

Young Citizen:

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THE
YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

Vol. 2

May 1, 1924

No. 2



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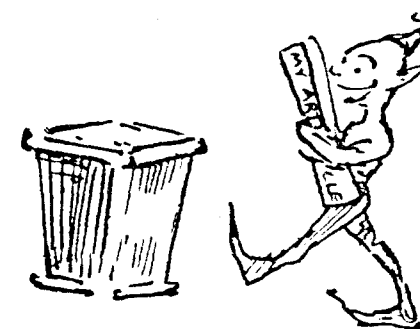
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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*

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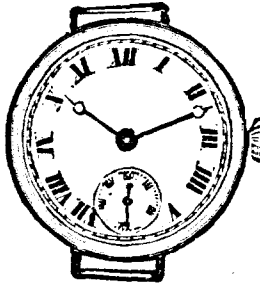
The Young Citizen

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The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL 2. MADRAS, 1st MAY, 1924 No. 2

From The Front

BY G. S. ARUNDALE

FOR the first time since the re-incarnation of *The Young Citizen*, the Senior Editor will for some months be absent from the helm. But her absence is all in the interests of India's Young Citizens and of the Young Citizens of the Commonwealth, for she leaves home to remind the men and women of Britain that India's place within the Commonwealth must, without delay, be that of a Free and Equal Nation. And this time at least, some of us believe, the British ear will not be deaf, for a change is coming over the British people—a change for the better, a change which means that pride and the sense of superiority are giving way to understanding and respect. For my own part, I believe our Editor will have a wonderful reception in Britain, for those who know her, as Lord Haldane knows her, to be the greatest statesman in the world, are at last at the heart of public affairs, and they will listen, as their predecessors have failed to listen—to their inevitable undoing. Moreover, the people of Britain, the workers, the toilers, the strugglers, as distinct from the leisured and the monied classes, are coming into their own, and Dr. Besant has spent fifty years of her life in fighting for them and with them. They remember what they owe to her. They know her true comradeship with them. They, too, will listen.

And just before leaving India, our Editor has set in motion the great machinery which

shall fashion and form the Constitution to embody India's Freedom and Equality. In the last week of April, at Allahabad, the work of the National Conference, begun a few years ago, was taken to its second stage—the formation of a great NATIONAL CONVENTION, primarily composed of the elected representatives of the people sitting either in the local Councils or in the Central Legislatures at Delhi or Simla, with others co-opted for their special capacities, who accept the principle of such a CONVENTION. This NATIONAL CONVENTION met and established seven Committees to plan out in general terms the Indian Constitution. By August next, this work will have been completed, and a Draft Constitution will arise out of the material thus gathered. In what wonderful times we are living! I wish I could bring home to every Young Citizen the epoch-making nature of the National Conference spade-work beforehand, and of that Allahabad Meeting of the NATIONAL CONVENTION. I wish I could make clear to every Young Citizen that in the history books of the future will be written the words: "The last phase of India's fight for Freedom was entered with the meeting of a number of earnest men and women in Allahabad, to plan the details of the Constitution which to-day gives India her complete autonomy and an equal partnership in what gradually became known as the Indo-British Commonwealth. What these people did, their names, their selfless patriotism in the midst of much indifference and doubt, are now a matter of history, and, curiously, enough, a

meeting, upon which to-day we all look back with reverent pride, was hardly noticed either by the press or by the public at the time when it took place. How true it is that more often than not the biggest events have small beginnings! Who, in April, 1924, except the far-seeing few, would have predicted that this Allahabad Meeting was one of the final, and one of the greatest, landmarks on India's pathway, and that the place where its members deliberated is now a place of pilgrimage for all who love their Motherland?"

Thus and more may we read in the history books of the future, for this NATIONAL CONVENTION reasserts the truth, obscured by recent political confusion, that Nations by themselves are made. The British Parliament may pass a Constitution of India Act, and such an Act may have its use and value, but no Act can fundamentally satisfy the people of India which is not of their own fashioning. In Britain, our Editor and her two great colleagues—Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, K. C. S. I., LL. D., and the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C.—will inspire the people to recognise their duty to help India to the fulfilment of her destiny. But they well may ask of these ambassadors: "What exactly do you want us to do?" There must be an answer to that question, a straight answer, a clear answer, an emphatic answer, a quick answer, so that it may be realised that India knows her mind. At present, with all the agitation, with all the various political parties out-clamoring each other, and denouncing each other too, there is no clear answer. The NATIONAL CONVENTION is brought into existence to give the answer in no uncertain terms. So you see that, while Dr. Besant and her colleagues will be at work in Britain to have the question emphatically asked, her colleagues and herself are simultaneously at work in India to have ready an emphatic answer. India's Magna Carta is in the making, and the Mother of Parliaments will place it on the Statute Book of the Commonwealth.

A veritable "From the Front" is the above, from the very front line—in the trenches. Every Young Citizen who has the eyes to see will be watching the fight, and wishing God's

Speed to the great patriots who, without the applause of their fellow-countrymen, against the inertia of the masses, in spite of the hostility of many who ought to know better, go forward undaunted into the fray. *Fait ce que devras, advienne que pourra*, says the French proverb. "Do thou thy duty, let come what may." And I am reminded of the story of S. Teresa, not previously, I think, told in these pages, who knew she had a mission to fulfil in the world, though she had neither money nor influence nor position. And when people laughed at her for, as it were, "hitching her waggon to a Star," and taunted her with having no money and no friends and no position, S. Teresa replied: "It is true that I by myself can accomplish nothing. It is true that I with but a few 'ducats' can accomplish little. But I, with my few ducats, *and with God*, can accomplish anything." Verily is God with us, and we shall prevail. And I would fain add that the fight just now before us is not a fight between enemies, but an adjustment between friends. Britisher and Indian are of one blood, and therefore of one destiny. In Britain, those who have the vision to perceive this fact are beginning to dominate public opinion. Perhaps in India, just for the moment, those similarly endowed are in a minority. But the minority is sure, and, with God, shall achieve, though it is profoundly to be hoped that the many will soon become as are the few to-day. The future is bright, and India's Young Citizens may well be thankful that they have been born to a heritage of freedom which few generations before them have known. With India awake, the world is on the threshold of a golden age; and the young shall know this age and rejoice in it.

It is worth while, too, to remember that in the long struggle which has dated from the founding of the Indian National Congress, so far as regards its more modern phase, Indians and Britishers have been associated side by side, have fought together, have suffered together. Who can forget the names of Charles Bradlaugh, of William Wedderburn, of A. O. Hume, of Henry Cotton, of George Yule, of Alfred Webb, of Bright, of many others who helped

to sow the seed and who shall some day return to reap their harvest? So, when we look back in the future upon the last quarter of the 19th century and upon the first quarter of the 20th, we shall think less of the wrongs that may have been done, of the indifference that may have been shown, and more of the comradeship, of the goodwill, of the fact that all through the struggle there were Western Aryans ready to stand side by side with their Indian brothers in a common cause. Much of any harm that may have been done will surely be forgiven and forgotten in the name of those Britishers who heard in their far-off homes the call of their ancient Motherland, and straightway gave themselves to her service.

A poet whose name I have forgotten has beautifully said:

For oh! It were a gallant deed
To show before mankind,
How every race and every creed
Might be by love combined—
Might be combined; yet not forget
The fountains whence they rose
As, filled by many a rivulet,
The stately Ganga flows.

Such is, indeed, the spirit of all true political activity, be its forms what they may. And because God is Love, all work done in the name of Love, and abounding in the Love-Spirit, must surely triumph. Where hatred is, and there is much of it abroad in India to-day, there is disintegration at work. The Non-Co-Operation movement not only widens the gulf between India and Britain, but starts the process of decay in India herself. The virility of India to-day is less than it was a year or two

ago, because of this movement. Yet her freedom is no less necessary to her, and those who are on the side of Love and not on the side of hatred have had to work all the harder, while the strength they could ill spare was being side-tracked, wasted, by leaders whose perceptions have been dulled by circumstances the true import of which they could not realise, and which they allowed to dominate both their judgment and their insight. It is a hard struggle just for the moment, but the issue is not in doubt, and no anxiety is felt by those who are conscious that in very truth they are God's messengers in the cause of righteousness and justice. As time passes, the glory of the goal becomes increasingly apparent, and the dawn of a great Peace even now broods over all whose eyes have seen the picture of a Commonwealth of Nations in which East and West are joined in brotherly love and concord, and who, therefore, know that such a Commonwealth shall come to pass. Let me quote the last passage of a wonderful interview given by Dr. Besant on Saturday, April 26th, in Bombay, to the Associated Press, and appearing in full in *New India* of April 28th:

Q: Dr. Besant, are you feeling hopeful about the result of your Mission?

A: I should not use the word hopeful. I am *confident* of its success. I feel sure that the Labor Government, when it has a majority of lovers of British traditions and of liberty in the House of Commons, will meet and satisfy India's aspirations. No battle for Liberty carried on by reasonable and thoughtful men and women can fail to win success. Above all, I rely on that Power that makes for Righteousness, which keeps Nations alive, if they follow its dictates, and breaks them if they deny to a subject Nation its birth-right of liberty.

A Prayer

Lover of all men, Heart of the Whole World's
Love,

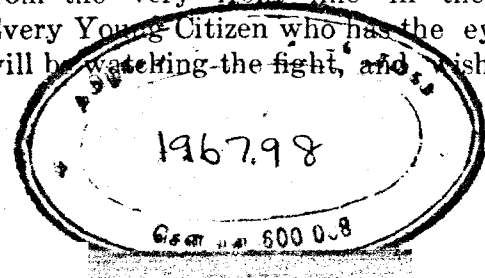
Teach us who love, in loving to be strong.
Teach us to give and ask for no return;
Teach us to watch for every chance to serve,
Yet look for no reward or gratitude.

Teach us to meet the thoughtless word that
wounds,
With never-failing love, and, with love's eyes,
To see and comprehend the hidden cares,

The worry or fatigue that breaks the calm
Of grace and gentleness in those we love.

Teach us in every thought and act to seek
Our loved ones' good, despite our own desires;
Teach us to find our own most rich reward
In their true welfare, their true happiness.
Teach us at last humbly to kneel to Thee
And lay our love an offering at Thy Feet.

D. H. S.



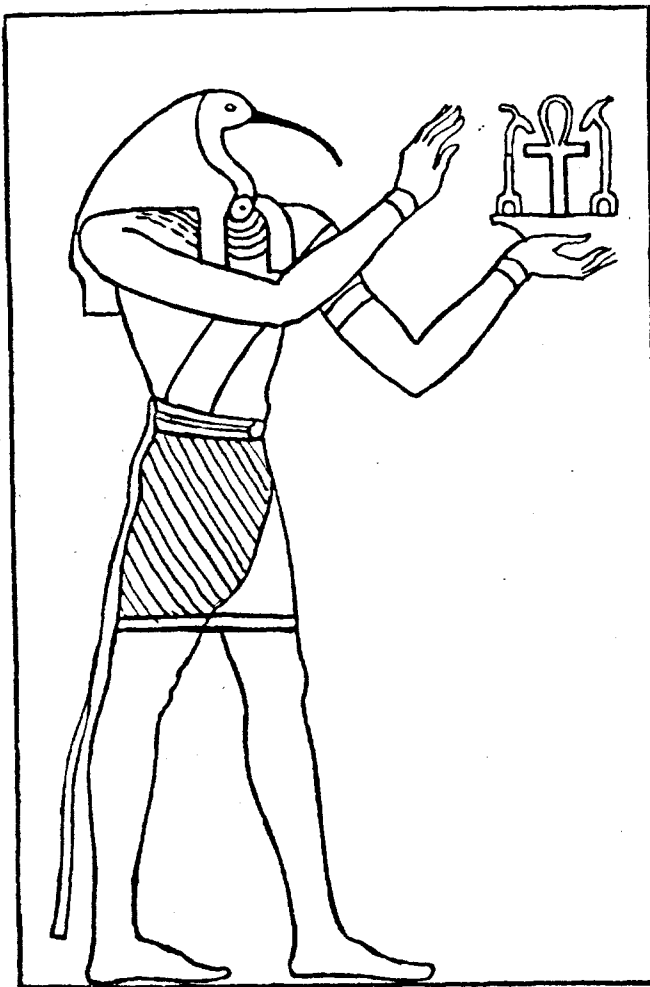
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Tehuti

THE Egyptians were a profoundly religious race, and they lived through the stories belonging to their faith with an intensity of reality of which only a faint reflection is now seen among Roman and Anglican Catholics on such days as Good Friday. They were psychic, and felt the play of super-physical influences, and hence were without scepticism as to the existence of higher beings and higher worlds; their religion was their very life. They built their huge Temples to produce the impression of vastness and greatness, to instil reverence into the minds of the lower-class people. All the color and splendor of life circled round their religion. The people normally wore white, but the religious processions were gorgeous rivers of splendid color, glittering with gold and gems. The ceremonies accompanying the celebration of the death of Osiris palpitated with reality; the mourning for the murdered God was real mourning; the people wept and wailed aloud, the whole multitude being carried away with passionate emotion, and calling on Osiris to return.

It was to this people that the Mahâguru came as Tehuti or Thoth, called later by the Greeks Hermes Trismegistus. He came to teach the great doctrine of the "Inner Light" to the priests of the Temples, to the powerful sacerdotal hierarchy of Egypt, headed by its Pharaoh. In the inner court of the chief Temple He taught them of "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—a phrase of His that was handed down through the ages, and was echoed in the fourth Gospel in its early Egyptian-colored words. He taught them that the Light was universal, and that that Light, which was God, dwelt in the heart of every man: "I am that Light," He bade them repeat, "that Light am I." "That Light," He said, "is the true man, although men may not recognise it, although they neglect it. Osiris is Light; He came forth from the Light; He dwells in the Light; He is the Light. The



TEHUTI

Light is hidden everywhere; it is in every rock and in every stone. When a man becomes one with Osiris the Light, then he becomes one with the whole of which he was part, and then he can see the Light in everyone, however thickly veiled, pressed down, and shut away. All the rest is not; but the Light is. The Light is the life of men. To every man—though there are glorious ceremonies, though there are many duties for the priest to do, and many ways in which he should help men—that Light is nearer than aught else, within his very heart. For every man the Reality is nearer than any ceremony, for he has only to turn inwards, and then will he see the Light. That is the object of every ceremony, and ceremonies should not be done away with, for I come not to destroy but to fulfil. When a man knows, he goes beyond the ceremony, he goes to Osiris, he goes to the Light, the Light Amun-Ra, from which all came forth, to which all shall return."

And again: "Osiris is in the heavens, but Osiris is also in the very heart of men. When Osiris in the heart knows Osiris in the heavens, then man becomes God, and Osiris, once rent into fragments, again becomes one. But see! Osiris the Divine Spirit, Isis, the Eternal Mother, gives life to Horus, who is Man, Man born of both, yet one with Osiris. Horus is merged in Osiris; and Isis, who had been Matter, becomes through him the Queen of Life and Wisdom. And Osiris, Isis, and Horus are all born of the Light."

"Two are the births of Horus. He is born of Isis, the God born into humanity, taking flesh of the Mother Eternal, Matter, the Ever-Virgin. He is born again into Osiris, redeeming his Mother from her long search for the fragments of her husband scattered over the earth. He is born into Osiris when Osiris in the heart sees Osiris in the heavens, and knows that the twain are one."

So taught He, and the wise among the priests were glad.

To Pharaoh, the Monarch, He gave the motto: "Look for the Light," for He said that only as a King saw the Light in the heart of each could he rule well. And to the people He gave as motto: "Thou art the Light. Let that Light

shine." And He set that motto round the pylon in a great Temple, running up one pillar, and across the bar, and down the outer pillar. And this was inscribed over the doors of houses, and little models were made of the pylon on which He had inscribed it, models in precious metals, and also in baked clay, so that the poorest could buy little blue clay models, with brown veins running through them, and glazed. Another favorite motto was; "Follow the Light," and this became later: "Follow the King," and this spread westward and became the motto of the Round Table. And the people learned to say of their dead: "He has gone to the Light."

And the joyous civilisation of Egypt grew yet more joyous, because He had dwelt among them, the embodied Light. The priests whom He had taught handed on His teachings and His secret instructions which they embodied in their Mysteries, and students came from all Nations to learn the "Wisdom of the Egyptians," and the fame of the Schools of Egypt went abroad to all lands.

At this time He went over to Arabia, to teach the leaders of the sub-race settled there. Deep was the joy in each as the mighty Brothers, the Bodhisattva and the Manu, clasped hands and smiled into each other's eyes, and thought, in Their exile, of Their far-off home, of the City of the Bridge and of white Shamballa. For even the Great Ones must be sometimes weary, when They are living in the midst of the littleness of ignorant men.

Thus to the second sub-race came the Supreme Teacher, and gave to them the doctrine of the Inner Light.

(MAN: WHENCE, HOW, WHITHER)
Tehuti, the Wisdom-Truth

There are few countries in the world which exercise such a peculiar fascination over modern man as the land of Egypt. Mysteries are buried in its soil, every foot of which may conceal some hidden temple, some ancient grave or dwelling-house. Remains are laboriously dug up by the excavator, and the whole world waits eagerly to hear the news of new wonders wrenched from the sand that has hid them for ages.

The remains thus discovered bear testimony to the existence in the past of one of the greatest

civilisations known to man, a civilisation whose beginnings are not, a civilisation that appears to be grander and more stately ever the farther back into time we go. A little of the history of the country has now been traced, a paltry seven or eight thousand years of its history are now tolerably familiar, yet assuredly this is but a very small fraction of its total life-period. The present archaeological discoveries go back to six or seven thousand years B. C. and yet we hear stories, and have even indications, of wondrous periods of splendor reaching back into the far sands of time, even for hundreds of thousands of years.

As research has progressed, it has been discovered how indebted modern man is to Egypt for many of the elements of his modern civilisation. It has been said that Astronomy came from Arabia, and that Chemistry came from the Arabs also; later research has shown that these had their source in Egypt, the very name Chemistry being reminiscent of the ancient name of Egypt—Khem. All the modern religions of the West, and the philosophies of Greece and of Rome, all had their source in Egypt. Egypt was renowned for its Mysteries in the ancient days. Its temples were spoken of with bated breath, and no one would dare to surmise at the wonders wrought within their walls.

The past of Egypt can only be compared to the past of India. No other country can claim a place beside these two.

It is said that the very soil of India is holy because of the feet of her Sages, her Rishis, to whom she has given birth age after age, who have made their chief abiding place upon her soil. So also should the soil of Egypt be holy, for although at the present day her temples are deserted, and her Mysteries no longer flourish in their ancient home, yet the spirit of the past is still strong upon her, and many there are who feel the attraction of it. Now of all the Great Religions there is an Inspirer, a Founder, who is looked up to with reverence, who is sent by the great Ruler of our system to guide the religion which he wishes to establish among men.

In India we know of Vyâsa, who founded the mighty Hindu religion; it was to the Egyptians,

about 13,000 B. C., that the same great Teacher came, whose name was Tehuti, now modernised into Thoth, and known as Hermes Trismegistus to the classical Greeks; we know of Zarathushtra who came to the Persians, and lastly we know of the Lord Buddha, who had thus been the great World Teacher, the Head of the Teaching Department in the Government of the World, and who in his Indian body born at Kapilavastu, took his final illumination so far as this world is concerned, and vacated His place as Teacher in favor of a Brother who had not yet reached His mighty stage. Many were the attributes which the Egyptians of the later "historical" period attributed to this mightiest of earth's Teachers. They imaged Him as the God of Learning, the Wisdom aspect of the Logos, with Ibis head. Sometimes even, they preserved of the story of His life, because they said that He had once ruled in Egypt as Pharaoh, and that He had been born at the City of Hermopolis, which ever after was the centre of His worship. It was He, Tehuti, who was supposed to have written that great Bible of the Egyptians, those passages which are now known as *The Book of the Dead*, which form a great occult manual for the treading of human evolution. Tehuti it was who is supposed to have given the gift of speech to men; and it was He who invented the hieroglyphic system, and so taught men to write. The hieroglyphs were therefore sacred, and had magical value, because they had been invented by Him.

Tehuti was also believed to be the first astronomer. He fixed the courses of the sun, moon, and stars, and determined the seasons, and He originated the science of numbers. He was the Lord of Wisdom, the possessor of all knowledge, which was so mighty that He was always able to find out the truth. He was therefore assigned the position of the chief Judge of the Dead, and He acted in this capacity in the great trial which is supposed to have taken place between Osiris and his brother Set, the Evil One. For this reason every Egyptian prayed that Tehuti might act for him as He did for Osiris, and that on the day of the Judgment Tehuti might preside over the scales in which the heart of the dead man was weighed. Tehuti made report to the Gods, and the man

was acquitted or not according to His verdict. Tehuti was the clerk of the Gods and kept their registers. The majority of the religious books were supposed to have been written by Tehuti or else inspired by Him. They were believed to be the sources of the deepest wisdom, and the memory of the "Books of Tehuti" lingers on into the Greek myth of Hermes Trismegistus, and the Hermetic Books, specially mentioned in the writings of Clement of Alexandria. Since it was the scribes who copied these books, and since Tehuti was a scribe Himself, therefore the profession of scribe was the most honorable of the professions in Egypt. As the Ibis destroys the snakes, so does Tehuti, imaged with an Ibis head, destroy the snakes of evil.

Shall we ever know more about this great Teacher? Assuredly we shall. Many of the greatest ruins of Egypt still remain to be investigated. Although Tehuti was supposed to have been born at Hermopolis, a great centre of His worship would have been Heliopolis, the great sacerdotal capital of Egypt for thousands of years. There is no site in Egypt which would so well repay investigation as the site of the Ancient Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, whose old-time name was Anu. Even Herodotus was impressed by its wisdom and its temples, although he saw it two thousand years after it had passed its prime, and after it had been destroyed and sacked by many an invading host. The City of Anu probably contains more of the secrets of Egypt than any other city. It lies

buried beneath the modern village of Matariyah, near Cairo, and cannot be excavated, since the village covers the spot, and there is no money with which to remove the village. It almost appears as if the village had been placed above this spot to guard its secrets until the proper time should come for their discovery. That that time will come, the writer has no doubt, and then the wonders of Heliopolis, and the wisdom of Tehuti, will again see the light of our mortal day.

L. E. T.

"I am Thoth, the perfect scribe, whose hands are pure. I am the lord of purity, the destroyer of evil, the scribe of right and truth, and that which I abominate is (42) sin. Behold me, for I am the writing reed of the God Neb-er-tcher, the lord of laws, who giveth forth the word of wisdom and understanding, and whose speech hath dominion over the two lands. I am (43) Thoth, the lord of right and truth, who maketh the feeble one to gain the Victory, and who avengeth the wretched and the oppressed on him that wrongeth him. I have scattered the darkness; (44) I have driven away the storm, and I have brought the wind to Un-nefer, the beautiful breeze of the north wind, even as it came forth from the womb (45) of his mother. I have caused him to enter into the hidden abode to verify the heart of the Still-Heart, Un-nefer, the son of Nut, Horus, triumphant."

—Book of the Dead

TO BE A MAN

BY PAUL ERWIN DERRICK

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| To do the work that day by day falls to you,
Nor flinch nor falter whatsoe'er the load; | To make the most of every present moment;
To feel the thrill of joy for work well done; |
| To take the blows and lashings without murmur,
But scorn to kneel before the cruel goad; | To trust yourself, nor fear the scorn of others,
If your own soul approves the task begun; |
| To keep your heart aye fresh in spite of failure,
With dauntless courage vanquishing the years; | To conquer Fear, and so destroy those phantoms
which fill with discord Hope's entrancing song; |
| To keep your honour bright, and keep your virtue;
To keep a smile within this sea of tears; | To make the Will the master of your fancies;
To know your strength and so be giant strong; |
| To know that life is not a weary journey
That leads but only to a ceaseless rest; | To know that Truth will still remain triumphant,
Whatever of lies and error may abound; |
| To see a little of the prophet's vision;
To feel a little of the hero's quest; | To feel compassion for the hurts of others
Whose weary feet are pressed on rougher ground; |
| To catch a cadence of the poet's music;
To glean a little wisdom from the seer; | To cherish Love and leave to fools the hating;
To reverence greatness and the crowd ignore; |
| To know that life is only just a schooling
For all who day by day are living here; | To do your best, although your best be little,
Will make a master-man of you—and more. |

Buddhist Stories

XII

HONOR OLD AGE

“THEY who honor age”—this story was told by the Master while journeying to Sāvattthi, concerning the ousting of the Elder Sāriputta from a lodging.

Now when Anāthapindika had built a home (for the Order of Brethren), he sent a message about it, and the Master left Rājagaha, came to Vesālī and, after staying there as long as he wished, said: “I will go to Sāvattthi,” and so set forth on His journey.

At that time, a company of disciples of the Six* had gone on ahead and, before lodgings were allotted to the Elders, had appropriated them for themselves, saying: “This lodging is for our Superior, this is for our Teacher, and this is for ourselves.” Thus it happened that the Elders, arriving later, got no lodging at all: thus Sāriputta’s own disciples, after searching everywhere, could get no shelter for their Teacher. So the Elder himself, having nowhere to lay his head, passed the night sitting at the foot of a tree, not far from the Master’s dwelling place, or else walked up and down.

At early dawn, the Master came out and cleared his throat. The Elder also coughed. “Who’s there?” said the Master. “It is I, Lord, Sāriputta.” “Why, Sāriputta, what do you here at such a time as this?” So the Elder told Him all that business. On hearing the tale the Master thought: “If now, even in my lifetime, the brethren are so rude and ill-conditioned, what will they do when I shall have passed away for ever?” And, as He reflected thus, there arose in Him anxiety for the Doctrine. So when night was fading into day He summoned the Order of Brethren, and asked: “Is it true, brethren, as I hear, that the disciples of the Six went on ahead and appropriated the lodging of the Elder Brethren?” “It is true, Lord.” Thereupon He reproved the disciples of the Six and instructed the brethren by preaching them a sermon and asked: “Say now, brethren, who is the one that deserves the best lodging, the best water and the best food?”

Some of them said: “He who has gone forth (as a wanderer) from the warrior’s clan.” Others said: “Nay, he who has gone forth from the Brahmana’s clan or, one who has been a landowner.” Others again replied: “One who is proficient in the Discipline or a preacher of the Norm, or else he who has won the first mystic trance, or the second, third or fourth.” Others said: “Nay! It is he who has entered the Stream, he who is a Once-returner, he who is a Never-returner, he who is Arahant, he who knows the Three Truths, or he who has the six abnormal powers,” and so on.

When all had thus declared, as seemed good to them, who was worthy of the best lodging, the best water and the best food and so forth, the Master said: “Brethren, in my teaching a man’s standing is not decided by his having gone forth from a warriors’ clan or a Brahmanas’ clan: nor by having been a householder, nor by proficiency in the Discipline, not by familiarity with the Scriptures† or the higher doctrines. His standing is not decided by the attainment of the first or other Mystic Trance, not by being a Stream-winner or other. No, brethren, in this teaching of mine the tribute of reverence, of rising up from one’s seat, of joining the hands in salutation, of proper respect, is duly paid to him who is an elder. It is the elder who should get the best lodging, the best water and the best food. Herein that is the measure of a man’s worth. Wherefore an elder brother is the one fit to have these things. And yet, brethren, Sāriputta, my chief disciple, he who started the Wheel of the Lesser Doctrine, he who, next to me, is most worthy of a lodging—I say, Sāriputta has spent this very night beneath a tree, shelterless. And you—if ye are thus rude and ill-conditioned now, what manner of life will ye lead hereafter, as time goes on?”

Thereupon, for their better instruction, He said: In former days, brethren, even the animals thought—“Tis unseemly for us to live thus rude and ill-conditioned, without mutual

courtesy. Let us ascertain who among us is the elder, and pay him proper reverence.”

So they made diligent search, found out who was their elder, paid him proper reverence, and so passed on at death to fill the realm of the devas to the heaven world. So saying, He told this story of the past: “Long ago, on the Himalayan slopes, close to a mighty banyan tree, there dwelt a partridge, a monkey and an elephant; but they were rude and ill-conditioned, and without mutual respect and courtesy. So it occurred to them: “It is not seemly so to live. Suppose we find out which of us is the elder and pay to him due reverence and so dwell together.” Thus thinking of a means to this end, this way occurred to them. As the three sat at the foot of the banyan tree, the partridge and the monkey asked the elephant: “Good elephant, what was the size of this banyan tree when first you knew it?”

“When I was a baby elephant,” replied Hatthi, “my good friends, this banyan tree was but a bush, a mere bush. As I walked abroad it went between my legs. As I stood over it its tallest branches just touched my belly. I’ve known it since it was a bush.”

Then those two put the same question to the monkey. The monkey said: “Friends, when I was a baby monkey, I sat upon the ground, stretched out my neck and could nibble the topmost shoots of this very banyan. Why, I’ve known it when it was a mere slip of a tree.”

Then the other two asked the same question of the partridge. “Friends,” said the partridge, “long ago there was a banyan tree at such and such a place. I used to eat its berries and void their seeds just here. So here grew up this very banyan tree. Thus I’ve known this tree before it came to be, and I am older than both of you.”

Whereupon the monkey and the elephant

said to the wise partridge: “Friend, you are the elder. Henceforth we will show you every honor, reverence and respect in word and deed. We will bow down to you and do your bidding. Do you henceforth give us all needful counsel.”

So after that the partridge counselled them, established them in the moralities and himself undertook to keep the same. So those three dwelt together thus established in the moralities, and became courteous and well-conditioned one to the other. They lived together in harmony, and when life ended were certain of the heaven world.”

“Now,” said the Master, “the way of life of those three was called the Partridge Holy-Life: These three animals, brethren, could live courteous and respectful one to another, and yet you, who have gone forth from the world under this Norm and Discipline of mine so excellently proclaimed—how is it that ye cannot dwell together in courtesy and mutual respect? I do enjoin on you, brethren, that henceforth ye show honor and respect in word and deed, and all proper observance to your elders. Let the elder have the best lodging, the best water and the best food. Let not an elder be ousted from a lodging by a junior. Whoso shall thus oust an elder shall be guilty of an offence.”

So ending the lesson, the Master, the fully Enlightened One, sang these verses:

Skilled in the Norm are they who honour age:
In this world praise, hereafter bliss, is theirs.

Thereupon the Master, thus singing the praises of respect to age, explained the story by saying: “At that time the elephant was Moggallāna, the monkey was Sāriputta, but the wise partridge was Myself.”

(Trans. from the *Commentary to the Jātakas*, i, 37.)

F. L. WOODWARD

THE WELL-BELOVED

BY ENID CLAY

Whom the Gods love die young—
...So down the ages sung,
We shall grow old and die
And lay our beauty by;
And all its potent charms
Lie wasted...Vague alarms—
See now! The Gods decree
Eternal youth shall be;

And old age keep the thrill
Of its quick heart-beats still:
The mind alert, the soul
Impatient to its goal
Thrusts forward. So of me,
Dear Gods, in charity,
Of me, let it be sung—
Who, being old, died young.—*The English Review*

* The Six First Disciples, who were first converted.

† The Suttas, of course, were recited, not written.

The Youth Movement

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

I HAVE just come across a remarkable example of the work of the Youth of Germany, vividly showing what Youth can do *if it only will*. The writer of the article I am printing here is Ferdinand Gobel, chairman of the "Freideutscher Bund," the most powerful Youth organisation in Germany, and he writes of what German Youth have accomplished in the direction of Prohibition. I have been lecturing in many parts of India, and I have always urged the younger members of my audiences to realise that without taking part in party politics, and without disturbing their duties as students in schools and colleges and as sons and daughters, they can be most effective politicians in the true sense of the word from which "politics" is derived. They can be an enormous asset to the Nation in purifying her from within, thus strengthening her for her work in the world. Indeed, as I have pointed out over and over again, it is this purification from within that is every country's greatest need today, and one of the most potent means is the love-element in youthful natures—an element far too much neglected at the present time. For the moment, in India, Youth has been asked by politicians of distorted insight to enter conflicts which belong to age, experience, and balance, more than to Youth. Persons have had to be fought, and should have been fought impersonally. Youth could not fight them impersonally. It is not in the nature of Youth, or in the capacity of Youth, to be impersonal. Hence, impotent hatred has been the result, though one is bound to confess that the elders themselves have lost that balance they ought to have had, and have allowed hatred too to mar their own effectiveness. In any case, it is disastrous for India's future to lead the hope of India into work which can only result in stimulating the evil of hatred without gaining the slightest benefit for the country. Love is youth's force, and work which calls for love, or at least for activity which endangers not the love principle.

But I am keeping my readers too long from a description of such work as the Youth of Germany are undertaking to-day.

There is little doubt but that many of the older generation in Germany have been found wanting in the fight against alcohol. Even the abstainers have, in very many cases, failed to support movements for local option. When, in 1900, local option was first agitated in Germany, the movement was developed with little or no help from large numbers of those who, though against the use of liquor themselves, failed to recognise the importance of local option as a step towards Prohibition. It was only in 1921 that the abstainers, at a meeting in Breslau, came to an agreement with the local optionists, and their combined strength affords reason to believe that a local option law will be passed this year.

But, outside the circles of official Prohibitionists, a new movement has arisen in Germany that bids fair to have a great share in bringing to pass a dry Nation. It is the German Youth Movement, in my opinion, that will strike the decisive blows against alcohol. This Youth Movement, forcing its way into every phase of National life, will one day be irresistible.

The Youth Movement, itself, grew out of several previous Youth organisations which were formed about the turn of the century. Chief among these was the "Wandervogel"—Birds of Passage. As early as the year 1905 the alcohol question played a great part in the considerations of these groups. It was even agreed, at that time, that at all feasts, hikes, and Youth gatherings of any kind, neither drinking nor smoking was to be allowed.

This movement increased, and on the "Hoher Meissner" in 1913, a general formula was laid down to which all members of the Youth Movement subscribed. This formula stipulated that drinking and smoking were prohibited in these gatherings. From this year the movement was called "freideutsch"—free-German—its members declaring that, henceforth, they will have nothing to do with the ideals of the old Germany, since the inhabitants of the old Germany were not free. Their purpose was to raise up a new Germany. During the War, as may be

understood, the movement was suspended.

At the end of the war, however, the movement began again. And with its post-War development the fight against alcohol began more intensely than before. The fight against liquor, of course, was not an end in itself. The whole purpose of the Youth Movement is to develop a better type of men and women. The prohibition of liquor is only one of the most important steps in that direction.

At the second German Congress for total abstinence the members of the Youth Movement, representing more than two millions of German young people resolved as follows:

"The young people see with astonishment that there are rising up in the Republic—and especially in its capital city, Berlin—hundreds of new saloons and bars, whose influence serves to decrease the strength of a people already weakened by a war. This increase has produced a like increase in alcoholism. We young people do not comprehend why this rapid growth of public-houses is not offset by some definite action, such as the adoption of local option, which has been recommended for many years by many people. We young people do not comprehend, either why we are not helped above these influences by laws which will make possible Prohibition Homes and public places where we can hold our meetings and festivals without the presence of the fumes of beer and tobacco smoke. We, the Youth of Germany, therefore propose that this declaration be submitted to the Government for action.

Backed up by the support of these young men and women, I dared to go before the Reichstag and ask for a law prohibiting the retail and sale of alcohol to juveniles under eighteen years of

age. The draft of this Bill was agreed to by almost all the associations of German Youth—a total of 3,500,000 young people.

In the autumn of last year, therefore, we made our advance on the Reichstag. The declarations of the Youth poured in on the members by the hundreds. Before long, Parliament was won over, and on Feb. 27, 1923, the law for which we had been fighting was passed.

This law declares that in all of Germany it is forbidden: First, To deliver or retail spirits or drinks containing spirits to persons not eighteen years of age. Second, To deliver alcoholic liquors of any kind, or tobacco, to persons who have not yet finished their sixteenth year.

It is easy to be seen that everything has not been accomplished by this law. The members of Parliament have confined the ages in reference to spirits to eighteen and to beer and wine to sixteen years. I wrote an open letter to all members of Parliament, telling them that they should pay more regard to the wishes of the Youth of Germany, who desire to protect themselves against alcohol.

We are confident, we, German Youth, that we will be successful in making the Prohibition for the sale of liquors extend to all young people under twenty-one years of age. Along the whole front the fight is going forward. We will not give in. If our elders forsake us, we will nevertheless go forward. Alcohol, we believe, is a symbol of a passing generation. We are determined that it shall be destroyed.

OUT OF HOT WATER INTO COOL

From the time I entered high school, until about six months ago, I was constantly in hot water.

I criticized everything and everybody. I went around with a chip on my shoulder, nothing suited me; I felt as though the world should go down on its knees to me—that no one should cause me the slightest inconvenience or discomfort.

One day I was telling an older woman my troubles and in the midst of my harrowing discourse she interrupted me with:

"It's your own fault. You are too critical; you talk about people that wouldn't dream of talking about you."

I gazed at her in amazement. I was speechlessly angry. I went home, vowing never to speak to that woman again. But now she is one of my best friends.

For days I nursed a grouch, then finally I came to my senses. I decided she was right and I was wrong.

It was a bitter pill for me to swallow, to admit that I could ever be wrong; but I firmly resolved to change, and I have.

Every time I feel that I must say something hateful I either get up and leave the room or I think of:

There's so much bad in the best of us,
There's so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Now I am on my way into a happy future, knowing that I have harmed no one with a hateful tongue.—A. L. W.

—American Magazine



PRESIDENT WILSON

A Man of the Hour

PRESIDENT WILSON

THE passing of President Wilson evoked wonderful tributes from all over the world, although to all intents and purposes he was repudiated both by Europe and by his own countrymen at the very moment when, by his Fourteen Points, he reached the pinnacle of his greatness. How true it is that with but very few exceptions the world's greatest achieve general recognition only after they have passed through the valley of the shadow! The fact is not, perhaps, surprising, considering the world's condition, but it is to be hoped that at least the world's youth will strive to recognise greatness while still living—not only the greatness which the world *does* recognise because it happens to be successful, or in harmony with prevailing sentiment, but even more the greatness which, from the world's standpoint, has failed, has been defeated, is despised and mocked and hated by the world at large. Sometimes we fall into the error of believing that a person is great because he happens to voice with emphasis what most people are for the moment thinking and feeling. It is not difficult to voice popular sentiment, and the notoriety and applause thus achieved sometimes produce a pseudo-greatness which the ignorant mistake for greatness. Yet one of the surest tests of true greatness lies in the fact that those who are really great are generally at one time or another rejected by their own people, by those among whom they work, by those whom they strive to serve. From the standpoint of greatness, it is more natural to be rejected than received, to be unpopular rather than popular; for the great must needs lead when the world is unprepared to follow, must needs admonish when the world is in no humor for reprimand, must needs declare the nature of the narrow road which leads to righteousness, when the world would fain believe that the pleasant, broad and easy way leads to righteousness and not to destruction.

President Wilson stands this test of greatness, and Young Citizens are advised to read very carefully the following extracts from a penetrating article on him which appeared the other day in *The Manchester Guardian*:

At the time of the Armistice in 1918 President Wilson was the leader of a world which was crying out to be led. By bringing America into the War he had ensured its ultimate result, and he had done wonders of political wisdom in timing her entry so well that virtually the whole of her entered. He seemed slow to many passionate friends of ours like Page, the great Ambassador of the United States in London, whose friendship in our time of danger ought to be remembered in England as long as the War. But probably Wilson knew that the War could not have been a truly National one for Americans if they had joined in it sooner than they did. And then, when the Allied victories of the autumn of 1918 had made Germany's early collapse certain, it was Wilson whose famous Fourteen Points opened to the conquerors and the conquered the prospect of a peace honorable to both and not ruinous to what was left of the civilisation of Europe. The population of Germany believed that the Fourteen Points were an honest offer of terms morally binding on the Allies. In their relief from fear of a peace of savage vengeance they threw off their militarist rulers, conveyed their own will-to-peace to their men in the field, and asked the Allies for an Armistice. No words can describe the thrill of enthusiastic delight that passed through our own armies, too, when the Fourteen Points became known to them. Here was peace, it seemed, about to come in the inspiring form at first proclaimed by all as our object and then almost lost to sight during the souring years of indecisive warfare, soiled with foul weapons and unknighly spites.

When Wilson came to Europe for the Conference his place in popular imagination and hope throughout Europe was beyond all precedent. If by any miracle he could then have dealt, face to face, with the masses of decent, friendly, and simple people who form the bulk of every Nation, a new era of peace and well-being might have opened for the world. But at Versailles he had not peoples to deal with but a few politicians, fatally barred by their own past from acceptance of the rule of being just and fearing not. Some had already bound their countries over, by furtive treaties, to carry out bargains that would not square with the Fourteen Points, or indeed with any honorable rules of international conduct. French politicians had, on their country's behalf, gambled so heavily on the wild hope of wringing fantastic sums out of a Germany already half starved, that now the alternatives seemed to be French National bankruptcy or the repudiation of the Fourteen Points by which Germany had been persuaded to abridge her resistance. The Prime Minister of England had just won his commission to make the peace by a demagogic appeal to faith in his power of "making Germany pay". In the cool, quiet rooms of Versailles, with all the

generous relentments and chivalrous or Christian impulses that were then stirring in Europe safely outside the shut doors, Wilson had to deal alone with that entangled, sophisticated, and materialistic diplomatic world which so many Americans believe to be Europe, the whole of Europe, and nothing but Europe. It beat him. But what could he have done? Thrown up his hand and walked out when first the honorable undertakings of the Fourteen Points were repudiated by the others. But that would have been to throw away the last hopes of his dearest project of all, the League of Nations; the others only paid it lip homage; they did not ardently wish or intend its success; still, they might agree to its formal creation as an equivalent to his acquiescence in the wrongs that they specially desired to commit; and then, the League, once established, with America a leader in it and infusing her free and uninfected spirit into it, the world might at last be well on the way to a true democracy of free Nations. Wilson gave in. To gain, as he hoped, something splendid for the world, he first agreed to let the peace-making go on in the dark. And then in that darkness he accepted, with the same lofty motive, complicity in the ignoble peace of revenge which has given us the Europe that we see to-day.

But in a terribly soiled political world he was a most honest and high-minded leader; at a crisis in human civilisation he was the man who told mankind most truly and clearly the right way and the wrong; and already most of those, at any rate in Europe, who pushed him aside can see now that he knew better than they and was a better man.

Here is a fine tribute, also well worth perusal, from the pen of Lord Robert Cecil, the heart of the League of Nations, now Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, written for the *Headway*:

I remember vividly the first time I had a conversation of any length with President Wilson. It was in the house he was first occupying at Paris near the Parc Monceau. I called on him with General Smuts, about a fortnight after the Peace Conference had opened, to discuss with him his draft of a scheme for the League of Nations. It was based largely on separate drafts prepared by Lord Phillimore, by General Smuts and by myself, but the fusion of the three had been almost entirely the President's own work, though Colonel House had collaborated with him. It was during this talk that President Wilson first told us that he proposed calling his League scheme "The Covenant". He said he had a Presbyterian ancestry, which attracted him to the phrase.

That, as I have said, was a fortnight or more after the Peace Conference opened, but to get an accurate picture of the President's place in that Conference one must go back to the day of the Armistice. There are few who cannot recall still the amazing reaction in public feeling, or visualise

again the astonishing scenes in the streets of London—scenes paralleled, as we soon knew, in Paris, in Rome, and in every other capital of the warring countries. A day or two later President Wilson arrived from America and received a tumultuous welcome, not primarily as President of the United States, but as the man who, of all others, typified peace for the world. In Italy and in Paris, his welcome was the same.

When I myself reached Paris as a member of the British Peace Delegation on January 6, the President had just arrived from Italy. He stood on the threshold of his great task, and he faced it with enthusiasm and confidence. Then came the slow disillusionment. Paris became a seething mass of intrigue. Everyone was out to get what he could for his country. President Wilson, no doubt, had his faults, but his devotion to the supreme cause of peace never faltered throughout. He claimed nothing for his country. His whole energy was concentrated on getting, first of all, fair terms of peace, and, secondly, though perhaps this really came first—the League of Nations. On the peace terms he had gradually to make one concession after another, but through it all he held unfaltering to the League. Without him, the League Covenant would never have been put into the Treaty, and if it had not it is very doubtful whether it would ever have become part of the world's law.

At the sittings of the League Commission the President himself was in the chair. So far as I remember, he missed only one of the whole series of sittings. We met on the days when the Conference was not in session, or else, as often happened, late at night. It was characteristic of Wilson's loyalty to the League idea that, though he was not naturally of a malleable character, he accepted an almost complete change of form and partly of substance in the draft he had prepared, and worked as untiringly for the Covenant in its new form as if his own plan had been approved without the change of a letter.

In point of fact, the scheme, as the President had presented it, was not in precisely the form most suitable for international discussions. I made a remark to that effect to General Smuts as we left the President's house after the talk to which I have already referred, but he replied, with great sagacity, that, though that was true, it was essential that the President's draft and none other should be taken as the basis of the Commission's discussions, a view which I completely endorsed.

Mr. Wilson was a strong, and even autocratic, chairman of the Commission. The working out of details he left largely to others, but he was always there, and he constantly intervened with speeches of extraordinary eloquence, particularly when any difficulty occurred. I remember, though not in full detail, a magnificent speech by the President which ended with a declaration that the day would come when loyalty to humanity would take as high a place in men's minds as loyalty to one's country.

To Article 10 of the Covenant Mr. Wilson, of course, attached much importance, but I should

say that the part of the Covenant most essentially his own was Article 11. The phrase regarding the "friendly right" of any member of the League to bring any threat to peace before the Council or Assembly was the President's own, and, so far as I know, it had no precedent in any diplomatic document.

Beside these memories of President Wilson at Paris, I must set another very different. The next and only other time I saw him he was sitting alone with his wife in his house in S. Street in Washington; a man broken and powerless physically, but a man with all his mental faculties undimmed, who talked in many respects exactly as he had talked at Paris four years before. He was, as always, full of anecdotes, and at intervals he referred to the League and its position in the world. "We are winning," he insisted repeatedly. I asked his views as to whether I was doing wisely, in visiting America at that juncture and speaking on the League. "Absolutely right," he replied, and added again: "Remember, we are winning; make no concessions."

That is the last sentence I remember of our conversation. There could be none more characteristic.

As far as one can judge just now, true judgment will not be possible for a century or more. Wilson was one of the greatest visionaries of modern times, a very great idealist, for whom, as usual, the world was not ready and who was not yet sufficiently the man of action to compel the world to hasten its footsteps. He was more the mystic than the man of action. But some day he will also be the man of action, then once again shall he speak to the world, and at last the world will hear. For the time being, however, we may, perhaps, rest content with the following tribute from the American Outlook:

THE LESSON OF TOLERANCE

The most valuable lesson I ever learned was the lesson of *Tolerance*. It has brought me faith, comfort, happiness. It has helped me to raise my children to look at the world with understanding eyes. It has installed into my once agnostic husband a yearning toward things spiritual. It has changed the lives of all of us from discontent into peace.

As a child I was taught that heaven was a city with golden streets! Hell was a lake of fire. There was only *one* true religion, only *one* true church. All others were of Satan. *Our* church, *our* creed, led to the golden city; all others to the lake.

There was only one infidel in our town, a splendid physician with a penchant for history. He had a large library to which I was given access. I read hundreds of his anti-religious books and we

Those who were privileged to see him at the height of his career can truthfully record their testimony for future generations to read that his physical presence and demeanor were the perfect expression of the part which he played in the world drama. His was a noble figure. His was a resonant, well-cultivated, and expressive voice. He looked the President that he was. There was nothing insignificant about him. He was in appearance, as in fact, the citizen raised to a royal status. By virtue of the power that he wielded he was conspicuously the centre of those who were determining the destiny of Nations. Among the seats of the mighty his place, wherever it might be, was at the head of the table. And every honor that came to him, and there was none that was withheld, he bore becomingly. There was something classically Greek in his stature and his carriage. Gracious, without condescension, he embodied in his person those traits which have in the past been associated with royalty but are as befitting a democracy.

That he was unsparing of himself in his devotion to his ideals or his country and for the world, his exhausted and disabled body was living evidence. He did not fling away his health recklessly, he gave it willingly and deliberately in the cause he served. If he could have seen the success of his labors, he would not have repined at the cost.

On the lives of some men history renders a verdict from which there is no dissent. Lincoln was such a man. On the lives of other men the verdict of history is a verdict to disagree. Jefferson was such a man. To-day, while men are still alive who remember Lincoln, there are no parties divided in the judgment on Lincoln's character and service. All men are Lincolnians. It is not so with Jefferson. There are to-day, a hundred years after his time, those who support Jefferson and those who oppose him. They may all agree as to his greatness, but they are not all Jeffersonians. Woodrow Wilson is likely to remain in history beside Jefferson as one whose followers, whether they be in the majority or not, will be distinguishable among even those who will consider him a great American.

G. S. A.

discussed the subject. I became as intolerant an agnostic as I had been a believer. Afterward I married his son, and we moved to the Far West—away from the stony-eyed church members as well as from the doctor and his library.

In the West every thing was different. We lived at the foot of the hills; Mt. Hood with ever-snowy crown stood guard over us. Woods, streams, mountains—all shouted "Eternity." It was impossible to remain agnostic. For years I heard the trees, the streams, the bees, the birds, all blending in the one song of the universe. *But not all sobbed or sang the same tune.* In our choir we did not all sing the same notes. In our orchestra we did not all play the same instrument, nor even the same notes. *Yet it all made up a harmonious whole.*—C. M. DEL.

—American Magazine

A Girl's Triumph

A STORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

(The Commonwealth, Madras)

EVERY one knows about Mrs. Pankhurst, who set the present Woman Suffrage movement going in 1905. Indomitable, full of courage, possessed of extraordinary personal charm and an eloquence that can be restrained, pathetic, or indignant at will, she exercises an unequalled attraction, and her sufferings for the cause only increase her command.

Every one also knows about Miss Christabel Pankhurst, joint-founder of the movement with her mother. She is perhaps the most eloquent speaker I have ever heard, especially when she is fighting an open political opponent like Mr. Asquith, or exposing the mean trickery of a nominal friend like Mr. Lloyd George. As is well known, for something over two years she has directed the W. S. P. U. branch of the movement from Paris, and we have been deprived of the wide influence of her speeches and vital personality.

THE ARTIST OF THE CAUSE

That mother and daughter are known to all. But a younger daughter, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, has not till lately been recognised outside the inner circles of the movement. By them, she was known as the artist of the cause. She is indeed a born artist, endowed with extraordinary sense of beauty and power of design. All the beautiful decorations and designs in the movement have been hers, I think, without exception. Her whole nature is the artist's—sympathetic, emotional, sensitive almost to excess. When first I knew her I thought her too sensitive for action, and too emotional for speech. Her voice sounded tearful. She often seemed on the point of breaking down. I recognised her artistic skill, but I thought that at last I had met the "hysterical woman," whom the enemy's papers are always talking about. No mistake could have been greater.

HER STROKE OF GENIUS

Probably no one discovered her real power till, rather more than a year ago, she devised a stroke of genius. She threw herself upon the working classes of the East End of London. She went to live among them. She became acquainted with their lives and their needs, especially with the needs of the women—the sweated women, the working women the wives whose life is one long struggle to make £1 a week do for a family, the mothers who by

English Law are not the parents of their children and have no voice in their welfare, unless they are illegitimate. She appealed to the sense of justice and fair play among the poor. She showed them that her cause was theirs. She kindled and expressed the natural or divine discontent that had long smouldered in their hearts. She taught them the meaning of holy indignation.

HER IMPRISONMENT

Her success was immediate and complete. In the centre of the East End—in Bow, Poplar and Bromley—she became a popular heroine. Separating herself (though with entire goodwill) from her mother's Women's Social and Political Union, she founded an East London Federation for Woman Suffrage. About a year ago, she was arrested for a speech, delivered, I think, in Trafalgar Square. Under an obsolete statute of Edward III, directed against vagabonds at the time of the French Wars, her speech was condemned as "incitement to violence," and as she refused to find "sureties," she was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. In prison, she adopted the hunger-and-thirst strike, and under the infamous Cat-and-Mouse Act she has been released at point of death and re-arrested nine times over. Mr. McKenna, the present Home-Secretary, has admitted in Parliament that a hunger-strike of 7 or 8 days is equal to 2 or 3 months of ordinary imprisonment. On his own showing, therefore, Sylvia Pankhurst has endured the equivalent of at least 18 months in prison, and yet he refuses to remit the remainder—some 10 days—of her sentence. This is the more scandalous because George Lansbury, the male hero of the East End as Sylvia is the woman hero, was arrested for the same offence under the same old Act, and after three days hunger-strike was released and never re-arrested, though he has purposely repeated his speech many times. Miss Pankhurst has, with intervals, now endured 65 days of hunger-and-thirst strike, and has been re-arrested nine times, as I said. The difference is that a woman has no vote, and so is regarded by our Liberals as fair game for persecution.

HER BRAVE RESOLVE

At the beginning of June, Sylvia resolved that the situation should not continue. Her strength was ebbing away, and before it was quite spent,

she would make a supreme effort for the cause. Like some ancient warrior or martyr, she solemnly devoted herself to death or victory. She would lead a deputation of working women to the House of Commons, and whether arrested or not, she would maintain the hunger-and-thirst strike till Mr. Asquith received them, or till she died. It was the evening of June 10th; still weak from her last imprisonment, she addressed the crowd from the window of her little house in Old Ford. We laid her on a kind of chair, supported by long poles like a litter. I was proud to be one of the bearers, carrying the end of a pole on my shoulder. As we advanced, the crowd stood silent and bareheaded. It was as though we were carrying a woman Saint, such as used to purge away pestilence. But before we had proceeded more than half a mile, the police rushed upon us by order of the Home-Secretary, flung the bearers violently on to the pavement, and whirled Miss Pankhurst away again to Holloway Prison.

HER APPEAL BY DEATH

There she remained on hunger-and-thirst strike till the evening of June 18th—eight full days and nights. She was then released in a state of collapse, almost unconscious. Nevertheless, within an hour or two, she was at the door of the House of Commons, as she had vowed. Mr. Asquith had persistently refused to receive the deputation. We laid her upon some steps beside the S. Stephen's entrance, and there she said she would lie till death, or if the police removed her still she would die. So we waited around her, in deep anxiety. A large crowd of her sympathisers gathered in the square. Several Members of Parliament came out to contemplate her through eyeglasses, and make jeering remarks amid filthy laughter, as is the manner of such people.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S SURRENDER

Keir Hardie and I were standing over her. The police were thick around, and though they behaved with great consideration, they were threatening to remove her by force. We were at a loss what to do. Suddenly George Lansbury appeared, bringing news that the Prime Minister had yielded. He had agreed to receive the working women. The indomitable spirit of that frail and sensitive girl had

prevailed. As Keir Hardie and I lifted her from the steps and placed her in a taxi with the hospital nurse, I think it was the happiest moment of my life.

Two days later Mr. Asquith received the deputation at his official residence in Downing Street. It was a statesmanly act on his part—one of the few fine things this Government has done. The working women stated their case admirably. The Prime Minister listened with courteous sympathy and was obviously impressed. Here were women of a different kind from the Society women with whom Ministers associate. Perhaps it never struck him before that most women in the country are workers or the wives of workers.

A NIGHT OF TRIUMPH

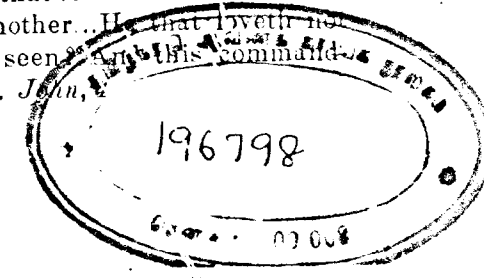
It was a superb triumph, and as such we celebrated it. Again we assembled in crowds before the house in Old Ford. But this time we placed Sylvia in a cart with friends, all decorated with flags and the brilliant colors she has chosen—purple, white, green, and red. So, to the tune of the Marseillaise and the Women's March, we bore her in triumph through Bromley and Poplar to the great hall in Canning Town. We feared what the orders of the police might be, but no re-arrest was attempted. In a solid body we carried her up the steps into the hall. I wish I could ever hope to deserve the cheering which greeted her when she rose to speak. The whole audience—2,500 people at least—sprang to their feet and cheered as though they could never stop. She spoke admirably, calmly, with modesty and definite purpose. Her object was to outline the scheme for the No-Rent Campaign, which is to be her next instrument countering the Government injustice in denying citizenship to women. "No Vote, No Rent" is to be the policy, and it is a strong one, as Parnell and Ireland found.

When the meeting at last was over, we formed a strong bodyguard round her again. But still the police made no sign, and among glorious cheers of triumph she drove away. I admire and honor every one, man or woman, who has worked and made sacrifices for the cause of freedom, but on my word, I think there is no one I admire and honor more than that unconquerable girl.

LOVE

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God... Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another... He that loveth his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?... This commandment have we from Him: that he who loveth God, love his brother also."—I. John,

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Homes of Greatness

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

I HAVE been writing about Homes of Greatness on a comparatively large scale. But why not Homes of Greatness on a very small scale? And to start with, will you not agree with me that every home ought to be in some measure at least a home of greatness, with a little "h" and a little "g"—leaving these to become capitals later on, next life, perhaps even after many lives. Still, why not begin now? Why not begin, my readers, to make your own homes at least potential homes of greatness, places fit for Greatness to come and live in, and, may I add, places with power to evoke from within you your own incipient greatness? Remember that each one of us is a God in the becoming, is, therefore, potentially great; and I am inclined to think that out of each one of us is peeping even now some element of Greatness. The tree of our greatness is even now piercing the earth of our being, and a little shoot above ground is the present promise of a mighty tree in the future.

Now we must encourage that little shoot, assuming we are aware of its existence. I wonder whether, after all, I am justified in the assumption. Can each one of you say: "There is such and such a quality or power in me, very feeble at present, intermittent, distorted, yet which is going to carry me to my goal"? Do you feel the stirring within you of something which shall some day be to you a power and a service of great worth? Have you already some faint intimation as to your own immortality? I like to assume that you do feel the soul stirring within you to its mightiness. How to encourage it? Make your home without a fit surrounding, framework, for the budding greatness, or, if you do not particularly sense any intimations of Greatness, then encourage the possibility of sensing them by at least making the surroundings congenial. So often, homes are antagonistic to greatness, to freedom, to spiritual growth. They enslave to materialism instead of uplifting to spirituality. I often say to myself when I visit people's homes, and see children in them: "How is it possible for the spiritual life to be unfolded in such a home, with its uncleanness, its disorder, its vulgarity, its patent purposelessness, its obvious reflection of a careless and, possibly, sordid character! How is it possible for the spirit of dedication to flourish in a place which, in every room, in every object in the room, in every arrangement, denies such spirit!"

I feel, therefore, that it is well worth while for each one of us to make his own home, in some small degree at least, a home of Greatness, whether

or not there are available any pictures of great men and women, or any other of the paraphernalia of the larger Home. How to begin? The answer is exceedingly simple. Let Order, Cleanliness, Simplicity, take the place of the normal confusion, uncleanness, and, if existing, vulgarity—much of it, most of it, perhaps, entirely unconscious. Spotless cleanliness and neatness are the bedrock of a beautiful home, while simplicity is the beginning of the superstructure, or, if you prefer it, a beautiful home's most beautiful adornment. So often we place things in our homes because of their utility, forgetting that utility wedded to ugliness is utility shorn of much of its true usefulness. Just think for a moment of the very ugly pictures hanging on your walls, of the calendars in more than questionable taste which you hang up for the sake of the dates, forgetting that the framework of the dates may do far more harm to your souls than the dates themselves may do good to your bodies and your business.

Just examine your homes, my readers, and make up your minds whether they are in any way at all on the road to become homes of greatness, with the little "h" and the little "g". Do you feel, when you go home, that you are in a place which radiates order, peace, harmony, cleanliness, simplicity? Does your home react favorably upon your character? Are you in any measure inspired to orderly thoughts, to orderly feelings, to clean thoughts, to clean feelings? Do you feel a sense of pride in your home? Is it almost a desecration to throw things about anyhow, to be untidy? Do you feel that you must at once put things straight which are out of their proper place? Do you feel you could, to use a somewhat quaint English phrase, eat your food from off any floor in the house? Is dust conspicuous by its absence?

Well, I must not go on with any more questions, though there are many more in my mind; and I do not touch the question as to the color of the walls and the general ornamentation. I have merely wanted to talk about the things that can be done without cost, about the things that must first be done. Indeed, unless one has a fair sense of color appropriateness, it is on the whole wise to leave color schemes alone for the time being, it being always understood that gentle greens and gentle blues and gentle mauves and gentle fawns are preferable to anything hard and to the dead white. Begin with the essential, with the order, with the cleanliness, with the simplicity, and the rest will then begin to come of itself.

A Great Indian

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

BY K. J. B. WADIA

It is said that on this wide old world of ours there are some who are born great; there are some who achieve greatness, while on some greatness is thrust. In the case of Swami Vivekananda, the case was different. Neither did he achieve greatness, nor it was thrust upon him—but from his very birth he was born great. Greatness does not lie in worldly wealth, pomp or power. Swami Vivekananda's greatness lay in his personality, character and depth of vision. Born so far back as 1862, he graduated in 1884, went to America in 1893, and to England in 1896, returned to India in 1900 and died in 1902. During the short span of 40 years of his earthly existence he displayed much of his spiritual force and fire. There were many who came into personal contact with him during his life-time, but there are many more to-day who come into a mental relationship with him through his books; and we are grateful to Sister Nivedita for her book *The Master as I saw him*; and I think every admirer of Swami Vivekananda ought to read that beautiful book.

Along with the Swami we must pay our grateful tribute to Miss Margaret Noble—the faithful disciple of the Swami, known to the world as Sister Nivedita. She passed away in 1911 leaving behind her a green memory of her noble work in India. I quite remember her delivering a lecture at the old Framji Cowasji Hall on the Swami and his life-work.

I said Swami Vivekananda was a great Soul from his very birth. While a young boy he used to play the "game of devotion". At the age of fifteen he met his great Master—Ramkrishna Paramhansa at the Dakshineswar Temple at Calcutta, while singing a song. Young Noren—for that was his pet and personal name in those days—was liked and loved by all the village boys, and being in possession of a good singing voice and being himself fond of music, he was asked to give a song which enamored Shri Ramkrishna so much that he burst into an expression:—"My boy, I have been looking for you these three years and you have come at last." He asked young Noren as to what was "his highest ambition in life," to which he gave a prompt reply: "To remain always in *Samādhi*," which evoked a rejoinder from Shri Ramkrishna; "I thought you had been born for something *greater*, my boy."

And so it was. He was great in many ways. As a man of great personality, courage, conviction, and character he attracts our attention; and his personality may be summed up in one word "Masculine". "The best gift given to us by God," says Rabindranath Tagore, "is the dignity of our individual existence." It was true in the case of Vivekananda. He preserved the dignity of his body, mind and spirit till the end of his life, and his dignity consisted of his self-culture. As a great Preacher and Teacher he made a name in both East and West. It was said by some one: "If you can't realise your ideal, the best thing to do is to idealise the Real". Swami Vivekananda did both. By his sheer self-knowledge and self-culture he realised the Ideal, and by his self-control and self-power he idealised the Real. Great was his mission in the world. It was to teach Vedānta, Upanishads and *Bhagavad-Gītā* in their pristine purity; and the great message of his life was to proclaim to the world that "God of Heaven becomes the God in Nature; till the God in Nature becomes the God who is Nature, and the God who is Nature becomes the God within this temple of the body, and the God dwelling in the temple of the body becomes the temple itself, becomes the Soul of man." There are people who in search of God or Divine Wisdom retire into the caves or jungles of Hindustan, but Swami Vivekananda never taught to renounce the World. Sticking to the famous adage: "Be in the world, but be not of the world" he gave out the ancient Vedantic truth of "Everything in God and God in Everything."

Another mission of his life was to arouse the enthusiasm of his hearers, to kindle the fire of strength and stability in his readers, and to awaken the Soul in his admirers. His innumerable lectures, speeches and sermons are worth studying and worth contemplating. His lecture on "Mâyā and Freedom" I believe to be his masterpiece. While relating the famous story of Nārada saying to Shri Krishna: "O Lord! show me Mâyā," Swami Vivekananda expounds and explains in his inimitable way the great theory of Mâyā. Mâyā is generally translated by the word "Illusion," but Swamiji shows that it is something else and greater even than illusion.

With every breath, with every pulsation of the heart with every one of our movements, we think we are free, and the very same moment we are shown that we are

not. Bound slaves, Nature's bond-slaves, in body, in mind, in all our thoughts, in all our feelings, and this is Mâyâ. Is not the great Mâyâ-Devi as if it were the beloved consort of Maha-Deva?

The charm of his style is in his beautiful metaphors and similes; and may choice phrases of exquisite character attract our attention and admiration:

"In the winter sometimes a cloud comes; it roars and roars, but it does not rain; but in the rainy season the clouds speak not, but deluge the world with water".

"We are all rushing towards freedom, we are all following that voice, whether we know it or not; like the flute player who attracted the children of the village, we are all following the music of the flute without knowing it."

"The work that you get out of an engine is just exactly what you have put into it in the form of water and coal; not one hair's breadth more or less. The work I am doing now is just what I have put into me in the shape of air, and food and other things. It is only a question of change and manifestation. The force of his character was apparent in the vividness of his life. Once while in London conducting a study class with a few of his pupils in a quiet room, a question arose as to "What the world wants to-day?" Up rose the Swamiji with his hands on his waist and said with a force all his own:—"What the world wants to-day, is twenty men and women who can dare to stand in the street yonder, and say that they possess nothing but God. Who will go? If this is true what else could matter? If it is not true, what do our lives matter." Elsewhere he says:

"What the world wants is character. The world is in need of those whose life is one burning love—selfless. That love will make every word tell like a thunder-bolt. Awake! awake! great Soul. The world is burning in misery. Can you sleep?"

His patriotism his love for India was unbounded. His poem "To the Awakened India" is a proof of his ever-burning zeal and enthusiasm for the ame-

lioration of our beloved country. I cannot help quoting a stanza or two from that thrilling poem:—

Once more awake!
For sleep it was, not death, to bring thee life
Anew, and rest to lotus-eyes, for visions
Daring yet. The world in need awaits, O Truth!
No death for thee.
Thy home is gone,
Where loving hearts had brought thee up, and
Watched with joy thy growth. But Fate is strong.
This the law:—all things come back to the source
Their strength to renew.
Then speak, O Love!
Before thy gentle voice serene, behold
How visions melt, and fold after fold
Of dreams departs to void, till Truth and Truth alone
In all its glory shines.
And tell the world:
Awake, arise, dream no more!
This is the land of dreams, where Karma
Weaves unthreaded garlands with our thoughts,
Of flowers sweet or noxious,—and none
Has root or stem, being born in naught, which
This softest breath of Truth drives back to
Primal nothingness. Be bold, and face
The Truth! Be one with it! Let visions cease.
O: if you cannot, dream then truer dreams.
Which are Eternal Love and Service Free.

For the freedom of his country and above all for the freedom of one's own mind and Soul his innumerable lectures abound with fruitful and truthful thoughts. One may ponder over them again and again. He never knew what despair was. For the freedom of his "Self" he would fight tooth and nail. He would never falter, fall or fail:

"I love terror for its own sake", said he, "despair for its own sake, misery for its own sake. Fight always. Fight and fight on, though always in defeat. That's the ideal, that's the ideal."

He never feared to die. He was great even unto Death. He was ever prepared to meet the Angel of Death. Like a faithful servant unto the last, on July 4, 1902 he met the Angel of Death on the banks of Gangâ. He is not dead but gone before. May his soul rest in Eternal Peace and may Light Perpetual shine on him. May he watch us and our destiny from that far-off realm, and inspire us from Heaven above to walk in his footsteps.

[We have no picture of Swami Vivekaranda, but here is one of his faithful disciple, Sister Nivedita.]

THE GREAT NECESSITY

("O wonderful justice of Thine, Thou Prime Mover! Thou hast willed that no force should lack the order and quality of its necessary effects! O Stupendous Necessity!") (Leonardo da Vinci.)

O Thou Prime Mover, whose compelling word
Called into being this vast universe,
Awe-struck and wondering we dimly glimpse
The miracle of Thy stupendous law.
Where'er on earth men turn inquiring eyes,

To large or small, minute or infinite,
Cause and effect rule there—Justice Supreme,
Unchanged, immutable! Within Thy realm
There are no law-breakers. To every power
Its own appointed qualities, its course,
Linked with its own inevitable effects!
None flacks that order, balance, certitude;
No power or great or small by Thee exempt,
But subject to sublime necessity!

D. H. S.

The Motherland or Fatherland

BY C. KOFEL, F. T. S.

THE editor of *La Semaine Littéraire*, Geneva, sent the question: "What is the Motherland?" (in French and German it is called the Fatherland) to a number of schools in various parts of Switzerland, to be answered by the children from nine to thirteen years of age, on the spur of the moment, without help or preparation, and without their having any idea why they were asked the question. Shortly afterwards some of the answers appeared in *La Semaine Littéraire*; they may interest the readers of *The Young Citizen*, though they lose some of their pithiness through translation. The style is kept as much as possible as it is in the original. The writers are mostly under twelve years of age.

"The Fatherland is the corner of earth, be it mountain or lake-shore, where one is born, lives and dies. I was born in the Cité, 22. I love my Fatherland, which is Geneva, and I am proud that it has such a glorious past. When one is in another country, one is happy to be able to say that one is Swiss." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is the place where one is born, the country which one prefers. It is represented by the National monument." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is the canton of Geneva. Near the *Jardin des Anglais* (a public garden) there are two women on a monument, one representing the "Fatherland," the other "Liberty," holding a shield with a white cross on a red background." (Girl)

"The Fatherland is the country of any one. Mine is Switzerland, my canton is Geneva. Switzerland, for example, is represented by a good, humble and also courageous woman." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is, according to my idea, a numerous people which are held together by one bond." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is our country, that is, where we are born, where we learn to work, to love each other and to become intelligent." (Girl)

"The Fatherland is the country which takes care of us and protects us. It keeps us safe from enemy and from famine, and it watches over us, so that we do not suffer hunger, nor fall into misery. The Fatherland watches over us like a father over his family." (Girl)

[In reading the next and some more of the following answers, it must be borne in mind that they were written at a time when there were grave apprehensions of a general European War.]

"I love my country. At present one is not sure

whether there will be war. The Fatherland provides us with food and clothing." (Boy)

"My Fatherland is Switzerland. It is a country of liberty which means to govern itself. Our Swiss flag must fly very high in liberty." (Girl)

"The Fatherland is there where the father is born, it is the country of which the grandfather tells the history to the grandson, who vows to himself to defend it some day, sword in hand... We boys must become familiar with arms, so that we may become good soldiers. What everyone loves best in the world that is the Fatherland." (Boy)

"There is no grander word in the world," says a little girl from Geneva, "than the word *patrie*. *Patrie* means the land of our fathers. For it we would give our life without hesitating."

"When one hears the word 'Fatherland,' the heart stirs and beats faster." (Boy)

"I love my Fatherland," confesses another boy, "because I am well off in it, and because here I have my playmates. If there was a war, I should be very sorry, because I would be too small to go... I love it also because it contains some beautiful things; mountains and lakes."

"When people speak of the Fatherland we Swiss immediately see before us pictures of high, snow-clad mountain tops, beautiful blue lakes, or wild mountain lakes, herds and fir trees, outlined against the sky." (Boy)

"If I cannot go to fight for my Fatherland, as I am a little girl, I can serve it all the same. I can pray for it and in case of war, I can go and take care of the wounded."

"In the Fatherland there must be heroes in order to save it, if it gets into misfortune. There must also be brave men in order to direct it. And one must above all be upright and frank in order to be a good patriot." (Boy)

"The Fatherland is a gathering of people who unite themselves in order better to defend their interests, to be stronger, to make commerce and industry prosper, to put a bridle on their passions by means of laws, to establish and maintain order and to facilitate communication. The Fatherland is the territory which these people occupy." (Boy)

Many others express views similar to those quoted, and in almost the same words, though in different languages, some coming from southwestern, French-speaking, Geneva, others from north-eastern, German-speaking, Zürich. In a number of them we detect a note of service and heroism which indicates that these young citizens of Switzerland would gladly follow the example of their Arnold von Winkelried.

The Building of the Temple

(Modern Astrology, London)

THE twelve children of the Great Architect met together to build the Temple, having to decide how they were to share the work.

Directly they sat down in their circular conclave, Aries jumps up, and, waving a roll of parchment in his hand, cries: "Here is a plan I have thought out in my head—you will quickly see how excellent it is and carry it out rapidly."

"I hope you have provided for solid foundations and studied well the sub-soils of the proposed site," said Taurus. "We must be certain to go down to a sufficient depth so that we are indeed builded upon a rock."

"That is all very well," replies Gemini, "but have you arranged what kind of architecture we shall use? There are dozens of styles you could choose, and I could help with the decorations in sculpture and color and carry messages from one guild to another as well; it would be such a joy to be busy!"

"If I were you, Gemini," murmured Taurus, "I would try one line at a time and get it finished, instead of attempting so many at once."

"My dear children," said Mother Cancer, "above all, you must have harmony of line and color and the possibilities of growth in the design, so that as our needs become greater, the work is not spoiled by additions to the plan. Also, do not forget the mirror within the Temple that will reflect our Lord, the Sun: it will be my task to keep that clear and bright."

"I am more interested in the central shrine that shall hold the original copy of the plan," intervened Leo, "although I wish to see the whole well planned with dignity, worthy of our Master—allowing for proper distribution of light in the building. I hope you will leave to me the ordering of the ceremonial of the services and the planning of the opening."

"In which case," flashes in Gemini. "I hope you will see all our stalls are well cushioned as well as your own; we can't all sit in kingly state and give orders, Leo."

"Do wait a bit, we shall never get the work done to the honor of our Architect, unless it is done perfectly," bewails Virgo. "Every bit must be perfect and finished to the finest degree: I can see so many ways we could carry out the work and they are all excellent."

"Hello, Virgo," cries Aries, looking up from his

plan, "haven't you people got your plan started yet? Why, I should have finished the work by now, while you have not yet settled the best way to start."

"The main thing to my mind," said Libra, "is proportion and balance in the design—the lines of the building inside and out must be in perfect harmony; and I might add, too, that we must have concord among the workers or we shall find some defect on completion."

"Now the point comes," chimes in Scorpio, "have you cleared the site of rubbish and arranged for proper drainage and seen to the fact that all ditches and drains near are running freely—we cannot pay attention to the finer things if there is any rubbish left to be destroyed!"

"I think you had better commission me to spread the news when the Temple has been completed," said Sagittarius. "My guild will take the message as quickly as an arrow flies from its bow, and I shall be very pleased to combine with Bro. Leo in the arrangements for the ceremonial of the service when we are ready."

"It is well to plan the building on the hill," advised Capricorn. "To achieve you must climb, and the reward of knowledge only comes by work and effort, so we can symbolise this by building on a hill. My guild will be pleased to undertake all the fine woodwork round the innermost shrine, where we can all meditate and so reach the highest."

"My guild is able to give complete scientific expression to all detail, and we can put the finishing touches to the building," cries Aquarius. "Though there are twelve doors to the Temple, I will prepare the Master Key which will unlock all; only when the Key is complete with its seven wards will it do its work. With my Key in his hand every man, high or low, may obtain admittance to the Temple."

"My children," said the Great Architect, suddenly standing in their midst, "your work is all needed to build the Temple, no one can be spared; if you work in disharmony, then will result the Tower of Babel and each man's hand will be against that of his brother; but work in harmony, each doing his little bit his own way, and the stones of the Temple not builded with hands shall be 'well and truly laid.'"

"So mote it be."

URANIA

The Healthy Mind

THE following report of a lecture by the well-known physician, Sir Maurice Craig, should be read very carefully by every Young Citizen, for it contains truths of vital import to the efficiency of Citizenship. We specially commend his observation that irritability is far more harmful to the person who is irritable than to the person against whom the irritation is directed. But Sir Maurice does not seem to have realised that attention and mental concentration should not be accompanied by increasing tension of the muscles, but rather by their relaxation. It is a common form of waste of energy to frown and to become tense at times of great concentration. We think we are more concentrated, but in fact we are probably less.

Sir Maurice Craig, M. A., M. D., F. R. C. P., in a lecture on 20th April, on "The Healthy Mind," delivered at the Institute of Hygiene, said it must be understood that the mind is composed of many parts, in the same way as the body, and it is the proper working of these various parts in the relationship to each other that constitutes what is termed the "healthy mind". With regard to heredity, he said, many people go about the world with the fear of some mental disorder, because they know that there is some instability in their inheritance. It is true that we tend to inherit every attribute of our parents, but, on the other hand, we only tend to do so; and if we know what are our tendencies, then it is our duty to protect ourselves from risks. However unstable a person's inheritance is, if he understands his nervous system, he need, in the vast majority of cases, have but little fear. A great deal has been heard lately of the repressions of childhood being all-important in the nervous troubles of later life, but the lecturer said he was glad to say he was not one of those who belong to the Freudian School, whose outlook, he believed, is far too narrow. It is no new truth that man is the product of the child, and it cannot be too strongly emphasised that a happy childhood is essential to a well balanced adult life. Although there is no need to fear heredity, yet there is danger to a child if it is brought up in a home where the parents are unstable and the environment is an unhappy one. It is the psychological atmosphere of the home and the school which is the foundation of success in after-life far more than any scholarship; intelligence should be the aim of education rather than learning. There are risks in early brilliancy in children—risks which parents, in the gratification

of seeing their children standing well with their instructors and school companions, do not always appreciate. Either in the animal or the vegetable kingdom it will be found that rapid development connotes a short life history. By unwise use, or by intensive pressure, the energy which ought to be spread over years may be, and too frequently is, exhausted rapidly at an early period of life. Orderliness of mind is all important; the mind dominated by emotion tends to be "sloppy" and unstable.

One of the great tests of a healthy mind is its power of adaptation; the problem is at all times a severe one, for it entails the adjusting of an ever-changing self to an ever-changing world. Failure of adaptation is the outward manifestation of mental regression, and may result from many causes, the more common of which are illness and fatigue. Fatigue is common to all, and should be removed by a night's sleep, but it may become more severe, when it will lead to irritability, lack of power, concentration and restlessness. Irritability is usually the earliest of these symptoms, and most persons tend to explain this away by saying that everyone is irritable; but we cannot get away from the fact that irritability is a symptom of mind disorder, and will increase unless steps are taken to control it; and here there is an important point to be remembered, which, if it were more fully appreciated, would result in there being much less irritability in the world, and the point is that irritability is more harmful to the nervous system of the person who is irritable than to other people who are exposed to it. Apart from medicinal means, the simplest and surest way of relieving the mind from stress and to ward off irritability is by relaxing the voluntary muscles; that is, by making them as limp and loose as possible. In attention and mental concentration, the muscles become tense, and the more concentrated we are the more fixed become the muscles. This involves a great strain on the nervous system, and if continued for a length of time, the nervous system becomes irritable. We lessen this strain by relaxing the muscles, and by doing this, it is possible to work for much longer periods of time than we could otherwise do. There is another factor on the physical side to which attention should be given, and this is that, with failing nutrition and consequently falling bodily weight, a greater capacity for work, accompanied by a feeling of well-being, may be experienced; but when the fall in weight reaches a certain stage, nervous

symptoms suddenly develop. Each person has a standard for himself, and in health that standard should vary only within very narrow limits; any noticeable fall should be regarded as a danger-signal. During the War, owing to food restriction, people lost weight, and would write to the newspapers saying how much better they felt in consequence; but collapse came later, and we are now only just beginning to recover from the stresses of War, of which loss of weight was not a small one, and even now irritability is much more noticeable than it was before the War.

Minds differ, and it is our duty to understand the minds of each other, but, above all, it is our duty to understand ourselves and to keep our minds in health. In health, the mind is turned outwards, but when it becomes disordered it becomes introverted. We become preoccupied, and one thought may hold us, and instead of being

able to turn from one subject to another as occasion demands, our whole mind becomes fixed in one direction. Mental hygiene, and all that it stands for, is one of the greatest branches of preventive medicine, for it includes within its purview the right understanding of true education; it treats of character formation; it indicates to each man the vocation for which he is best suited; it enables us to know our limitations and how to protect our minds against the various stresses to which we are exposed; by it alone we can hope to unravel the problems of the unemployable and the criminal classes; and even with our present knowledge it points the way by which the number of insane may be reduced by 50 per cent. Mental hygiene is a subject which has been too long neglected, for it possesses in its teaching the knowledge which will lead to greater happiness in the individual, and in this way benefit the race.

Animal Heroes

THIS month our attention is claimed by the heroic deeds of our young brothers in the animal world.

Near the monastery of St. Bernard in the Alps stands a monument on which is inscribed:

"Barry the heroic. Saved the lives of forty persons, and was killed by the forty-first."

Barry was a splendid St. Bernard dog, who lived for ten years in the famous hospital-home of the same name, and saved the lives of people lost in the snow. One of his deeds was to find a ten-year old child unconscious in a snowdrift. Gently he lay down by the child and with the warmth of his own body and by licking the hands and face restored it to life. Crouching by the child, he remained until the little one understood his invitation and climbed on to his back and so was carried to the monastery and safety.

It is unusual to find the death of a dog in the Personal Column of the *Times*, but it may be accounted for by the record of noble deeds which it contains.

Died on May 19, at Torquay, Tom, dear dog, a blue Dane. He saved the life of his owner twice during the War. He jumped over a high bank into a canal and saved a child without being told to do so. He was the noble, gentle companion and friend of his happy owner for nine years, and she mourns him.

The next two stories deal with animals who saved people's lives by giving the alarm in outbreaks of fire.

"Nigger," the Irish terrier, which a few weeks ago gave an alarm of fire at the premises of Mr. W. F. Maynard, of Bath, and so saved several lives, is to be awarded a medal by the Canine League in London, and a handsome new collar by Our Dumb Friends League.

They will be presented to him by Madame Sarah Grand the famous authoress and the Mayoress of Bath, at the Guildhall, in the presence of a big gathering of dog lovers assembled for the Bath Dog Show.

While we all believe that our own cat is the most intelligent of its kind, we rate cat intelligence generally rather low. Now comes a story which calls attention to the matter.

It is of a cat at Ramsey St. Mary, in Huntingdonshire. A man and his wife were aroused in the middle of the night by the persistent, agitated outcry of their cat. On getting up they found their house on fire, and had just time to escape alive.

The following incident took place in a street in Karachi:

A dog which dragged a baby from beneath the wheels of a motor car, has paid for its heroism with its life.

The animal was the guardian of the six children of Mr. L. G. Brown, a local window cleaner. It accompanied them everywhere and was particularly attached to the youngest, a boy of eighteen months old. It guarded its charge with the care of a human being and the child owes its life to the watchfulness of the canine nurse.

He was crossing a street, when a motor car swept round the corner. The dog saw the danger. It leapt forward, gripped the child's clothes in its teeth and dragged him to safety. The car passed over the dog's tail. Spinal trouble followed and the dog died in agony two days later.

How the life of a girl was saved by cows is the subject of the next episode.

A young farm girl at Brioude, Central France, and her aged stepmother were tending cows on pasture land near the farm, when suddenly the old woman was attacked by two monster wild boars, which gored her terribly, killing her almost immediately. The beasts then charged down on the girl, who was running for safety, and were on the point of overtaking her when several of the cows, with lowered horns, thundered down on them, and the boars ran away.

Slum Brotherhood

BY CORNY

IF you really want to find a touch of brotherhood, I will tell you where I have found it to a large extent; in the slums, in the worst slums in London.

The slums are much more invigorating than the West-End; you come down to bed-rock in the slums, and you find such gentlemen and such angels. I said in a previous article that my movements in life took me amongst my fellows, and I have encountered all sorts. I am so thankful for this; it is the biggest thing that I have to be thankful for, that I was strong enough to do it, and now I have a treasure that none can take away nor withhold from me, for I have tasted of the cup of the world's suffering and that cup is to me changed into a loving cup. A loving cup must be a cup of sorrow and suffering; it cannot be the one without the other, and unless the cup of suffering has been drunk to its dregs it cannot be transmuted, neither can you invite others to partake of the loving cup. This loving cup has ever been a unifier, one of which all should partake as brothers and as equals.

This was the lesson that I learnt in the slums, and now I can thank God for His help in the doing of it.

In the West-End—it is, I have no doubt, the same in all large towns—the key-note is competition in all its forms. Each one vies with each other in the non-essentials of life: if a ball is given, whose house is to have the best and most elaborate decoration, whose supper table is to be the most laden, which band can be the smartest, and who is lucky enough to catch the greatest Big-wig of that particular hour...or if one is lucky enough to be able to entertain a royalty or a distant connection of a royalty?

Woman vies with woman over clothes and partners, and each is for self; and the weak or unpushing can go to the wall and stop there for ever, unless he has strength to remove himself, no one else will care or stir a finger. Thought for the other is either extinct or, it has not as yet seen day-light; but it has found day-light in the slums, and there each cares for each; they seem to belong to each other in a very subtle way and in a way that is good to see and to know.

To-day I want to tell you of my impressions of the dwellers in the slums, those that know nothing of the beauty of the fields or of the trees and the woods, nor of the snow as white, as pure and as spotless; only as wet mud do they know it, as some

thing that adds to dirt instead of as a purifier. This is symbolical of their lives; they see all the ugly, the sordid, the sorrowing, the vicious side and nothing else. Where then does the beauty of soul come from that is found often in the slum and not so often in the West-End? Is it born of suffering? That is what I should like to know, and if it is, then I ask for suffering and a birth in the slum. The brotherhood that I have found shows itself in the marvellous unselfishness of one towards the other, that is unheard of in the other side of London, when a woman will be out at work all day, come home and look after her own children, do her own washing, find a neighbor ill, go and attend to her, wash her children, cook for her, do her washing, and then if the neighbor is ill, sit up and look after her, and off to work the next day, and this will be kept up for days and days and never a thought except "that I cannot see another 'fast,'" as they say in Yorkshire.

It is not so much that which is done as the spirit in which it is done, with no thought that anything else could be done, as if all were one family. Often the children are temporarily adopted and "done for" during their mother's illness, and all for love. This may not appear much at first sight, but if you use your imagination, you will remember that these people have scarcely enough to feed their own children, nothing anyhow to spare, none to put by, and yet are ready to help any that is worse off than themselves. Such a thing is unheard of among the better classes, for although they may and, of course, do kind acts, it is never on this scale of supreme self-sacrifice and with the brotherly attitude of nothing withheld if it is to help another.

As usual, I wanted to see the parts of London that the police never visited alone, and I found myself in one of these places. I had taken train to go; I will not pretend that I had not a little fear; I did not know what I should find. I again found beauty of soul. I had been warned at least not to go into any house, but when I was asked to go to see a baby that was dying, all remembrance of the warning vanished, and I gladly went to see if I could be of any comfort. I went up four or five floors and into an almost bare room, and on the floor lay the dying baby, dying of improper or possibly no food; there was nothing there and no fire on a very cold day. I managed to be of a little help, and I never knew how long the child lived nor

if it lived. The neighbors were as usual ready to give of their all and to help with their all. Countless stories I could tell you, but they are not new and you would weary in the hearing, and my idea is only roughly to draw a picture, and I want you to fill it in by experience.

So much for that side of life, and still I repeat that in illness you come to the real thing in everybody, if they are bad enough. I must take you to the West-End and show you something of the ill ones there. It is not so interesting, for they have so much and ever want to grasp more and think largely, if not entirely, of what they can get. The spirit of helping another at all cost is dead. I suppose it is that they have never known want and so cannot image what that means, and so do not sympathise except in a far off, conventional way.

It is, however; the difference in the attitude to life that struck me, the attitude of the sufferer and the attitude of those who had sailed in clear waters, the first earns and possesses a heart that goes out, and the second has a heart that closes to all that surrounds him. I do not for one moment wish to suggest that there is a hard and fast rule, that all the poor help and that the others do not; but it is easy to see in all classes those that have

been ground by the mill of suffering which is fitting them to become the helpers and the saviors of men, and those who have still their eyes turned inwards on themselves. This is one of life's mysteries, but it has to be faced. I know no better ground for observation than in the contrasts of any large town. The poor have a wonderfully powerful code of *camaraderie*, I will not quite call it honor, for it is not my idea of honor, but it you have banded yourself on their side to help them they will stand by you through thick and thin. Naturally it takes some time for them to trust you. I am not surprised at that. Working with the depressed and oppressed alters your own view of life, and you have to re-adjust your values, that is, the value of the lesson to you. You have to face the question: what do you count as values in life? On paper, it is easy to answer, but to act it in your life is an exceedingly difficult thing, for the answer is renunciation of self and service for humanity, and a determination, that nothing must shake, to carry the world's burdens and take nothing for yourself. That is the lesson, and may the Great Heart that ever broods over the world help us to carry this determination out to the uttermost.

CORNY

KILLERS, FINNERS AND HUMPBCKS

BY E. KAY ROBINSON.

The wireless tidings via New South Wales that the steamship *Sir James Clark Ross* had succeeded in forcing her way within the Antarctic into the Ross Sea, gives a spice of real adventure to a whaling expedition which is none the less intrepid, interesting and important because it is commercial in purpose.

For most of the much-hunted whales of the South Seas have taken refuge behind the ice barriers of the Antarctic; but, just on the other side of Ross Sea, in a direct line to the South Pole, lies the Bay of Whales, where, when it was last visited, according to Shackleton's chronicles, "Killers, finners and humpbacks were rising and blowing all round".

To be surrounded by "Killers, finners and humpbacks rising and blowing" to most of us suggests a pantomime nightmare, but it is a welcome experience to a whaler, for two at least of them provide huge supplies of oil and whalebone.

The largest, commonest and best known of the finners, or fin-whales, is the rorqual, a huge beast some twenty yards long, which is occasionally cast up on the British coasts, the humpbacked whale differing from it chiefly in its comparatively larger head and flippers and its acrobatic activity on the surface of the sea. When a creature is fifteen yards in length a little gambolling goes a long way.

The third of the trio, the terrible killer—one of which very nearly took a party of Shackleton's men off an icefloe—is perhaps better known by its old name of the grampus.

Three half-grown specimens, it will be remembered, came up the Thames in 1890 and sported for hours between Battersea and Chelsea, returning to the open sea under cover of the night.

Compared with the others they have little value and moderate size, seldom exceeding seven yards in length, but they have characters which correspond with their powerful carnivorous teeth, and roam in packs like huge ocean wolves, attacking and worrying to death the largest whales.

Their voracity is shocking. One has been seen to catch and swallow four porpoises in succession, while another, not a large specimen, had inside it when killed no fewer than fourteen seals which had all been swallowed whole.

So to be surrounded by killers as well as finners and humpbacks might well be a nightmare to any but resolute and well-equipped whalers like the men in the *Sir James Clark Ross*. But the real perils which they have to face are the Antarctic ice and the fierce storms for which the Ross Sea is notorious.

A Symposium of Scouting

THE world-wide character of Scouting becomes more and more emphasised every day. We learn from *Jamboree* that there are now about two million active Scouts in all countries of the world. Two million young men practising Brotherhood! Think what an influence for peace they will make, when they grow up and take their places among the rulers of their respective countries! We hope that the International Jamboree to be held in Denmark next August will be a huge success, and thus will increase the atmosphere of Brotherhood. It seems a great pity that India is not going to be officially represented at this Jamboree. Cannot an official troop be yet arranged? India's participation would give her increasing respect among the Nations, and help to raise her to that state of dignity that we desire.

We fully agree with an article by M. Guerin Desjardins entitled "Why Scouts Do Not Tell Lies". The theme of the article is that a Scout's word should always be trusted, especially by his Scouting authorities. Thus he should never be required to bring excuses signed by parents, etc. His own word is sufficient. It is extraordinary that this requires any emphasis. We should have thought that an atmosphere of trust was the essence of Scouting. The article ends with a quotation: "You can't lie to the Scoutmaster, because he believes everything you say."

They do things on a large scale in America. Some rich people have given a hundred thousand dollars towards the support of the Scout magazine, *Boy's Life*. Three and a half lacs of rupees? Would not we in India like that! This notice follows one in which the President of the United States accepts the Presidency of the Boy Scouts Association.

There is probably no magazine so international in its character as is *Jamboree*. That is as it should be. There are notices of greeting from such places as Portugal, Siam, Hungary, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria and Panama, not to mention columns of news from France and Denmark, and an account of how the Boy Scouts drove off a hundred thousand wild goats from cattle-pastures in Hawaii! This is an example of the active spirit of Service, which it is the privilege of Scouts to bring into a world full of selfishness.

International Correspondence between Scouts is rapidly becoming popular, both between individuals

and between troops. One of the methods adopted makes a tremendous appeal to the troop in the other country. A troop prepares a notebook, part of which is devoted to actual letter-writing, which is followed by an account of summer-camps, decorated with drawings and photographs. Then, there are postcards and photos of the town or village to which the troop belongs, and of its headquarters, stuck into the book with notes explaining the items of interest, such as interesting houses and monuments. Collections of wild flowers, and drawings of animals, etc., may be included, and anything else that can be thought of, and then the whole book is despatched to the friendly troop abroad. It is best to correspond with people in a country as far away as possible, thus Switzerland and South Africa, etc. If any Scouts in India desire correspondents anywhere else in the world, all they have to do is to write to the Boy Scouts International Bureau, 25, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S. W. 1. The League of Nations is doing its share for Scouting. It has passed a recommendation, calling upon all Nations to give facilities for Scouts to travel about from one country to another.

As one wades through the magazines of the various countries, it is interesting to notice the various National peculiarities. Thus the English magazines deal with games that are peculiarly "Scouting," whereas the French magazines, such as *L'Eclaireur de France* and *Le Chef* are more interested in ordinary games, such as football. However we have received an excellent little book from France entitled *Jeux d'Eclaireurs*, a compendium of Scouting games. There is another little book in the same series, which is a complete guide to tracking, written in brief and simple style, yet containing all that could be desired on this subject. It is a pity that it cannot be translated into English. France is a country that is eminently suitable for Scouting. There is no more pleasant place for walking tours and rambles. In England it is difficult to find ideal places for camps, because the country is so crowded with towns, villages and factories.

There is another National peculiarity that is much in evidence. We refer to the practice of using Scout terminology. There is no doubt that this can be carried so far as to become ridiculous. The use of unwieldy terms drawn from the animal kingdom when such simple English words as "said," "did," "go," "come," would do, is rather unnecessary. Some countries are worse in this respect than

others. The South Indian Boy Scout appears to preserve the happy mean. It is a journal that contains much that is good.

We have received numbers 2 and 3 of the *Utsaha*, published in Benares, in English and Hindi. There is a message from the Hon. Commissioner for India, in which she says: "Never forget that you are a part of a world-wide Brotherhood, and that no Scout must be anything but a Brother. Stand by and help each other, be brave, true and gentle. A Scout's honor is to be trusted, so keep it always bright." An article by Professor K. N. Prasad lays stress on the fact that the future of humanity lies with the young. "Heaven still lies about them, though they know it not. They are beloved of the High Gods. The milk of human kindness flows free and pure in their hearts. Their outlook upon life is fresh and direct, and Love sits enthroned in the chamber of their being." In another place, there are quoted the definitions of a gentleman, which were given by John Ruskin and

Cardinal Newman.

Newman said: "The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clash of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment, his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. The gentleman never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander and gossip, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. He is one, in fact, who never creates unnecessary pain." We should say that a gentleman was a man in whom the spirit of hate had disappeared, and the spirit of kindness had taken its place. This is what the whole training of a Scout is intended to impress upon him. It is the ideal which will inspire him.

We are glad to see our Indian Scout magazines up to such a high standard.

A Boy Scout in the Making

PELORUS JACK

AS homing ships, pounded and lashed and driven by some of Earth's fiercest storm-fiends who patrol the coast of New Zealand, turned in at a certain port, there, awaiting them, would be "Pelorus Jack".

None might enter the Harbor safely unless under his escort, or so he seemed to think.

University professors will tell you that fish do not think! Now, degrees, if taken too seriously outside and inside, harden first the epidermis, and after that, and worse still, the Intuition. However, when young citizens have hardened into Doctors, Masters of Arts, Knights of the Garter, and other world-wonders, they may not read the *Young Citizen* any longer—woe betide them—and so they will not be hurt; moreover, we will not put our real initials to this when it is finished, and so no harm will come to us either.

None can deny that Jack really existed, and that for many years he swam alongside vessels that entered the Harbor which was in his keeping, escorting them to their moorings and then modestly

disappearing. (No baksheesh-walla, Jack!) Neither can any one give any satisfactory explanation of his thusness.

Was he Jonah's whale re-incarnated, who, in-between-times, having mastered the laws of perfect hospitality, was regretfully seeking Jonah to apologise..... and invite him once more

When Jack had become a recognised friend of all the world, with quite a world-wide reputation, a thrill of expectancy would run through the hearts of passengers and crews of in-coming vessels, until he should be sighted, majestically performing his self-imposed task.

Alas! he has not been seen for many a year now.

When his time comes to enter the human kingdom, those of us who are now human and knew him, will eagerly seek him out, and with quite a unique feeling towards him too. Till then we shall just have to wait to know why!

I mean shamelessly to see and hear—what the professors say to him!

M. WHAT

LIFE

Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

P. B. SHELLEY

The Seven Sleepers

BY ANNIE BESANT

THERE is a legend current in the West, the Legend of the Seven Sleepers, which has come down from early Christian days, and has often been told at eventide as a story for children round the Christmas fire.

When the Roman Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, there were seven Christian youths of Ephesus of noble lineage, who hid themselves in a cave in a mountain-side in the vain hope of escape from their pursuers. The tyrant gave orders that they should perish in the refuge they had sought, and the entrance was walled up with huge stones, so that escape was impossible. The youths cried aloud to God in their sad strait, and as they prayed sleep came down upon them, and they sank peacefully to rest. And there they slept on and on for one hundred and eighty years, while the world changed its ways, until, upon a day, the slaves of the man to whom the ownership of the mountain had descended by inheritance carried off the stones for some building they were erecting, and the light of day shone into the cavern so long closed against it.

With a start the sleepers awoke, unconscious of their long slumber, and finding themselves hungry they bade one of their number, Jamblichus by name, go forth secretly and seek for food. The youth stole carefully out, but found himself, to his great astonishment, in unfamiliar surroundings, and presently, as he approached Ephesus, he saw shining over the gate the, to him, surprising vision of a huge cross. When he entered the city and, finding a baker's shop, offered in payment a coin bearing the stamp of Decius, the baker was as astonished at his archaic language, clothes and money as he was astonished at seeing the symbol of a disgraceful death erected as a decoration on the gate. The baker, imagining that this curious young man must have found a treasure from which the coin had been taken, reported the matter to the authorities, and Jamblichus was taken before the

Judge.

Here, in answer to the questions put to him, Jamblichus answered quite straightforwardly that he and his six friends had escaped from their pursuers the day before, and had been walled up in the cave in which they had taken refuge; that they had awaked that morning and had found the entrance open, and that he had come to the city to buy food. The youth was obviously honest, but his answers were, as obviously, incredible. There had been no persecution of Christians, Christianity being the ruling faith of the city, and it seemed that the youth must be mad; but whence came his coin, bearing the stamp which showed it to be nearly two centuries old?

Finally, the Bishop and the Judge, with the clergy and the magistrates and a great crowd of curious people, followed the youth to the cave, and there they found the remaining six sleepers, who were much astonished, and not a little alarmed, at this invasion of their refuge. They told their simple story, and received in exchange the amazing intelligence that one hundred and eighty years had rolled away since they had fallen asleep in the evil days of Decius.

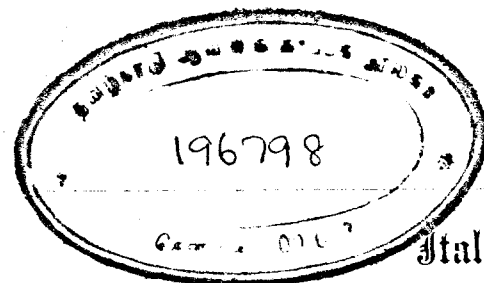
Thereupon all fell upon their knees and praised God for the astounding miracle which had been wrought, and the people prepared to carry the Seven Sleepers in triumph to the town. But the youths gently refused to return to the life from which they had parted so long ago, and, raising their hands in benediction, they calmly laid themselves down once more and fell into the sleep of death.

The ending of the story seems a little inconsequential, as it was hardly worth while to sleep through a hundred and eighty years and then wake up only to leave their bodies permanently. But so runs the tale, and from the tale has come the phrase "to sleep as soundly as the Seven Sleepers".

"And there were tanks in those days"

We read in the *Dhammapada* Commentary that King Candia of Ujjeni caused to be made a huge elephant of wood, worked by machinery. It was enfolded by strips of cloth, well painted to look natural, and set going on the banks of a lake near his enemy's borders. Inside the belly of the elephant some sixty men were concealed, who cranked away, treading up and down, and made the great beast go like lightning. Deceived by this camouflage his foe, King Udena, set out to hunt this elephant, which was made to browse peacefully near the jungle borders. He pursued it on horseback; but off went the elephant at full speed, the men inside working like demons. So the king was enticed into the depths of the forest, when suddenly he was caught by an ambush set therein.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy power, which seem omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;



Italy's New Literature

FASCISM has already created a literature, it seems, though as an accredited political force it is barely a year or two old. "It is a literature of thews and sinews, of conflict and aspiration," says H. Nelson Gay in the new York Times, and its appeal is to a people awakened to a new consciousness of the possibilities and the responsibilities of life, a people that is confident that it has recovered the elixir of youth and has faith in the future. Fascist literature, we are told, is not of a high quality as literature, but "in its sincerity, struck off in the heat of achievement, it is wholesome and inspiring, and does justice to the higher qualities of human nature." Of course Mussolini figures in these new works, particularly in a biography named "*L'Uomo nuovo*" (The New Man) by Antonio Beltrami. Here are presented some of the little-known facts of his early life:

"We know now that his father was one of the chief internationalists in his little section of the Romagna, in correspondence with all the leading Italian internationalists of the time—indeed he was the red mayor of his village. We know now that Benito's mother sought to differentiate her sons from the boys of the streets by making them speak Italian, instead of the dialect of the Romagna; that the boy Benito once asked her: 'Mother, do you suppose that the day will come when Italy will be compelled to fear me?'; that his father foretold the future, declaring to the lad that he was destined to be 'the Crispi of to-morrow'; that his mother was the companion and confidant of Benito's life until her death in 1905. We know also that he did his utmost to promote general strikes, and that for active participation in one of them, in 1911, he went to prison for a year, and there wrote a life of John Huss, and learned English.

"Beltrami goes on to tell us of the terrific crisis of Mussolini's life at the outbreak of the World War. Mussolini hoped for a New World as the outcome of colossal conflict. Italy must bear her part in winning the future. If the Italian proletariat was too weak to fight, it could never hope to obtain the rights to which it aspired. In 1914 he abandoned the direction of the Socialist daily *Avanti* and founded the interventionist daily *Il Popolo d'Italia*. His old companions attacked him without mercy. Then came the hour of imputation and defence before the great Socialist meeting in Milan. Hooted, hissed and vilified, his voice rose above the infuriated mob with the sculptural phrase: '*Voi oggi mi odiate perché mi amate ancora.*' (You hate me to-day because you love me still). These were the words of a strong man conscious of his strength. Beltrami makes clear Mussolini's unswerving loyalty and devotion to the Italian proletariat; his hostility to the Socialist

party will continue only so long as Socialists 'continue to be anti-Italian.'

Italy does not forget her past, and some of the new works treat the past in a way to link it up with the new spirit:

"In the flush of the enthusiasm of her reawakening Italy, however, has by no means forgotten her past. Among recent publications are lives of 'Michelangelo,' by Adolfo Venturi; 'Sant' Ambrogio,' by E. Buonajuti; 'Vincenzo Gioberti,' by Valentino Piccoli. They encircle Beltrami's volume like an effective old frame for a present-day portrait. This is the country in which, par excellence, civilization has proved the unbroken continuity of progress through genius. The three volumes mentioned all belong to Formigini's collection of 'Profil' which, having been interrupted by the war, is now resumed. Venturi's volume is a little gem; the others are by specialists and, although brief, are scholarly, and maintain the highest level reached by their sixty predecessors of the collection.

"Another work which has had an immediate success and has produced a deep impression in Italy is Senator Corrado Ricci's 'Beatrice Cenci, storia, legenda e poesia,' published by E. Treves (Milan) in two volumes, of which the second appeared in the middle of August. Such has been the interest created by the publication that the Cenci Church of S. Tommaso delle Moli (St. Thomas of the Quays), which had been closed for thirty years, has now been reopened. The little edifice stands on Monte de' Cenci close by a point on the Tiber's left bank where wharfs formerly existed. In the church, Giacomo, brother of Beatrice, was buried after he had been, by order of the courts, torn with red-hot irons, brained and quartered. The story of the Cenci is a foul page history, characteristic of the sixteenth century, which Ricci paints in all its outward splendor and moral filth. The work, though of profound erudition, reads like a novel. Beatrice can no longer appeal to us as a pure young woman, nor is her portrait in the Barberini Palace in Rome genuine. Guido Reni painted a sibyl, not Beatrice. But in her corrupt and terrifying surroundings her figure in its beauty and its passion compels sympathy as the dramatic victim of environment. Ricci has appended to his work an exhaustive bibliography of manuscript and printed sources.

"The best seller of the Italian summer has been not unnaturally, a novel, Virgilio Brocchi's 'Il destino in pugno,' published by A. Mondadori. Brocchi, who is of the Milanese school, was predestined to create a pleasant, if not a perfect, world. His leading characters invariably struggle, and in the end successfully, against vice; the bad people die at the right moment or receive a just retribution. His characters are not degenerate and offer no attraction for the study of the alienist—a relief after the perversion of the average psychological novel. Brocchi, writing in his olive grove of the Liguria, is rich in imagination, and this latest production is a perfect salad of sentiment and intrigue. The public finds it appetizing. The volume has run into its eleventh thousand in two months."

THE DAY OF THE LORD

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Freedom and mercy and truth;

O come! for the earth is grown coward and old;
Come down, and renew us her youth.

Wisdom, self-sacrifice, daring and Love,
Haste to the battlefield, stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand—
To the day of the Lord at hand.

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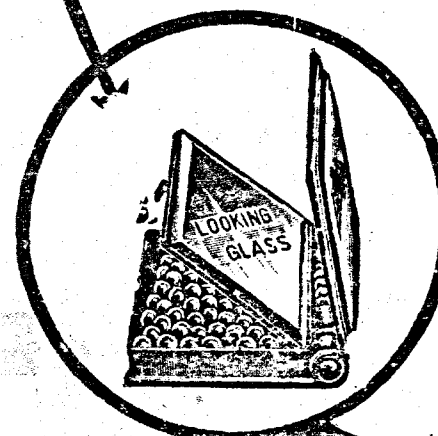
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