

OLD SONGS OF THE HEBRIDES

The Woman Who Saved Them

MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER

There has lately passed on into the Universe a splendid woman who made it her duty to save for us and our children the old Gaelic folk-songs of the people of the Outer Hebrides.

She was Mrs Marjory Kennedy Fraser, a professional singer whose distinguished career has been a source of much pleasure to us, for it was she who conducted the Course of Music in the Harmsworth Self-Educator which began the series of publications out of which the C.N. has grown.

At the age of 50 she became familiar with the old Breton folk-songs and, fired by their beauty, started out to visit Britain's most primitive islands to seek and find a native beauty in song that was rapidly passing away.

Working on similar lines to Cecil Sharp in Somerset, Mrs Kennedy Fraser took down from old fishermen, aged crofters, young dairymaids, and old grannies spinning in the sun, the beautiful melodies that had been sung to them down the ages. She put them into a book, she sang them to the harp, she lectured about them all over the world, and gave many of them, words and music, to Dr Granville Bantock, for one of his operas.

They say that beauty never dies, but it does die unless lovers of the beautiful go out of their way to capture and enshrine it; and of these precious people was Marjory Kennedy Fraser.

HEROES THREE Boys Will Be Men

Three boys have received testimonials on parchment from the Royal Humane Society.

While Fred Cheshire, a Scout, was resting by the River Yare at Whitlingham, after a bathe, he saw Donald Cann in trouble. Fred jumped in, and after swimming fifty yards seized Cann. Although the water was 15 feet deep Fred managed to haul him out.

Verna Wood, a boy of 15, was cycling along the towpath at Wath-upon-Dearne when he struck a post and was thrown into the canal. Fortunately he was seen by Tom Timms, a boy chain-dragger, who jumped into the canal where it was six feet deep and brought Wood to safety.

The last of this trio of boy heroes, Clive Cadwallader, had bathed in the Thames at Twickenham and lent his costume to Peter Van Loo, a boy of 11, who got beyond his depth and sank. Clive went in to rescue him but was clutched and dragged under. He managed to entwine his legs round Van Loo, however, and to draw him near the shore, where both were saved.

EDDYSTONE'S JUBILEE

Eddystone Lighthouse has been celebrating its jubilee this year.

There is a rocky ledge in the English Channel, dangerously close to Plymouth Harbour, and the present lighthouse is the fourth to stand on this treacherous spot. One of its predecessors was washed away, one perished by fire, and another had to be dismantled.

It took four years to build the Eddystone, but those four years do not by any means represent the amount of labour and research spent on it. The solid base is 25 feet high, and conceals two fresh-water tanks, each containing 4700 gallons. Above this the shaft travels up through eight storeys with walls nine feet thick. Dove-tailed stone and interlocked steel give these walls the necessary strength. The seaward door consists of a ton of gun-metal, and protects a stout inner door of teak.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SPEECHES AT INDIA'S ROUND TABLE

WE wonder if anything has ever happened before quite like the Round Table Conference at St James's Palace. Surely never in history has there been more fair and square Round Table Talk.

Representative men of every kind of opinion in the great Eastern Empire, Princes of the native States, Hindu leaders and Moslem leaders, moderates and extremists, even Indian women, stand up freely to say exactly what they think, speaking at times with the freedom men are used to in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square.

Even those who do not greatly love us must think it wonderful that men can stand up in St James's Palace and speak as the Hindu Dr Moonje and the Moslem Muhammad Ali have been speaking at this great Conference, on which lies the responsibility of hammering out a scheme for governing about one-fifth of the human race.

We think our readers will be interested in the three speeches from which we give these passages.

The Maharajah of Patiala, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, said :

I make no secret of my belief that the connection between my own country and the British Commonwealth is one that has been designed by Providence for the benefit of humanity at large.

India herself comprises within her borders no less than one-fifth of the human race. If, as I hope and pray, she remains within the British Empire, as a partner equal in dignity with her sister of the Commonwealth, there will result such a free and voluntary cooperation between East and West as the world has never known.

What may such an alliance not achieve for the peaceful progress of mankind at large? The culture of the East, like the culture of the West, has its own characteristic contribution to make. It is for us here to see that our strengths are jointly cast into the same scale—the scale of justice, of progress, of cooperation.

The Hindu Leader, Dr Moonje, said :

I fully appreciate the services which the British people give to India. I may give an illustration of how I appreciate their services. There is a farmer in a village who keeps a cow. He gives his devoted attention and his devoted service to that cow, so that every morning he may have an ample supply of fresh milk for his tea.

We have come here to tell the British people frankly and sincerely what India thinks.

Young boys, young girls, young women, old women, old men—all are coming forward to express their heartfelt feeling that the time has come and that India can never be satisfied with anything less than Dominion status or full responsible government.

They are suffering all kinds of indignities and oppression. I myself went twice to gaol in the struggle for freedom, in my desire to make India as free as any Dominion in the Empire. If further sacrifice is needed this man will not be found wanting when the time comes, as he was not found wanting during the Boer War and during the last war. If I could offer the sacrifice of my life for the Empire during real emergency, I should be a thousand times more ready to offer my life for sacrifice for the uplift of my country.

This is the parting of the ways for the British people and ourselves. We have been in association about 100 years. It is this that has prompted me to come to this Round Table against all the desires of my people, against the condemnation

of friends with whom I have worked for 30 years. I am risking all that. I am risking everything that is dear to a man's heart in this life.

We want Dominion status. I have not come here as a beggar. I want to be as free in my country as an Englishman in England, as a Canadian in Canada, as a New Zealander in New Zealand, and as an Australian in Australia. Nothing less is going to satisfy me.

Maulana Muhammad Ali said :

On the day when Dr Moonje and I were to depart from India black flags were flown to wish us God-speed, and the wishes of people with whom we had been working all these years were that the boat might prove very unseaworthy.

I am the only person belonging to my party who has been selected by his Excellency the Viceroy, or the Government of his Majesty here, or whoever it is who appoints these wonderful delegates. Whose delegates we are we do not know. I do not pretend to represent anybody.

I hope my old friend Mr MacDonald will at least prove the man to rule, and that he would not dare to lie to his own party, to his own conscience, and to his country; and if you people of all parties assist him we shall make history.

But even more than I trust my old friend Mr MacDonald, I, a Republican, make this concession, that I place my trust in the man (I call him a man, because a man's a man for a' that) who inaugurated this ceremony in the Gallery of the House of Lords whose name is George. Whether you call him his Majesty, or whatever you call him, he is a man. He knows India better than any of his Ministers, past or present, and I am looking up to him to do justice to the 320,000,000 who constitute one-fifth of the whole of humanity.

The speaker went on in bantering vein, talking of his "health and ailments and all sorts of things," and saying that he could work "even with the Devil if it is to be work for the cause of God." Then he declared :

I want to go back to my country only if I can go back with the substance of freedom in my hand. Otherwise I will not go back to the slave country; I would prefer to die in a foreign country so long as it is a free country. You will have to give me a grave here.

I have not come to ask for Dominion status. I do not believe in the attainment of Dominion status. The one thing to which I am committed is complete independence.

So these extraordinary speeches go on, all contributing something to the most remarkable conference ever held in an English palace. Is there any other country in the world where men could stand up and speak like this under the King's own roof?

And is it not this very freedom which will convince the Indian people that the future of India is safe under the British flag?

A PIONEER PASSES ON

The Work of Mary Scharlieb

A FAMOUS WOMAN WELL BELOVED

The story of life-work set-out for all to read whenever pioneers pass on provides a thrill of pride and thankfulness.

We find an example of this in the death of Dr Mary Scharlieb, at the age of 85.

Moved with sympathy for the sad fate of so many of the native mothers around her in India, she devoted herself to helping in a hospital in Madras. But this was not enough. She came to London to study, and returned to Madras in 1883 a highly-qualified doctor.

So hard and so well had she worked in London that the Queen sent for her and gave her a message of love and hope to the women of India.

Mary Scharlieb returned to England after five years' strenuous pioneer work and devoted herself to the needs of women in London, at whose university she received the first M.D. degree ever awarded to a woman.

Her work as a surgeon, a writer, and an enthusiastic organiser of women's work in medicine made her one of the most famous and best-loved women of this century.

A TREE MURDERER'S FATE Serve Him Right

Autumn glory goes all too quickly from the trees. It is an abominable thing that its departure should be hastened by people who tear the branches down.

One of these despoilers came before the magistrate at Wokingham. He had hacked down branches of some trees at Crowthorne with such brutal ferocity that the avenue where they grew was completely wrecked.

The unhappy owner, who had taken years to grow them, declared that he could never in his life restore them. The literal damage was under £20, but the trees could never be the same again.

The magistrate spoke words not a syllable too strong in saying that this sort of thing was a curse to the countryside, and he inflicted a sentence not a day too long in giving the despoiler three months' hard labour.

It is worth noting that the branches were consigned to Covent Garden, which gave rise to the magistrate's remark that such men came down from London with no respect for the beauty of the country.

THE FADING FADELESS And the Shrinking Unshrinkable

Some of those who sell the clothes we wear are occasionally a little too hopeful in the description of their wares.

They speak of colours that are fast and colours that are fadeless, though sad experience tells the customer afterwards that the colours often come out in the wash.

Mr J. G. Williams, the chief chemist of the testing laboratory of Selfridge's, says that about one in five of these fabrics will not bear the test of the laundry. The fadeless and the fast colour articles do not endorse the claims made for them.

There are some fast colours, and a few grow brighter for the washing; but these are only few, and more research on the part of our dye chemists is needed to find others, unless we are to depend on the German factories for them.

While manufacturers are about it they ought also to find for us unshrinkable garments that will not shrink and water-proofs which will keep out the rain.

Alcohol is Bad for You