

THE

# WOMEN'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

---

Vol. X.

February 1930.

No. 2.

---

## EDITORIAL.

We owe an apology to our readers for the late appearance of this number, a delay due largely to the lack of matter reaching a standard worthy of the College Magazine. It has been decided that, in future the magazine shall be published twice a year only, in the hope that thus the ideal of "quality rather than quantity" may be in some measure attained.

The College, from the beginning of this academic year, has been in full possession of the New Buildings, whose fine spaciousness is a source of delight and pride. At present, it must be admitted, but a few of the rooms are remarkable also for a fine emptiness, but we look forward to seeing these fully equipped before very long. The Indian Music Hall will be complete very shortly and quite ready for use at the beginning of the next academic year, when we hope to open classes in Indian Music.

The new college year has been one of many changes, all details of which will be found elsewhere in this issue.



## COLLEGE NOTES.

On the 1st of July the College reopened after the summer vacation, welcoming the rejoicing crowd waiting for admission to her fold. Many familiar faces had disappeared and instead were the eager faces of a younger generation waiting to be enlisted as the proud alumni of the college.

X X X X

We had a general assembly on the reopening day when Miss Carrapiett, our former Principal, introduced Miss F. E. Grose to us. We were very happy to welcome our new Principal and our new History Professor.

X X X X

The staff of the College has undergone a thorough change.

The new members are as follows:—

*Professors* ;—Miss L. C. M. Ouwerkerk, B. A. (Cantab) History.

Dr. H. Subramonia Iyer (Mathematics).

*Lecturer* :—Miss M. Paulose, B. A. (Hons).

*Demonstrator* :—Sry. K. Parvathi Amma, B. A.

X X X X

A unique event was the send off to Miss Carrapiett and to the members of the staff who were with us last year. We had light refreshments and after that a meeting in the College Hall.

X X X X

We are very happy to have Miss E. Gomez in our midst again. She has assumed charge of her duties as assistant Professor of English.

X X X X

To the great regret of the whole College Mr. C. P. Parameswaran Pillai, our Malayalam Pandit, who has been with us for a very long time, has been transferred to the Science College.

X X X X

Mr. Desivnayagam Pillai has retired from service and Mrs. Rosam-  
nal has assumed charge of her duties as Tamil Pandit. Mr. Desivnaya-  
gom Pillai had served the College for very many years. He will be  
much missed—he has our best wishes.



### College Clubs.

A general meeting of the staff and students of the College was held in the College Hall on the 24th of July 1929 to elect the president, treasurer and committee members of the various clubs.

Certain noteworthy changes have been made this year. The literary Club has been converted into a Debating Society and a literary side added to the Arts Club. A Science Club has been inaugurated.

The following are the presidents and committee members of the various associations :—

#### Arts Club.

*President.* Sry. C. Rugmini Amma, B. A. (Hons).

*Secretary.* Miss Peace P. Mammen.

*Treasurer.* Sry. R. Sarada Amma.

*Committee Members.*

Sry. J. Ponnamma—Class IV.

Miss Sosa Alexander—Class III.

Sry. Kamala Bai—Class II.

Miss Elizabeth Pothen—Class I.

#### Debating Society.

*President.* Miss Margarret Paulose B. A. (Hons.)

*Secretary.* Elizabeth Pothen.

*Committee Members:* Sry. R. Sarada Amma Class IV.

Miss Anmbammal Daniel—Class III.

„ Rita Fernandez—Class II.

Sry. M. A. Saradambal—Class I.

#### Science Club.

*President.* Miss K. C. Annamma, B. A. (Hons.)

*Secretary.* Miss Rita Fernandez.

*Treasurer.* Sry. L. Gomathi Amma.

*Committee Members.*

Sry. L. Subbammal—Class III.

„ K. G. Thangamma—Class II.

Miss Joy Thomas—Class I.



### Sports Club.

*President.* Miss F'de Netto.

*Secretary.* „ M. M. Aley.

<i>Committee Members.</i>	Miss Peace Mamman	} Class IV.
	Sry. K. Bhagirathi	
	Miss Annamma Eapen	} Class III.
	Sry. L. Subbammal	
	Miss T. C. Saramma	} Class II.
	Sry. K. Sarada Amma	
	Miss Elizabeth Pothen	} Class I.
	„ Joy Thomas	

Miss F'de Netto resigned in January and Miss M. M. Aley left the College.

Miss K. C. Annamma and Miss Annamma Eapen kindly consented to act as the President and Secretary respectively to the close of the current year.

### The Magazine Committee.

*President.* The Principal (Ex-officio.)

*Secretary and Business Manager.* Miss K. C. Annamma, B. A.,  
(Hons.)

*Staff Members of the Committee.*

Sry. K. Easwari Amma, B. A. (Hons.), L. T.

Miss Laura M. Noe, B. A., L. T.

Miss L. C. M. Ouwerkerk, B. A. (Cantab.)

Sry. V. K. Karthiyani Amma, B. A. (Hons.)

*Student Members of the Committee.*

Sry. R. Sarada Amma, Class IV.

Mrs. Anna Thariyan, Class III.

Miss M. Gomez, Class II.

Miss Elizabeth Pothen, Class I.

### Debating Society.

The inaugural meeting of the Debating Society was held on Friday the 30th of August 1929 in the College Hall when Mr. Malloor K. Govinda Pillai presided. Mr. T. K. Velu Pillai of the local bar delivered the inaugural address. He dwelt at length on the various aspects of women's education. With a vote of thanks to the speaker and the president the meeting came to a close.



A debate was held on 8th October 1929 with Miss L. C. M. Ouwerkerk, B. A. (Cantab.), in the chair. Sry. R. Sarada Amma of Class IV moved the proposition 'Knowledge is an end in itself' and Miss Anbammal Daniel opposed it. A large number of students took part in the debate and after a long discussion the motion was lost.

The next debate was in Malayalam Sry. T. P. Bhargavi Amma of Class IV presided. The subject for discussion was. "മലയാളഭാഷയുടെ ഉൽക്കർഷത്തന്ത പദ്യമോ ഗദ്യമോ ഏതാണ് ഉപയോഗപ്രദം".

Sry. Ratnamayi Devi of Class I spoke for 'പദ്യം' and Sry. M. A. Saradambal of Class I for 'ഗദ്യം'. The former carried the day.

### Science Club.

The inaugural meeting of the Science Club was conducted on the 10th of October 1929 when Dr. H. Subramonia Iyer, Professor of Mathematics delivered a magic-lantern lecture on 'Some Typical Celestial Bodies'. The lecture was very interesting but owing to gathering darkness, it was not finished that day. The lecture was postponed for another day.

Another meeting of the above Club was held on the 6th November when Mr. E. Masillamony delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on 'Precious Stones'.

At the beginning of this term we had another interesting lecture by Mr. A. P. Mathew, our Natural Science Lecturer, on 'The story of the Lost World and the Primeval Man'. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides.

### Sports Club.

The inaugural meeting of the Sports Club was held on 32nd Karkadagom 1104 with Miss F. E. Grose, M. A. (Cantab) in the chair. Miss L. C. M. Ouwerkerk, B. A., (Cantab) spoke on the 'Place of Games in English Colleges'. She placed before us in striking terms the influence of sports upon the mental and physical development of a student.

A Basket Ball match was played between the Intermediate and B. A. students of the College on the 15th of October 1929, when the Intermediates were successful.

Another interesting event was a Rounders match played between the History and Science sections of the College played on the 5th of November 1929. After a keen competition the former came out victorious.



### Arts Club.

The inaugural meeting of the Arts Club was held on 13th August 1929 in the College Hall with Miss F. E. Grose in the chair. Mr. D. Jeevanayagom, M. A., L. T., delivered an interesting speech on 'The place of Art and Literature in Education' and dwelt at length on the advantages of Arts Associations.

Besides this we had a musical item. Miss Susy and Sry. M. A. Saradambal gave us a few songs, to the accompaniment of the Veena.

An ordinary meeting of the Arts Club was held on September 5th; Miss F. E. Grose presiding. Mrs. Balakrishna Menon entertained us with her brilliant violin solo. This was followed by a recitation by Miss Chellamma Thomas. The staging of a few scenes from 'Sarada' brought the meeting to a close.

Another meeting of the above Club was held on the 18th of October when Miss E. Gomez presided. Mr. Muthuswami Iyer of the Training College gave us a few recitals from Shakespeare.

An extraordinary meeting of the Club was held on the 30th of October. Our Lady Principal, Miss F. E. Grose was kind enough to preside. We were very fortunate to have Sry. Kanakalakshi Ammal of Mysore College, of Arts Festival fame, to address us.

She captivated us by her songs, and as the glorious symphony of her voice floated through the hall, we felt that here indeed was music.

"that might create a soul under the ribs of death."

### HOSTEL NOTES.

The Hostel re-opened for the year 1929-30 on 1st July 1929. The inmates of the Hostel now comprise five students from the Science College, two from the Arts College and twenty-three from the Women's College.

The elected committee members for the year are as follows:—

Sry. K. Pryamvada	...	<i>President.</i>
" A. K. Devaki Amma	...	<i>Secretary.</i>
" T. P. Bhargavi Amma	...	<i>Treasurer.</i>
" M. Ammini Amma	}	<i>Members.</i>
Miss Nancy Gabriel		



The activities of the 'Union' were begun with a send-off to Miss Carrapiett in the form of a delightful trip to Kovalam. The journey was pleasant enough and when there, the party partook of light refreshments which, you know, was the most enjoyable item of all. The scrambling upon the rocks and thence falling down was a lively pastime for some of us. The whole function was a great success.

At the inaugural meeting, which took place on Thursday, 15th August, of the 'Hostel Union' the members were particularly fortunate in having Miss Watts, our late warden, as the president and Mrs. Kuruvilla, M. A., M. L. C., as the lecturer. The speaker explained what the right of every woman was and how she was to claim it without any strife. The meeting was concluded by a small farce 'കന്നൻ കമാരൻ' staged by the students of the Hostel.

A general meeting of the 'Union' was held on the 31st August 1929 with Miss Grose in the chair. Sry. S. Karthiyayani Amma read a well prepared paper on 'Books and Reading'.

A Malayalam debate under the auspices of the Hostel Union was conducted on the 2nd October, 1929 when Sry. P. Ponnamma presided. Sry. L. Kamalakshi Amma moved the proposition that "ശീലാവതി ഒരു മാതൃക സ്ത്രീയാകുന്നു." Sry. Ratna Mayi Devi opposed the proposition which was rejected after a lively debate.

An ordinary meeting of the 'Hostel Union' was held on 24th October 1929 with Sry. Rukmini Amma M. A. (Hons.) in the chair, when Miss E. Gomez, M. A., (Hons.) B. A. (Oxon.) addressed the audience on "Hostel Life in England". The address was full of the thrilling experiences of the speaker expressed in eloquent words which attracted the rapt attention of the audience especially when she dealt with interesting and appealing topics such as cocoa parties, etc.

A meeting was held on 31st October to celebrate the birthday of His Highness. Sry. Ratna Mayi Devi proposed the toast to His Highness and ended it with prayer that God will shower on him all blessings. After music, fire works, etc. the meeting closed.

A special meeting of the students was held on 1st November 1929 give a send-off to Sry. Anandavalli Amma who recently left us and to welcome to our midst Sry. Rukmini Amma who has taken her place as tutor.



A special meeting of the 'Union' was held on the 4th December 1929 to celebrate the birthday of Her Highness, the Maha Rani Regent. The items were welcome song, tableaux, toast to Her Highness and a boat song. These were followed by a living cinema entitled "some scenes from Hostel Life" which pleased the audience immensely. Last of all two scenes from 'മുറമുറ' were staged by the students of the Hostel. The tragic part of the hero was well acted by Sry. S. Janaky Amma.



THE public clamour for news of distant friends grows apace. But we are seriously handicapped, for we have very little by way of direct information. To furnish news gathered from rumour is easy enough. The imagination is too compact to experience a dearth on this score. But alas! in spite of the advance of science the human mind still trusts in the declarations of the senses and the efficacy of enquiry and human testimony! Mischievous parties might easily refute us. A ridiculous fuss be made over our honest intentions to let every body know what every body else is doing. Therefore will not distant friends drop a few words and redeem us? Whether in telegraphic language or hieroglyphic writing, we mind not, friends, only do let us have items of interest once in a way and infinitely oblige.

Now to our meagre fare.

Miss Mary John, B. A., a brilliant old student of ours and sometime member of the staff, is away in England on Imperial scholarship, for higher studies in Science. We wish her days of healthy ease, successful experiments, and brilliant records.

Miss Teresa Nidiry, Sry. N. Kunjulekshmi Amma and Miss Mary Koshi, all teachers since graduation, are back at their studies, the first doing her M. A. and the other two their L. T. courses.

\*

\*

\*

\*

After a highly commendable course at Oxford and graduation in Honours, Miss E. Gomez is back at college. We wish her all success in her official career.

With pride we announce the news that as a member of the Kottayam Bar, Mrs. Anna Chandi, M. A. & B. L., our first Lady Advocate acquits herself as a veteran in service. We hope to find her one of the leading members of the High Court Bar, in the near future.

Sy. N. Kunjukutti Amma, M. A. & L. T. and Sy. L. Bharathi Amma, B. A. & L. T., have been appointed as Assistant Inspectresses of Schools.

Sy. D. Madhavi Amma, B. A., is at Quilon as the officiating Head Mistress of an English School.

Mrs. Lekshmi Narayan Nair, B. A., has been appointed as our Lecturer in Indian Music and deputed for training to the Chidambaram



College of Music. Her inherited wealth of musical talents, now bur-  
nished under distinguished guidance, we feel assured, will prove an  
acquisition to us.

The clamour for woman's admission to the departments of Govern-  
ment service, hitherto forbidden, has been allayed by the benign mea-  
sures of Her Highness the Maha Rani Regent in the appointment of  
the following :

Sy. G. R. Thankamma, B. A., in the Secretariat.

„ P. Chellamma in the Revenue Department.

„ V. Ammukutty Amma, B. A. and

Miss Hepzeba in the High Court.

We congratulate these heralds of the golden era of woman regime  
in the Secretariat and in the High Court.

Miss Anda Kurien, M. A. (Hons.), who was deputed for Physical  
Training has resigned and accepted a lecturer's place in the Isebella  
Thoburn College, Lucknow.

\* \* \*

Our congratulations to the young couples:—

Miss K. P. Achamma and Mr. Koshi, Dental Surgeon.

„ Lizzie John and Mr. T. Kurien, Engineer, Persia.

„ Achy Abraham and Mr. George Oommen.

„ Annamma Thomas and Mr. George Kuruville.

„ Sarah Varkey and Mr. T. G. George.

We are glad to announce the engagement of Sy. P. Kamala Bhai  
to Mr. S. Velu Pillai, B. A., B. L., a promising junior member of the  
High Court Bar.

\* \* \*

Our best wishes to the bonnie babes of Sy. L. Meenakshi Amma,  
B. A., K. Narayani Amma and Susanna Eapen.

\* \* \*

Now we come to record news of exceeding bitterness, of the  
shadowy echoes of silent tears, the death of V. V. Anna of typhoid  
and of Prabha, Mrs. Lakshmi Narayan Nair's only child, of diphtheria.



## NORTH WARD HO'!

*(Continued.)*

It was indeed a particularly busy season in Calcutta when we had the good fortune to visit it last December. What with the Congress Meetings and Exhibition, the Social Conference, the Cow Conference, the Music Conference, the Carnival, the Park Fair and other Christmas Festivities and the Races, Calcutta, indeed presented a gala appearance especially with the elite of India, the greatest sons of India, congregated there just then. With its business and its grandeur how it was indeed a miniature of London!! Calcutta was grand by day; but by night it was grander still. How the whole town looks like a fairy land lit up by electric lights!

We visited some of the most important places and institutions in Calcutta. First "The Victoria Jubilee Institute" instituted in memory of the Golden Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is indeed a most exquisite piece of architecture done in marble surrounded by beautiful little lakes and lovely gardens—how one's heart jumps for joy at the sight of the inexpressible beauty and charm of that "Beauty" spot—at the sight of the historic remains within the sword of Sirajudaula, the armour of Tippu Sultan, the writing table of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Helmet of Ranjit Singh etc. It is undoubtedly an invaluable store of information to the student of Indian History as it is the centre of attraction for the Artist and the Poet.

Next we visited the famous Science Institute of Dr. J. C. Bose. What a warm welcome we were accorded by the great scientist when he was told that we were Travancoreans. "You hail from the happy land of Travancore" he said and began to praise our dear land and the women of Travancore in such high terms that we really felt proud of ourselves and our country. Travancore, he had heard, was the only State throughout the length and breadth of India where women enjoyed a high place legally, socially and economically. Travancore stands first in the "Race for Literacy in India." It stands in the forefront of Indian States with regard to Female Education. "The Women of Travancore are really advanced," he tells us with a hearty shake of his head and a beaming smile, which are so characteristic of him "for here we



have your Maha Rani who is presiding at our Women's Social Conference." "Lucky are the people" he tells us in conclusion "whose destinies are guided by a dynasty consisting of such highly cultured and broad-minded members—" And talking of the rights of inheritance he remarked, "Travancore is the only place where men are kept under economic subjection, by the women of the land." I suppose he had heard some thing about our old Marumakkathayam system according to which only the children of the female members have property rights and not the children of the male members.

After these preliminary remarks he took us round, explaining as we went, the scientific mysteries and marvels that he had invented, giving us occasionally scientific demonstrations. At the entrance of the Institute, there was the symbolic brass statue of a woman—"The Mother" holding a light, and the venerable Doctor explained how the "Woman" is the torch-bearer of enlightenment and civilisation." Then through a corridor, we entered the imposing amphitheatrical auditorium with a Grecian touch about it. This auditorium he said was specially reserved for lectures on scientific inventions. The walls and the ceiling were decorated by frescoes, which were most striking. In the centre of the ceiling the revolving globe was painted. In the middle of the hall just in front of the rows of seats which were arranged in a semi-circular fashion leaving a pathway in the middle, was a big seat most artistically designed and worked out in ebony, to which Dr. Bose pointed out and said "Isn't it beautiful, majestic? It is the yet unoccupied seat, unoccupied throne meant for the 'King of Knowledge.' I challenge any one of the East or West to occupy it." A veritable "Sarvajna Peedom" meant no doubt for a great Sankaracharya!!

Then we passed on to the Laboratory where our revered host demonstrated and explained to us several new instruments invented by him.

An extraordinary magnifying apparatus there was—an invention to note the growth of the plant in five seconds (would you believe!!) 10,000 times magnified. There was another instrument (another of his inventions of course) with the help of which the plant records the amount of food it consumes.

Then he illustrated the close dependence of Life on light by shutting out the sun light from a plant; and how immediately the effect



was seen! Another wonderful instrument there was which helped us to see the beating of the heart of a plant; and he also showed us several experiments which revealed the sensitiveness of plants to external stimulus and their remarkable reaction even to the faintest shock. An electric shock administered to the plant throws it at once into agonised convulsions which are conspicuous (doesn't it sound incredible?). Again when the plant was brought under the influence of chloroform it fell into a swoon immediately.

These are India's great contribution to the world of science. By such wonderful inventions, Sir J. C. Bose has won for his Motherland a proud position in the august intellectual federation of the world.

From the laboratory we passed into the garden which again was quite different from the ordinary. The flowers which were of a far deeper tint and of a bigger size looked lovely beyond words.

The other important places that we visited were the Jain Temples wonderful for their beauty and cleanliness-veritable temples of God. Every Jain or Buddhist temple had a huge tank and a beautiful garden attached to it, to which the poorer people resorted in the evenings. You see the democratic nature of their religions. In the public gardens of Calcutta only the rich and the fashionable had access.

We also visited the famous Botanical gardens of Calcutta on the other bank of the Hoogly. So we crossed the Hoogly at Chandal Ghat in the vessel "Nurjahan." The voyage, so pleasant, took about fifteen minutes and we were soon landed in the famous "Palm Avenue" so called for the gigantic palm trees which lined either side of the broad pathway which led on to the gardens.

Last of all we visited the "Kalikhat" the Hindu Temple. There an unexpected sight awaited us. The people of the place were anxious to take us to the temple from which the town Calcutta derived its name. We thought it would be a grand and sacred place like our Sree Padmanabha Swami Temple or any other temple of Southern India Oh! but we were sorely disappointed, pained and horror-struck. For a true picture of "Kali Khat," reader, may I refer you to Miss Mayo's "Mother India." The less said of the place, the better. In this connection let us remember what Mahatmajji has said about that book - That "it is a book for the East to remember and the West to forget" Let us try to rectify, to remove the defects that are pointed out to us perhaps too poignantly, too nakedly by the West.

---



---

### THE LONE EVENING HOUR.

THE sun has gone down and disappeared beyond the west. I have come to the garden to enjoy my solitary hour—that most delicious hour which I can snatch from a busy day—that hour which only I can call my own.

Today the night is dark, the sky is laden with rainclouds. Only the light from the street partly lights up the garden. An inexplicable feeling of gloom covers my heart which seems to sink within me—a feeling of loneliness which 'resembles sorrow as the mist resembles the rain'. Yet it is sweet—this is sweet melancholy. I would not exchange these moments for a life-time of mirth and jollity. I look up to the sky—the gloom deepens. I listen to the rumbling of cars in the road, which I hear for a moment and then I hear their dying echo at a distance. To me these sounds echoed the transitoriness of human life whose joys and troubles fleet through time and die away in eternity—the vanity of human life, its struggles for wealth and fame, its passions desires—and oh! the poor human heart struggling in vain, never satisfied, never resting.—My thoughts wander without an aim. A sigh escapes from me now and again. Every selfish and sinful desire that ever stirred in this bosom, every discordant tune that beat in it against creation's harmony seems to dissolve within me and fill me with that indescribable feeling of loneliness.

A few moments pass, I feel the touch of the gentle breeze. It refreshes me. I notice the garden plants around me and I feel that I am in the midst of my best friends. In their touch I feel a joy which no human company can give—yes my life seems to beat in tune with theirs; and all pain disappears. A peace—a sweet stillness creeps over me. I feel as if my soul is purified—If every moment of my life were like this—ah! then this earth would be heaven indeed!

The Dreamer.



## ITINERANT SINGERS.

THROUGH the still morning air came the sweet strains in childish treble.

'Harai—Nabi—Harai.'

Deft hands idly straying over the keys played accompaniment. Itinerant singers - these - sellers of songs singing for bread. Out of the depths of hunger came these melodies and yet how sweet they were !

At the street corner they drew up the child, the pinched hungry-looking man and the woman. Round them gathered a listening crowd. The child sang. The very air seemed of mute by an eloquent hush that stole over the crowd.

.....'Dulaba-Nai-ha-ha'—

The ugliness of misery vanished from the man's face. The hungry look was gone. A dreamy, far-off look was in his eyes. Faster and faster his fingers flew. Breathless the crowd listened to the golden stream of melody.

He sang of Krishna and the peerless Radha—how Krishna tuned his yearning soul to a little song of love.

The moon was on high bathing the land in a silvery shimmer. The subtle fragrance of 'Jasmine' and 'Chempak' was heavy in the air. Through the stillness came the strains of the celestial flute. The trees stood still. The clouds hurrying across the azure heavens ceased their mad scurry. The wide-eyed cows from the meadows approached with noiseless tread.

And then he laughed—laughter that was like the tinkle of silver bells.

The trees waved in mad ecstasy. The clouds sailed off in a tempest of joy. The silver ribbon of a little stream echoed the world's gladness in countless ripples. From afar came laughter and the tinkle of anklets. Radha was coming to her lover and with her the Gokal maidens.

Softer, softer, grew his touch as with caressing, lingering fingers he brought the dreaming cloud back to life. The haunted look returned. 'Sadhu maharaj! Dharmam': he cried brokenly. The child took up the cry. 'Aik vastram Maharaj'. The smell of the 'champak' and the jasmine seemed to be still in the air as down the street they passed with that pitiful cry.

R. S. A.



## FLOWERS.

"To me the meanest flower that blow can give,  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"

Ode on Immortality (*Wordsworth*).

The human soul delights in innocence. This may appear untrue when we consider the general trend and love of common characters but innocence of any type is a quality latent in every heart however harsh or foul. It is a man's constant end and aim. One of the most beautiful objects to many is a sweet little baby smiling in its sleep. What a pure, innocent smile that is! When we gaze at it for some time we feel a thrill of some inexpressible tenderness coming over us. It reminds us of the loveliness of purity and simplicity, and for a moment our unholy beings are plunged into the waters of purity. "The innocent brightness of a new-born day is lovely yet." But more charming still is it to behold innocent eyes and innocent looks.

Somewhat of the same nature is my feeling when I gaze at a Rose flower, or a Jasmine. Apart from its fragrance and its beauty there is something which draws me irresistibly towards it. Those velvety petals, so soft and smooth and pure has certainly a great charm. For a time I forget all my trifling worries. I see the flower alone smiling at me and instructing me.

"My sense with their deliciousness is spelled,  
Soft voices have they, that with tender plea,  
Whispers of peace and truth and friendliness unquelled

(*Keats*)

I love flowers, but I love them for their own sake. Little do I care to know their Botanical names, or to analyse their various parts, to draw the floral diagram, and to find out all about its ovary and ovules. But I love to see them bloom, and smile, filling its Lovers with happiness, in their own proper places, untampered with, by the hands of man. Let them be enjoyed both by man and bird. There are some who pretend to be people of fine tastes. As soon as they see a flower, they pluck it, and take it to their noses. The hot breath withers them soon, so that after a few hours they are thrown away. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." It would be too delightful to enjoy the scents of the flowers as they are carried by the mild breeze. To lie in



the cool shade of a garden, with the sunshine playing on the new-born flowers, and various birds hopping about from bough to bough, chattering their unrhymed melody and a gentle breeze scented with the wild flora.—Oh there are

“ A thousand flowers, each seeming one  
That learnt by gazing on the sun  
To counterfeit his shining  
Within whose leaves the holy dew  
That falls from heaven, has won anew  
A glory, in declining

( “ Robert Browning ” )

This is a state which a grand officer working hard in his office should certainly envy.

There is a beautiful passage in the New Testament when Jesus Christ asks his disciples “ why take ye thought for raiments. Consider the Lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” This is a most remarkable passage, and almost unparalleled for its simple beauty. Look at the Rose, the Shoe-flower, and yon Lotus in the pond. How beautifully and with what great skill are they dressed by the invisible hands of the greatest artist of all ! See the Lotus with its image reflected in the water. She seems admiring the beauty of her own reflection. There is no flower that has so prominent a place in literature and Mythology as the pretty Lotus. It is the loved one of the Indian Bards, from Valmiki and Kalidas down to Tagore.

How delightful it is to spend the afternoon hours beneath a blossoming tree with the wind merrily rustling through the green leaves. At night beside my table amidst suffocating heat and smoke, I feel like a criminal locked up in a dark dungeon. But out in the garden what happiness ! Around me are various plants, shrubs, creepers and crotons. The flowers hanging in clusters like pearl garlands of various hues . Add to this, the prospects of sublime hill scenery and what a place in which to think, to read and to meditate ! Here time seems too precious to be wasted in idle talk and foolery.



To young Reflecters' minds, the garden is a training ground. To hearts filled with sorrow, it is an asylum of Relief. I believe the best of all sorts of education for the young is the education by observation. It cultivates their power of thought and feeling and develops their artistic taste. Many beautiful flowers bloom and fade within a few hours. Short as their lives are, they proclaim, and in living tones, the great truth that the best life is that lived for others.

“ Although it fall and die that night  
It was the plant and flower of light ”

A student of Class III.

---

### TWO GOOD BOOKS.

When we go to a Public or a College Library and stand before the almyrah to select a few books to read and relish in our moments of relief from the ordinary routine of studying class books, our aesthetic senses suggest to us to take some well guilt labelled books of attractive title, while the well meaning mind induces us to choose some of the books of haggard appearance, for it is an established truth that good books are being constantly handled by all book-lovers and thereby become soiled and old sooner than the other books. We walk out with some well-bound books with the satisfaction that we got those we needed so easily. At other times it is at the instance of our teachers or our friends that we go in search. More often the popular selection of books is from authors of repute, mostly recommended by our teachers. Of these we like some particular authors more than others as some appeal more to our taste and temperament. Unconsciously, in the long run, such of us who particularly prefer certain kind of authors, slip into their thoughts and ideas and style, so that we cannot think or write without them. To my mind it appears a fault to neglect some authors because we love some others.

I feel that I shall fail in my aim, that of inducing the readers of this article to have a wide range of reading, if I do not relate here how I was handicapped by the advice of friends in the matter of choosing books. I was for a long time a puppet to the wishes of a dear and very scholarly friend of mine. I own thankfully that I gained a good deal from reading the books chosen by him, but I wanted some thing, more



than my friend knew. Hence I went in for books that others did not read and in a search for such books I came across two books—both are in our Library—which will not tire you in any way, as they are of good English edition printed in bold characters.

The first is "The Little Treasure Island—Her story and Her Glory" by Arthur Mee. As we read this book, Mee carries us with him through all England. We see England as though before our very eyes. Apart from the natural beauties depicted therein, the sad history of some of the makers of England in days gone by, of how England evolved out of barbarity, through a long travail of centuries, stirs our feelings and draws tears to our eyes. It is worth while for us to know how England was made and this we cannot know better than through this book. It reveals certain historical truths, very touching and sad, which history books are not able to give. The history of primitive and the modern man, the beauty of the hills, the flowers, the snow, all these make us yearn to breathe the air of England at least once in our life time. Through this book we learn how even the good Queen Victoria stands impeached by William Ewart Gladston. Shakespeare stands before our eyes as a boy holding the horses of hostlers of old, and grown-up Shakespeare lives eternally in human hearts. Such is this book, "The Little Treasure Island" of Arthur Mee.

I came to read the other book through a small incident that I read somewhere connected with the late Lord Curzon, once Viceroy in India. On a dark night, after Lord Curzon had finished his dinner at eleven o'clock he stepped up to the terrace of the Viceregal Lodge to air himself a while, as the night was a little warm. As he was pacing slowly to and fro, he caught sight of a lamp burning, through one of the windows of the Secretariat. Actuated by a desire to know why the light was burning there, Lord Curzon walked up to the Secretariat and looked at the scene. Before the light sat a clerk busy with writing accounts. Lord Curzon inquired why he was working so late to which the man replied that his master had ordered him not to quit office until he finished the work and so it was that he sat working in obedience to his master's orders. Lord Curzon questioned him again, as to when the order had been given and whence his boss had gone. The man replied that it had been at four o'clock in the evening, for his tennis.



Without another word, Lord Curzon retraced his steps, and on the following morning he issued an order to the effect that no officer should leave office at four o'clock unless his clerks had left office before. This fellow-feeling and sympathy for the man speak volumes of the big heart of Lord Curzon. And so one day as I stood face to face with a volume of "Tales of Travel" by Marquess Curzon, that is in our College Library, I determined, at once that I must go through it from cover to cover even if it was uninteresting and dry. I took it immediately and found its pages uncut. A hasty glance at the contents suggested that the book must be interesting. A perusal of the introduction foreshadowed to me a new style which I had never seen elsewhere. As I proceeded the real man in Lord Curzon stood before me as a man adjusting himself to all circumstances. Bold beyond his position, he ventured in places where others would shrink back.

Some of the chapters of this book reveal to us certain facts which every Indian student ought to know. "The Drums of Kairwan" that Lord Curzon heard years ago, as he narrates in this book seems to be sounding in my ears even now as I write. "The Amir of Afganistan" is a picture of the tragical horror of the past as well as of a most humorous relation of the then ruler of Afganistan. Some of the later chapters are also highly interesting and some of the "Humours of Travel" will keep the reader bubble over with mirth. I wish many would read these books.

In the matter of choosing books I am of opinion that our range of choosing must not be limited by the advice of our teachers but should range far wider in the modern world of books as we may then find some truths undiscovered by the authors of the past.

G. M.

---

### I'LL NEVER DRIVE AGAIN.

I had won a prize (the 8th, 9th, or 10th I don't exactly remember) in a recent crossword competition and, quite proud of my hard-earned five rupees, I set about thinking what I should do with them. Buy a tin of chocolates? No, for I knew they would vanish into thin air before I was half way home. I wanted something more lasting than chocolates. Post cards? No. Too much had already been wasted on post



cards. Ribbons, slides, kerchiefs, and the rest of the paraphernalia one is likely to think of, occurred in rapid succession to my mind but were dismissed with equal rapidity.

At last I thought of being satisfied with just an ordinary cotton voile frock, and resolved to go that very evening to Chalai to purchase the cloth. Feeling rather sheepish entering a shop all alone I asked my father to accompany me. It was decided that I should go in the "Town Service" as far as the East Fort where my father would be waiting for me, and whence we could both go to the shop.

I had often seen those beautiful white trams ply up and down the road, but I had never had the chance of entering one of them. Here at last was a golden opportunity and I was not slow in grasping it.

On tenter hooks to enter the "Town Service", I tried to make the hours fly past by turning the minute hand of our clock, but "Big Ben," not being prepared to stomach my experiments, turned refractory and stopped working. I was therefore obliged to wait, until I heard the neighbouring clock strike the half hour after three, when I began to dress.

"East Fort, East Fort" I kept repeating to myself while brushing my hair. Some one had set the gramophone on and I could not resist singing "Constantinople" with it. When however I had finished, "East Fort" had completely vanished from my mind and I could not for the life of me recall it. It had something to do with the cardinal points, that I was sure of. West coast was it? No. East coast. East or west, what was it? I debated the question in my mind. Surely it was west—no, there I had it at last—it was neither west nor east coast, it was West Court.

Feeling quite secure on this point I waited impatiently at our gate for the bus. At last it arrived. My heart was in a flutter. In my excitement I had completely forgotten west court and while taking my seat said in a peremptory voice to the conductor "To the High Court please".

To the High Court? the conductor's face was a positive study. I am sure he was only ruminating as to what on earth this mere chit of a girl wanted at the High Court. He nevertheless gave me my ticket with a very hard stare under which at any other time I am sure I would have winced.



The bus sped on, stopping, however, now and again to admit passengers. Of all those with whom I had the privilege of travelling that day, there was one whom I can never forget, and whom I am certain I shall be able to recognise in any part of the globe. To give you an idea of his size, it would suffice, I think, if I said that if he stood on two square feet of his own property, his waist coat might be prosecuted for trespass on neighbouring land. The heat I perceived was too great for him, for he had no sooner taken his seat than he drew out a handkerchief (which being richly embroidered with holes of a pretty large dimension I presumed was the only one he had ever had) and by a backward and forward motion of his hand tried to produce as much breeze as he possibly could. After preserving a pretty long silence he suddenly turned very musical and sang with great gusto, the old refrain "It is a long way to Tipperary."

Absorbed in his song, I little noticed the distance that was already covered until with a jerk the car came to a stand still. It had reached the High Court. As I showed no signs of movement, the conductor in a very impatient voice told me that I might get down. I was in a dilemma. "It's not here that I wish to get down," I told him in an agitated voice, "but at the High Court in Chalai". In vain did the driver assure me that there was no High Court at Chalai. I still persisted that there was and that there and there alone would I get down. Finding it was useless to bandy words with me, he lost all control of himself, and drove straight on, intending, I suppose, to drop me down somewhere in Chalai. My mind was in a whirl, and I found that it was the driver, after all, who held the trump card. I began to picture myself a wandering outcast in the streets of Chalai, asking at every house to be directed to this mysterious High Court. I wished most earnestly I had never entered the cross-word competition and that I had never got those unlucky five rupees which were becoming a cause of mental torture to me.

Looking ahead in despair, I saw a familiar outline at the cross roads. My fears were beginning to abate. To my right I saw a large enclosure bounded with massive walls, which I thought very much resembled those of a fort. No sooner had the word fort entered my mind, than I remembered, it was neither to the east nor the west coast, west nor High Court, but to the East Fort that I was asked to go.



When at last the bus had stopped at the cross roads, and I got down with feverish haste to rejoin my father, I realised that I had no cause whatever to blame the competition or my five rupees, but my own, weak memory which to my discredit, I must say, was not able to retain for three hours those two simple words "East Fort". But even if in the course of years, I have (by means of medicine of course) the good fortune to be able to increase my memory I have resolved, and that firmly too, never, never, again to drive in the "Town Service".

R. F.  
Class II.

### AN AFTERNOON LOUNGE.

"To library!" The order came,  
Which none dared disobey;  
And so we armed ourselves with books  
And 'mags' in bright array.  
Then right into the lounge we streamed  
As fast as we could go;  
And there with nods and smiles sat down  
To muse or read for show!  
The books held upside down were read  
With ease I doubt it not!  
Though strange our ways at times appear,  
We're quite a decent lot.  
The hour ticked on, the air oppress'd  
—Oh you may moralise!—  
But seventeen pairs of eyelids dropt  
On sev'nteen pairs of eyes.  
The Sun did peep right through the leaves  
That o'er the trellis spread  
He smiled to see the books held out  
Before each drowsy head.  
"A step comes down the corridor  
Prepare our den to meet!  
Wake up my dears with one accord  
Resist the power of heat!"



Our favr'ite 'prof' walked in on us  
She screwed her mouth quite tight  
Her fist was clenched ; with lips compressed  
She glanced to left and right.  
She dared us to her face to sleep  
Quite wide awake was she !  
The Sun might shine for all he's worth  
She's match for him you see ?  
Her pen across her book did dance  
And pages she did write :  
She'd teach us how to vanish quick  
The dulness out of sight.  
Oh tragedy ! her mouth flew wide  
And down she laid her pen :  
Quite prompt echoed that tiresome yawn  
The sleepy Seven and ten.  
Then—'boom !' went off the gun at last  
—Those sighs of pure delight !—  
The books banged close and up arose  
The girls with faces bright.  
Behold us now run up the stairs  
When lounge is left behind  
We dull ? Ah no ! sweet sev'nteen we !  
With blithe some heart and mind  
The corridors ring out again  
With laughter of the train  
Though books are dull, the hour is past  
So sing the gay refrain——

"Long live our library !  
Long live the lounge !  
Long live sweet *eight* and ten  
That doze in the lounge !"



എന്റെ കടലാസു വഞ്ചികൾ.

(ടാഗോർ)

കേക.

ഓരോവാസരത്തോരമെൻകടലാസു വഞ്ചി-  
യോരോന്നൊഴക്കുന്നൊഴക്കേരുമിപ്പഴയിൽ ഞാൻ.  
ഓരോന്നിലും ഞാനേററം വലുതായെഴുതുന്ന  
പേരുമെന്നതുമെഴിക്കാരൊളിവിചികളിൽ.  
ആരാനുഗൃഹേശത്തവയോരോന്നും കാൺകേ  
ആരാണു ഞാനെന്നോരുമെന്നുമേ കരുതുന്നു!  
മെച്ചമായ സ്മൽമലക്കാവിലെത്തെററിപ്പുവാൽ  
കൊച്ചുവഞ്ചിയിലെല്ലാം ഭാരമേറീടുന്നു ഞാൻ.  
വിഭാതവികസപരമിസ്സുമമെല്ലാമന്തി-  
യ്ക്കിവയങ്ങമ്പിൽ കരയ്ക്കുപ്പിച്ചീടുമല്ലോ!

എൻകടലാസുവള്ളം നീക്കി ഞാൻ നോക്കുന്നു ഹാ!  
വിണ്ണിൽ; വെൺപായ്വിതിക്കുമുപോതങ്ങൾ കാണൂ!  
ലീലാലോലുപനാകമെൻ ബാലസഖാവാറോ  
ചേലേരുമവരെയല്ലാം താഴോട്ടു താഴോട്ടേവം  
അംബരത്തിങ്കൽ നിന്നും തള്ളിനീക്കീടുന്നിതി-  
ങ്ങന്റെ വഞ്ചികളോടു പന്തയംവെച്ചു പായാൻ!

പാരിടം തന്നിലെങ്ങും കൂരിരുൾ കൂടുന്നേരം  
പാരാതെൻ കരത്തണ്ടിൽ തല ചാച്ചുറങ്ങുമ്പോൾ  
പാതിരാതാരങ്ങളെക്കൂറാതെൻ വഞ്ചിയെല്ലാം  
പായുന്നു കുതിച്ചെന്നു കിനാവുകാണുന്നു ഞാൻ.  
നിദ്രാദേവതമാണവയിൽ യാത്രചെയ്തോർ  
സ്വപ്നസമ്പൂർണ്ണമഞ്ജുഷാവലിചരക്കല്ലോ!

എൻ. ഭാഗ്ഗവി.



## കുമാരത്തിന്റെ കലീനം.

കുമാരം അന്ന് മദിരാശിയിൽ പഠിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. മലയാളത്തെ ജന്മിമാരിൽ അതിസമ്പന്നനായിരുന്ന പൂവേലിക്കുറുപ്പു സമുദായപരിഷ്കരണവിഷയത്തിൽ വലിയ ഉറപ്പുള്ളവനായിരുന്നു. സ്രീകളെ ഉന്നതവിദ്യാഭ്യാസം ചെയ്യിപ്പിക്കുന്നതു ആപൽക്കരമാണെന്നു കരുതുന്ന ഒരു വ്യക്തമായവനായിരുന്നു. മാസംതോറും നടത്താറുള്ള ബ്രാഹ്മണസമുദായസമ്മേളനപോലെ അത്രകേതിപൂർവ്വമല്ലെങ്കിലും തന്റെ മുതലെടുപ്പിൽ ഒരു സിംഹഭാഗം ഏകദേശിനേയിരായ കുമാരത്തിന്റെ വിദ്യാഭ്യാസത്തിന്നു നീക്കിവെക്കാൻ കുറുപ്പു മടിയുള്ളവനായിരുന്നില്ല. പൂവേലിത്തറവാട്ട് സ്വത്തുടമയായ ഒരു നായർ കുടുംബമാണ്. മലയാളത്തെ കോവിലകങ്ങളിലും മനകളിലുമുള്ള വൃദ്ധജനങ്ങളുടെ ബഹുമാനത്തിന് ആകട്ടെ പാത്രീകളായിട്ടില്ലെന്ന് ഇന്നും ചിലർ വിചാരിക്കാറുണ്ട്. ഹൈന്ദവത്തെ ആക്രമണകാലത്തു അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ഒരു സൈന്യാധിപനായ മുസൽമാൻ സ്വേച്ഛയാ നടത്തിയ ചൊള്ളുകളിൽ സ്വദേശത്തേക്കയക്കാൻ കഴിയാതെ മിച്ചം വന്ന ഒരു വമ്പിച്ചതുകയെ ഒരുമാർഗ്ഗമായ വ്യവസായത്തിന്നു വിനിയോഗിച്ചതായും അതു പൂവേലിക്കുടുംബത്തിന് അല്പകാലത്തേക്കു ഭക്ഷ്യകുലിക്കാനിടവരുത്തിയതായും വിധിപ്രകാരമുള്ള പണക്കിഴികളും പിഴമുളലും കൊണ്ടു കരണാധിപന്മാരുടെ അനുഗ്രഹത്താൽ ഈ കുടുംബക്കാർക്കു നൂനതകൾ നീങ്ങിക്കിട്ടിയതായും ഒരു ജനസംസാരമുണ്ട്. കരമൊട്ടുക്കു, വോട്ടും കൊണ്ടു പദവി നിശ്ചയിക്കുന്ന കാലമായപ്പോൾ അടിയന്ത്രസ്ഥലങ്ങളിലും, ഉത്സവസ്ഥലങ്ങളിലും, സഭകളിലും പത്രങ്ങളെയും പത്രങ്ങളെയും കയറിച്ചെന്നു മറ്റേതു പ്രമാണികളെപ്പോലെയും അട്ടമസിപ്പാനും അസംബന്ധപ്രകാരം നമോ അഭിപ്രായപ്രകടനപരിശ്രമമോ ചെയ്യാനും പൂവേലിക്കാർക്കും അസൗകര്യമുണ്ടായില്ല. തലപ്പോരിനു നാണയത്തേക്കാൾ ഘനശ്രദ്ധയുണ്ടെന്നുള്ള തത്വം ഈ കുടുംബക്കാർ തീരെ അറിഞ്ഞിട്ടില്ലാത്തവരല്ല. കുറുപ്പന്മാരുടെ പ്രഭുവത്തിന്റെ ഉൽപ്പത്തിയെപ്പറ്റി അവ്യക്തമായെങ്കിലും വല്ലവരുമൊന്നു സൂചിപ്പിച്ചപ്പോഴാൽ മലയാളത്തുള്ള വലിയ ജന്മിമാരുടെയെല്ലാം വംശാവലിയും ഉൽപ്പത്തികുമെല്ലാം വിവേചിച്ചു കൊണ്ടുള്ള പ്രസംഗം അവർക്കു കൊച്ചു കുറുപ്പിനുപോലും വശമുണ്ടായിരുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് കഴിവുള്ളിടത്തോളം കഴിഞ്ഞ ചരിത്രം കേൾക്കാതെയും, സ്തുരിക്കാതെയും ഒരു വിധം മനഃശ്ലേഷംകൂടാതെ കഴിക്കാനാവാത്ത കുബേരകുടുംബങ്ങളിലെ അംഗങ്ങൾ പൂവേലിത്തറവാട്ട് ദാപരയുഗത്തിലെ ഉള്ളതാണെന്നും, സ്വന്തം



ഇന്നത്തേതിലിരുട്ടി ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നെന്നും, ധർമ്മവിഷയത്തിൽ വളരെ അധികം നഷ്ടം വന്നു പോയെന്നും മറ്റും പറഞ്ഞ് ഉള്ള മൈത്രിയെ പലത്തുകയാണ് ചെയ്തു പോരുന്നത്. ഈ തറവാട്ടിലെ സ്രീസന്താനം കുടുംബം മാത്രമായതുകൊണ്ട് കുറുപ്പന്മാരുടെ പ്രഭുത്വവും പ്രതാപവും എല്ലാംകൂടി പ്രദർശിപ്പിക്കുവാനുള്ള അവസരങ്ങൾ ആ ഏകദേശി നേയിയിൽ കൂടിത്തന്നെ പ്രവഹിച്ചു പോന്നു. അരധസന്താനം വരുന്ന കാരണവന്മാർ ഭാര്യാഗ്രഹങ്ങളെന്ന് പറയുന്ന ആതുരശാലകളിൽ യഥാസമയം ഹാജരവെച്ചു മടങ്ങിയാൽ തങ്ങളുടെ സ്നേഹവാത്സല്യാദികളുടെ അനന്യതയായ ആ മേളനത്തിനു ഈ പെൺകിടാവിനെത്തന്നെ വളയാറുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. എന്നാൽ മദിരാശിയിൽ പഠിക്കാനയച്ചതോടുകൂടി കാരണവന്മാരുടെ ഇടവിടാത്തുള്ള 'ബോറി'ങ്ങളിൽ നിന്നു കുടുംബ വിമുക്തയായെന്ന ഒരു നവോന്മേഷം പ്രത്യക്ഷമാക്കിയിരുന്നു. അനന്തരവളോടുള്ള ആ കഠിനവാത്സല്യംഭീമാകരന്മാരായ കുറുപ്പന്മാരുടെ ഖരസ്വരത്തിൽ പ്രഭാഷിച്ചുകേൾക്കാറില്ലെന്നുള്ള ഒരു വലിയ ആശ്വാസമാണ് മദിരാശിയിലെ താമസംകൊണ്ട് കുടുംബത്തിന് ലഭിക്കാനിടയായത്. എങ്കിലും, ആഹാരം, ആരോഗ്യം, വസ്ത്രാഭരണാദി സംബന്ധം ഇത്യാദി വിവരിച്ചു കൊണ്ടുള്ള പരസ്പരവിരുദ്ധമായ കത്തുകൾ കാരണവന്മാർ മുടങ്ങാതെ ശരിക്കയച്ചു ആ പെൺകിടാവിനെ കഷ്ടപ്പത്തിലാക്കാറുണ്ട്. ഈ കഷ്ടിയുടെ അച്ഛനെപ്പറ്റി അമ്മപോലും വളരെ അപൂർവ്വമായിട്ടെ സംസാരിച്ചിട്ടുള്ളൂ, എന്നറിയുന്നതുകൊണ്ട് അനൃഷ്ടം ഒന്നും പറയാൻ അധികാരമില്ലെന്നതന്നെ വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നു. അദ്ദേഹം കഴിഞ്ഞ മുറുപ്പകാലത്തും സെൻസസ്സുകാലത്തും തന്നെക്കൂടി എണ്ണത്തിൽപെടുത്തി രാജ്യസേവനം ചെയ്ത ഒരു മലയാളബ്രാഹ്മണനായിരുന്നു, എന്നുള്ളത് പൂർവ്വലക്ഷ്യംബത്തിലെ കളക്കടവിന്റെ മുഖരിൽ കാണുന്ന കരിക്കട്ടകൊണ്ടുള്ള ഒരു ചിത്രവും, പുഷ്പവിതാഗ്രയിലുള്ള ഒരു ശ്ലോകവും ഏതോ രാത്രിയിലുണ്ടായിരുന്നത്രയും സാധനകാലത്തുള്ള മുഖപ്രസംഗസദൃശമായ ഒരു ലേഖനവും കൊണ്ട് ഉൾക്കൊള്ളാൻ കഴിയും. എന്നാലും ലോകമുദത്തിന്റെ അമ്മ നാരായണിഅമ്മയ്ക്ക് ഒരു മലയാളബ്രാഹ്മണൻ 'ബാധി'ച്ചിരുന്നു എന്നുള്ളതു തീർച്ചതന്നെ. കുറുപ്പന്മാരുടെ കലീനതയ്ക്കു ബ്രാഹ്മണനാണ് 'സംബന്ധ'മെന്നു പറയാതിരിക്കുന്നതും പോരായ്മയാണല്ലോ. അതിനാൽ കുടുംബത്തിന്റെ അച്ഛൻബ്രാഹ്മണനായിരുന്നിരിക്കാം.

അനന്തരണശീലമുള്ള അനന്തരവളായിരിക്കാൻ കുടുംബം താല്പര്യമുള്ളവളാണെന്നു അവളുടെ ലാറ്റൻ ഫയൽ ഒന്നു പരിശോധിക്കുന്നവർക്കു മനസ്സിലാകും. വീട്ടിൽ നിന്നു വരുന്നകത്തിൽ ഒന്നോരണ്ടോ മാത്രമേ



മാസം പൊട്ടിക്കാറുള്ളു. അത് എന്തുകൊണ്ടാണെന്ന് വിവരം ചോദിച്ചാൽ വായിച്ചറിഞ്ഞിട്ട് വിരുദ്ധം പ്രവൃത്തിച്ചു എന്നുള്ള കററം വന്നുപോകാതിരിക്കാൻ ആണെന്ന് ഒരു സമാധാനവും പറയാറുണ്ട്. ഓരോ കാരണവന്മാരും ഒരോ കോണിലാണ് നില. ഒരാൾ “പൊടിയരിക്കുന്തിയും, പർപ്പടകവും, നെയ്യും, കണ്ണിമാങ്ങയും രാവിലെ കുറെപ്പുറം കഴിക്കണം കേട്ടോ” എന്നനുശാസിക്കുമ്പോൾ മറെറ ആൾ ഓട്ടമീലും നേത്രപ്പഴവും മിതമായി ആഹരിക്കാൻ ഉപദേശിക്കും. തിരുമധുരവും തുളസിവെള്ളവുമാണ് തലച്ചോറിനുപയുക്തമെന്ന് അഭിപ്രായമുള്ള ആളാണ് മൂന്നാമൻ. മുട്ടയും, പാലും, ജാമും, ബിസ്കുറ്റും, ബട്ടറും, ബ്രഡുമാണ് ഇൻഡർമീരിയേഡുവരെ പഠിച്ച ഇളമീനിയുടെ അഭിപ്രായത്തിൽ പറയുന്ന ആഹാരം. ഇങ്ങിനെ ശരിക്കുമാറിയ ഉപദേശങ്ങൾ രാവിലത്തെ കാര്യത്തിനായാൽ ഉച്ചക്കും രാത്രിയ്ക്കുമുള്ള ആഹാരത്തിനും വസ്ത്രാഭരണാദികാര്യങ്ങൾക്കും എത്ര വ്യത്യസ്തമായ അഭിപ്രായങ്ങളാണുള്ളതെന്ന് ഉൾക്കൊള്ളാമല്ലോ? വല്ലവക്കും അറിയാൻ ഔത്സുക്യമുണ്ടാകുമ്പോൾ കുമ്പസാരം പറയാൻ കാരണമായി കാണിച്ച് അവരെ സമാധാനപ്പെടുത്താറുണ്ട്. ഈ പെൺകിടാവു കാളേജിൽ കടന്നുതോട്ടുകുടി കാരണവന്മാരുടെ ദൃഷ്ടിപഥത്തിൽ നിന്നു അകലത്താകാൻ ഇടയായി. ആണേഴ്സ് ക്ലാസിൽ എത്തിയപ്പോഴാണ്, എം. ബി. ക്സ് പഠിക്കുവാനായി ജ്യേഷ്ഠസഹോദരനായ മാധവക്കുറുപ്പുകുടി മദിരാശിയിൽ ചെന്നുചേർന്നത്. കുമ്പസാരത്തിന്റെ അമ്മഎത്ര സന്താനങ്ങളുടെ മാതാവാണ് എന്നു നിശ്ചയമില്ലെങ്കിലും മാധവക്കുറുപ്പു കുമ്പസാരത്തിന്റെ സഹോദരനാണെന്നു മദിരാശിലെ സഹപാഠികൾക്കു അറിയാം. കുറുപ്പിന്റെ താമസം ടിപ്പിക്കയിനിലായിരുന്നു. അനുജത്തിയെ ഹോസ്റ്റലിൽ ചെന്നു ഇടയ്ക്കിടെ അന്വേഷിക്കുകയും പതിവുണ്ട്. ഇതൊക്കെയാണ് കുമ്പസാരത്തിന്റെ ബാഹ്യചരിത്രങ്ങൾ.

ഇനി കുമ്പസാരത്തിന്റെ ആകാര സാരമൂലതയെപ്പറ്റി അടുത്തൊന്നു പരിശോധിക്കുകതന്നെ. സൗന്ദര്യത്തിന്റെ വ്യവസ്ഥാപിതനിയമങ്ങളോടു മല്ലടിച്ച് അവകൾക്കുള്ള അന്തഃസാരത്തുന്തയെ സൂചകമാക്കുന്ന ആസ്വാദ്യമധുരമായ ആ ആകാരവൈചിത്ര്യം ചിന്താസ്വപ്നങ്ങൾക്കു അകൃത്രിമസുന്ദരമായ ഒരു തരളകാവ്യത്തിലെ പദ്യശകലമായിരുന്നു. ഭാവനാസമ്പന്നമായ ആ വദനബിംബം ചന്ദ്രനെപ്പോലെ കളകളർപ്പുള്ള ഒരു നല്ല വൃത്തമായിരുന്നില്ല. ഒരു വല്ലിപോലെ മെലിഞ്ഞുനീണ്ട ആകർഷണ സമനപിതമായ ആ ഇളംവെപ്പു മനോജ്ഞങ്ങളായ ഉല്ലേഖങ്ങളെ പ്രസ്താവിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന നേത്രാഞ്ചലങ്ങളുടെ വീചീവലയത്താലാവൃതമായിരുന്നു.

[തുടരും]



### List of Exchanges.

1. The 'Sun-flower.'
  2. The Queen Mary's College Magazine.
  3. The Students' Chronicle and Serampore College Magazine.
  4. St. Thomas College Magazine, Trichur.
  5. The Scholar, Palghat.
  6. The Maharajah's College Magazine, Ernakulam.
  7. Mahilamandiram, Trivandrum.
  8. The Pachayappa's College Magazine, Madras.
  9. A Government College Miscellany, Mangalore.
  10. The St. Berchmans' College Magazine, Changanacherry.
  11. The 'Old College', Trivandrum.
  12. Our Home Magazine, Mylapore, Madras.
  13. The Indian Thinker, Trivandrum.
-



**We Acknowledge with thanks the following  
Subscriptions for Vol. VIII.**

		Rs. As.
1.	Sry. K. Madhavi Amma, C/o Dr. Kunjan Pillai, Trivandrum	1 4
2.	M. R. Ry. S. Ramakrishna Iyer Avl., Professor, Science College	1 4
3.	„ K. Mammen Avl., Lecturer, Arts College	1 0
4.	„ K. R. Krishna Iyer Avl. Asst. Professor, Science College	1 4

**Subscriptions for Vol. IX.**

1.	Miss E. C. Carrapiett.	1 4
2.	Sry. K. Madhavi Amma, C/o Dr. Kunjan Pillai, Trivandrum	1 4
3.	Sry. B. Karthiyani Pilla Kochamma, Arumana Ammaveedu, Trivandrum	1 4
4.	Miss E. T. Rebecca, Lecturer, Women's College, Trivandrum	1 4
5.	„ Mary John, Demonstrator Do.	0 7
	(for No. 3 only)	
6.	„ K. C. Annamma, Lecturer, Do	1 4
7.	„ K. Saradamma Do.	0 7
	(No. 3 only.)	
8.	„ F. De' Netto, Librarian Do.	1 4
9.	„ L. Noe, Lecturer Do.	1 4
10.	M. R. Ry. K. Sreenivisan Avl., Professor, Science College	1 4
11.	„ S. Ramakrishna Iyer Avl., Do.	1 4
12.	„ K. R. Krishna Iyer Avl., Asst. Prof. Do.	1 4

**Subscriptions for Vol. X.**

1.	Miss V. Bharathy, Class I, Women's College	1 6
2.	„ G. Devaki Amma Do. Do.	1 0
3.	„ K. P. Annamma Do. Do.	1 0
4.	„ Chellamma Do. Do.	1 0
5.	„ S. M. Mariamma Do. Do.	1 3
6.	„ Grace Thomas Do. Do.	1 0
7.	„ Miss T. M. Annamma Do.	1 0
8.	„ Mary Joseph Do. Do.	1 0
9.	„ A. M. Annamma, Do. Do.	1 0
10.	„ Achamma Mathen Do.	1 0
11.	„ Ponnamma Titus Do.	1 0
12.	„ Bella Van Ross Do. Do.	1 0
13.	„ Saradammal Do. Do.	1 0
14.	„ Sarala Devi Do. Do.	1 0
15.	„ Sethu Lakshmi Pillai Kochamma Do.	1 0
16.	Miss Mariamma Varghese Do.	1 0
17.	„ P. T. Mary Do. Do.	1 0
18.	„ M. Ponnamma Do. Do.	1 0
19.	„ A. C. Accamma Do. Do.	1 0
20.	„ M. G. Aley Do. Do.	1 0
21.	„ N. K. Meenakshi Do. Do.	1 0



				Rs.	A.
22.	„	N. Bhavani	Class I Women's College,	1	0
23.	„	A. Teresa	Do. Do.	1	0
24.	„	Aleyamma Jacob	Do. Do.	1	0
25.	„	Victoria Assyria	Do. Do.	1	0
26.	„	Kamala Bai Joseph	Do. Do.	1	0
27.	„	Mabel Manual	Do. Do.	1	0
28.	„	Prabhavathy Jesudasan	Do. Do.	1	0
29.	„	Elizabeth Pothan	Do. Do.	1	0
30.	„	P. Devaki	Do. Do.	1	6
31.	„	P. Kamala Bai	Class II Do.	1	0
32.	„	E. K. Santa	Do. Do.	1	6
33.	„	K. M. Bhavanikutty	Do. Do.	1	6
34.	„	Rose Anie Bai	Do. Do.	1	6
35.	„	M. C. Padmavathy	Do. Do.	1	6
36.	„	Rita Fernandez	Do. Do.	1	6
37.	„	M. M. Aley	Do. Do.	1	6
38.	„	Rebecca Grace Paul	Do. Do.	1	0
39.	„	P. Kamalamma	Do. Do.	1	0
40.	„	Radhamma	Do. Do.	1	0
41.	„	N. Kamalamma	Do. Do.	1	0
42.	„	Anbammal Daniel	Class III Do.	1	0
43.	„	K. C. Andamma	Class IV Do.	1	0
44.	„	K. V. Aley	Do. Do.	1	0
45.	„	P. A. Maryamma	Do. Do.	1	0
46.	„	Mary Jane	Do. Do.	1	0
47.	„	J. Ponnamma	Do. Do.	1	0
48.	„	Elechy Abraham	Do. Do.	1	0
49.	„	P. L. Kamalakshi Amma	Do. Do.	1	0
50.	„	M. Paulose, Lecturer,	Women's College	1	4
51.	„	F. De Netto, Librarian	Do.	1	4
52.	„	K. Saradamma, Lecturer	Do.	1	4
53.	„	Mrs. L. Noe		1	4
54.	„	M. Raghava Varma Raja,	College of Arts	1	0





*D. B. B. e*