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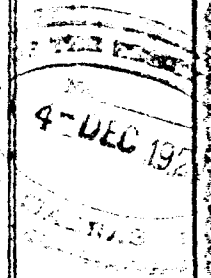
THE
YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

Vol. 2

November 1, 1924

No. 8



Youth Comes to Re-Shape the World

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

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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, Editors

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In the December Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

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



The Pathfinder

Lift up thine eyes, my son,
Pausing awhile.
Rest thou on Me.
Thy way to see.
Stretch forth thy hand, my son,
That way to know.

And calmly stand
Till I command.
I am the Master Scout,
Presence Divine.
Still at thy side
Whate'er betide.

The Young Citizen

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

VOL. 2

MADRAS, 1st NOVEMBER, 1924

No. 8

From The Front

By ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

A SIGNIFICANT sign of the times just now are the "Youth Weeks" which are beginning to be held in country after country. Here, in Madras, one is going on this week—October 13th to 19th. Our *Young Citizen* slogan, "Youth shall reshape the World," has become a far-flung inspiration, and the little orange-colored booklet of the Youth Week in Madras bears it in the centre of its cover, flanked on each side by a flaming torch. We learn from this booklet that successful Youth Weeks have been held in Bangalore, Ahmedabad and other places, and that on August 12, "a small Committee was established with the purpose of organising a 'Youth Week' in Madras". Preparatory meetings were held in various parts of the City, and no less than 21 organised bodies finally joined in making the Week a success. Here is a list of them, and it will be seen that they are without distinction of class, caste, creed, or sex:

The International League of Youth	National High School, Adyar
The Inter-Hostel Debating Society	Youth Lodges, T. S., Madras City and suburbs
The Young Men's Crescent Society	Y. M. I. A. Hostel
Yuva Jana Samajam	University Students' Association
The Madras Christian College Brotherhood	Corporation Model (sixty) Schools
The Shri Ramakrishna Student's Home	Law College

Pachaiyappa's Hostel	Doveton College
Pachaiyappa's Literary Association	Madras-i-Azam Rovers' Union
Pachaiyappa's College Malayali Association	Mylapur Star
Olcott Panchama (five) Schools	Boy Scouts, Madras

A number of Women's organisations are co-operating to provide a programme for the "Girls' Day".

On Oct. 13th the Week began with a march in procession from Napier's Park to Gokhale Hall, where a meeting of Youths was held. Tuesday saw a public meeting in the same Hall, very crowded, and the Elders held the platform, with "President—A Youth". He was a Muslim Youth, and a fluent, emphatic speaker. Then Youth had it all its own way on Wednesday with Sports in the Scout grounds, Wenlock Park, games, athletics, etc. On Thursday, Youth gave a Variety Entertainment, to which Elders were admitted. Friday was devoted to the business of the Movement, and Saturday from 5-30 p. m., to Sunday 6 p. m., was given to the joyous work of marching to the Camp and having a good time. I heartily congratulate the organisers of this most useful Week, and as a message "From the Front" I hope that boys, and girls in many places in India will imitate it.

I received from Karachi (Sindh) a ticket for

a Youth Week in that fine and energetic town. It began on September 28th and ended on October 5th. It opened with a social gathering and the performance of a play. On Monday, Elders spoke on "Youth's Place in the World" (I wonder what they said!), and on Tuesday, the Youths spoke, expressing their own ideas. On October 1st, there was a celebration of my birthday, and on October 2, a celebration of Gandhiji's, the two birthdays occurring on the 1st and 2nd. Friday, the 3rd, was given to religious exercises, and on Saturday, a Scout display and a lecture. The 5th was spent in an excursion to Maghir Pir, and closed the Week (of eight days.) The "Aims and Objects" of the T. S. Youth Lodge, which organised the Week, are given on the back of the card folder:

1. To provide a medium of expression for the ideals and methods of youthful members of the Theosophical Society.
2. To foster a spirit of Brotherhood and Internationalism, both in India and towards the outer world.
3. To express Theosophical ideals in active service.

No Subscription—No Rules

The last line appeals to me; it has such a joyous sense of freedom in it, that one visualises an outrush of young ponies into a field, with no halters nor bridles, manes and tails flying as they gallop, with an occasional prance and kicking out of heels, all graceful motion and joyous strength and speed.

An effort towards International amity has reached me from a Knight of the Austrian Round Table, Dr. Richard Weiss, who is proposing to publish a German magazine, *Die Freunde, The Friends*, "A Youth international journal". He says that he owes the idea to a French Internationalist, Mme. Bermond: it will glance over the field of action in human life, in all its fascinating ever-changing aspects, seeing all from the standpoint of an ever more developing Humanity. Two Ideas are emerging, helpful Service and Beauty. "The true Heroes of Humanity, the heroes of Peace and of Labor, the Martyrs for Ideas, and for the freeing of mankind through sacrifice and service,

will be vitally presented." The journal will be published monthly, and each issue will be of 32 pages. Each number will cost Annas 7; subscription for a Quarter, Re. 1-5. I suppose the money can be sent from India to the Editor, Dr. Richard Weiss, Wien, 13 5, Knödelhutte 12, Kinderheim, "Eden," Austria. *The Young Citizen* heartily wishes him success; the work must be very difficult to carry on with the up-and-down exchanges and the depreciation of the continental values. For instance, the magazine which we buy with Annas 7 represents in Austria a value of 7,000 crowns, mere tokens, of course, since we could buy 1,000 for one anna.

We take Mrs. Despard as "A Woman of the Hour," one of the gentlest, bravest, noblest women that I have met. I saw her first in one of the greyest, dreariest parts of South London, working in a Girls' Club, seeking to brighten the lives of the working girls of the locality. Refined amid coarseness, gentle amid roughness, sweet amid sourness, she has normally concealed, within that quiet sheath of a frail body, a fiery, passionate spirit, that cannot brook oppression, or injustice or cruelty, and that flashes out like a sword of flame in defence of the child, the woman, the young enthusiast who gaily faces cord or bullet in his passionate patriotism. She has been in Ireland through the Civil War, and is still working there, and the strain and the sorrow of it have left their traces on her body. She is scarcely a body, so frail, so shadowy is the form. But she is as full of courage, of effort, of service as ever, and one's heart cries out to her in a greeting that must often reach her: "God and Mary bless you." But what need to call blessing on her, who is a blessing wherever she goes?

Many of our readers will remember the Burman lad, M. Maungji, who went to England to seek an English degree. His health broke down under the climate, and he had to undergo an operation in his throat. It was impossible for him to continue, so, after a period of rest, he is returning to his eastern home, to work for Theosophy and the Coming Teacher. We are glad

to see that, before going to Burma, he is lecturing in Bombay and Surat, and his lectures seem to be much appreciated. There is a nice report of a lecture to the Bombay Students' Brotherhood on "Youth and Internationalism," and we reproduce it elsewhere. We look forward to much useful work from our young brother in Burma, where he will find a large field for his activities, and we shall watch his progress with great interest.

It is pleasant to notice the increase of Students' Magazines in India. Some are Scout Magazines, like that of the Benares Scouts, *Utsâha*, now in its second year; then there is *The Scout Brother* of the Meerut Scouts; *The Scout Gazette* of the Bombay Scouts; *The South Indian Boy Scout*, Madras; *The Sindhi Scout*; *The Mysore Scouter*; *The Mysore School and Scout Magazine*; and there are probably others which I do not know. Where there are Scout Reading Rooms, it would be good if troops can find some friend who would present them with the monthly *Scouter* and the quarterly *Jamboree*, which would keep them in touch with the Chief Scout of the World, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and the International Brotherhood of Scouts. We give some interesting Scout pictures this month from photographs sent to us by our Joint Editor Dr. Arundale.

Among new magazines is *The Students' Herald*, the organ of the Sindh Students' Association. Its aims and objects are well chosen.

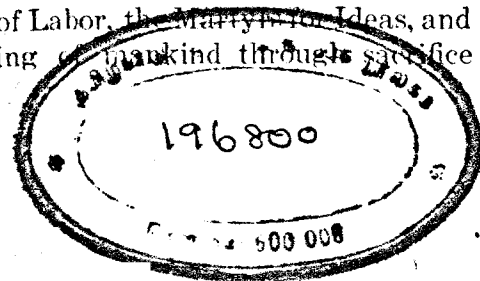
1. To promote unity amongst the students of Sindh by keeping in touch with all the problems of Sindhi students in various institutions.
2. To propagate the idea of Brahmacharya amongst the students of Sindh.
3. To discourage the social evils very largely prevalent amongst the social life of Sindh.
4. To promote the cause of Swadeshism amongst the students of Sindh.
5. To encourage the Scout Movement in the institutions of Sindh.
6. To promote Physical Culture in the institutions of Sindh.

7. To give wide currency to the resolutions passed at the last Sindh Students' Conference and request students to follow them to the best of their abilities.

8. To encourage the starting of the branches of the "International League of Youth" in different cities of the Province.

They follow the good rule of cleaning their own doorstep, and also counteract narrowness by starting Branches of the International League of Youth.

Well-directed efforts are being made by some Legislative Councils—notably by that of Bombay, especially since Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas was nominated as Labor Member in the first Reformed Council—to protect laborers, women and children. A very useful record is *The Social Service Quarterly*, now in its 25th volume. No. 2 of this gives a most useful summary of the Children's Protection Act by the gentleman just named. As he says: "The Children's Bill can verily be called the Magna Carta of children." All social workers need to be well acquainted with its provisions; their enforcement should not be left only to the police; the latter should be encouraged and aided in their efforts to save the children; work might be done along many lines by the enthusiastic youths now enrolling themselves in Leagues, Lodges, and Branches. Bombay has long led India in Social Service, and no other town is even a poor second. Why should not Madras, with its Social Service League, its Prisoners' Aid Society, take the lead in utilising its youths in actual service to the helpless and the poor? The Scouts in Urur, for instance, have set a fine example in improving their village. There are a large number of villages and cheris in Madras which might be brightened by making a shed for a Village Club, for reading, music and games. Where there is an open space in the middle of the village, the old village games of wrestling, lathi play, etc., might be introduced; many of the men know them, as I saw at Urur, where a good display was made. Athletic college students could here render good service. Why should the well-to-do have all the games? They are much more needed by the poor.



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THE GREATEST MUSLIM EMPEROR

In The World's Service

Akbar, the Glory of the Mughals

AKBAR the Great was one of those virile, forceful characters who might be said to have made a resolve, from the time that he determined to appear on earth, to taste, to know of the world first-hand, examine it, experiment with it and remould it to the fashion of the plan that he had formulated in his mind, as the days of his very active life rolled on. He refused to accept anything second-hand. He did not want to bask in the easily purchasable sunshine of the knowledge of others and, like his compeers in Indian Nationality, such as Shivaji, Haider Ali and Ranjit Singh, and, as perhaps, befitted the ruling clan to which he belonged, treated with contempt all excellence in mere book-learning, and hence loathed reading and writing and remained up to the time of his death a wholly illiterate person. Abul Fazl, his friend and adviser, has a fine excuse to explain this drawback. In *Aini-Akbari*, he writes:

"His holy heart and his sacred soul never turned towards external teaching. And his possession of the most excellent sciences together with his disinclination for the learning of letters were a method of showing to mankind, at the time of the manifestation of the lights of hidden abundancies, that the lofty comprehension of this Lord of the Age was not learnt or acquired, but was the gift of God in which human effort had no part."

This view is proved to be true by his weekly gathering of learned men for discussion of great problems.

He was truant by nature and was very truculent, so far as subjection to the tutors and the Mullas went. However, from boyhood he was very fond of animals, and took very great interest in camels, horses, dogs and pigeons.

Early in his life, he mastered and became expert in all the arts and crafts of a warrior, such as riding, archery and sword-play. Though averse to close and diligent study himself, he was ever fond of hearing other people read to him, and he thus learnt so much of the great classic Persian authors, such as Hafiz and Rumi and other well known scientific and philosophical writers, that it was very difficult when one talked with him on these matters not to feel that he was really erudite and learned. This was due to his strong memory, indications of which were visible from the very boyhood, which made him say later on that much energy was wasted by poring over books. He remembered vividly many incidents of childhood.

Being of a roving turn of mind, a born Scout, his pasture ground of pleasures were the open fields and the boundless desert, where he drank deep of the spirit of adventure, inured his body to all kinds of hardships, and laid the foundation of that deep-chested, strong and highly developed body, which always stood him in good stead in many a critical moment; his pastime in his youth was hunting wild animals in the forest according to the practice of the Rājās. Like Alexander the Great, he was indifferent to the inclemency of weather; heat and cold were alike to him when affairs of the State demanded his presence. He was fond of making long walking tours and would go on foot to a distant place of pilgrimage, or, sometimes, for the mere gratification of physical prowess. To fight with a tiger single-handed was like the game of a child to him, and "his marvellous personal power over the brute creation" was exhibited in many a perilous position.

In the Courts of Kings, tournaments in which elephants took part were the order of the day.

On one occasion, the great Emperor rode an elephant, by name Havai, "like the wind," rather notorious for his "cholar, passionateness, fierceness and wickedness," and showed his marvellous mastery of the wild beast by making him go through all sorts of "wonderful manœuvres". To add to the zest of the fight, he ordered another elephant to join the tourney, with the result that the latter took to his heels as soon as he saw Havai, and ran over a bridge of pontoons to the other side of the Jamna, to be followed by Havai with the regal rider on his back. There was consternation in the faces of the on-lookers and the King's life was despaired of. But Akbar cleverly managed to control his elephant in the very midst of the fight. Adventures like these raised the estimation of Akbar in the eyes of his people and made him their cherished idol. This might very well be attributed to his "sense of possessing exceptional power and to the intoxication of perilous excitement," but he himself later on explained to Abul Fazl that "his motive in undertaking such adventures was that God might end his life, if he should have knowingly taken a step displeasing to the Most High, or cherished an aspiration contrary to His will," for, he said, "we cannot support the burden of life under God's displeasure".

As a young man, who had just ascended the throne of his father, who was in the beginning under the thumb rule of the Regent Bairam Khan, and later on under the influence of the ladies of the Court, he might be said to have remained "behind the veil". He was feeling his way with things and men, and the world was sometimes too much for him. He fell in with the practice of the times, and indulged in wine and opium, sometimes even to excess. He was very spare in his food, and cared very little for animal diet. He was rather free in his marital ties, and took to wife many women for diverse reasons. But through all this, the inner man was fighting hard to understand the world around him. He, in his early life as a King, realised the position that he occupied as an autocratic ruler, and with alacrity and firmness began to consolidate his Empire. Rebellion after rebellion was quelled; one country after another was conquered; till he

stood supreme in his Kingdom, and, like the ideal Divine Kings, was always accessible to the rich and the poor, perhaps more so to the poor, whose petty gifts he jealously hugged to his bosom, while the costly presents of the rich were hardly taken notice of. We may miss the real inspiration of the life and the motive-power of this man of action, if we forget the central ideal of his life, which was "ever in search of the physicians of the Soul". In Abul Fazl he found a councillor and a philosopher who opened to him this avenue to his inner world. He saw with a keen vision his mission in life and worked to achieve it.

This Servant of Humanity, born in one of the most bigoted and orthodox religious sects of Islâm, with the temporal power to back him, saw through its glamor and vanity, and in the midst of his daily kingly concerns yearned for spiritual solace, and said of himself that he "lacked spiritual provision for the journey of life". He thought to himself: "Although I am the master of so vast a kingdom and all the appliances of Government are in my hands, yet since true greatness consists in doing the will of God, my mind is not at ease in this diversity of sects and creeds; and apart from this outward pomp of circumstance, with what satisfaction in my despondency can I undertake the sway of Empire? I await the coming of some discreet man of principle, who will resolve the difficulties of my conscience." Being by nature a practical Mystic, he was gradually forced to take up the position of King, Pope and Prophet all in one. It was in May, 1578, that the memorable event of his life took place, when a big hunt for which great preparations were made was given up at a moment's notice, as the result of a vision that was vouchsafed to the King under the shade of a tree. Mysterious references are made to this episode. It is stated that the King "was supposed to have attained a state of ecstasy and to have communed with God face to face. A sublime joy took possession of his bodily frame. The attraction of cognition of God cast its ray." Henceforth, with perfect confidence in himself and his message, he went ahead steadily, cutting out a path for himself and those who believed in him. The expectation of the re-appearance

of the Prophet, the Mahâdi, might have lent added inspiration to him, though he never claimed himself as the new Prophet. With the transfer of the capital to Fatehpur Sikri, with the building of the throne raised upon a Vishnu Pillar, he assumed the rôle of himself as the representative of God on earth, and became the spiritual and temporal head of the Musalmans. That was the first step. The debates on different religious beliefs in his Parliament of Religions opened his eyes to the Divine truths contained in all of them, and after due examination and tests he arrived at the conclusion that all religions were gateways to the knowledge of God. The adoration the Sun, as the symbol of God, appeared to him the most natural form of worship, and in order to be the centre of the new big movement, he began to prepare himself. He changed his former mode of life. The sports of which he was passionately fond began to give him ache of mind and heart, and he followed that until he preached that a King should refrain from four things, passion for chase, gambling, wine and women. He won over Hindus by inter-marriage with the highest among them, by getting rid of the Jazia—the poll-tax on unbelievers—by discouraging persecution, by stopping the Sati of widows and removing the barbarity of child marriage. A step further was the declaration of the principles of the Dive-Allahi, "the Divine Faith," with himself as the Guru, and with four distinct stages of discipleship. It was a new venture and Akbar had to face many difficulties. But he realised that this, and this only, was the real solution of the religious, social and political problems of the India of his days, perhaps is the only remedy for all the ills which India might suffer from in the future.

With true Religion, which is the Service of God and man, as the pivot, and he himself for the time-being as the central Figure, he hinted at the possibility of having in our midst real Divine Kings, who could rule the mundane affairs of the State, and at the same time be the dispensers of the bread of Divine Wisdom. For this purpose, in his cult, he devised four stages of discipleship—sacrifice of property, of life, of Honor, of Religion, thus indicating the complete self-surrender which an aspirant makes to his spiritual guide. In social and political matters of his realm he tried to bridge over the gulf between the two great communities of the Hindus and the Muslims by marital ties in the highest amongst them, and by living a life of brotherhood in which they were all children of one God. In this, the lowly and degraded were not neglected. He won over their love by sympathy, justice and kindness, and they very often looked upon him as a Prophet and attributed many a miracle to his holy presence. He was not lacking in culture and in appreciation of art and beauty, whether in painting, music, literature and architecture. He encouraged all, and his Court was the abode of not only men like Abul Fazl, the metaphysician, scientist and Mystic, but was renowned for its Tansen, the greatest musician that India has ever seen, and for Râjâ Birbal, its clever humorist. He was a patron of learning, and many authors found a ready welcome at his Court.

This is the mark; the indelible impress, that has been left by Akbar in the records of the World's Service, and "Akbar's endeavors to realise the Aryan ideal are still worthy of imitation both by British Rulers of India, and by all statesmen for whom politics is a religion rather than a game of craft and skill".

C. S. T.

The Cat and the Hen with her Chickens

"Proud old she-devil with her little imps!"—said the hungry and angry jungly cat, who from the corner of the wall had been for a long time eyeing a nice plump hen with a batch of little chickens, and wishing hard that she might, in her promenade across the poultry-yard, come round within a convenient distance of his hiding place. The poor hen heard this remark, but, without looking round, went on till she disappeared in the strong wooden fowl box.

Buddhist Stories

No. XVIII

HOLD YOUR TONGUE

Long, long ago, when Brahmadata was ruling at Benares, the Bodhisattva was born into the family of a royal minister, and when he came of age he became the Rājā's spiritual adviser. Now His Majesty was a great chatterer. When he was talking no one else had the chance of getting a word in edgeways. So the Bodhisattva, waiting for an opportunity to check him in his chattering, hit upon this way.

At that time, in the regions of Himālaya, there dwelt a tortoise in a certain pool; and two young wild geese, while roaming about in search of food, struck up an acquaintance with him. They became his constant friends, and one day said to him: "Master tortoise, we two live on Himālaya, on the slope of Bright Peak, a lovely spot, in a golden cave. Do you come thither along with us."

"Why, friends, how could I get there?"

"We will seize hold of you and go along. If only you can keep your mouth shut, there's nothing you can't do."

"Oh, I'll keep it shut all right," said the tortoise. "Take me up, and off we go!"

"Good!" said they, and took a stick and made the tortoise grip it with his teeth. Then they two, seizing hold of each end of the stick, mounted up into the air.

As they flew along, some village boys saw him being carried by the wild geese, and shouted: "Look! Look! A tortoise carried on a stick by two wild geese!"

Then the tortoise, longing to reply: "What is it to you where my friends are taking me, you rascally rogues?"—just when, thanks to the rapid flight of the wild geese, they were right over the Rājā's palace at Benares, opened his mouth, let go the stick, fell into the open court of the palace and was split in two.

A general cry was raised: "A tortoise, a tortoise has fallen into the open court and split in two!"

Out ran the Rājā with the Bodhisattva, and all his retinue came to the spot, looked at the tortoise and said to the Bodhisattva: "O Pandit, how did he come to fall here?"

The Bodhisattva, thinking: "For a long time I have gone about looking for this chance of warning His Majesty. There must have been a friendship between this tortoise and two wild geese. They must have said to him, 'We'll take you to Himālaya,' made him grip a stick with his teeth, and mounted into the air. Then, hearing someone's voice, and failing to guard his tongue, but longing to answer back, he must have let go the stick. So he fell down from the sky and so came by this death."—So thinking, He replied to His Majesty:

"They who are babblers, Mahārāja, and set no limit to their speech, come by such misery as this." So saying he sang these verses:

O sure the shellback slew himself,
Striving his thoughts to tell.
Safe was he while he grasped the stick,
But when he spoke, he fell.

O best of energetic men,
Let words be wise and few!
Thou seest how to chattering
This shellback's death was due.

The Rājā, knowing, "He says this concerning me," said to the Bodhisattva:

"Pandit, you say this concerning me."

"Mahārāja," replied the Bodhisattva, "It may be of you, or it may be of anyone else who comes to grief by boundless babbling," and so made the matter plain. Thenceforth the Rājā restrained himself and was a man of few words.

F. L. WOODWARD,

Trans. from *Jātaka*, 215

The Man and the Sparrow

A bricklayer was slowly climbing up a ladder placed against the wall. A sparrow, looking at him, said: "You great men are truly wonderful beings. You seem never to be able to go straight to the point—but always in a footling, round about, cumbersome manner. Why this mighty structure with this many rungs? Why not go up to the top of the wall at once?—like this"—and the sparrow flew off, and sat on the top of the wall, and with its pert little eyes watched man as he came slowly climbing up, rung by rung, with a great basket of bricks and chunam on his head.

A Woman of the Hour

THE BENEFICENT FAIRY OF NINE ELMS

(The Story of a Woman's Life Work—Theosophist—Suffragist—Socialist)

NINE Elms Lane is not a nice place. When the writer walked through it, he was fearful of being engulfed in mud. At one point a railway crosses the road, and every now and again the traffic is stopped by a policeman, who rings a huge hand-bell with much vigor, whilst a procession of trucks crosses at that leisurely pace which always seems to animate traffic when it is in the wrong place. One can get acquainted with the choicest slang listening to the carmen chaffing at the delay.

A little further down the lane on the left hand side, opposite to several huge cranes, which pick up great weights with the ease of the giants who used to live in our infantile story books, one comes to the gasworks. Not a district one would choose for a holiday resort. Yet men, women and children live all around in pecky little dolls'-houses, whose windows blink at you in a curious sort of way, as if they had a sense of humor at being supposed to let in light and air for the benefit of the human residents.

Currie Street and Everett Street form a cul-de-sac, with the gasworks as sentinel of the angle formed by their meeting. One realises the tragedy and ugliness of our modern industry, and wonders if it is not possible to alter it. One person, at any rate, has faith, and has determined to do her share in the work of

brightening the lives of those who live in the district.

If the gasworks stand as the sentinel of industrial darkness, just beside it stands a little shop as sentinel of light and beauty, and in a room or two over this shop lives Mrs. Despard, who fixed her headquarters here some sixteen years ago, and who is now the good fairy of the place. This seems but appropriate, for all Irish

people believe in fairies, and is not Mrs. Despard an Irish woman?

Many years ago this good fairy lived in Esher, in a house where fairies ought to dwell, but she felt that she was selfish in living amid such surroundings, when others were compelled to exist in dark places. She sought a way to help them, and as to all real seekers comes the discovery of the way, so it came to her. Two neighbors used to journey once a week in connection with a mission to Nine Elms, and Mrs. Despard travelled each week with them, taking with her a trunk of flowers.

She soon found plenty of work to do, and

before long she was adviser-in-chief to the womenfolk of the neighborhood. Incidentally, one portion of her work at this time illustrates that, if a thing is just, it will be helpful to everyone, although on the surface it may appear to be only beneficial to the few. Most historians would say that the Married Women's Property



CHARLOTTE DESPARD

Act only helped women of property. Mrs. Despard's experience proved the contrary. In this district, composed largely of the poorest class of casual laborers, homes could be found in which the Drink Fiend reigned supreme. Drunken and besotted men would prey upon their wives, sometimes deserting them, leaving them to face the world and to incur all its buffetings in order to snatch an existence for their children and themselves. Then when they had turned the corner, and out of their scanty earnings they had saved a little, the husband would come back and claim it all, and the law upheld him. Mrs. Despard acted as a trustee to a number of deserted women, so that the little money they had could be saved from the drunkard and the deserter. The passing of the Married Women's Property Act was a real charter of liberty to the womenfolk of Nine Elms. The woman could control her savings and was free.

For a time, Mrs. Despard had to leave these people, in order to accompany her husband in what was, in the end, a vain search after health and strength. When the time came for him to lay down the burden of this life, Mrs. Despard turned once more to Nine Elms, there to seek comfort and solace among a kindly people. The fairy home at Esher knew its occupant no more, but there is much brightness in the Surrey Hills, and a glint of it went to Nine Elms and stays there unto this day.

For Mrs. Despard is regarded by the people as one of themselves. Once, soon after she returned, a poor woman came seeking advice and assistance. Alas! time had gone by, and it was too late to render help. "But," said Mrs. Despard to the woman, "why did you not come to Mrs. So-and-so (the lady who had undertaken to carry on the work during her absence) and tell her." "Oh, I couldn't do such a thing!" replied the woman. "But," said Mrs. Despard, "you have come to me and told me everything." "Oh, yes," replied the woman, "but you ain't a lady." "That," said Mrs. Despard to the writer, "was the greatest compliment ever paid to me."

Help and advice, however, are not the only things to be found at 2, Currie Street. In the old shop itself is an excellent clinic for children.

Here are treated all the minor ailments from which little ones suffer, and which are often the forerunners of more serious disease. Some twenty little urchins of both sexes were being treated on the occasion of our visit, and some of them certainly seemed to like it. It was a lesson to any one who is leading a soft, comfortable existence to see how children of seven or eight bore, unflinchingly and with a brave face, the smarting pain when ointments and lotions were applied. The eyes are a source of grave anxiety to the excellent trained nurse who is in charge. I felt, as I watched her deft fingers at work, that at least one woman had found her vocation. Life has little more to offer us, when we find a vocation instead of a profession.

The children regard the place as their own, and often a rap, rap, rap, is heard at the door. When it is opened a child will be found bringing another who has received some hurt in its play. The lame duck is attended to, and goes on its way rejoicing.

A slight murmur on the other side of the street led us to leave the clinic in order to investigate. It was lunch time, and the restaurant which Mrs. Despard had opened was doing a roaring trade. The best vegetarian fare is served, and on the occasion of our visit, suet (vegetable) pudding was in demand. A long queue was formed, and much grumbling took place when the supply gave out. All the sustained eloquence of the server could not persuade one sturdy urchin of about nine summers to accept plum pudding in its place.

Sometimes there is much shoving and pushing; but Mrs. Despard spoke with pride of the times when, at a word from her, the big boys of from fourteen to sixteen will stand aside to let the little ones have their share, although they are hungry and know that the supply may give out and they will have to go without.

Attached to this building is the ex-baby's home. When the new-comer arrives in a workman's home, the previous child runs a serious risk of being neglected. Father is at work and mother in bed. In Nine Elms this ex-baby is looked after. For a shilling a week it is fed and cared for until mother is able to be about again. "It is delightful," said Mrs. Despard, "to see the fathers come up on Saturdays to pay the small

fee—only too willing to do so—and be relieved of all anxiety.

This work at Nine Elms would be sufficient for many, but Mrs. Despard is one of those who, doing much, find time to do more. In the Hampstead Road we can find the "Despard Arms," a real refreshment house, which has already become famous.

Yet this is not all. If you are connected with the Women's Suffrage Movement, naturally you think of Mrs. Despard. Often has she braved the terrors of the law, and the gates of Holloway Prison have clanged behind her. Not that she sought notoriety; like most earnest workers, she is worried by publicity. But always at the back of her mind she sees the faces of the patient working women of Nine Elms, and she is spurred on to every effort.

If you are interested in Theosophy, you will at once think of Mrs. Despard as a writer and lecturer on its behalf.

And last, but not least, if you want to know how she is beloved, go into any place where the workers meet, and ask if they know Mrs. Despard. Perhaps I can illustrate this best by an incident which happened during the great

London Dock Strike of 1912. The men were very, very weary, the women sick at heart, and the children wanted food. One woman in East London was struggling bravely to feed and relieve them. Mrs. Despard went to see her, and for a short hour went round the streets where the dockers lived. As they passed by a crowd of laborers, ill-clothed, half-starved, and despairing, one of them stepped out, and, touching the East-End woman on the arm, pointed to Mrs. Despard and said, in a tone half-fierce, half-kindly: "Mind, you take care of her."

Thus they who are at the bottom think of her, thus they love her—this dear, gentle dame, on whom the years as they pass sit lightly. Time seems not to exist for her. Meet her where you will, the step is firm, the voice resonant, the eye flashing with fire betraying the indomitable spirit hidden in the frail body. Love and Service are the dominant passions of her life. When the history of this time is written no one will occupy a higher place than the beneficent fairy of Nine Elms—Charlotte Despard.

JOHN SCURR M. P.

Crows

To judge by the numerous crows about there must be many nests near by, but only one has come within my view. That nest I see from my window and I can watch the young crows being fed. Every few minutes one of the parents flies on to a convenient bough and then hops across to the nest. Up come little heads or gaping beaks, and the old bird puts some food in and then either wipes its bill on the edge of the nest or does some tidying up work, before it flies off for more food; I cannot quite see which it is doing.

Part of the education of young crows seems to be their attendance at our morning coffee on the

verandah; for batches of five or six, under the charge of an old crow, attend for a week or two and make noisy comments on our actions; then they disappear to be replaced after a time by a fresh batch. This is during April and May especially; at other times one or two quiet old crows make it their business to watch our doings from convenient ledges, or tops of pillars.

These are the glossy black Indian Corby, or Jungle Crow. The grey necked Indian House Crow visits us also now and again, but not in numbers.

The used and the unused Match Sticks

A match-box was lying half open on the edge of a table. Several used up, burnt out, match sticks were lying on the floor. The unused match sticks in the box, peeping over the edge, said to the burnt sticks lying on the ground: "You look like us, except at the top. We have fine red faces, and yellow necks. Your faces are dirty, smudged, and black as charcoal. No wonder you are down below, to be trampled on by anybody and everybody—and it serves you right for imitating us—but you cannot become like us." "No," said the latter, "nor do we want to. We have done our duty without boasting, and are content to lie here now. You boast over a mere accident—but wait a little, and you will also come down here—like us—and the sweeper woman will sweep us all away into the same cow-dung-plastered bamboo basket, and make no difference between you and us." The wrinkled face, furrowed with the lines of thought, and the rough hands of the man who has done his duty, are better than the pomade and stiff collar of the fop who has not.

Ancient Stories for Indian Children

SITA (Concluded)

CHAPTER IV
Sita in Lanka

The entry of Sitā into Lankā marked the beginning of the downfall of Ravana. A series of misfortunes was in store for that beautiful city. Stately buildings were destroyed and brave warriors killed. The mighty Demon himself had to lose his life.

Ravana was a devotee of Shiva. He was well versed in the various branches of knowledge. Why, then, did he rob Rāma of his wedded wife? When the hour of death is impending, even the wise become foolish and all knowledge deserts them. So it was that despite repeated failure Ravana persisted in his attempts to win the hand of Sitā. No advice, no threat, nay, no offers of kingdoms, or the chief place among the Queens, could induce her to change her mind. A Sati's heart is firm and cannot be easily moved.

With the figure of her Lord ever before her mind and uttering his sacred name incessantly with her lips, she passed many a tedious day in Lankā. Often she bemoaned her fate and even thought of committing suicide. But, then, good omens made her pause. She heard the story of Rāma recited by whom she could not guess. Then she was all attention. The story was repeated in greater detail. Could anything be more to her taste than this nectar of Rāma's story? She was all absorbed in the thought of Rāma, and when she awoke from her trance, there stood a monkey in front of her.

Hanumān, for that was the monkey's name, bowed low before her and said that he was Rāma's messenger. He then showed her his ring to win her confidence. On seeing it she felt right glad and put it on her finger. Once again she wanted Hanumān to tell her Rāma's story. This he did with all his heart, for nothing pleased him more than telling his story.

Sitā now began to narrate her own sufferings ever since she fell into the hands of the Demon King. Hanumān pitied her and said that, if she willed it, he would take her across the ocean and place her by Rāma's side.

She did not, however, fall in with the proposal and repeated: "I am the wife of Rāma and none else has a right to touch me. It is my wish that he himself should come and crush his enemy. Only then can his prowess be vindicated. Mighty Vānara, I admire your spirit, courage and skill. Fetch my Lord and let him slay the Demon and recover me."

Hanumān promised to do so and was about to

take leave of her when she stayed him and gave him her Chudāmani. "Give this to my Lord," said she, "and kindly tell him that within two months from this date he should come and recover me, or else I will have to meet my death." Hanumān with tears in his eyes listened to her and promised that he would bring about her liberation.

So Sitā continued to live in Lankā till Rāma came and rescued her. Nothing daunted by the threats of the Rākshasis, with a single-minded devotion to her Lord, she passed many a weary day awaiting better times to come. On the death of the Demon King she was taken from her seclusion and brought before her husband. Who could describe her joy at that moment?

But misfortune shadowed her still. Did she not stay in Lankā, the Demon's city? How would the public receive her union with her Lord? Rāma's mind was extremely uneasy. He would gladly welcome her and take her to his bosom. Little did he doubt her chastity. But the world—the gossiping world—what would it say? To satisfy the public was his duty. So assuming a stern countenance, he said, much to the regret and pain of his followers: "Sitā, I have slain my enemy and vindicated my honor, and it is now for you to prove your innocence."

Sitā little thought that Rāma would suspect her. Now that her chastity was publicly challenged, she had no alternative left but to vindicate herself. With a motion of her eyes she asked Lakshmana to prepare a huge fire. Then, praying to all the Gods and Brāhmanas, she entered the flames. Now to proclaim her innocence before a wondering world, Agni, the Fire-God, rose up from the flames and, taking her in his arms, said to Rāma: "Here, take thy wife. She is as pure as myself. Her residence in Lankā hath not corrupted her."

Such a solemn declaration in the presence of all there assembled was all that Rāma wanted. With an affectionate smile he welcomed her to his side. Bibhishana was crowned King of Lankā. Then mounting the magic car of Ravana, with his Vānara and Rākshasa followers, Rāma proceeded north in the direction of Ayodhyā.

On the way he showed his beloved wife the various spots whither he had been in the course of his wanderings. Dismounting from his car at Nandigrāma, he embraced his dear Bharata, a more faithful brother than whom could not be found. A procession started towards Ayodhyā and there amidst universal rejoicings he was crowned King.

Galileo

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE, TOLD FOR YOUNG PEOPLE



ONCE upon a time there lived a lad in Italy. He was a bright, well-made lad, fairly tall, with brown eyes and red-brown hair. He also had a lively look, but perhaps the most remarkable thing about him was that he was interested in everything. Nothing was common or dull to him: for it was not only the outside of things that drew his attention, but also the inside force that had made them what they were and sent them into action.

If I were to tell you the names of all the things he was interested in, they would fill pages and you would have to laugh at the odd assortment: things such as falling stones and floating feathers; water-drops rolling on a cabbage leaf; light; ships; broken sticks; swinging chains; running water and water standing still; winds; and all the stars in the sky, visible and invisible.

The first picture we see of Galileo (for that is the lad's name) is as he goes into the Cathedral of Pisa; he wears a plain student's dress, for, though noble, his father is not rich, and Galileo has his way to make in the world.

It is dark inside the church. Galileo crosses himself, and salutes the altar with reverence; then he goes up the side aisle till he comes to where a large brass lamp swings on a chain from a lofty arch. Galileo looks round to see if any one is watching him, then he sets the heavy lamp swinging on its chain. Standing aside he watches it swing, holding the fingers of one hand on the wrist of the other. Again and again he sets it swinging, feeling the pulse in his wrist at the same time. What is he doing? He is timing the vibrations and saying to himself: "If it swings wide, it swings fast; if it travels but a little way, it swings slow. Whether the lamp travels a little way or a great way, it does its journey in the same time. There is a law behind this." So well did the boy study out this law by the help of his beating pulse (for he had no watch) that when only eighteen, he had himself invented and made a little instrument for counting pulses, which was at once put into use in the Italian hospitals. He had also discovered the law which governed the speed and time of vibrations (which was given a Greek name, meaning, the law of "equal timings").

Galileo loved mathematics beyond anything, but his father would not allow him to learn them, and insisted on his learning music instead! At that time, and for long after, mathematics was said by

the monks to be a diabolical art, and one which should be banished from every State. (Do not laugh too much at the monks; science is often turned to diabolical uses by quite good men. Even arithmetic too; for example, in the adding up of pounds, shillings and pence to be made out of what are called "hands" in factories, leaving out of count the brain, heart and soul of the whole beautiful human creature.) However, Galileo took to inventing mathematics for himself, and at last people came to think so much of the little machines he invented by their aid, that he was allowed good teaching; after that he did so well that he was soon made mathematical professor at Pisa. For this he got less than £ 20 a year: so he was poor still.

It was not very long before Galileo fell into trouble, for his inherent love of truth would never let him say what he did not believe. It happened that the Governor of Pisa had to use a hydraulic machine to empty the wet dock at Leghorn. He showed the machine to Galileo, who said at once that it was a stupid contrivance, ill put together, and could never empty the water from the dock. The Governor was very angry, and when the machine broke down and proved itself a failure, he was enraged. In those days, if a powerful person were annoyed, the person who annoyed him might very well find himself stabbed with a knife some dark night. Therefore, Galileo's most helpful friend, the Marquis Guidobaldo, advised him to fly from Pisa, and got him a professorship at Padua.

But before he went, Galileo had made good use of one of the wonders of the town of Pisa, the famous Leaning Tower. There are some youths, who, if they were seen taking up assortments of stones, wool, cork, dead bodies of animals, bones, ropes, and other queer objects, to the top of a tower, might be suspected of an intention of playing tricks on the passers-by. But the mighty mind of Galileo was far enough away from any such mischief; it was already travelling to and fro among the heavens; just as you see the search-lights running to and fro across the city's sky in war-time, so did the bright beam from Galileo's eyes chase the invisible stars; he was bound to know something of their numbers, something of the way they moved; he must know under what law they hung suspended and by what means.

So he threw all sorts of things down from the side of the Tower that leaned over, and he tied

things to cords and swung them; he watched them fall, and he watched them swing, and he timed them by a clock which he had made himself. In this way, he came on the track of vast discoveries that pretty well turned Italy upside down.

At that time the world of men believed that the Earth was a flat plain (with no known end or beginning), above which the sun, moon and stars passed in procession, while the great plain of the Earth stood still. Galileo very soon disbelieved this; he had one of those minds that flew straight to the truth and then made experiments to prove it. When he had proved it, then he must put it before the people, disturbing them and unsettling their minds, and showing them how wrong were their notions, just as he did with the Governor of Pisa. He would not keep quiet about his discoveries, and so he got into trouble.

I am sure you would like to have some idea of what sort of books Galileo wrote. They are all delightful and interesting—not dry professor's books, but the work of a man who is hunting out truth for himself and trying to find what the world is all about, a thing we are far from knowing yet.

Here is a little bit from one of his books, *Dialogues Concerning Two New Sciences*. In this book, Galileo divides himself into two men, who talk to each other.

The chief philosopher says: "Every machine and structure has a limit set, beyond which neither art nor nature can pass. The large machine is not proportionately stronger than the small."

His friend answers: "My brain already reels. My mind, like a cloud lit up by a lightning flash, is for an instant filled with an unusual light." (In this sentence Galileo is certainly describing his own sensations when he makes one of his own discoveries.) "If this were so, it would not be possible to find two single sticks made of the same wood which shall be alike in strength and resistance but unlike in size." And the other philosopher answers: "So it is." After some interesting arguments he goes on to say: "Who does not know that a horse falling from a height of three or four cubits, will break his bones, while a dog falling from the same height, or a cat from the height of eight or ten cubits, will suffer no injury? Equally harmless would be the fall of a grasshopper from a tower, or an ant from the distance of the moon. Do not children fall with impunity from heights which would cost their elders a broken leg or a fractured skull? And just as smaller animals are proportionately stronger and more robust than the larger, so also smaller plants are able to stand up better

than larger. I am certain you both know that an oak two hundred cubits high would not be able to sustain its own branches if they were distributed as in a tree of ordinary height; and that nature cannot produce a horse as large as twenty horses, or a giant ten times taller than an ordinary man, unless by miracle, or by greatly altering of his limbs and especially of his bones, which would have to be greatly enlarged."

You see for yourselves how interesting that is. All our big architects know this fact, and our big bridge-builders and our big ship-builders, but few other people have ever thought about it.

Many years passed in this way, while he gradually discovered, invented, wrote, taught, and—this especially—worked. He had a magnificent appetite for work of all sorts: he loved it and he believed in it. Besides being a philosopher, a professor, and an astronomer, he was a magnificent craftsman. There was no one to come near him as a hand-laborer. Of "geometric and military compasses" alone he made three hundred with his own hands, and wrote a book on their use. Hearing that a German somewhere across the Alps had invented an instrument through which he watched the stars, he set to, and invented the telescope for himself. (With his own hands he made over one hundred telescopes before he had done; four were very powerful and fine instruments.) With the help of his best telescope he discovered, first, Saturn's Ring; then the phases of Venus; then the Moons of Jupiter.

This was very well so far. It is true some learned men were angry and jealous. But Galileo only made a joke about that. When his enemy, Professor Libri died, Galileo said: "Libri did not choose to see my celestial trifles while he was on earth; perhaps he will now he is gone to heaven."

On the other hand, many great people, among them the noble Henry IV. of France, were delighted. His secretary wrote a funny letter to Galileo, saying: "Pray discover as soon as possible some heavenly body to which His Majesty's name may be fitly attached." Even the Pope, who was an ignorant "rustical" person, was interested. In March, 1611, Galileo went to Rome to give a display of what were called his "Celestial Novelties". His telescope was set up in the gardens of the Quirinal, and crowds of cardinals and noblemen looked through it to see his newest discovery—the spots on the Sun.

So far so good. But tragedy was approaching. Galileo dared now to write a book called *Dialogues on Two New Sciences*, in which he proved that the Earth was not a plain, but a star that

moved about the Sun. At that time there were about forty thousand monks in Rome, and they became very furious. "What!" they said. "Did not Joshua command the Sun in the heavens to stand still till he had finished his fighting, and did it not stand still at his word? Shall this insolent man now undertake to move the Earth from its ancient place and prove Joshua a liar? Moreover," they said, "the Earth is not a star, but a most vile place, full of dirt and wickedness, while the stars are the glorious creations of God." One of Galileo's learned enemies wrote of him at this time: "He is in a humor to try to vanquish even the monks' obstinacy; and if he fights with them, of course the day will go against him. So you may except shortly to hear that he is utterly ruined."

By this time Galileo was grown old; he was ill, too; very ill. But the Pope and the Inquisition, egged on by the Jesuits, whom he had unluckily offended, were determined that he should appear before them to be reprovved for his unfortunate astronomy.

He set out on a winter's day, carried on a litter through terrible snow-storms; he who had been so active and fearless in writing, was full of wretchedness. The journey took nearly a month, for the plague was about and sometimes the litter could not be allowed to pass through the stricken villages.

The last great scene of Galileo's life was a strange and tremendous one. The old man, now almost blind, and weak with illness, was made to go down on his knees before a full court of Pope, Cardinals, and more powerful monks—the Pope in white, the Cardinals in red, and the monks in the dresses of their Orders, white and black and grey. Before them, in his old black gown, kneels the man who, alone of them all, has a mind capable of understanding the truth. If he had not actually been tortured, he had been threatened with torture by these ignorant men. He had been bullied almost daily by them for four months. Here is the sort of argument he had to listen to. I am sure any child of six could see how foolish it is: "Animals that are capable of motion have joints and limbs; the Earth has neither joints nor limbs, therefore it does not move."

And now, come down on his knees before his

Science and Religion—By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

At first in fear, then anger, then surprise
We gazed on Science. When out from the night
Of superstition shot the daring light
Of her bold torch across the darkened skies.
Some hateful fiend we deemed her, in disguise,
A foe to all things dearest in our sight,
This austere figure clad in coldest white,

most foolish judges, he recited a long abjuration specially prepared for him, saying, that he "curled and detested the error" of his belief that the Earth moved round the Sun. Many people say that Galileo, as he rose from his knees, said under his breath, "Eppur si muove!" meaning, "It moves, for all that". I hope he did. He was excessively witty. He was also a good Christian and son of the Church. We will hope that he still could laugh within himself at times in spite of his trials.

Perhaps Galileo's last years were the bravest part of his life. He was a prisoner, getting more weak and ill, and quickly going blind, and still always working. But let him speak for himself. "I was shut up in my own house," he wrote to a friend, "that little villa a mile from Florence, with strict orders that I was not to see friends.... Here I lived on very quietly, frequently paying visits to the neighboring convent, where I had two daughters who were nuns, and whom I loved dearly, but the eldest in particular, who was a woman of exquisite mind, singular goodness, and most tenderly attached to me. She died after six days' illness, leaving me in deep sorrow."

Writing to Ladislas, King of Poland, he says: "I send your Majesty three lenses. I have tried to serve your Majesty well, but I have been in prison here for three years for having dared to print the *Dialogue* (on astronomy)." Then he becomes very indignant as he writes of the way he has been treated, and then he ends: "But whither is passion transporting me? Let me go back to the lenses." There is the secret of his life: "Let me go back to the lenses." He worked to the last. One little thing I must add. He was a splendid gardener. They said at Florence he was the best man anywhere at pruning vines. Can you guess why? Because the small was great to him, and the little bud on the vine-stock was a living thing—a child of the sun, carrying within it the secret of the climbing vine, the vine-leaf, and the tendrils, and the bunch of purple grapes. Seeing all things, he would know how to handle stock and bud and stem. Therefore his vines would flourish under his hand.

And now, was he not a hero, to your mind?

GRACE RHYS

The whole face shrouded, save the brow and eyes,
To sneer and taunt, to brutal blow and thrust,
She made no answer, passing on her way,
A purpose in her eyes that seemed divine.
And now she drops her mantle in the dust,
And standing radiant in the breaking day
Behold Religion, Beautiful, Divine.

The Youth Movement

WE have heard a great deal about the "Boys' Week" in America, and are constantly chronicling the activities of American Boys, but our brethren in the United States do not by any means forget the other half of the young people, and the welfare of the girls is considered quite as important for the Nation as that of the boys. One interesting movement is the "Girl Reserve Movement". The following quotation is taken from the *San Francisco Bulletin*:

What shall we do for the young girls of San Francisco?

"Young girls need club life," said Esther May Carter, Executive Secretary of the San Francisco branch of the International Girl Reserve Movement, in answer to this question.

"Girls who have reached the seventh and eighth grades and on up until they have entered college or the business world, must have club life of a properly supervised nature to promote a healthful physical, mental, moral and social development.

"This is essential. Girls who are denied it reach maturity with a warped and distorted conception of things," she maintains.

To meet this need of the undeveloped girl, various societies and clubs have been formed in San Francisco. Of these, the Girl Reserve Movement, of which Miss Carter is the local Director, is perhaps the most comprehensive in its scope of any other organisation in the United States. Its programme, according to Miss Carter, is designed to meet every need of the growing girl, from the time that she reaches the seventh grade in school until she is graduated from high school and is ready to enter some established institution of higher education, or to face the world as a business or professional woman, or to assume the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood.

"Our programme," says Miss Carter, "is a four-fold programme, dealing first with health; second, knowledge; third, service; and fourth, spirit."

"To elaborate, I will discuss first the programme which we have mapped out to deal with the problems of health, the object of which is to make every girl physically fit in every particular. In this regard, we spare no pains to impress upon the mind of every young girl the necessity of giving scrupulous and religious care to her physical being. She is instructed in the science of everyday health and hygiene and the importance of discretion in all matters pertaining to eating, sleeping and living."

To augment this teaching, the girls are encouraged to participate in athletic activities. A cottage has been obtained in Mill Valley to house week-end parties, and a summer camp has been opened at Asilomar to provide for summer vacation excursions. "And we find that this health programme," declares Miss Carter, "is instrumental not only in establishing a most desirable physical equilibrium, but that it encourages a spirit of democracy, good fellowship and sportsmanship among our girls, that is as essential to their development as it is to young boys."

"The second part of our programme is wholly educative and instructive in nature.

"Our aim in this particular field is to encourage good citizenship, to impress upon them the fact that their responsibility to society and to the State politic is as great and as vital in nature as is that of a man.

"In addition to this they are instructed in the various branches of domestic science and art, and encouraged in a proper appreciation of the finer arts, such as music, painting, sculpture, and classical literature. Light dramatic productions are given from time to time in which the girls take part, and to which their friends are invited.

"To teach a girl in her early teens that a life of service is the only life worth living, is to my mind," continued Miss Carter, "a most essential part of her education, for no man lives unto himself, and it is only by learning how to bring happiness and joy into the lives of others that we learn the true meaning and nature of happiness for ourselves."

One of the most prominent aims of the Girl Reserve Movement is to teach the fundamental principle of service, and to instruct them in the grace and art of intelligent giving.

"The last and perhaps the most important phase of our work, is the development of the spiritual nature of the young girl, which is more perfectly expressed in our motto than in anything that I could say. 'As a Girl Reserve,' says this motto, 'I will try to face life squarely and to find and give the best. I will be gracious in manner, impartial in judgment, ready for service, loyal to friends, reaching toward the best, earnest in purpose, seeing the beautiful, eager for knowledge, reverent to God, victorious over self, ever dependable and sincere at all times'."

And this is a brief resumé of the Girl Reserve Movement of San Francisco. It is designed to minister to the needs of girls of every race and creed.....

Another organisation of the same kind as the Girl Reserve Movement is the National League of Girls Clubs.

"The League functions through a number of small clubs scattered throughout Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, where more than 1,500 girls plan their own programmes and carry them through. Opportunity is offered to the girls to develop their own individualities by means of study and recreation within self-governing, non-sectarian groups."

"We have no definite goal with the girls, no axes or isms, no 'causes' or resolutions. In short, we try in a free disinterested way to offer to working girls of the city a place where they may have frank discussion of the problems which interest them most. Our only limit is our own imagination. We have an idea, and we hope to keep the idea growing and growing.

"Our classes in social history, for instance, do not merely devote themselves to a consideration of remote and irrelevant events in the dead past, but history in the making is studied as it unfolds around us daily in current events."

Other countries besides the United States are awaking to the importance of the National girlhood. The Manchester Avenue School, in England, has recently formed a "Better Girlhood" Club, for the advancement of physical, moral and educational ideas. More than 500 pupils belong to it.

G. M. Bhurgri

A GREAT MAN OF SINDH

By J. P. GULRAJ

I SHALL never forget that sight! A vast multitude of men followed the bier, bedecked with golden cloth and heaps of roses, on the shoulders of stalwart men, crowds had joined in from all sides, the narrow bazaar of Hyderabad, Sindh, was one dense procession; revered leaders of all communities came out with garlands to do their obeisance to their beloved leader who had served their Sindh in modern times, as none had done.

No foreigner could have guessed that this was a bier of a Muslim! For Hindus and Muslims on that day at least forgot all differences: most orthodox Muslim priests, chanting their orthodox prayers, stood shoulder to shoulder, under the bier, with Hindus who sang their holy songs for their beloved Bhurgri.

A wail went forth on that day from the heart of the whole of Sindh, aye, from the heart of India, as Bhurgri was a leader of the whole of India, and had won his spurs in the thick of the battle for Home Rule.

Bhurgri was born 45 years back in an ancient family of Baluch Nobles. His father was one of the biggest landlords in Sindh. He gave his son an orthodox training, and Bhurgri learned *Quranic* texts when he was a small boy, and told me that the Moulvies instructed him in emphatic terms not to take anything from the hands of a Kafir! He lost his father when he was very young; his big lands went into the hands of the then Assistant Commissioner in Sindh, Bhurgri and his brothers being minors. Bhurgri left the tutelage of the Mullahs, and received education in the Karachi Madrasah, and then in the Aligarh College, where he made himself dear by his generous and chivalrous ways. He was barely 18, when he picked his first quarrel with the bureaucrats. The Assistant Commissioner had issued orders that none but Europeans could lodge in the Circuit Bangalow,

which had been built from the private funds of the Zamindars. Bhurgri quietly had the locks broken, and made himself master of the house. In those days when there was not a word of politics, this bit of a Baluch boy defied the most hardened bureaucrats, that is, of Sindh! From that day Bhurgri was a marked man. Attempts were made to bring him under Section 110, but the boy went away to England, where he kept his terms for the Bar.

After being called to the Bar, Bhurgri came back to Sindh and began his career. The Indian National Congress had very few followers among the Hindus of Sindh and none among the Muslims, as they were considered the protégés of the officials. Bhurgri joined the Congress, in spite of the clamor of his community and the grumbling of the officials. He was elected to the Councils, and from that day to the day of his departure from earth he kept his seat in the Council, and having secured the complete confidence of his people, he remained their acknowledged head. He was a constitutional fighter up to the last.

Sindh is a Muslim Province, the vast majority of the Muslims are illiterate and ignorant. They, poor

people, were the victims of both the Zamindar and the Amaldar, the landed proprietor and his helping brother, the bureaucrat. This united régime is, to say the least, obnoxious to the poor peasant, who hardly gets a meal per day.

A peasant in Sindh is a serf worse than a feudal slave; he, his children, his wife are all supposed to be merely chattels to serve all the wishes of the landowner.

Sindh has suffered terribly from the official system called Rasai, which means illegal gratification. According to the system, any official touring in Sindh has to get his necessities through the Zamin-



G. M. BHURGRI

dar, who is supposed to receive payment. The payment, if any, is nominal; the peasant is to do all the work without money; he is to make roads on sand, cleanse the grounds, pitch the tents, fetch fuel, food and water, accompany the hunt for fowls at the lake and deer in the jungle. He has to stand in foul lake water upto the waist, for a long long time, to gather in the birds, then to provide sport for the Sahab. The compensation for all this is almost negligible. Bhurgri could not bear the sight of this tyranny, and fought both his brother Zamindars and the officials on this matter. He was himself one of the biggest landowners; master of 65,000 acres of land; he issued orders that not a pie was to be spent for Rasai, and no man of his is to be dragged into work (Cher). This brought troubles on him, as was to be expected, but he did not care. The Government had to appoint a Rasai Commission, and the evidence recorded was so horrible that Government had to say that things must be changed. There is no doubt that there were also officials who sympathised with Bhurgri, and stood with him.

Bhurgri made his name in the Legislative Council, declared himself a lieutenant of Gokhalé and served loyally under him. When the fight for Home Rule began, Bhurgri was one of the first to take up the banner. His politics were more or less similar to Mrs. Besant's, who recognised his worth. In Sindh, Bhurgri had gathered round himself a devoted band of fearless workers (chiefly Hindus), who proclaimed him as their leader. When Mrs. Besant was interned, an agitation was carried out in Sindh, which, as the vernacular saying has it, "took out the cotton wool from the ears of the Bureaucrats". Persecutions followed, a good many went to gaol and a warrant was actually issued against Bhurgri himself, but it disappeared somehow. Bhurgri fought like a man.

When Non-Co-Operation came, Bhurgri resisted his own people, cared not for praise or blame, stuck to his constitutional methods, went to England, worked for the revision of the Turkish Treaty, and achieved a good deal. His sober judgment, his amiable manners, his kindliness of heart had made him one of the chief leaders of India, trusted both by the Hindus and Muhammadans. The latter elected him as the President of the All-India Muslim League; there, too, he conducted the proceedings with firmness, and yielded not when the storm burst and lightning flashed. His community afterwards recognised his worth, and it is undeniable that Bhurgri would have soon been a recipient of the greatest honor that his countrymen could give, but his health was poor, and the

hard work that he did, considerably reduced his vigor.

What about the man behind his political skin? Extremely lovable, extremely humble, a Sufi out and out, keeping no difference between Hindus and Muslims, welcomed in Hindu homes, loved by men, women and children. His love for the peasant was extreme. His peasants under him grew very rich; no man could be tyrannised over on Bhurgri's estate with impunity. I have learnt from Hindu residents in his villages that not a case had gone into Court, and that during the last generation not a Hindu had been molested. Bhurgri's name was sufficient to scare away any petty tyrant, whether non-official or official. Bhurgri would mix with the so-called meanest and the down-trodden. One day on his fields he met a Bhil boy. "Salaam be to you," said Bhurgri. "Salaam back to you, Sahab," replied the boy. "Who are you," asked the Rais (as Bhurgri was called). "I am a Bhil, the untouchable, Sir!" Bhurgri greeted him heartily: "I am a Bhil, too." The boy looked with amazement. "But you wouldn't touch our food." "Why not? Come, we will sup together," replied Bhurgri.

This is only one instance of his generous heart; any amount of such incidents can be had.

How many orphans he maintained, how many schools he provided for, how many poor families depended on him, how many institutions he fed! But hardly did the left hand know what the right hand did. Bhurgri was a Socialist; he prepared a bill to do away with the Permanent Settlement. He wanted that "Death Duties" should be raised, so that private property be reduced. Such was the man who passed away at the early age of 45, mourned by the whole Land.

In his religious belief Bhurgri was a Sufi. Orthodox in childhood, he later on became a devout student of *Masnavi* and *Hafiz*, two of his inseparable bed-mates. Latterly he took to reading a good deal of Occult and Theosophical literature, specially that on the Life after Death. It prepared him well to meet death and he developed an attachment for Theosophy. He said to Mr. Jamshed N. R. Mehta, the great philanthropist and Theosophist of Karachi, who was attending on him at his death bed: "Jamshed, I am convinced of the Great Beings you talk of, I see in my dream They help me; tell your members to send me their good thoughts after I go."

This was the man whom India needed at this critical stage, when political Hindus and Muslims are at each other's throats. His was a restraining hand and saving counsel. May his soul rest in peace!

The Asteroids and Jupiter

BY "STAR-GAZER"

THE giant planet Jupiter is the first large planet which lies beyond Mars. But between it and Mars there are a great number of tiny little planets, which are known as the "Asteroids". These little objects cannot be recognised as planets without the aid of a telescope, they are very small, and the largest ones were only discovered at the beginning of last century. The four largest are Ceres, Pallas, Vesta and Juno, having diameters of 485, 304, 243, and 118 miles respectively. They pursue a very curious course round the sun, having very different orbits and periods of rotation. The average length of their journey round the sun may be taken to be about four and a half years. Many of them are nothing more than great masses of rock, and doubtless there are multitudes of little masses which are too small to be seen through the telescopes. One of these little bodies, named Eros, sometimes approaches very close to the earth, coming within a distance of only 13,000,000 miles. It is only 28 miles in diameter, and could be placed inside most of the English counties. It is a small ball about five times the height of Gauri Shankara. It takes a year and three quarters for its journey round the sun. Part of its surface seems to be composed of some dazzling white material, for instance, quartz, for its brightness increases greatly at regular intervals of five and a half hours. Its existence was only discovered in 1898.

What are these Asteroids, these little worlds, any one of which a rich man might own, if he could get there, which fly round the sun in impertinent emulation of their greater brethren? They are rather a mystery. Some say that they are the remains of a great planet, which was hit by some object coming from outside the solar system, or perhaps by an enormous comet, and which was broken up. Others say that they are enormous meteors, of unknown origin, which have been deflected from their ordinary course to circle round the sun for ever.

The planet Jupiter is the largest in the Solar System, having a diameter eleven times that of the earth. It is not a sphere, but is considerably flattened at the poles, this flattening being caused by its very rapid rotation, for this vast planet has a day which is only *ten hours* long. Since it is such a large planet, it is a most magni-

ficent object when seen through a telescope, and many markings can be observed on its surface. The most famous of these is the *Great Red Spot*.

The Great Red Spot on Jupiter is probably the most famous planetary marking, and is a very favorite object of observation for young people. It is a very large object near the planet's equator, and can be seen with even a small telescope. It varies in shape and size; perhaps there are great storms on the planet which obscure it for a period. Great belts of clouds can also be seen on Jupiter. Indeed, what appears to us to be the surface of the planet is probably not the true surface at all, but is a dense layer of clouds. This can be seen by the fact that different markings on this surface can be seen to have different periods of rotation. Their position with regard to each other varies, they travel round the planet at different speeds. Nevertheless these markings are very interesting to study. The supposed diameter of the planet, 88,000 miles, is probably the diameter attained by the layer of clouds, and the diameter of the true surface may be much less. This explains the fact that the apparent density of the planet is only a quarter of the Earth's density.

Jupiter possesses at least nine satellites or moons, revolving round him in the same way that the moon revolves round the earth, but only four of these are of any considerable size. These four are named Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto, and it was by their means that the velocity of light was accurately determined. It was noticed that the moons were eclipsed by the planet at times that were a little different from what they should have been according to mathematical calculations. It was found that the discrepancy was due to the varying distance of the Earth from Jupiter, the time that light takes in coming from Jupiter varying accordingly. In this way the velocity of light was calculated.

The planet is not visible in the sky in October, except in the morning before dawn, and then it is very low down. It is said by Occultists that the surface of the planet is as yet too hot for any kind of humanity to live there, or any life as we know it here, since there are vast seas of molten metal on which nothing could live. But the moons are inhabited.



EMPEROR OF MAGADHA

Ashoka's Last War

THE autumn sky was clear. The stars, strewn with a lavish hand, seemed to enhance the indescribable beauty of the liquid blue black ground. No moon lighted the heavy darkness that shrouded the forest of Vilva Van. Giant trees reared up to the sky, their crown of dark green faintly visible in the starlight. In a place comparatively open was pitched a tent. The flag of the Emperors of Magadha waved from its white top. Laughter and indistinct voices could be heard from a distance. A silent sentinel kept watch in front of the tent, the rumbling noise of his armor, as he paced to and fro, being in all accord with the solitude of the scene. Inside the tent, on a seat of deerskins, were seated two figures. One was in the flush of youth and strength, the other a mere infant of perhaps five summers. The child nestled close in the arms of his companion, one of the little hands softly laid on the firm sinewy arm. The large, intent eyes were raised to meet the look of affection that shone in the older face. Gently the young man released his arm from the light grasp of the little fingers and moved away the dark curls that strayed to the child's brow.

"Your majesty—"

"Call me brother, Satya. I like—"

"But you are not my brother."

"Am I not? Well, you are wise. But what where you saying?"

"Do not let there be this horrible war. Why should people kill each other and be called great? What has the King of Kalinga done to you?"

"The King of Kalinga has been wicked, my child."

"Well, make him good."

"How?"

The child was thoughtful for a moment.

"The other day I was sticking a thorn through a spider—"

"You were only thoughtless, my child. Remember how you burst into tears when I told you you were giving pain to the insect."

"Can you not tell the King of Kalinga that he is giving pain to many people?"

"He would pay no heed to what I said."

"How can you know that?"

"You are getting to be a troublesome questioner. Well, we will leave the King of Kalinga alone, and speak about yourself. What did you see in the woods to-day?"

"Oh!" said the child, his eyes lighting up with pleasure, "I saw the swans swimming in the river.

Their white wings left a mark in the water as they came to take the tender lotus stalks from my hand. I came to the huge Vilva tree that stands beside the woodland track. The deer stood beneath the tree and gazed at me in mild surprise. A Shramana was seated under the tree. He wore a yellow robe and his eyes looked at me long and intently."

"Perhaps he was your brother in your last birth," said the King smilingly.

"That may be so," was the grave answer.

"When I am grown up, I shall be a Shramana."

"Be one now, why wait till you are grown up? I will be your pupil. What will you teach me, my little Shramana?"

"I don't know," said the child drowsily. The King gathered the dark head closer to himself and looked down with a fond smile.

"Sleep robs the light from your eyes. You have no tedious greatness driving away his timid step. Sleep, enjoy peace and happiness whilst you may." Ashoka of Magadha sat still for fear of awakening the little sleeper. The little tired eyes closed and the chest heaved regularly. Gently the king laid the little form on the deerskins.

"No war, please, Your Majesty," murmured the child in sleep.

"Strange that his mind should linger on that one point," said the King.

* * * *

The dark fortnight passed by. The Emperor's army marched against Kalinga victoriously.

"But the day is won at a heavy cost," said the General of the King's forces.

"Thousands of the enemy lie dead on the field and our loss also is no less."

The King shuddered as he took off his armor. "Devadatta, let the prisoners of war be well cared for, and the wounded among them immediately attended to; let neither cost—"

"King! I bring you awful news."

His Majesty turned as he heard the unceremonious interruption. At the door of the tent stood a Buddhist monk in yellow robes, a Svastika in his hand. The King rose from his seat and reverently saluted the new comer.

"Holy one, you doubtless speak of the carnage of the battle-field. Yes, I did not expect victory to claim so heavy a toll."

"I speak not of that inevitable squander of human life! A young life, perhaps one that you hold most dear, is fast ebbing away."

"Satyavrat! Where is the boy?" said the King in a terror-struck tone.

"Your heart has guessed aright. He strolled away from the tent and met his fate by a stray arrow, sent by a too watchful sentinel. Quick; come; yours is the name that is on his dying lips."

Hastily the King followed the Shramana into the moonlight night. The dying child lay on the sand, by the bank of the river. The lotus blossoms were closed in their right's rest. Ashoka knelt by the side of the boy. The moon obscured herself behind a passing cloud.

"My child—"

"King, do not disturb the last solemn moments

of a departing soul."

The half-closed lids opened. The quick change of death was mirrored in their dark depths, for a moment, and then all was still. The sighing wind played softly with the curls on the clammy brow in mournful caress.

"Thy wish shall be granted, little one," said the King, rising from the side of the lifeless clay. "Witness, Ye heavenly Powers, that Ashoka, the Servant of Love, shall henceforth seek neither fame nor victory, but what may be his by peace and love."

And History knows how well he kept his word.

Elizabeth, Bougainvillea

We are very proud of Elizabeth. She came to us a mere slip of a plant, pale and thin after her voyage from Australia, and we hardly thought that she could survive. However, she was re-potted and manured and put into a shady corner of the verandah and carefully watered and watched. Gradually her leaves grew darker and of a more healthy green, her stem hardened and she began to grow.

It was in the early days, when her life was despaired of, that some one in fun asked: "How is Elizabeth to-day?" and the name stuck to her. When she had decided to live and had grown quite big she still caused us much anxiety, for she showed no signs of flowering, but merely grew stouter and stouter. She had especially been selected for the rose color of her three-leaved calyx

with three little pink flowerets inside. All of her species about here are magenta-colored and we have none of the white or pink variety. Hence the trouble taken to import "Elizabeth".

When we had almost lost all hope of her ever flowering a pale pink flush was one day noticed amongst her green, and soon she was in full blossom. From a plant about ten inches high, she has grown up the steps quite twenty feet. The next thing is to induce her to give us reproductions of herself and one or two branches are being treated by the gardener, so that we may have slips. Then the pink Bougainvillea with the beautiful large bracts that distinguish her family, will be established and add more beauty to the gardens which give so much happiness.

What not to Take

BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

They were all very much in earnest, certain they were right, and tremendously eager to get on. Everybody was tinkering at himself, mainly in imitation of some leader or other who had caught his fancy, or who possibly was really his leader. Some read books on conduct, on hygiene, on the way to all conceivable virtues and to many inconceivable virtues, too. Oh! Yes. They were all terribly in earnest, and they were all confiding to each other with infinite relish their respective "ways," "disciplines," or whatever you like to call, if you want to be respectful, that which profane persons are sometimes apt to term "fads".

"You have no idea what a wonderful result is produced by not taking salt in any form." "All I can say is that if only people would not take milk, they would be in far sounder health." "Take only one meal a day. Do not take an evening meal at

all." "Do not take any cooked food at all." "Do not take" and then came an interruption. But where the interruption came from no one has ever been able to discover. At any rate, everybody present utterly repudiated the interruption. "What was it?" Well, it was rather rude as a matter of fact—"I'll tell you of something not to take which you all do take, with far worse results than the taking of all the other things you've mentioned." Of course, everybody was in quite a state of excitement, and although nobody knew who had interrupted, some one at last cried out: "For goodness sake, tell us what this wonderful thing is which we ought not to take, and do take, and the taking of which is worse for us than all the things we do not take." And the answer was:

OFFENCE.

The Story of the Typewriter

It was a July day in 1867. The chief operator in the telegraph office at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, had just finished taking a message, when a tall, slender man with long flowing hair and a faraway look in his clear, bright eyes approached the desk and asked for a sheet of carbon paper.

Fifty-six years ago, carbon paper was something of a curiosity. About the only use that had been found for it was to make quickly several copies of newspaper dispatches as they were taken from the wire and written down in longhand. So naturally the chief operator wondered at this request from a Government customs official.

But he knew that his visitor, Mr. Christopher Latham Sholes, was already quite a celebrity in Milwaukee as a newspaper man, a city post-office official, a former member of the State Legislature, and an inventor. So when Mr. Sholes, in leaving, turned and said, "Come up to my office to-morrow about noon, Charley, and I'll show you something interesting," the young man, who was Charles E. Weller, determined to accept the invitation. He expected to see something new, nor was he disappointed.

With a few pieces of pine board, an old telegraph key, a square of glass, and some other odds and ends, Sholes had made a mechanism which he was showing to two other men, when Weller arrived. Taking the borrowed sheet of carbon paper and a thin sheet of white paper, he slipped them into his machine against the piece of glass. Moving the paper slowly with one hand, he tapped the telegraph key with the other. On the end of his key was the letter "W" cut in brass. And the device was a "writing machine," which wrote WWWWW. WWW over and over again. But Sholes explained that with thirty or forty such keys, each carrying a letter or figure, he could make a machine that would write anything. This was the first practicable demonstration of the typewriter idea, though a number of earlier efforts towards the same end had been made by other men.

The two friends who, with the young telegrapher, were invited to this first demonstration, were Carlos S. Gilden and Samuel W. Soule. Mr. Sholes took them into partnership, and in their little Milwaukee machine-shop known as "Kleinsteinuber's," they began at once to build the first typewriter. Weller shared their interest, for while not mechanically inclined, he was studying shorthand with the idea of becoming a Court reporter,

and had a vision of the great possibilities of the typewriter in relieving those who were obliged to write hundreds of pages of records by hand, making the reports so costly that few could afford them. And Mr. Sholes promised the young man the first machine that left the shop, with the understanding that it must be used in actual Court reporting.

The work went slowly, for every part of the mechanism was strange to the mechanics. It was during this construction period that Sholes named his invention the "typewriter," because it came the nearest to telling what the machine really did.

The first typewriter was finished in the autumn of 1867. "It did not look much like the compact machines of to-day, and yet it did, in some ways," says James H. Collins.

The movable carriage and the lever for turning the paper from line to line, and the converging type bars, and even the keyboard, made it look more like the typewriter of to-day than any writing machine that had been invented before.

"The keyboard was like that of a piano. The keys were of black walnut, in two rows, with the letters and figures painted in white. The letters of the alphabet read from A to Z, the first half on the lower row of white keys, and the other half on the upper row of black keys. This machine printed only capital letters, but it had figures from 2 to 9. The letter I was used for the figure 1, and the letter O for zero. There was also a comma, period, semicolon, hyphen, question mark, dollar sign, and diagonal stroke.

"Step into any typewriter showroom to-day, and say you are thinking of buying a machine. The salesman will sit down at a machine and rattle off a sentence to show how well it works. Now, that sentence is nearly always the same, and this is the reason: When Sholes' first machine was ready to write, there was an exciting political campaign going on in Milwaukee. Almost the first sentence written was: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party," and it is still used in demonstration.

"Charles Weller got the first machine in January, 1868. By that time he had become a shorthand reporter in St. Louis, where the typewriter was sent. Lawyers then were suspicious of shorthand. What did the stenographer write with his mysterious pothooks? They could not read it! So they took scraps of testimony in longhand, and depended upon those and their memories for the record of a trial. There were many disputes about what a

witness had said, usually settled by the judge, who told what he remembered, and they stuck to that. Mr. Weller joined the only firm in S. Louis that did shorthand-reporting in the Courts. There was not enough legal work to keep him and his partners busy, so they took down lectures, sermons, and political speeches in shorthand for the newspapers. Some months before, there had been a long impeachment trial and one of Weller's partners had reported it. He had never written out his notes, however. Shortly after Weller got his strange typewriting machine, the report of this trial was needed. He wrote it out on the machine. This first typewriter wrote only capital letters, remember. It wrote those out of line. The letters often "stuttered," or stuck. The lines were unequally spaced. You couldn't buy a typewriter ribbon then, but had to get a roll of silk ribbon at a dry-goods store, soak it several hours in writing ink, hang it up overnight to dry, and put it on the machine. But this first typewritten report of a trial in Court answered all purposes, because it was used as 'copy' for the printer."

This first typewriter was followed by others. In their little Milwaukee machine-shop, Sholes, Gilden and Soule began five years of change, experiment and improvement. They soon saw that something was wrong with the keyboard, and finally hit upon the plan of arranging the letters something after the order of type in a printer's case, so that those most often used are near at hand instead of following the order of the alphabet. So they worked out a four-bank keyboard, very much like the one in use to-day. After the better keyboard had been worked out, they changed the wooden keys to metal rods, and set their type bars in steel bearings. The paper had rested in a flat frame against which the type struck in writing. This was replaced with a rubber roller.

Just here a well-to-do business man living in Meadville, Pennsylvania, James Densmore by name, asked that he be taken into the firm of three as a partner. They agreed if he would pay all past expenses. He accepted without even knowing how much the expenses would be, so great was his faith in the future of this invention. Soon after this, Soule dropped out of the partnership.

But as time went on, it became clear that something was radically wrong. The idea was evidently all right, but the machines broke down under steady use when tried out by reporters. They wrote well enough for a week or two, then something would break or wear out. One reporter in Washington, D. C., James O. Clephane, ruined

machine after machine, and found so much fault that even the gentle Sholes lost his patience and said: "I'm through with Clephane!" But Densmore encouraged him to go on with the work: "This candid fault-finding is just what we need," he urged. "When Clephane points out a weak lever or rod, let us make it strong. Where a spacer or an inker works stiffly, let us make it work smoothly. Then depend upon Clephane for all the praise we deserve."

During the five years they worked in Milwaukee, fifty machines were built at a cost of \$250 each. "This is just what we want!" said business men. "But unless you can build machines that stand up, typewriters that anybody can use, you might as well stop right here."

As they seemed to be making little headway, Sholes and Densmore took their typewriter to, and asked for the advice of, one of the best mechanical experts in Milwaukee, Mr. G. W. N. Yost, who afterwards became a typewriter inventor and builder himself. He suggested various changes, and stated his conviction that such a machine must be built with the same accuracy and skill needed in the making of fire-arms. It was through his influence that they took their invention to the Remingtons at Hion, New York, and interested them in its manufacture.

Up to this time the typewriter had been the work of amateurs, but now, in 1873, it ceased to be an experiment. The Remington experts took the machine apart, talked it over, found out what was wrong, and made improvements. They had fine machinery and skilled machinists to carry out their plans. In a few months they were building typewriters that would do satisfactory work. They could turn them out by dozens, hundreds—yes, and thousands, if people wanted that many.

The Remington Company was anxious to secure exclusive rights to the manufacture of this machine, and it is said that Mr. Sholes sold his share in the invention for \$12,000 cash. His partner, a shrewder business man, took a royalty, which in after-years paid him many times that sum. But Sholes never complained.

"All my life I have been trying to escape being a millionaire," he said humorously, "and now I think I have succeeded!"

Returning to Milwaukee, he continued making typewriter experiments, with the assistance of his two sons. They invented a new machine, which was much more simple than his first attempt, and also "visible"—that is, one could see what was written as the keys were struck. But he had never

been a strong man, and his health began to fail under constant work at his desk and in his shop, and the last nine years of his very useful life were spent in search of health. Even when he was not strong enough to sit up, his bed became his workshop.

"Father Sholes, what a wonderful thing you have done for the world!" said a daughter-in-law, shortly before he died, in the early nineties.

"I don't know about the world," was the reply, "but I feel that by the invention of the typewriter I have done something for the women who have always had to work so hard. This will help them earn a living more easily."

The spark of his enthusiasm fired Mr. Yost's ambition, and he invented the first machine that wrote small letters as well as capitals, the Caligraph. Franz X. Wagner, who was working with the Remingtons when they first took up the manufacture of typewriters, turned inventor himself, and

Youth and Internationalism

The following is a summary of a discourse delivered by Mr. Maung Maung Ji, at the Conversational Meeting of the Bombay Students' Brotherhood, held on Sunday, the 5th instant:

Mr. Maung Ji said that he was glad to make the acquaintance of the members of the Bombay Students' Brotherhood, as he was very much interested in Youth Movements all over the world, and hoped to start Youth Brotherhoods in his own country, Burma.

Youth was one—whether it was in Europe or America, India or China, Japan or Australia. It was the spirit of Youth that was now expressing itself all over the world, and the Time-Spirit was that of Youth. Everywhere to-day Youth was finding out ways of self-expression in all walks of life. The future depended largely upon all those who were young. That was, indeed, a great privilege and a responsibility, and the greater they thought of self-preparation the brighter would be the future of humanity. They could not be lazy. They had no time. The older people who had done their bit for the betterment of the world no doubt looked on them with brighter and surer hope. They could not disappoint them. They must do their duty, their share, their bit.

The peace of the world could not be obtained unless there was a better understanding among the Youth of all Nations, for those who were young to-day would take the place of the old in the days to come. It was not a leader that could make a world a safe place to live in, nor could the League of Nations decrease the lust of Nations for war.

perfected the first front-stroke, visible writing machine sold to the public. It was patented in 1894, under the name "Underwood".

Charles Weller is still alive, though now past eighty, and has just assisted in the dedication of a monument erected above the grave of his friend in Forest Home Cemetery, at Milwaukee. On this memorial is a bas-relief of the inventor, and a tablet reading:

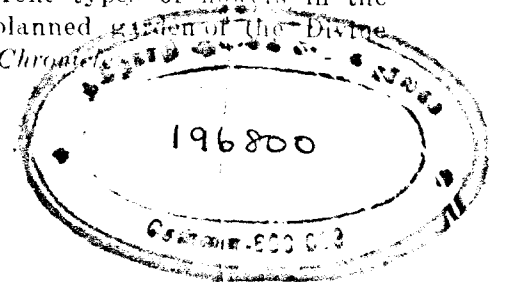
Erected by the men and women of America and foreign lands in grateful memory of the man whose genius has lightened labor and contributed to the comfort and happiness of millions of toilers in the world's work.

We can hardly imagine a world to-day without the typewriter. It has revolutionised nearly every branch of industry. An American invention, it is made almost entirely in the United States. In ordinary times every other typewriter we make goes to some foreign customer.—*Youth's Instructor*

It was the endeavor of every young man or woman to understand that they were one, and that Youth was the same all the world over. Youth was the keynote of the day. It was the fresh rose that gave beauty and fragrance to all those around, and the duty of the rose was to give its lustre for the joy of others. Youth must learn to sacrifice, learn to understand that all roses had the same beauty and sweet smell all over the world.

There were various Youth Movements in every part of the world. In Australia, they had "The New Era," specially started by young people to bring about a better and nobler understanding among them. In Europe, they had "The International League of Youth," started with the same object. They had "The League of Young Theosophists" all over Europe, with the sole aim of uniting all the young people of every country in Europe. They had the Scout Brotherhood all over the world. They must work together, united in spirit, in mind and in body to bring about a more cheerful understanding in the world of Youth.

They saw troubles all over the world. People were expecting another world-war. Was it not, therefore, their duty and his to avoid another war and settle their disputes by a peaceful arbitration? But out of that trouble and anxious moments would dawn the spirit of Internationalism, when Nations would be only different types of flowers in the beautiful and well-planned garden of the Divine Gardener.—*Bombay Chronicle*



Scout Notes



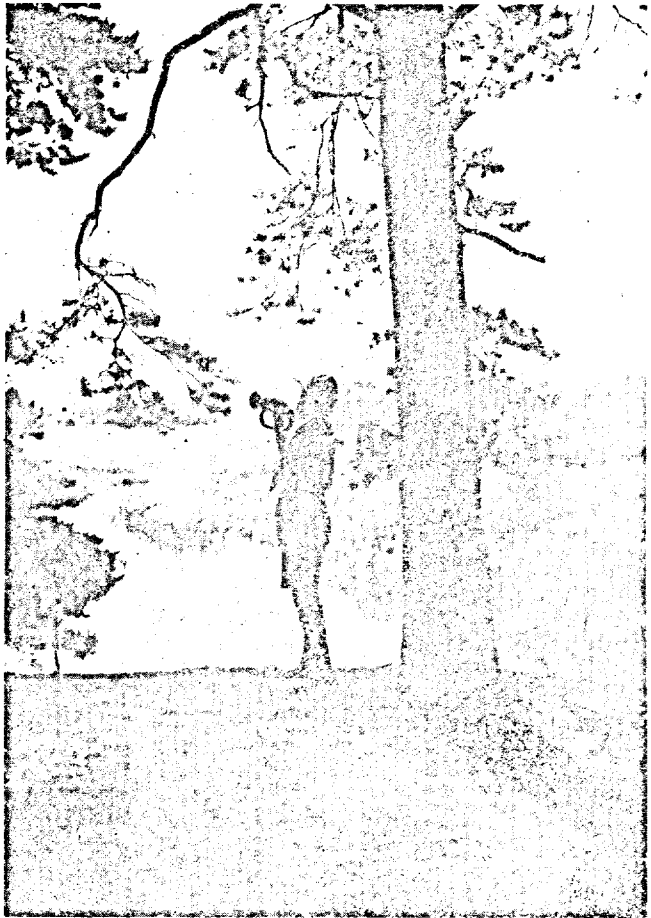
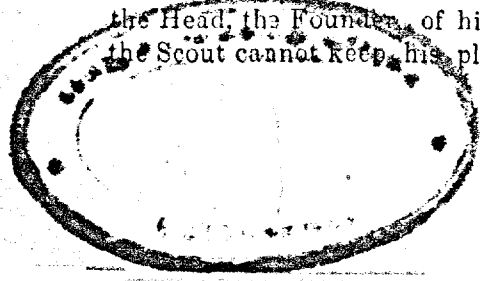
OFFICERS AT THE OCTOBER RALLY, MADRAS.

From left to right sitting: 1. K. Saigva Kumath, Provincial Secretary; 2. Miss A. J. Willson; 3. Dewan Bahadur Parankusham Naidu, District Commissioner; 4. Hon. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Provincial Commissioner; 5. Dr. Annie Besant; 6. Rao Sahib R. Krishna Rao Bhonsle; 7. C. Ratnam Pillay, B.A., L.T., Scouter; 8. Miss E. B. Noble. From left to right standing: 9. O. M. Nathan, Assistant Commissioner; 10. Dr. F. H. Gravely, Provincial Treasurer; 11. Dr. S. Srinivasamurti; 12. V. S. Ratnasabapathy, District Commissioner; 13. Mr. T. S. Ananta-rama Iyer, B.A., A.L.; 14. Mahadeva Aiyar, Scouter; 15. Subramaniam, Scouter.

We present to our readers this month, as frontispiece, the fine picture called "The Path Finder". The verses below give its meaning. The block is from one of the photographs sent by Dr. Arundale, as are those descriptive of Scout life. Coming from a Christian country, the Figure of the Great Being who is speaking to the Scout is naturally and rightly the Figure of the Christ; but the meaning is universal, and the Hindu, Parsi, Buddhist, Muslim boy should think of the Figure as representing the Head, the Founder, of his own religion. For the Scout cannot keep his pledge to do his best,

unless he remembers the Great One who gave His faith to his ancestors; in all moments of hesitation, when he is trying to find the path of duty, he should pause, and think of the One who, to him, represents the Divine as Man, and intently listen to catch a whisper from His Voice.

The picture at the head of this article was taken at the October Rally of the District Scouts. The Provincial Commissioner looks alert and bright, as a P. C. should. The Hon. Commissioner for India looks rather dismal; we suspect she was smiling



1. THE BUGLE CALL



3. CASUAL BATH



2. THE FETCHING OF WATER



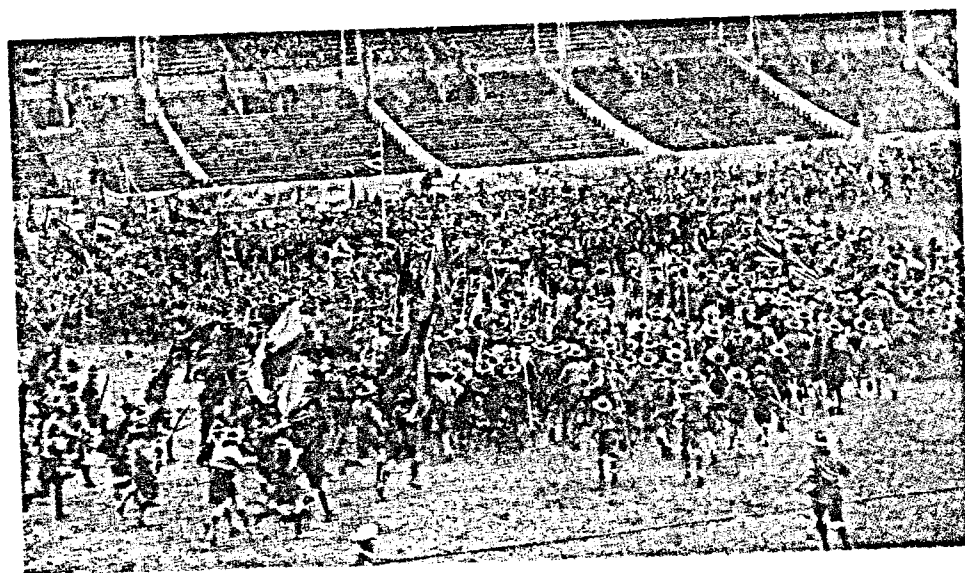
3. THE MORNING BATH

and suddenly pulled her mouth straight. Two Captains of the Girl Guides, Miss Noble and Miss Willson, are seated in the front row, and on Miss Willson's right is the Hon. Provincial Secretary, Mr. Kamath; the well-known Dr. Graveley and Mr. Srinivasamurti are among those standing behind.

Incidents of Scout Life in Camp are shown in (1) The Bugle Call in the early morning, calling the

Scouts to a new day of duty and joy; (2) The Fetching of water by the Scout told off for that duty; (3) A Casual Bath when needed, the head being vigorously scrubbed; (4) the gay scene of the Morning Bath in the pond or lake, where the Camp has found such a lucky spot.

Lastly, we have a picture, chiefly showing a collection of hats, a fragment of the great Rally at Wembley, England. Here it is:



The Jamboree and After

BROTHERLAND

BY SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

THE results of the Empire Jamboree at Wembley have been many and varied.

It is difficult to say which was the most popular or the most illuminating of the displays given in the Stadium, where all were good; that whirling thousand Highland Scouts, with their skirling pipes and their jolly cheers to the onlookers, the thousands of little Wolf Cubs in their well-ordered display, using their wits without officers present to guide them; the romantic pageant of cotton manufacture; the splendid athletic achievements of the boys from Ireland; the realistic Corroboree by Australians; the choir from Wales; and the Leighton band with their beautiful music (including the unique rendering of the National Anthem); those wonderful acrobats and lariat spinners, the historical pageant of Canada by the boys of Harrow School, showing that peace hath her victories in our history no less renowned than war, the comprehensive and dramatic rendering of the history of Sussex, the handiness of the Sea Scouts and bridge builders; the pathetic little display of "Mafuzziwogs" made by Scouts who could not themselves be there—because they were cripples; and that inspiring march of the 1,200 young citizens of the Empire, all were wonderful in their way.

But to many of us the effects of the training were even more evident in the Camp, behind the scenes, and in the off-duty behavior of this mass of 21,000 boys congregated at Wembley.

As a consequence the outlook for the future is more promising than ever. What we had hoped for, though with moderated expectation, we found actually existent, and that was an appreciation of our aims among the boys and the practice of that discipline which comes from within, from a sense of playing the game under a high ideal. It was there right enough. Without it, the Camp would have been chaos, the streets a bear garden, and the pageant a failure.

The Scout spirit was very pronounced at that wonderful gathering for the "Scouts' Own" Thanksgiving Service in the Stadium on Sunday. Still more was it in evidence on the occasion of the service in Westminster Abbey, when the boys realised that there they were, from almost every country and every race in the Empire, privileged to meet in the sacred shrine of the Nation because

their pursuit of an ideal was taken seriously. Moreover, it brought them, as the Dean sympathetically pointed out, in touch with the makers of our common history from Chaucer down to the Unknown Warrior, amid all the picturesque pageantry of the ancient Abbey ceremonial. Of all the things they did and saw, this service was to the oversea Scouts by far their most impressive experience. In their Camp that night, there reigned an unwonted silence. There was none of the usual singing and skylarking. The boys went to bed sobered, awed, and inspired.

Where there is this reverence and this self-discipline one knows that Scouters have done their work and have done it well. They have instilled and inspired, instead of instructing and commanding.

So when I have been asked what impressed me most about this Jamboree I have been able honestly to say it was not the pageantry, it was not the fine appearance of the lads, nor their numbers and efficiency, but it was the fact that discipline from within showed itself to be an established force among them. They had grasped our ideals and were everywhere eager to be helpful. That this has been brought about means that Scouters have made a success of the training. It means also a possible beginning of the reign of good-will and co-operation in the Nation, which is the one great remedy needed for the solution of our social, political, and industrial difficulties to-day.

BROTHERLAND

But there is another valuable outcome of the Jamboree that should not be lost sight of. The Scouts from overseas have utilised their opportunities for studying the institutions and character of the old country and making personal friendship with their brothers in the homeland.

They are generally of an age to take and retain these impressions for good. They have seen and been addressed by their King and, in closer comradeship, by their future King. They have visited centres of historic interest and of industrial enterprise. They have met their brother Scouts of the Motherland and of other oversea States in the comradeship of camp and competition, as members of one great team upholding the name of Scoutcraft before the public, and they have combined

with these in rendering their common worship to Almighty God.

The Jamboree is over, but not its effects; these will be lasting and all to the good. The Archbishop of Rupertsland, in his recent address to the Overseas Education League, said:

My first act when I was ordained in Canada was to pay a visit to England. I owe all that made a man of me to my visit to the Mother Country. . . . We talk much of Mother Country and Fatherland when speaking of our individual homelands, but let us always remember there is also Brotherland.

That is true of our Empire; the British Commonwealth of States is a great Brotherland if only its sons be educated to that ideal. A practical school to this end lies at the moment in the Boy Scout Movement, when, through interchange of personal friendship and correspondence, the comradeship between Dominions, which was primarily produced in War, may continue to be maintained in peace time. To this the Jamboree has made a palpable contribution.

But our slogan in the Scout Movement is "Look Wide". There lies before us yet a wider Brother-

land even than this Empire of ours. There are other Motherlands besides Great Britain; there is France; there is America and Holland and Denmark—indeed, every civilised country in the world. All these have their sons. These are sons of the one Father, and therefore the world itself is a Brotherland. It is with this conviction in view that the Boy Scout Movement becomes a school of Brotherhood on the widest basis.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has recognised this when, speaking to the Catholic Scouts attending the Jamboree, His Eminence said:

I regard this Movement of extreme importance to the future of the world, because it is the means of bringing about a brotherhood of ideals throughout all the Nations. If the Scout Movement can make boys grow up appreciating and respecting other Nations there is no more powerful influence for assuring the peace of the world.

It is for this reason that our Empire Jamboree, big though it has been in its results and its possibilities, is only a step in progression to the greater Rally, with its still more far-reaching possibilities, of the Nations at Copenhagen.—*The Times*

How a Puppy-dog brought fortune

Mr. Booker Washington was a great believer in his favorite animal, the pig, as a mortgage-lifter and general aid to prosperity. At one of the conferences, after he had paid a particularly warm eulogy to the economic importance of the pig, an old woman got up and said: "Mr. Washington, You is got befo' you now sister Nelson of Yalla-poosa Country, Alabama. All I has I owes to dis conference and one little puppy-dog."

Mr. Washington challenged: "How's that?"

The old woman continued: "I got a little pig from dat little puppy-dog, an' I got my prosperity from dat pig!"

Mr. Washington and the whole company hung upon the old woman's words as she continued: "It was dis way. Dat litte puppy-dog, when she growed up, had some little puppies herself. One day one o' my fren's come by an' as' me for one o' dem puppies. I tol' him No, I would not gib him dat puppy, but dat he had a little pig an' I would

change a puppy for a pig. I had heard you tell ober heah so much 'bout hogs an' pigs dat I thought dis was a good chance to get started. He give me de pig an' I give him de puppy. In de course o' time dat little pig dun bring me in some mo' pigs. I sol' some an' kep' some. I had to feed de pig, so I had begun savin'. I den begun to find out dat I could git on wid less den I had been gettin' on wid, an' so I kep on savin' an' kep' on raisin' pigs 'til I was able to supply most o' my neighbors wid pigs, an' den I got me a cow, an' den I begun to supply my neighbors wid milk, an' den I started me a little garden. Den I sol' my neighbors greens an' onions, an' so I went on from time to time 'til I dun paid for de lot an' de house in which I lib, an' I keeps my pigs about me an' keeps my garden goin', an' dat's why I ses, all I is I owes to dat little puppy-dog an' to dis heah conference."—(From *Booker T. Washington, Builder of a Civilisation*)

Garudas

Here we have many Brahmani kits. On the sea shore, you find them eating the small creatures cast up by each succeeding wave. Inland, they sail overhead uttering the peculiar wailing cry of the kite, but I have never seen them rise as high as the larger, fork-tailed pariah kites which revolve in never-ending circles, round and round, mere specks in the blue overhead. The Garuda, or Brahmani Kite, is held in respect by the villagers of these parts, who think it lucky to have them near. They are beautiful to look at; their bright cinnamon or chestnut-colored backs and glossy white heads and breasts make them conspicuous, but when they

are fresh from the nest visitors often confuse their baby brown coats with that of the adult pariah kite, which they then somewhat resemble, except that their tail is blunt like the sea-eagles and lacks the fork of the pariah.

These kites suffer much during the week or ten days of strong hot wind we sometimes have in July. In one especially hot summer, quite a number were found dead near a tank not far off. During the great heat they mope about in the trees until the cooler breeze permits them again to enjoy the freedom of the air.

A. J. W.

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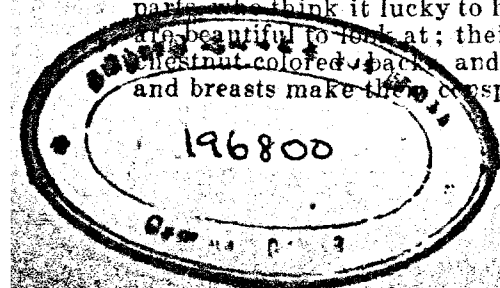
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