

take the car away. When all was once more serene, and no men were nearby to violate the Rani's purdah customs, the two came down to the open hall where we were waiting. An introduction, and the poetess said: "Oh, these are Americans—I know the type."

The Rani and Mrs. Naidu took the chairs on the platform, and when they had been garlanded with jasmine, the meeting was opened with a prayer to the great All-Father by the Rani's Telugu tutoress. Then the little girls came from behind the curtains to an open space before the platform—girls from the Rani's purdah school, carried on by a Christian woman, in the clubhouse. First, there was a conversation, followed by a wonderful "pharäu," the Telugu transliteration for farce. Mayhap the author of "Lady Clare" would not have called it by that name; but that was how it appeared on the programme. With the innate love of acting of the Indian, the girls performed their parts much to their own satisfaction and our entertainment. The story-portions were recited by one actor, and the dialogues given in realistic fashion by others. Lady Clare was a graceful, sweet-faced girl; and her nurse-mother, a tall plain-looking damsel. Lord Ronald appeared in a coat and trousers. The lily-white doe was replaced by a flower, and the russet gown was represented by a small dark scarf thrown over the pseudo-lady's head. When Lady Clare went out to walk, she moved in a small circle, but in such a dignified manner that she seemed to be taking a long walk. Lord Ronald was best in his (?) indignation when he said, "Play me no tricks, play me no tricks," with a rising inflection on the last word and a stamp of the foot.

After the chanting of some Telugu verses, tea was served, when we had the

opportunity of chatting for a while with Mrs. Naidu. She said that just the year before she had had dinner with some Canadians in London, on Dominion Day, shortly before war had broken out. I had read of her humor, which was not lacking in her conversation. She told us that she was planning to publish a new book of poems, but had not yet found a title for it. Her children had suggested "The Broken Wing" as a suitable name, as her last book had been called "The Bird of Time," and they thought that the poor bird must surely have a broken wing after flying for so long. She has since followed her children's suggestion.

After a fan-drill and a report of the year's work, Sarojini Naidu herself spoke to us in her adopted language. Fortunately for us, she felt her knowledge of Telugu too meagre to allow her to give an address in the vernacular of the people she was addressing, and she spoke in English—in English that was really English, with no foreign accent or Indian idioms, but with an ease and finish that most English speakers might envy. As she stood before us, she was, in more than the language she used, a beautiful blending of the East and West. Born of Indian parents in the Land of the Vedas, but educated in English, partly at Girton College, and with the advantages of travel, she had not been, as millions of her fellow-women, kept behind the purdah and left in intellectual darkness, with the stamp of it on her face. Small, straight and graceful, she was Eastern in the fragrant white blossoms that gleamed in her dark hair; Eastern in her green silk sari, gold-bordered, that encircled her form; Western in her jacket and her high-heeled French pumps!—Eastern in the dainty gold bracelets, the odd necklaces and the rings in her ears—and