

PROGRESS

A magazine for Students

Edited by A. C. CLAYTON, O.B.E.

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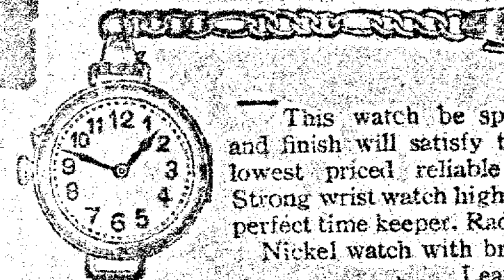
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PROGRESS

New Series 146

August 1922

The Editor to his readers

Ireland

IF the world needs an object lesson in the methods and aims of extremism, next to the awful catastrophe in Russia the state of things in Ireland, or rather in South Ireland, affords all the instruction that is needed.

Only last Christmas the Irish Free State was established in Ireland including all Ireland except the six Ulster counties of the north east, which are different in race and religion from the rest of Ireland.

The Irish Free State was as free to govern itself on its own lines as Canada. It had real home-rule granted to it, more complete than the home-rule for which Irish politicians had been struggling for generations. The majority of Irishmen were satisfied. But the extremists, who had made up their minds that all Ireland must be a republic—though the six Ulster counties wanted nothing of the kind—set to work by a campaign of murder, arson and intimidation to upset the provisional government of the Irish Free State which had been established in Dublin, and to create such disorder in the Ulster counties, particularly in the city of Belfast, that ordered government there, under the British authorities as desired by the Ulster people, should be impossible. At the end there was open rebellion led by de Valera against the Irish Free State. The extremists could not get possession of Dublin but made a fortress of the buildings known as the Four Courts and some hotels in Sackville Street. They were treated with great forbearance and only when no other way was open did the Irish Free State government besiege and capture the rebel stronghold by force of arms. Similar risings have taken place in several parts of the Irish Free State. They are being put down, and near the end of July, when this is written, it looks as if the general body of Irishmen had at last decided to support the provisional Free State government and, after terrible loss of life and much destruction of property, had found out the worthlessness of extremism.

Moscow gold

Since the break up of the Russian Empire in March 1917 and the attainment of power by Bolshevik despotism, it has been well known that the Bolsheviks were doing all that they could to cause trouble in India. Bolshevik money in various forms was sent into India, and announcements were made of organisations at various places on the other side of Afghanistan which were training emissaries who were to enter India and inspire or conduct agitation.

On June 13 of this year Reuter's News Agency published the following telegram.

'LONDON, TUESDAY, June 13, 1922.

'A correspondent of the *Morning Post* reports that Linovieff, President of the Third International, at a meeting of the Central Committee of Russian Communists, being called on to disclose propaganda payments, said that 7 millions of gold roubles had been spent in supporting and maintaining the revolutionary spirit amongst Gandhi's adherents in India.'

Of course the supporters of Mr. Gandhi have denied this. But their denials carry little weight, except that we may believe that the men who make these denials have not themselves received any of this Bolshevik money. On the other hand, though one may differ very much from the *Morning Post* on many political matters, the foreign news service of the *Morning Post* is reliable, and we may accept it that M. Linovieff stated the fact accurately when he said that the money had been sent to India; that some of it was used to foment strife and pay agitators and malcontents and finance their newspapers. Probably little really reached the actual and sincere disciples of Mr. Gandhi, and most of it was secured by the extremists who exploit Mr. Gandhi because of his popularity with the common people as a saint.

Bolshevik injustice

On June 11, in Moscow there began the trial of a number of Russian Socialist Revolutionaries who had come under the ban of Lenin's Government.

Certain notable non-Russian Socialists—Vandervelde, a Belgian, Liebnicht, a German, and a few others—asked and received permission to enter Russia and defend their accused comrade Socialists. A week later these advocates had to ask the accused to allow them to withdraw, as the Soviet Government would not allow them to see their clients or their Russian advocates alone, and that a bill for board and lodging amounting to 15 million roubles, which means £600, had been presented to them at the end of their first week's stay in Moscow.

There is worse behind this. The Second Internationale Socialist Bureau has its head-quarters in Amsterdam, and represents more moderate Socialism of Europe, while the Third Internationale, with its head-quarters at Moscow represents extreme Socialism. A meeting of the Second Internationale was being held in London while the trial of the Russian Socialists was being held in Moscow. That meeting received news that the Bolshevik Government, true had proved itself as deliberately unjust as the tyranny of the Tsars ever was. It had not only prevented Vandervelde and his fellow advocates from freely communicating with their accused comrades, but had decided on the death of some of the accused before the trial was over. The Second Internationale was gravely concerned and indignant at the news. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald moved a resolution which was passed at once expressing amazement that the Moscow Government had decided that certain of the prisoners might be executed before their trial was ended. The resolution called on all organisations of workers to protest against this sentence which is nothing short of murder, coldly planned by men who thus are guilty of a black act of vengeance against their political opponents. Mr. Arthur Henderson declared that the difference between British workers and the Moscow communists was the difference between democracy and dictatorship.

This is yet one more definite proof that the Bolshevik Government of Russia is the rule of a group who have gained and hold authority by terrorism, and that the internal condition of Russia is hopeless.

Prohibition and health

The discussion of Prohibition is rapidly reaching that stage when the benefits of Prohibition are admitted by all but those directly interested in

the drink-traffic and the newspapers which they influence or subsidize or own.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby is a recognised authority on national health, eugenics and sociology. He recently wrote in the *Westminster Gazette* on the effects of Prohibition in the United States. He says that in 1919 he 'ventured to predict that the "Eighteenth Amendment" would prove to be the greatest health measure in history.' He now adduces the latest figures to hand—published under the authority of Dr. Hermann Biggs, Health Commissioner for New York State—as a remarkable fulfilment of his prediction. 'Still-births are down 19·7 per cent., infant mortality 23·5, pulmonary tuberculosis 40·2, pneumonia 42·4, cirrhosis of the liver 53·1, and so on and so on.' 'According to the totality of statistics the year 1920 was the healthiest on record in the United States. The most marked improvement in the American figures for 1920 was in respect of deaths from alcoholism in general, delirium tremens, pneumonia, tuberculosis, and accidents—exactly as many of us had predicted, in view of the long-proved relation of alcohol to these conditions.' Dr. Saleeby states that the great insurance companies have reported on the improvement in public health, and that industrial efficiency according to the testimony of 'a large number of the most prominent and representative leaders of industry,' has increased by about 25 per cent. The significance of all this is that the nations which care for imperial, national, and social prosperity and advance, must follow the example of the United States.

Mrs. Asquith's conversion

Dr. Saleeby's figures have made one remarkable convert. After visiting the United States Mrs. Asquith had very emphatically declared Prohibition in the United States to be a failure. Mrs. Asquith is not a very careful or reliable observer, but the advocates of drink-interests in England of course made the most of what the wife of an ex-Prime Minister had said against Prohibition.

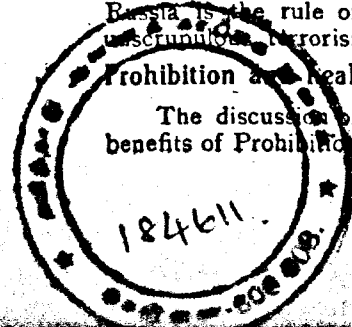
Mrs. Asquith never lacked courage, and she has now shown very high courage in writing to the *Westminster Gazette* to say that the health statistics quoted by Dr. Saleeby have convinced her that she was mistaken in what she said in her book. Mrs. Asquith says:

'I understand since I wrote my "Impressions" that I have been wrong, and that though there is a great deal of drink concealed and consumed, and even corruption on a considerable scale going on in the United States, it is infinitely less than there was before Prohibition came in. All Dr. Saleeby's health statistics prove this abundantly. Although my opinions are not likely to be of interest to anyone, I do not wish to be quoted as "lining up" with those who think drinking alcohol in moderation is harmless. The enemies of Temperance are those who drink alcohol in moderation more than the habitual drunkards, as the latter disgust everybody. Drinking alcohol can never be harmless. I am in complete agreement with Dr. Saleeby when he says "only the race that regards its young renews its youth."'

Lord Levershulme

Lord Levershulme is one of the oldest business magnates of the day, a far more reliable observer than Mrs. Asquith, and much more able to value justly what he sees. In June he returned from a visit to the United States and this is what he says:—

'I am convinced that prohibition has come to stay, and while it is not possible to make abstainers of some people who are addicted to drink, it is certain that the rising generation will have no wish at all for alcohol.'



Lloyd George

[Sir Hall Caine wrote, in *Great Thoughts* for June, an interesting appreciation of Lloyd George just when Lloyd George had returned from the great conference at Genoa. The following extracts will show partly the greatness of Lloyd George and why he has attained to it. I can assure my readers that what Sir Hall Caine says represents general opinion far more truly than the detraction of and vituperation against Lloyd George which they will find in many newspapers published in India and in England—EDITOR.]

SPEAKING as one who for a quarter of a century (omitting the period of the War) has lived half his life in one or other of these foreign countries I would say that during the past five or six years no living Englishman has been so universally known or generally discussed there. I have seen nothing like this in my life-time, not even in the case of Gladstone who had laid more than one of the European countries under obligations to him. It is the same everywhere—in Italy, in Switzerland, in Hungary, in Germany, in France, in Holland and in the Scandinavian countries. You may speak about other distinguished Englishmen—Mr. Asquith, Lord Grey, Lord Curzon, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Chamberlain or even Earl Balfour, and receive the silent attention which denotes half-knowledge or no knowledge at all. But always behind the silence comes the question (you see it coming) 'And what about Lloyd George?'

What is the power in the present Prime Minister which has commanded the attention of a great part of the world? Why, in the eyes of the foreign nations, does he eclipse all living men of our race? . . .

His rapid rise

First, though not foremost, among the facts which make Lloyd George an object of interest in the foreign nations, I place the fact of *his rapid rise*. That out of a little provincial town, a village school, a small solicitor's office it has been possible for a man of peasant origin in an old, essentially conservative country to rise to the first position in the State, short of the position of the Sovereign, to control its destinies through five of the most perilous years in its history, with the consent and even the co-operation of what has hitherto been regarded as the governing classes, the men who have inherited from centuries of ancestors the rights and the privileges of rule—this seems to the foreign nations to partake almost of the miraculous.

There was nothing like it in the histories of the ancient European monarchies, hide-bound by caste, and now lying on the scrap-heaps of Switzerland and Holland. In the more forward nations, the new republics, men have indeed risen from humble beginnings to high station, but not generally by constitutional means and usually only (as now in Russia) by wading to their places through blood. . . .

His personality and genius

The *second* of the facts which make Lloyd George an object of interest in foreign countries centres in his *personality*. It would be difficult to say what are the personal qualities which chiefly go to the making of an international celebrity. Not, certainly, his virtues, still less his vices; not his rank, his learning, or yet the splendour of his talents. But one quality must always be there—humanity.

Lloyd George is above all things human. In his strength, in his weakness, he is vividly, even intensely human. The foreign nations see that he is like other men, only cast in a bigger mould. No one has questioned his integrity or honour, but he is clearly no plaster saint. He has no supernatural virtues of any kind. Although a past-master in the art of the soft word that turneth away wrath no man alive is less likely to turn the left cheek to the person who has smitten his right.

The world loves a fighter, and Lloyd George is a fighter born. He is a fighter who never knows when he is beaten, who can never believe he is beaten at all. You may strike but you cannot down him. When you think he is on his last legs behold he is on his feet and more formidable than ever. You cannot think of him in relation to the knock-out blow, except as the man who gives, not receives it.

He has not 'side'. He may have been elated, but never intoxicated, by his immense success. He has never lost his head on the dizzy height to which he has so suddenly attained. He is clearly in no danger of the intoxicating impulse of the people who find themselves for the first time on great eminences to leap over. In a word he is not 'spoiled.'

The foreign nations hear that Lloyd George's own countrymen sometimes call him 'the little wizard,' and some of his feats, both at home and abroad seem to them to partake of the nature of legerdemain. There are strikes and lock-outs in England which go on so long and become so paralysing to British industry as to threaten the very life of the country. Lloyd George appears and they disappear, and the country goes on as before. There are clouds of misunderstanding over the Allies which point to the coming of a storm. Lloyd George calls a conference of statesmen and next day the clouds are gone . . .

In his intellectual equipment the foreign nations usually find in Lloyd George certain of the qualities which are thought necessary to greatness, and they are not surprised that some of his own people are long in discerning the astonishing powers that enable him to distance all his competitors. But they recognize a certain magic which is only another name for genius. They hear that he is not a reader; that his friends say playfully that they believe he can read but they have never seen him doing so. Yet he knows everything . . .

The foreign nations hear of the suavity of his conversation, of the eloquence of his speeches, of his mastery of the House of Commons, on which he 'plays as on a fiddle,' of his power over a popular assembly, which he captures first by his humour and then sways by waves of almost Hebraic emotion expressed in language whose lyrical cadence seems to be caught from the Psalms. And thinking of the village school and the country solicitor's office they say, 'What an astonishing character!'

Above all, they hear of his personal magnetism, his power of winning over to his side the people who are most opposed to his principles, and that this mystic power has been exercised, on occasion, in the very highest circles in the realm. In short, to the foreigner, who knows little of the Celtic temperament and views, Lloyd George from a distance, his personality is a little of a mystery, and therein lies a great part of its fascination and charm.

A man of his time

The *third* of the facts which make our Prime Minister an object of interest in European countries is that he is pre-eminently *a man of his time*. The first question asked in recent years about any man who had risen above the political horizon was not 'Who is he and where does he come from?' but

'Which way is he going? Is his face set in the direction of the onward march of humanity or not?'

Lloyd George has easily borne that test. No man has ever had a keener eye for the way the world has been going . . .

From the first Lloyd George, true to his peasant origin, has looked out on the world as through the cottage door. He has seen the insecurity of the poor, and the privileges of the rich, and he has set himself to lessen both. Hence his budgets, his Insurance and Unemployment Acts. Hence, too, his 'Limehouse' speeches.¹ If he had been born in the reign of Elizabeth and could then have risen to his present position of power (which he certainly could not), he would probably have been as insolent to his sovereign as Essex was. Being born in our time he could only be rude to the dukes. It was natural to him to be rude to the dukes. They were the Gesslers who had put up their cap in the market place² and he was born not to bend the knee to it but to shoot it down. He did his best to shoot it down and the only surprising thing is the ironical sequel that in the whirligig of time its owners became his friends and took service for the State not only with him but under him.³

Nothing like this had ever taken place in any of the European countries. It was not only fascinating to the foreign nations but intensely significant of the trend of the age we live in.

The part he played in the War

The *fourth* fact which makes Lloyd George interesting to foreign countries is *the part he played in the War*. The actors say it is great parts that make great actors. That is just as true in the drama of public life. But if a great part can make a great actor it can also destroy a bad one. The Great War destroyed many reputations and it created a few. Lloyd George was an illustrious British statesman before the war began, but the Great War made him a world figure. It found him waiting; it found him ready; it lifted him to a higher patriotism; it raised him to a loftier humanity. The foreign nations, which had known little of him until 1914, except as a semi-revolutionary force in British politics, suddenly became aware that a new star had swum into the world's ken. They saw that it was a star of the first magnitude and that it shone brightest when the night was blackest.

Napoleon used to tell his officers that in a military campaign moral force as compared to physical force was as four to one. It is impossible to over-estimate the moral force of Lloyd George's speeches during the period of the War. They had a stimulating power that was like a draught of spiritual wine on the nation's flagging soul. No matter how dark the hour the light shone through them. No matter how low the national temperature it rose visibly the day after one of them had been delivered.

Then was no acting on the orator's part, no novel effort, no forcing of the note to produce a given effect. Lloyd George's War speeches were the natural voice of the man. Through all our time of doubt and fear his heart never failed him. He believed in ultimate victory even when he could see no sign of it. Perhaps he did not always know why he believed, but his faith never failed.

The invigorating effect on his own countrymen was such as no one can now measure. The effect on our Allies was hardly less powerful. The effect

¹ In his speech at Limehouse many years ago Lloyd George most severely criticised the aristocratic and idle rich.

² This of course is a reference to the story of William Tell.

³ When Lloyd George became Prime Minister during the Great War.

on the neutral nations was to produce the impression that Great Britain's strong and resolute policy could never change. The effect on our enemies was devastating. Ludendorff has said that Lloyd George's speeches were like sledge-hammer blows to the morale of the German people. They were more deadly than defeat on the battle-field. It was hopeless to fight against a nation that was constantly being told that they could not be beaten. If the soul of Britain could be kept alive like that what was the good of smashing at its body? It could not be crushed; it could not be humbled; it could not be killed.

After the War

The *fifth* fact which makes Lloyd George an object of interest to the foreign nations is that of *his activities since the end of the War*. They never seem to cease. His energy never appears to flag. People say of him, as they used to say of Gladstone, 'A wonderful mind, yes, but think what a wonderful body!'

Yesterday it was an international problem in which he was immersed; to-day it is a domestic question. England seems to the foreigner to be a one-man nation. If other men do anything they never hear of it. Nothing seems to them to get settled without Lloyd George. Does the man never tire? Does he never sleep?

The foreign nations see that he held Great Britain's end up at the international conference, but what has made the deepest impression upon them has been his capacity for seeing the enemy's side, the enemy's possibilities. If this is an infirmity in a plenipotentiary after a wicked war, it is an infirmity characteristic of our race. At Versailles, at San Remo, at Cannes, Lloyd George represented a people whose noble weakness (as Macaulay says) it has always been not to press too hardly on the vanquished, a people, the lowest and least merciful of whom say 'Shame' if they see the most brutal ruffian struck when he is on the ground.

Germany deserved none of the mercy of the nations it had bled and impoverished, but that the statesman who had hit it hardest when it was up and fighting should be the most lenient to it when it was down and helpless, while it led to difficult moments with France and Italy, made a deep impression on the general world.

But Lloyd George's activities at home have been no less interesting to the foreign nations. Vaguely they know we have paid a terrible price for our part in the War. The full story of Great Britain's share in the Great War has never been told. Perhaps never will be told. We are so morbidly afraid of the appearance of bragging that we rarely do ourselves justice.

The plain truth is that on the economic side Great Britain made more sacrifices for the War than any other nation. It submerged its entire being into it. It staked its very life on it. And when the peace came it had to pay the price in the loss of many of its foreign markets, in the paralysing of many of its chief industries, in the most crushing taxation and the cruellest toll of unemployment.

For nearly four years now, this has been the situation of our country. It has been a perilous situation, with so much Bolshevik gunpowder moving about. And it has required a strong heart and a clear head in the man at the top to keep the nation from falling either into the sloughs of despond or the fires of revolution.

The foreign nations see, better than our own people, that Lloyd George has done both. The unconquerable hope, the unquenchable faith, with which he sustained the nation during the War he has used only less effectively

during the peace. What is happening here is happening everywhere in a greater or less degree. It must have happened. It is according to a fundamental law of the world we live in. But things will right themselves. Nature strikes her own balances. It may rain to-day and to-morrow and the next day, but sooner or later the clouds will break and the sun will shine.

A magnificent tribute

Such, as far as I can judge, is Lloyd George as the foreign nations see him. Some of the more impartial and clear-sighted of our own people see him in much the same way. A little while ago Earl Balfour (then Mr. Balfour) described his chief as the strongest force in the world at the moment, the greatest statesman of our age and country. It was a magnificent tribute, and, all things considered, it was difficult to say whether it did most honour to the man who paid or the man who received it.

It was magnificent chiefly because it was true. And it was true because it did not put Lloyd George alone on a pinnacle. Greatness in a statesman comes not of himself only but also of his scene and his time. Lloyd George's scene was Great Britain, whose spirit is the spirit of freedom, whose history is the history of progress, and his time was the hour when she was called upon to play her greatest part—perhaps the greatest part any nation ever played in human affairs. Hence Great Britain's great man was the great man of the world.

The reading habit

By John A. Hutton, D.D.

THERE are two ways of dealing with 'reading'; we may think of reading as equipment for our particular work in the world, or, again, we may think of reading as a method of personal culture and recreation. I shall not separate these aspects in any particular way, but shall speak of reading as a means of cultivating our inner life, of delivering us from the pressure of immediate circumstance. In rendering such an office, 'reading' is at once a means towards personal happiness, and a method towards excellence even in our work and calling in the world. For the happier a man is in the depths of his soul, the better will his work be in the world.

The wisest thing I ever heard on 'reading' was said to me by one to whom I owe more than I can ever measure—one who, amongst other incalculable services to my spirit, quickened my first love for Browning. His *obiter dictum* on 'reading' was: 'Read what you like; read what you don't like; read what you ought to like.' I shall not elaborate that advice; I think it most profound. For parents, the whole difficulty of bringing up children is almost overcome, when they have secured in their early days an appetite for reading. To see the rapt face of a small boy over a book of adventure, to hear the ripple of his laughter at some funny saying, in which half his pleasure is his secret congratulation of himself that he was able to see the joke—is there anything in the world more reassuring to older people who observe?

Robinson Crusoe

I can recall, although it must have been before I was five years old, the first book I ever tried to read. It was thrust into my hand as a task and punishment for some misdemeanour. It was a copy—doubtless a child's

copy—of *Robinson Crusoe*. It was the sweetest punishment I ever endured. I can recall quite poignantly how my tears were left to dry upon my cheeks as I followed the fortunes of that hair-clad man. I can remember, as the moment of most exquisite tension in my life, my breathless discovery of Man Friday's footmarks on the sand. From that moment I have always looked for great things in books.

Bible stories, Bunyan and Carlyle

I thank God that I belong to an age in which childhood was nourished on Bible stories. A child who has not been told and told again and again about Moses, and Joseph, and David and Goliath, and Daniel, has been robbed of his heritage, and robbed by his appointed trustees! In my early boyhood, *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War* were put in my way. These I still read from time to time, and always with increasing amazement. I found myself wondering with Browning, whether it was the tinker who wrote, and I almost willing to protest, with Bernard Shaw, that Bunyan and not Shakespeare is the supreme exponent of English speech.

Somewhere about sixteen I read *Sartor Resartus*, which may be said to be the birth of what I am in the habit of calling my mind. To that greatest volume of Carlyle I return from time to time, and there is no book which I should recommend more naturally to those who are in intellectual trouble about the things of faith and duty. There is an age at which the very treatment we need is the kind of treatment which Carlyle administers to us when he asks, 'Who told thee, O man, that thou wast born to be happy? What if thou wast born to be unhappy? Is thy servant a dog, that he should be happy?'

Robert Browning

I have again and again confessed my hopeless indebtedness to the message and point of view and phraseology of Robert Browning. There was a time in my life when it might not be true to say that I could quote the seventeen volumes of Browning, but I think it would be true to say that I could have found you any line in those seventeen volumes in five minutes. 'Soul,' 'An Epistle,' 'Abt Vogler,' 'A Death in the Desert,' 'Caponsacchi,' 'Guido,' 'Pompilia,' 'The Pope,' 'Ferishtah'—these are not poems to me, they are revelations of God.

From *Great Thoughts*.

How many can you remember?

IT is a good thing at times to put an entirely unexpected test to our memory. The other afternoon one of the hostesses suggested that as a game her guests should write down the names of certain places, persons and objects beginning with the letter 'L,' in answer to questions which she handed round. The answers had all to be written within a few minutes. It was perhaps a needed lesson in humility to find how slowly mind and memory worked when thus suddenly called on; it was amusing to find out when we compared our answers how many names which ought to have occurred to us at the first moment were never remembered at all till some other person had read his answer; and it was not a little disconcerting to find out how doubtful one was whether certain names belonged to islands or cities, and whether others were the names of characters in fiction or had really had being. Also it was

interesting to notice how few Indian names begin with the letter 'L'. Perhaps the best way of illustrating the test is to give the questions and then mention some of the answers one might have thought of, but did not till afterwards.

Time allowed: 15 minutes

Write as many names beginning with 'L' as you can in reply to the queries given below.

Have you thought of the names given below for your answers?

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| A city in the U.S.A. | ... La Fayette, Louisville.
Leavenworth, Lawrence. |
| A city in India | ... Lahore, Ludhiana, Lucknow. |
| A country in the world | ... Lapland, Lagos, Latvia, Liberia.
Luxemburg, Lichtenstein. |
| A body of water | ... Lake Ladoga, Lake Luzern,
Loch Lomond, Lake Lefroy (Western Australia) |
| A character in fiction | ... King Lear, Little Dorrit.
Laddie.
Caius Lucius (Cymbeline).
Laertes (Hamlet).
Leontes (King of Sicilia. The Winter's Tale). |
| A character in history or politics. | Lord Lawrence.
Lenin.
Bonar Law.
Lakshmana.
President Lincoln.
Sir Wilfrid Laurier (Canadian statesman).
Lycurgus (Ancient Greek law-giver).
Li Hung Chang (Chinese statesman).
Sir Henry Lawrence. |
| A work of non-fiction | ... Lamentations.
St Luke's Gospel.
'Livingstone the path-finder.'
'Laws of Livingstonia' |
| A work of fiction | ... Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Little Minister (Barrie).
Lorna Doon.
Laddie (Gene Stratton Porter).
Last days of Pompeii. Ed. Geo. Lytton |
| Poet | ... Longfellow.
Lowell.
John Leyden (Friend of Sir Walter Scott).
Lytton.
Lucretius (Latin Poet). |
| Poem | ... Lays of Ancient Rome.
Lady of the Lake.
Locksley Hall (Tennyson).
Love thou thy land (Tennyson).
The Lusiads of Camvens. |

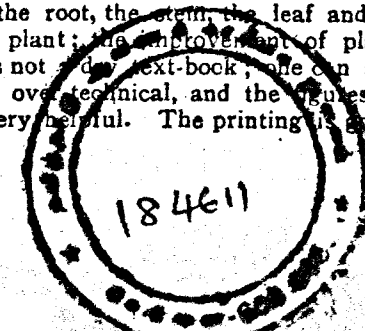
- | | |
|-----------|---|
| Painter | ... Leonardo da Vinci.
Leslie, Chas. Rob. (painted Queen Victoria's coronation).
Lippi (name of father and son, two Florentine painters). |
| Mountain | ... Lebanon (Syria).
Lindsay (Australia).
Lochnagar (Scotland).
Lookout (U.S.A.)
Logan (Canada). |
| Flower | ... Lotus.
Larkspur.
Lilac.
Lily.
Lantana.
Lobelia.
Lupins. |
| Bird | ... Lark.
Laughing jackass.
Linnet. |
| Tree | ... Laurel.
Lime or Linden.
Larch.
Laburnum. |
| Animal | ... Lemur (Allied to the monkeys).
Lemming (Allied to the mouse and rat).
Lynx. |
| Vegetable | ... Leek.
Lettuce. |
| Mineral | ... Lapis Lazuli.
Lime stone.
Lignite (brown coal).
Lithium (metallic element of silvery lustre). |
| Island | ... Laccadive (Arabian Sea).
Leeward (Caribbean Sea).
Lipari (Mediterranean Sea).
Lemnos (Aegean Sea).
Lundy (Bristol Channel). |

A botany book

Plant Studies for Indian High Schools. By L. A. Kenoyer, M.A., PH.D. Cr. octavo. 160 pp. Christian Literature Society, Allahabad, 1922. Paper covers. Price Rs. 1-8-0.

Dr. Kenoyer is professor of economic botany at the Agricultural Institute in Allahabad and this small manual of botany is the result of experience and research in India. It deals with the plant as a living thing; the experimental cultivation of plants in a garden; the awakening of the seed and the way it gets its food; the duties of the root, the stem, the leaf and the flower; the effect of environment on the plant; the inter-relationship of plants; the friends and the foes of plants. It is not a dry text-book; one can sit down and read it with pleasure. It is not over-technical, and the figures are well drawn from Indian subjects, and very helpful. The printing is good and the price is surprisingly low.

A.C.C.



Some familiar sayings

'Not worth a rap'

When they say that something is 'not worth a rap,' most people think that a 'rap' means a rap of the knuckles. The phrase really dates from George I, when the 'rap' was a counterfeit coin in Ireland, which was passed as a halfpenny, but was worth practically nothing.

'A mare's nest'

The Oxford Dictionary, treats 'mare' as the feminine of 'horse,' deriving it from the Old English 'mere.' But other authorities say that 'Mare' here has nothing to do with a horse, and that the word is a corruption of Mara, a particularly malevolent demon, possessing, according to our forefathers, a nest filled with marvellous jewels and gold. Whether he existed or not, he certainly influenced our speech, for whenever we refer to 'nightmares' we are again unconsciously evoking the same evil being.

'Blue stocking'

To-day it means a bookworm of the female sex, and has nothing to do with hosiery. But in the sixteenth century in Paris and Venice there really were societies of learned women who wore bright-blue stockings to distinguish them from their ignorant sisters.

A 'baker's dozen'

Bakers used to be heavily fined for giving short weight. They therefore added an extra loaf when selling by the dozen to be sure that they had given full weight.

'I don't care a fig'

'Fig' is from *fico*, the Italian equivalent for a contemptuous snap of the fingers, or a motion of contempt made by placing the thumb between two fingers.

Wise words and helpful thoughts

A student's prayers

O Lord Jesus Christ, who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life, we pray Thee suffer us not to stray from Thee, who art the Way, nor to distrust Thee, who art the Truth, nor to rest in any other thing than Thee, who art the Life. Teach us by the Holy Spirit what to believe, what to do, and wherein to take our rest. For Thine own name's sake we ask it.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, A.D. 1467.

Almighty God, we bless and praise Thee that we have wakened to the light of another earthly day; and now we will think of what a day should be. Our days are Thine, let them be spent for Thee. Our days are few, let them

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be spent with care. There are dark days behind us, forgive their sinfulness; there may be dark days before us, strengthen us for their trials. We pray Thee to shine on this day, the day which we may call our own.

Lord, we go to our daily work, help us to take pleasure therein. Show us clearly what our duty is, help us to be faithful in doing it. Let all we do be well done, fit for Thine eye to see. Give us strength to do, patience to bear, let our courage never fail. When we cannot love our work let us think of it as Thy task, and by our true love to Thee make unlovely things shine in the light of Thy great love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GEORGE DAWSON A.D. 1877.

Magnanimity

Bossuet said that Turenne could fight without anger, win without ambition, and triumph without vanity.

Education

Education lies all around us if our eyes and minds are open. Many a life bewails its lack of opportunities while it is shutting its eyes to those that are offering on every side. Education is a broad word, and neither bookshelves nor university walls bound it.

Duty

Describing a duty is the most common substitute for doing it.

The monkey-king and the Buddha

The Chinese have a fairy tale about a stone monkey who was chosen king of the monkeys, and, having learned to jump many miles at a single jump, aspired to become Lord of the Sky. The Lord Buddha said to him, 'Come outside of the palace with me, and stand upon my hand. Then if you can jump out of my hand you shall be Lord of the Sky, but if not you shall be sent down to earth and never be allowed to come up to the sky any more.' The monkey jumped, and in a moment was far away out of sight. On he went in his jump until he came to the end of the earth. There he saw five great red pillars standing on the very edge, with nothing but empty space beyond. On one of them he scratched a mark to show how far he had jumped. Then he took another big jump, and in the twinkling of an eye was back again in the Lord Buddha's hand. 'When are you going to begin to jump?' the Lord Buddha asked. 'Why, I have jumped,' said the monkey, 'jumped to the very end of the earth. If you want to know how far I have been you have only to get on my back, and I'll take you there to see.' 'Look at this, monkey,' the Lord Buddha said, holding out his hand. On one of the fingers there was the very mark which the monkey had made on the red pillar. 'You see,' said the Lord Buddha, 'the whole world lies in my hand. You could never have jumped out of it. When you jumped, and thought you were out of sight, my hand was under you all the time. No one, not even a stone monkey, can ever get beyond my reach. Now go down to earth, and learn to keep in your proper place.'

H. A. GILES: *Chinese Fairy Tales*.

The world a looking-glass

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly at you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

THACKERAY.

From the editor's note-book

A tongue twister

Try to say the following quickly :

She was a thistle sifter sifting thistles.
These thistles sifted through a thistle sieve.
Her sister sifted thistles in a sifter—
A thistle sifter is a thistle sieve

Why dog Dandy went 'dry'

Mr. W. H. Hudson has written a book recently called, *A Traveller in Little Things*. One of its most interesting sketches is about a dog called Dandy, which shows that some humans might with advantage consider the ways of some of the lower animals, and thus learn wisdom. Here is the passage that provoked that comment:—'Dandy, from the time I first knew him, was strictly teetotal, but in former and distant days he had been rather fond of his glass. If a person held up a glass of beer before him, I was told, he wagged his tail in joyful anticipation, and a little beer was always given him at meal-time. Then he had an experience, which, after a little hesitation, I have thought it best to relate, as it is perhaps the most curious incident in Dandy's somewhat uneventful life.' In brief, Dandy's experience was that of being detained one day in a taproom whilst his master did business with the innkeeper; and whilst there he drank too often from a basin underneath the leaky tap of a barrel of beer, whereby Dandy became seriously drunk. 'When they finally got to the house, Dandy staggered to his sofa, and succeeded in climbing on to it, and, throwing himself on his cushion, went fast asleep, and slept on without a break until the following morning. Then he rose quite refreshed, and appeared to have forgotten all about it; but that day, when at dinner-time some-one said "Dandy," and held up a glass of beer, instead of wagging his tail as usual, he dropped it between his legs and turned away in evident disgust. And from that time onward he would never touch it with his tongue, and it was plain that when they tried to tempt him, setting beer before him and smilingly inviting him to drink, he knew they were mocking him, and before turning away he would emit a low growl and show his teeth. It was the one thing that put him out, and would make him angry with his friends and life companions.'

1/10-second error

The absolute importance of accuracy in astronomical matters is well illustrated by the rumour that the Paris Observatory may have to be moved from its site in the Montparnasse area, according to a statement made at the French Academy of Sciences by M. Baillaud, the Director. It is the Paris Observatory which transmits the correct time every day by wireless to the Eiffel Tower for re-transmission to all ships and land stations. The observations made at the Observatory must be very accurate, the slightest error in time misleading ship's officers and causing them to miscalculate the exact position of their ships. Under the present conditions to ensure the accuracy of these observations is much more difficult than it was in the past. The dust and the shaking produced by motor-cars, and heavy motor-lorries continually disturb the observations. Therefore the Paris Observatory is unable to tell the time with complete accuracy, the error being sometimes a tenth of a second,

which is liable to have serious results. The only remedy, is to move the Observatory to a quiet spot under a clear sky.

234,000 Flies put into Coloured Chalk

In May we were told that scientists in Britain are trying to work out the problem of where flies go in the winter, if they go anywhere, or if they perish.

A series of experiments, reports the 'Journal of Agricultural Research,' have been made with 234,000 specimens of flies. The flies used were 'marked' by putting them into bags containing red chalk or pigments very finely powdered, and after they were covered with this dust they were allowed to escape.

The scientists then baited traps for the flies at measured distances from their place of liberation. They were thus able to find when and where the flies voyaged.

It was found that many flies travelled considerable distances; the common house-fly migrating about six miles in one day.

One trap recaptured a 'pink' house fly 13 miles away from where it had been set free.

Another fact observed was that flies will often pass over a good feeding place and go much further afield.

The Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress'

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society held in London in May it was announced that for the first time in the Society's history in the space of twelve months twelve new languages had been added to the list of versions in which the Society issues the Scriptures. In May, 1913, the number of languages on the Society's list had reached 450; to-day the total has risen to 550, an addition of 100 fresh languages in 9 years. The Society's issues for the year 1921-1922 have amounted to over eight and a half million copies of the Scriptures.

The Pilgrim's Progress is still the chief favourite of all the publications of the Religious Tract Society. It is now printed in 114 languages.

Two children on railway line

Early in May two children named Fraser had a miraculous escape from death on the London and North-Western Railway at Maryport, near Workington, Cumberland.

While a double-engine express was rounding a curve the driver of the leading engine saw a three-year-old child sitting on the left railway-line and another child standing in the four-foot way, that is, close to the tracks over which the train must pass.

He instantly applied the emergency brakes, but the heavy train could not pull up in time, despite the fact that the express was stopped in its own length.

On getting down from the engine the driver discovered one child crying, and saying 'Nasty puffer train knocked me off the railway.'

Strange to say the child was none the worse for the accident, the guard in front of the wheels of the engine having thrown it clear.

The other child had crawled away from the rails when the express was a few feet away.

They were taken home by an uncle, little the worse for their adventure.

Test paper in English composition

- I. Correct the following, giving carefully your reasons for any changes which you make.

[N.B. Hints as to the correct forms will be given next month.]

1. The captain said in thunder sound not to force any man to stay there.
 2. Students carefully attend to the practices of their guardians when come home during vacation times.
 3. Most of the mass all over the world do not know mathematics.
 4. The lighthouse blown down by the storm is required to be replaced by one strong enough to face the worst cyclone.
 5. Friends can increase their happiness if any one of them has a success in life.
 6. He did not think that day deserved to be termed as holy.
 7. Good books have the essence of the past meditative minds in the shape of truth.
 8. Books are guiding poles to the end of the world.
 9. Every nation has honoured the learned man and followed its dictates if they are good.
 10. Can hoping only enter us into a good appointment without trying?
- II. Write the outline of an essay on each of the following subjects, giving the substance of each paragraph.
1. The popularity of Mr. Lloyd George. [See article in this number of PROGRESS.]
 2. The uses of a pocket-book.
 3. Locks, bars and padlocks.
 4. Fresh air.

- III. We often use words carelessly. Define accurately the meaning of 'second' in the following:

Habit is second nature.	Second childhood.
A clock with a second-hand.	Second cousin.
A second-hand clock.	Second-best coat.
Second thoughts are best.	
The seconds measured the space between the combatants.	
He came in a good second.	
He took a second class.	

Notes on sentences given in July

1. 'you please imagine' is unidiomatic. Omit 'you' and it is better to omit 'please' also.
2. 'a gulf of difference' should be 'a great difference.'
3. omit 'quite.'
4. 'There has been much discussion.'
5. 'are not in favour of it' or 'do not' in place of the last two words. Omit 'many' at the beginning as it is unnecessary. Instead of 'are not rare' say 'are found.'
6. Omit 'a' before 'clear.' 'ensure us with innumerable facts' seems to mean 'provide us . . . ' which can be seen' is not required.
7. 'out of his head' is an imperfect rendering of the colloquialism 'out of his own head,' meaning 'as the result of his own thinking, independently.'
8. 'ealt' should be 'shown' or 'proved,' 'that books are not to be classified as good or bad, as such a judgement depends on the mind which considers them.'
9. Omit 'the vaunt . . . life of,' and make the sentence read 'cloistered virtue is like morality enforced by imprisonment.'

