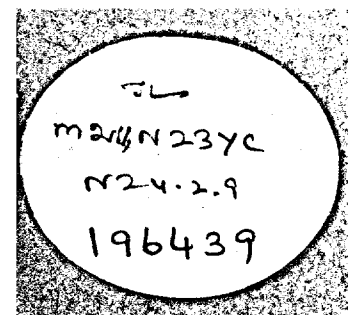


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Young Citizen.

Vol. No. 9. December 1, 1924



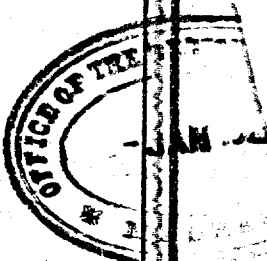
THE YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

Vol. 2

December 1, 1924

No. 9



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By Srimati Sw

Karima Ran

Kalka Ran

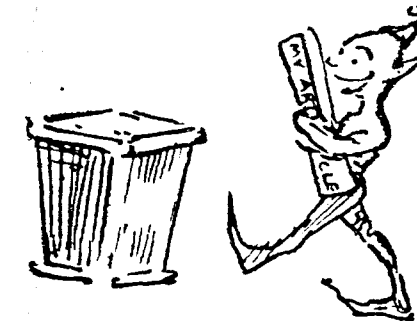
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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*

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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

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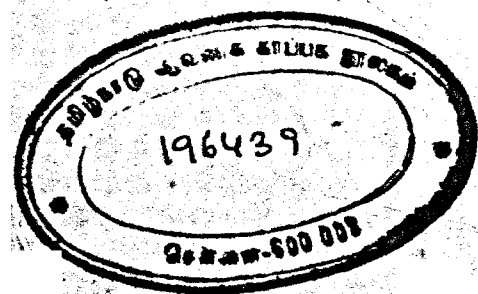
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In the January Number

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE
BUDDHIST STORIES. XIX
THE YOUTH MOVEMENT
A MAN OF THE HOUR



From The Front

By ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

OUR readers will appreciate the picture given as a frontispice this month, entitled, "Rough Material". Note the lad who has been brought in as a recruit for the Scout Brotherhood. Loose-limbed, feet anyhow, hand in pocket, attitude unbraced and unready; contrast him with the Scout who presents him: upright, feet well-placed, arms close to sides, alert, ready for action; it is the contrast between the trained and the untrained body. The new recruit will presently look just as workmanlike as the Scout beside him; it is the training that makes the difference. And look at the four officers, pausing in their work to look at the new recruit. Mark the keen faces, and the intent look. "Is this lad capable of becoming a brother Scout? will he learn to co-operate with us in self-training and self-discipline?" I think they will give him a chance, and that he will shape into a good and efficient Scout. If every Scout in Madras Presidency would bring in a recruit, we should double our members. Why not?

The Annual Report of the Boy Scout Association in Madras was issued last month, and was accepted and passed at the Annual Meeting, over which H. E. the Governor presided. The report gives a really admirable account of the Scout Week in Madras, recalling many pleasant memories. The Scouts took advantage of the visit of H. E. the Viceroy to Madras to hold a Rally in his honor as Chief Scout of India, and gave a very fine display of their efficiency and Scout-craft. The Week was

a splendid success, and showed the Madras public the all-round value of the Scout training. It contains reports from Districts, shewing the work done, and has messages from the Hon. Commissioner for India, the Hon. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, C.I.E., Provincial Commissioner, the Hon. Mr. Justice Venkatasubba Rao, President of the Madras District Council, the Raja of Sivaganga, and Mr. Littlehales, Director of Public Instruction.

Our beloved Joint Editor is working very hard in Europe, and he writes me that he has visited many schools, and has learned many useful things, which he hopes to utilise in India, on his return. The more a man knows of any subject, the more he can learn about it as he visits other lands, and sees the workers who envisage the subject from view-points other than his own. It is those who know little who profit little by foreign travel, and it is pre-eminently true of a well-informed man on his travels, that "to him that hath, much shall be given".

It is interesting to hear of a Youth Lodge being opened at Navsâri, its first members being 13 Parsis and one Musalmân. I trust soon to hear of some more Musalmâns joining and some Hindûs. If the Young People will realise the Oneness under the outer diversity in the religions of India, then in their manhood and womanhood they may help other to see that the white Light of Truth would lose something of its beauty, if it were robbed of a single component color.

Americans are ever in search of new ways of training the future citizens of the Republic of the West. The latest comes from the University of California, that far western State where many members of the sixth sub-race are being born. It is a way of what they call "the rating of character and personality" of the students as well as of scholarship, and is carried out under six heads; character, address and appearance, leadership, disposition and popularity, speed, and accuracy and attention to details. These qualities have been observed in the College of Mechanics during the last four years, and a record is kept of each student in the College. Each member of the Faculty is asked to rate his students under the above six heads. A Committee of students is also appointed. The headings are more fully explained as follows:

In order that as little misunderstanding as possible may arise concerning the meaning of various qualities rated, they have been defined as follows:

1. Character. This is the quality which represents a student's habits and reliability and general moral stability.
2. Address and Appearance. The rating upon this quality expresses the instructor's opinion of the student's ability to impress people favorably by his appearance, manners and amenities.
3. Leadership. Leadership is judged by the readiness with which a student takes and executes responsibility.
4. Disposition and Popularity. These are judged not only by the student's reputation with the Faculty, but by his standing with his classmates.
5. Speed. This is a measure of a student's rate of accomplishing work, and is best judged by the rapidity with which he finishes his examinations, drawings, etc.
6. Accuracy and Attention to Details. This quality is best judged in the drafting-room and laboratory, and is also indicated by the care by which numerical calculations are made.

The grades given in these ratings are A, excellent; B, superior; C, average; D, below average; E, unsatisfactory.

As to the effect of this system we are told that it raises the morale of the students:

After four years of trial the system has been found beneficial in a number of ways. A noticeable increase in the moral responsibility of the students has been noted. At the University of California, where students' Self-Government is in force, it is very important that the students realise before they become seniors the seriousness of their responsibilities in the conduct of their own affairs. There is no doubt that the college has been materially helped by the system of personality

ratings. The engineering students, who carry about a 25 per cent greater load than that carried by students in the College of Letters and Science, are assuming a larger share in student politics and campus life. This, of course, has been beneficial to both engineering students and the students' Self-Government.

The students derive from this responsibility a keener appreciation of human values and human problems, and at the same time bring to campus activities training in systematic and orderly action, which is decidedly beneficial when contrasted with the frequent erratic efforts of students in managing their own affairs.

The character rating system has benefited the students who have been graduated from the university during this period of four years, because it has made available in the department, irrespective of whether students were personally known to the Dean of the College or not, a permanent record made by those members of the Faculty with whom they were personally acquainted. In a large institution, such as the University of California, it is frequently impossible for a busy and responsible person such as the Dean of an engineering College to know personally each student in the College, and yet a student is entitled to have available from his Alma Mater a record of something other than his academic grades, after having lived and worked for four years in association with those about the University. These ratings afford such a record.

The ratings have been of assistance to manufacturers and employers of the State of California, for the reason that an employer would much prefer a steady, reliable young man of good moral character, who has an excellent basic training and yet may not have been a brilliant student, to one who is intellectually brilliant and yet who has certain moral characteristics which cause him to be unreliable in his conduct.

The Faculty likewise has benefited by this system because it has become more observing of its students. The younger members of the Faculty have been trained in the observation and valuation of the human qualities of the students under their instruction.

I wonder whether Indian students would approve or disapprove of this system. It seems to me to have some distinct merits, especially that of marking out the reliable man and not only the brilliantly intellectual. The youth who showed the quality of leadership would be suited to executive posts, and an all-round and well-proportioned estimate might be made by an understanding and sympathetic teacher. It should put the round man in the round hole, and the square man in the square.

The question of healthy and safe play-grounds for children in the large modern cities is one of

most pressing importance. In London, until lately, the children had few places for play, unless they lived near a large public park. But now things are much better, and in one park there is a pond, with plenty of sand round it, so that the little ones can paddle in the water, and dig in the sand, and build houses and castles out of it as though they were on the sea-shore. And I read in a Washington (D.C.) journal that that beautiful city has no less than sixty-three play-grounds, in which 25,000 happy youngsters play day after day.

Swings, travelling rings, see-saws, organised play for the kiddies. Tennis courts and basketball courts for the older children. And safety for all of them. This the city play-ground provides. . . . Wherever play-grounds have been established, juvenile offences

in that district have greatly decreased. Money spent on play-grounds saves future expenditures for corrective institutions.

It is a good sign in India that the "extensions" which are being made to many cities are being laid out with broad roads, and big open spaces.

There is one question which I should like to ask every reader of *The Young Citizen*: "What do you do to help it? Do you try to find new subscribers for it? Do you try to get new advertisements for it? Quite a group of elder people work for it, to bring it out month after month, regularly and as cheaply as possible. I had hoped that this year we should have covered our expenses, but it does not seem probable.

Sir Christopher Wren

Perhaps of all the ways in which great men can leave behind them "footprints on the sands of time," none is so impressive as the way of the Master-BUILDER. Just two hundred years ago died one of the most remarkable of the world fraternity of Master-Builders, Christopher Wren. Born in the pleasant English county of Wiltshire, in 1632, his childhood and youth witnessed the stormy scenes of the Civil War between Charles I and the Parliament. Royalist in education and sympathy, he devoted himself to study at Westminster and Oxford, and won such renown, both in science and philosophy, as to be acclaimed by John Evelyn, the diarist, in 1654, as "that miracle of a youth". No wonder, for by thirteen he had invented a corn-planting machine, by sixteen a model of "a new hypothesis of the Moon," and before thirty devised various other inventions, including a speedometer, artificial eyes, new musical instruments, and original treatments for disease. In those days, there was no such over-specialisation as mars our modern culture, and the fact that Wren was scientist, mathematician, inventor, and classicist, did not prevent his having also the constructive genius of the Architect. At the Restoration in 1660, Wren was asked to go to Tangier to remodel the fortifications there, but refused this; nevertheless he gave up his Professorship at Oxford to enter State employ, and assist the Surveyor-General in the repair of various public buildings and the construction of new. Throwing

his energies into this new channel with characteristic fervor, Wren did some fine pieces of work, which marked him out as the man to whom the great work could be entrusted in 1666, of repairing the ravages of the Great Fire. If only the Architect had been allowed a free hand in the work of restoration, London City would present a very different appearance to-day; but people were in too great a hurry, and utilitarian aims triumphed over aesthetic, so that beautiful buildings are shouldered out of sight behind mean and narrow thoroughfares, and St. Paul's loses much of its grandeur because deprived of the setting he planned for it. Would the Taj Mahal itself look beautiful in a bazar? But Shah Jahan was a wiser man than Charles II, or than the Lord Mayor of London, and the great soul of the Master-BUILDER fretted itself in vain against the limitations imposed on his art by the sordid aims of seventeenth-century Londoners. In many ways a child of the East, Wren gave to western Architecture something of the noble serenity that belongs to lands of sunshine and far-horizons, and great was his handicap in smoke-begrimed London. Yet, next after Inigo Jones, his is the greatest name in English Architecture, and among his present followers the foremost is Sir Edwin Lutyens, designer of the buildings of New Delhi, privileged to do his immortal work among congenial surroundings and for a people who have never lost the secret of beauty in life.

H. V.

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In The World's Service

Paracelsus

BY L.

[Along the line of Chemistry a promising road of investigation of the hidden forces of Nature opens out, and men who have the eye of the trained seer may point the way to important discoveries. It is recognised that to Paracelsus we are indebted for the knowledge of nitrogen gas.]

THEOPHRASTUS Bombast von Hohenheim, or, to call him by his better known name, Paracelsus, was one of the greatest helpers of mankind the world has ever seen.

Born in the year 1493 at Einsiedeln, near Zurich, of an ancient and noble family, Paracelsus early showed a leaning towards medicine and the occult sciences. His father, Dr. Wilhelm Von Hohenheim, was a distinguished physician, and his mother, prior to her marriage, held the post of matron to the Abbey Hospital, not far from their home. The environment, therefore, in which he was reared, was one pre-eminently suited to a youth whose aspirations led him to pursue the study of Medicine and Occultism.

Like many great souls, Theophrastus possessed a fragile, sickly body, and, although he outgrew much of his childhood's delicacy, he was never a robust man. From his father he acquired the rudiments of alchemy, surgery and medicine, and wrested from Nature those of her secrets that his youthful brain could assimilate. Until the age of sixteen, Dr. Wilhelm Von Hohenheim and the learned monks of the convent hard by were his sole instructors.

After a course of study at the University of Basle, he was placed under the tuition of the renowned Abbot Johann Trimethius (the teacher of Cornelius Agrippa), and from him he acquired a deep insight into the hidden wonders of the Universe.

Paracelsus travelled extensively, visiting, at different periods of his life, Saxony, Poland, Bohemia, Prussia, Hungary, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Italy and England—a mar-

vellous achievement for the days when trains were unknown, and slow progress had to be made over bad roads and tracks, in the saddle or on foot. His visit to England included an inspection of the mines of Cumberland and Cornwall. He served as Army Surgeon in the armies of Italy, Sweden, Denmark and Holland during the wars that were rife at that time, and gained through his wide range of experience in this capacity a profound knowledge of the treatment of wounds. He has justly been dubbed the Father of Surgery—for he revolutionised and purified this branch of medical science, as thoroughly as he did that part of it embracing the administration of drugs.

"Travels," said he, "developed a man, for knowledge is distributed throughout the world, and not confined to localities." The year 1525 saw him installed at Basle as lecturer on Medicine and Surgery. But before long the bitter antagonism and violent jealousy of his medical confreres caused him to return to his roaming life. At Nuremberg, in 1529, his cures so enraged the doctors of the neighboring districts, who denounced him as a charlatan, that in self-defence he besought the authorities to give into his care a number of incurable persons, so that he might have an opportunity to prove the truth of his teaching. The request was granted, and the archives of the city bear witness to the success he obtained in the treatment of these cases after all other methods had failed.

Notwithstanding this undeniable proof of his skill, the medical faculty continued their persecution, and Von Hohenheim took once again to

the road, healing all those who chanced to cross his path.

So strenuous a life under these adverse conditions could not fail eventually severely to overtax the declining powers of his feeble frame, and in 1541 he breathed his last at the early age of 48.

side^o great man has ever been more grossly & slor^gned and misrepresented, or so little understood as the subject of this brief sketch. He shone out as a bright beacon light from amid the darkness enshrouding the collective medical mind of the day. To an intimate knowledge of the complex processes involved in the evolution of matter, he superadded an inner perception, the result of lofty spiritual unfoldment. This enabled him to perceive the underlying causes of disease, and thus to effect those remarkable cures that no other physician has been able to emulate either before or since his time. The British Pharmacopœia is enriched by many valuable discoveries which were the outcome of his master mind. To mention a few: Zinc, laudanum, calomel, flower of sulphur, chloride of mercury, and various preparations of iron and antimony. He anticipated Mesmer in his knowledge of the powers of so-called mesmerism; practised the principles of Homœopathy; and was intimately acquainted with the healing properties of the magnet.

One of the secrets of the greatness of Paracelsus lay in his ability to abstract and absorb knowledge direct from Nature. He studied her profoundly; he read few books, but wrote many. For him the herbs of the field were "signed" by the hand of God, and each had its special function in the healing of the sick. We find him patiently examining the effects of the various native remedies in use wherever he happened at the moment to be sojourning; the virtues or otherwise of the much vaunted cures of the gypsies, the draughts of the old countrymen; all these were brought under the keen edge of his dissecting analytical mind, to be put to future use, if their power to heal were an actual fact and not a mere idle superstition. An extensive exploration of mines led him to make a special study of miners' diseases, and he has left to posterity an important work dealing with the subject.

The medical knowledge of the Middle Ages in Europe was sadly behind that of China and Egypt. The crude mixtures of drugs and herbs were improperly prepared and carelessly administered. Chaos reigned supreme. A rich harvest fell to the share of unscrupulous apothecaries, and the physicians blindly followed in the faulty footsteps of their predecessors. As a consequence, bitter persecution was meted out to this great healer of men, who so vigorously stirred the mud and slime of the medical pond.

Paracelsus was so far in advance of the times in which he lived, that the ignorant and material minds of his fellow-workers failed utterly to appreciate his phenomenal skill and spiritual gifts. Through his knowledge of alchemy he compounded his potions and herbs in such a way that their vital energy was set free and the cruder substances of which they were formed discarded. His power to read the "signature" of each drug gave him the key to the cure of the disease. God, he said, had placed his "sign" upon every herb of the field, and only he who could read the symbol knew for what disorder the plant was designed. These "signatures" were veiled, although visible to those of lofty spiritual attainment and understanding.

In all his scientific studies, Paracelsus ever searched for the hidden hand of God, concealed in the metal, stone and herb. He drew a distinction between diseases which were physical, diseases that were the outcome of a sordid mind, or evil desires—all those issuing from a non-physical spiritual cause; in the latter case, the affliction arose through a violation of the Divine Law, and a cure could not be effected until suffering had restored the balance and the evil had worked itself out on the plane of matter. Then, and then only, would God send a physician to heal the sick soul. Complaints produced by the forces of Nature operating directly upon the physical body of man and disturbing its equilibrium were analogous to the same forces acting upon the Universe and occasioning upheavals in the form of floods, tempests and earthquakes; illness resulting from a morbid mind and evil desire needed a physician to heal the soul as well as the body, and only a physician who could expand his consciousness

and penetrate deeply into higher states of being, was competent to be a healer of men—for such a one alone could discover the cause, and so, where possible, remove the disease.

The piety of Paracelsus was remarkable and his faith in the supreme power of God sublime. All that the eye beheld revealed and glorified His Eternal Being. The life that thrilled in animal and plant surged ceaselessly through metal and stone.

To-day modern science is beginning to accept this simple truth and to-day modern thought is awakening to the fact that the teachings of this great and lofty soul contain a fund of mental wealth that cannot be surpassed or even equalled at the present time. The medical works of Paracelsus number forty-nine; those on Natural History, Philosophy and the Occult Sciences are numerous. While he brought the full powers of his intellect to bear upon the scientific problems that engaged and perplexed

his mind, he never once lost sight of the Unseen Energy guiding the forces through which the Universal Life sought expression.

Poor in this world's riches but abounding in spiritual gifts, driven from city to city by the violence of his enemies, Paracelsus lived and died a wanderer upon the face of the earth. The outward events of his life, however, wisely hindered his dauntless spirit from fulfilling the glorious purpose of his earthly sojourn and that purpose was to heal the body and soul of man. To the humble and poor his services were given free, and long after his death they mourned his loss by pilgrimages to his grave.

Mankind is slowly awakening to the value and importance of the works handed down to posterity by this unrivalled surgeon and physician, and an honored position is accorded them amongst great volumes of great men. The name of Paracelsus is one that will live through the ages to come.

How Old Are You

One day there came to the Court of a King a gray-haired professor who amused the King greatly. He told the Monarch a number of things he never knew before, and the King was delighted. But finally it came to a point where the ruler wanted to know the age of the professor; so he thought of a mathematical problem.

"Ahem," said the King, "I have an interesting sum for you; it is a trial in mental arithmetic. Think of the number of the month of your birth."

Now, the professor was sixty years old, and had been born two days before Christmas, so he thought of twelve, December being the twelfth month.

"Yes," said the professor.

"Multiply it by two," said the King.

"Yes."

"Add five."

"Yes," answered the professor, doing so.

"Now multiply by fifty."

"Yes."

"Add your age."

"Yes."

"Subtract three hundred sixty-five."

"Yes."

"Add one hundred and fifteen."

"Yes."

"And now," said the King, "might I ask what the result is?"

"Twelve hundred and sixty," replied the professor, wondering.

"Thank you," said the King. "So you were born in December, sixty years ago, eh?"

"Why, how in the world do you know?" cried the professor.

"Why," retorted the King, "from your answer—twelve hundred and sixty. The month of your birth was the twelfth, and the last two figures give your age."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the professor. "Capital idea! I'll try it on the next person. It's a polite way of finding out people's ages."

Suppose you try it, Young Citizen.—WATCHMAN

A Sensible Governor

Would there were more Governors like the Governor of Maine, U. S. A., if the following story be true of an incident which is alleged to have occurred at Atlanta:

Gov. Baxter, in a letter to Charles S. Nahn of Bowling Green, Ky., Chairman of the National Fox Hunters' Association, declines to attend the National Fox Hunters' meet, saying that it matters not how distinguished the

guests might be, he would not enjoy being with them on the occasion of their annual hunt.

"I cannot understand," he wrote, "why thoughtful men and women can take pleasure in your fox hunts. To my mind, they lack all the elements of true sport. When able-bodied men and women, mounted on horses and led by a pack of half-crazy hounds, run to death one of God's harmless creatures, they present a spectacle anything but inspiring."

Buddhist Stories

No. XIX

THE HARE IN THE MOON

LONG ago, when Brahmadata was ruling at Benares, the Bodhisattva was reborn as a hare and lived in a forest. On one side of that forest was the foot of a mountain slope, on another side a river, and on another side was an outlying village.

He had three friends, a monkey, a jackal and an otter. These four wise animals dwelt together, and after roaming over their several hunting-grounds in search of food they used to meet together of an evening. The Wise Hare used to say to the three others: "Now we ought to give alms, keep the moral law and observe the sabbath duties." Thus he taught them the True Doctrine by his good advice. They listened to his advice, and retired each one to the thicket where he dwelt.

As time went on in this way, the Bodhisattva one day looked up at the sky and saw the moon. Then, knowing that next day would be the sabbath, he said to the other three: "To-morrow is the sabbath. Do you three folk undertake to keep the moral law and so be sabbath-keepers. When one has set himself to keep the moral law there is great result in charity. When a beggar arrives, do you give him to eat of the food you have gathered for yourselves."

"Very good," said they, assenting to his words, and went off each to his own lair, and there remained.

Next day at early dawn the otter said to himself, "I'll go in search of food." So off he went down to the banks of Gangâ. Then a certain fisherman who had just caught seven red fish strung them on an osier, took the fish and hid them in the sand on Gangâ's bank. Then he dropped down the stream a-fishing.

The otter scented the smell of fish and grubbed in the sand, saw the fish and pulled them out. Then he called aloud thrice: "Do these fish belong to anybody?" and seeing no owner of them he gripped the osier with his teeth, took them home and laid them down in the thicket where he dwelt, thinking: "I'll eat them in due season," and thus observing the moral law he lay down.

Now the jackal also went forth in search of prey and found in a field-watcher's hut a couple of meat-spits, one lizard and a pot of curds. So he called aloud thrice: "Does anybody own these?" and as he saw no owner of them he put the string handle of the pot of curds over his neck, grasped the lizard and the two meat-spits in his mouth and carried all to the thicket where he dwelt, and set them down. Then, intending to eat them in due season, thus observing the moral law (of abstinence on the sabbath), he lay down.

In like manner the monkey went to the jungle, gathered a bunch of mangoes and set them down in the thicket where he dwelt, saying to himself: "I'll eat them in due season," and thus observing the moral law, lay down.

But the Bodhisattva, the Wise Hare, in time also came out and said to himself: "I'll browse on dabba-grass." But as he lay in his thicket he thought.

"If any beggars come my way I can't give them grass to eat, and I haven't any sesamum or rice or such to give. Well, if a beggar comes I'll offer him the flesh of my own body."

Now with the glow of that good resolution the yellow marble throne of Sakka, King of the Devas, showed signs of heat. Looking into the matter and seeing the cause of that, Sakka decided to make trial of the royal hare. So forth he sallied, first to the otter's lodging, and stood there disguised as a Brâhmana.

"Why stand you there, Brâhmana?" said the otter. "O wise one," said Sakka, "if I could get some food, as I am observing the sabbath, I could do my duties as a recluse."

"Good!" said the otter. "I'll give you food," and so conversing with him he sang this first verse:

Seven red fish have I found
From the water drawn ashore
Here I have them, Brâhmana.
Eat, and in the forest dwell.

The Brâhmana replied: "Wait till morning. I'll make my mind up later on," and, so went on to the jackal. There being asked: "Why stand you there, Brâhmana?" he replied as before.

The jackal said: "Good! I'll give you food," and thus conversing with him he sang this second verse:

I stole a watchman's evening meal;
One lizard and two spits of meat,
I've brought: a pot of curds as well.
Here I have them, Brāhmana.
Eat, and in the forest dwell.

The Brāhmana replied, "Wait till morning. I'll make my mind up later on." So he went on the monkey's lodging, and there, accosted as before, he made the same reply. The monkey said "Good! I'll give you food," and so conversing with him sang this third verse:

Mangoes ripe and water cool,
Rest in a delightful shade,—
Brāhmana, these are mine to give.
Eat and in the forest live.

The Brāhmana replied as before and went on to the Wise Hare's dwelling-place, and there accosted replied as before.

On hearing his request the Bodhisattva was filled with joy and said: "You have done well to come to me for food, Brahmana." To-day I'll give you an offering never made before. But as you can't take life, being a pious man, go you and gather sticks to make a fire, and fetch them here. I'll offer you myself as sacrifice and jump into the midst of the embers. When my body is cooked, do you eat my flesh and do your duties as a recluse." So saying he sang the fourth verse which was this:

Sesamum, cooked rice and beans,—
Hares have no such food to give.
Cook my body in this fire,
Eat and in the forest live.

On hearing these words Sakka by his magic

Ethics for Teachers

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS

WE believe that one who aspires to be a leader of Youth should have, first of all, character—that subtle and indefinable quality which is finer than the finest deeds, greater than the greatest facts, which includes, but transcends, honor—a nice sense of what is right, just and true, with a course of life corresponding thereto.

Vision—a supreme faith in the ultimate triumph of the ideal good.

Patience—which means the ability and the willingness to wait, and may also mean kindness to evil-doers, and bearing with the weaknesses of others.

power built up a fire of blazing embers and told the Bodhisattva. Then the Wise Hare rose up from his couch of dabba-grass and calling aloud: "If there be any living creatures in my fur, let them live!" he shook himself thrice, and thus offering his whole body as largesse, like a royal swan plunging into a pool of clustered lotuses, with a joyous heart he sprang into the blazing fire.

But that fire had no power to warm even the pores of a single hair on his body. He was in fact like one who has entered on a frozen spot. So he said to Sakka, "Brāhmana, like ice is this fire you have kindled. It warms not even the pores of a single hair of me. What means it?"

"O wise one," replied Sakka, "I am no Brāhmana! Sakka am I. To make trial of you am I come."

"Sakka," said the hare, "let alone yourself, if all the dwellers on earth should come to test me by way of charity, they should not find me empty-handed," and thus uttered his lion's roar of triumph.

Then said Sakka to the Bodhisattva, "O wise Hare! Long be thy virtue known." And he squeezed the mountain, and taking its essence smeared an outline of a hare on the disc of the moon, and, calling the attention of the Bodhisattva thereto, he laid him down on soft dabba-grass in that same forest thicket and departed to his own heavenly place.

So those four wise creatures, living together in harmony, fulfilling the moral law, departed according to their deserts. F. L. WOODWARD

Justice—recognising in our fellow-man another self seeing; both sides of every question.

Benevolence—that which helps another to help himself—not indulgence.

That energy and enthusiasm which can be satisfied only by seeing ambition realised.

Service—"The power to give the world more than I take."

And with these a broad education, both liberal and professional, as a preparation for one's life-work, so that he may do it conscientiously and with pleasure, because he can do it well.

"And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten—but the work lived."

A Man of the Hour

PRESIDENT MASARYK

BY R. W. SETON-WATSON

IF Thomas Garrigue Masaryk—first President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, political philosopher whose theoretical statecraft has been tried in practice and found valid, the acknowledged father of the most successful of the new European States—others may write with fuller contemporary knowledge than I can claim.

It is rather to Masaryk, the pre-War professor, one of the strongest moral forces in the Slavonic world, the fearless adversary of unrighteousness masquerading as "policy," the apostle of Czecho-Slovak Nationhood and the leader, in exile, of a cause that most men thought hopeless, that this tribute is paid.

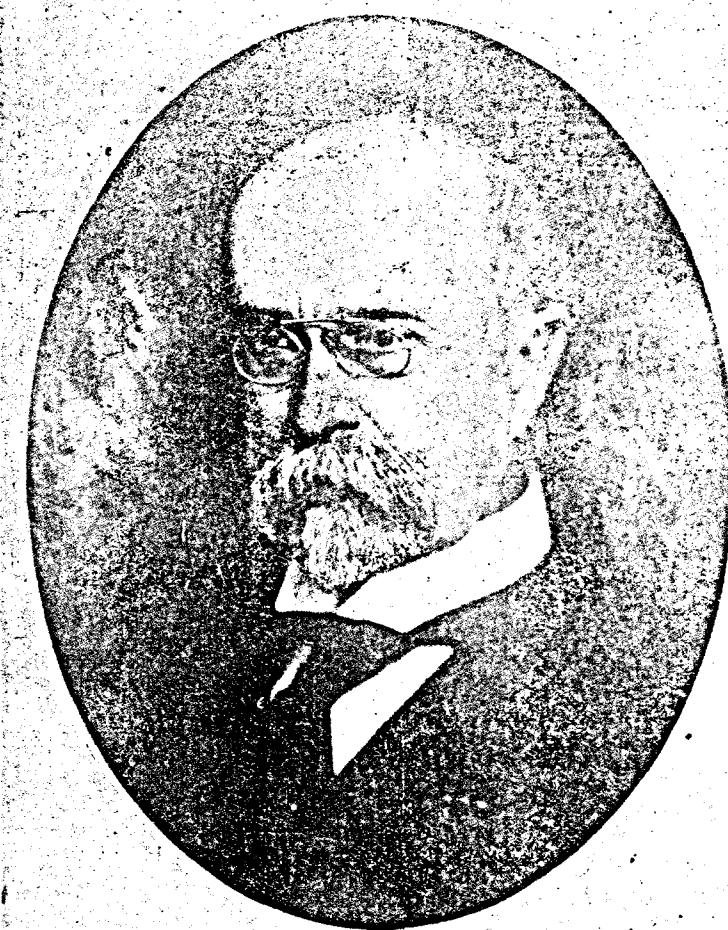
Not to many mortals is it given to crown a long life of "plain living and high thinking"—a ye, and hard fighting—by achievement such as that of President Masaryk. Still fewer can claim his even rarer triumph of well-nigh universal recognition. The Nation which produces a prophet has cause for pride and gratitude; but twice happy is the Nation that recognises the prophet when he comes.

In accepting and following Masaryk's leadership, the Czecho-Slovak people rendered half-conscious homage to certain qualities in him

that are peculiarly its own. He personifies the moral unity of Czech and Slovak, the irresistible spiritual process which made of Kollar and Safarik—both born Slovaks—the heralds of the Czech National Rebirth. Moreover, he is himself an expression of those virile virtues that well up from the heart of a peasant race, and set at

nought all the efforts of a foreign master to stunt or kill its growth. The Czechs, if I read them aright, have little love, and perhaps little talent, for those external trappings of public life upon which some Nations set great store; but they have a dour and ardent devotion to the heart of things, and are never afraid to give the husk for the kernel. Here, again, Masaryk is true to type. His severely logical mind held "realism" to be the true aim of politics no less than of thought and life; and he gave a new and

honorable interpretation to the German notion of *Realpolitik* which had become a bye-word. He has taught that realism in politics is not a cynical disregard of principles, but a scrupulous reckoning with the facts of a given situation; that, after all, "honesty is the best policy"; that character, not sleight of hand, is the first requirement of the statesman. In Masaryk's "realism," honesty is not a synonym for



ingenuousness, guileless (in the true sense) though it be. He has proved that a straight fencer, fully trained to the use of his weapon, can be more than a match for the brave who plays foul. The leader of a new political school and an adept of new diplomatic methods, he beat the old school at its own game. In that world of unreality which was Austrian politics, the solitary "realist" professor, with his ethical teaching and angular personality, seemed doomed to failure, despite his conquest of the younger generation. Yet, at the touch of his wand, Austria crumbled into the dust, while the Czecho-Slovak Republic and its President bear a living witness to the creed of "realism".

Bismarck's *Realpolitik*, though not that of his disciples; made allowance for "imponderables" in politics, moral factors, not to be weighed, yet potent and embarrassing; Masaryk's *Realpolitik* takes them definitely into account, assigns to them their full weight in the scheme of things, holds them to be essential and primary, bases itself, in fact, upon the reality of things unseen.

Surely it is no accident that the same Nation which chose John Huss as its National hero, and by its devotion to his ideals earned the proud title of "The People of the Chalice," should at the new crisis of its fate, which came in 1914, have accepted as its leader a thinker and a moral teacher of the first rank. But while his work as President of the new State is patent to all the world, those who knew and worked with him in his exile, may be pardoned for thinking that he was never greater than in those four years of War when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, and when many who met him regarded his aims and ideals as grotesquely impossible and even dangerous.

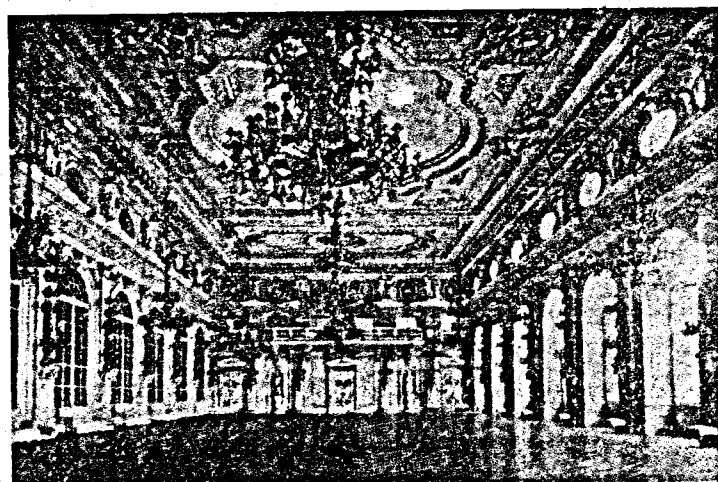
Accident made of me a special witness to his remarkable political foresight; for in October, 1914, we met secretly at Rotterdam, and for two

days exchanged information and ideas upon the general European situation. The programme of territorial reconstruction in Europe which he then unfolded to me has been realised in its main lines as a result of the War. It is true that, while he shared Lord Kitchener's rare prescience as to the length of the struggle, he could not, even with his Russian experience, foresee the extent to which the protraction of the War would involve the disintegration (not merely the exhaustion) of Russia. But there is not another statesman in Europe who could claim, as Masaryk can justly claim, to have worked throughout the War on a detailed and scientifically reasoned plan, and to have seen the map of Europe actually reshaping itself according to his forecasts. I would go even further. To-day

it is obvious to all, save to unreasoning Chauvinists, that the Peace Treaty, in many important particulars, needs modification; but it may safely be asserted that it is precisely where the Treaty conforms most nearly to the original Masaryk programme that it is likely to be most durable.

In the opening months of the War, Masaryk gave fresh proof of his political realism—in grasping the fundamental character of the issues involved; in preparing himself for what was coming by mature and careful deliberation; in practising wise restraint and awaiting the right moment before coming into the open. When that moment came, he staked everything upon a policy for which he had found an intellectual and ethical, no less than a political, basis.

To-day, prestige and experience make it relatively easy for him to be wise. He has passed the great test, the test that came when, in solitary exile, he had to risk a decision of the utmost gravity for his own reputation and still more for the future of his Nation. It was not only that he knew when to take big



decisions. He and his lieutenants learned, almost from the first, the difficult lesson—never mastered by other less fortunate Nationalities—of the importance of being in the right place at the right time. Almost his first step was to make Paris the centre of the movement for Czecho-Slovak Independence, and thus, very properly, to place its headquarters in the country where it was best understood and where the prospect of practical assistance was, consequently, strongest. Then he set himself to the much more difficult task of informing and convincing responsible British opinion, and to this end he presently made London his own centre. From October, 1915, to May, 1917, the presence of Masaryk in Hampstead revived the tradition Mazzini had established in Soho and Chelsea, two generations earlier. When War broke out, British ignorance of Bohemia and her cause was abysmal—so utterly had ancient ties been broken down by process of time and the effects of geographical separation. But, little by little, some headway was made. As the result of Masaryk's visit to Oxford, in May, 1915, the signatures of most of the leading men of the University were secured for a public appeal in connection with the quincentenary of John Huss; and, a few months later, some of us were able to obtain for Professor Masaryk a formal invitation, from the University of London, to accept a lectureship in Slavonic History and Sociology at the newly-founded School of Slavonic Studies. His inaugural address on "The Problem of Small Nations in the European Crisis" (at which the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, was only prevented by sudden illness from presiding) was worthy of the author of *Russia and Europe*. But a still greater effect was produced by the confidential Memoranda circulated on his behalf to a carefully selected list of British public men—in particular, that entitled *At the Eleventh Hour* (January, 1916)—which analysed, fearlessly and convincingly, the dangers of the general situation, and, above all, the lack of any coherent or constructive policy on the part of the Allies.

From the moment he reached England, Masaryk had applied to British political and social phenomena his trained powers of observa-

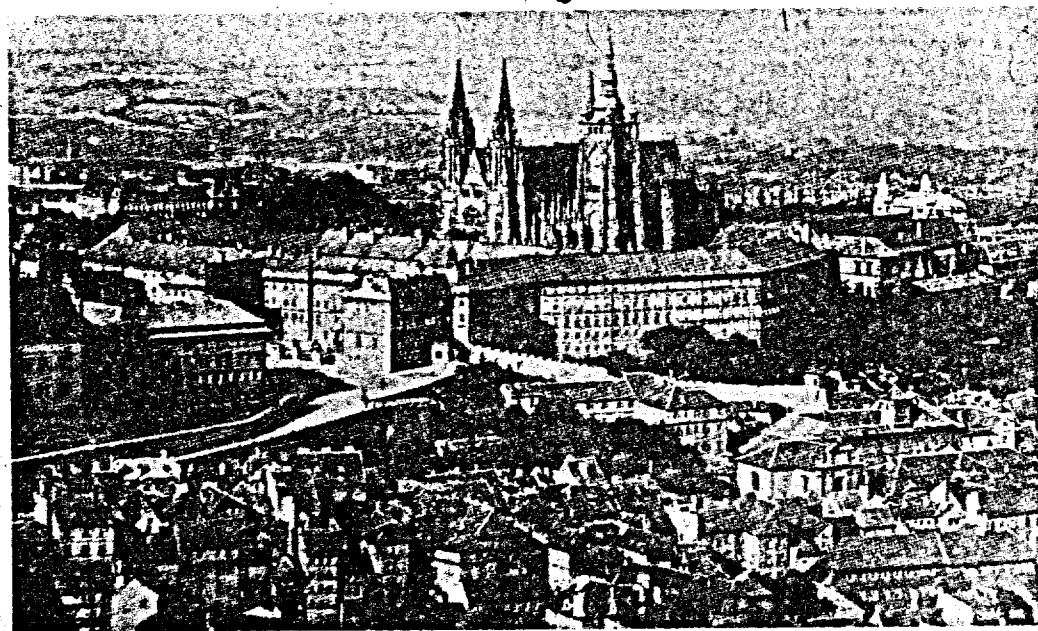
tion and methods of critical enquiry. He neglected no source of information, no organ or current of opinion, however "advanced" or however "reactionary". He even found time to visit the cinemas to see how the pictures of public men or events were received. His choice of helpers was characteristically unconventional. He required of them only loyalty to the cause, efficiency and straight dealing.

Thus he was able to reach surprisingly accurate conclusions upon the state of British public opinion, to place an inexorable finger on many of our National needs and shortcomings, and to make many a valuable suggestion. If he had faith in Britain it was because he saw her whole, appraising her virtues and faults, her strength and weakness, with the same intellectual honesty and painstaking modesty with which he judged his own country, a modesty that made him embarrassingly reluctant to take advantage of any unduly favorable presentment of his case. He carried contempt of "window-dressing" to such heights that he sometimes made a distinctly disappointing impression upon those whom he met casually or for the first time, and who were either too busy or too superficial to look beneath the surface of his extreme reserve. The defiant phrase of an earlier Czech leader, Rieger,—"We won't give in"—was often on his lips; but his attitude was always one of "Face the facts"—most of all at moments when the British Press allowed itself to be misled by false optimism. How often did his British friends, discouraged by official muddling or planlessness, take fresh courage from the indomitable exile's call to *clear thinking*, alike in politics and in strategy.

Thus it was to the end. In the spring of 1917, he felt that more urgent tasks awaited him in Russia and America than in Western Europe; and to grapple with them he shrank from no personal risk or fatigue. Others may speak of his achievements in Petrograd, Moscow, Kiev, and Siberia, or, later, in the United States; but I know enough of them to be convinced that his results were reached by the same searching methods, by the same rare combination of thought and action, by the same sober and "realist" methods of executing a daring political plan. In the country of Washington

and Lincoln—the country also of his wife—he found himself peculiarly at home, and few incidents in his career seem to me more fitting than the Declaration of Independence signed by him and other representatives of long-oppressed European races in “Independence Hall” at Philadelphia. No man since Abraham Lincoln had been better qualified than Masaryk to take as a definition of his own political creed the conclusion of Lincoln’s “Second Inaugural” Address: “With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation’s wounds; . . . to

of London will have an opportunity of welcoming one of the worthiest and wisest citizens of Europe and the world, President Masaryk, of Czecho-Slovakia. Though he passed through London in November, 1918, on his way to take over functions to which he had been unanimously called as Chief Magistrate of the Nation he had helped to redeem, he has not since been able to visit this country. Of his work and ideals some notion may be gleaned from a study of him printed elsewhere in this *Review*. He is, above all, a moral and a religious man, believing in righteousness for its own sake, not merely for the sake of expediency. His faith he gradually communicated to his people, first as



View of Hradcany Castle, the Residence of President Masaryk, Prague

do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all Nations.” Yet to Masaryk and his career the lines of Russell Lowell’s “Hymn to Liberty” seem to me equally applicable:

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Not once but repeatedly, not impulsively but deliberately, Masaryk has, in the course of his long and busy life, espoused an unpopular cause and defied the sentiment of the mob; and, in the long run, the masses have rallied to “the two or three,” and the voice crying in the wilderness has become the herald of a new era.

— *Review of Reviews*

An Apostle of Freedom

From October 21st to October 25th, the people

university professor, afterwards as leader in exile, and finally as their recognised President for life. With him comes Dr. Edward Benes, the Czecho Slovak Foreign Secretary, to whose worth all who worked with him during the War, or have watched him since at inter-Allied Conferences or on the League of Nations Council, bear witness with one accord. In Paris, which they visit before coming to London, the counsels of Masaryk and Benes are likely to carry weight. Here also our statesmen may derive advantage from intercourse with them, and inasmuch as Masaryk and Benes are working for aims dear to the people of this country, their influence may tend not only to promote harmony between Great Britain and France but to foster a sane settlement in Europe.—*Review of Reviews*

The Youth Movement

THE Madras “Youth Week” has come and gone, and has been a tremendous, a magnificent, success. None of the organisers of the “Week” ever expected that the project would be so enthusiastically welcomed by so many people. There were twenty-one organisations which definitely supported the “Week,” and there were many more whose officers and members co-operated in their private capacity. The meetings were all of them crowded to overflowing, except on the first day, but even then there was a very good attendance. Indeed, the Treasurer of the “Week” was told by one European gentleman that he and his friends had aroused so much enthusiasm that it would be very difficult to control it! But nothing dangerous happened.

It is to be hoped that something permanent is going to come out of the “Week”. Most of the organisations taking part have now been affiliated to the “International League of Youth”. The Madras Branch of this League has formed several sub-committees, one for promoting Hindu-Muslim Unity, one for uplifting the Depressed Classes, and so on. The Secretary of the League has begun his work by addressing a meeting at the Yuva Jana Samajam, with the Advocate-General of Madras in the chair.

Other “Youth Weeks” are about to be held in Bombay and Karachi. The organisers in Bombay appear to have some good ideas which failed to occur to the Madras organisers, such as (1) Visits to Nursing Homes, Beggars’ Asylums, etc. (2) Holding an Exhibition of Arts and Crafts; (3) Conducting Essay-writing Competitions; (4) Printing leaflets containing biographies of great persons. We believe they got this last idea from *The Young Theosophist*! The Bombay “Youth Week” is to be held early in December.

The International League of Youth at Bangalore is most active. It calls itself “The Youth Movement in Karnataka,” and is issuing a series of pamphlets. It has held two “Youth Weeks” during which there were courses of lectures delivered by the chief people of the district on international subjects. The young people of Bangalore are making a very useful contribution to the welfare

of their country along many lines, religious, literary, physical health, and so on. Nearly half the members of the Youth Movement are from the depressed classes, and some of these are among the best of the workers. It is proposed to start a local magazine, *The Karnataka Youth*.

Among the activities of Youth in other parts of the world the most interesting is perhaps the establishment of “Boy Police” in Chicago. These have been organised to preserve order among the young people all over Chicago. They prevent quarrels, organise games, prevent the rougher elements destroying other people’s property, and so on. They are especially intended to keep order in Chicago’s sixty playgrounds, scattered all over the city. They see that each boy has his turn in the various games, that the rules are obeyed, and that dangerous play is avoided. They preserve order and cleanliness.

The boys chosen to be policemen are those who have the greatest influence over the young people of their neighborhood. It has been found that the worst boys often make the best policemen, and become models of good conduct when they get the policeman’s star to wear. They all undergo a training for several months.

Another of their duties is that of constructive service. They assume leadership in all the young people’s activities. If a band of young people is wanted for some special purpose at a moment’s notice, these Junior Police can quickly collect the required number.

The establishment of these “Boy Police” has led to quite a new atmosphere among the young people of Chicago. Instead of the boys trying “to get the better” of their teachers and directors, instead of bullying each other, scamping their work, and jeering at institutions intended for their benefit, they now have a spirit of hearty co-operation with their elders. They feel that the elders have taken them into their confidence, that they are trusted and put on their honor, and they respond.

This movement is capable of a very large amount of good. T.

Find Braying Bird

A penguin that brays like a jackass and lives in a dense jungle with parrots, humming birds and woodpeckers, is among the interesting birds discovered by Dr. Frank M. Chapman, Curator of Ornithology, in a four month cruise through the Andes in a steamer. He recently returned to the American Museum of Natural History with many specimens of rare birds,

Peace Week of Youth

Sept. 14-21-1924

DURING the week September 14 to 21 Youth Movements in Great Britain, in response to a call from Youth on the Continent for an International Peace Week of Youth, demonstrated its will to Peace. Many organisations took part, including the Young Friends, Youth Section No More War Movement, Guild of the Citizens of To-morrow, Order of Woodcraft Chivalry, etc., etc. Peace Sunday, September 14th, was the day when local meetings were held in London, Bristol and other big towns on the subject of Youth and Peace.

Two big public meetings were held in London by Youth, the first at Mortimer Hall on Tuesday, Sept. 16th, presided over by Miss Maude Royden. She emphasised the need for making the appeal of Peace as romantic as the appeal of war, by applying to the former all that pageantry and symbolism which at present is a feature of the machinery of war.

Harold Sandon (Youth Section, No More War Movement) spoke on the methods of Youth in finding a new conception of respect for the individual by camping, folk-dancing, and such like, in place of the false relationships created between man and man by war.

Richendra Payne (Young Friends) said the responsibility of creating a better world lay with Youth who must attain it by hard, clear thinking. It was confused thinking more than deliberate acts of oppression which lay at the root of all wars.

Miss Brown Ramsay (Girls' Life Brigade) spoke of British Youth's task for Peace as being first a readjustment of values. Western people thought too much of the value of property and too little of the sacredness of human life. Secondly, Youth must think Peace; and thirdly must preserve its vision of the future at all costs.

The meeting on Friday, Sept. 19th, was at Devonshire House, with Mr. A. Fenner Brockway in the chair, when speakers from France, Germany, Holland, Austria and Scandinavia joined with British Youth to further the cause of International Peace.

Roger Sillard, a young French barrister, appealed to all sections, particularly to the women, to create a new spirit which would unite their common

humanity. He also suggested an annual festival of Peace and the adoption of an International Peace Flag and Hymn.

Kathleen Lodge, a young Quaker, said she liked to think that every Nation has a definite personality, and she had visions of an internationalism that was a moraic whole, and that patriotism was the desire to make one's country the brightest spot of color in it.

Magda Löwen of Vienna spoke on the benefits of Viennese children during the famine through international help, and felt that this training in internationalism among the children of Austria must one day bear great fruit.

Other speakers were Otto Czerski for German Youth, Werna Janysehge also for German Youth, and Harold Bing for British Youth.

On Saturday, September 20th, our efforts for Youth Peace Week culminated in a big procession 600 strong, through the heart of London to Hyde Park. French and German Youth marched with us under their own national flags and no effort was spared to emphasise the pageantry of Peace. At the head of the procession was a striking banner in red and white bearing the words "PEACE. YOUTH MUST LEAD."

In the Park were four platforms from which English, French and German speakers held forth in their own National tongues. The resolution which was put to the meeting and carried unanimously was as follows: "We, in this Youth Demonstration, believe that creative peace can be brought about only by the vigorous effort of every individual. Because of our Youth, the responsibility for destroying the military spirit is ours. We are the home-makers, the teachers, and the leaders of to-morrow. The world's future lies in our keeping. We are, therefore, determined to do all in our power to bring about a war-free world, based not on force and greed, but on co-operation and love. Our call goes out to the Youth of all nations."

Such was our effort this year, a venture never before tackled in this country by Youth itself off its own bat, and it is, we believe, the herald of greater and more far-reaching efforts every year in all the years to come, till our war-free world becomes a living physical reality.

Children and the Drama

THE HART HOUSE THEATRE

IT has been my privilege to be a guest of the Corporation of Harrogate and the energetic Director of the Baths and Wells, Mr. F. J. C. Broome.....I have had the joy of meeting pleasant people; but, above all, I have had the joy of hearing all that is great, good, and beautiful in music, under the baton of Howard Carr, our well-known young composer, who is rapidly turning Harrogate into a Musical Mecca. Nor is it his least merit that in the construction of his programmes he allows a prominent place to the works of English composers, and thereby makes us realise the great treasure-trove we have, if we would but try to explore it.....I have witnessed a spectacle at the Royal Hall so stimulating, so intensely interesting, and, in a sense, so novel, that I cannot describe it otherwise than as dramatic.

Harrogate is, as we know, full of boarding-schools for children, and it is for these schools that Howard Carr has created an innovation. Every fortnight during the season, except when the schools are on holiday, there is at the Royal Hall a programme for children, executed by the band and commented upon by Howard Carr. The music chosen is frequently all English, from Purcell to Elgar and German. Remarkable spectacle! As the clock strikes five, the children troop in, some of them wearing the uniform of a school. Some come with their mothers, sisters and aunts; some, independent—the little girls mostly with composure and *savoir faire*; the little boys flock-like, rather self-conscious. The Hall is then divided into two parts; the stalls are allotted to the girls, the dress circle and the upper circle mainly to the boys. What a sight—these eager faces, this bloom of youth, this wonderful vigor, this budding strength of the coming fathers and mothers of England!

As soon as Howard Carr ascends his pedestal, absolute quiet reigns; and curious to behold, when he begins his explanations, the little boys sit tight at attention, and the little girls begin to fumble in their pockets and satchels and draw from them little note-books for critical observation; for you must know that Mr. Carr invites correspondence from his young hearers, and offers a prize for an essay on their comments upon what they have observed. His method is of the simplest. He begins to explain what every string instrument

means, how it is attuned; and then the leader of the particular instrument plays a little gamut in illustration. He tells them how the wind instruments come into play, and here and there, in his quiet way, he interleaves his technical remarks with a humorous observation, a little story, which sets the children roaring with laughter. They literally eat it, as the common parlance goes, and the little girls with their note-books scribble, scribble, scribble as fast as they can, as if they would harvest the golden words that fall from the conductor's lips.

And now comes the real feast—short works by great composers, living and dead; and on the day when I enjoyed this rare feast of art and education, all the numbers were devoted to our home-grown masters: Purcell, Quilter, Elgar, Sullivan, O'Neil, Cowen, German, a real galaxy, wonderful in its variety, rousing the enthusiasm of the children to the pitch of ecstasy. To see those faces now spell-bound, now gleaming with joy; to see those hundreds and hundreds of little hands clapping at the work of the native composers; to hear the shouting—what a wonderful manifestation of an awakening mind and imagination!

What does it portend for the future, and why do I tell you all this? First, of course, because I should like to see these concerts established all over England; but as a man of the theatre, there is an undercurrent in my thought. Why cannot we have in London theatrical performances for children, in order that they should become acquainted with the treasures of literature as well as of music?.....I would appeal to the young generation among the actors to lend their services—say, once a month—for scenes from Shakespeare, from Sheridan, and I would send to the critic-circle a round robin, asking the members to volunteer their services in turn to come and explain to the children the nature of drama and theatre in the same simple, pleasant, informing way that Mr. Howard Carr does at Harrogate. I feel sure that the vogue would be enormous; I feel sure that thousands of little minds would rejoice at this new vista; that thousands of little pens would scribble on paper the vivid impressions produced on their young minds. It is done in other cities; it can be done in London, and I wonder that it has never been mooted before.

—illustrated London News

An Eastern Story called: "The Test"

[The following story is by a Parisian lady who has written a book consisting of a number of stories of which this is one. It has been translated into English, but the book has not yet found a publisher. We have not seen the other stories, but if they are as good as this one, the book ought to be published and widely read. If any Publisher to whom this appeals would like further details, will he address himself to: Mr. Fred. Rothwell, 4, Chatham Close, Golders Green, London, N. W. 11.]

THE forest had suddenly become silent beneath the pallid shadows of the twilight. The singing of the birds, decked in their gold and purple plumage, had ceased; the graceful humming-birds and nightingales no longer chased one another from tree to tree, though plaintive cries could still be heard, calling back to the nest some stray wanderer.

With limbs bent in a sitting posture, hands reposing on his knees, head erect and steadfast gaze, the Lord Buddha was plunged in meditation beneath the shade of a jambosa. So peaceful was the glade, so instinct with a sense of mingled blessing and mystery, that even an unbeliever, chancing to pass by, would have flung himself devoutly on the ground, and the fiercest of animals would have approached the Saint in an attitude of awe and tender respect.

Of a sudden, the hind which was sheltering her fawn beneath the robe of the Blessed One, raised her dainty head and sniffed the air in surprise. A dull murmur could be heard; first, a sound of distant voices, then the tread of steps on the ground. Finally a small body of men came into view in the glade. At their head was a handsome youth, bronzed and powerful looking, his dress richly embroidered with precious stones.

Making a commanding sign to his companions, he approached the Buddha alone. On finding himself close to the calm majestic form, he prostrated himself; then he slowly rose to his feet, though still remaining with clasped hands, in an attitude of humble adoration.

The Lord Buddha remained motionless, though a gentle gleam entered his eyes.

"Bhagavat, I greet Thee," said the youth aloud. "I come from Kanchamba, a distant kingdom. My name is Djeta; I am the King's son and heir regnant; I am come to ask of Thee a favor. Thy fame has reached even my dominions, Bhagavat, and ever since, peace has been absent from my breast. My treasures and palaces have lost their charm; my wives and my friends are no longer able to delight my heart and lull my senses to rest. I aspire after a higher life. Receive me as Thy disciple, Blessed One, Thou couldst not have one more devoted than myself."

The Buddha still kept His calm, gentle glance fixed on the Prince, though He uttered not a word. Prince Djeta continued:

"O Bhagavat, wilt Thou not deign to reply, judging me unworthy of so great a privilege? Nevertheless, O Saint, from tenderest childhood my life has been pure; I have practised virtue and followed the precepts of the Law; I have obeyed the customs and ordinances of my country, and have been nurtured on Holy Writ. Does not all this suffice to claim Thy attention.....to become Thy disciple?"

"No," was the sole reply.

"Speak, then, O Bhagavat, and I will conform my actions with Thy desire. What must I do to earn this privilege?"

"Seek.....and thou shalt find."

"Find what.....? asked the Prince in accents of anguish.

Then, as Gautama Buddha made no answer, he said:

"Be it so, I will seek. May be this is a test Thou art pleased to impose upon me.....?"

"Perhaps!"

"And when wilt Thou permit me to return?"

"When seven months have followed the rainy season."

Without another word, Djeta again prostrated himself, and long remained in this humble attitude.

Then, rising to his feet, he slowly withdrew. The escort disappeared into the darkness of the night, all sound was lulled to silence, and the hind, trustingly laying her head on the lap of the Blessed One, again slumbered by the side of her fawn.

The Lord Buddha remained sunk in meditation. Seven months after the rainy season, beneath the shade of the same jambosa, the Lord Buddha waited.

The sun had gone down in a pool of blood, and heavy black clouds, harbingers of a storm, were now sweeping across the sky. It was intensely hot.

A dull sense of unrest brooded over the forest and its denizens. Numbers of them had come for refuge to the Blessed One. Flocks of birds, uttering their plaintive cries, cowered in the branches of the tree that sheltered Him. A young panther, indifferent to the threatening signs of Nature, sported at His feet.



Then the tempest burst upon the forest. The rain fell in a deluge, and the trees groaned beneath the assault of the storm. The jambo-a alone was untouched; not a drop of rain fell on the Lord Buddha.

The storm continued to rage furiously. Nothing, however, can check an ardent human will. As twilight fell, Prince Djeta was once again at the feet of the Lord.

"Bhagavat, the hour for which I have so impatiently waited has now come. Dawns have followed the twilights and twilights have succeeded the dawns. I have continued living a pure, unsullied life, adding to it privation and asceticism, imposing on myself detachment from carnal pleasures of every kind amid all the wealth and luxury of my palace, giving myself up to prolonged and solitary meditation. Wilt Thou now take me as Thy disciple?"

"No."

In bewildered stupefaction, Djeta raised the edge of his robe to his tear-stained face and long remained silent. Then, in trembling accents, he said:

"Wilt Thou deign to speak to Thy servant, O Blessed One, and tell him the reason of this refusal?"

The Lord put forth His hand to calm the young panther, which the presence of Djeta had filled with a sense of dull hostility. The crash of thunder had ceased and the very wind sank to silence as the Blessed One spoke:

"Noble Prince, the tests awaiting thee were not of the kind that creates interest in the world of men. I did not require that thou should'st renounce thy wives and thy worldly pleasures, and live a life of asceticism and privation. The tests to which thou hast been subjected without thy knowledge—brought into existence by thy past karma—were the outcome of thine own nature and character. Thou hast quailed before these tests. Return to thy palace and be content to live the life of a virtuous man. Not yet art thou ready for the life of a disciple."

His bronzed cheeks flushed with mingled dismay and sorrow. Prince Djeta said in accents of deep emotion:

"Wilt Thou deign, O Bhagavat, to tell me of the tests in which I have failed? Though my shame be thereby increased, all the same, I seek enlightenment."

"I will speak," said the Lord Buddha. "Thy first test was the test of calumny. Dost thou remember, noble Prince, that in thine own palace, at thy father's court, thou wert accused of a crime thou hadst not committed? Instead of quietly

waiting until men's minds should have become enlightened, or else accepting this humiliation as a debt of destiny thou hadst to pay, what thou didst was to protest thine innocence, to defend thyself, and even to manifest rebellious indignation. This was thy first weakness."

"Had I deserved these accusations, I would have borne them," said Djeta, turning pale; "but I knew myself to be innocent."

"Prince, the upright man is justified in protesting his innocence, he is right in defending himself; but he who would enter the Path and become My disciple should bear calumny and injustice in silence; he should be able to wear the crown of glory and the mantle of infamy with like dispassion."

Djeta bowed his head.

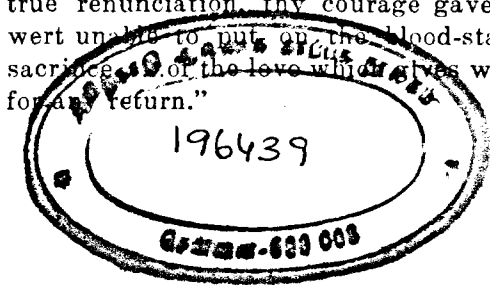
The Lord Buddha continued:

"In the second test, it was thy egoism that caused thy downfall, the egoism of strong affection. Thy love for thy friend Yachas was as thy love for thine own self; you were united by the closest of ties... Well, a man came to thy father's court who needed Yachas for some reason or other; he laid siege to his heart and endeavored to come between you, to monopolise thy friend's affection. Instead of resigning thyself and tearing up the foul weeds growing in thy soul, instead of loving Yachas for himself and not for the joy and pleasure his friendship caused thee, thou wert up at once in revolt, seeking to cast obstacles in Bhallika's path and directing against him a stream of angry thoughts."

"I knew that Bhallika's friendship for Yachas was an interested friendship," protested Djeta. "Was it not my duty to warn my friend and protect him against Bhallika's intrigues?"

"Know'st thou not that Bhallika's interested friendship might have been purified in time and some day have become perfectly sincere? Moreover, Prince Djeta, whereas the upright man may take upon himself to defend his affections against his honor, the wise man who would enter the Path and become My disciple, must practise renunciation even in his dearest affections, tear from his heart the bleeding roots of jealousy and selfishness, and, without bitterness, accept the loss of his most devoted friends. Noble Prince, neither the treasures of thy father the King, nor the pleasures of the senses attract thee more; it was no merit on thy part to abstain from them. Confronted with true renunciation, thy courage gave way; thou wert unable to put on the blood-stained robe of sacrifice, of the love which gives without asking for a return."

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Djeta bowed his head; for the third time a sense of bewilderment entered his soul. Then his questioning glance fell again on the Lord Buddha.

"Bhagavat, say on! Fill me with shame once more. Night has come upon my soul with a gloom that is more profound than the darkness round about us."

The Blessed One spoke:

"Noble Prince, thou didst fail a third time through lack of charity. Nandā, one of thy wives, was guilty of a grave fault. Unheeding both her youth and her ignorance, she was dismissed from the palace by thy orders."

"O Bhagavat, could I act otherwise? Had I not to preserve the honor of my palace as well as mine own, rather than keep by my side a culpable and frivolous woman? By refusing to see the wrong that had been done, should I not have insolently defiled the true morality of my land? Should I not have outraged my own ideal of purity?"

"Noble Prince, must I repeat it once again? He who is virtuous and esteemed may indeed consider his rights, he may claim the privilege of safeguarding his honor, the right to judge, to punish or to expel. The Sage, however, does not judge...he tries to understand, and then he forgives. His eyes are more eager to discover not error, but an excuse for error; his heart has more tenderness and compassion for his fellow-creatures than all the drops of water that make up the oceans.

Purity of itself alone is not a virtue: it is simply abstention from evil. No wise man ever makes a merit of it. Purity of life may be a danger along the Path, unless it be accompanied by love and pity, for otherwise it leads to pride and

barrenness of heart...after which it is no more than a phantom of purity.

In the course of thy wanderings, noble Prince, hast thou ever contemplated the lofty peaks of the Himālayas at sunset? Hast thou seen those proud snowy tops, where everything seems frozen and dead, suddenly light up in dazzling rosy splendor, a delight to eye and heart alike?

Such is purity: if charity be lacking it is nothing more than a white death-shroud for the soul!...But if love shed its beams around, it becomes the channel of bounteous Life."

Djeta's eyes were suffused with tears. Without a word, he flung himself on the ground. Then he said, in choking accents:

"O Bhagavat, deprive me not of the sun of Thy presence without granting me one favor. Impose on me one more trial, another appeal to Thy justice. I know what Thou dost require of me. Give me but one more chance to prove my worth!"

"I agree," said the Lord; and as He looked at the prostrate youth, so bright a star shone in His eyes, so gentle a smile spread over His countenance, that the entire glade was illumined thereby, and the little songsters, thinking the dawn had come, began to warble forth their morning hymn of praise and glory.

The escort, carrying torches, disappeared into the night, the Prince following slowly. At the exit of the forest, in the uncertain light of dawn, the elephants awaited their master, ready to return along the path, leading to Kanchamba; in the quiet glade, beneath the jambosa, the Lord Buddha remained in meditation.

AIMEE BLECH

The Tourist

A hermit thrush sings overhead;
He does not hear its liquid song.
The trees are splashed with gold and red;
He cares not as he speeds along.
He sees no stream nor rippling brook,
No purple hills, nor pine trees, tossing,
But buried deeply in his book
He reads: "Turn left at R. R. crossing."

The fields are ripe with golden grain;
He passes by it, all unheeding.
Through open road and leafy lane
He sits absorbed in what he's reading.

Beside him swathed in heavy veils
Reclines his placid, portly madam.
She's buried deep in Snippy Tales;
He reads "Bear left on smooth macadam"

For him the clover-scented meads,
The streams that wind through hill and hollow,
The rustic scenes through which he speeds
Are but direction marks to follow.
The charm of field and wood and sky
With scorn he leaves to those who need it.
He has his book, I wonder why
He doesn't stay at home and read it.

—Newman Levy

Scout Notes

What is Scout Law 6? Oh no! you don't want his brother what a jolly good time he is having in to look up your Scout Law, which you have Camp, and why isn't he a Scout too?



1. COMRADES

A jolly good time, indeed (5), as they dance round the Camp-fire singing, and when they are tired they just sit down and listen to a Brother Scout, who is telling them some fine story of adventure, which is so thrilling that every boy says to himself: "Wouldn't I just have liked to be in it?"

But would you like to be following the trail of a lost child perhaps, in the snow, when it is getting dark (7), as this plucky Scout is doing? Adventures are sometimes a bit trying at the time, and I expect he is whistling.

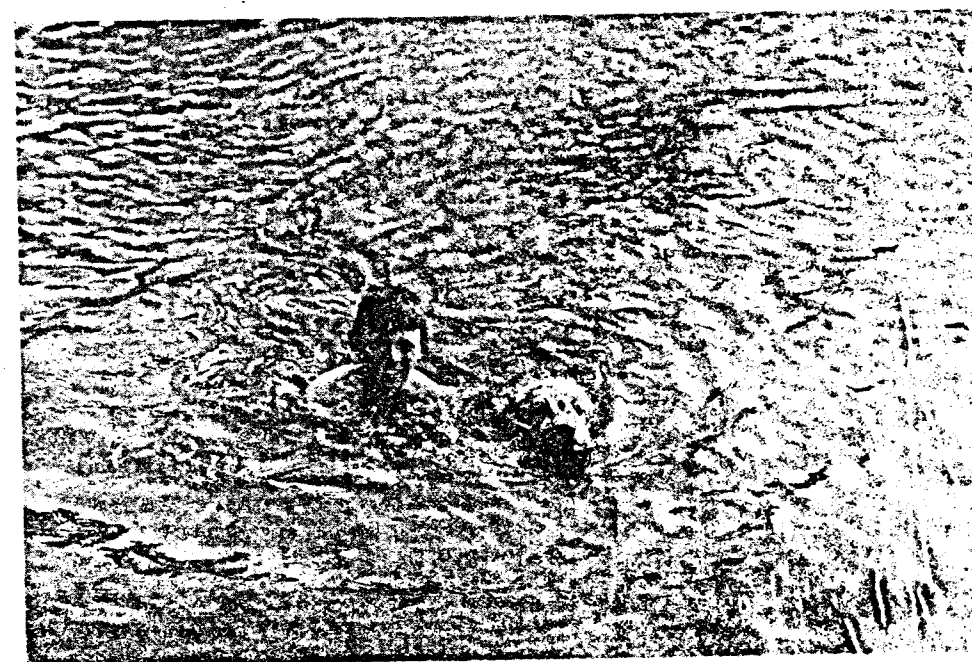
pledged your honor to obey. There; I thought you knew it:

And here is the last (8), a rather anxious looking signaller. I wonder if he has forgotten how to wave

6. A Scout is a Friend to Animals

And here is a Scout who is proving that to be true. Gyp has a thorn in his foot, and it must hurt him to have it pulled out. But there he sits, looking rather grave, but quite sure that the Scout will soon take away the pain, and bearing it patiently. And here (2), I think, Gyp and his Scout friend are having an uncommonly good time in the sea. Scouting sometimes is a little hard on clothes, so these youngsters are mending up holes, for they can't go on parade untidy (3);

while this young fellow is writing home (4), telling a letter, or if the other chap doesn't know his work.



2. A SCOUT, AND GYP THE TERRIER

The Jamboree in Denmark

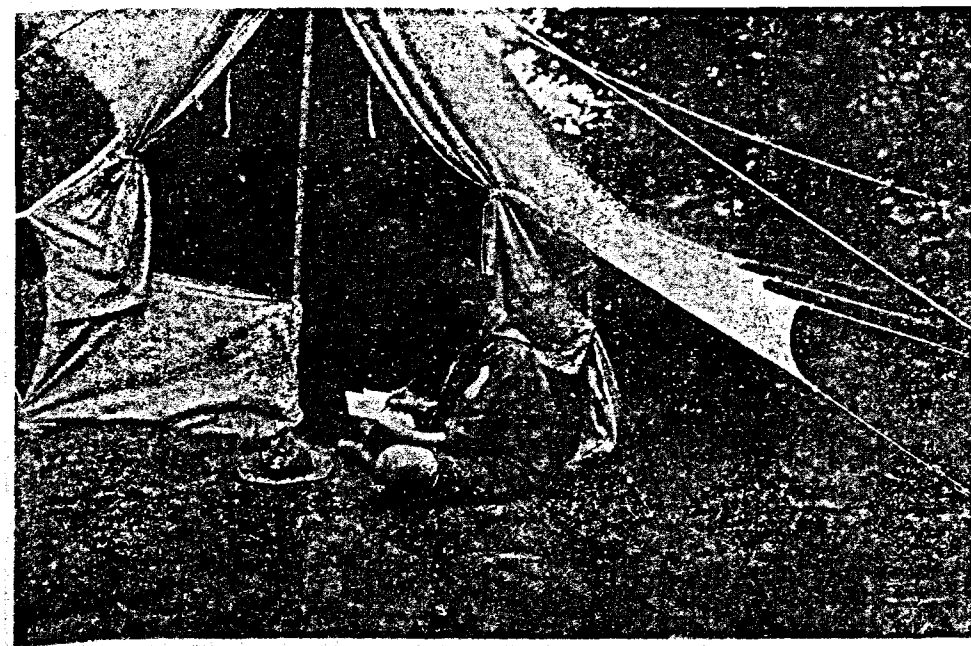
BY SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

WE can look back on the International Jamboree of 1924 as a huge success. The fact that some 4,000 Scouts and Scouters attended it from 33 different countries in itself constitutes a success. But that is not the only point. Several details and results contributed to that success. For one thing, the Camp in the beautiful Erinitegen Park was admirably organised and managed by the Danish Scouts Association. In spite of bad weather during the latter part of it the boys all enjoyed it most thoroughly—their only complaint being that the food was almost too good and plentiful.

The athletic competitions were well arranged and produced some exciting contests. The exhibition of Scout handiwork was well organised.



3. MENDING UP HOLES



4. WRITING HOME

Among the many attractive exhibits that by the Boy Scouts of America was particularly notable. 20,000 per day. On the night of a particularly heavy downpour of rain no fewer than 2,700 offers

Interesting tours to the numerous historical and industrial centres of the country were carried out. It is difficult to speak too highly of the welcome

were received from citizens anxious to receive boys into their homes for the night.

Danish Hospitality

After the camp had broken up the boys were

represent his Majesty the King. This was a further honor and encouragement to us all. Added importance was given to the Conference by the presence at one session of two official representatives,

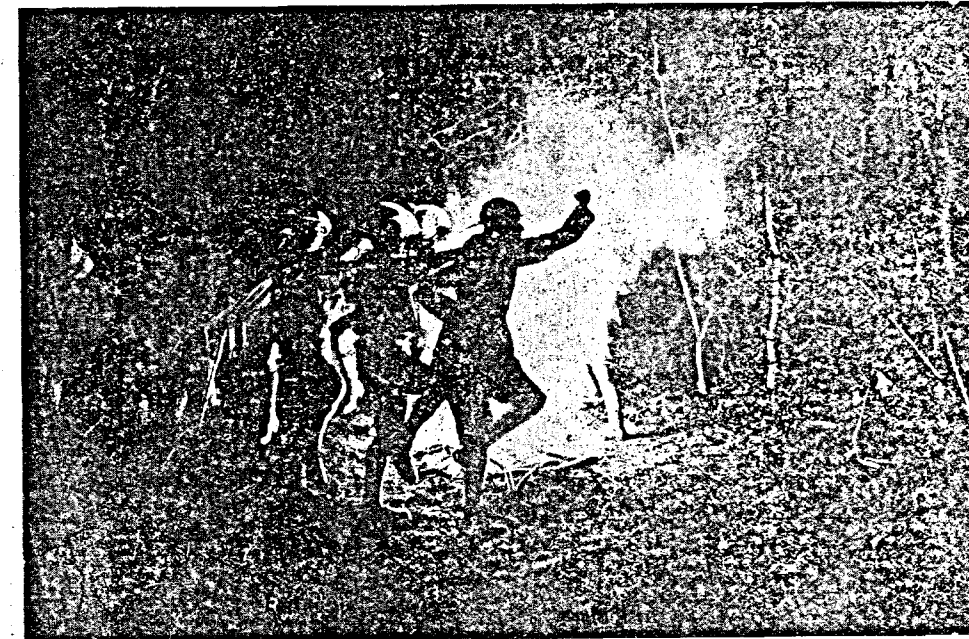
of the League of Nations. A full programme occupied the time of the Conference for three days, at which many and various ideas were suggested and discussed. The intervals between sessions were, to my mind, as useful as the sessions themselves in bringing the leaders of the various branches of our Brotherhood together in closer personal touch and in mutual exchange of experiences. The results will, I am confident, mean a substantial step forward in the development of the movement about the world.

The Scouts' behavior has been excellent under

billeted in houses throughout the city and suburbs as guests of the Danish people. The Mayor and Municipality accorded us an unprecedented favor by giving us the use of their splendid Council Chamber in the Town Hall for our Conferences. Number of friends and firms presented valuable prizes for the competitions. In fact, the attitude of the whole Danish population has been one of warmest kindness, which contributed largely to the success of the whole, a kindness of which we are fully appreciative and for which we are deeply grateful.

The Conference of the delegates of the different countries was organised with conspicuous success by the International Bureau, under the direction of Mr. Hubert Martin. It was held under the presidency of Admiral Carstensen, specially deputed to

trying conditions. They have been cheery and jolly and always ready to carry out instructions



5. A JOLLY GOOD TIME



6. "WHY WEREN'T WE THERE?"

and to lend a hand. Their camps were generally well kept and clean. The fact that there were very few cases of sickness spoke to the care taken of

them by their Scoutmasters. The breaking up of Camp incidentally proved that their Scout training had been effective, for the ground was left as every good Scouter would like to see it left—tidied up



7. FOLLOWING A TRAIL

and in good order. This all reflects most highly on the devoted work on the part of the Scouters.

The Boys' Experience

For the boys themselves I am confident that the Jamboree has been a valuable experience—they have met Scouts from every other part of the world and have realised something of the wide extent of the Brotherhood, they have realised that their self-training in good citizenship is taken seriously by their elders, and thus they realise something of the responsibility and importance which rests upon them. They feel that they are valued and trusted. They have learned the need for discipline. In their tours, about the country visiting its farms, factories, castles and museums, they have picked up a good deal that will be of educational value to them. But most important of all will, I think, be the friendships they have struck up both with the Danes and with their brother Scouts from other

countries. This, as the result of mutual good will, sympathy, and understanding should have a very real value on their actions in after life, and have a very palpable political effect later on in international relations.

As a result of the whole Jamboree and Conferences I am confident that in those few crowded days the movement has made a great step forward.

It is no longer in the experimental stage. It has stepped out into positions as a pioneer in a line of civic education that has never before been attempted. It has demonstrated to parents, pastors, teachers, and patriots that Scouting can, quite as well as any military form of training, turn boys into manly men and patriotic citizens; and, moreover, it gives a wider outlook of a brotherland beyond the borders of the Motherland. It has



8. SIGNALLING

opened the eyes of all of us to the fact that boys are alike all the world over, and that they are by nature free from the prejudices and suspicions of us their fathers, and that therefore we have virgin soil to work upon.

No one could have foreseen five years ago what we have now seen in this Camp—viz., boys of different Nations who were then at desperate war together now living together in cheery comradeship.

This fact alone should be an inspiration to continue to foster that comradeship and to

strengthen our net of Scouting and spread it yet wider. Here lies before the leaders, before every member in fact of our Brotherhood, a wonderful opportunity of vast and far-reaching promise for the future peace and happiness of the world.

—Times (London)

Saturn

BY STAR-GAZER

THIS month it is the turn of Saturn to undergo our examination. No planet, except Mars, has received anything like the attention that has been bestowed by the astronomers upon Saturn. It would also be correct to say that no other planet has so amply repaid their attention. Why this is so will be at once apparent from the drawing. This shows the appearance of Saturn in a powerful telescope. The remarkable ring system that surrounds the planet is, so far as we know, a feature that has no parallel elsewhere in the universe.

The study of Saturn really began when Galileo turned the newly invented telescope upon the planet about the year 1610.

His telescope was very imperfect, and it appeared to him as though Saturn was composed of three globes, one large one in the middle, and one small one at each side!

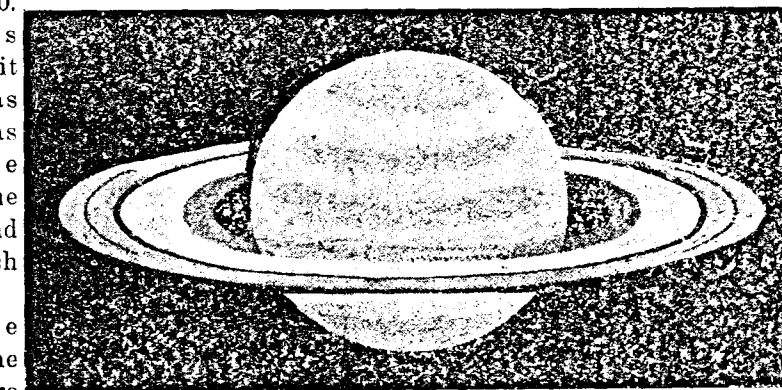
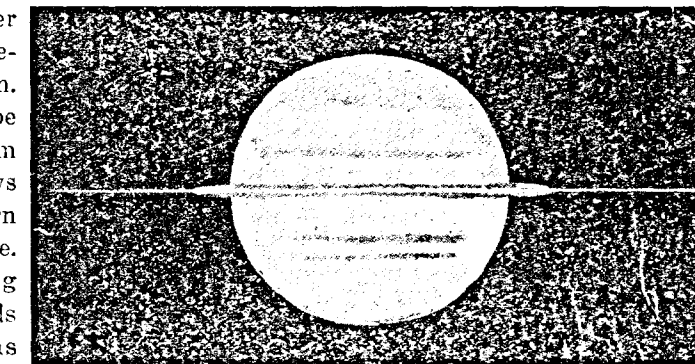
There are three chief rings, but in the outer of these there are two or three divisions. The inmost ring is called the "crepe ring",

because the body of Saturn can be seen through it. It has been proved that these rings are not solid, but are composed of multitudes of small particles, all flying round the planet. These particles cannot exceed a hundred yards in diameter. The rings are not uniformly of the same thickness, because some stars can be seen shining through parts of them, when the planet comes between the stars and the earth. Saturn has ten satellites, or moons, some of them being visible in low-powered telescopes. The largest of them, named Titan, is about one and a half times as large as our moon.

Saturn has a diameter of seventy-five thousand miles, being thus a little smaller than Jupiter. It

rotates on its axis in ten hours. So that it has a day which is only ten hours long. It takes twenty-nine of our earth years to go round the sun.

We are told by Occultists that the scheme of evolution of which Saturn forms a part is in its third incarnation, and therefore has only one physical planet.



A Boy as Hero

The explosion of a coal-gas-heated stove at the works of Thomas Dudley, Ltd., Dudley Port, Staffordshire, when five young people were badly burned, revealed instances of heroism, chiefly on the part of Horace Arthur Roger Dudley, the 14-year-old son of the Managing Director.

Though badly injured himself, he carried May Lappage (16) from the burning building, through a hole in the wall the explosion had made. Immediately afterwards the roof fell in. On reaching the hospital he wrote a message to his mother: "Don't worry about me, I'm all right!"

Little Stories for Children

BY CICELY M. RUTLEY

1. Sunny Smile

SUNNY Smile was of the tribe of Happy Hearts, and of the Land of Joy. She was only a simple peasant maiden, but none out of all her Nation lived up more truly to their name, and wherever she went she carried joy and gladness with her.

Just behind her home rose a range of high mountains, but what lay upon the other side not even the wisest knew. And although Sunny Smile had often climbed a long way up, she had never got anywhere near the top.

One evening, there came a loud knock upon her father's door, and Sunny Smile ran to open it. Outside stood a man, the like of whom she had never seen before. He was clad in a long dark cloak, a black hood was drawn tightly over his ears, and—strangest sight of all in the Land of Joy—his face was sullen and frowning.

"Who are you, stranger?" asked Sunny Smile, striving to hide her fear.

"I am of the tribe of Glum Faces, and I hail from the Land of Gloom," he replied. "I pray you give me shelter for the night."

As the Happy Hearts never refused hospitality to anyone, the stranger was made welcome. After he had supped he grew talkative, and Sunny Smile listened eagerly as he told of his journey over the mountains, and of his home upon the other side.

"No one has ever smiled in our land," he said. "We live in the shadow of a great gloom, and laughter and happiness are unknown."

As he talked, Sunny Smile was filled with a great pity for the Glum Faces, and the next morning, when the stranger had departed, she said:

"Dearest father! Will you let me go across the mountains, and show those poor folk yonder how to laugh and be glad?"

"Nonsense, child!" said her father, and went to his work. But the more Sunny Smile thought, the more determined she grew, and at last she persuaded her parents to let her go.

It was a long weary climb, but at last she reached the mountain top, and for the first time in her life looked down upon the other side. Stretched out at her feet lay a country utterly unlike her own. The houses were small and ugly, and packed so closely together that the inhabitants seemed scarcely to have room to breathe. The few tiny gardens were untidy and ill-kept, and even the flowers looked sad and full of gloom. From the

midst of the houses rose a huge building of solid stone. Most of the windows were barred and shuttered, and it looked more like a prison than what it really was—the palace of the King. Such was the outer appearance of the Land of Gloom.

As Sunny Smile hastened downwards she sang lustily, for fear even her own happiness should go; and the Glum Faces, whom she passed working in the fields, looked up in amazement on hearing the strange sound.

"She must be mad!" exclaimed one.

"She is a stranger!" cried another.

"Let us capture her!" said a third.

"Whence do you come, maiden?" asked one, who seemed more friendly.

"I come from the Land of Joy," replied Sunny Smile.

"And your name?"

"My name is Sunny Smile."

"This is marvellous!" cried the man.

"Nay! Harm her not. We will take her to the King."

The King was seated on a great black throne in a large gloomy hall, and ugly frowns covered his naturally handsome face.

"What is all this commotion?" he exclaimed angrily as the little group entered.

"A stranger, Your Majesty!" replied the chief of the laborers. "A Happy Heart from the Land of Joy!"

"Leave her with me!" commanded the King, and the people returned to their work.

As Sunny Smile gazed upon the King, her first fear changed to pity. He looked so terribly sad and glum.

"What troubles you, O King?" she asked in her sweet, gentle voice.

"Everything!" replied the King. "It rains, and I wish to go hunting. Yesterday the sun shone, and I had planned to stop indoors. My people are discontented. They work badly, and the whole country is going to ruin through lack of proper care." In peevish tones he recited an endless number of complaints, while Sunny Smile stood by a window, humming a tune.

"What are you doing, maiden?" asked the King, pausing in his grumblings.

"Singing!" replied Sunny Smile, "like the birds!"

"But why?"

"Because I am happy, that is all."

"Happiness! What is that?" asked the King.

"See!" cried Sunny Smile, turning towards him a face rippling in sunshine. "See how gratefully your corn lifts up its drooping head to receive the rain, and how the birds are rejoicing in a bath. Yesterday they were revelling in the sunshine. Your people need more play. They are working far too hard; therefore they are discontented, and discontent leads to idleness and decay. Go out, and smile on them, O King! Make your laws lighter and their tasks easier. Let us go now and tell them that to-day shall be a holiday throughout the land."

The King allowed Sunny Smile to lead him out on to the balcony. Then she blew a loud blast upon the trumpet that was hanging by his side.

Immediately all the Glum Faces left their work and flocked into the courtyard of the palace.

Then Sunny Smile whispered to the King, and, raising his voice so that all could hear, he said:

"I have a new law to give you, my people! A part of each day shall henceforth be devoted to recreation, and certain days shall always be kept as holidays throughout the land. And, whether at work or at play, we will always be happy, and—smile!"

Imitating his little friend's expression, the King's gloomy face suddenly burst into a great beaming smile. So kind and handsome did it make him look that all the people cheered lustily.

The Size of Antares

A MILLION TIMES AS BIG AS THE SUN

Low down on the south-east horizon soon after midnight a bright red star may be seen coming into prominence just now. This is the first-magnitude star Antares, the brightest star in the constellation of Scorpius, too low down to be a prominent object in our part of the world, but a magnificent stellar jewel in the southern heavens. Antares has always been considered one of the giants of our universe, but so enormous is the distance that separates it from the earth that it appears merely a point of light in the most powerful telescope, and until recently all attempts to determine its actual size have been only rough guesses.

Professor Michelson's marvellous interferometer, recently installed on the 100-in. Hooker telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory, California, has, however, provided a method of measuring the angular diameter of this star, and this minute angle, a small fraction of a second of arc, combined with the most reliable estimate of its distance, has

"Now, do as I do!" cried the King, and all his subjects began to smile. From smiling they quickly passed to laughing, until the whole countryside echoed with the joyous peals. It was a delicious sensation. How delicious only he who had never laughed before could tell. It made everyone feel so happy and so glad, so fit and eager for their work, and, above all, so strangely kind and loving towards each other.

"Long live the King!" shouted his subjects, as they dispersed to celebrate their first holiday.

"And long live Sunny Smile!" cried the King.

Such good use did the people make of their new-found possession that they were tired out with laughing long before the holiday was over, and all went home and to bed. They slept so soundly and so peacefully that next morning they awoke feeling strangely fresh and ready for work. The result was that such a good day's work had never before been accomplished in the Land of Gloom.

Before Sunny Smile went home the entire appearance of the land had changed. The ugly houses were pulled down, and cheerful, airy ones put up in their place; the gardens were made larger; and a new palace was built and the name of the country was changed to the Land of Gladness. The people called themselves the Smiling Faces in honor of Sunny Smile, and they never regretted having altered their nature and their name.

enabled its actual diameter to be calculated, and this works out at the stupendous figure of approximately 420,000,000 miles.

Already the diameters of several stars have been measured by means of the interferometer. The results so far obtained show that our sun, which is over a million times bigger than the earth, is a mere baby compared to many of the suns which appear to us as stars owing to their vast distance. It would need over a million bodies as big as the sun and at least 145 billion globes the size of the earth to make a star as big as Antares, which, if it were as near the earth as the sun, would fill the whole sky and burn up every planet in the solar system. Fortunately, it is sunk so far in space that the enormous heat it radiates is lost long before it could reach the earth, as its light travelling at the speed of 180,000 miles a second, takes well over 300 years to traverse the gulf that separates us. The light from Antares which has just been utilised to determine its size, must have left it in the days of Queen Elizabeth.—

The Observer

Bantam, a Residency of Java and the Legend of the War-Tiger

BY MRS. C. V. H. LABBERTON

NE of the most interesting parts of the beautiful Island of Java is certainly Bantam. It is still covered by enormous stretches of jungle. But in that jungle, which is perhaps in existence for many hundreds of years, only very few tigers are found. The royal Bengal tiger in Java is found in the hills and the plains, which are covered with bush and long grass. It is there that they find plenty of food in the form of the smaller animals. In that heavy jungle, where eternal twilight reigns, owing to the thick foliage, those animals are rather scarce. No pigs and no deer are there to be found, but that dense jungle is a habitation of rhinoceros and wild cattle, which are stronger than the tiger, and usually overpower him in battle. There was a time when, after a severe earthquake, tigers had crossed from the Lampongs (Sumatra) and their number increased to such an extent in certain parts of the country, that the population suffered terribly, and the Government was compelled to send down troops which made a furious onslaught on them. The houses there are built of bamboo and have palm-leaf roofs. The tigers were so hungry, that they jumped over the stockades surrounding the villages, straight on to the roofs of the houses, and then falling through the palm-leaf covering, dragged the peacefully slumbering inhabitants away. No proper defence was possible for them without aid of the Government, as the possession of firearms was prohibited and tiger-traps were without avail. 18 villages were deserted, part of the inhabitants being killed by the tigers and the rest having fled to other and safer abodes. Now it seems doubtful if tigers can swim the whole of the Sunda; Straits but the fact is that it has been observed from passing steamers, yes, even photographs have been taken of the remarkable feat.

Communication between the different villages in this country where roads are scarce, is maintained means of the tracks made by rhinoceros and kept up by them, as these animals are accustomed to stay for a definite time in the same part of the jungle; as soon as the tender shoots on which they live become scanty they leave for other pastures, but during the time of their stay they follow usually the same tracks towards their watering places. These tracks remain in existence for years, as in course of time they are being covered by dead leaves, and weeds do not grow so quickly under the thick foliage. Thus they take

the place of the roads which are so scarce in this country.

Once while walking with some friends along such a track we continually came back to the same spot, as the rhinoceros had been describing an enormous circle, probably in their flight from pursuit.

They are now protected by the Government, because they are too much hunted. At three o'clock in the afternoon dusk sets in in this jungle, it is advisable to turn homewards. Only a few birds are to be found in these dense forests and a small variety of the deer family lives at the jungle boundaries. Silence reigns therefore supreme.

Those rhinoceroses avoid human beings, but even then it is advisable to keep out of their way. Their small eyes enable them only to see straight ahead; they cannot make an acute angle and they only attack when wounded. Their progress through the jungle reminds one of the noise of a heavy motorbus of obsolete pattern, groaning and creaking along its way, while the peculiar noises which the animals make are best described by the word "keng". The Sundanese, (the Javanese from the western part of Java) know their presence by a red spoor which they leave behind them and which is caused by their preference for the leaves of a certain plant.

The wild bullock or "banteng" lives in the deeper parts of the jungle and avoids those tracks. These are far more dangerous, especially at the time when they take care of their young. The native in Bantam is used to leave his tame buffaloes free to roam about, and the Bantam buffalo has the reputation of being the largest of the whole Archipelago, which is quite correct. When in the wild state in that jungle they attain an enormous size. Once a year a certain number is caught and tamed to draw the plough in the rice fields.

At present the number of the rhinoceros is so diminished that the Government has forbidden their being shot. The horn of the rhinoceros is much desired by the Chinese dealers, as it is used as an antidote against a certain vegetable poison, and also against a poison made of an effusion of a certain insect. I have proved these myself when, while I was living in the hills, my dog was twice poisoned, and I was able to save him by giving him scrapings of a rhinoceros' horn, ground to powder and mixed with a little water. I have known a piece of such a horn to be sold for £40.

In olden times Java was in trade with China, Hindustan, the Malay State, etc., and ivory—specially of the rhinoceros was exported.

It is deplorable that so very little is known of the history of this country. What can be the cause? The Island has suffered to a large extent from eruptions, as even now there are 138 volcanoes to be found in Java; it is true that not all very active, but earthquakes and eruptions are frequent.

Where science supposes the earth to be millions of years old, and accepts the existence of several civilisations in the most ancient times, which only fragments have come down to us, let us here mention also some of these fragments in connection with these islands. According to the tradition, Java and all the Archipelago—Indonesia, as it was called by the Greeks—is one of the oldest parts of the world. There must have been a time when it was part of the huge continent which we at present know as Asia. By a big eruption it became an Island. So it is said that several civilisations have flourished in Java, of which no traces are left to us.

We cannot give any data about the civilisation of which traces have been left in the Temples and ruins, which we find here and there in the Island. Some parts of the land are covered by temple ruins. We can only guess the period in which they were built, having no facts to build our arguments on, leaning only on vague supposition, as the accurate and minute investigations of Dutch archaeologists have proved. In the second to the fourth century A. D. there must have existed in

Bantam, (West Java) an empire with the name of Tarum Negara (Tarum's Empire). The population of this Empire belonged to the Hindu and Buddhist Religions. A very small portion of their descendants have kept up their traditions and is, up to the present time, to be found in one of the wildest mountain regions, surrounded by dense jungle. I will come back to this later on. Java must have been at that time providing all the countries in the neighborhood, up to South India and the North part with rice, gold, silver, iron, copper, rhinoceros-horn ivory, tortoise-shell-shields and spices, etc.

Most of this information is to be had from Chinese historians and some Arab sources. From the 5th to the 6th century there was in West-Java the very flourishing kingdom Pajajaran. In 1521 A. D. the Muhammadan population of Central-Java conquered the whole of the West-Java kingdom with the exception of the capital Pakukuhan. Only after the death of the Muhammadan conqueror, about 1540 A. D., whose name was mentioned as Sunan Gunung Jatti, the capital of the Sunda Empire was taken by his successor. Since then the population of Java and Bantam can be considered to be Muhammadan, though especially in Central-Java many Javanese are in reality more Hindus and Buddhists than Muhammadans. Their mixed philosophical belief is called by them Javanism. This Javanism rests, as far as I have been able to ascertain, not only on the *Mahabharata-Ramayana*, but also on scriptures as the *Anugita*, the *Uttaragita*.

Wildest Birds Visit New Haven

New Haven, conn., May 28.—Whether as the result of an unusually wet spring or because of some other untoward woodsy event, wilderness birds have been located within the heart of New Haven this year for the first time in locally recorded bird history, and New Haven possesses some thorough data on its bird life. A veery, singing, in plain sight within a mile of the centre of this 200,000 community, is considered the capping

climax of an unusual spring.

New Haven has about 1,000 students of birds, their work being fostered by Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale, which has one of the largest collections of birds. Dr. L. B. Bishop, a local resident, possesses probably the largest and best private collection of birds in the country, gathered over half a century, embracing specimens from every State in the Union.

Call to Action

Come, then, since all things call us,
The living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle
A glimmering light is shed.
Come, then, let us cast off fooling
And put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy
Till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle
Wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth
Yet his deed shall still prevail.
Ah, come, cast off all fooling,
For this at least we know,
That the Dawn and the Day is coming
And forth the Banners go.

—William Morris

Making a Mountain into a Monument

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

STONE Mountain is situated sixteen miles east of Atlanta, in Dekalb County, Georgia. As its name implies, it is literally a mountain of stone, 5,000 feet long, seven miles around at the base, and a mile to the summit up the sloping side. It is the largest solid body of granite in the world, containing approximately 7,543,750,950 cubic feet of stone above the surface. On its northern side it drops in a sheer, perpendicular precipice almost a thousand feet from summit to base.

Across this mammoth page of granite, Gutzon Borglum, the noted sculptor, is engraving a monument to the men and women who fought and suffered and died for the Southern Confederacy.

Back in the year 1915, John Temple Graves, that brilliant journalist of the South, wrote an editorial for his paper, voicing a desire to see some visible memorial

to "the heroes in gray," and suggesting possibilities in Stone Mountain. Chance brought this editorial to the attention of Mrs. C. Helen Pane, widow of a gallant Confederate officer who was killed in battle. She was much impressed with the idea, and presented it to the Atlanta Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Her colleagues took hold of the plan with enthusiasm. A Committee brought in the suggestion that a colossal figure of General Robert E. Lee be carved on the face of the mountain, symbolising "the whole spirit of the lost cause"; and they decided to

invite some outstanding sculptor to come and look at Stone Mountain and report on possibilities.

In casting about for a man big enough for artistic ideas and great enough in actual accomplishment to do justice to the undertaking, their attention was drawn to Gutzon Borglum, widely known as America's greatest sculptor.

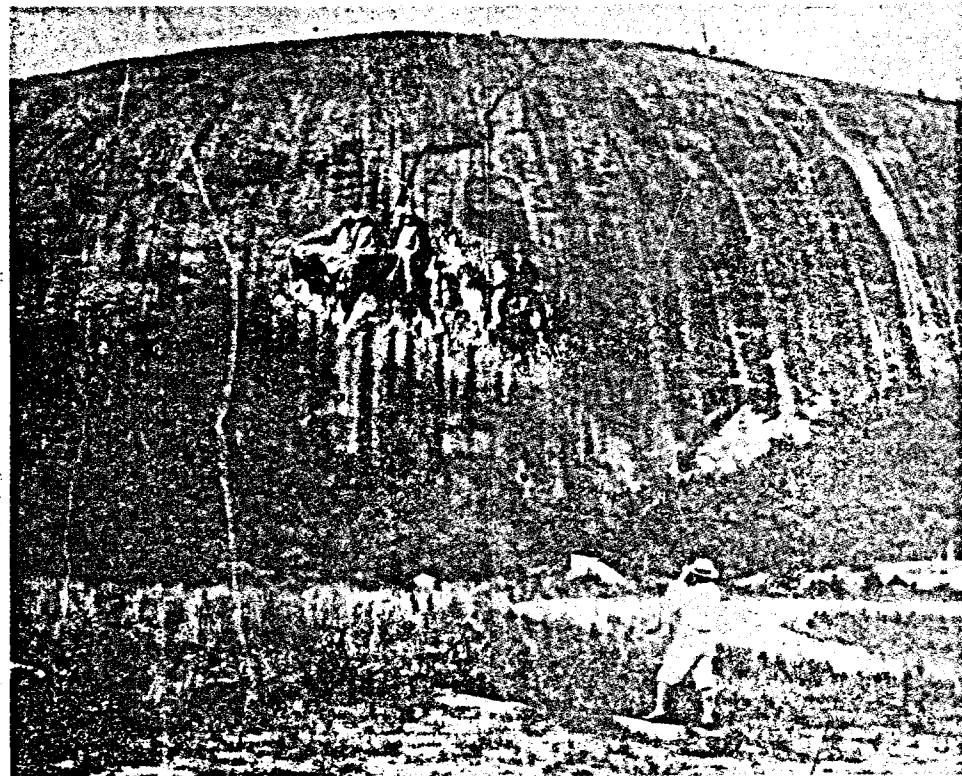
So, in response to their invitation, Mr. Borglum came to Atlanta, and as he stood before the huge bulk of the giant boulder, and caught the inspiration of its size and enduring qualities, there came to him a vision—a vision far beyond that which had beendreamed of by his hosts.

"I walked over and around the mountain," said Mr. Borglum; "I examined its face and the quality of the stone. Finally I came to the conclusion that there was only one feasible and adequate way of treating it, and that was by leaving out all formal or geometric

designs and cutting a great frieze representing a moving mass of troops across its face in high relief in such a manner—and this is most important—as to give the impression that they were in full relief and moving over the surface of the mountain, and not across its side.

"To a spectator, suddenly coming upon the mountain, in a dusk or soft light at a proper distance, the general appearance must be that of the natural mountain, over which, silently, this great gray army moves."

His idea appealed to the Committee, and has since



The Monument

then not only grasped but held the imagination of the entire country.

Beginning on the right of the precipice near the summit, and sweeping downward and across it, will be carved a panorama including approximately 2,000 figures, representing the Confederate Armies mobilising around their leaders. At the top will be artillery, appearing at the summit as if coming from beyond, and dropping down and to the left, a life-like procession of men, guns and horses. In the centre where the precipice bulges forward will be carved a colossal group representing the principal chieftains of the Confederacy, including Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and four other leaders of the high command, to be selected by a Commission composed of the State historians of the thirteen States composing the Confederacy. These seven figures of the central group will be individualised portraits in stone. And swinging away to their left will be column upon column of Confederate gray-clad infantry.

Without the panorama, of which it will be a part, the central group alone surpasses all other monuments of history. General Lee's figure will be nearly 200 feet from the crown of his hat to the hoofs of his horse. This is higher than a sixteen-story skyscraper. The head of the General will be an area thirty feet square, and the Great Sphinx of Gizeh would sink out of sight behind it. The Colossus of Memnon at Thebes, if placed at the base of the mountain, would barely reach to his stirrup, while the apex of the Great Pyramid of Egypt would be short a hundred feet of reaching to the hoofs of his horse. This one group will cover an area of one and one-half acres, or 60,000 square feet—the top of the figures 300 feet below the summit of Stone Mountain, the hoofs of the horses 300 feet above the plain.

"At one time," said Mr. Borglum, "I thought of making my horses only fifty feet high; but when we projected a fifty-foot-horse on the side of that big rock, he looked like a goat!" So a horse's head will measure fifty feet from ears to nostrils, and the nostrils will be seven feet in diameter! Twenty-two gallons of paint were used in tracing six-inch outlines of only two of these central horsemen. The figures that are carved in full relief will stand out twenty-five feet from the face of the mountain.

The first problem to be solved was one of engineering rather than art. How could workmen be kept in position on the face of that sheer cliff and yet be free to handle their tools? What tools were to be used in cutting away such large quantities of

granite? And how was the design to be placed so it might serve as guide lines for the sculptors?

Fortunately Mr. Borglum is something of an engineer himself, and he called to his aid Capt. J. G. Tucker, who is at present Superintendent in charge of Construction.

"Our first step," says Mr. Borglum, "was to build stairways and stagings down over the surfaces of the cliff. This was not nearly as simple as it sounds. This stairway is 900 feet long—one-half higher than Washington Monument. The planks had to be carried up the mountain one at a time, and these had to be anchored into place by drilling into the solid rock. The stairway alone cost \$24,000.

"Next, a system of trolley-like cables was installed, so designed as to make it possible to lower a man in a cage or leather rig that will buckle around his waist, at the same time furnishing him a seat from which he cannot possibly fall. By means of half inch steel cables, these cages can be lowered to any given point and moved horizontally. This necessitated the installation of a power plant. Getting a four-ton dynamo up the mountain was no small job. It had to be pulled on rollers, inch by inch.

"To supply water for the drills, we cut a reservoir in the rock on the mountain top and pumped water from nearly 2,000 feet below. We installed air compressors to run the pneumatic drills.

"But one of the hardest nuts we had to crack," Mr. Borglum goes on to explain, "was sketching the design on the cliff. My plan was to use the mountain side as a huge screen, and throw the desired picture on at night with a powerful projecting lantern, having made slides of clay models of the figures. But though this sounds simple enough, we met many difficulties. Experts insisted that it couldn't be done, as heat produced from a light powerful enough to project such a picture as I must have, would shatter the lens in a few seconds." But finally, with the help of Mr. S. E. Porter, who is head of one of the largest cinema lamp manufacturing concerns in the country, we designed a machine which works perfectly." Men are let down over this light-projected picture to mark the outlines with white paint.

It is estimated that the cost of the actual carving will be about \$1,000,000. But the project calls also for a Memorial Hall to be quarried out of the mountain immediately underneath the central group. Thirteen incisions will be made for removing the granite, and when the hall is finished, these openings will form the windows and central entrance, thirteen in number, each one dedicated

to a Confederate State. The length of Memorial Hall will be 320 feet, running parallel with the face of the precipice. It will go back into the mountain 60 feet deep, and will be 40 feet high from floor to ceiling. Floor, walls and ceiling will be formed by the body of the mountain. No building material will be introduced into the hall except immense bronze doors in the entrance in the centre, and bronze frames and stained glass in the windows. Along the front of the Memorial Hall will sweep a broad granite esplanade formed by cutting a shelf in the mountain the length of the hall. A majestic granite stairway will ascend to the entrance from the plain.

In Memorial Hall will be gathered for safe keeping the records and relics of the Confederacy.

At the base of the mountain, on the right of Memorial Hall, where a recess in the precipice forms a natural sounding board of immense power, will be built the Amphitheatre, a huge granite structure rivalling the Coliseum of ancient Rome. At the back of the stage, in a blocked-out incision in the

recess, will be built the world's greatest pipe organ.

Such in brief outline is Gutzon Borglum's plan which has thrilled the imagination of the civilised world. In every country having any art or education, it has been received with boundless enthusiasm. President Harding, a short time before his death, wrote a stirring letter describing the Memorial as "the eighth wonder of the world". History affords nothing comparable to it, either as a monument or a work of art.

The total cost of the enterprise is estimated at \$3,000,000. This will be met by appropriations from the Southern States, and by popular subscription. The time for the completion of the work will be, according to Mr. Borglum's most conservative estimate, "eight or ten years". Actual work was started on May 20, 1916, but the War interrupted, and nothing was done from the fall of 1917 to the spring of 1922. The first carving was done June 18, 1923, and now the work is going forward steadily and systematically.—*The Youth's Instructor*

My Many Servants

1. I am lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, some propelled by steam and some by wind, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth.

2. In China and Ceylon, men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in the United States of North America, they are planting cotton for me; in Fiji and in Java, they are preparing my sugar; in Italy, they are feeding silkworms for me; at home, they are shearing sheep to make me clothing. Powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines that minerals useful to me may be procured.

3. My patrimony is small, yet I have locomotive engines running day and night, on all the railroads, to carry my correspondence and to bring the coal and wood for my winter fire. Then I have telegraph lines, which tell me what has happened a thousand miles off, on the very day of its occurrence; which flash a message for me in a minute to the bedside of a sick relative hundreds of miles distant.

4. I have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, among all those people who serve me. By photography, I procure in a few seconds, at a small expense, a perfect likeness of myself or friend, drawn without human touch, by the simple agency of light.

5. And then, in a corner of my house, I have books—the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian tales; for they transport me instantly not only to all places, but to all times.

6. By my books, I can conjure up before me, to vivid existence, all the great and good men of old; and, for my own private satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of all their exploits. In a word, from the Equator to the Pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books I can be where I please. Is it not the poet Crabbe who wrote thus?

This books can do; nor this alone: they give New views to life, and teach us how to live; They soothe the grieved, the stubborn, they chastise, and they admonish, and confirm the wise.

—*The School Paper*

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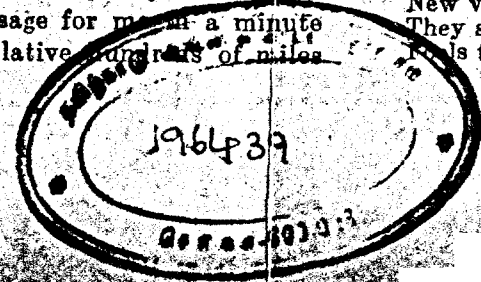
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