The bride-groom with joy in his bride,
 And I thine that Christ laughed when they
 took *Him with staves*
 On the night before He died."

There is a lovely modern lyric which has this verse:—

"If all the tears thou madest mine
 Set in thy heaven for stars could shine
 Thou shouldst not want for light
 Even in the darkest night."

O' Shaugnessy's "Fountain of tears" is a beautiful long poem, full of melody and pathos.

"Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain
 Reached after dry desert and mountain,
 You shall fall down at length in your weeping
 And bathe your sad face in the tears".

Miss Rees, in a sonnet, wonders at the idleness of Tears, and concludes thus, with an appeal to the spirits of the Dead:

"By every cup of sorrow that you had
 Loose me from tears and make me see aright
 How each hath back what once he stayed to weep
 Homer his sight, David his little lad".

Mrs. Bartlett on the contrary says

"Nay, take the laughter, rather leave me tears

Good angels, they bestow
The rhythm born of heaven for saddened ears
No one who sorrows ever walks alone."

Jane Foster weeps tears over her old self :

"These drops are for the little child that knew
The sun was hot, the skies were sometimes blue
And these are tears for shy sweet maidenhood"

I quote as conclusion Minnie Hanen's terms fine sonnet

To a Tear

Within the prismic confines of thy sphere
Is held the pathos of a wide world's cry,
Grief's jewel thou, and laughter's fantasy
Live's shining herald, Pain's one constant peer
Caught in a child's blue eyes, all crystal clear
There seemest heaven's dew from heaven's far sky.
The rain-bow's end in rosebud cheeks to lie
A universal message, thine O tear.
Wherever life hath woven its changeful web
Scarlet of sorrow, smiles of silver hue
Wherever human fortunes flow and ebb
There art thou strong to solace and renew
Jesus, for love of Lazarus, felt thy touch
And Magdalen melted, knew thee over-much.

M. I. R.

An Invisible Cap.

Aeroplanes—wire-less sets—gramaphones—motor cars—we may possess none of these modern luxuries and yet be happy. We may even consider them doubtful benefits—involving as they do, possibilities of peril to life and limb, probabilities of loss of temper and nerve.

Who has not wished that scientists had taxed their ingenuity to invent that fairy gift, par excellence—an invisible cap?

O blessed boon!—panacea of so many ills that flesh is heir to—universal favourite that will give to princes “the infinite heart’s ease which private men enjoy” and to pauper a kindly respite from critical observation.

How welcome would such a cap be to a refractory pupil who would evade punishment as skilfully as the elusive Pimpernel avoided capture! As for Principals and Professors, with what consummate ease, they will be able to outwit persuasive secretaries and escape presiding and lecturing at anniversaries valedictory and otherwise.

Harassed Inspectors of schools will be spared listening to innumerable “sangad’ams” for, they can don the invisible cap, as soon as they hear a cough—the warning oriental door knock—the inevitable fore-runner of the representation of a grievance. As for blushing lovers and newly married couples, what expense and embarrassment they would be saved!

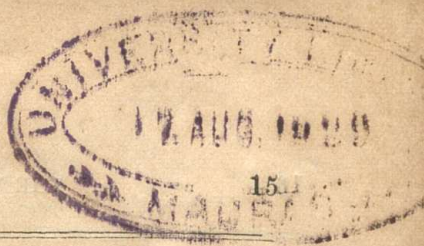
In a society infested by a variety of bores who descend on one with the impetuosity of the Light Brigade what a humane device is an invisible cap, which we can wear, when we see the obnoxious raconteur of old chestnuts or the energetic collector of subscriptions or the incorrigible borrower, advancing in the distance, and elude a fatal attack on our time or our purse, without injury to the feelings of the pursuer and with relief to the spirits of the pursued!

O for an invisible cap in this land, where petitioners are as plentiful as palm trees, where our homes are not impregnable castles, but are subject to the incursions of the importunate who penetrate into our inmost depths, as easily as white ants into crevices !

'Anonymity' is the invisible cap which authors, artists and musicians wisely assume, when they veil their identity under pseudonym. What benefits accrue! Freedom, power, independence. No danger of being under-valued by prejudice; no fear of over-estimation through partiality. No adverse comparisons with their previous out put no vain flattery no bitter malice. Anonymity confers the satisfaction of sincere praise, the chastening influence of just criticism—the chance of striking out in new fields, without a storm of protest from admirers.

What penalties are avoided:—Keats, Shelley and Carlyle are instances of authors who had to pay for the world's knowledge of them and their private affairs. Anonymity would have sheltered them from sneers, scorn, and sarcasm.

Authors are embarrassed in social intercourse when famous. A humanist for instance, is expected to scintillate with jokes, and his most serious utterance is preluded by an expectant chuckle. On the other hand, if you are a serious writer the company feels compelled to be in tune with your profundity, and adopts a solemn high brow air, selecting philosophical topics for discussion. Suppose you are a well known romantic poet, society expects you to rave over roses, clouds, and the moon; though you may be yearning for so mundane a combination as strawberries and cream. Your best girl expects a sonnet to her eye-brows, while you are in the mood, to hold her hand just a little longer, and express your affection in Love's universal language—the silent eloquence of a caress. If you are a senior wrangler, your reputation dogs you even on the tennis court where, at the critical moment in the game, your



colleagues will suggest trying mathematical calculations in your movements and strokes. The fame of a great actor or a noted aviator may be purchased at the cost of extreme physical fatigue, as we see when they receive ovations from enthusiastic but inconsiderate crowds.

Travel without letters of introduction confers the advantages of anonymity on average mortals. It is a refreshing change after being a little tin god in your tiny corner of the world, fenced in by ceremony, to find yourself a wandering human atom in a continental capital. You can enjoy solitude that is sometimes best society or you can mix with those who will value you for your intrinsic gifts. Anonymity can give you golden opportunities of learning humility.

It can also yield a harvest of fun.

How amusing, for instance, if you hail from India to be taken by a Neapolitan flower-seller for a Chinese, by a Roman milliner for a French woman, by a Corsican singer for an Italian, by a Parisian chauffeur for a Russian, by a Carmelite Friar for a Spaniard, by a Windsor Castle guide for a Welsh woman.

When monks and nuns take their vows they assume a saint's name in religion. This is a most effective invisible cap rich in advantages, bestowing on its wearer real liberty, equality, fraternity. All readers of Lord Lytton's Letters in which the sorrows of a Viceroy are portrayed must wish that an invisible cap formed part of a Viceregal equipment. Does not Lord Lytton say: "my life is at present one official grand from morning to night. To myself, however, the worst part of it is that I can never be for one second alone. I sit in the private corner of my private room and if I look through the window there are two sentinels standing guard over me. If I open the door there are ten Jamadars crouching in the threshold. If I go up and downstairs an A. D. C. and three unpronounceable beings in white and red night gowns with dark

faces rush after me. If I steal out of the house by the back door I look round and find myself stealthily followed by 15 persons."

Alas! it seems unlikely that scientists will gratify the human longing for an invisible cap.

Our only remedy lies in our own hands, for we must fashion five invaluable caps which confer invisibility, not on our physical personality but on our defects and those of our neighbour-caps of charity and humour.

Wearing these we shall be able to render invisible all that chafes our spirits within and without, as we come in contact with Life's little ironies.

M. I. R.

My First Attempt.

I sat at my table with a few sheets of paper before me and the pen in my hand—I was going to write an article for the College Magazine. Miss R--wanted every girl in the class to try and write one; I had determined to make an attempt. I had not chosen a subject to write upon; I could not fix upon any suitable one. Why? I would write an article and then give a proper title. It is dull business to write on any given theme, and it is no difficult matter too, to produce an article when you have any particular idea to write on. I would take my pen and begin to write, then inspiration would come and I would fill pages after pages. With this idea I had sat down.

But how to begin? What to begin!--I scratched my head. Nothing seemed to come out of it. I put down my pen. "Patience", I murmured, "only patience would bring success."

I looked out through the window. The moon was just emerging out of the silvery cloud. It was a lovely scene. My heart seemed to swell. I was inspired! Surely I would write poetry. I began. —

"Oh look! the moon begins to rise!

The Heavens are in a glow" —

There it ended. I struggled to force out another line.—

"like a lovely maiden she peeps out of the cloud"—"This is indeed poetry". I exclaimed. "There is simile, poetic conception and what not! Nothing would be a better contribution to the magazine than a poem, I thought. I waited for inspiration for the third line. But the first inspiration had gone. I scratched my head, but to no purpose. 'Oh confound the moon and the poetry! I will choose some other subject fit for a prosaic person like myself. My friend had promised to write a poem on 'Manuel's Mustache'. I would rather write a prose

composition on our old gardener. True you cannot think of Manuel without his mustache. But I would rather dwell on his benevolent smile and kindly old face, his readiness to oblige you by running about to pick up your tennis balls even in his one-and-sixtieth year. He is now promoted as the English professor's personal peon. Yet I love to picture him as the College gardener. Looking out of the class-room window I used to see him going about the garden with two big vessels of water supported by a bamboo rod which rested on his stooping shoulders. It was indeed a hard job for such an old man. And yet he seemed to love his work—he loved to rear the young plants which greet you every morning with fresh and lovely blossoms. Would not this person be a worthy subject for an article for the magazine? You can even write a poem on him. Do we not find in him 'The Character of a Happy Life', 'the contented Labourer', 'The Charm of Benevolent old age.' Nothing would be a better subject, I thought, and I took up my pen again, Miss R. would be very much pleased with my article, mine would be the best. I compared myself to the great essayists like Lamb and Goldsmith. This subject would also be the expression of my philosophy of life. My heart began to swell with pride and ambition. I drew my chair closer to the table to begin to write.—

At this moment somebody knocked at the door. I knew who it was. I hurriedly put away the papers and snatched a copy of Euclid's Elements from the shelf. By this time my friend Kamalam had entered. She did not, as usual, wait for any response for her knock. But I was glad she had not caught me in my attempt at poetry. She might have thought I was preparing my Geometry lessons. In fact she did not at all notice what I was doing. She was so full of herself.

"I had been to Leela's house" she said, and we had a very enjoyable evening. Today is her birth day, and she had invited all her friends for tea. We had a big party and what do you think of it—They were all in love with my new silk jacket and saree. I missed you when I was going out, and I have come straight from the carriage to show you my evening dress. How do you appreciate my taste—this white jacket with gold trimming and the orange saree?

"It is quite pretty" I said simply. "Oh, my dear girl" she continued "what a dull creature you are! Always loving to be shut up in this room or to walk out alone in the garden! Thank God I am not like you!—Oh what a jolly time we had! Leela is such a lovely girl and she sings beautifully too. But her friends prefer to hear me sing. The elderly ladies also seem to be very fond of me. They think I am the proper standard for the modern educated girl. They say I am quite advanced in everything but am not so fashionable as to have an aversion to ornaments or fine dress which are so necessary for women; and that I am quite modest in the presence of men. There were some of her cousins at the house. I do not like their ways—why should they take so much interest in me, because I am Leela's friend and I have a fairer skin than she has?"

I was silent. I did not know what to say. She continued with ardour. "To-morrow my sister is coming to see me. She will bring her little ones too. They are such lovely children—they are just like their mother. The youngest, they say, takes after her aunt. She is a very jolly child and very intelligent too. I am awfully fond of her."

"Have you prepared for to-morrow's paper?" I interrupted at last.

"Oh brother the test paper—who can cram like you? I don't think there is much to prepare for an hour's paper. I shall somehow get through. Even if I don't I don't care very much. My father has promised to send me to England next year. You know my cousin is there reading for Bar-at-Law—Oh don't smile so mischievously."

At this point the dinner bell rang, I felt relieved. "I must go and change my dress", She said. "All right" I said.

In a moment she had disappeared. "What a bore she proves at times", I murmured. "How badly she spoilt my plan of writing an article. Now there is no time to finish it today."—But with all her frivolity I like her, because she is simple and loving; and there is something charming about her. But how much more would I have enjoyed her company if she would but talk less of herself.

The College Spectator.

Northward Ho !

Reader ! are you willing to listen to the tale of my recent peregrination in the North, of my semi-All. India trip ? Would you like to have just a talk—a talk as rambling in its nature as our ramblings have been ? It is indeed a pleasure, an ever increasing pleasure, to dwell, upon our happy experiences in the course of our journey to and fro, for we seldom felt that we were travelling in strange lands and meeting strange people.

Well then, we started for Patna—for that was our ultimate destination—under very favourable circumstances, on the most auspicious day of 22nd December 1928, in the midst of kindness from our benevolent Government, invaluable instructions, encouragement and moral support received at the hands of our revered Lady Principals, Miss Watts and Miss Carrapiett, the good wishes of friends and criticism of foes, the warnings of some and blessings of others, and an additional kindness coming from the most unexpected quarter, namely from the garrulous but good hearted station master as the result of whose extreme generosity we found ourselves conveniently shelved into three second class compartments, specially reserved for us, on which the following was written in gigantic characters:—"Six *Births* for the Women Delegates of Travancore to Patna." This placard faithfully preserved us from molestation by scaring away all passengers from our compartments. On seeing "6 Births" for the Women Delegates, they all withdrew in silence.

Another favourable circumstance for us, was that we formed a perfect family group—a mother to guard us, sisters to guide us, of whom the most capable was Mrs. E. our able Secretary, who had influential and respectable friends wherever we went and who looked after us so well that we unanimously pronounced that she was not an

"individual" but an "Institution", a compliment which she resented in her most agreeable way and which we insisted upon thrusting on her in season and out of season—we have all decided that if at all we stir out, it will be with Mrs. E. But how far, she would like to have us again with her—that is a point on which she must have her say! Then we had two younger brothers also. Thus we combined in us the advantages of a perfect family, minus some impediments namely the existence of *elder male members* who would lord it over us and assert their superiority and *little children*, who are really sweet in their sweetest moods but veritable tyrants once off their temper. But the "mothers" among us seem to have felt very keenly the absence of their children at night, when they gave vent to their feelings in sobs and prayers. Just two of us ("irresponsible youngsters" as the "mothers" styled us) tried to laugh them out of their sorrows and ungrounded fears, failing which we pretended to be very serious and looked like two martyrs!!

So under very ideal circumstances it was that we started and ours has been the most eventful trip—the most memorable one. We have crossed the most important rivers of Ind, starting with Kaveri, Krishna, Godaveri, Mahanadi, Hoogly and the Sacred Mother Ganges—we have traversed the historic regions of the Pandyas, the Palhavas, the Andhras and also the ancient Kingdom of Vijayanagar, which once was a mighty Empire and the very essence of Hinduism and Hindu Civilisation, at a time, when it was about to be destroyed by Muhammedan Invasion. We stayed in Calcutta for six days, Calcutta, which is the most important City in India, and third most important City of the Modern World. Thence we passed on to Patna and Benares, the ancient Patalipura and Varanasi, the Imperial and ecclesiastical capitals of Ancient India. At one stretch, we have seen all these. Hence I say, ours was the most memorable trip.

Now to the Journey itself.

The regions that we passed through can be roughly divided into three—(i) the Tamil Land that is from Trivandrum to Madras. (ii) The Telugu land, that is the region of the Andhras from Madras till Waltair. (iii) and Hindustan Proper—the land of the Gangetic Valley.

Taking these divisions striking differences appear in their geographical and territorial conditions, in their fauna and flora.

Between Trivandrum and Madras there was very little to note. There was nothing very striking or novel—familiar language, familiar customs and familiar food every where. There was nothing of interest except the monkeys of Kodi, one of whom insisted upon travelling in the same compartment as ourselves—we could not fathom the cause of his special attraction for us. Perhaps he verily believed in Darwin's Theory of Evolution and saw in one or two of us the missing link between Monkey and Man. But we, on our part strongly resented such a familiarity and managed to get him out.

At Madras we halted for two days.

The really interesting part of our Journey, commenced from Madras onwards. The Trains themselves were more decent and convenient; their velocity was greater. It had trebled almost—Every thing was new; the country, the people, the language. A few of us knew Hindi but none knew Telugu except Mrs. C. whose knowledge of it was very limited did't extend beyond a few stray words. But at any rate, she had a hard time of it for we at once promoted her to the grade of a Telugu Pandit and she was approached to explain, every sentence, every word, nay every sound that emanated from the Telugu Regions !!

The crossing of the Godavari was simply impressive such a long bridge we had never crossed! The District of Rajamundri, which lay on the banks of the Godavari was very beautifully studded with ever so many little cottages and buildings shining in the flickering lights by the evening twilight. In the Telugu regions we came across acres and acres of barren and unfertile tracts—completely out of cultivation—The atmosphere was getting colder and colder, as we were going northward. Between Madras and Calcutta the most important stations were Vizag, Bezwada—which they want to make the centre of the great Andhra University—and also Waltair.

Crossing all these, we finally came to Howrah, which is the most important Railway Station in Calcutta. As we neared Bengal, the land was getting more and more fertile. We had come to the region of luxuriant vegetation. The Panorama presented by the Gangetic valley was simply enchanting it was something like the scenery that is presented by the Back-waters! The land is something like Kerala. What remarkable points of similarity!

So to the Howrah Station we came—the grandest that I have ever seen—by whose side the Madras Central Station dwindles to dwarfish littleness. There seems to be about 16 or 18 platforms and 60 or more rail-paths in all directions and any number of trains coming to and leaving the station simultaneously. What maddening confusion! What sickening noise! What Hubbub! We would have been entirely lost but for the fact we had a few friends to meet us at the Station.

We got into the taxi and before we entered the heart of the City, we had to cross the Howrah Bridge—an ingenious construction over the Hoogly! For the bridge gives way when huge ships pass up and down the river.

Entering the City, you will be bewildered—you will be lost in dumb wonderment! What gigantic buildings, usually ranging from three to

seven storeys! Calcutta is indeed a City of Palaces! What architectural uniformity and artistic beauty! There is not an inch of ground to be spared. Everywhere it is building and building alone. All the gardens are confined to the way side. The buildings are incredibly high so that one would at once think of the sky-scrapers of America, of course to compare small things with great! The roads there are very broad—five times as broad as our Main Road here almost, and they are kept so neat and tidy that they look as if cemented—The flush system is extended even for cleaning the roads—During our few days stay in Calcutta, I happened to get up very early one morning. It was not yet dawn. The City was not yet awake. I was looking down into the street from the 5th storey, where I had been quartered along with my friends; Suddenly the street was flooded! Why, I thought, Hoogly in flood!! How unfortunate, and that just when we had come to Calcutta. A thrill of fear and disappointment shot through me, for a few minutes I was lost in contemplation, thinking of the impending danger and ruin; but when I looked down again, lo and behold, the street was as clean and tidy as ever and not the slightest sign of flood or even water! That is interesting isn't it? Yes! it is the result of some subterranean contrivance by which the Hoogly water is brought for cleaning the City.

Every turn, on the road, you find a surging mass of humanity; a moving mass of heads is all that you see when you look down from one of the top-most storeys. In spite of the crowd order is maintained. On either side you find raised platforms for the use of pedestrians. Then you find space left on either side for rikshaws. The Ricks of Calcutta are simply beautiful with velvet cushions and ivory-like wheels!! Beyond that came taxis, cars and buses and in the centre tramways. In the main thoroughfares, you find thousands and thousands of cabs arranged in order, like a battalion of ants, for hire. You have only to beckon to them and they appear like flying kites, all moving in a mass,

The successful competitor gets the fare. The others settle down again in perfect order. There is no bandying of words, no unparliamentary language used by the drivers!

The cars are the common conveyances in Calcutta. But the charges are hopelessly exorbitant and they are decided by the Taximeter which is fixed on to every car. The rates mount up every few minutes. In fact, once we got into the taxi, we had no peace of mind. Our eyes automatically turned to that instrument of extortion, anxiously watching its progress! The taxi-drivers are mostly Punjabis and Sikhs, terrible fellows with their beards and moustaches, with their faces which showed suppressed spirit and patriotism. But once you get to know them, in spite of their rough exterior, they are so good and considerate, especially to strangers. We had an adventure, just two of us, Mrs. E and myself, on the very first day of our arrival in Calcutta, which brought us into close touch with one of them—I mean the Punjabi taxi-drivers. We were returning from the Women's Conference which was held in Calcutta, under the august presidency of our gracious Junior Maha Ranee, Mrs. E and myself walked up quickly and got into a taxi but before we could ask the driver to wait for one of our brothers to get in along with us (that is the usual arrangement—you remember we had two brothers in our party—we formed a party of 6 ladies and 2 boys and usually we split up into two parties—that is 3 ladies and one brother) the car was started. Mrs. E was a bit frightened and naturally!—a strange land, a crowded City with a rough and terrible-looking driver who knew only Hindustani and not even a single word of English. I was really glad at first and chuckled with delight at the thought of an adventure. At first we gave him our address in English but he said in Hindi that he didn't know English and that we should give him the Hindi address. We were at a loss! We knew only the English address! But he said he would manage to find

our flat, and we rode on, for one hour, two hours; it was past 8 P. M., 8-30 and we could hear the clocks striking nine and just two of us ladies in the Streets of Calcutta, at the mercy of a gigantic Punjabi Driver!!—we began to grow anxious! Now, we had left behind, the main roads and thoroughfares; we had come to less crowded regions, and desolate roads? Our hearts sank within us. Where to go and how to join our friends. Through sheer despair I became very pious and prayed to every god in heaven to save us! I was blabbering in my broken Hindi while Mrs. E. who didn't know the language, began to gesticulate very eloquently to the driver and to every passer-by to show us our residence. Seeing our anxiety and fear, the taxi-driver was moved and he began to console us, of course, in Hindi. "Don't fear little Mother," he said "I will take you to your place by hook or crook," and he looked much more anxious and miserable than ourselves. How he took us to every street and every corner! But the streets and the buildings were alike everywhere that we could not identify our particular house.

While we were in this miserable plight, the Mother, the Brothers and others of our party, who had reached our quarters, were growing equally anxious. They waited for us till eight. After that they became restless and sent the boys out in search of us. What did they know of Calcutta, which they were seeing for the first time? But, thank God, some how or other, we met and finally reached home at about 9 o'clock where we found "Mother" and "Others" in fury and in tears almost. How I love that adventure! I call it "Round Calcutta in two hours."

R.

(To be continued.)

A Visit to Bombay.

To such as have travelled little in "the realms of gold" literally, Bombay at first sight is an enigma, a tangled mass of light and movement and colour. But if in the course of a fortnight's stay one has strolled about its pavements, watched the spectacle from the top of a tram going down Queen's Road or Colaba way or up Hornby Road, and taken a taxi at the end of a perfect day to Malabar Hill, one sees the life more or less behind the fantasy—that is Bombay. A new world has been unrolled before your fascinated eyes!

Bombay at five o'clock in the evening! There was Victoria Terminus quietly grand and dignified, scorning the indifference of her own passers-by but ever keeping alive the wonder and admiration of the stranger for her humming bee-hive of platforms and for the exquisite fluting of her pink and white marble pillars—quietly dignified without but within, in the heart of her, was all tremor and palpitation, the throbbing of a hundred engines in that labyrinth of platforms. What stories of human activity, of coming and going, could those finely wrought pillars tell! But they never tell—there they stand eternally silent and yet eternally alive.

And that reminds you that one is very much alive at five o'clock in the evening at Bombay. It is the hour beloved of youth and the pleasure-seeker. You see them in groups, boys and girls, men and women, briskly sauntering into gardens, games-courts, football fields and dance-halls. Many wander aimlessly along the pavements in batches for the sheer joy of living, and many more of them are at the entrances to cinema halls excitedly impatient to go within, and when one show is over another equally thrilling follows to appease the easy appetite of youth.

In the streets the motor cars and vehicles not only outvie the pedestrians in speed but in their variety of colour. Colour runs riot, I should rather say colour runs to order. Each car is a running colour

scheme. If the Parsi gentleman has an eye to business his pretty better-half has an eye to artistic beauty and this is seen in her beautiful choice of colour in dress and everything about her even to the upholstering of the car she owns. In front of one of those palatial Parsi buildings in Cuff Parade I saw a dream of a car. Was it mother-of-pearl? Nearer, it was certainly silver and nearer still it shimmered again into rainbow lights. There it lay and shone a thing of beauty in the golden sunshine so near the pavement, I could not help but stretch out my hand to touch it. It was hard and cold; my friend said it was aluminium.

Talking of colour I cannot forget the streets leading to Colaba church with their avenue of trees trailing with cream and pink blossom. Nowhere did I find flowers so welcome, so gradually tuning the mind to that solemn beauty and quietness which reposed a furlong away in the House of Prayer. No sudden entrance this from the clamour of a street to the peace of a church but through the road of Peace we walked to Peace herself.

From Colaba chapel to Green's Restaurant is a big jump in thought and distance but as regards distance one need never be cramped in Bombay. I cannot tell why Bombay people make so much fuss about this restaurant. The little marble tables were crowded to suffocation, many of them more dusty than not, and the most graceless of palms caught at your clothes and got into your eyes at every turn. The crowd was mostly European and Parsi but, here and there, even here sat the inevitable student in his tall fez or black furry cap. The band upstairs was playing the latest fox-trot and one of the dancers, quite overcome by his feelings may be, was singing to the band:

"When it's night-time in Italy

It's Wednesday over here;

Why do onions in Sicily

Make people cry in California."

Quaint words but they suited that motley throng which revelled in the pleasures of dancing—a kind of crowded kaleidoscopic picture of heated,

panting humanity which sickened the stranger coming fresh from the palm-grove atmosphere.

Then if you've had your ice-cream and "falatha" through a straw tube—and this is the only delicious part of it all—it is sweet to stroll back to Cuff Parade at 7 o'clock in the evening. Young and old, the business-weary and the idle, are all there lounging in luxurious cars or sitting in seats along the pavement enjoying a spell of rest, fanned by the soft little breezes of the sea, lulled to silent comfort by the murmur of the waves which lap the shore almost within touch. Across the waters right opposite is Malabar Hill and the lights from the windows of innumerable terraced houses twinkle there like stars and the whole presents a fairy land of light with its corresponding reflection on the waters till you know not which is starry heaven and which is hill and which is sea—sea and heaven and hill form one perfect picture of myriad twinkling lights. That was a lovely picture and the memory of it remains as a golden dream.

The next morning my friend took me to Apollo Bunder and the Gates of India. You feel you have had enough of the stuffy people who rush along unimaginative and indifferent, most of them with mask-like faces, dead from the neck upwards—you turn with pleasure to the morning sea. There beamed the sun broad upon a ship, and the sea was a rippling blue. I said to myself: "That ship is solid and confident in repose, waiting to act a part designed. You might die for a ship. You would know what you were doing. But die for that sea of humanity the throbbing of which you hear behind you? No. Will your death have any effect upon its tides? That ship has intelligence, she is made to a conscious purpose. The sea on which she is is wide and bright and unencumbered. It rolls past with strength the waiting ship to the open world with the sun upon its face. Every part of it and all of it is freedom, but men, humanity, never breaks free from what it holds. Its chains are the unrelenting law of the world. Life can only

be endured if we expect nothing from it but dreams." Apollo Bunder and the sea filled me that morning with thoughts like these. It is strange the way Bombay fills you with varied emotions—it is now all dream, now all reality.

And now it was the last hour of my stay at Bombay. The time had passed very quickly. Grown weary of the crowded pavements, of the bustle and roar of the traffic you turn with utter relief to Victoria Terminus again. Three friends of my friend had come to see me off. Two at least of the three did not know Trivandrum from Timbuctoo, no, not even the name "Trivandrum! What a funny name!" one of them said. Isn't it?" I said. "Sounds like a name in a fairy book—a tree with a Van and a Drum!" The train began to move. In the midst of many people I saw four hands waving and far away a blur of many coloured lights—then Darkness. My eyes closed but only to review all that glamour in my mind, and rough, and broken lines framed themselves in my confused brain.

Bombay, great Daughter of the restless sea!
Ah! thou wast born of land and wave to be;
The Orient's Pride! thou haunt of all the East
That buy and sell, sleep, wake to weep or feast.
Thou City that doth ever dreaming keep
A busy glamorous day, a sleepless sleep!
Japs, Chinese, Turk and Pathan join thy stream
And melt into a Night's Arabian Dream.
Gay pleasure greets at close of every day
The toilers speeding down Colaba way.
On Summer even when nights are long delayed
How fresh and sweet the joy of Cuff Parade!
Lo! when the night falls soft and the sea is still
A million stars alight on Malabar Hill!

L. M. N.

Her Last Hope.

The purple of the setting sun had stained the western skies. The lake that had been constructed in the garden adjoining 'Anandalaya' presented a lovely appearance. In some spots groves of trees grew to the very water's edge; in others wide plains stretched along the edge of the lake and the dim summit of distant blue mountains melted into the clouds. The garden itself was a perfect wilderness of roses in bloom. The balmy wind caressed the lovely blossoms and wafted their delicate fragrance everywhere. To this garden were Jayachandra and his lovely wife Nalini slowly treading their way.

Jayachandra was the master of the big mansion and the lovely garden. Even a casual observer could perceive at a glance that their spirits were darkened by some heavy clouds. He had been the unhappy victim of a terrible disease. Though he had recovered it had wrought havoc with his iron frame and left its traces on his worn countenance and body. The doctors had prescribed country air and freedom from all excitement during his convalescence. When watching from the terrace, he was struck by the loveliness of nature around and proceeded to the garden to enjoy it to greater advantage.

In the garden all that money and taste could do to enhance natural loveliness were to be seen. All elegant comforts were provided. To one of the couches Nalini led her husband tenderly, softly. They remained silent for some time. Painful thoughts were fleeting across the mind of the poor man. He thought of the happy past of his Nalini and this filled him with remorse.

Nalini was the only child of wealthy parents. Jayachandra was of obscure birth. He owed his position entirely to himself. He fell in love with Nalini. He knew that her parents would never look upon him as an eligible suitor for their beloved child. Day after day he battled

patiently against Cupid's pointed darts but, how can an unarmed youth hold his own against such a formidable warrior? Nalini too returned his love and when her parents came to know of it, they gave their formal consent to the union; for they had the happiness of their only daughter at heart.

The bed that Nalini had chosen for herself, happily proved to be one of roses. A year after the marriage the pair were blessed by the birth of their first child a boy. The cup of joy seemed full. Jayachandra occupied one of the highest offices of the State. Nothing more was to be desired. But suddenly Jayachandra was taken ill. His condition became very critical. The poor wife trembled for her husband's life. She prayed to God with fervour and devotion for his speedy recovery and, as if in answer to her prayers he got well surprisingly soon. He was pronounced to be out of danger. They had retreated to their country mansion for a change of air and quiet.

Though every one was assured of his recovery, the mind of the patient was filled with dark forebodings. He had a presentiment that his end was not very far off. He shuddered at the thought of parting with his lovely wife and Mohan their beloved child. The thought itself brought depression of heart and melancholy.

Nalini had been lulled into the belief that everything was well with her husband. That brought her much peace of mind. Jayachandra had seen this with sorrow. He felt it his duty to prepare her for the approaching end. It was hard to dash all her hopes and plunge her into deep gloom and despondency but it had to be done at any cost.

Jayachandra then began to reveal his forebodings to her. 'Sweetest Nalini' said the sad man. 'I have tried my best to postpone

this talk all these days but now I feel as if it cannot be done any longer. I feel as if my end is drawing near. It is hard to leave you and Mohan. But darling, God does everything for the best.'

Tears welled up in the poor girl's eyes in spite of her best efforts but she quickly brushed them away and began to talk in an apparently light vein though grief was gnawing at her heart.

"Jayan, it is really foolish to say such things when the doctors have said that you are completely well."

"Nalini, I have been trying to fight against these depressing thoughts but they have got the better of me. Perhaps these promptings are from Heaven. Let us be prepared for the worst. Be brave, darling, at least for the sake of Mohan. Let him be thy constant and tender care. I shall entrust all my property to my trusted friend Gopinath. He will be a father to my fatherless boy and a brother and friend to you, my poor darling, when I am gone" said the unhappy man.

Sorrow overwhelmed the hearts of this youthful pair and they remained mute and motionless in that posture for hours together. Dusk had set in. The rosy flush in the sky was disappearing fast in the black mantle of night. A cold wind began to blow. Silently Nalini rose from her seat, helped her lord to his feet and slowly they retraced their way home.

The next day there was a change in Jayachandra—a change for the worse. The excitement of the previous evening had been partly its cause. Now, Nalini realised that Jayan's sudden recovery was the last flicker of the lamp about to die. He had a sleepless night. Nalini remained constantly at his side, sorrow tearing at her heart. The next day, early in the morning, he asked for Mohan. The boy was brought in. The poor father took him in his arms and kissed him a thousand

times. When the boy was taken away he gave free play to his pent up feelings. He took a long long look at his Nalini, his joy, his all, his more than life, clasped her hand in his and pressed it close to his heart. He was scarce able to articulate the thoughts that surged up in him. He sobbed like a child and from sheer exhaustion sank down on Nalini's bosom and silently the spirit ebbed away 'regretting the warm mansion that it left.'

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For some time Nalini was plunged in the deepest gloom and sorrow. But there was Mohan and for his sake at least she must live. That had been Jayachandra's last request to her. Mohan was the sweet bond that linked her to life.

Gopinath, the friend in whom Jayachandra had so much faith and confidence, proved treacherous. He took possession of Jayachandra's property. His wife treated Nalini and her child very unkindly until at last Nalini could brook it no longer. Taking a few of her personal belongings she left the house along with her child. She went to a distant country and sold all her ornaments. She was able to secure lodgings for herself and the child in the house of a lonely old woman. She secured some menial work in the house of a wealthy neighbour. She toiled from morn till eve and with the wages she earned she was able to keep her beloved child in comfort. God mixes something of the balm of mercy even in the vials of the most corrosive woe. The sweet smile with which Mohan welcomed her more than repaid her for all her day's toil and troubles.

Nalini had taught the boy the first rudiments of language. In the evening she used to take him to the neighbouring temple and worship there. One evening as usual she went to the riverside for ablutions. She bathed Mohan and then commenced her bath. The boy who was

standing on the bank saw a bright flower on the water's edge. He stooped to pluck it, his foot slipped and he fell headlong into the water.

After finishing her bath, Nalini searched for her beloved everywhere. She perceived a large crowd at a distance. She approached them and the lifeless form of her child was handed to her. The poor forlorn woman held the form tenderly to her bosom.

"The rock of her last hope is shivered and the fragments are sunk in the wave." She uttered just one piercing cry that rent the air and sent a quiver through the whole crowd and with her precious burden clasped firmly to her heart she fell—dead.

R. S. A.

Class III.

A Breton evening song.*Adapted from the French of Botrel.*

The sunset falls upon the deep
 The tired earth is lulled to sleep
 Down the vale, my love, we'll go
 And see our fields with tints aglow.
 Upon the heath, we'll rest awhile
 Thou'lt sooth me with a tender smile
 We'll listen to the summer song
 From nightingale, the woods among.
 Kiss me, be loved, in thy clear eyes
 Are mirrored summer's starry skies,
 Praised be God for sunset sweet
 Summer eves, with joys replete.

M. I. R.

Ricking down hill.*(When dragged by an ancient mariner who is a novice in the art.**With apologies to Browning.)*

Now come we to the downward slope
 (Help my heart, Heaven !)
 Cling I to life with a truly forlorn hope
 (Begone, fears craven)
 Safer I'll feel indeed in latest aero-plane
 (Soaring right upward)
 Than rickshawed by this veering vane
 (Jogging right downward)
 Modern machines I'd far sooner trust
 Than the uncertain

Old-fashioned pedals that kick the dust
Of my auto-maton.
Steps he to rag-time, Charleston and Turkey-trot
(Queer combination) !
While I ejaculate heartily " Great-Scot ! "
Horrid sensation
Feeling such shivers without the pleased thrill
(In Flo's Jap rick)
Kin to tohogganing down some Norway hill
(Course quite erratic !)

M. I. R.

Ode to the Spirit of Twilight.

Thou Spirit that aglow doth glide from out
The sweet commotion of the evening sky,
Where crimson, gold and palest iris-mauve
With warm and loud flamboyant vermilion
In kaliedoscopic colours swift abound,
Spread shifting scenes of magic beauty round.
O Thou, that comst in gentle quietness
Thro' feathery casurine in wisps of breeze,
That with thy tender touch of consolation
Smooths the Toil-worn brow of fevered earth,
That pass my cottage door in pearly guise
With the wistful look of gray mysterious eyes !

O Thou, who comest with half-forgotten tales
Of cities passed, of loved and lost endeavours,
Of million-eyed desires, Love and Hope,
Of Truth that is in simple Beauty found!
Thou lightener of the ills the hours heap
Harbinger of Peace, of Moon and Stars and Sleep!
O, Sweet and Strange! Daughter of Dew and Dream!
Where was thy birth? From what shore dost thou
come?

Ethereal Maiden, waiting for the Stars!
Hast thou no word for me of thy parent tongue?
No whisper of that dreamful, balmy sphere,
Thy native shore ere yet thy feet strayed here?
O, Poor Elusive One! Evanescent!
With pulses that beat double, day in night,
O, Warmly cold! Thy face grows wan and pale
And paler, fainter, fadeth slow away
Leaving me to the cold stars' twinkling light
Whispering low good-night...Good-night...Good-night!
L. M. N.

The Prisoner in the Andamans.

A deep despair slow dims his fading vision
Thy sky bends far away to cool her lips,
And in the prisoner's heart a fierce intention
Urging him fondly follow silent ships!
Here where all human sound is hushed and still
Where the waves slow rise and fall and rise at will
There gleams no hope, and no lone beacon shines
To light his footsteps out of these confines.

Ah ! could he flaunt a wind-swept sail unfurled
And joy with impish freedom lying curled
Within each wave that sweeps the distant shore
Unchained, undaunted, free now, evermore !

Remembrance wakes : he sees again far out
This wide expanse of sea and wave and wind
Beyond those trails of smoke, the fishers' shout
The harvest fields, his home and faces kind.

He counts the cruel time by months and years
Since last he felt the mellowness of trees,
And the sweet sounds of Morn about his ears
The sunny fields at Noon and Evening's peace.

He stretches forth his arms : " O, heaving Rift."
Life's peaceful close unknowing must I die ?
Bear me upon thy waters on adrift
And in Death's untroubled sleep O, let me lie !

The prisoner sleeps : in visions fain
His Spirit leaps the sea ; he sees too fine
Streams, village, fields and many a purple train
Of sunlit hills transfigured to Divine.

From out this sea-girt place, this prisoned shore
His spirit skims the boundless ocean o'er
Intent and strong—casting his shell out here—
Bereft of chains, swift-winged and without fear.

L. M. N.

Selected.

He admits, in a preface to "The Garden of Folly," that "if a man has a genuine sense of humour he is apt to take a somewhat melancholy, or at least a disillusioned view of life. Humour and disillusionment are twin sisters." Which is only to say that humour, like X-rays, breaks through the show of things, through social importance, transitory dignities, all kinds of glory, and realises how little is in them and how laughable they are, strutting in the face of death and eternity. This acutely realistic vision gives the humorist his strain of seriousness; but humour is an attribute of sanity and saves him from the folly of taking even his own seriousness too seriously.

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Since the foundation of the world, it (humour) has been affably undermining the dignities and pomposities of mankind and laughing them out of existence; it has been joyously spreading a gospel of universal brotherhood exposing the follies of the over-wise, bringing the mighty down, from their high mightiness and levelling them with the humble and meek. It is no respecter of persons; the art of laughter is the same in all languages, and wherever men laugh together, social differences, at any rate for the time, go all to pieces.

LIST OF EXCHANGES.

1. The Queen Mary's College Magazine. ✓
 2. The Sun Flower. ✓
 3. The Journal of the Travancore Teacher's Association, Trivandrum.
 4. The Student's own Magazine, Trichur. ✓
 5. The Hyderabad Youth, Hughe's Town, Hyderabad. ✓
 6. The Student's Chronicle and Serampore College Magazine.
 7. Our Little Paper.
 8. St. Thomas College Magazine, Ernaculam.
 9. Our Little Friend, Ernaculam.
 10. The Scholar, Palght.
 11. The Maha Raja's College Magazine, Ernaculam.
 12. The Old College Magazine, Trivandrum.
 13. The Mahila Mandiram, Trivandrum.
 14. The Pachayappa's College Magazine, Madras.
 15. The Indian Thinker, Trivandrum.
 16. A Government College Miscellany, Mangalore.
 17. The Student's own Magazine, Lahore.
 18. Saraswathi, Quilon.
 19. Our House Magazine, Mylapore, Madras.
 20. The Cross-words Magazine.
 21. 'Student', Chinglepet.
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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 the 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.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

	Rs.	as.	p.	
Mrs. Quinless	1	4	0	for Vol. VIII.
Miss. E. Cumberland	1	4	0	„ „ IX.
V. K. Aiyappan Pillai Esq.	1	4	0	„ „ IX.
T. M. Krishnamachari Esq.	1	4	0	„ „ „
Mrs. I. C. Chacko	2	8	0	„ Vols. VIII & IX.
Mrs. Chandrasekaran	1	4	0	„ Vol. IX.
Miss D. Muthunayagom	2	8	0	„ „ VIII & IX.
M. J. Ravi Varma Raja Esq.	1	4	0	„ „ X.
Miss R. Sarada	2	4	0	„ „ IX & X.