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Youth Comes to Re-Shape the World

Edited by Annie Besant, D. L., and G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B.

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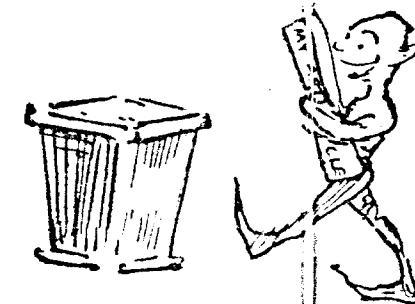
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Contents

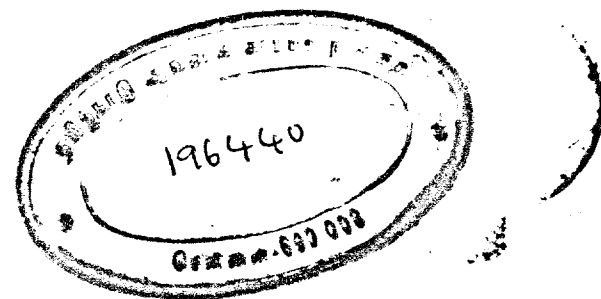
	PAGE
... ..	... 291
... ..	... 294
... ..	... 300
... ..	... 301
... ..	... 304
... ..	... 306
... ..	... 308
... ..	... 310
... ..	... 312
... ..	... 313
... ..	... 315
... ..	... 317
... ..	... 318
... ..	... 319
... ..	... 320

In the February Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

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



72
TO 211, N 2376
N 2412-60



ORPHEUS AND HIS LYRE

The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. 2

MADRAS, 1st JANUARY, 1925

No. 10

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

THE present is a time of intense interest for the Young, as in the political field National affairs are rapidly approaching a crisis. The definite work for gaining for India an equal place as a Free Nation in the great Commonwealth of Free and Equal Nations which owe allegiance to H. I. M. the King-Emperor George V, whose Crown is the symbol of their Unity, and the link between each of them and the others, began in February, 1922, by the proposal made by Mr. V. S. Ramaswami Sastri, in a paper read to the Political Section of the 1921 Club, Madras, suggesting that a Constitution for India, to be formulated by Indians, could best be achieved by a National Convention, called for the purpose. The idea was at once warmly taken up by myself, and the February weekly meetings of the Club were occupied with the discussions which followed. A number of valuable articles on the subject were published in *New India*, which opened its columns for the purpose and created some interest, but the idea was looked on as somewhat fantastic and unpractical.

I had to leave India on a visit of some months, but on my return Home, the matter was again taken up, and the Club sent me on a mission to Simla, in September, to lay the proposal before Members of the Indian Legislature, and to ask them to take up the matter. There was first a meeting of Members of the Legislative Assembly, who approved the idea with one dissentient; then a meeting of Members of the Council of State, who also approved it, and without dissent;

thirdly, a meeting of Members of both bodies, who not only approved it, but who also formed a Convening Committee from among themselves, to carry it out, choosing Members from the eight Provinces. They elected myself as Secretary, and called a Conference to meet at Delhi shortly after the beginning of the next meeting of the Indian Legislature. The Conference met on February 12 and 13, 1923. It sketched the outline of the Essentials of Self-Government, and a plan for educating the electorates. It laid down as bases of the discussion at this Conference :

1. "The future Constitution of India should be framed by a Convention formed on essentially non-party lines, consisting of Members of the Indian and of the Provincial Legislatures, such Convention having power to co-opt non-members of the Legislatures.

2. That the Convention shall formulate a scheme of Responsible Government that shall comprise complete Provincial Autonomy, the placing in the hands of Ministers responsible to the Legislature of all subjects now controlled by the Governor-General in Council, except Foreign Affairs (including Indian States), Army and Navy, the two last-named being taken over by the Indian Cabinet, when India is sufficiently consolidated to control Defence. It is further suggested that the Secretary of State for India should bear the same relation to India as the Secretary of State for the Colonies bears to the Self-Governing Dominions, and that the India Council should cease to exist. Further, that Foreign Affairs should be relegated to an Imperial Council, in which all the Self-Governing Dominions, including India, would be represented.....

The strength of our position is that we shall use the machinery made by Britain, and it will be difficult for her to reject a demand from the electorates which she created. The Congress

of 1918 resolved that when India had representative institutions, their voice should be taken as the voice of India in determining her future. That time has come.

Once a Nation has turned its face towards Freedom, the Will to be Free will never cease its pressure till its object is obtained. The shorter the period of that pressure the better for all concerned, and there is no reason why our present Viceroy should not have the glory of co-operating with India in the final stage of Swarāj."

It elected a General Council consisting of 253 elected representatives of Legislatures, Local Boards and Political Associations, with 19 well-known Public Workers added. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru was elected President, myself General, Secretary and Mr. Jannadas Dwarkadas, Treasurer, and an Executive of 36 persons was chosen to organise the work. This was the inception of the movement which issued a mass of literature in English, Tamil, Guzerati and Marathi for the education of the electorates, organised the Madras and Bombay Presidencies so well that the pledge was signed by a large number of the candidates returned in the elections of 1923, that pledged them to aid in calling the NATIONAL CONVENTION, held a second Conference in Delhi, in February, 1924, which called the CONVENTION for April in the same year at Allahabad. At that CONVENTION seven Committees were ordered with Conveners for each, and a number of valuable pamphlets were issued for the use of these. It adjourned till the autumn, and met again on December 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, to consider the draft of a Constitution framed on the materials sent in by the Committee. The draft was carefully considered, amended, and the following was issued, on December 23, to the Associated Press, with a summary of the Bill. These opening portions will give an idea of the principles on which the Bill has been planned.

Draft of the Commonwealth of India Bill Circulated to the Indian Press and to Political Associations for Opinions, Comments & Amendments

The NATIONAL CONVENTION (P. O. Box 904, Madras S.) issues this Bill as a First Draft, after preliminary discussions on December 19th, 20th,

21st and 22nd, 1924. It has desired its General Secretary, Dr. Annie Besant, to present it to the All-Parties Conference, meeting at Delhi on January 23rd, 1925, as a contribution to a discussion of the subject therein dealt with, and she will ask permission to present to the February meeting of the CONVENTION at Delhi, 1925, any draft scheme that may be formulated at the Conference.

A Bill for submission to the British Parliament that it may be passed into an Act, to constitute the Commonwealth of India

Whereas it is the desire of the Indian People to exercise anew the ancient and recognised right of Self-Government, enjoyed by their ancestors from time immemorial, and to recognise H.I.M. the King-Emperor as their Sovereign and the Protector of their Commonwealth, and to provide for that exercise of power from the village upwards in each successive autonomous area of wider extent, to be earned by good character and by increased knowledge or administrative experience, or public service.

And whereas it is necessary for the dignity, peace and contentment of the People of India and also for the welfare and continued amity of the British and Indian Nations, that India should be placed on an equality with the Self-Governing Dominions, sharing their responsibilities and their privileges, as a Free Nation in the Federation of Free Nations owing allegiance to H.I.M. the King-Emperor.

And whereas it is convenient to continue the five areas of the Village (Grām or Mauza), the Talukā (Tehsil or Perganah), the District (Zillā), the Province (Rāshtra), and India (excluding the Indian States) (Hindustan), as Units of Government.

And whereas it is necessary for the preservation of the liberty of the subjects and the efficient discharge of the functions of Government that its three great spheres of activity, Executive, Legislative and Judicial, shall be independent of each other while correlated in their working.

And whereas it is expedient to make provision for the eventual creation of Provinces in

areas where at present they do not exist, and for the division of Provinces found to be too large, and their delimitation for convenience of administration, or other reason.

Be it therefore enacted by the King-Emperor's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in this present Parliament assembled and by the authority of the same as follows :

Fundamental Rights

I. The liberty of the person is inviolable, and no person shall be deprived of his liberty in accordance with law and by ordinary Courts of Law, provided, however, that nothing in this Section contained shall be invoked to prohibit, control, or interfere with any act of the civil or military forces of the Commonwealth of India, during the existence of a state of war or rebellion.

II. The dwelling or the property of every person is inviolable, and shall not be entered or expropriated or confiscated except in accordance with law.

III. Freedom of conscience and the free profession and practice of religion are, subject to public order or morality, guaranteed to every person.

IV. The right of free expression of opinion as well as the right to assemble peaceably and without arms, and to form associations or unions is guaranteed for purposes not opposed to public order or morality. Laws regulating the manner

in which the right of forming associations and the right of free assembly may be exercised, shall contain no political, religious or class distinction.

V. All persons in the Commonwealth of India have the right to free elementary education and due arrangements shall as soon as possible be made by the competent authority for the exercise of this right.

VI. All persons have an equal right to the use of public roads, places of public resort, Courts of Justice and the like, provided they do not disturb public order or disobey any notice issued by a lawful authority.

VII. All persons of whatever Nationality, residing within the Commonwealth, are equal before the Law, and shall be tried for similar offences in Courts of the same order and by Judicial Officers of the same grade; and no person shall escape the penalty annexed to any breach of the Law, on account of his Nationality or his caste, or his class, or his occupation.

The summary has appeared in the daily press.

Young Men and Women: Under this or some such Act you will be living in a few years. Prepare yourselves for your glorious destiny, as citizens of India, a Free Nation, linked as equal with Britain, who has fought for Freedom in the West, two great Nations, to whom may the High Gods grant a Joint Mission for the helping of the World.

Japanese Boy Given Medal by Belgian King

It isn't every boy that can be decorated by a King for bravery. And it isn't every hero that can have a real Queen fasten an honor medal on his breast.

That is just what happened to Shigeo Kubota, 14-year-old Japanese boy, however, all because he could swim and was brave enough to jump into a lake and save the life of a drowning lad. He was decorated by the King of Belgium for this deed, and when he went to the Royal Academy in Brussels on July 22, the Queen placed the Medal on his coat.

Shigeo lives in a suburb of Liège, Belgium. One day several children were swimming in a lake and

one was calling for help. Shigeo went to his rescue. The boy grasped him by the arm and both sank from sight. However, Shigeo broke loose and grasping the frantic lad by the hair, brought him to shore.

To-day, therefore, he is among the 84 persons honored by the King of Belgium for having done the most heroic deeds of the year. The Mayor of Brussels congratulated Mr. Adachi, Japanese Minister to Belgium, and Mr. Adachi told the King of his appreciation of the honor done the Japanese boy.--Japan Advertiser

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In The World's Service

Socrates the Citizen

BY LIGNUS

LET us go back two thousand three hundred and eighty-four years, to Athens, the fairest city of the seas, queen of a land beloved by the great guardian Deva, Pallas Athene, to Athens, shining like a star amid the wine-dark Mediterranean, home of the Hellenes, that marvellously-ready race

Ever delicately walking
Thro' most pellucid air,
as our poet Euripides
sings. What picture do
we gaze upon? White
marble, violet sea, blue
sky flecked with white
wisps of clouds, busy
wharves and swaying
masts of dromonds from
Syria and the isles

The Isles of Greece, the
Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho
loved and sang.

Greeks with clear-cut
features, skins olive pale,
swart, bearded men from
Phoenicia, red-capped
and ear-ringed, with
their burr and outlandish
lingo, all *barbaroi*, all
uncouth alike to the
proud Greek; sellers of Tyrian purple, of
figs and dates from Egypt; heaped bales and
wine-casks, sea gulls sweeping round the basin
with shrill cries, the clinking hammers of the
masons busy at the great Piraeus walls; salt
tang of the southern breeze, bellying painted

canvas and myriad laughter of the waves that
lap the rocks; a scene of clear-cut beauty

To remember for years,
To remember with tears.

Yonder lies Ægina, and here is Salamis
and the bay where we
fought so hard ten years
ago and beat the count-
less Persian galleons;
and further up north
there lies, nine miles
away, the field of Mara-
thon, momentous battle-
field of East and West,
scene of deeds lapsing
already, after twenty
years, into the arms of
myth, deeds of our sires,
proud boast! "who
fought at Marathon!"
and saved the Western
world from the trousered
effeminate Persian hor-
des.



Yes, it is sweet to
linger here on the quay
and talk of this and that,
and pause and dream
away on sea-gull's wings
to the blue horizon
yonder and far white

isles; but we must wend our way be-
tween the Long Walls and visit the city
and climb the Acropolis, not yet adorned
by Pheidias' art and Pericles' munificence, and
scan the favorite haunts-to-be of one born in
this year 469 B.C., a squab, quaint-featured child,

one Socrates. Surely the gnomes and not the
fairies haunted round his birth-bed; but, if the
gods gave him not beauty of body, they gave it
him within; a child strange in his birth, strange
in his life, and strangest in his death, destined
to drink the fatal cup and die that men might
think the more and live.

What do we know of this, the most striking,
figure of antiquity, so far and yet so near? Two
portraits have been left to us, the one by Xeno-
phon, the plain soldier-man, devoted to one who
had saved his life in battle; the other by Plato,
his pupil, Plato "the divine," "the broad-
shouldered" philosopher, master of drama and
the arts; the one portrait too flat, for Xencphon
did not grasp the true greatness of the Master;
the other too idealised perhaps, in Plato's
"godlike page"; but between the two we can
come to some sort of conclusion as to the real
man Socrates.

Of his childhood and youth little is known.
Son of Phaenarete, a midwife, and Sophroniscus
a sculptor, he doubtless played among the tools
and marble dust, and pondered on the "outcom-
ing" of many a statue from the rough; and
thoughts arose in him of "educing" men's ideas
from the rough in that way too; so that he
always called himself the "man midwife," as
bringing ideas to the birth by strenuous dialectic.
He seems to have followed his father's profession
till the latter's death, when, inheriting a small
property, a competence, he gave up the sculp-
tor's art. Some statues on the Acropolis were
shown in later days as the work of his hands.
So he turned to what he deemed the greater
need, the study of philosophy. He read widely
and learnt the classics of the day, Homer,
Hesiod, Theogonis, Simonides and the other poets,
moral and patriotic. His lifelong friend, Crito,
born in the same year, was a man of means,
and paid for Socrates the high fees then
exactd by professors of rhetoric. He haunt-
ed the lecture-rooms of the Sophists, and
followed especially the teachings of Anaxagoras,
Archelaus, and Prodicus. In short, he was so
fortunate as to get the best education afforded
in those days.

As in duty bound, he served his country as a
soldier, displaying extraordinary hardihood and
endurance in several campaigns, rescuing at the

risk of his life his favorite Alcibiades, whom he
carried off the battle-field, armor and all, thus
winning the prize of honor, the "crown of wild
olive" of Hellas. He did the same thing later
at Delium, 424 B.C., and was the only man who
kept a cool head in that rout. There he rescued
Xencphon, the young officer, who showed his
gratitude in after years, when he wrote the
Memorabilia of Socrates.

His youth and early manhood coincided
with the summit of the power of Athens,
in 445 B.C. He became a member of the
Boulé or Senate, and was admired for his justice
and firmness. In politics, he was a conserva-
tive, an aristocrat, for he would not truckle to
the mob; in philosophy, he was a radical, nor
would he ever follow public opinion, which, as
he tells us, is generally wrong. Loving free-
dom of thought, the most unorthodox of men
in that, he yet upheld old customs and the reli-
gious beliefs of the vulgar, "for the sake of the
ignorant," as he said, in order to preserve an
outer form whose inner meaning he probably
divined.

Plato, in his Socratic Dialogues, gives us many
a picture of the personality of Socrates. He
was like a Satyr, like Marsyas the half man,
playing his flute with puffed cheeks and start-
ing eyes. He was like a Silenusmask; and we
read in the *Symposium* how Alcibiades comes
in drunk to the banquet, and afterwards
praises Socrates to the company. "When
one hears other people speaking, however
great an orator he be, one hardly cares a rap.
But if one hear you or your words, Socrates,
even from another's lips, though he be quite a
poor speaker, we are astounded, men and women
alike; we are held spell-bound thereat, and I
have to stop my ears and run away, as if escap-
ing from the Sirens, lest I should grow to old
age listening."

A subtle charm must have hung round this
strange figure. The most delightful of com-
panions and the politest of men, he could yet
make the most sarcastic remarks with seeming
innocence. He was no traveller but a home-
dweller, a city man, like Dr. Johnson, and never
happy when away from lovely Athens, his
"Fleet-Street" haunts. No lover of Nature, he
had no eye, or perhaps no time, for the observa-

tion of outward beauty; he was taught no lessons by country-side or tree, by cloud or splashing wave. Thrice only in his long life did he quit Athens, and then only perforce to serve in war. He was above all weakness, abstemious, of iron frame, strong-headed; he could do without food or drink; needed no wine, yet could hold more than any other man and not turn a hair thereat; a cool soldier, stalking the battle-field with a "touch-me-not" look in his eye; inscrutable, but ever feigning ignorance, and, like a spider, enticing to his web of argument the unsuspecting reasoners.

He was sceptical, but formally religious. He could make you believe the wildest tale. Everybody knew Socrates and most feared his glance and tongue. If his eye lighted on you there was no escape. He would have the bottom out of you in no time. And what did he teach, this plague, this busy-body, this bald, mishappen satyr who was able to charm even the wayward Alcibiades, that *enfant terrible* of the Greeks?

He tells his hearers that he was a god-sent gadfly, sent to sting the Greeks to thought and introspection. His long life was spent in arguing. Simply clad, living on a handful of leeks and barley-bread, he was yet the central figure of the Magnificents, the splendid Alcibiades, the stately Pericles, Xenophon, the trusty, travelled soldier, Plato, the young, high-born sage whose source of inspiration he was, Aristophanes the wit, "who came to scoff yet stayed" to admire.

Enlightenment. That was his message. Virtue is knowledge. Search for the Path! He was inspired by an inner monitor—to *daimonion*—the divine sign, as he called it—to find wisdom. The oracle of Delphi said that Socrates was the wisest man on earth, because he alone knew his ignorance. He would interrogate all persons pretending to have knowledge. The results were barren. What then? He must affect ignorance and elicit truths by dialectic, of which he was the inventor. Thus we see Socrates as a sceptic, taking nothing for granted. He is convinced that truth is to be found. He upsets all respectable, comfortable theories, all self-satisfied persons, all "vulgar bald-headed little tinkers," complacent in their ignorance and rushing in like chimney-sweepers

to soil the pure foot-cloths of the hall of wisdom. His method was this: To argue you down to zero, to produce a state of *aporia*, intellectual helplessness or feeling of utter ignorance, a state of solution from which a new crystallisation might be formed. He makes a clean sweep of all, produces a negative plate and lets in a ray of light to imprint thereon the image of the true Idea. He leads you on, bringing forward familiar instances of commonplace objects, utensils, kneading-troughs, pots and pans. "Justice," said he, "is doing the one thing you are fitted for"—concentration on your own *dharma*, as the Hindu would say. "Justice is a supreme sense of duty. The Supreme Good is the Sun that lights up the intelligible Universe, and to be supremely good is TO HAUTOU PRATTEIN—to mind one's own business"; that is, what one can do best, and what is best for the whole of which one is a part. "Well!" says he, "I cannot show you the Good, but I can show you the child of the Good"; by which he meant: "This visible world is the offspring of the one Invisible." Virtue and Science are one, in short. However Socrates might begin his talk, he always led the conversation round to the vital subject of what concerned a man's soul, substituting concepts for things, as objects of cognition, and from this teaching of Socrates that *Knowledge is knowledge of Universals* arises Plato's doctrine that *Knowledge is of the Ideas*.

Such a grotesque figure could not fail to become the subject of lampoons and the butt of ridicule. Thus he comes before us in the comedies of Aristophanes, the wittiest man that ever lived, as a relic of antiquity, a star-gazer, even a dangerous character. The careless in thought disliked him as one who incited people to think, therefore to be looked on with suspicion by a depraved Government, whose injustice is a standing warning against giving the mob the reins of power. Socrates bored people. Indifferent to popular opinion, he gave offence to those whose opinion he despised. His courage was dauntless; he defied those who administered the law, and was accused of irreligion, of corrupting the young by his opinions. He met the charges fearlessly and with a coolness that to the judges was exasperating, offering to pay a paltry fine, saying that he

ought to be fed and supported at the public expense as a public benefactor.

Plato gives us, in the *Apology* of Socrates, what is probably a real account of the actual trial. Anytus, a rich man, high in office, a leading democrat, a thick-headed man, was chief accuser. He said Socrates undermined the authority of the elders, by showing the juniors that their seniors could give no definite account of their callings; that Socrates was an innovator; that he had a private deity of his own, thinking the orthodox gods not good enough! A typical orthodox elder! one of those who dread to think that there can be anything beyond their own ken.

We come to the second accuser, Meletus, probably a tool of Anytus. He represents the poets, who were angry with Socrates; he was possibly a poet himself. Socrates mentions him in the *Euthyphro*. "You may remember what he looks like, Euthyphro; a man with a beaked nose, long, lank hair and a stubbly beard." Of Lycon, the third accuser, we know nothing. He represented the rhetoricians in the case.

It was the year 399 B. C., and Socrates was arraigned before five hundred of his fellow-citizens, chosen by lot to try the case, a fickle mob to cut the thread of life of its greatest benefactor! In the *Apology* of Plato we have Socrates' defence of his past life, a review of his present position and a statement of his belief as to his future state, if he be condemned to death. The world owes much to it, for Zeno, the philosopher, was led by its perusal to study these views and found his Stoic School, a philosophic religion which held the world for many a hundred years. Somewhat in words like these did Socrates sum up his views: "Imprisonment and exile are indeed evils, but death may be a blessing in disguise. I choose death as my penalty, for not I shall suffer, but those who kill me. I had but a little while to live, for I am seventy years of age. When death is near, men become prophetic, and I thus pronounce my dying words. To those who acquitted me I would also say: Death is no evil. It cannot be, for my inner monitor that guides me gave no sign when this trial was begun. Death is either a dreamless sleep or a state where we shall see the Great Ones whom we longed to see.

This destiny is heaven-sent. And against the accusers I can bear no grudge. I commit my children to your care; deal ye with them as I have dealt with you.

"But now 'tis time for us to depart; for me to meet my death, for you to go on living; and which of us goeth to the better state is known to none save to the god alone."

In the *Crito* we have a dialogue between Socrates and his old friend Crito, who urges him to escape, and offers him the means to do so, and go to Thessaly; but Socrates refuses. He will obey the laws like a good citizen, for has he not lived beneath those laws for seventy years? He cannot go against them now. "Let be, Crito," says he, "and let us act in this way, since in this way the god directs my steps."

The last scene of this strange life is vividly described by Plato in the *Phaedo*. Socrates maintains that the life of a philosopher should be a daily dying to the things of this life; a philosopher should be the readiest to die with cheerfulness. This body is a hindrance; death is a release from "the body of this death". Then follows the argument on immortality. As living souls are born into the world, they must be souls that have already left this life. We gained our knowledge before this birth, therefore we shall exist as souls after our bodies' death. Pure and untroubled contemplation cannot be had while the soul is united with the body. Then the wise man will cheerfully meet death, for the vital principle that lies at the root of all is indestructible.

His last hours are familiar to all readers of Plato. The hour of death draws on, and as in the tragic scene of *Œdipus* the old king lingers and the god calls impatiently, "*Œdipus, Œdipus, why tarry we?*" so also says Socrates: "Me-thinks mine appointed hour is already calling me, and I must now turn to the bathing; for 'tis better to drink the drug when washed, and thus save the women the trouble of washing the corpse."

"And how shall we bury you, Socrates?"

"As you please," he replied (with a merry glance, as we may think), "that is, if you can catch me and I do not give you the slip."

Then with a quiet laugh he turned to us and said: "O friends, I cannot persuade Crito that I

am Socrates here, now conversing with you and marshalling our arguments. *He* thinks I am what he will see anon, a corpse, and asks, forsooth, how he shall bury me!.....Well, well! Never mind, Crito. Imagine that you are to bury my body, and bury it as you please, and as you deem most usual."

So he rose and went to the bath-house, and Crito followed him, but us he bade remain. So we stayed talking together of what had been said, and reckoning it up, and then again reviewed the stupendous loss that was to befall us, deeming that we were to be robbed of a parent, as it were; no less than that! and should live henceforth as orphan children.

When he had washed and his children were brought in to him—two little ones and one a lad—and the women of the household came, he talked with them before Crito and gave some last instructions, and bade the women and children go away, but he himself came back to us. And it was now sunset—for he had spent much time within—and he came and sat down after his bath and henceforth said but little. Then came the servant of the Council and said: "O Socrates, I have no word to say against you as against others, when I have to administer the drug; for they curse and swear whenever I bring the order for them to drink it at the bidding of the archons. But you—why, all the time I have found you to be the noblest, the gentlest, the best of men, of all that ever came hither. And now, indeed, I know full well that you are not angry with me, but with them, for you know who is to blame for this. Now, then, since you know what I am come to say, be of good cheer and try to bear what must be borne as well as may be."

Then, with a tear in his eye, he turned and went away. And Socrates looked at him and said: "Thou too, be of good cheer, and I will do this thing."

Then to us: "What a gentleman the fellow is!" said he, "for all along he used to come to me and talk at times, and was the best of men, and now—how good of him to shed a tear for me! Well, come, Crito, let us obey him and let some one bring the drug, if it be pounded. If not, let the man pound it."

Then said Crito: "I think, Socrates, the sun

is still upon the mountains and not yet set. Besides, I know that some have drunk it quite late at night, whenever the order came to them, after dining and drinking well. Yes, and some of them in company with whomsoever they wished. No, don't hurry. There is yet time." And Socrates replied: "Quite reasonably, Crito, they did so, as you say, for they think to gain by doing so; and quite reasonably also I will *not* do so. For methinks by drinking it a little later there is naught to be gained but ridicule in mine own eyes, for clinging to life and shutting the stable door when the horse is stolen. No, No! Come! Obey without cavil or delay."

On hearing this, Crito nodded to the slave who stood near, and he went out and, after a short absence, came with the one who was to administer the drug, bringing it ready pounded in a cup. And, when Socrates saw the man, he said: "Well! my good friend, tell me what to do, as you are an expert in this matter." "Simply drink it and walk about," he replied, "till your legs feel heavy. Then lie down, and thus the drug will do its work."

With these words he offered the cup to Socrates, who took it right graciously, without fear or even change of color or countenance, but in his usual way, with a sidelong glance at the man, and said: "How say you? About this draught—should we make a libation from it, or not?"

"We grind only sufficient for the purpose."

"I see," said he. "Well, one might, nay, one ought to pray to the gods for an easy passage hence. And that I do pray for, and so may it be."

With these words he put it to his lips and drank it off easily and readily. Now most of us had managed to bear up so far, and to restrain our tears; but when we saw him drinking it and finishing it, in spite of myself my tears burst forth, so that I had to cover my face and weep my fill. For it was not *his* lot but mine own that I bewailed, thinking of what a friend I was to be bereft. But Crito had given way even before me and left the room; whereas Apollodoros, who had never ceased weeping all the time, now burst forth into loud laments, crying aloud and overwhelming all those present, save only Socrates himself.

But Socrates exclaimed: "My good sirs! what is this? It was for this very reason that I dismissed the womenfolk, lest they should make a fuss like this. Nay. Do ye hold your peace and bear up!"

And when we heard him, we were ashamed, and refrained from tears. So he walked about, and when he said his legs were heavy, lay down upon his back; for so the attendant bade; and the man who gave the drug laid hold of him, and after an interval looked at his feet and legs; then, squeezing his foot hard, he asked if he felt it. And Socrates said: "No." And after this he felt his thighs, and so on up and up, and showed us that he was getting cold and stiff. Then Socrates himself felt himself, and

said: "When it reaches my heart I shall be gone."

And already the parts around the abdomen were cold, when, uncovering himself (for he had drawn the coverlet over himself), he said, and these were his last words: "Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Do you pay it and forget not." "It shall be done," said Crito. "Have you aught else to say?"

He made no answer to this, and after a short time he shuddered, and the attendant uncovered him; but his eye-balls were fixed. And on seeing this Crito closed the mouth and eyes.

Such was the end, Echekrates, of our friend—a man, as we might say, who, of all we knew then living, was the best, yes, and the wisest and justest as well.

Lost Ships

NEW WAY OF FINDING WHERE THEY ARE

Two interesting things about wireless have lately been announced. night or in foggy weather to locate their position with wonderful accuracy. A ship fitted with a

One is the great success that has attended the use of the first wireless beacon, set up at Nash Point, between Swansea and Cardiff, on account of the difficulties of providing suitable direction-finding apparatus in the Bristol Channel.

Operated by means of an oil engine, this beacon automatically sends out its call signal of G. K. D. all day and night, on a wave-length of a thousand metres. The signal is of the beam variety, travelling in a fixed direction, and it enables ships at

can get its bearings from this beacon 50 miles away.

A new use for wireless has been found in whaling operations. *The Sir James Clark Ross*, which has sailed from Cardiff for the Ross Sea, has taken with her five sets of direction-finding apparatus for her small boats. It often happens that these boats, when whaling,

are overtaken by fog or darkness, and with the wireless apparatus the parent ship will be able to send telephone messages and to direct them when lost.—*Children's Newspaper*



The Lincoln Residence at Springfield, Illinois, U. S. A.

Buddhist Stories—No. XX

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

THUS have I heard. Once the Exalted One was staying near Sāvattthī at Jeta Grove, in Anāthapindika's Park. Now on that occasion a number of sectarians, recluses and Brahmanas who were wanderers, entered Sāvattthī to beg an alms; they were men of divers views, accepting divers faiths, of divers aims and by divers opinions swayed to and fro.

Now some of these recluses and Brahmanas held such views as these: "Eternal is the world: this is the truth, all else is delusion." Others held: "Not Eternal is the world: this is the truth, all else is delusion." Others again held: "The world is finite," or "The world is infinite". Or again: "Body and soul are one and the same." Others said: "Body and soul are different things." Some held: "The Tathāgata exists after death"; or: "The Tathāgata exists not after death"; or: "The Tathāgata both exists and exists not after death"; or: "The Tathāgata neither exists nor exists not after death." And each maintained that his own view was the truth, and that all else was delusion.

So they lived quarrelsome, noisy, disputatious, abusing each other with words that pierced like javelins, maintaining: "This is the truth, that is not the truth. That is not the truth, this is the truth!"

Now a number of the brethren, robing themselves early and taking bowl and robe, entered Sāvattthī to beg an alms, and on their return they ate their meal and came to the Exalted One, saluted Him and sat down at one side. So seated, those brethren described to the Exalted One what they had seen and heard of those recluses and Brahmanas who were sectarians. Then said the Exalted One:

These sectarians, brethren, are blind and unseeing. They know not the real, they know not the unreal; they know not the truth, know not the untruth. In such a state of ignorance do they dispute and quarrel as ye describe. Now in former times, brethren, there was a Rāja in this same Sāvattthī. Then, brethren, that Rāja called to a certain man saying: "Come thou, good fellow! Go and gather together all the blind men that are in Sāvattthī!"

"Very good, Your Majesty," replied that man, and, in obedience to the Rāja, gathered together all

the blind men, took them with him to the Rāja and said: "Your Majesty, all the blind men of Sāvattthī are now assembled."

"Then, my good man, show the blind men an elephant."

"Very good, Your Majesty," said the man, and did as he was told, saying: "O ye blind, such as this is an elephant."

And to one man he presented the head of the elephant, to another the ear, to another a tusk, the trunk, the foot, back, tail and tuft of the tail; saying to each one that was the elephant.

Now, brethren, that man, having presented the elephant to the blind men, came to the Rāja and said: "Your Majesty, the elephant has been presented to the blind men. Do what is your will."

Thereupon, brethren, that Rāja went up to the blind men and said to each: "Have you studied the elephant?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Then tell me your conclusions about him."

Thereupon those who had been presented with the head answered: "Your Majesty, an elephant is just like a pot." And those who had only observed the ear replied: "An elephant is just like a winnowing basket." Those who had been presented with the tusk said it was a ploughshare. Those who knew only the trunk said it was a plough. "The body," said they, "is a granary: the foot, a pillar: the back, a mortar: the tail, a pestle: the tuft of the tail, just a besom." Then they began to quarrel, shouting, "Yes, it is!" "No, it isn't!" "An elephant is not that!" "Yes, it's like that!" and so on, till they came to fisticuffs about the matter.

Then, brethren, that Rāja was delighted with the scene.

Just so are these sectarians who are wanderers, blind, unseeing, knowing not the truth, but each maintaining it is thus and thus."

Whereupon the Exalted One, on that occasion, seeing the gist of the matter, uttered this solemn saying:

O how they cling and wrangle, some who claim Of Brahmana and recluse the honored name! For quarreling, each to his view, they cling. Such folk see only one side of a thing.

Translated from *Udāna*, vi, 4.

F. L. Woodward

The Man of the Hour

JAMSHED N. R. MEHTA

A YOUTH PRESIDENT OF THE KARACHI MUNICIPALITY

THE modern criterion of appraising the greatness of an individual has unfortunately degenerated to an ignominious search of titles before and after his name. Too often those who can waylay the unthinking crowd with their rhetoric, or organise a powerful press-campaign for self-advertisement with the help of their resources, shine in the limelight and thus shroud the greatness of the really great, who are unostentatious in their work, more enthusiastic in their ideal of service, God-fearing men, the salt of the earth, and the pride of the race. A change in the angle of vision is, therefore, a *sine qua non* in forming an unbiassed judgment of such men as those who refuse to expose themselves to public notice or applause, much less invite it. Absence of prefixes and suffixes should not blur

our vision, and our standard of valuation should rise above the conventionalities that more often conceal than reveal the true man.

The hero of this short sketch, Mr. Jamshed N. R. Mehta, is one of those who hate publicity. Never does he pose before the people as a paragon of patriotism, though his patriotism—if it means service of the poor—is second to none.

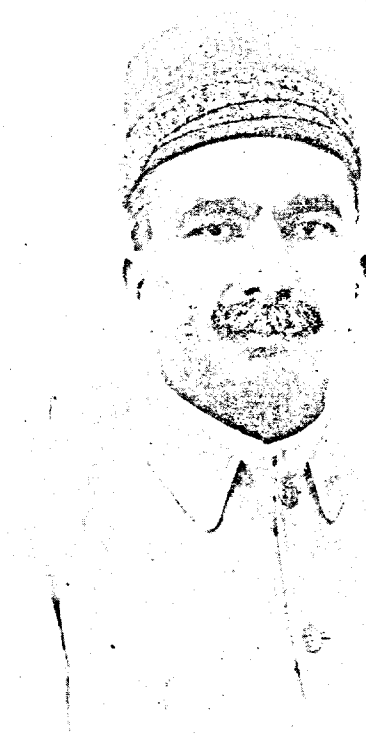
Never has desire for reward or reputation crossed his mind. He refuses to own a title, and now adorns the Presidential chair of one of the premier Corporations of India, with a simple "Mister" before his name.

He was born on the 7th January, 1886, and matriculated from the Bombay University at

the young age of 13. Parsi by birth, he was to take up the profession for which his community is specially gifted—commerce. He received his training in this line in Davar's College of Commerce in Bombay, and now, in addition to his multifarious Municipal duties, superintends a large importing firm, a flour mill, a tile factory and many other concerns of his father.

He has a very affable disposition that remains unruffled under the stress of heavy work; an equanimity undisturbed by the most tur-

bulent Corporators (for which the Corporation has become famous); a kind and a cheerful face that has a smile for all and is an unmistakable index of the pure and loving soul within. No noble cause but will receive his staunch support, no heart lacerated with pain but will find peace in his friendly advice, no needy hand extended to him that will be denied assistance.



His mother, Mrs. Gūlbai Mehta, had immense influence over him and has bequeathed to him her generosity. Even now, when she is on the other side, she continues to help him, to take interest in all that he does, and to guide him in various ways.

Karachi is still in a growing stage. With the steady increase in population—as the vital statistics and influx of large numbers from the adjoining Provinces attracted by the commercial possibilities indicate—the centre of gravity of the problems of the Corporation seems to be always shifting, and the plans once formulated seem to need modification. The work of the President is, therefore, more difficult than that of his compeers in Bombay, Madras or Calcutta, the more so when he attends to it all himself. With the apparent apathy of the colleagues in the Corporation, who are sworn to a programme of obstruction, a centralised form of administration has become necessary, and be it said to Mr. Jamshed's credit that he attends to it all single-handed. Water problem—very serious when a shortage is threatened in wells 17 miles away—milk problem, public health and sanitation, roads and lights, public parks, education, town-development, housing of the poor, elimination of congested quarters and unemployment, are some of the problems that have received his attention and bear the impress of his masterful personality. Youngest of those who have preceded him, he has rendered civic services during a short tenure of office, which mark him out as a man of sterling merit, with an extraordinary capacity for work, and a passion for service, unsurpassed by any before. It is due to Mr. Jamshed's initiative that Karachi owns a Blind School, Maternity Hospitals for the various communities, separate Hospitals for treatment of venereal diseases, small-pox, consumption, eye-diseases and epidemics. His superb piece of service to his own community is the Panchayat Vādi. This is a collection of about 75 houses, spacious, well-ventilated, and situated in a very healthy quarter, built with the donations of the rich Parsis. Each family occupying a house pays a nominal rent of Rs. 14, which goes to the upkeep of schools for boys and girls. Thus with the payment of this small amount, a family

has the benefit of nice and healthy quarters, while the education for its children is also assured.

But Karachi does not limit his field of service. He started, and is Honorary Managing Director of the Sindh Central Co-operative Bank, which has rendered immense services to the poor farmer, whose lot, even at the present day, reminds one of the serfs on the manor in the Feudal Age in Europe. It was Mr. Jamshed who continued to pay the largest part of the expenses of the Sindh National College right upto its affiliation to the Bombay University. His services in the political field—now veiled by younger men who have shot up into political firmament as meteors—were recognised as early as 1919, when Sindh conferred upon him the highest post of honor—Presidentship of the Provincial Political Conference. The deliberations of this Conference required delicate handling, as it was at this time, April, 1919, that the news of General Dyer's doings in Amritsar was bursting upon the people like a thunderbolt. With patience and foresight did Mr. Jamshed guide the session, and proved himself worthy of the task. He was also a member of the Excise Committee appointed by the Government of Bombay a couple of years ago, and has appended a separate Minute of Dissent to the Report.

His is the religion of a simple man. Though highly intellectual, he refuses to be drawn into dialectical duels. He has no attraction for hair-splitting, metaphysical subtleties. He has a simple and stupendous faith which is infectious. There is no formidable unapproachableness of an aristocrat about him. He has a charming innocence that finds an echo in the heart of a child. Let me substantiate this by a little narrative. Some years ago, while entering an English Hotel in Karachi, where he had gone to see a friend, he saw an Englishman, his wife and a child of about 4 years, standing at a short distance. Immediately the child saw Mr. Jamshed, he left his parents, ran up to him, and locked him up in his tiny embrace, covering his whole face with kisses. The parents of the child had never seen him before. They had been in Karachi only a few days and were waiting to take a boat for England. But for the days they were in

Karachi, the child refused to be separated from Mr. Jamshed. Kirby—that was his name, I think—went and stayed with him, and used to accompany him to his office where with his childish pranks and kisses he would keep him amused for the whole day, and would not allow him to do any of his work. So intimate a relationship, almost an absolute identity of consciousness, had been established between these two souls (who, it seemed, had recognised each other now) that, at the time of departure, while Mr. Jamshed was shaking hands with the mother of Kirby, Kirby in a feeling manner said to her: "Mamma, aren't you going to kiss my Jimi?"

To gain access into the hinterland of his

thoughts is difficult, but it is safe to conjecture that he has still vast visions of service and also the power to accomplish them. Should a decree of merciful Providence take him to some high official post, which he is eminently worthy to occupy, it can be said with certainty that he will ride over red-tapism—the blasting curse of the Indian politician with no moral backbone—infuse a new spirit into the administration and serve the poor, which is the only aim of his life, thus fulfilling the Ancient Law that the true Vanaprastha, who has renounced self-interest and is guided by one ideal, the Ideal of Service, shall rule the realm and guide its destinies.

K. L. M.

Color Electrons

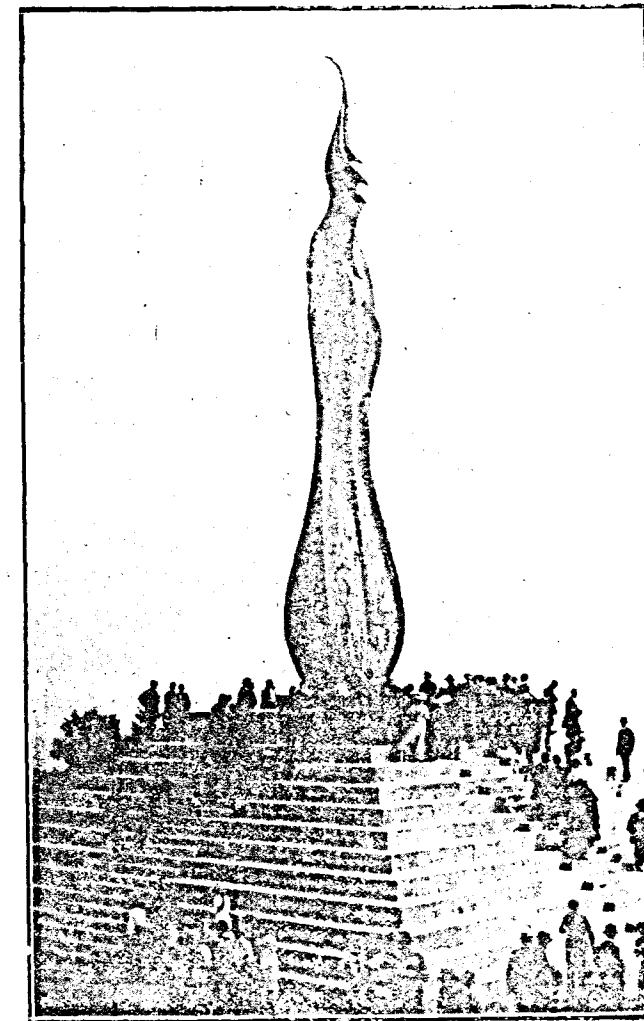
LORD CLIFFORD'S MYSTERY OF MATTER THEORY

A remarkable theory has been evolved by Lord Clifford of Chudleigh as the result of philosophical calculations dealing with the constitution of matter, which, as we now know, is composed in all cases of electrons, or negatively electrified particles attached to central charges of positive electricity.

The result of his work, says Lord Clifford, has established that all wave-lengths that are smaller than 34,360 to the inch are what we term positive electricity, and all wave-lengths above 68,720 and below 103,078 to the inch constitute negative electrons.

The intermediate waves, Lord Clifford suggests, should be called "color electrons," as all shades of color are produced by those waves of electricity. The radiations of the ether which produce color are essential, according to the theory, to the adhesion of the negative and positive electricity which constitutes atoms.

The new theory suggests that electrons them-



A WAR MEMORIAL

selves are inseparable from ether waves, and once the wave-length can be found of the radiation responsible for the combination of any one electron with any other we shall be able to calculate the conditions under which all the elements are formed.

It opens up a vista of unlimited alchemy, and foreshadows the day when the chemist will be able to make at will just what he desires.

Lord Clifford stated: "I intend to try and ascertain, if possible, the relative figure at which the waves of electricity move to create the elements of matter. But I am afraid that until the electrical experimenters have carried their work further it will be a difficult undertaking."

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, who is well known as a profound thinker in many branches of science, has already arrived at conclusions on other matters on surely theoretical grounds which subsequent discoveries have proved to be correct.

--World's Record

The Greatest Scout In The World

TAKING the Path which leads to the Goal as the one thing needful, we may look upon the Lord Buddha as the Ideal Scout. He is the Path-Finder. Buddhists call Him Tathāgatō, the Goal-Winner, and this name He always used in speaking of Himself.

The real Scout knows the jungle as the redskin knows the forest, as the Arab knows the desert, as the bushman knows the bush. He must know it as hunter and warrior, as king's messenger and as herdsman. For six years, Gautama, the Prince, as was the custom of the day, sought in the woodland solitude, dependent on self alone, to subdue the Self: first body, then passions, then the wandering thoughts and even Self Itself at last. Here He learned all the jungle law; He knew the seasons and the ways of beasts, the spring-time rains, the time of the budding twigs, the silence of the noonday heat, the reddening leaves of autumn: He knew the voice of the winds roaring in the tree-tops when the rains had burst, the tracks and cries of the jungle-dwellers. He had the magic pass-word which gives sure passage among beasts: "We be of one blood, you and I." All the law of Pan and the Satyrs, of Nymphs and Fairies, of Tree-Gods and Nature Spirits, of Mud-Spirits, Salamanders and Elementals of the air was His. In a certain stanza of the Pāli He tells us of the trials He passed through in those six lonely years:

Scorched by the sultry sun,
Frozen by winter's cold,
In fearsome forests alone, alone,
Clothing and fire he had none:
One thing the Sage sought, only one.

(Seven forceful words which I must translate by twenty-seven.)

And one thing He had, which beasts have not, nor even men, as men go now, *ahimsā*, "harmlessness" to all that lives. That was the master pass-word to all powers. So we shall no longer think of Him as hunter and warrior, in calling Him a Scout, but as a Path-Finder and a harmless Cowherd, like the Ideal Cowherd Shri Krishna who came after Him, or as a Shepherd of the Hills of Galilee, of Whom the Jewish poet sings: "He leadeth me among the green pastures."

There is a passage in the Pāli Scriptures (The Middle Discourse) where the Master teaches His disciples by *The Parable of the Perfect Cowherd*, whose perfections He then applies to the Perfect Mendicant. When you have read it, you will, if a Scout, be able to find a curious parallel to the qualities necessary for the Perfect Scout, of the King's

Scout, let us say. I translate it here, condensing very slightly in places, where technical words are used.

"Brethren, the cowherd who is fit to have charge of a herd and bring about its welfare must have perfection in eleven qualities. What are those eleven qualities? They are these:

He knows the outer shapes and forms, he is a mark-master, skilled is he to remove the vermin's eggs, binder-up of wounds, fire-lighter and one who knows the fords, who knows the waterholes, who knows the tracks and pasturage; he always has some milk in hand; to the bulls, the fathers and leaders of the herd, he pays due reverence. With these eleven qualities endowed, a cowherd is fit to have charge of a herd and bring about its welfare.

And in like manner, brethren, the brother of my Order who is fit to make good growth and progress in this Rule and Discipline of Mine, must have eleven qualities, as I have said.

And how, brethren, is the Mendicant, a Knower of the Outer Shapes and Forms?

He knows the four great elements, and the body which depends on them; even as it is he knows it, that Mendicant who is Knower of the Outer Shapes and Forms.

And how is he a Knower of the Marks?

By their deeds they are known, the wise man and the fool. Herein is he a Knower of the Marks.

And how, brethren, is he a Dispeller of the Vermin's Eggs?

Herein, when a lustful thought arises, a wandering thought, he does not welcome it, he casts it out, checks it, gets rid of it; he sets about to make it vanish right away. So with a thought of malice, a thought of harmfulness, all evil states of mind, as soon as they arise, he gives them no welcome, casts them out, checks them, gets rid of them, and sets about to make them vanish right away. Even so, brethren, is he called a Dispeller of the Vermin's Eggs.

And how, brethren, is he a Binder-Up of Wounds?

It is because he binds up, controls, keeps watch and ward over the body's wounds, that is to say, the six avenues of sense, the sense of sight, sound, taste, smell, touch and thought. Herein is he a Binder-up of Wounds.

And how, brethren, is he a Fire-Lighter?

It is because he hands on the Torch of Knowledge, what he has heard, what he has had preached to him, that he explains in full to others. Herein is he a Lighter of the Fire.

And how, brethren is he a Knower of the Ford?

In this way. When he consults the learned brethren, those skilled in this Rule and Discipline of Mine, those who know each detail of the Rule, the masters of the Sacred Lore, and questions them and gets their answer—then open unto him that which was closed, make clear the dark places and dispel his doubts on knotty points. Even so is he a Knower of the Ford.

And how, brethren, is he Knower of the Water-Hole?

Herein, when the Goal-Winner's Rule and Discipline is expounded, that brother grasps the knowledge of its Essence, the knowledge of the Rule, and wins the joy that comes therewith. So is he Knower of the Waterhole.

And how, brethren, is he a Knower of the Way?

Even thus. He knows the Ariyan Eight-Stepped Path, as it really is. That is how he is a Knower of the Way.

And how, brethren, is he a Knower of the Pasturage?

He knows the four bases of concentrated thought, namely, the meditations on the body, on the passions, on the mind, and on the states of existence. That is how he is a Knower of the Pasturage.

And how, brethren, does he always keep some Milk in hand?

When the householders invite the brethren to a meal, and offer robes and food, bedding, comforts and medicines, such a brother knows moderation in accepting such. Even so is he called One who always keeps some Milk in hand.

And how, brethren, is he Respector of the Bulls, the Fathers and Leaders of the Herd?

To such brethren as are elders, mendicants of many days, long ordained, the fathers of the Order, the leaders of the Order, he is reverent. According as he serves them with kindly deeds, both in public and in private, with kindly thoughts, both secretly and openly, even so is he called Respector of the

Bulls, the Fathers and Leaders of the Herd.

Thus, brethren, with these eleven qualities endowed, a brother is fit to make good growth and progress in this Rule and Discipline of Mine."

Thus spake the Exalted One, and those brethren heard His Words with joy.

There is, curiously enough, one other feature, not mentioned here by the Master, but which every Scout will know—the *Knots*. Only we must remember that the Buddhist is learning *not how to tie knots, but how to untie them*.

Now, let us imagine the Chief Scout applying these eleven qualities of the Perfect Herdsman to our King's Scout of modern days.

(a) He knows the Forms, knows what is what. He is called Keep-an-eye-open.

(b) He knows the Marks of recognition. He is good at Kim's Game.

(c) He knows the ways of Hygiene. He is Germ-killer. He burns up rubbish, both physical and mental.

(d) He knows First Aid, binds up wounds and keeps the body in perfect order.

(e) He can light a fire with one match and three pieces of stick.

(f) He knows the shallows and the deeps. He can wade and swim.

(g) He knows where he can fill his water-bottle.

(h) He knows all the shortcuts and highways too.

(i) He knows where food can be obtained and how to cook it too.

(j) He has a small sum in the bank put by for a rainy day. He has always a trick up his sleeve and in reserve, and knows moderation in all things.

(k) He pays due respect to the old bulls, the leaders of the pack. He knows the greetings, pass-words and salute. So is he a King's Scout.

BLUE BUFFALO

Three Heroes

Three gallant rescues from drowning have been reported. Richard Jolley, an old Runcorn Northern Union footballer, and a member of a well-known family of athletes, dived, fully dressed, into the Manchester Ship Canal, and saved the life of a six-year-old child named Harry Palin, who fell from the dock wall.

After jumping into the canal, fully dressed, and rescuing a nine-year-old girl, Thomas Chatten, of Oldhill (Staffordshire), a boatman, walked four miles

home in his wet clothes, without disclosing his name or address.

Mr. H. Wren, of Gardner-Cottages, Windsor, rescued Willie Roberts, an 11-year-old Manchester boy, on holiday, who fell into the Thames, which was running swiftly.

Divesting himself of his coat, Mr. Wren dived from the top rail of Windsor Bridge and swam to the boy, bringing him ashore in an exhausted condition.

Joan The "Maid"

BY K. S. SHELIVANKAR

GR EAT commotion prevailed in the city of Chinon because of the arrival of a peasant girl—a peasant girl with a strange story. Ravaged by robbers were the roads to Chinon and infested by ruffians of all sorts, but naught had availed to daunt the girl, for had she not said ere setting out on her journey: "My brothers in Paradise tell me to go."

A strange mission hers—a divine mission to rid France of her rapacious foes and anoint the Dauphin as rightful King.

For long they kept her away from her King, fearing the force of her direct simplicity and powerful conviction on the weakness of their royal patron; but finally her serene persistence prevailed. Clad in homely peasant garb she went to the Prince's Court and she walked straight up to a poorly dressed figure, casting never a glance on all the gorgeous magnificence of fawning favorites, and, in a voice like "soft, low music," addressed him as "King" and proclaimed her errand. The astounded King, thus picked out, despite all his disguise, by an unknown country girl, was half converted to her belief. But there were those whose interest ran counter to the mission of the Maid who devised all sorts of trials to baffle her, only to be baffled themselves by her sincerity and convincing replies. "No time is this for words but for acts," she told a tiresome Council of priests and lawyers set to test her orthodoxy. "There is more in God's Book than in yours. I do not know A from B, but I came at God's bidding to deliver Orleans and to consecrate the Dauphin at Rheims." Finally, her instinct for truth and her energy overbore all opposition "and the Court decided to send her to succor Orleans, besieged as it was by the English, and incessantly appealing for relief.

A poor shepherdess, she lived to free her country from strong and ruthless foemen. Born of honest agricultural folk, she grew up in the peaceful countryside of Domremy, looking after her father's flock of sheep and cattle as they drowsily proceeded to their daily pastures. Of teaching she had none, save what she learnt from the flowers of the field and the Saints painted on the Church walls. For it was by such simple objects as these, that there grew up in her pure heart the holy flower of devotion and utter self-surrender to God and his Saints.

The quiet cattle sleepily browsed without; but within the little church, long and ardently did

Joan gaze on the gentle, peaceful countenance of S. Michael. Thus gazing, there awoke within her some wonderful feeling—nay, some grand certainty—that S. Michael was no mere figure painted on Church walls and in Catholic Heavens, but rather an intimate familiar person, a Guide if one would but accept him, ever at hand to uplift the sorrow-stricken and to soothe the aching heart.

Then came the day when a sudden, secret Voice spoke out of space. It must be gentle S. Michael, thought Joan, charging me to drive the foemen out of France and set the Dauphin on the throne. And the Maid was astounded, as well she might be, at such a "proposition" to an untaught peasant girl. Puzzled as to what course to follow, she wandered dreamily across the fields, only to be roused from her reverie by clash of steel and glint of armor. Woe to Domremy! There were the hated Burgundians, the traitors who had allied themselves with the enemy from across the Channel. Woe, woe, indeed, to the peaceful village!

Horror stricken, Joan busied herself night and day, tending the wounded, consoling the bereaved and doing all else in her power to mend matters in the unfortunate village. But gradually there grew up within her the conviction that she must follow the directions of the Voice and so bring peace to the troubled land. Then it was that she told her father and her neighbors of the mysterious voice. They thought it droll, but called in the priest to exorcise the Evil One. After this, all her simple cajolery and persuasive powers were needed to make her uncle take her stealthily to the nearest garrison town that she might announce her message. But once there, gruff Bandricourt, Captain of the Garrison, counselled her uncle to "slap the silly girl". But so gentle was she, so simple of manner, so decorous, so full of noble and unworldly ideas, her replies were so quick and yet so modest, so graphic, so persuasive, that the faith of all the countryside was centred in her, and Captain Bandricourt himself consented to send her to the Dauphin.

Now you see her who for so long trudged behind dull cattle, galloping in front of fierce soldiery. Her rough red peasant garment has given place to burnished armor of finest steel, while her long dusky locks now hang short cut round her neck. She sits her black war-horse, almost as if they two were one, while in her right hand is the white

banner of France all emblazoned with religious devices; and at her side hangs the sword with the five Crosses on the hilt. And her small army? Remarkable! Men marching to battle with pious priests singing psalms, the Maid leading them all! And the men? Theirs were no war cries nor canting appeals to pacific Saints; nor swore they nor blasphemed, for their Leader's purity would brook none of that. Poor Marshal la Hire, faithful of followers though roughest of soldiers, could hardly accommodate his licentious tongue to swear by nothing stronger than his *bâton*. They cast out of their ranks all impure men, marching as on a Crusade, to free the Motherland.

Approaching Orleans, Joan sent an exquisitely naive but futile ultimatum to the English, asking them to raise the siege, otherwise she would have to force them to do so. After entering Orleans, for some time she was faced with bitter opposition from jealous captains. But an unusual occurrence happened which at last reconciled them to her. They had planned an expedition against the English which achieved unfortunately but little success. Joan, though all unknowing of such secret manoeuvres, suddenly awoke from sleep, exclaimed that her men were in danger. She set out to their aid and rescued them. It was not long before such actions overcame all feelings of opposition and enmity. Within eight days she compelled the English by her personal power to raise the siege which had dragged on for months. Ever in the forefront of battle was she, receiving blows now and then, but not once staining her sword with human blood. She loved her banner more than her sword and carried it ever where the throng was thickest.

Orleans rescued, she set herself with calm courage to accomplish the remainder of her task—the Coronation of the King. No light task that, for the King's indifference took no count of Coronation or other mode of establishing his legal position on the Throne. With much trouble, however, she finally succeeded in inducing him to come to Rheims, and there, in the Cathedral, she consummated her work by anointing the Dauphin as Charles VII of France. All Europe now rang with the name of *La Pucelle*, "The Maid," as she called herself. Would she, came the request, help an Italian nobleman regain his dukedom; decide who was the rightful Pope; herd back Hungarian heretics into the Catholic fold? No. With but scant support from an ungrateful King, she started to give the final touches to her work to dislodge the enemy from their few remaining posi-

tions. But, alas, in a sortie, near Compiègne, she fell into the power of rude Burgundians who were induced by the Bishop of Beauvais, Cauchon, who had been bribed, to deliver her to the English who were longing for revenge.

There had been demoralisation in the English ranks because of the Little Maid of Orleans. In far London, men betook themselves to hiding lest they should be called upon to go and face the wiles of the French witch. But now, with Joan in their power, they accused her of heresy and of sorcery and determined to get rid of her for ever. For months they moved her from prison to prison, submitting her to the rigorous treatment of the Church, no less than to the hardships of the army. Finally, at Rouen, for three long months, they tried her, the English, with Pierre Cauchon, a tool in their hands, as the Judge; months of treachery, torture, sickness, but even on her bed of pain she could find no other words but: "Were I in the fire, I could not but say that which I have said—that Angels have sent me to deliver France from foreign hands." Picture her in the Court—a girl not very tall, not beautiful of face, but with a wonderful winsome look, her sturdy frame rather emaciated, answering long catechising, modestly but firmly. None came to her aid—neither King of France nor men of France. Abandoned by all, she was condemned to death. And there in the streets of Rouen, they burnt her and she passed away with God's name on her lips, and God's Angels, doubtless, by her side. The crowd shrunk back in silence—when they saw a white dove escape from her lips. Again a brutish Englishman, eager to throw the first fiery faggot on her noble face, found his arm withered on the instant. Many another miracle is said to have occurred.

She came to fulfill the ancient promise that France should be saved by a woman. But what a woman! A mystic with extraordinary practical power, a peasant born, but equally at ease in camps and Councils no less than in Courts—she was a miracle in herself. Intensely sympathising with pain, ever loving and kind she was. Her crime was her purity, her patriotism, her courage. And so they burnt that fair flower of heroism. But in a burning death she exhaled a sweet fragrance—a fragrance of devout faith, of steadfast truth, of unflinching courage and loveliness. But sweeter far than all these, arose a fragrance reminiscent of another side of Life, of a purer and a brighter side, whence emerge Joan and such as Joan, guided, who dare deny, by greater Angels still—Angels who ever shield and shelter poor orphan Humanity.

The Revolution in German Student Life

BY ANNA L. CURTIS

THE joyous, care-free life of the German University student has been for many years a favorite theme of writers at home and abroad. That a student should earn even a part of his expenses by tutoring was unusual; that he should do it by manual labor was unthinkable. The financial distress of the years since the War has wrought an almost unbelievable change in student thought and life. Many eager students have been obliged to give up their academic work entirely, in order to support their families; a tremendous majority of those who are yet in the Universities are earning their own way by the work of their hands.

Thus may be summed up five years of the most intense effort for a hundred thousand young men—years of gradually decreasing income, of anxious economy, and of a remarkable achievement in co-operation; years of privation, of actual starvation, which have forced thousands to give up the struggle, have driven some insane, and have seen tuberculosis take heavy toll of the thinly-clad, underfed students; but years in which they have sought eagerly for employment of any kind, and have learned that no honest toil is degrading.

Students Who Help Themselves

In the year 1919, German students who had been in the War returned to their Universities. In that same year, a group in Dresden University, driven by harsh necessity, conceived the germ of the great idea which has brought about this revolution in student life, and has alone made it possible for thousands to continue their studies. They secured a field-kitchen, a sack of rice, and a sack of flour, and organized a "Students' Co-operative Economic Association". To-day such an Association exists in every German University or Technical School. They have established Dining-rooms where 50,000 or 60,000 students eat, Employment Offices which find work for thousands, Co-operative Sales-rooms with a daily turnover of 100,000 marks, Workshops of every kind, Students' Homes and Infirmaries, Subscription Libraries, and the like—all developments of the students' system of self-help.

These various associations are united under one Executive Committee, which carries on all transactions with the university authorities, the Economic authorities and the Trades Unions. It purchases and distributes all supplies, and is the "Students' Loan-Bank" for all Germany. To this Loan-Bank

every student participating pays a small sum annually until his last year of study—which, under the German system, is particularly hard and scarcely permits the possibility of outside work. This loan-fund, with some additional money advanced by banks, is then available for grants to students in their last year, that they may do their best work without the distracting necessity of earning a living.

A Sharp Falling-off in Numbers

But in the years before that last one the struggle is hard, indeed; and no Co-operative organisation can do more than make it possible to carry it through. Even with this mutual support many have been obliged to give up their studies entirely, and the number who enter the Universities is reduced to a minimum. In 1921, there were 110,000 German students; in 1923, about 76,000 men and 8,700 women. For 1924, the falling-off continues. In the University of Berlin, for instance, the number of students diminished in this one year from 22,000 to 17,000. Rents increased 100 per cent in January and February, 1924; railway fares went up more than 100 per cent; and it became increasingly difficult for one to find part-time positions. University scholarships fell in value to next to nothing, a once large scholarship having a total yearly value of perhaps fifty cents. It is for such reasons as these that 6 per cent of the Berlin students of 1923 entered full time employment without completing their courses.

Vacation and Part-Time Work

The Co-operative Associations began, in most instances, by starting students' eating-rooms where the cheapest foods could be provided at the lowest possible prices. There was potato-paring, dish-washing, and similar work to do. Students gradually took over these jobs. Student Homes were started—on a non-profit basis, of course. Here was coal to shovel, wood to chop; more chances for students to earn a trifle. The Associations began to make it possible for students to do their own repairs. There were cobbling shops, where they could mend their shoes; why not mend for others, as well? There were book-binders, where they could bind their own books; why not do this for others, for pay? So with the laundries, the tailor-shops, etc.

Practically all the workshops which were primarily established in order to help the students make or mend their own possessions, were soon

transformed into small industries. Others have been opened—for printing, mimeographing, type-writing, typewriter repairing, locksmithing, carpentering, photography, and the like. The Associations secured the good-will of the Trades Unions; they put themselves in touch with landowners and employers of labor of every variety. During the vacations, student-laborers went in gangs to the potash or brown-coal mines; they cleared wood in the forests; they worked on farms during the harvest season; they filled empty places in factories of every description. Those who do not earn enough for their needs during the vacations must find part-time jobs throughout the University year. The German student of to-day despises no work of which he is physically capable and which leaves him time for study.

In the summer of 1922, 42 per cent of the University students were "working students," as were 62 per cent of the men in Technical Colleges and 88 per cent of those in mining academies, some 47,000 in all. The year before, out of 110,000 students, 36,000 were working for their living and education. But in 1923, in spite of the great falling-off in numbers (to about 76,000 men and 8,700 women), there were nearly 70,000 of them toiling in factories, mines and on farms during the summer.

Living Conditions

Students have lived during the last couple of years in attics, in condemned dwelling-houses, in cellars, with neither light nor fire, studying and warming themselves in the waiting-rooms of railway stations, or the over-crowded reading-rooms of the Universities. The Student Homes, of course, have managed to provide lighted and warmed study-rooms, but these have been all too few to meet the need.

In November, 1923, Germany succeeded in stabilising her currency, at least temporarily. On the basis of the true mark-value, a statistician calculated last April the monthly funds necessary for a student to "live modestly". This budget allows about 25 marks a month for food, assuming that two meals a day are eaten at the student mess, at a cost of 25 pfennig (about six cents) each. Twenty-two marks a month are allowed for room, heat, and light; 20 marks for books, tuition, etc., with a few marks for washing and sundries. The conclusion is that he may get along on a monthly income of 75 to 80 marks—less than twenty dollars. This makes no provision for railway fares or clothing. But, so far as car-fare is concerned, one can walk. And as to clothing, after seeing a student wearing a swallowtail coat, unashamed, on

every occasion of every-day life, summer or winter, one realises that new clothing has no place in the average student budget.

The New Student Type

The students of Germany have paid a great price for their education in these last years, in privation and consequent loss of health—the average German student now weighs about nine pounds less than the average American—but they have gained something intensely worth while. They have learned how to work, and they know that manual labor is not in itself degrading. A new generation is being born into the Universities, a generation with early experience of the struggle of life. The Universities had too long been cultivating the intellect only, to the neglect of character; hand work had been neglected for brain work, life for theory. The new student combines the mental and manual worker in one person, and there can be no doubt of his superiority to the old type.

Moreover, he has learned something of the great lesson of Co-operation. In every University, the students were divided into associations and groups, often of such opposing views as to be absolutely hostile to each other. The lines of cleavage were distinct and definite. So much the more remarkable, then, is this achievement in co-ordinating all these groups in the Economic Association, even under the stress of common necessity.

Still more important is the fact that the "working student" is breaking down class distinctions. Students and laborers had lived in different worlds, each class scorning and despising the other. Now they are beginning to know and esteem each other, as men with a common problem and a common humanity. The students have thrown down the bars which they themselves had erected.

Here, then, is taking place, with incredible swiftness, and almost unnoticed by the outside world, one of the most vital changes in all German history. It is truly a revolution—a revolution as important to the country as the change in Government itself. It means the strengthening toward Democracy of the struggling new Government. The "working student" of Germany has already done something, and will in the future do much more, for the social reconciliation of a country in which a class war is far from impossible. There are many disturbing factors in Germany of to-day, whether in her domestic or her international aspects; but at the same time there are some hopeful elements and not the least of these is the democratising influence of the "working student".—*American Review of Reviews*

The Youth Movement

YOUTH WEEKS

"YOUTH WEEKS" seem to be the fashion this year. The latest one, of which we have a report, was held in September in Sydney, Australia. From the accounts which have reached us it seems to have been a greater success than any other "Week" anywhere else in the world. There were seventeen processions, complete with bands and flags, which made their way to chosen centres where special speeches were made. Thirty or forty thousand boys took part in it, including schoolboys, boys from the naval training ships, newspaper boys, and others. The girls, curious to say, seem to have been left out. Some of the boys wore the uniform of their cadet corps, others, the majority, wore football shorts and jerseys, the navy boys wore their uniforms and had their bayonets fixed. The boys all marched in fours, in step, and as some of the schools had bands this was quite easy. One contingent did the goose-step in front of the Town Hall. All the important people in Sydney went to the various centres of assembly and spoke to the boys, telling them how they could become good Australians. One of the events of the week was a huge Fancy Dress Ball, in which the boys took part.

It is rather interesting to see how money was raised, to be spent on utilitarian purposes. The money was delivered over to the Rotary Clubs, that they might establish centres in the slums for work among poor boys. The money was raised in this way. A series of "bonds" were printed, of various denominations, some large, some small. All the five hundred newspaper boys of the city then went about selling bonds. They made an extensive and lucrative raid upon all the citizens within their reach. In places business was brisk, in places difficult. But the vendor of newspapers knows the selling business by heart, and can find the weak spots in the armor of cold indifference, almost by instinct. He is proof against everything but callousness.

Tolerant shopkeepers, impatient business men, doting typists, patronising office-boys, all became investors, and the city hummed with interest in this vast new firm of "Youth Unlimited," whose stock no one presumed to doubt.

Besides the processions, speeches, and the Fancy Dress Ball, there was a Concert, at which there was a choir of a thousand boys. Many items were given, some from Beethoven, Wagner, and Mendels-

sohn. There was also a display of physical drill and dumb-bell exercises, and an exhibition of manual work, drawing, art, and rural activities. This exhibition took up several Courts in the Town Hall. One public school alone sent in twelve artistically arranged display boards, each four feet square, including specimens of commercial work, book-keeping, etc., and many excellent pieces of craftsmanship in wood and metal, scale drawings, ranging from freehand sketching to machine and building details, wireless sets, Meccano models, scrap-books illustrative of geography, history, or industry, stamp collections, and many other things.

Altogether about £4500 were collected during the Week. This sum has been used by the Rotary Clubs to erect a Boy's Club in a poor quarter of the City, Pyrmont, complete with library, recreation hall, and the usual accessories. The "Youth Week" is to be held every year, and so gradually a chain of beneficent institutions will be established with the money raised, a permanent result which is the complement of the effect produced upon the boys by the "Week" itself.

Such was the Sydney "Youth Week" of 1924. It ranks with the Philadelphia "Week" in point of size. But we have cities in India which are larger than Sydney or Philadelphia, and in which the need for social service is much, much greater than in the above two cities. But in India at present the workers are few, and public opinion has not been awakened, the people are still asleep to what is going on around them, or, if they are awake, then they do not care to help. Let us hope that with the inspired impetus given to us by Dr. Arundale, that this indifference will soon cease, and that India will take her place beside the other Nations, not only in her philosophies, but in her practical beneficent activities on the physical plane.

The Bombay Youth Week

(12th to 18th January, 1925)

WHAT IT STANDS FOR. AIMS AND IDEALS

The Youth Movement Stands to

1. SECURE international freedom. It earnestly desires that all youths, of whatever color, creed or class, shall have the opportunity to fashion their own lives without dictation from others.
2. SHOULD higher responsibilities of the world when youth reaches manhood.

3. MAKE the coming civilisation formative rather than destructive, co-operative rather than competitive, communal rather than individualistic, orderly rather than anarchic;
4. RECOGNISE Brotherhood as a law of Nature and work for International and National Morality.
5. REGARD War as the brutal argument of savages, unworthy of civilised men and to gather together the scattered fragments of scattered culture, of art, of learning, of dignity.
6. SHAPE worthy citizenship; to make every citizen a fit person to live in Society.
7. DEVELOP the power to love, to help, to sympathise, to serve all who need, to improve surroundings, to turn ugliness into beauty, disorder into order, ignorance into knowledge, disease into health, discord into harmony, dissensions into friendliness.
8. PERMIT every citizen to share with others the burdens and the enjoyments of the Community; to make him or her reliable, faithful to duty, worthy of trust, upright and courageous; and to awaken every citizen to the sense of noble Comradeship.
9. ATTAIN spiritual unity which will prove the real unity and the only solution for welding together into one body various races.

Marvellous New Skyscraper

ROME TO HAVE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BUILDING

If the Emperors of ancient Rome could come to life again they might well rub their eyes at the new plans which Signor Mussolini has approved for the beautifying of their city. And what would amaze them most of all would be to learn about the colossal skyscraper which Signor Mario Palanti, an architect born in Milan, but known all over Italy and South America for his wonderful artistic and engineering genius, will set up outside the town if he can get sufficient support.

It will be no less than 85 storeys high—the highest skyscraper in the world is only 50—and will cost 400 million lire, about four million pounds, to build. And when it is built, it will contain 5000 offices, a huge arena, a theatre, a concert-hall, picture galleries, and promenades. The Mole Littoria, as the new landmark will be called, is to be setup in the form of a huge telescope standing on end at full extension. Its base will be 20 storeys high, and the topmost point of its highest tower will reach 1135 feet, over three times the height of St. Peter's, and nearly three times as high as our own St. Paul's. Built of concrete, with steel girders, it will

rise into the clear Italian sky like the graceful palace of a dream, dwarfing all other buildings for miles around, and even the Seven Hills themselves.

The Woolworth Building in New York, the highest of its kind in the world, is only 792 feet high, the Eiffel Tower of Paris is 984. The people of Rome, now inspired with that new spirit of progress and modern efficiency which Signor Mussolini has done so much to foster throughout Italy, are delighted at the prospect of beating America at her own favorite game of skyscrapers.

But they will have other cause for delight in the many alterations and innovations that are to be introduced into their noble capital city. Broad avenues and boulevards, a National Opera House, a great new theatre, and a splendid new bridge, all these projects are already in hand, and others in contemplation. And whatever is done to rebuild, care will be taken to preserve the historic foundations laid 2000 years ago, when Rome was Mistress of the World, and built up law and order in so many countries where her traditions are still cherished.

—Children's Newspaper

Bullfrog Proves to be Better Mouser than the House Cat

If you don't care to keep a Kansas bullsnake upon the premises to keep rats and mice away, get a bullfrog.

The mousing proclivities of a bullfrog are vouched for by Wade Fatheree, local sportsman, who captured a giant hopper on a fishing trip.

Incidentally, the frog secured a safe and steady future at a time when he was headed for the frying pan.

Fatheree tied the creature in the house waiting execution. During the night the frog broke loose.

"I could hear him hopping about the house and then hear his jaws pop and a mouse squeal. He kept that up throughout the night. The next morning he had the appearance of a swelled-up frog. Now he has a home with me," Fatheree declared.

Fatheree says he wouldn't trade the frog for a flock of tomcats.

A Symposium of Scouting

"J AMBOREE" for October contains an article by the Chief Scout, which is of the highest possible importance. It refers to Meditation, and is a definite attempt to infuse an atmosphere of spirituality into Scouting. The Chief Scout quotes James Douglas as saying: "If we were fully aware of life we should cherish every hour like a flower, every day like a pearl of great price, every breath like a word of God...I have discovered the delight of liking, and even loving, the faces of my fellows, and listening with affectionate ecstasy to the tones of their voices. Believe me, it is as easy to love a human being as a skylark, or a landscape, or a garden...Thus by a roundabout road I have brought you to the inmost shrine of existence. The earth is a house, and we are all rather cantankerous housemates, some of us gey ill to live with. Let us not be daunted by our number, or by our iniquities, or by the queer architecture of our old cabin."

With a view to bringing into the lives of young men a similar attitude of mind, the Chief Scout has devised a form of ceremonial for the initiation of Rover Scouts, which includes a "Vigil" of meditation. Thus is returning into the modern order of Knighthood the Vigil which was the chief part of the Initiation of the Knights of olden times. King Arthur, returned to earth, might well welcome these thousands of young men as the true successors of the Chivalry of the Round Table. It is wonderful to see how an ideal returns to manifestation in the world again and again, with added power at each appearance. If King Arthur could have seen, when he was King Arthur, that the ideals symbolised in his Round Table would reverberate from age to age, and would at length inspire two millions of young people throughout the world, how astonished he would have been, and, may we say, how humble he would have felt! And who can tell where the process of expansion is going to stop? Things have only just begun. The Brotherhood of Scouts is but a first step in the expansion of King Arthur's idea. The end will not be for millions of years, if ever. It is a great thing to remember that the good we do lives on for ever and ever, affecting a wider circle of people more and more profoundly as the centuries go by, not our planet only, but in time the whole universe.

Yet King Arthur himself probably obtained the idea of his Knights from earlier people. Initiation of the youths who are approaching manhood is known to every people on earth, especially to those who are usually classed as "savage" or "primitive," but who are, perhaps, but the degenerate descendants of civilised peoples. And as the children of the modern men, the Scouts, turn to the children

of the human race, the savages, for inspiration as regards nature, it is but appropriate that they should revive a custom, the Initiation and the Vigil, which are common not only to all savage peoples, but also to the highest of our humanity. For the "Voice of the Silence" is but the sweet voice that comes to us in vigil.

We gave an account, in *The Young Citizen* for October, of Initiation as practised in Europe in mediæval times.

This process of spiritualisation is at the present day taking place in every department of human life. Dr Arundale, in his *Bedrock of Education*, speaking about the toys and apparatus, by means of which children are taught in the Montessori Method, records a hint that he has received regarding the re-orientation of Education. The hint is this: that every toy, and every piece of apparatus that a child plays with, ought to have some spiritual significance, should express, in some way, in form or symbol, some of the great truths about God and Man.

Those who have read that magnificent book *Man: Whence, How and Whither*, will remember how the school children, in that divine community which will be established in California in seven hundred years time, will be taught by means of a toy, an ivory ball, which, when a spring is touched, opens out into a cross with a rose drawn upon it like the Rosicrucian Symbol. Out of this again come a number of smaller balls, each of which in turn subdivides. It can be made to close again, the mechanism being cleverly concealed. This is a symbol to illustrate the idea of the One becoming the Many, and of the eventual return of the Many into the One. The games, and dances too, in the Californian community are all earthly representations of the holiest truths. It is some such spirit as this that we need to infuse into our toys and games of the present day, that football may be replaced by the Dance of the Planets, that cricket may be replaced by the Dance of the Atoms in the elements. How far does this atmosphere of spirituality pervade Scouting, especially Scouting games? We fear but little. Scouting is a great school for character-training. It ought to be more. It is exactly this atmosphere of spirituality that appears to us to be lacking in Scouting. But the movement is young yet, and as knowledge increases so will wisdom grow. We look forward with great joy to the day when every act of play will be a mirror of something greater than is comprised within the bounds of our humanity. Not that the children will be able to understand these things. But they will be gradually explained as the children grow up and they will then look back upon these games with the greatest joy.

Holidaying

ANY a time, tired of the routine of my work, have I gone out to the breezy abodes on hill-tops or fiddled about the streams in boats and canoes or tramped along the King's Highway, with a knapsack on my back, to experience the sheer pleasure of movement and change; but never till this day did I think that holidaying was only a search after the Supreme and the Ultimate.

The spirit of holidaying, the search for pleasure, is in everyone. It is true, of course, that some try to suppress this healthy desire by a pseudo-religious enthusiasm, thinking that it is a sin even to laugh, not to speak of travelling to distant parts of the country in search of happiness; for, after all, holidaying is nothing but a search for happiness and joy. It is a natural desire, and it helps us to get out of our grooves and eccentricities, into which we blunder in the normal course of our lives; and therefore a holiday is a blessing, as it cleans and brushes our mental machinery with the joy of change.

A school boy instinctively knows the value of a holiday, and we need not teach him that; but the grown-ups have forgotten it. This desire for holidaying, I am sure, began in the Garden of Eden, where life was an eternal holiday, and from that day onwards, every son and daughter of Adam and Eve has had it, though it is sometimes thrust into a distant corner of the human anatomy by the urgent necessity of earning a living, for hunger comes before pleasure. Therefore, as soon as a man is freed from the drudgery of earning or stealing his bread, he flits away on his Ford into the joyful regions of pleasure, away from the dismal slums of daily life.

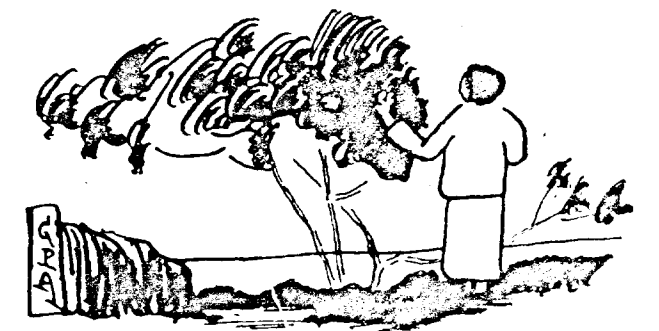
If our heads and hearts have been educated along the right lines, we instinctively rush to the open-air on a holiday. It is in the out-of-doors that there is real happiness, for it is amidst the great things of Nature that we experience pleasure that does not tire us. Many unfortunate people retire to a friend's house on a holiday and spend their time in useless, sometimes harmful, futilities, and satisfy themselves with their miscalled delights. Others go to the race-course and try to obtain hap-

piness in the excitement of the moment, forgetting that excitement leaves behind a weariness both in the body and the mind.

The thrills of holidaying lie only in the countryside, amidst the fields and the wooded hills where streams murmur sweetly by the shady trees. They not only give us pleasure for the moment, but they also inspire us with fresh thoughts and enthusiasms, which we carry away with us to sweeten our lives and work. Nature never betrays the heart that loves her. The hills, the trees, the streams and the hedgerows fire our blood and fill the mind with thoughts of remembered pleasure, even in the troubled moments of life.

In the lightness of heart and the freedom of spirit with which we set out on a holiday, we are able to come in touch with our real selves; holidaying therefore, is a great duty that we have to perform towards ourselves. The trammels of the world are cast aside, and

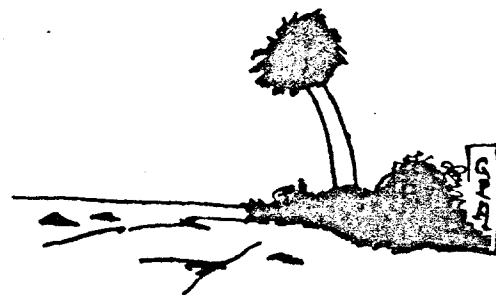
there is nothing to burden our minds and hide that which is real from our gaze; and as we pass along solitary roads, lined with trees that mingle their branches over our heads, and listen to the cry of the woodcocks in the silent forests, we become conscious of the Purpose of Life, which had been so far a puzzle to us. We are not here to amass a fortune, leave it to some one else and die. The struggle for existence, the household duties, ambition, the desire



for wealth and fame—all these make us forget the world of beauty and spirit; but as we tramp along a winding road at sunset, and as through an opening among the trees we see the glory of the sky and cloud reflected in the lakes, we are aware of other

worlds than ours; and the spirit of beauty grows on us like an unseen presence.

A holiday should be a holy day, as the word implies, for on a holiday we are in communion with the highest that is in us. As on other days, we are not content to drag on our lives, for we want to live intensely and we want to feel the joyful throb of the blood as it courses through our veins. We want the very best of things obtainable and we want to be generous even to a fault. We want to see our companions enjoy themselves as much as we do ourselves and we want to share our happiness with them. The Spirit of Comradeship is the religion of the open-air man, and it is preferable to the self-righteous piety of some people, who would exclude the



people, whom they do not approve of, even from heaven.

The holiday spirit is in the very air as I write this, for we are out on a holiday in Ceylon. This place is at the extreme end of a beautiful arm of a lake, and we had to cross the lake in canoes. The name of the village is a very romantic one: it is called Kadurukissa. I am sitting by a well in somebody's garden, and fortunately for me no trespassers are prosecuted in this part of the world. I am about a hundred yards from the lake, in a garden full of low trees, which almost touch the ground with their feathery branches. One boat-load of boys has come and one more is yet to come.

How the Bee Knows

THE DANCE ON THE COMB

Little we think of the trouble the bees take to get us the honey which we buy in the honeycomb.

How do they always know where to find it? How does the worker-bee tell the others of the really sweet flowers she has found, so full of nectar that she has loaded herself up with it? How? She does a little dance on the comb.

That is what a professor has been saying, and he adds that the bystanders never take any notice of her unless she treads this joyous measure. But when she does they follow her trail.

The sun is shining in a mild, cloudy sky, and the breeze rustles among the cocoanut trees—you know the sound it makes. The birds are singing in the woods, and I listen to them from a pleasant seat under a tree. I hear the boys shouting on the lake—or is it singing?—any way it sounds sweet, on just such a morning. The second boat-load is coming with provisions.

One of the boys has collected some wild bread-fruit seeds and he is preparing to roast them. To eat roasted wild breadfruit seeds, in a woodland place like this, sounds romantic—doesn't it? That is what distinguishes the country-boy from his town-brother, for a town-boy would not have known the use of those seeds—in the first place he would not have known what seeds they were.

Another boy is wandering among the trees in search of fruits and berries. He looks so natural among those bushes. The air is full of peace, and the breeze makes the tiny leaves tremble like the sweet lips of a sensitive girl, when she begins to speak to a stranger. The love-grass nods as the breeze passes over it, and I can almost see it winking, like a school boy who has been forced to do something, but which he does with a wink at his comrades. There, that boy is bending a branch towards him—evidently he has found a ripe berry or fruit. He looks so at home and natural among the branches!

A holiday is indeed a holy day, if one goes to the countryside and communes with Nature; for there, amidst the glorious masses of light, shade and color, one comes into touch with the deepest and most beautiful things of life. The fetters that bind us to the worldlings are left behind in the office and the shop, and we become Divine Sparks of living reality, seeking for that which is real in this paradox of a world, where the very evil is good in disguise.

G. P. ARYARATNA

They have to find the flowers where the nectar came from, and the first bee is too busy to show them. But they can track her little footsteps by the flower scent she brings. They have still another clue. When the worker-bee finds something really good she sprays it with a scent of her own. So the other bees set out to search for that. When they find it they come back and dance. They dance till there is no more honey there, and then the game begins somewhere else. And that is how you get your honeycomb!—*Children's Newspaper*

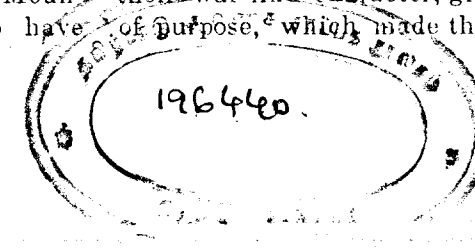
The Druses

THIS is a name full of mystery and wonder to all who are interested in other men, other days and other ways. It is the name given to a people numbering, some say, about 100,000, who live in villages amongst the fastnesses of the Mountains of Lebanon, a people who "have never been conquered," who are feared by the ignorant and bigoted, but who arouse the curiosity and too often the animosity of religionists, both Christian and Muhammadan, as well as the interest of travellers who sincerely seek knowledge of their fellow-men. Heckehorn (another "authority") puts the number of the Druses as between 50 and 60 thousand, occupying in the Lebanon upward of 40 large towns and villages, and nearly 230 villages with a mixed population of Druses and Christians, while in the anti-Lebanon, they are also possessed of nearly 80 exclusively Druse villages. But whatever may be the truth about the numbers, all writers on the Druses have been equally impressed by the simplicity and sincerity of their lives and religion, though perhaps few have understood the secret that lies behind their history. Besides speculating on their number, scholars have made many fantastic speculations about their origin. Here is one. Racially, they are supposed to be a people (as I have already said), who have never been conquered and who date from the Flood and are the issue of Canaan, son of Ham, the second son of Noah. This group of Canaan's descendants are said to have preferred the Mountains of Lebanon to the land of North Africa, which had been allotted to them in the redistribution of the earth after that event. They are supposed to be the people who, at a much later date, were "spared" by the Israelites at the command of their God, while the other Canaanite tribes were being conquered, "to be a thorn in their side". This is how a clear, unconquered tradition is made for them. It is interesting to know also, that some historians trace them to Egypt, while all the other people of Syria, the Mesopotamian Valley and Arabia are supposed to be descendants of an old people, the Sumer-Akkadians, who came from the north-east.

The origin of their name also is another mystery. One tradition makes it come from a Muhammadan mystic called Dorazi, who in the attempt to make people believe in the divinity of Hakem, a Caliph of Egypt, belonging to what is known as the Fatima line, about the beginning of the 11th century was driven out of Egypt and forced to flee to the Mountains of Syria for refuge. He is said to have systematised the traditions of the Druses but is not held in very high esteem by them. But others derive the name from the Arab word "duro" meaning clever or industrious, while others have yet another derivation for it, namely, "Turs" or shield, "because they say in the days of Nouradeen and Saladin they were selected to watch and defend the Syrian Coast from Beyrout to Sidon". These differences only show that outsiders are ignorant even of their name.

Travellers, however, are generally agreed that the Druses are not an aggressive, war-like people such as mountain-dwelling peoples usually are. They find them, indeed, very careful lest the secrets of their religion and their ceremonies should become known to merely curious people; for these are not reserved for one special day of the week, as is the case with most orthodox religious people, but are a real part of their life. A few really sincere people have learnt them, but they tell very little about them.

One Englishman, belonging to the Royal Engineers, called R. N. Walpole, determined to find out their secrets by any possible strategy and, after much suffering, did learn something. Though he does not reveal many facts about them, we may conclude from his words that he found them a people whose esteem he was proud to have gained. "I have penetrated a secret," he says, "the enigma of ages, have dared alone to venture where none have been.....and better than all, have gained esteem among the race, condemned as savages, feared as robbers and assassins." Others have told us too that the name Druses is regarded by them as an insult. And, moreover, all this speculation (of which I have given you only a glimpse) about their race is vain; for they are not the remnants of an old race, as the aborigines of Australia or the Todas of the Nilgiris are, but, as one who knows tells us, "are the descendants of a mixture of mystics of all Nations—mystics who in the face of cruel and unrelenting persecution by the orthodox Christian Church and orthodox Islamism have ever since the first centuries of Muhammadan propaganda been gathering together and who gradually made a permanent settlement in the fastnesses of Syria and Mount Lebanon where they had from the first found refuge. Since then, they have preserved the strictest silence upon their beliefs and truly "occult rites". Later on, their war-like character, great bravery and unity of purpose, which made their foes equally fear



them, helped them towards forming an independent community."

So the secret of this people lies really in their religion. It is said to be "a mixture of Christianity, Muhammadanism and the ancient religions (of which we know very little nowadays) known as Gnosticism, or knowledge of religion, and Magianism (the ancient Chaldaean religion in which the knowledge of the stars played a great part)". People who judge religion from the outside say this because some of the curious-minded missionaries have seen some Druses using *The Bible*, as well as the *Quran* at some of their public meetings. This they could not understand because they do not know that all religions really teach the same things in different ways. Sometimes some of their favorite teachings are very like each other even in words, and then these religious outsiders, whom the Greeks called profane because they could not understand the things within the temple, think that one people borrowed it from the other. Here is an example: In the Christian *Bible*, the following words of the Christ are recorded regarding the teaching of difficult things. He says: "Do not cast your pearls before swine lest not understanding they turn and rend you." This same teaching was given amongst the Druses by their Great Teacher whom they call Hamzeh and also the Messiah. "Keep any wisdom from those who are not worthy of it; but take care not to exclude those who deserve it. For he who keeps it away from the worthy defiles his faith and religion and he who delivers it to the unworthy, corrupts his confidence in the Truth." This is one example of which we could find very many in all the religions of the world and which are really signs of the universality of Truth and not the stupid copy-idea.

Amongst the mass of fancies that one reads about the beliefs of this religious community, there are certain which we may be quite sure of. We know, for example, that they believe in the One God in all things; that He sends His Messengers (some greater than others) at various times to the world to teach men something more of His Truth; that each man has to strive to grow into the likeness of one of these Messengers. And the thing that distinguishes them from men and women who live the more or less thoughtless life of the world is that they have set themselves, by very strict self-discipline and training, renunciation of worldly things and desires, to try to grow towards their ideal. They might be regarded then as a community of men bound together for spiritual culture, an unusual kind of bond in our modern world, and just as in ordinary Universities (which were originally communities of

scholars in a more real sense than they are now) there are tests to pass in rising from grade to grade in this upward climb to their ideal. These tests are not merely verbal tests or written tests like those of our schools and colleges, but they are of a nature which test real manhood, that is, all the fine qualities which make a "real man". They test bravery and fearlessness, truth, unselfishness and strength of will to endure under great temptations. For example, you can read of the same kind of tests in Greek Mythology. There they are called "labors" like the twelve labors of Hercules. And it is only when they have passed such tests that they are considered worthy of receiving the truths about life, for like their tests their lessons are of a different kind from those we get at school and college and which we mostly forget. So you can see why so few people out of a world which lives for enjoyment, pleasure, wealth and power can ever learn the secrets of this mysterious and mystical people.

One American, we have been told, was found worthy to be "initiated," as it is called, into their life and secret teachings, and he wrote a little about his experiences to Mme. Blavatsky, for he had taken a promise "to conceal within his own memory the greater part of the mysteries with the most interesting part of the instructions". But he does tell how he was put on test. He had to obey certain rules concerning food, clothing, work and religious exercise, and when he was considered ready he was taken to a secret place to undergo his trials. He calls this place the "Grey Hall," and says that, like the Halls of Initiation in Egypt and Greece and India, it was underground, but where is never mentioned. The first part of the test was fasting and purifying the body. Then he was subjected to a series of trials and temptations to test his endurance under these conditions of physical and mental pressure. When he was faint with hunger and weariness, for example, appetising dishes of food and drink were set in his way. This will give you a suggestion as to the type of men and women that are members of this wonderful community and will recall to your mind too those men with "hearts of fire" who dared to undergo the trials such as those by which the Goddess Athene tested men like Perseus, for example. And those of you whose hearts are of fire like his and not of clay, will seek to know more of such peoples as the Druses, and will enrol yourselves fearlessly in the ranks of those heroes who all down the ages have braved the greatest possible dangers to attain to their goal and become a hero, "One who can conquer" in the cause of Truth.

M. W. B.

Uncle Jim's Queer Story THE PLATYPUS

UNCLE Jim had just come from Australia, and nothing pleased his nephews and nieces more than the stories he told them about that strange land.

"Now, uncle, a story, please," was the cry, one afternoon.

"True or fairy, fact or fiction?" he asked.

"A 'Once upon a time' story," said Jennie.

"Yes, yes. Once upon a time, uncle," shouted the chorus.

So he began a tale—fiction in the main, but, here and there, some fact.

Once upon a time, then, ages and ages and ages ago, when Australia was just made, and the birds and animals were being fitted on—what did you say, Jack? Yes, "fitted on" will serve the purpose as well as any other expression; you will see soon what I mean. Well, when this was being done, one little animal was very discontented. He could not make up his mind what he would be. At last, the good fairy who was fitting the animals, said: "Now, tell me quickly, what it is you want—legs, fins, wings, fur, wool? I have a large assortment, all in the newest fashion."

"Well, really," said the animal, "I hardly know. You could not let me have some things on trial, could you, and change them if they did not suit?"

"No. What you choose you must keep for life."

"You see, the trouble is this. I don't want to be a fish, because it limits one's travels to keep always in the water; and I should feel nervous about being a bird, flying around like that with nothing to hold on to—"

"Perhaps you would like to go and look round a little at the other animals," interrupted the fairy. "Really, I cannot waste any more time with you."

So the little animal strolled out, and the first creature he met was a duck, waddling proudly along in her new costume.

"What a queer beak, madam!" he remarked.

"Quite a new pattern, isn't it? I have seen no other bird with one like that."

"I should think not," said the duck. "Besides, it is not a beak at all; it is a bill, and quite the latest fashion."

"It looks very nice," said the little animal, gazing at it with his head on one side; "but, if you want to peck now, wouldn't a pointed one—?"

"Oh! those pointed ones are so common; every bird had one till I started this fashion. Now they are snapping these up. Some big, black birds—swans, I think the fairy called them, insisted on having red ones. Very bad taste, I called it. These are not for pecking at all. They are spoon-shaped, you see, for scooping up nice, soft mud, with worms and grubs in it."

The very thought of them made the little animal's mouth water, and he hurried back to the fairy. "A

b-b-bill, please, I want a b-b-bill," he stuttered speaking very fast.

"Nonsense! you have bought nothing yet."

"I mean a bill like the duck's, for scooping up the mud."

"Very well," said the fairy.

"Here it is. Now, you will want feet to match webbed feet for paddling and swimming in the water."

"I am not so sure about those," said the little animal, looking at the webbed feet as they were being fastened on; but it was too late then to alter them.

"Now, feathers," went on the fairy; "what kind of feathers do you want—red, green, white, grey?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the little creature. "Not feathers. I told you that I did not want to be a bird. Besides, you have given me four feet."

"Dear me! So I have. Well, just make up your mind about the coat, while I attend to these emus."

So the little animal went out again, and wandered about for a long time, looking carefully at all the coats. Wool was too hot, and the kangaroo's fur would not do for the water, and the dog's hair was too coarse. At last, he saw the very thing—short, soft and thick, and suited to water or land.

"Sealskin, please. A coat of sealskin is what I should like, and a tail like the beaver's, flat and useful for building, when I help my mate to make our nest."

"Nest!" gasped the fairy. "Did you say 'nest'? What on earth do you want a nest for?"

"Why, for my mate to lay eggs in, of course," snapped the little animal. "What else do you suppose it would be for?"

"Um—! Well, there you are. But I must say you look a very funny mixture, now you are finished."

"Not at all!" replied the little animal, in an offended tone. "I can swim like a duck. I can walk like a turtle. I can sleep in the mud like a frog. I can eat grubs and worms if I am in the water; and, when I go on land, I can—"

"There, there! Never mind what else you can do. I am trying to think of a name that will fit you."

"Well, please don't let it be any short, silly, little name like dodo or dingo, but something long and fine."

"The very thing!" cried the fairy. "Of course, you are an ornithorhynchus."

So the little animal became of some use after all, for, when they want to find out if boys and girls can spell, they just ask them to spell ORNITHORHYNCHUS.—Adapted from *The School Newspaper*

Uranus and Neptune

BY STAR-GAZER

URANUS and Neptune are the only two planets which we have not described. So with this month our articles upon the planets will end, and next month we shall begin upon the stars and constellations.

It is indeed difficult to imagine that Uranus and Neptune can be giant planets circling round the same sun that gives light and heat to our earth. For they are so far away that Uranus can scarcely be seen with the naked eye, and cannot be distinguished from the stars without the aid of a telescope. Neptune, the planet which is the outermost of those known to the astronomers, is always invisible to the naked eye.

Moreover, these planets, being so far away from the sun, the distance of Neptune being 2,800,000,000 miles, must be cold, dreary places, unless, indeed, heat is generated in the interior of these planets from some source yet unknown. Life on these giants must be entirely different from life on earth. Uranus takes 84 of our earth years to go round the sun, and Neptune 164. So a man born on Neptune in the winter of that planet, would, if he lived the allotted span of earth-life, be lucky if he lived till it was summer!

Uranus was only discovered by modern men in 1781, the discovery being due to Sir William Herschel, after whom the planet is sometimes named. The discovery of Neptune, in 1846, was a most triumphant feat of modern mathematicians. For some mathematicians, notably Adams of Cambridge and Leverrier of Paris, had been rather surprised by certain perturbations in the orbit of Uranus, and had come to the conclusion that these perturbations must be due to the attractive force of a planet still farther from the sun than Uranus. They set to work to calculate the position of this proposed planet, with nothing but the perturbations in the orbit of Uranus to guide them. The astronomer Galle, instructed by the mathematician Leverrier, looked for the planet in its supposed position, and found it within half an hour.

Occultists tell us that there are still two farther

planets outside Neptune. Science also thinks the existence of farther planets very probable, but they have not been discovered yet, though they will probably be found in the next few years. According to Theosophy, the planet Neptune and the two farther planets are the physical planets of a scheme of evolution now in its fourth incarnation. The scheme of which our world is a part is also in its fourth incarnation, having three physical planets, Mars, the Earth and Mercury. The scheme of which Uranus is a part is only in its third incarnation, and therefore has but one physical planet.

Neptune has just yielded up a very interesting secret. Astronomers have just discovered the length of a day upon this lonely planet. The length of the day on the other planets is comparatively easy to measure, because markings on their surfaces can be observed, and their period of rotation measured. But Neptune is so far away, and is so small even when seen through a telescope, that no markings can be observed.

The problem has been solved by treating Neptune as if it was a variable star, by measuring the intensity of its light from night to night. It has been found that the brightness of Neptune varies, slightly but regularly. But since this light is only reflected sunlight it follows that the regular fluctuations must be caused by light and dark markings being brought alternately under the sun's rays, by the rotation of the planet. In this way, it has been discovered that day and night on Neptune together take but seven and three-quarter hours. So the Neptunian year contains two million days?

Probably both Uranus and Neptune are covered by a dense atmosphere of clouds.

When the readers of this paper reach the goal of our earthly humanity perhaps some of them will be sent, in the course of their service to the Universe, to the planet Neptune to help in the evolution of the Neptunian humanity. It is certain that they will find there a most peculiar people, very different from anything on our earth,



S. BERNARD AND HIS FAITHFUL HELPERS

A Boy Hero

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT

KRISHNA felt tired and listless, fever had quickened his pulse, and a headache made him disinclined to join his comrades on a stroll to the sea-shore and perhaps a swim. No, he would lie down and rest his throbbing brow and be left in peace.

Soon he forgot all about his companions and dozed for a while. But sleep was not long for Krishna, for a sudden and quick desire seized him to run after his friends to the sea. He jumped to his feet; the desire had now become an impelling force. What was this strange, unexpected something that now made him run, fly at a furious speed, to the spot where his comrades had gone? Panting and ever quickening his speed, he tore along like a madman! Thorns pricked his bare feet; dangling wayside creepers sought to trip him, but on, on he pressed, never stopping till he reached the group of people on the shore. Then he threw himself on his back, gasping for breath, and wondered why he had been such a fool as to come there all for nothing.

Everything seemed quiet and peaceful on the warm summer afternoon. A small crowd of women and children wandered about on the sand, whilst some four or five young men bathed in the sea.

Before Krishna had time to recover his breath, a sudden commotion amongst the womenfolk drew his attention. A scream rent the air, then another, and another, till the whole crowd of women and children were wailing and shouting. Krishna had by now dashed through the crowd and soon found the reason for their distress. The bathers had got washed away from the shore, out of their depth; such few of them as could swim a little had lost their heads and floundered about wildly in the water, and those who could not swim had already begun to sink beneath the on-coming waves. Krishna tore off the main part of his clothing and made for the scene. The women seized him; clung to him; wept and implored him not to enter the water so rashly to a certain death.

"Leave me alone," he cried, "nothing shall stop me! Either I save them or die with them." His face was radiant, his heart full of valor, and with an effort he extricated himself and soon dived into the first roaring breaker that met him. Alas, for the foam and high-crested waves, for a moment or so he lost sight entirely of his drowning companions.

Oh! there was Sadānanda who came just then up

to the surface and gave an appealing cry to Krishna to save him. Now Sadānanda had, of all Krishna's friends, a first place in the latter's heart, so it was Sadānanda that was saved first. And now came a desperate moment, for what did the drowning man do but seize his gallant rescuer by the neck and cling to him like an Octopus to his victim. A heavy breaker soon rolled them both to the bottom of the sea, but on being thrown up again to the surface, Krishna freed himself from the strangling clutch of his friend and dealt the latter a sound blow on the chest, crying: "If you cling to me, I'll hold you under! Keep your head; trust me and I'll save you all right!"

Terrified at such a threat of being held under, Sadānanda had no choice but to obey Krishna's command, with the result that before long he was on shore, receiving restoration at the hands of some of the crowd, who prayed, wailed and thanked God all in one breath.

A young mother, with a babe at her breast, besought Krishna to save her husband next. Her pathetic, helpless look touched him, and fired with zeal he swam to where he had last seen the father of the babe.

"Oh! don't kick me, don't kick me, Krishna, I shall not clutch you as Sadānanda did," he cried, so that Krishna's treatment of Sadānanda had its moral value on this helpless, drowning man, and without much difficulty he too was brought safe ashore.

Yet three remained to be saved, and these three had disappeared from sight. Krishna swam about and eventually discovered a huddled dark mass beneath the water. Two of them were locked together, and had effectively helped nearly to drown one another. A third floated up against them and with his dying breath called out: "Krishna! Krishna!" Over and over again he muttered it, for with this sacred name on his lips he would at least pass peacefully out of this physical existence. "Call not on Krishna! Krishna is here and will save you!" cried our hero, as one inspired. A thrill of ecstasy shot through him; he was indeed rendered strong to save, and though heavy waters beat against him, with the semi-conscious man he eventually reached the shore. The remaining two had lost consciousness, and on bringing them to land, Krishna worked hard to restore breathing and circulation. His efforts were rewarded, for all survived their terrible watery ordeal.

One can easily imagine the scene which followed. The helping home of the unfortunates who had seen death face to face; the relieved feelings of pent-up relatives, wives and sisters; the praise, admiration and congratulations showered on Krishna, who glowed with divine radiant joy and sense of triumph.

Needless to say that the fever which made our hero disinclined to join his friends had now entirely disappeared. Such is the power of heroism over the flesh, with all its ills and frailty, and no wonder indeed that Krishna was not only healed, but as one inspired and God-like. Had he not forgotten himself utterly in his desire to save his friends? Had he not flung caution to the winds and turned a deaf ear to the panic-stricken warnings of relatives on the shore? Had he not staked his own life, rather than look on inactive and helpless like the rest, vowing to die with the drowning men rather

than not save them? Fear he knew not; self-sacrifice and eager, willing service were the clarion calls which drew him on.

It was this quality in him of courage and preparedness, which doubtless led that Invisible Being who foresaw the coming danger to arouse Krishna from his drowsiness and to impel him to move and hurry him to the scene in question. Alas! that help could only be brought from so far a-field, and to think that in all that crowd so near at hand there was not to be found one of any resourcefulness, courage or preparedness.

And so, young friends, if you and I would become heroes like Krishna, three qualities must shine out clear and bright: courage to face any danger, self-sacrifice, which brings strength to save in all circumstances, and conditions, awake or asleep, to BE PREPARED.

K. M. RIDGE

Killing the Fairies

Fairy-tales get a black eye from modern educationists. Madame Montessori is said not to favor letting children read them, and high "psychological authorities" are following in her footsteps. "If they have their way," says Miss Cicely Hamilton, in the *London Chronicle*, "the latter-day infant will be reared intellectually on stern realities, and the conscientious parent, instead of making believe that a glowing mass of coal is a golden cave, will explain the properties of carbon monoxide to Betty (aged seven) and Bobbin (aged four and a half)." Miss Hamilton takes some of the wind out of the sails of the new educationist, though, as she says:

I make no pretence to be either an educational or a psychological authority, but, all the same, I venture to suggest that reformers and psychologists are going the wrong way to work.

If the fairy-tale is an evil influence, it is no use forbidding it merely to infants who quickly grow tired of its charms. The normal human child is very early a realist, however much his elders enthuse about elves. He soon loses interest in creatures which persistently elude his prying eyes, which cannot be counted like passing motors, chased like chickens, or lured in the fashion of rabbits. Those of us who have not forgotten our youth will recall the contempt which we felt for our "little ones," the persons at the toddling stage, who still took their fairy-tales seriously. 1964

Not the fairy-tale would long since have perished from the earth if it had not been that the middle-aged and

elderly insist upon hearing and telling it. The youngster at the Boy Scout stage of existence has no use whatever for the sprite and the legendary princess; whereas it is more than possible that the Boy Scout's solid and respectable father has a secret craving for Hans Andersen.

One thing, at any rate, is certain—young persons do not write fairy-tales. They write savage psychology and gloomy realism, but they do not dally with elves and princesses in the days of their impetuous youth. The elves and princesses come later, much later—when they have left impetuous youth behind them, when their shoulders are rounding and their locks waxing thin, and their growing families serve as an excuse for the stories they write to amuse their hypocritical selves.

The growing families, if allowed to choose, would much rather have stories about engines, fire-escapes and motor smashes, but father insists on his middle-aged fantasies, on the gay little dreams that his young barbarians despise.

In this connection it is worthy of note that when (according to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle) two young persons of tender years discovered live sprites in a Yorkshire dale, they did nothing more poetic than snap them with a nice new camera, and if, in the future, other young persons of tender years obtain closer access to the sprites aforesaid, the chances are they will cork them in bottles, immure them in mousetraps, or pull off their many-colored wings.

There will be no question of romance or adoration in the juvenile attitude to an elf population; that will be left to the middle-aged and elderly—who will sit on the grass and delight in the fairies, in defiance of their children's contempt.

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