

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

Vol. 3

May 1, 1925

No. 2



Youth Comes to Re-Shape the World

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

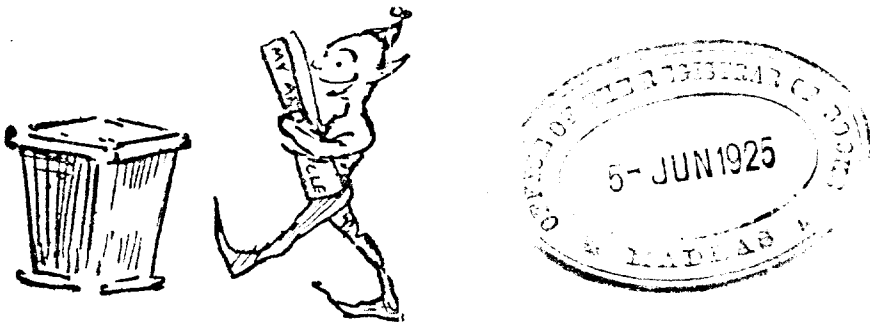
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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*

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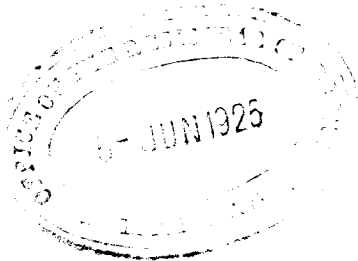
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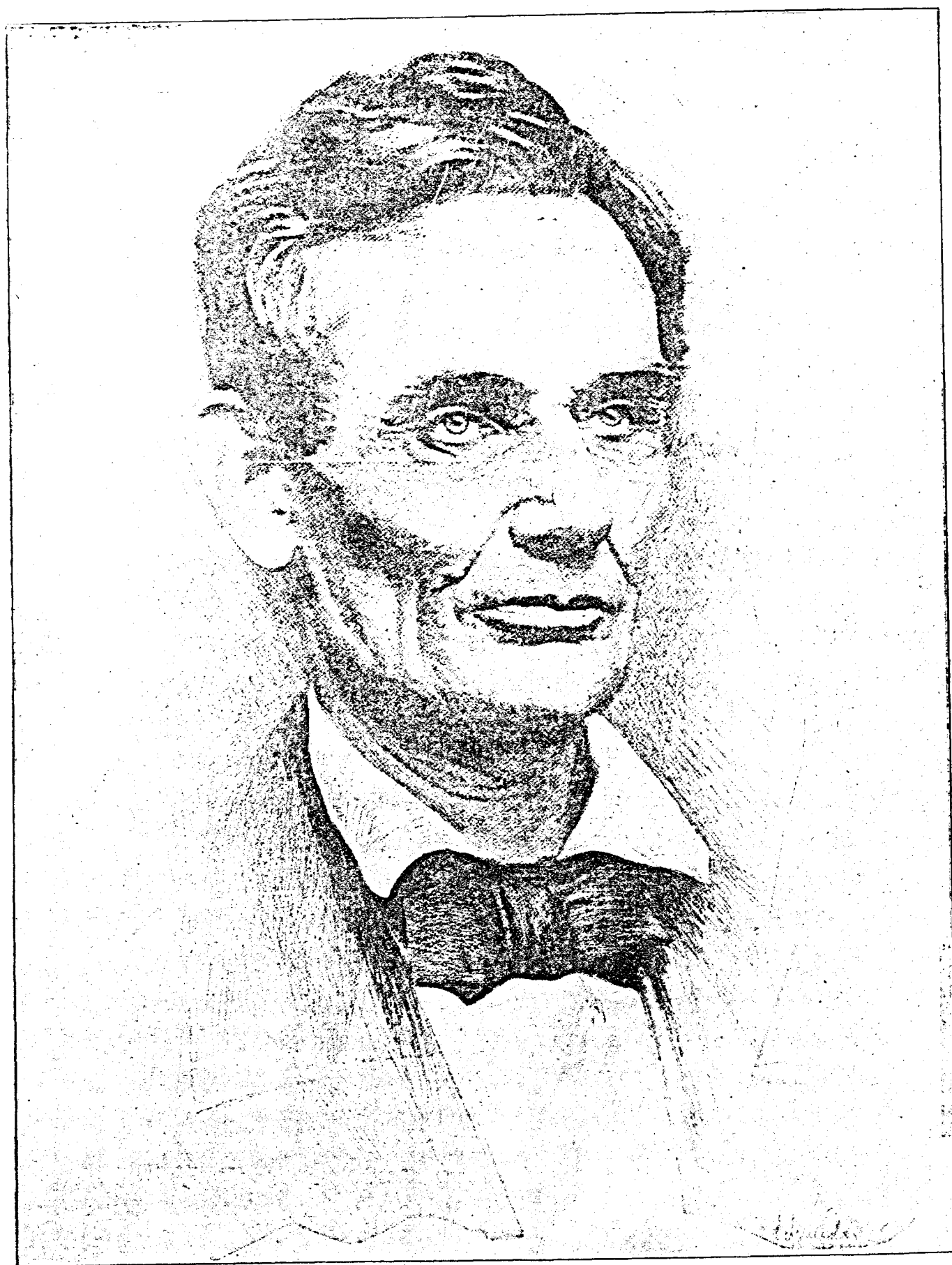
The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE
BUDDHIST STORIES
A MAN OF THE HOUR



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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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MADRAS, 1st MAY, 1925

No. 2

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

AS Sir Stafford Northcote, M. P., the great Conservative statesman in Britain said, addressing undergraduates, it would be shameful that they should see their country, the Ship of State, tossing on stormy waters, and should look on with indifference, from the safe island of their University, so now I say to you, Young Citizens of India, that you must not be indifferent to the fate of the noble Ship, The Commonwealth of India, tossing on the rough waters of the struggle for the liberty to choose her own Captain and her own crew. Any of you may be called to be members of that crew; several of you will, in the future, be called to the great post of the Captain of the Ship. Now is your time of preparation. And you must study with that in view, though your outer activity is governed, in many cases, by College and University regulations. Remember that obedience to these is part of your training in discipline, and obey them cheerfully.

There is no duty upon you to hold any particular party opinions. Read all and use your own judgment which, on the whole, suits best your stage of evolution. As you learn more, you will modify your opinions, unless you aspire to become a fossil. Set your hearts on serving your country, and learn how *you* can serve her best. There are good men in all parties, and each party represents some phase of National thought. Form your own views, but never think that you have grasped the whole truth, but give others credit for also possessing some part of that whole. Argue with them, oppose them, where you think they are wrong, but do

not hate them. Treat every opponent as a possible future friend, and do not dig gulfs, over which you cannot later throw bridges.

There is an important measure, made by Indians, on behalf of which some of us are trying to win the approval of India as a whole. And you ought to know how that measure has been framed, and what are its contents. So my message to you this month "From the Front" is an account of the body of people who are responsible for the Commonwealth of India Bill. Some have done very much for it; some have done very little. But as a body, united by one pledge, they are corporately responsible. And every one is a responsible person, responsible to those who elected him or her. These persons belong to all political parties and they all want Swarāj for India, while they differ much in other matters.

When you have read the following, you will know how the Bill came into existence. You should then study the Bill itself, now in the press, after its final revision by the CONVENTION. Then, if you think it a useful measure, each of you, within whatever limitations you are living, should take your place among the Servants of the Motherland, and share in the glorious task of setting her Free.

The General Council of the CONVENTION, at the last meeting on April 13, 1925, at Cawnpur, decided to transform itself into the NATIONAL CONVENTION SAMITI, and to admit persons of 18 and over to its membership, so as to create a large body of persons prepared to rally round the Commonwealth of India Bill, completed on that day. Until now, the NATIONAL CONVENTION had been composed of

Members and ex-Members of the Legislatures, Central and Provincial (231), the members of the Council of the National Home Rule League (19), the elected representatives of the Political Sections of the 1921 Clubs in Madras, Bombay and Calicut (3), the co-opted representatives of the Indian Women's Association (2), and the late Law Member of the Governor-General's Council, 256 in all, and this CONVENTION is responsible for the Commonwealth of India Bill. Until now, every member has been an elected representative, all but a handful of 25 belonging to the elected Members of the Legislatures. We can say to Britain: "This is the work of Indian legislators, made by yourself." Now that the Bill is completed, the Era of Construction is over, the Era of Agitation is begun.

At this point, it is well to trace swiftly the work behind us, before we go forward into the new field.

In February, 1922, in a discussion on the method of Winning Swarāj, in the Political Section of the 1921 Club, Madras, Mr. V. S. Ramaswami Sastri, then Assistant Editor of *New India*, made the suggestion that India should resort to a Convention for the framing of a Constitution. The discussion continued for some weeks, and was followed by a number of articles in *New India* by leading Indian politicians. In September, 1922, Mrs. Annie Besant was asked to go to Simla as the representative of the Political Section of the Club, and lay before the Legislature, then in session the idea of calling a Conference to discuss the bases of a Constitution for India. Mr. Jamnadas Dwarakadas, M.L.A., circulated an invitation to meet Mrs. Besant, and she laid the proposal before a number of Members of the Assembly, who, after discussion, approved it with one dissentient. It was then laid before Members of the Council of State, who approved it unanimously, and a joint meeting was held and elected an Executive from among themselves, comprising members from each Province, who should call a Conference during the next session of the Legislature at Delhi, to decide on the steps to be taken to frame a Constitution for India, which should carry out the resolution of the National Congress of 1914, and place India on an equality with the Self-Governing Dominions of the British Empire.

This Conference met in February, 1923, at Raisina, Delhi, and after considerable discussion laid down the bases on which a Constitution should be framed, fulfilling the above resolution. These were formulated in a pledge, drawn up by the Executive elected by the Conference, to be taken by candidates at the elections of 1923, and binding on the members of the Conference. The Conference also directed that

an educative propaganda should be carried on in the country—organised by the members of the General Council in their own Provinces—in order to familiarise the people with the principles on which a Free Constitution should be based.

Candidates of all political parties took the pledge, which also bound them to call a NATIONAL CONVENTION, which should frame a Constitution for India.

The Second Conference met in February, 1924, at Raisina, Delhi, and fixed the place and date of the CONVENTION. It merged itself in the CONVENTION, which met at Allahabad in April, 1924, and elected, as its General Council, the members of the National Conference who were Members of the Legislatures, or of the Council of the National Home Rule League, and also the elected representatives of the Political Sections of three 1921 Clubs, and a co-opted member to represent the Indian Women's Association. It further elected Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, K.C.S.I., LL.D., as President, the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C., as Vice-President, Dr. Annie Besant, as General Secretary, and Mr. A. Ranganatham Mudaliar, M.L.C., as Treasurer, the four Officers who had also been elected by the Conference. It then divided itself into seven Committees, to each of which was allotted a special department of the proposed Constitution, to collect information and base thereon a report, to be sent in during the following autumn, outlining the bases of their several portions of the Constitution. At the same time, papers were to be published dealing with details of the questions involved. Of these, 40 have been published, sent gratis to every member of the NATIONAL CONVENTION, and sold at one anna each to the general public.

The CONVENTION met again in Bombay on December 19, 20, 21, 22, 1924, to consider a rough draft, based on the Reports of its Committees. It was carefully discussed and amended, and finally ordered to be printed and widely circulated for suggestions and amendments, as a Draft Bill. This again was revised and republished in the light of amendments received, and this revised Draft was considered for the last time in the CONVENTION sitting in Cawnpur, on April 11, 12 and 13. The final Draft was committed to a Special Committee in Madras, consisting of the Hon. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Messrs. Shiva Rao, Shri Ram, Yadunandan Prasad, and Dr. Annie Besant, with power to correct any oversights in language where necessary, to see it through the press, and publish it in the name of the CONVENTION.

As to the authority behind the CONVENTION, it

may fairly be claimed that there is no other body in India which comprises so many representatives, elected by constituencies in every Province in India to the Provincial and Central Legislatures, associated for a single purpose, the winning for India of Swarāj, Home Rule, by the creation of a Free Constitution. This Constitution was completed on April 13, 1925, six years after the massacre of Jallianwala Bagh, and is India's fitting answer to that horror, for it stirred her up to a resolute determination to win a Freedom, which should render the repetition of that tragedy for ever impossible. The seed sown in that field of blood has sprung up as a Nation determined to be Free.

THE CONVENTION SAMITI

The CONVENTION, having finished its special work, in preparing the Commonwealth of India Bill, now appeals to all patriotic Indians, young and old, to rally round it, and to enable it to lead a strong and persevering agitation to carry the Bill through the British Parliament.

It elected an Executive from the Provincial Members: *For the United Provinces*—Pandits Gokarnath Misra and Iqbal Narain Gurtu, Munshi Iswar Saran, Messrs. P. K. Telang, Ayodhya Das. *Madras*—Hon. Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, C. I. E., Messrs. Shiva Rao, Yadunandan Prasad, A. Ranganaswami Aiyar. *Bombay*—Messrs. Jamnadas Dwarakadas, Ratansi D. Morarji, Kanji Dwarakadas, Mavji Govindji Seth. The President, Vice-President, General Secretary and Treasurer are *ex-officio* members, and attend where they happen to be. Members of the CONVENTION in other Provinces are requested to send 3 or 4 names to the General Secretary, for the Executive. The special duty of the Executive is to call the Provincial Council together, and to plan out the work of agitation.

The members representing the ten Provinces of India—including Burma and the N.-W. Frontier Provinces—form the Provincial Councils in their several Provinces. These, each in their own Province, start District Committees; the latter start Talukā Sub-Committees, and these form a Sabhā in every village.

Every person of 18 years and upwards who loves his or her country, should now become a member of the CONVENTION SAMITI through joining a Sabhā, and if his income is over Rs. 30 per mensem, he should pay a subscription to the Sabhā of Re. 1 a year or a lump sum of Rs. 5 for membership for five years. If his income be under Rs. 30, he should pay annas 4 a year. The Secretary of the Sabhā should send, out of its members' payments, Rs. 2 for a monthly copy of *The Convention Bulletin*, through which communications can reach the Sabhā. If the Sabhās become as numerous as we hope, such a means of communication is essential, if the agitation is to be widespread and effective; communication by letter would be costly and would need a very large staff. CONVENTION Clubs, which have paid a larger subscription and have been receiving *The Bulletin* and other CONVENTION literature, will be credited with the remaining part of their subscription to the supply of the monthly paper in subsequent years. They will be henceforth con-

sidered as "Associations," retaining their own name, paying only the annual fee to the Centre and having the right to elect delegates to the annual meeting of the CONVENTION SAMITI. Thus will be formed the skeleton of the organisation which can, whenever necessary, start powerful demonstrations.

The following are the two promises, one of which must be taken by every member of the CONVENTION SAMITI; the longer one is for those who are literate and fairly conversant with the conditions of political Freedom. The shorter one is intended for the illiterate. The longer one does not, of course, imply approval of every detail of the Commonwealth of India Bill, but only of the broad principles on which it is based. When India is free, she can amend her own Constitution, but to obtain it she must show a united front.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION SAMITI PROMISES

I

I promise to support the establishment in India of a Free Commonwealth, with the King-Emperor at its head; with Central and Provincial Governments, each consisting of the King's Representative, a Cabinet responsible to an elected Legislature, and a Judiciary; with a provision for amendment of the Constitution similar to that possessed by the Self-Governing Dominions; with a provision also for such transitional arrangements for the Army, Navy and Air Force as will bring them under the control of the Central Legislature when the Cabinet, supported by the Legislature, declares its readiness to assume responsibility for the Defence of the Commonwealth. I promise not to engage in any secret conspiracy, and not to use any but peaceful and law-abiding means to gain the above objects.

II

I promise to work with my fellow-countrymen to obtain Swarāj, and to use only peaceful means for winning it.

One of these can be signed and sent in to the Secretary of a local Sabhā or Affiliated Association; if the applicant is not known to the Secretary, two members of the Sabhā or Affiliated Association must countersign the application. The applicant can then pay his subscription and be enrolled by the local Secretary concerned.

An affiliated Association must have the gaining of Swarāj as one item in its programme, or as the only item, if it so pleases. It pays only the Affiliation fee of Rs. 2 to the CONVENTION SAMITI and receives *The Convention Bulletin* in exchange and has the right to elect delegates to the annual meeting of the CONVENTION SAMITI.

Thus we enter on the Era of Agitation, which will only end when India is Free. Let us enter on the struggle with the old cry: "Dieu le veult," "God Wills it." And may the Divine Blessing rest on those who are faithful to the end, and make their wills strong, their hearts pure, and their vision clear.



Abraham Lincoln

“**A** BRAHAM Lincoln”—says Mr. William E. Barton, in an American journal, *The Dearborn Independent*, from the Lincoln Number of which, we take the fine picture of this Servant of Humanity—trusted in God, and in the people. In the long run, his confidence in both was fully justified. Yet the people were fickle then as now, and there were times when Lincoln walked in the dark, trusting in a God who seemed to have hidden Himself. One of the most interesting and instructive incidents in Lincoln's troubled administration has to do with the terrible winter of 1862-3, after the Emancipation Proclamation had been issued and before it had gone into effect.

We take the salient facts and the quotations from various articles in this journal. Few names will live longer down the generations than that of him who, born into obscurity and hardship, rose by sheer force of character and devotion to a great ideal to be President of the Republic of the United States of America, to save the Union from disruption, and to lift the Negro Race from chattels into Men.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky, on February 12, 1809. Mr. Masson points out in this issue (February 7) of our paper, that February, the shortest month of the year, has been singularly fortunate in the number of great men born therein. He calls February the “Mother of Seven Immortals”: Walter Bagehot, Charles Dickens, John Ruskin, Charles Lamb, Thomas A. Edison, Daniel Boone, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, Samuel Pepys. Taking these in order, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 9 are famous writers; No. 5 a great scientist; Nos. 6 and 7 the Creator and the Redeemer of the Republic; No. 8 a great pioneer in the colonisation of North America.

Abraham Lincoln was born into dire poverty; when he was 6 years old, his parents moved

into Indiana, and his mother died when he was nine. A year later his father married again, to his own great good fortune, for his stepmother was a jewel among women; uneducated, but a woman of character, says Mr. Thomas Malone. And of insight, one might add. For the boy, though he could read, had no chance of real study, and she urged him on. Mr. Malone writes:

What she thought in those months and years of drudgery; what dreams she had, if she had dreams; what visions saw, if any, we do not know. With a husband who did not share her interest and her faith, in a neighborhood that placed no stock in book learning, she somehow kept aglow for that boy the light of ambition and effort. In her mother's heart she nursed her own counsel, but we have the son's testimony of what her love and care, her trust and encouragement, meant to him.

In those ten sombre years of a boyhood spent in choring, grubbing, wood-chopping, corn-cropping, hog-butcher and fence-making, at home or “hired out,” she gave the young Abraham the three things he most needed—love and trust and encouragement. And in what did she encourage him? In a thinly settled land of illiterate adults, of few and poor schools, of few books and few newspapers, of mediocre aspirations, she encouraged, yes, urged him to study! Nothing else goes so far to explain the most enigmatical character in American history, to point the mainspring motivating that growth of a neglected, half-wild, uncouth rustic to the man who continues to be the marvel of each new generation.

He could get no books save by borrowing, and these he read over and over again; when paper could not be had, he wrote notes and special passages on boards, and he kept a kind of scrap-book.

He left home in 1830, and by sheer force of character and ability, he was elected to the Illinois Legislature in 1834, and sat till 1842. Two years later he was elected to Congress, and was becoming wrapt up in his profession as

lawyer, when the trumpet-call rang out that called him to his life-work. In 1854, Stephen A. Douglas, a fellow-Senator, who had filled important offices, brought in a Bill leaving each new Territory free to allow slavery within its bounds or not. Lincoln spoke in reply, and revealed himself as a great debater. In 1856, the Republican Party declared itself as against the extension of slavery, while Douglas maintained the right of the new State to decide for itself. Lincoln became the leader of the Republican Party, stood against Douglas for the Senate in 1858, and was defeated, but in 1860, he was nominated for the Presidency by Republicans, while the Democratic vote was divided. Both he and Douglas received over a million votes in the popular election, Lincoln having the majority, and in the final contest, his vote was greater than those of the three other candidates added together.

On this, South Carolina and six other States seceded from the Union, and in February, 1861, formed the Confederate States of America. Lincoln, in his Inaugural Address, on March 4, declared that the Union was inviolable, and on April 12, the Southern States declared war by attacking Fort Sumter.

Then came out the greatness of the man. In July, the first great battle, Bull Run, was fought, and the Union Army was defeated, and for some time the Confederates held their own. Despite all dark forebodings, Lincoln declared on September 22, 1862, that on January 1, 1863, all slaves in the States in rebellion should be free, and the Proclamation of Freedom was to be made on that day.

Before the outbreak of the rebellion, Lincoln delivered a speech, standing on the platform of his railway car, that has become famous, and was written down by himself after the train had left Springfield, “A House Divided Against Itself”. It was spoken to friends and opponents, gathered there, a speech of farewell to many, and it made a profound impression.

¹ A “Territory” was an area newly colonised, and recognised by the Republic as an integral part thereof. Later, when regularly organised, the “Territory” became a “State”. To allow slavery in a new Territory was to spread the curse over an ever-extending area. This Lincoln saw, and, facing all odds, he declared himself against Douglas' Bill, risking his public career.

Through the terrible years of the Civil War, Lincoln stood like a rock. Joaquin Miller described him in a couplet:

The strength of Hercules.
The sense of Socrates.

Perhaps of those terrible years, the months of October, November, December, 1862, were the most terrible. For his nearest advisers, his friends, those who believed with him that slavery was a curse, felt that the life of the Union itself hung in the balance, and that the balance was turning to the Confederate States. Mr. Barton says:

If Lincoln supposed that his Emancipation Proclamation would be a popular political move, he was doomed to cruel disappointment. The Proclamation succeeded in rousing the most bitter hostility of the pro-slavery element of the North, and by a singular inconsistency it seemed to give some of the extreme anti-slavery advocates a new ground for their attacks.

Mr. Stoddard, whom Abraham Lincoln had invited to be his Private Secretary, was interviewed by Mr. Dirk P. de Young, who reports (*Independent*):

Regarding Abraham Lincoln himself, the years have not faded out the favorable impression which this Secretary received of his Chief. On the contrary, the image of the man in perspective is much greater to Mr. Stoddard than the form of the Emancipator in the flesh. It was the “Inner Lincoln” which he knew, the spiritual side of the great President, the periods when he saw him wrestling with himself and with his God, for a solution of the problems which beset the path of the Nation, instead of the “Outer Lincoln” with his dry humor and his “public front”. Lincoln's unusual sense of humor, this living Secretary of his says, merely balanced the unusual depth of his pathos.

But who can tell the feelings in the bleeding heart, when, apparently forsaken, not only by timid friends but by God Himself, he cried out in his agony; “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” In the tremendous moment when the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, declaring a fratricidal war; in the defeat of Bull Run; in the heroic Proclamation of Freedom to the Slave. Those moments of testing in the fire proved him to be pure gold.

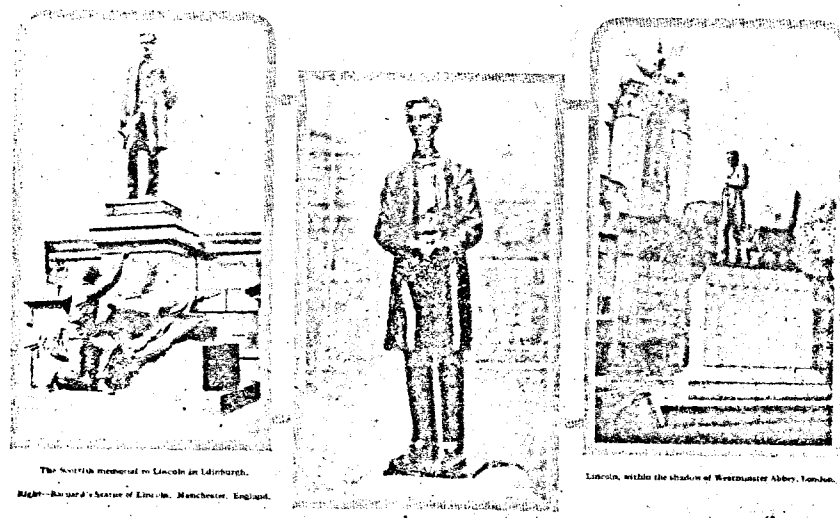
Despite the prayers of friends and the denunciations of enemies, Abraham Lincoln wavered not. His faith in Righteousness and in the people was justified, and he was elected for the second time in 1864, and delivered his Inaugural

Speech on March 4, 1865, pointing out the profound meaning and lesson of the Civil War. On April 15, 1865, he passed away, struck, the evening before, by the bullet of an assassin. He sealed his work with his blood.

Who should mourn for that sudden call to well-earned rest? After such a Presidency, such a struggle, such a victory, what more had life to offer him worthy of his acceptance?

Mr. William L. Stidger, in an interesting illustrated article on "An Interview with Springfield, Illinois," (in *The Independent*), gives the following picture of the tomb of the President who died because he had delivered from slavery the Negro Race.

The world has raised to him many statues, but his true memorial is cast in no bronze, is carved in no marble. It is in his glorious example, in the inspiration he breathes into every fighter for Liberty, in the lesson he has left to any lonely boy or girl, walled in



STATUES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN ENGLAND

by frustrating circumstances. No surroundings could be more hopeless than those of Abraham Lincoln. It is not circumstances but character that makes the Man master of his Destiny, creator of his Future.

Mr. Leroy McGuire, in the paper named above, has written an article, "Abraham Lincoln Encircles the Globe". Here it is, pictures and all.

What might well be called "The Lincoln Trail" encircles the globe.

The ideas, ideals and inspiration of the life of Abraham Lincoln have made Lincoln just as much a hero and an ideal to young Korea and young China as he is to England and America.

The Lincoln shrines in England are numerous and in significant locations. Most prominent

is the S. Gaudens statue, which stands just opposite Westminster Abbey, and Westminster Abbey is the High Altar of the British Empire. Here England's Kings have been crowned for many a century, and here their ashes lie.

It is a thrilling experience for an American to come out of this great Abbey, rich with its marbles and memorials; silent with its hallowed history; musty with great age; and run directly into something familiar and sacred to every American heart—the face and form of Lincoln. One enters the Abbey by the west doorway and comes out directly in the path of this Lincoln Memorial. At evening, when this gaunt, but beautiful bronze silhouettes itself

against the sunset, the impression is deepened. There in the west, whither the sun hastens, is the land where Lincoln lived and wrought.

The controversy, several years ago, as to whether the S. Gaudens Lincoln or the Barnard Lincoln should grace this spot, was settled by establishing the S. Gaudens Lincoln near the Abbey while the Barnard Lincoln went to Manchester.

An interesting Lincoln Memorial in London is the Lincoln Room in the Savoy Hotel. There is a Lincoln bust with several American historical pictures and the room has been set aside and dedicated as "The Lincoln Room".

Another London Lincoln Memorial is what is called "The Lincoln Tower" of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road. Without doubt, there is no tower of its kind in any other church on earth, not even in the United States.

Into the stone fabric of this tower, in red, white, and blue stones and tiles are worked the Stars and Stripes, so that, as one comes down Westminster Road, one sees, against the sky,

the American flag. This sight to a lonely American, wandering in a foreign land, is impressive.

A tablet of bronze under the arch of this great tower bears this memorial statement:

To Commemorate Emancipation

By the Martyred Lincoln:

And the Cost of Half of the Tower

By American Citizens:

And, as a pledge of International

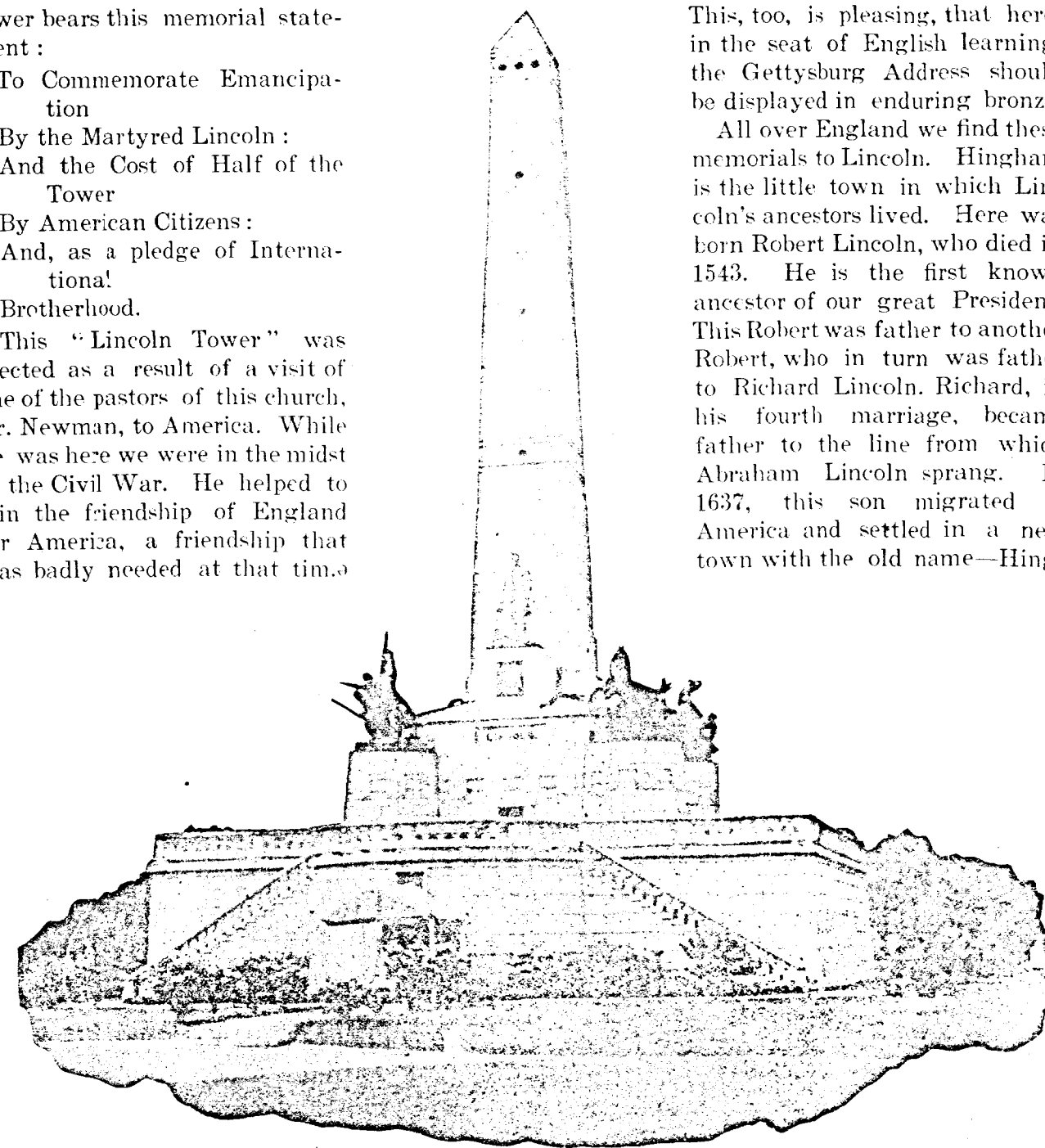
Brotherhood.

This "Lincoln Tower" was erected as a result of a visit of one of the pastors of this church, Dr. Newman, to America. While he was here we were in the midst of the Civil War. He helped to win the friendship of England for America, a friendship that was badly needed at that time.

In one of the beautiful libraries of Oxford there is a large bronze memorial to Lincoln with the lettering of the Gettysburg Address, set up as the finest example of pure English diction.

This, too, is pleasing, that here, in the seat of English learning, the Gettysburg Address should be displayed in enduring bronze.

All over England we find these memorials to Lincoln. Hingham is the little town in which Lincoln's ancestors lived. Here was born Robert Lincoln, who died in 1543. He is the first known ancestor of our great President. This Robert was father to another Robert, who in turn was father to Richard Lincoln. Richard, in his fourth marriage, became father to the line from which Abraham Lincoln sprang. In 1637, this son migrated to America and settled in a new town with the old name—Hing-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S TOMB AND MEMORIAL

As a result, some wealthy men from Philadelphia gave the money to erect this Tower in memory of Lincoln. It was dedicated on July 9, 1874.

ham, Massachusetts. The family later moved to Kentucky, whence sprang the man who has made America immortal in the hearts of humanity.

On October, 1919, John W. Davis, then Ambassador to Great Britain, unveiled a bust to Lincoln in this little English town. The inscription reads:

In this Parish for many generations
Lived the Lincolns,
Ancestors of the American
Abraham Lincoln.
To him, greatest of that Lineage,
Many Citizens of the United States
Have erected this Memorial,
In the hope that, for all ages,
Between that land and this land
And all lands, there shall be:
"Malice toward none, with charity for all."

The Lincoln Memorial at Edinburgh, Scotland, is found in "The Old Carlton Burial Ground," and is a memorial to Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the Civil War.

Another clasp of loving hands,
Another link across the sea.

This was the first monument erected to Lincoln on European shores. The spot on which it is erected is rich in history. The old burial ground contains a memorial to Mackay, the actor, and the unmarked grave of Willie Nicol, Burns' companion and fellow-lodger; Constable, the publisher of Walter Scott's novels; David Hume, the philosopher; the political martyrs like Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, and Gerrald, all are buried here. Here also are the graves of Dr. John Brown, author of *Rub and His Friends*; and the parents of Robert Louis Stevenson. In this sacred spot the Scots have placed the Lincoln Memorial.

From Europe the trail of Lincoln leaps to the Oriental world. While there are no material monuments erected to this Occidental in the Oriental world, there is something vastly more enduring: the political ideals of Lincoln have somehow reached the souls of the Orientals.

When I visited Korea during the days of the great Independence Movement, I heard educated Korean boys continually speaking of "Leen-koln". It was a beautiful thing to hear these boys pronounce that name. "He is our Leen-

koln as well as yours!" said one of the American-educated Korean Leaders.

I found the same thing true in China among the "Young Chinese Student" group. This group is being led by boys educated in American schools, and the name of Lincoln is as familiar to them as the name of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. It was a stirring thing for an American to stand in the streets of Pekin, in the midst of a great mass student meeting, and to hear one word—and one word only—that could be understood. That word came with machine-gun-like regularity and explosiveness, from the impassioned lips of a Chinese student who was exhorting his friends to a deeper patriotism for their Nation. It was in the midst of those crucial days when Japan was trying to get a strangle-hold on the Pekin Government, and the Students' Boycott Movement was menacing the commercial dreams of Japan in China. These great mass meetings under the auspices of the students were the largest and most impassioned meetings I ever attended. I would listen for an hour to a Chinese orator and not understand his language, but now and then the name "Lincoln" was spoken, and the way that boy-patriot spoke that name was almost like some great "Amen" on human lips.

I found the same spirit in the Philippines. Young Filipinos, in oratory and song, use more often the name of Lincoln than they do that of Jose Rizal, their own martyred patriot. Americans have left the name of Lincoln buried deep in the hearts of the educated Filipinos, and their patriots, without exception, use the sayings of Lincoln in their own fight for independence.

So the Lincoln Trail, as it might be called, starts in that little obscure town of Hodgenville, Kentucky; and runs from there into Illinois, Salem, Springfield; and from there to Washington, D. C., and back to Springfield again, where Lincoln is buried; and then it starts out again to be a world-trail. It leaps to the shores of Europe, and thence to the Oriental world; until it literally encircles the globe.

Buddhist Stories

XXIV

SAGES SUFFER IN BODY NOT IN MIND

HOW King Milinda came to the Sage Nāgasena and asked this question: "Venerable Nāgasena, you, Buddhists, maintain that Arahants suffer from one sort of pain only, from bodily, not mental, pain. Now how is that, Nāgasena? The Arahant sustains mind by body. Is he then not lord and master of his own body?"

"No, Your Majesty."

"But, my good sir, it is surely not right or fitting that one should not be lord and master and overlord of his own body, by which mind is supported. Why, even a bird, Your Reverence, is monarch of all he surveys, of the nest in which he dwells."

"Your Majesty, these ten qualities belong to body: from life to life do they follow and run after it. What ten? Cold and heat, hunger and thirst, the voiding of excretions, drowsiness of body and mental torpor, old age, decay and death. These are the ten qualities, Your Majesty, which follow body, as I have said, from life to life. Over these the Arahant is not lord and master nor overlord."

"But, Master Nāgasena, what is the reason for this lack of mastery? Tell me the cause of it."

"Well, Your Majesty, all creatures who are supported by the earth do walk and dwell thereon. They get their living in it. But do their commands or sovereignty extend to earth itself?"

"No! Surely not, Your Reverence."

"Just in the same way, Your Majesty, the Arahant supports his mind by the help of body; but his commands and sovereignty do not extend to body itself."

"But, tell me this, Venerable Nāgasena. How is it that the ordinary person suffers pain, both mental and bodily?"

"Because his mind is not disciplined, Your Majesty. For instance, an ox when it is starved and trembling, could be tethered by any sort of weak, feeble, insignificant bond, made of grass or creeper. But if he were excited, he would run away and take his tether with him. In the

same way, suppose a man with mind untrained. When pain comes upon him, his mind is troubled. This troubled mind sways his body here and there and throws it on the ground. As his mind is not disciplined, he quakes and shakes, roars and utters fearful groans. That is why the ordinary person, Your Majesty, suffers pain that is bodily as well as mental."

"But, Your Reverence, why does the Arahant suffer only one sort of pain, bodily pain, not mental?"

"Because, Your Majesty, his mind is trained, disciplined, tamed and subdued, obedient and subservient to his bidding. When painful feeling comes upon the Arahant, he holds fast to the belief that all is impermanent. He tethers his mind, so to speak, to the pillar of mental balance: he is unmoved: unshaken he, steadfast and unwavering. Yet his body may sway hither and thither, and roll to and fro under the torture of the pain. That, Your Majesty, is the cause owing to which the Arahant suffers only one kind of pain, that is, bodily pain."

"A wonder in the world indeed, Your Reverence—that his mind is unmoved, though body is quaking. Tell me the cause of that."

"Just as when a mighty tree, with trunk and branches, twigs and leaves, is tossed by the wind, its branches shake indeed; but does its trunk shake too?"

"No, Sir."

"Just so, Your Majesty, when the Arahant is touched by painful feelings, he grasps the idea of impermanence, he tethers his mind to the post of mental balance, he is unmoved, unshaken he, steadfast and unwavering he stands. Though his body may sway hither and thither and roll to and fro under the torture of the pain, yet his mind sways not nor trembles, like the trunk of that mighty tree."

"Wonderful, indeed, Master Nāgasena! Strange it is! Never before have I beheld such a lamp of Truth shine forth unceasingly."

—Translated from *Milinda Panha*, p. 253-4

F. L. WOODWARD

A Man of the Hour

HENRI BERGSON

WITH his broad, high forehead, and clear, penetrating eyes, Professor Bergson has the face of a typical philosopher. But yet he is far more than a "philosopher," in the narrower sense of the word, being also a scientist, a mathematician, and a litterateur among the best of the day! Indeed, he carries us back—or forward—to the days of more universal minds, when knowledge was looked on as one and indivisible, to be

acquired by a whole-hearted allegiance to Truth, in all the forms in which it may be contacted by culture of the intellect. Hear his own words on the subject of specialisation, so overdone in Modern Education: "We must needs resign ourselves to know only a few things if we would not be ignorant in all. But we can hardly resign ourselves too late. Every one of us should begin, as mankind began, with the noble yet simple-minded ambition to know everything. We can never understand any particular truth unless we have caught a glimpse of the relations it may have with other truths. Can

you say that you know a building, because you have been shown the stones of which it will be made? Yet in a building there are only stones." And again, further on in the same lecture: "I would have a man give himself up to a special science only when he has no longer need to study all the rest. . . . Here precisely is what distinguishes intellect from instinct, and man from the beast. The inferiority of the animal lies entirely in this—that it is a specialist. It does one thing to admiration; it can do nothing else. . . . Our intellect has become what it is through

the varied habits it has successively contracted, whereas the intellect of the animal has little by little narrowed itself, and has atrophied within the narrow limits of a speciality. The best way to succeed is not to aim too early at success. At all events, it would be childish if, in order to prepare ourselves the better for life, we were to take from life at the outset all that makes its nobility and worth, *et propter vitam vivendi causas perdere*".



PROFESSOR BERGSON

The Philosopher is now a man of sixty-five, living in a secluded house on the outskirts of Paris. It is difficult to cull much about his person and mode of life, for he is no self-advertiser. Quite fitly, his life is more concerned with the mental than the physical plane; but that, nevertheless, he is full of human kindness, and sympathy with the world of action, is clear from the slightest acquaintance with his writings, which reveal him a gracious and gentle soul, no cold critic or vivisectioner of human emotions, but probing ever delicately, and even reverentially, the secrets of the human heart. He is primarily a

teacher by profession, like his great spiritual ancestors, Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle, and fortunate are the boys and men who have spent hours with him in class-room and lecture hall.

Mr. Algot Ruke, in his account of the Philosopher, says that he was born in 1859, in Paris, and spent his school days there and in England, winning all the highest honors in successive schools and colleges, alike in Mathematics, Science and Classics. After taking a degree, he entered the schoolmaster's profession at the age of twenty-two, teaching

in remote country schools till, in 1889, he won his Doctor's Degree in Paris, and was appointed to the Collège Rollin, and later to the Lycée Henri Quatre. This he left in 1898 to become a professor at the Ecole Normale, and two years later at the famous Collège de France, where he first occupied the chair of Greek Philosophy, and then of Modern Philosophy. Throughout this strenuous teacher's career, his pen has been never idle, and it is difficult to overestimate the influence of his writings on the world of thought in Europe and America. Yet he has met with much opposition, especially in his own land of France, for he teaches revolt against the formalism of accepted schools, and undermines that materialism which had been exalted almost to a religion. He has lifted Philosophy out of the rut into which it had fallen, and brought it into line with Modern Thought, clearing away all that prevented it from receiving the new currents of life.

Here is no place for an exposition of his deeper teachings, but on some homely and practical matters, his words, in their simple grace, are very well worth pondering, as for instance, on Good Manners.

"Good Manners are the grace of the mind. Like the manifestation of bodily grace they evoke the idea of limitless adaptability; they suggest too that this adaptability is at our service and that we can count upon it. Both, in short, belong to the order of things that have a delicately balanced equilibrium and an unstable position. A mere touch would reverse that equilibrium and send them at once into an opposite state. Between the finest manners and an obsequious hypocrisy there is the same distance as between the desire to serve men and the art of using them in our service. The balance is not easy to keep."

Dr. Bergson is the Chairman of the Committee on Intellectual Advancement of the League of Nations, and, in that capacity, promises his enthusiastic support to an American Scheme to promote international study and travel, by giving special facilities to University students. He wrote to Mr. Marks, who had visited him in Paris, on behalf of the Scheme: "I wish to tell you how interesting and beautiful I find the idea to be. An organisation of this kind

will have as its effect not only the enrichment of the intelligence of the young people, and the aiding of them to two or more different cultures instead of one alone, but it will also have as a result the gradual binding together of the Nations, if only to a better understanding and knowledge of one another.

Alone this reciprocal understanding, with the esteem and sympathy which are its consequences, could draw the Nations together into a solid and durable bond."

This glimpse into the riches of a great and living mind may be fittingly concluded by a further quotation from himself. The words were written by him of a fellow philosopher, Ravaisson-Mollien, but they seem fitly to describe himself:

"In the history of philosophy we watch, above all, the ever-renewed effort of a reflexion which endeavors to diminish difficulties, to resolve contradictions, to measure, with ever increasing approximation, a reality that is in fact incommensurable with our thought. At rare intervals we see the uprising of a soul that appears to triumph over these complexities by sheer force of simplicity—the soul of an artist or poet, dwelling in touch with its origin, reconciling in a harmony that the heart can feel, terms that are perhaps irreconcilable for the intellect. When such a soul borrows the voice of Philosophy, the language it speaks is not always understood in the same fashion by all men. To some it seems vague, and in that which it expresses it is vague. To others, it is clear, because they feel and know within themselves all that it suggests. To many ears it brings no more than the echo of a vanished past; but others hear in it, as in a dream, the joyful song of the days that are to come. . . . What can be bolder, what more new, than thus to tell the physicist that the inert is to be explained only by the living, the biologist that life can never be understood except from the side of thought, the philosopher that generalisations are not truly philosophical, the schoolmaster that he should teach the whole before its parts, scholars that they should begin with perfection, man—more than ever given up to selfishness and hatred—that the motive natural to him is generosity?"

H. F. V.

Grinned My Way Out of The Grave

BY EDWARD MARSHALL

It took this man twenty years to straighten up and throw away his crutches and here is the inspiring story of how he did it.

(From *Hearst's International*)

The moral of courage is a good lesson for many who despair over comparative trifles. A. B.

I was killed by a bullet in Cuba twenty-six years ago and I'm still alive. An Irishman, an author, a woman and an accident combined to hold me back from the grave to which I had been assigned by doctors who knew their business. The three people and the accident not only saved me from the grave, but also from a living death as a hopeless cripple. The salvage job extended over a period of more than twenty years. During that time I was often down, but never out, and ultimately I got up to stay. The story of the long see-saw fight

for life and freedom may have some peculiar value as an example, because it lasted for so many years, and was finally won after being so nearly lost a score of times.

The Irishman who started me on my long way back from the brink of the grave was an orderly on the hospital ship *Olivette*, en route from Cuba to Brooklyn with American wounded. I was aboard on a stretcher dying, a piece of my spine splintered by a Spanish bullet that ripped into me while I was serving as a war correspondent at Guasimas.

I knew I was dying, because the Army doctors who examined me said so. In addition to their word, I had evidence in an agony beyond anything I had ever imagined human sense capable of

knowing for an instant, much less enduring hour after hour, day after day. I lay motionless in the grip of this torture for the very good reason that I could not do otherwise. A fearful nightmare had come true. I could feel.....unbelievable extents of agony. But I could not move.

The Irish orderly leaned over my cot one day, and told me one thing that I could do.

"Grin!" he urged earnestly. "Grin and keep it up. Believe me, you gotta grin, or you won't come through!"

Grin! The word stirred my imagination. It had fight in it. If he had told me

to smile, his words would have struck no fire. But grin! Somehow that was different. It was defiant and positive and it was possible. Shattered and paralysed as I was, I had enough control to twist my lips into a grin. I grinned.

At first I grinned without hope. But it was the one thing I could do that was not submissive. Then I remembered the phrasing of the Irishman's advice: "You gotta grin, or you won't come through."

Come through! Then there was a ray of hope. It was the first I'd heard of it. The doctors had agreed that I was through; I had felt no sense of rebellion against their verdict. But with the Irish orderly's words in my ears and the grin he had



advised on my face, I began to hope and fight.

The grin expressed the hope and only a real fight could keep it in existence. The hope and the fight both stayed in me and kept alive while the ship sailed to New York. My ambulance rolled to a hospital and the doctors made their examination.

"Fourth lumbar splintered," was the verdict. "He can't last long, but we'll operate."

I widened the sustaining grin in answer to this sentence and maintained it stubbornly through operation after operation and months of otherwise helpless agony on a water bed, packed in pillows like a fish in ice. I grinned angrily when the newspapers spoke of my work in the past tense. They knew, of course, as everyone else did, that while I was not yet dead I was helpless, and that a man who had met with my particular disaster couldn't possibly last long. I knew they knew it, but history is full of forlorn hopes that have been won by those who have grinned.

While I grinned—and because I could and did grin—I dictated a book on the Rough Riders which was published and sold well, and after that demonstration of what I could do, I began to improve. I graduated from a bed to a wheel-chair, still grinning. I still had no use of my legs and had to be carried back and forth from the bed to the wheel-chair, but I was alive and grinning, and presently was able to secure and hold the editorship of a big newspaper syndicate.

Alive and grinning and making my own living! That was something for a man who had been given only hours to live more than a year before. Then I got an infection in my left foot. Back I went to the hospital and the leg was amputated well above the ankle.

That was the end of the grin. Also it was the end of the hope and fight the grin had inspired and expressed.

That's where an author found me, and stirred the dead ashes of my spirit to yet one more blaze of effort. The author was Charles F. Lummis. He came to me, not in person, but on the pages of his magic manuscript, *My Friend Will*. The manuscript was Lummis's own story of how he, a western country editor, had overworked himself into a paralysis so complete that he could scarcely move. He had thought the matter out and decided that there was only one friend in the world who could help him. The friend was Will, his will power; and that friend had helped him, almost supernaturally, for instance, to ride a horse and go fishing (line held in his teeth) after arms and legs

seemed dead, and later to the accomplishment of many other more useful things, including the accumulation of a fortune.

I read as a condemned man might read the promise of a reprieve, and I began the climb out of the pit. Humbly but hopefully, with Lummis's example to inspire and the record of his method to guide me, I began developing an acquaintance and friendship with my own will, trying the author's prescription of sheer determination.

The scheme worked. Not one hundred per cent, but encouragingly. Again, I at least had something defiant and positive to do. My own friend Will was weak and timid at first, but went at his work of salvage with increasing confidence as we became better friends and learned to trust each other. His power over my weakness became so great that I ventured to attend the first Peace Conference at The Hague as a working journalist.

That was a mistake. The strain was too great, and I returned home again helpless on a stretcher. But this time the helplessness was merely physical and temporary. I knew that the ultimate extent of the will power I had once summoned to my assistance was incalculable, and this knowledge gave me hope through the years of semi-helplessness and constant pain that followed.

Actually narrow escapes pursued me. One of these was when the Hotel Jefferson, where I lived in New York City, was the scene of a fatal fire one bitterly cold night. Crutched, weak, I managed to drag myself across a narrow plank to safety on an adjoining roof.

Presently I had to be out of doors and yet I had to write. A West Indian trip yielded profit, but proved to be too great a strain. If you're in trouble your friend Will will help, but don't ask too much of him. Faith will move mountains, but it ought not to tackle Everests to start with.

Trial followed trial, as though unseen forces were combined to crush me by emphasising my helplessness. An encircling forest fire caught me alone and helpless on our second-growth farm in Michigan. There was nothing to be done. The two miles of soft sand road which separated me from any considerable area of treeless land were as impassable to me as—well, as two hundred yards would have been.

But even though friend Will couldn't engineer escape, he proved ability to simplify an astonishingly bad situation by preventing mental suffering. Within my radius was a perfectly good wheelbarrow on which to sit while waiting for whatever was to come, and there my friend gave counsel, helping

the mind actually to enjoy as a spectacle instead of dread as a fate the conflagration which approached deliberately but inexorably. Then came a team and a driver with a load of potatoes, racing for escape from some other clearing in the woods—almost caught. I was ignominiously picked up for salvage. In another five minutes smoke alone would have ended that adventure.

Friend Will had not actually saved my life, but his philosophy had wonderfully tempered the horror of two helpless half-hours on the wheelbarrow.

Curiously enough, after this episode, more steps were possible on the crutches, but the spinal injury was such that the feet, real and artificial, often refused to do even approximately what was asked of them, sometimes missing aim by wide inches, flopping indefinitely, likely to throw me.

"What would Lummis's friend Will do in such a case?" I wondered.

"He would make those feet behave," was the only obvious answer.

I wanted that fight to be quite secret, with no spectators, no discussion, no sympathy, a matter for friend Will and me and no one else. I marked footsteps with whitewash on the ground over a hidden twenty-foot stretch in the woods; on either side of them I placed rails like banisters to support me more firmly than crutches could and embarked upon the task of making my feet go, every time, as nearly as was possible into the indicated places.

Before the summer ended, through laborious daily and always secret practice, I had so re-trained those feet that they would step each time upon specific chips within reasonable reach, although it had been declared to me that spines injured as mine had been always make such control virtually impossible. Now either foot will step on a dime when told to by the mind. Years later, during the European War, I passed along this home-made treatment to enlightened surgeons in two hospitals, one French, one English, for men with spinal wounds. I know of one case which it helped and think there were others.

It was a great victory over the cut nerves, which was won thus in the woods. It meant that new ones had been trained to carry messages to the long-idle muscles. There was less pain too, but that was unimportant. I have had as much as most and know that pain can be thrust into the background of the mind and virtually forgotten.

The next winter and spring in Chicago I could walk quite a little, but was—I surmised—a horrid

spectacle, stirring sympathy and, I thought, a little abhorrence.

Then I met Her, lovely in every sense, friendly and not over-sympathetic. Any truthful cripple will tell you how distressing over-sympathy can be. Never weaken a cripple's inevitable fight against self-pity—the fight of his friend Will. Self-pity ends everything worth while. I've tried it.

Out of the kindness of her heart this Wonder Woman used to walk with me of evenings, I bent like an up-ended L on crutches and progressing at a snail's pace. She was infinitely patient—for a while. Then she pretended to become impatient. It cut deep. I wanted her approval more than I had ever wanted anything. I got it when one evening I hobbled out with two thick canes instead of crutches. But later:

"Must you use *two* canes?"

"Why—yes." The question seemed superfluous, unkind.

Straightway she took one from me. "Try it with one—*dear*," she said.

Two items of amazement were spell-binding. To be without the cane filled me with consternation. To be called "*dear*"—by her—gave me incredulous delight. I was about to fall, but I would fall a happy man.

"Walk!" she commanded.

I did, after a fashion, with one cane.

Not long afterwards she bade me straighten up. When I told her it was quite impossible, she answered: "Nonsense!" Within a month I found that I was straightening—with her help and my friend Will's. You see, jolts are stimulating; they are very different from sympathy. Sympathy does the sympathiser good, harming the sympathisee. Jolts help the jolted, not the jolter. I'm certain of these facts.

When, in a few months, I was almost straight, was working better and was rather proud of myself, something in my head asked unexpectedly: "Why don't you make a *real* fight? Why don't you go back to New York?"

I referred the question to Her. "Why not?" she asked, very much pleased.

So I managed to get back to the Big Town. The walk from Twenty-third to Forty-second Street—a mile—tried as a stunt, took five hours one night, but was actually made.

After that, active work became a regular thing and with each week I stood it better. Presently I attended Madero's Revolution in Mexico and actually rode a horse.

Now I organised my own newspaper service and

when the Big Noise began in Europe, of course I went over. There was much helpful work to do there. Some of it was hard, but none of it was too hard for my friend Will.

Then came the accident. I was crossing the Channel on the steamer *Sussex*, when the ship was attacked by a German submarine.

An aged Dutchman drinking coffee with me in the smoking room was slammed against the ceiling and killed outright. I was thrown upward far less forcefully for some reason.

Going to the outer deck I saw at one side, just in advance, what I thought at first was a sinking ship. It was the front third of our vessel which had been cut clean off by a torpedo. Dozens of our passengers and crew were killed by the explosion or drowned.

The hours that followed form the material for a story too grim to relate in detail here. It was late at night when a plucky British Destroyer came alongside and tried to make fast, but the sea was running too high. Finally the commander of the rescue vessel decided to crash against us when he could, so that we could jump, eight or ten at a time, towards men stationed on his decks to catch us, when the vessels came in contact. I stood at the rail, watching, while all the rest of the surviving passengers and crew made the frightful leap.

Some jumped to life and a few to death between the ships, but all jumped but me. I could not jump. Plainly it was to be the end.

Every time his ship came against us the young officer on the Destroyer shouted to me to jump. I knew that the next crash might spring a seam and sink him, and I screamed to him that I could not jump.

I think he shouted back: "The hell you can't!"

At any rate he would not sheer away, and I groaned at the thought that my helplessness actually might be the cause of his ship's loss. I tried to leave the rail, thinking that he

would sheer away if I disappeared from sight, but found I had not the moral courage to do that. I wanted, at least, to leave some sort of good-bye to the Lovely Woman who had helped me in my fight. I scribbled a note to her, slipped it into a bottle, wrote her address on the label and was about to toss it through the night to a seaman on the Destroyer when the question flashed in my brain: "I wonder if she would marry me if I got out of this?"

The Destroyer rolled towards us for another terrifying crash and with that thought in mind I did what could not be done. I jumped. I could not, but I did. I jumped, a sailor caught the collar of my raglan, and I was hauled aboard the Destroyer as she crashed against *The Sussex* for the last time.

Luck? Pluck? Neither. The Wonder Woman, Lummis, the Irish orderly, all had helped my good friend Will to help me. Nothing was *my* doing. I have a shrewd suspicion that nothing very much worth while is anyone's unaided doing.

That's my particular hard-luck story, if it is a hard-luck story, which I often doubt.

The Lovely Lady who took one cane away and made me straighten up will read the article, no doubt, with mixed emotions. It will not be shown to her before its publication, although we were married just as quickly as she could be induced to tolerate the thought after the tragedy of the sorry *Sussex*.

Without a friendship—a working, indeed, a very hard-working friendship—with friend Will, little can be done. With such a friendship almost anything is possible. Friend Will is a stern taskmaster. He'll make you do those things which you don't want to do, and leave undone those things which you most want to do. But if you treat him fairly, he will pull you through your troubles, physical, mental, moral, even financial.

Remember this about him, if you want him to be energetic and efficient: he needs much exercise.

We a Star!

The pessimist firefly sat on a weed
In the dark of a moonless night;
With folded wings drooped over his breast
He moped and he moaned for light.
"There is nothing but weeds on the earth," said he,
"And there isn't a star in the sky."

"Then be your own star! Then be your own star!"
An optimist firefly said,

"If you'll leap from your weed, and will open your wings

And bravely fly afar,
You will find you will shine like a star yourself.
You will be yourself a star;
Yes, the thing you need
Is to leap from your weed
And be yourself a star!"

Sam Walter Foss, in *The Comforter*.

(Copied from *The Round Table Quest* (U.S.A.)

The Youth Power in India

BY D. S. R.

“THE earth's hymn to God can only be worthily sounded by the lips of free men united in a common aim. Wrest from Satan the kingdoms of the earth with which he tempted Jesus; then may you stand erect in conscious duty done and raise that hymn. Let the banner of the new faith, God, Progress, Humanity, head the crusade. God, the origin and end of all; Progress, the Law He gave to life; Humanity, the interpreter in God's own time and throughout all time of that Law. Be your love the love that gives; hate the sin but never the sinner. Preach not, labor not, in the name of rights which do but represent the aim of all. You have no rights, save as the consequence of duties fulfilled.”

So preached that wonderful prophet, Mazzini, fifty years ago to the Youth of Italy. To-day they apply with equal if not greater force to the Youth of India. The conditions that prevail in this land are not peculiar to this country alone. They are natural in the epochs of any rising Nation. If they seem peculiar, that is because the response of the Indian Youth seems to be equally peculiar.

Time is never going to come when the Youth of this country would be asked to leave the lecture rooms and hasten to the battlefield. Thanks to the progress of men's thoughts and ideals of goodness, other ways are being found, or have been already found, to oppose tyranny and oppression. The call of Force has lost its thrill, and though suffering might increase, bloodshed has ceased, or will be made to cease, in the new Crusade of Love.

When the whole world is tending to that ideal, how shall India proceed? If, as has been believed, India is the cradle-land of this new yet age-long Crusade of Love, the campaign of Peace—Satyagraha against Aghra or Duragraha—how shall

her sons and sons' sons carry on that holy task of reconverting humanity to Love-force from brute-force? The whole programme and the carrying out of this peculiar mission lies in the hands of the Youth of India. Will the Youth combine?

The Youth Movement in Ireland was the foundation of the present Irish Free State. When the Irish cause was in hands other than the Youth of that country, there were only rebellions and suppressions. But the successful Youth Movement in Ireland not only maintained a continuous rebellion, but also shaped the course the country had to take after the rebellion was fought out to the last hour, when the enemy yielded. And so long as the cause continues to be

in the hands of the young, unswayed by too many counsels from the too-far-sighted old, the Cause of a Nation in the making is safe.

The reason for the success of the Youth Movement was not merely its enthusiasm or passionate love of country. It lay in the breaking down of barriers, social and economic. There was

no question asked whether one was of this rank socially or that, whether he was poor or rich, capitalist or laborite: but the question was whether he was a Youth, simply and wholly a Youth, in whose heart burnt the same flame of patriotism as in million other hearts, in whose brain was the same ideal of Nationality as in others, and every nerve of whose attuned frame tingled with the same energy as those of a million others of the same country. That was the bond of union, the reason for the spreading of the Youth Movement.

The Youth Movements in Egypt and China are essentially the same as that in Ireland. All are stained with marks of blood, blood shed for the cause of the country, but still stained. The martyr's blood is thrice holy, but it is blood, and blood is the



A SCOUT CAMP

symbol of the conflict of Force. That is why the later impulses of the Youth Movement all the world over have all flowed in another course than that of the ancient one. The new course is the force of Love. The Youth Movement now is sought to be rebuilt on the rock of Love, baptised in the spirit of Fraternity and blessed by the Fatherhood of God. The Youth of one country stretch forth their hands to the Youth of another country, across seas and deserts, mountains and rivers, in a smiling greeting of sincere comradeship, and in the hand where the dagger and pistol rattled before, now reposes the new-blossomed fragrant flower of Peace. He wants not to war in hate but to unite in peace. That is the essence of the Youth Movement at the present day.

This is a supreme moment in the history of the Youth of India. The call comes at a time when the Youth of India are so longer required to leave their University and buckle on armor, but to enter the larger portals of International Fellowship and Peace wherein victory shall be theirs not through hate but through Love, for the ultimate triumph whether of body or spirit lies in Love.

But is there a Youth Movement in this country at all? It should be remembered that all movements start with definite objectives. It is in the furnace of a common ideal that the link of a binding union is forged. The Youth of other countries banded together to get their country's Freedom. They got it, but got something besides. They got

bloodshed, war and destruction, suffering and sorrow. Now that they have got their country's Freedom they do not want war, so they are out for peace, love and friendship for the Youth of all the world.

To the Youth of this country, the movement is much more than mere annual Conferences and Resolutions. The binding value of a common ideal has not begun to work. The mass power of a general movement is reflected in the individual striving after a common objective as if it is his very own. The cumulative effect of a mass movement lies therefore in individual motivation, thought, feeling and action, towards a common cause. Intense introspection will reveal that the force of a common ideal is almost, if not entirely, absent in the Youth of this country at the present day. Patriotism has not yet left the stage of sentiment and passed into the fire of passion, as an instrument of power and force. The psychology seems to be that the Youth of India, at the back of all are contented beings or are quite resigned to the state of things which, in their opinion, is bettering inevitably every day. The reason, first to last, for this is inherent or acquired weakness, and weakness is generally the mark of an undeveloped character or wasted energy. Thus the Youth Movement, as other movements, is based upon the development of character.

Emb on Crutches

I

Oh, I wish I could play as my dog plays
When he barks me down the lane!
Lippity-clip
Over rise and dip
And panting in sight again.
How fine it must be
To run so free,
When a man must limp in pain!
Oh, I wish I could sport as my dog sports,
When he laughs me down the lane!

II

Oh, I wish I could eat as my dog eats
With no coaxing draught before!—
Bolting a chop
Without a stop
And snuffing around for more

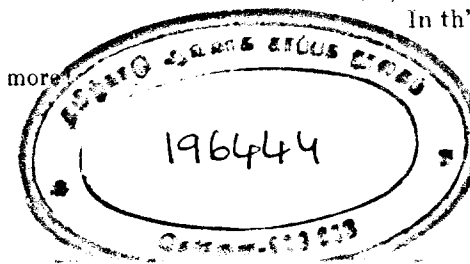
Though it be not yet
Man's etiquette

To feed from the cleanest floor,
Still, I wish I could eat as my dog eats,
With no coaxing dope before!

III

Oh, I wish I could sleep as my dog sleeps
In his chosen patch of sun,
With his toes tucked up
Like the Bonzo pup
Or a fox-hound fairly done!
How lovely to keep
In tight-bound sleep
Till another dawn's begun!
Oh, I wish I could sleep as my dog sleeps
In th' Eternal Patch of Sun!

X, in Daily Chronicle



Free Mass Education in Mother-tongue

A SMALL SCHEME

Primary Education in six weeks for boys and girls between 14 and 21 years

[This is an effort to reach lads who are too big to learn with the little ones in school—a scheme of semi-adult education. I commend it to our readers for consideration and for experiment. Ed.]

INTRODUCTION:—The scheme has no pretence whatever to emancipating all the illiterate in the country in any ambitious manner, and it is limited in the scope of the education to be given and in the field of work. In accordance with the ancient saying in the land, எண்ணும் எழுத்து ம் கண் மண்ணைத் தரும். "Figures and letters deserve to be called the eyes (of humanity)," this scheme proposes to impart the primary elementary knowledge in both, to enable the taught to read and write in simple Tamil from ordinary books, manuscripts, letters, postal money orders, etc., and to work the four rules of Arithmetic with practical questions of wages, purchases and sales in the ordinary daily life of a villager. The field of work, for the present, will be limited to youths, aged about 14 to 21 years, who are anxious to learn. As the adults of this age are quick to grasp and apply with enthusiasm, if they are really sincere, it is confidently hoped that such simple education as is defined above can be given to them during the course of 6 weeks, as will be explained later in detail. As we propose to employ self-sacrificing youths, teachers and students in vacation, of whom the country is full at present, and with high spirit, we have high hopes to work the scheme with the least financial strain; it is roughly estimated to cost 8 annas to 1 rupee a student. Our aim is to teach only such persons as cannot go to a day school, and to impart such knowledge as is practical and necessary in daily life. As May and June are the months of holidays practically for the villagers and for the teachers and students, these are the suitable months for working the scheme; if possible, all attempts will be made to make a start during this summer recess that sufficient experience may be gained practically.

2. PRELIMINARIES.—In a village, selected for operation by the invitation of local leaders, Mirasdars, Mathadhipatis. Dharmakartas, villagers or any benefactors, a centre of education will be formed by constituting a Board consisting of two local leaders, and the senior teacher, who will be in charge of the institution. Sufficiently in advance of the coming of the institution, fixing of dates and places for the opening of the class will be broadly notified in all parts of the village by tom-tom at least 6 times at different hours of the day and early

night, when more villagers are likely to be at home. The two local leaders will consider and make the preliminary arrangements necessary, such as boarding and lodging of the teachers, locating the institution, etc. About a week before the actual starting, the senior teacher will go to the centre and register the names of the students, settle all details of work and secure the wherewithal to start operations on the fixed date, acting in co-operation with the two local leaders, making further notifications by the beat of tom-tom. Each centre of education will be allotted two teachers, if possible, to provide against any emergency. They are expected to manage up to 100 students and one more teacher to every 50 students will be deputed.

3. STUDENTS will be selected without any distinction of caste or creed, sect or religion, from the adult male youths of age about 14 to 21 years; persons of ages 12 to 14, 21 to 28 may be taken in exceptional cases at the discretion of the Board. Each student must sign an application form binding himself to go through the whole course of study, and to be under the discipline of the institution. The parents' or guardians' countersignature may be got as far as possible, but they are necessary in cases of minors. None but willing, earnest and *bona fide* non-day scholars will be admitted. Each student should provide himself or herself at his or her own cost with a copy of (1) Tamil Text Book, (2) Arithmetic, (3) a slate with pencil, (4) a note book—100 pages quarto with a black lead pencil, (5) 100 Tamarind seeds. Items 1 to 4 may not cost over Rs. 1-8-0 in all, and the senior teacher will arrange for their supply on payment in advance. The students will attend the classes in as clean clothes as possible.

4. TEACHERS will be chosen from among young men between the ages of 18 to 28, who are willing to serve and sacrifice enthusiastically, bear inconveniences patiently, forego luxuries to a certain extent, and treat the students as their brothers. Youths of this age are full of new ideas and ideals, broad views, toleration and co-operation. The teachers will be honorary officers receiving no pay, but the administration will arrange for their free boarding and lodging at their stations, and fares for journeys to and fro. Teachers should be

recommended at least by two well-known gentlemen or by their teacher-professors, acquainted with them for the last two years. Teachers should be ready freely to receive students at any time of the day and help them in their studies and development, by suggestions, advice, practical example and cheerful bearing. It is hoped that the leaders and the students will make the life of the teacher a happy one; but the teacher, on no account, should receive any monetary gift from those with whom he is linked by duty. Each teacher will be given a diploma for service and sacrifice, signed by the administrators of the scheme.

5. CURRICULUM OF STUDY.

A. *Language*.—The attainments prescribed for study in Tamil will consist of

(1) Proficiency in a prescribed text-book of elementary standard.

(2) Reading and writing from manuscripts, not complicated in writing or contents.

(3) Dictation from outside the text-book.

(4) Writing small essays on known subjects, letters to friends and relations and on business matters, postal money orders, registered and insured letters, etc.

B. *Arithmetic*.—

(1) Four rules of Arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication and division—with figures limited to 4 digits.

(2) Simple fractions—no decimals—using English and Tamil notations.

(3) Tables of multiplication up to 12 x 12.

(4) Tables of measures, weights, time and currency in ordinary use.

(5) Practical examples involving the above in ordinary daily use in settling wages, making purchases and sales and calculating simple interest.

6. CLASS.—Classes are to be held in open places, as under the shade of large trees, pandals, sheds, or houses. There will be no benches or chairs. The floors are to be well swept and washed with cow-dung twice a week and covered with any cheap mats available in the village. The students will be allotted seats taking into consideration local customs, as far as possible; persons of depressed classes will be grouped separately, and if 50 and more of them can gather, separate classes can be arranged for them; with this exception, equal treatment will be afforded to all. One black-board for each class not exceeding 50 students will be arranged with stand, chalk pieces and duster.

7. PROGRAMME OF WORK.—The preliminary arrangements having been made by the Board of

the two local leaders and the senior teacher, it will remain to open the classes at places, date and hour already announced. Each day's study will be opened with prayers, selected from each of the great religions represented by the students and teachers, and recited by the representatives of that religion. The classes will be held for 1½ hours to 2 hours once in the morning and again in the afternoon or early night; it is hoped that 7 to 9 for the morning and 4 to 6 in the evening will be suitable. If evening classes are found necessary to be held in the nights, probably due to the students having to go for labor, it will have to be kept between 6-30 and 8 P. M. But the local leaders will decide this; night classes may be avoided as far as possible, not only for the reason of additional expenditure but also for general convenience and management. The students may conveniently call on the teachers outside class hours and get as much help as possible in a calm, quiet, respectable way. The programme of class studies distributed weekly will stand thus:

A. *Language*.

1st week. Alphabets, vowels and consonants with monosyllables and monosyllabic words beginning with them.

2nd week. Alphabets, compounds and Samskrit letters like *av, ev, ov, sa, ja, sha*, etc., with small words.

3rd week. Words and simple sentences, reading, writing and dictation.

4th week. Small stories and lessons reading, getting by heart, copying, writing from memory. Beginning *Athichudi* அத்திசூதி—a single line verse.

5th week. Larger essays, stories, writing letters containing tit-bits of local histories, moral and hygienic lessons. Completing *Athichudi*. Reading, getting by heart, etc.

6th week. Selected lessons in prose and poetry, writing letters, filling up money order and other postal forms.

B. *Arithmetic*.

1st week. Tamil and English, numbers up to 100 with simple additions and addition tables upto 12 plus 12.

2nd week. Numbers up to 10,000. Addition up to 4 digits and subtraction up to 2 digits; tables of weights, measures, etc.

3rd week. Subtraction up to 4 digits with simple fractions (no decimals) and multiplication tables 12 x 3; Tables of weights, measures, etc., continued.

4th week. Multiplication tables 12 x 12 and multiplication up to 4 digits, with simple fractions and division within 2 digits.

5th week. Division up to 4 digits, and practical questions.

6th week. Practical examples by employing the four rules and the tables of measures,

etc. Simple interest. Revision and summoning up.

N. B:—At all stages, practical examples will be worked as already detailed in the Curriculum, illustrating the principles, explained each day.

8. MANAGEMENT of the classes will be solely under the Board already formed. The senior teacher will have full powers of discipline in the classes and responsibility for the imparting of education and management of the pupils. It is hoped that the Board will work on humanitarian considerations, with wide and tolerant outlook and on up-to-date ideals of education. Dealing with sufficiently aged boys and girls such as we take, it is unnecessary to consider caning; harsh words and abusive language will not be used under any circumstances. Gentle persuasion and affection on the part of the teacher and willing and implicit following on the part of the students will be the guiding principle. No new students will be admitted a week after the opening of the school. One day in the week, such as Shandy, or market days, special festival days, etc., will be observed as holidays. Attempts will be made during the classes to explain elementary moral, sanitary, hygienic and religious truths. It is hoped that the local leaders, either individually or jointly, will be glad to arrange free boarding and lodging for the teachers, and the scheme will see that stable arrangements are made for the same. From the ancient days in this sacred land, teachers were treated with great consideration and respect, and all their supplies were met by the villagers. However low the country and the villages have fallen, the charity of feeding is still kept at a high level. Many temple managements, mathams and other institutions hold this charity their duty, and they may be expected to come forward to further the cause of education. Much of our hope is founded on this willing help from the village and on the sacrifice and service from the teachers. From the spirited Scouts of action amidst us, many young volunteers of different movements in the country, many enthusiastic young students and teachers, like Madanapalle, Pachaiyappa's, etc., Colleges and Guindy, etc., High Schools, young men and women willing to serve and find common sacrifice will not be found lacking for this bene cause.

These are only ancient practical ideals in this land, now resuscitated, which kept education at such high levels, that foreigners came here to learn. May Mother India rise up once more and teach the whole world!

9. FINANCE.—For any scheme finance has been a menace in practical application. With the sacrifice on the part of the teachers and beneficence on the part of the leaders, as detailed in the last para, we have overcome the financial difficulties more than half. What we have now to provide for is the fare for the railway and other journeys the teachers have to make from their homes to their centres of education and back, and other miscellaneous charges as for tools and plants like black boards, books, stationery, lighting, etc. Taking a teacher for every 50 students, a teacher's charges may be taken on an average at Rs. 10 for journey and Rs. 15 for miscellaneous charges for two months, i.e., Rs. 25 in total or 8 annas per student; where the number falls lower than 50, the charges will rise to Re. 1 each, as maximum, as no centre will be opened where the number is less than 25.

10. CENTRAL ADMINISTRATION will be kept at Madras for the present, and as the scheme evolves and expands in working, each District may take the administration into its hands. At the end of the six weeks' course, the students will be examined by an independent gentleman or educationist near the locality, chosen by the Central Administration, as to the efficiency of their attainments, and certificates will be issued. The Central Administration should collect the funds necessary as per last para, and steps will have to be taken after getting the public view of the scheme, which may kindly be expressed in the Press, and also communicated to the humble servant of the scheme whose address is given below.

11. CONCLUSION.—I am not an educationist, nor have been one. I must say the scheme is drafted hurriedly, even though the idea was there for some time. The coming summer vacation rather precipitated this action, that at least a few experimental centres may be tried this year; practical experience gained now is bound to help work in the future. The candidates for teachers' places may intimate their willingness to serve as such, stating the District they would like; similarly, the leaders willing to promote the cause of education in towns and villages may also kindly come forward, giving the name of the village, with the nearest Railway Station, where a centre can be opened. This is only as a preliminary measure, without definite committal on either side. The advice of leading public men and women interested in the welfare and advancement of the country is also being sought, and that will be communicated duly to the Press.

I have nothing more to say but to beg of my brethren to help the scheme, however imperfect and small it may be, and thereby promote the education of our countrymen to some little extent at least; the scheme will be improved in the light of public opinion. With our industry and co-operation, the Great Teacher is bound to help and bless this sacred cause.

S. V. KANAGASABAI PILLAI,
A Humble Servant of the Scheme,
8-4-25.

Address:

RAO SAHAB S. V. KANAGASABAI PILLAI,
Assistant Engineer, P. W. D. (on leave),

No. 3, Muhammad Abdulla Sahab Street,

TRIPPLICANE, MADRAS S. E.

This is a scheme which all can help. The rich can help with their cash, the poor with their sacrifice, the intelligent with their suggestions, the active with their service, and all with their thought and spreading the idea. Many lose their opportunities by waiting till others begin. Please make up your mind. Your help is needed, here and now.

Another Woman Scientist

THE BRITISH AUSTRALASIAN gives an interesting account of an Australian Woman Scientist, Miss Marie Bentivoglio, who is at present at Oxford, doing a very unusual piece of work. Miss Bentivoglio has Italian parents, but was born in Sydney, and is equally at home in the English and Italian languages. She obtained her degree of Bachelor of Science in 1920 at the University of Sydney, was awarded the Deas-Thomson Scholarship of Mineralogy, Professor David's Prize for Geology and Mineralogy, with 2nd Class Honors in Botany.

On graduating, she was awarded a Government Science Research Scholarship and held it from 1920 to 1922, working in the Mineralogy Department of the Sydney University, on Crystallography and studying the crystal structure of the tin stone of Queensland and New South Wales. She also assisted Professor Read (then Professor of Organic Chemistry at Sydney University, now at Edinburgh) in his important researches on the organic compounds extracted from eucalyptus, Miss Bentivoglio's share of the work being the investigation of the Crystallography of the new substances which Professor Read discovered. The results of Miss Bentivoglio's work were given in a paper read before the Royal Society of New South Wales,

and subsequently published. In 1922, she won an 1851 Travelling Exhibition, being the first woman in Australia to be awarded one of these Exhibitions, which were made available after the 1851 Crystal Palace Exhibition. Several are given annually to each of the Dominions to enable brilliant Colonial students to come to England, in order to carry out research work which is judged to be of economic value to the countries in which they live. Two are allotted each year to Australia, and each University in the Commonwealth has the privilege of nominating one student considered to be the best among its own candidates, the names of the seven students so chosen then being submitted, with their records, to the Scholarship Commissioners in London, who make the final selection.

Two scholarships are tenable for two years, but the Commissioners have granted Miss Bentivoglio an extension of six months in order to complete her work. She is investigating the growth of crystals and their structure, carrying out the research at the Oxford Laboratory, under the supervision of T. U. Barker, M.A., B.Sc., and is in residence at Somerville College. In addition to doing her research work she has taken the Oxford Diploma of Geography with distinction.

Artificial Silk Exhibition

All types of artificial silk yarns have lately been exhibited by Messrs. Courtauld at the Textile Institute, Manchester. Coarse and fine yarns, single and double, bouclé and crêpe while some panels showed hanks of artificial silk twisted with wool and cotton in numerous plain and speckled effects which gave an idea of the varied possibilities of these yarns.

Many fabrics were also exhibited of which, although a few were made entirely of artificial silk alone, the greater number—and these the most striking—consisted of mixtures with either cotton

or wool or both.

The manufacture of artificial silk out of wood fibre was succinctly but clearly explained at the Exhibition by means of the contents of four glass jars. The first one contained spruce chips, the basis of most artificial silks; the second, strips of sulphite wood pulp; the third alkali cellulose, the wood pulp ground up; the fourth a brown viscous liquid of the consistency of treacle, which when spurted out under great pressure through platinum nozzles, gives the single filament of artificial silk.

The New Literary King of Poland

LADISLAS REYMONT AND THE BOOK THAT WON HIM A NOBEL PRIZE

BY a happy coincidence, Ladislus Reymont received the latest Nobel Prize for idealistic literature at a time when the honored body of Poland's former literary monarch, Henryk Sienkiewicz, was being carried from Vevey, Switzerland, where he died during the War, to its final resting place in his beloved Warsaw. This dual event has inspired James Fletcher Smith, a writer in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, to present with a new significance the old saying: "The King is dead—long live the King!" Mr. Smith reminds us that Sienkiewicz, patriot and painter of the old-time Polish glory, was the first Polish winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature. He was king of his time in romantic writing associated with his country's history, although, as it happens, his best-known novel, *Quo Vadis*, is on a Roman theme. Ladislus Reymont, the new literary king of Poland, is a writer of another sort. The special work for which he was crowned is entitled *The Peasants*, and deals with the lives of the lowly. It is divided into four parts, bearing the names of the seasons. The first* of these has just been published in an English translation. The work as a whole amounts to no less, says Mr. Smith, than a conscious attempt to interpret to the outside world the soul of Poland.

For such a work a man must have seen deeply into the inner and outer lives of his people. He must have experienced, struggled and suffered. He must have had opportunities to participate in agricultural, industrial and artistic activities.

All this and much more fell to the lot of Ladislus Reymont. He was born, we learn, in Russian Poland fifty-six years ago, and found himself, from childhood on, in conflict not only with Russian domination, but also with parental discipline. He tells us himself that he was "a lively sore" in the heart of his family, and that he ran away and lived for a time like an animal in the woods.

When he reached the age at which he was

* *The Peasants: A Tale of Our Own Times*. In Four Volumes. Volume I, *Autumn*. From the Polish of Ladislus S. Reymont. Tr. by Michael H. Dziewicki. Prof. of English Literature in the University of Cracow, Knopf.

expected to earn his living, he became successively clerk in a shop, telegrapher and railway employee. For a year he followed the steps of a troupe of strolling players. "Poverty racked my bones," he says, "but at least I felt free, seduced as I was by the contrasts of this vagabond life, with its surprises, its dangers, its phantasmagoria, its conflicting emotions." Then suddenly he abandoned his companions, lured away by the words of an apostle of Spiritualism. For a while, he cherished the idea of devoting his life to this gospel; but the impulse passed, disillusionment followed, and he decided, instead, to make his home on a farm. He lived there for two years, and married a daughter of the household.

It was during this period—the most tranquil he had ever known—that he took up writing seriously. His first published novel, *The Comedienne* was a story of theatrical life. His second, *The Promised Land*, dealt with the manufacturing city of Lodz. Both were a kind of prelude to his *magnum opus*.

The Peasants was finished in 1906, and is based on the author's desire "to make a cross section of the bearings and the beds of our social soil, to present our National life in a sort of mystery." Mr. Smith tells us:

The first volume, *Autumn*, is now at hand. The succeeding volumes, *Winter*, *Spring* and *Summer*, are to appear at quarterly intervals, beginning in January. With the author's statement of purpose held in mind, it is not surprising to find that in

Autumn, the story is subordinate to the background, which is the life of a village in Russian Poland, presumably in the last century. Any picturesque rural custom, whether now living, moribund, or dead, is grist to Reymont's mill, with the result that he tells a leisurely story.

Boryna, a domineering, middle-aged, somewhat gross and brutal farmer of local importance, is planning to marry again. Surveying the eligibles he resolves to cast his lot with Yanka, a girl of uncertain reputation, who is, nevertheless, spirited, clever and not unattractive. There is also the disadvantage that she happens to be in love with Boryna's own son, Antek. But the old man has his own scores to pay



The Latest Nobel Prize-Winner. Ladislus Reymont is the second Polish winner of the Nobel Prize for "Idealistic" Literature. He has visited America twice.

off with Antek, and is pleased or indifferent as to that. Besides, Yanka's desirable lands lie adjacent to Boryna's. So according to the old Polish custom he sends "proposers" to the girl, is considered from all angles as a suitor, and is accepted on wholly sordid and mercenary grounds. Yanka fights down her love for Antek, and finally braces herself to go through with the wedding ceremony. And with this same ceremony the first volume of *The Peasants* ends, with the mad fiddling of the celebration, the guests dancing and feasting, the picture of the triumphant father, the unwilling bride, the envious son, and the threat of a lively and not wholly pleasant family drama casting its shadow before.

In general outline and tone, though not in accomplishment, *The Peasants* is ranked by the *Transcript* critic as standing somewhere between Turgenev and Hardy.—*Current Opinion* (U.S.A.)

The Versatile Pole Who Won the Nobel Literary Prize

The life of the winner of the 1924 Nobel Prize in Literature, Ladislus Reymont, is sketched by Rupert Hughes, in *The International Book Review* for February. Mr. Hughes, who was Mr. Reymont's host during the Polish novelist's recent stay in America, states that the outstanding characteristics of the present prose laureate of the world are his simplicity and aversion to being lionised. M. Reymont, it is recorded, tried hard to gain an education, but he was expelled from every school he entered and then became a telegraph operator.

"Ladislus Stanislaw Reymont was born on May 6, 1868, in that part of Poland which at that time remained under Russian domination," Mr. Hughes writes, in the course of his article, based on information secured from Reymont, while he was in

The School Boy

Easter brings one of the festivals of youth, and opens the gates of school for a hilarious exodus. Loosed from the bonds of imposed education, the school boys will, with the enthusiasm begotten by freedom, go about educating themselves; no longer set by measure and rule to the business of sport, they will at their own leisure

"... chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball,"

(as Gray would airily remark). They certainly bring an air of exuberance, but at the same time, an atmosphere of earnestness with them enters the house, a feeling of infinite age. The boy building a Meccano model is far older than the father who watches him; life is to him a much more serious matter, since he has not yet learnt to laugh at it.

America. "He was of a family of twelve which was very patriotic and poor. His mother took, with her five brothers, an active part in the insurrection of 1863.

"The schools at that time were instruments of Russification. School children were not allowed to speak Polish within the walls of the school. Reymont went from one school to another, expelled from all of them.

"He began early to earn his living. He was a store clerk and telegraph operator. He was an actor in a wandering theatrical troupe. He was twice a railroad employee. He tried farming, and even entered the famous monastery of the Paulist Fathers in Czestochowa with the purpose of becoming a monk. He entered the literary field in 1894 with the publishing of a short story, and his novels now comprise twenty-three volumes.

"When Reymont came to America, it was exceedingly Reymontish of him to behave as he did. He came quietly, shyly across our threshold, conferred with a few Polish friends, and could not be induced to permit lionisation even among his compatriots.

"Reymont lingered only a brief while in New York. He went as soon as possible to Chicago, where numbers of Polish immigrants work in the stock-yards. As soon as he had filled his eyes, his ears, and his heart he returned to Poland, where he is a farmer after a life of so many experiments.

"It is fascinating to imagine what happened to his soul when the Nobel Prize burst about his head with its rain of gold. Forty thousand dollars in one thunderbolt from heaven! And all that for a man who has given his life to humility and the portrayal of the humble!"—*Life*, U. S. A.

With what imperturbable solemnity he pursues his business, with what scientific curiosity he probes the secrets of the universe! And as he oils his bat against the coming season, or tenderly fingers the strings of last year's tennis racquet, there is in his face the visionary look of a fanatic. His activities will doubtless reveal themselves in ways a little startling to his elders. There is always an element of surprise in his holiday career, and the house somehow stands more securely when he has gone. But it is all part and parcel of his purposefulness, his experimental maturity. By slow degrees he will grow older, and with manhood put on irresponsibility; but before he descends to our childishness, let us be grateful to him for reminding us how young, how incalculably young, we are.—*Sunday Times*

The Adventure of Living

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(From *Boy's Life*, U. S. A.)

LIFE is a Great Adventure, and I want to say to you: Accept it in such a spirit. I want to see you face it, ready to do the best that lies in you to win out; and resolute, if you do not win out, to go down without complaining, doing the best that is in you, and abiding by the result. What is true of the boy is also true of the girl; what is true of the young man is true of the young woman, the fundamental facts are the same.

Nothing worth having normally comes unless there is willingness to pay for it; and perhaps the highest good that comes from training of the kind which you get in school or college is not merely training of the body, not merely training of the mind, but the training of what counts for more than body, more than mind—the training of character, especially in the two ways of giving you the proper perspective (so that you may see what are the important and what the unimportant things), and of giving you the type of soul which will make you willing to strive, and to pay the necessary penalty for achieving the things that are really worth while.

I do not at the moment remember any man or any woman whose life has been entirely easy, and who has at the same time led a life that under conceivable conditions I would have been willing to lead. That is true of the men; I think it is probably even more true of the women. The man or woman who has come to three-score years and ten without knowing sorrow, with no effort or risk,

has, save in wholly exceptional cases, not known the highest joys. As I have said, life is a Great Adventure, and you cannot win the great prizes unless you are willing to run certain risks, unless you are willing to pay certain penalties. It is the

same in large things as in small. If an individual starts to play football, and expects not to get bumped, he will be sadly disappointed. An individual who tries to rise to any position of prominence along any line in his college work and to surpass competitors, and expects to do so without struggle, is again in error. In the college world, there is not any real prize in any field, the winning of which does not necessarily imply effort and self-denial, does not imply a certain amount of risk. As on the football field, if you desire absolute safety, I do think you had better not play the game. And while it is the business of your elders and betters to shape conditions which shall minimize the risk, there will always be a certain amount of risk. On a larger scale it is just so in everyday life. When you graduate, when you

go into your life work, you can purchase immunity from risk, certainty of ease, the certainty of possessing a soul that will be unruffled by any pain, only on condition of living a life not worth living, only on condition of leading the life of a vegetable.

In looking back at my companions when they were your age, and when I was your age, it is half pathetic, and all too melancholy to realize how poor the lives have been of those young men and young



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From the portrait by Joseph Cummings Chase
On March 22, 1911, Theodore Roosevelt spoke to the students of Occidental College, Los Angeles, California. The address he delivered is one intended for young people, and *Boys' Life*, through the help of Mr. Herman Hagedorn, is now able to publish this great message, which never before has been seen in print.—THE EDITORS

women of that day who declined to get their enjoyment from worthy effort, and who have devoted themselves of set purpose to lives that should consist, at best, of active pleasure, and, at worst, of the avoidance of risk and responsibility. I would not wish for any young man or young woman, or for any boy or girl of my own or of any one else for whom I care, a life of mere ease, a life which should consist merely of the absence of toil, of effort, of risk, or even of sorrow. You cannot get the highest pleasure in life without toil and effort and risk, and yours is a poor soul if you fail to pay the price for them. No Nation ever yet became great, unless it possessed within itself the power of effort and self-sacrifice in great crises. The effort and self-sacrifice are demanded, and no individual ever became great, and no individual ever led a really worthy life, unless he or she possessed within himself or herself the power, if need be, for effort long sustained, at the cost of discomfort, of pain, and hardship; and the power to face risk, to face danger and difficulty and even disaster, rather than not achieve a worthy end.

It is impossible to prophesy for anyone an absolutely safe life. That cannot be done. No parents, no fathers and mothers can hope to bring up their children with the certainty that they will not meet with trials in after life. On the contrary, if their children are to lead full lives, if they are to know what is highest and best in life, it can be set down as axiomatic that they will have to face trials, and will have to face suffering. No great joy can be achieved save with the possibility that a great sorrow may come as an alternative. No great success can ever be won save by accepting the fact that, normally, sacrifice of some kind must come in winning the success. No man or woman has ever known the extreme happiness of having and bringing up children without having to face the possibility of danger and of risk in connection with those children. And what is true of the family is true in every other expression of life. I was going to say in any other kind of life, but I mean in all the other ways in which life is led.

If you are to play any part in the world, if you are to have great happiness, you must make up your mind that you are not going to shrink from risks, that you are going to face the fact that effort, and painful effort, will often be necessary; and you must count for your happiness, not on avoiding everything that is unpleasant, but on possessing in you the power to overcome and trample it under foot. If you have small, shallow souls, and shallow

hearts, I will not say you will be unhappy; you can obtain the bridge club standards of happiness, and you can go through life without cares and without sorrows, and without conscious effort, in so far as your brains will enable you to do so; but you have richly deserved the contempt of everybody whose respect is worth having. On the other hand, you can make up your minds to lead your lives well and nobly, doing first of all your duty to yourself and to those immediately dependent upon you, the duty of father to son, of husband to wife, of wife to husband, of parents to children—to do those duties first, and then to do the duties that lie beyond them, the duty of joining with your fellows in common work toward a common end, in the effort to achieve in common something worth achieving for the sake of all. You can lead that kind of life—and it is the only kind of life worth leading, and the only kind of life worth living—and you can lead it only on condition of making up your mind that you will not expect always to have an easy time, to escape care, to escape responsibility, to escape the burdens that inevitably must be carried by every man and every woman whose shoulders are broad enough to enable him or her to play a part in the world.

You have two duties to perform. In the first place, be able to pull your own weight; and then when you have done that, remember that that is only the beginning. We have a right to expect that; in addition to having worked for yourself so that you will not be a burden to anyone else, in addition to your being able to take care of all those whom it is your duty to care of, your education has counted for little if you cannot, furthermore, do your part in helping the world move on.

We stand now well over the threshold of a century big with the fate of mankind. Many great problems confront us all over the civilized world, and nowhere do we face problems graver than those here in America. Ours is not an easy task. The continent is pretty well filled up, and our business is to make the best use of what we have received from our fathers, and leave it in better shape to our sons. Do not flatter yourselves that you can stand still, or that the Nation can stand still. If you think you can stand still, you may be perfectly certain that you are going back. We, as a Nation, will either go forward or backward; and whether we succeed or fail will depend more than anything else upon the kind of training that you and these like you receive in your own home and in institutions such as this, and upon the use that you make of that training.

A Symposium of Scouting

THE January number of *The Jamboree* opens with the rather disconcerting news that the Chief Scout of the world, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, has been forced by his Doctors to have complete rest for some months owing to indifferent health. We hope, however, that he will soon be fit to emerge out of his irksome rest.

But the absence of his customary article is compensated for, to a great extent, by news from various sources of the rapid strides taken in the Scouting world towards the realisation of World-Brotherhood. Every day more and more "links are forged in the Scout chain of good-will, which now encircles the Earth". There are very few corners of the earth where the Scout flag has not been planted. THIRTY-THREE Nations were represented at the "great happy family gathering," the International Jamboree at Copenhagen. It has been suggested that the special task for 1925 of every Scout, who had the privilege of taking part in this Jamboree, should be "to go back to his own Country a red-hot missionary of the gospel of Brotherhood," extending to every Scout who was unable to be present there "the splendid spirit of real Brotherhood which prevailed throughout". The Scout Brotherhood has certainly a great part to play in bringing about an era of peace on earth and goodwill amongst men.

One delightfully original feature about the Jamboree was the adoption of each Scout for a week by a Danish family. This made the arrangement for the lodging and boarding of the thousands of Scouts astonishingly easy, not to speak of the countless friendships it brought about and the vast store of goodwill it generated. Scouting, as Baden-Powell pointed out, has evidently passed beyond the experimental stage. It is slowly transmuting that vicious patriotism, which is in reality National Egoism and which glories in hating other Nations, into that genuine passion manifesting itself in loyalty to one's own Nation and race, coupled with respect and goodwill towards others. One Nation or race does not get mixed up with its neighbor and lose its individuality. "In Scouting, each Nation retains its own originality; it works on its own lines." It develops its own potential forces, but uses what it has acquired for the general good of Humanity.

The Scouts have their own International Conference, "which is composed of six delegates elected or appointed from each country in which there is an accredited Scout movement". The Junior League of Nations meets once in two

years; but the Standing Committee, which is elected, is constantly in action, driving steadily to the goal by promoting international correspondence and exchange of visits abroad.

One great central principle on which the movement stands is "Service to Brother Man". A Scout is "a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout". This ideal is possible of realisation to a greater degree in Rovering, which is at present very little known and practised. "The Rover movement is a society of active workers for the good of the community," says Mr. C. Lisle Watson, Rover Commissioner for London. It is intended for young men over seventeen years of age who cannot be Scouts, but to whom the Scout ideals appeal so strongly that they wish to take a hand in re-shaping the world through that movement. Rovering is Scouting in practice. Baden-Powell has said that a Rover is a backwoodsman, a rough diamond, who is as much of a courageous, chivalrous, gentleman as a knight-errant of the Middle Ages. The aim is simply service, service efficiently rendered by a man thoroughly well equipped for his job. To quote Mr. Watson again: "Rover and Servant should be synonymous terms...The world's greatest evil is selfishness, and the Rover movement must wage war on selfishness, until the noblest and the most honored title in the world is that of Servant."

The Outlook in the December number of *The Scouter* raises a point which is of very great interest to Scouts and Rovers in India. It is as to the wisdom of allowing political discussions in the Scout club-room or Rover Den, as a form of instruction or amusement. As is suggested, it is "the duty of all good citizens to take an interest in problems which affect the welfare of the country and community, and do their best to study them without bias or prejudice; so that, when the time comes for them to vote, they are enabled to do so backed by the sincere convictions which such study has given them...The best way of studying any question of National importance is co-operatively, by means of study circles or debating societies." The only conditions that should be imposed are, that all sides should be fairly represented and that a responsible and broad-minded person presides over the function to guide the speakers and sum up at the end. In this connection it may be useful to note that the London Rover Committee has the following paragraph in one of its pamph-

lets: "As with Religion, so in Politics, a Rover may belong to any political party or none, but 'duty to the King,' who is the symbol of the Nation's common life, means that he will be loyal to the National family of which he is a member. A Rover will desire to make the country a better place for everyone to live in. He must use his vote wisely, he should listen to the leaders of all parties, and vote for the party or individual that, in his opinion, has a policy which is most likely to forward the best interests of the country as a whole."

The Provincial Scout Council is laboring hard at the arrangements for a Provincial Jamboree, to be held in December next. It is hoped that they will succeed in infusing the necessary enthusiasm in our Scouts to make this a brilliant success, reflecting the spirit of the International Jamboree. The Chief Scout for India has declared Madras to be ahead of the other Provinces in Scouting. This Provincial Jamboree will help it to forge further ahead.

VASUDEVAYYA

The Three Little Casks

BY MARIE BERMOND

(Translated by Alice E. Adair)

FROM the same clear stream in the Garden of Maya the three little casks were filled. It was the same water in all of them, but each cask was sent to a different place. The first was left close to a cottage where only laborers, tillers of the soil, had their home. The second found itself outside the house of a very rich man, one who owned all the surrounding country. The third stood against the railing in a beautiful, well-ordered garden, with gay flower borders and splendid trees on its smooth lawns, inviting rest in their cool shadows.

Hard-visaged workers, horny of hand and rough in habit, passed to and fro before little Cask One, imprinting on the surface of the water pictures of the effects of toil and stress, of physical effort and hard-living.

"I am he who suffers yet sustains," said number One. "I am strength; I am the lever. By me the earth is compelled to yield the food required for men. To me they owe their well-being; by me they are sustained. Without my sweat, Nature's fruits would lack their savors, her wheat-ears their fullness and her cornfields their plenty. The useful work of the world is mine, all other products of men's labor merely foster luxury and extravagance, pleasure and folly, ridiculous ambition and selfish gratification. My work is indispensable; it alone is the duty of humanity."

In little Cask Two the reflections were of a world of finely appointed carriages, of elegant automobiles, their occupants beautifully gowned and decked with jewels. The master of the house, wearing a spotless white waistcoat and chain of gold, often stood near. He radiated health, happiness and good fortune.

"I am wealth," thought number Two. "It is I who lead the race. From where I stand, I dominate those below and claim their respect. I transform the world, and without me nothing could be maintained. With the gold I possess, I confer

happiness; by my will men are fed, clothed and entertained. Science owes to me the means for experiment, for I hold the precious metal she needs. I change the course of rivers and erase mountains. I erect great buildings; I furrow the earth with roads and canals; I provide all means of transport. Without me men would vegetate in ignorant simplicity. It is I who am Master of the earth."

Little Cask Three had a different point of view, from its place in the lovely garden. There smiling youth, brown heads and golden together in the sunshine, wandered with interlaced arms amidst the flowers or beneath the trees. The water in the cask mirrored the charming face of youth, and youth's expectancy with lips curved to loveliness by joy and priceless hope; and number Three dreamed.

"O Beauty! thou art in me. Thou, the purpose of all things, the enlightener, the consoler, thou art mine. Thou art the goal of all lovers, the prize that all men, even in ignoring thee, seek. Without thee life has no attraction; deprived of thee mankind would weary of existence and long for death. By thee alone are the long, weary days of waiting, the wounds and fierce pains of life's journey, made endurable; for thou art the messenger of promise, of hope beyond all ills. O Beauty! most adorable! With thee the kingdom of the world is mine, for all bow before thy throne."

In the evening the gardener ordered the contents of the three casks to be emptied into the reservoir. So the three became one again, and the pond into which they were poured was that from which the earth was watered. The rich, the toiling, the lovely were mingled together for the good of each and all. Work, wealth, beauty—who shall say which is greater in power? Are not all needed for the life of man? Is not each vital to the growth of the earth? Do not all equally serve in the production of its flowers and its fruits?

Young Heroes

Four years of age is really rather young for a Hero. Yet *The Overseas Daily Mail* (London) tells of such a one. Little Freddy Cunningham of South London trotted away with another four-year old, Harold Hart, to see the Boat Race, and went as far as the canal near Camberwell Gate. They had seen a picture of water with barges on it, and being familiar with barges on the canal, thought that the Race was to be rowed there. Let us listen to Freddy's own account of what happened, as told to a reporter of *The Evening News*, quoted in *The Overseas Daily Mail*.

"Harold Hart and myself meant to see the Boat Race, so we went to the canal after dinner.

"We thought the Boat Race was on the canal, 'cos the pictures in the papers showed the barges, and we knew where the barges were.

"We were as 'cited as anything. My big brother had said there would be big crowds there, but we couldn't see anybody and thought we must be very early, so we waited, and played about.

"We saw the barges, though, and we felt how tight the ropes were, and Harold fell in.

"Harold was going away past the barges when I jumped in. I can swim, because my big brother teaches me on the bed at home how to swim.

"I jumped in, and the water was very cold and wet, and I used my arms and legs and got beside Harold.

"I pulled at his collar and dragged at him, and we seemed to go to the bank. I shouted for a man that I saw, and he jumped in and got Harold. Then I climbed on to the bank and ran away 'cos I was 'cited.

"A man in Southampton Street took me to his home, rubbed me with a towel, and put me to bed, and then took me home.

"It was very funny. I laughed like anything,

'cos I knew we should not go to the canal, and Harold was all right 'cos I saw the man get him.

"The Boat Race was not at the canal, but Oxford would not be sunk if it had been at the canal."

Freddy, having only learnt to swim on a bed, naturally found water "cold and wet," but his little arms and legs had learnt how to behave in swimming, and so he got hold of Harold and stuck to him, till the man jumped in and pulled the child ashore, who was so exhausted that he was only revived by the use of artificial respiration. Here are the two wee adventurers, who look none the worse for their experience.



Freddy Cunningham and Harold Hart

Our other little Hero was older than Freddy, but he was only a boy of twelve. The news came from Secunderabad, but was sent to us without the name of the paper to which it was sent by "our own correspondent":

News has been received here from Hanumakonda of the remarkable courage and presence of mind of a 12 year old boy named Komaradu, who rescued two drowning girls. It would appear that two Christian girls aged 12 and 13 respectively fell into the Balasumudram tank at Hanumakonda, and were struggling for their lives. Their cries drew a crowd of people who looked on helplessly. Komaradu

chanced to arrive on the scene, and taking in the situation at a glance promptly jumped into the water and swam to their rescue. Both the drowning girls clung to the boy and impeded his movements in such a way that he was in imminent danger of losing his own life. However, with great presence of mind and cool deliberation the boy shook himself free and succeeded in saving the girls one by one. Well done, Komaradu. We wonder if he was a Scout, as it is generally a Scout who is "prepared" in an emergency, while older people stand helplessly looking on.

Lord Curzon at Home

Stories are still being told of some of the peculiarities of Lord Curzon in private life. One that surprised me most, and is a proof of that very keen interest in the smallest as well as the biggest things, was that he was to all intents and purposes his own house-keeper. He used to keep the household bills; I think he used even to employ the servants. He had a very able lady amongst his acquaintances; solemnly he would interview her as to where he should send the household linen, and as solemnly he once interviewed her as to which was the better method to send the linen to its destination—whether by train or by wagon. He used also, I have heard, to arrange and write down the menus for his dinners.—T. P. O'Connor in *The Sunday Times*

Co-operative Housekeeping

HERE is an English proverb to the effect that "An Englishman's house is his castle," implying that it is fortified against intrusion, and is strictly personal property. Such is by no means the case in India, where doors are usually left open, and anyone may walk in without so much as a warning knock, and where hospitality may be claimed to an extent scarcely found elsewhere.

Other Nations have mostly modified their ancient customs of that nature, to suit modern conditions, finding that railways and motors now make travelling so easy that the burden of entertaining chance visitors becomes intolerable to the ordinary city dweller. But in the Indian household still the casual guest, whose acquaintance with the family may be of the flimsiest, may claim house-room for himself and his belongings, and hot food at any hour of the day or night, too often prepared by the hands of the hard worked mistress of the house herself, who, perhaps, gets scant thanks for her toil, so much is it taken for granted.

But it is not of these chance sharers of the home we would here speak, as of little house-mates of the sub-human kingdom. Let no one here imagine that his house is his own! It seems built just as much for the convenience of furred and feathered friends, whose actual possession can hardly be disputed, though no documents are forthcoming to prove occupancy rights.

A certain muffasal abode is an upper flat, the occupation of which is shared by at least four sets of tenants, without counting anything so small as the cockroaches (monstrous of their kind), which dwell in the wood-work.

At first the human tenants misunderstood the situation, and tried to assert exclusive proprietary rights; but they soon became wiser, and consented to a delimitation of territory, being able to call only one room strictly their own. The other rooms have high ventilators, which never shut, so form convenient entrances and exits for rats, squirrels and bats. In particular, a respectable rat family has firmly resisted all attempts at eviction, and ranges at will along a convenient shelf, just out of reach of the family dog, whose shrill barks at sight seem to add piquancy to rat existence. They descend from time to time to scour the lower levels for any thing edible that may be left unguarded, from soap to gum, for which last they have a hearty appetite. Indian rats seem abnormally clever, as compared

with European ones, doubtless due to the stimulating mental atmosphere. Thus one may set a commonly efficient trap successfully once, or even twice, but by the third attempt the rats will have mastered its simple mechanism, and show remarkable ingenuity in contriving to secure the bait, without loss of liberty.

However, it cannot be claimed that really warm fraternal relations have been established between the humans and the rats. At most the former have learnt to regard the latter with a philosophical toleration, only seriously threatened when discovery is made of peculiarly audacious trespass, as into the drawer of a writing table, as a suitable nursery for a fine rat-litter. Curiously the general attitude of *laissez-vivre* has infected the dog, who was once a notable rat-killer, but now turns her head away and pretends other business, when a baby rat drops down from the wainscot at her very feet, inviting slaughter. It seems to be an established convention now that rats are to be chased, when they wander below their own territory, but never killed, and it seems as if they enjoy the game as well as the dog, and deliberately descend to provoke her noisy pursuit.

Better loved little brothers are the squirrels, who chase each other all day up and down the surrounding cocoa-nut palms, but always know the time at which to present themselves on the veranda for doles of rice, and sometimes even nuts, while the humans are at meals. Long ago have the squirrels seen through the dog's bluster, and now they make rather a convenience of her, since she serves to scare away the marauding crows, who try to steal what is put for "squeejee". But even among these, there is one licensed mendicant, a bold, black fellow with a pitifully broken leg, who hops on to the veranda parapet, and lays his broad beak sideways to scoop up the rice that is specially served him there, much to the indignation of the dog, who thinks that a line must be drawn somewhere, and personally draws it at crows.

One corner of the ceiling is favored by a bat who suspends himself there upside down, to sleep away the hours of daylight. At first, he also was not quite welcome to the lawful occupiers, but it was discovered that he was very sensitive to musical sounds, twitching all over, and stirred, at last, to flight by tones of the Gramophone, or high notes of the human voice. So talking to "little brother bat" became an interesting diversion, and there was something like regret when he deserted

the room for a godown, as a place where a fellow could rest in peace. Joined by many a companion, he comes out every sunset, swooping round and round, and in and out of the veranda pillars, cleaning the air of mosquitoes and flies in the most satisfactory manner. That is how he pays his rent.

The family dog has herself contributed to the circle lately a trio of pups, and though clandestinely and, so to say, illegitimately produced, her pride and joy in them, and their own baby charms, have made them welcome additions to the household. From the first the three showed quite distinct

characters; one, the largest, being tāmasic, slow and clumsy, the last to open his eyes; another decidedly rājasic, an impudent little rogue, the first to bark, and box his brethren; while the last was of gentle temperament, much given to sleep, sāt̥tvic, in fact, and the first to open his eyes.

The happy family is now dispersed, for hot weather, and needed holidays are the order of the day. Perhaps the rats and bats are content, though we think a little dull; while squirrels must learn to do without their usual feast, till the house is reopened, and the givers of largesse return.

H. V.

A Big Mistake

The Mercury-Herald (U. S. A.) tells us that some "College Students" are making a new translation of *The Old Testament*, the Scriptures of the Hebrews. Professor J. M. P. Smith of Chicago University, is superintending the work. "Modern scholars to-day," the statement says, "have a more complete knowledge of the Hebrew tongue than those of 100 years ago. Not only the psalms but the other books as well are poetry of the highest and purest form. They require accurate translation if the poetic quality is to be preserved."

As a specimen we are offered the American translation of the 23rd Psalm. In English, we have the stately prose of the authorised version that we owe to the 17th century; also the Anglican *Prayer-Book* version, translated from the Latin of the Roman Catholic Church, probably more familiar to the English church-goer. Both retain the rhythm, the dignity, the exquisitely musical phrases of English at its best.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
(Bible)

He shall feed me in a green pasture; and lead
me forth beside the waters of comfort.
(Prayer Book)

The Chicago version:

In green meadows he makes me lie down:
To refreshing waters He leads me.

Or again:

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for
Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff
they comfort me. (Bible)

The *Prayer Book* is the same, except that the
"They" is left out before "comfort".

The Chicago version:

Even though I walk in the darkest ravine, I
fear no harm; for Thou art with me.

Surely it is a literary crime to translate words woven into English life and literature by such commonplace phrases. How many have gone down fearlessly into the valley of the shadow of death with these lovely words on their lips, but "the darkest ravine" suggests only the Rocky Mountains, and this is "the poetic quality of the original". The new translators may have "a more complete knowledge of the Hebrew tongue," but they certainly have not the literary sense of their predecessors.

Kindness

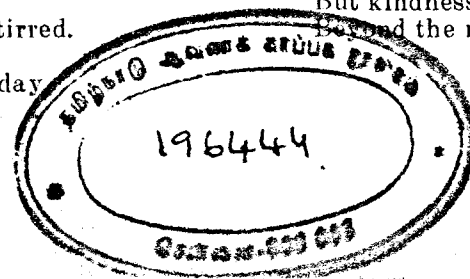
BY EDGAR A. GUEST

One never knows
How far a word of kindness goes.
One never sees
How far a smile of friendship flees.
Down through the years
The deed forgotten re-appears
One kindly word
The souls of many here has stirred.
Man goes his way
And tells with every passing day

Until life's end:
"Once unto me he played the friend."

We cannot say
What lips are praising us to-day.
We cannot tell
Whose prayers ask God to guard us well.
But kindness lives
Beyond the memory of him who gives

—Ceylon Men



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