

THE
YOUNG CITIZEN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF WORLD-BROTHERHOOD

Vol. 3

July 1, 1925

No. 4



Youth Comes to Re-Shape the World

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

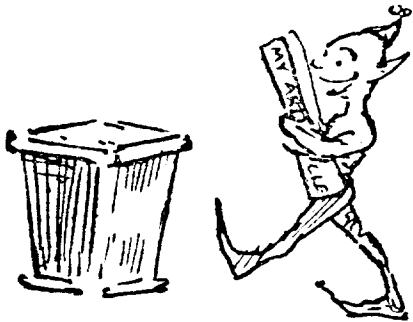
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ANNIE BESANT AND G. S. ARUNDALE, *Editors*

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The Young Citizen

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MADRAS, 1st JULY, 1925

No. 4

From The Front

BY ANNIE BESANT, D. L.

THE most important political question now before the country is the Commonwealth of India Bill, drafted originally on the basis of the Reports ordered to be made by the NATIONAL CONVENTION, when it met in April, 1924, by Committees of its own members. These collected materials and made their Reports, and on these the first rough draft was based. This was considered in continuous sittings of the CONVENTION in Bombay in December, 1924, and the Draft Bill was drawn up and ordered to be printed, and circulated to the public for criticisms and amendments. It was sent to all the important papers and to Political Associations, and was placed before the Swarāj Group of the Sub-Committee, appointed at the meeting of the Committee elected by the All-Parties Conference held in Bombay last autumn. The Committee met in Delhi, in January and February, 1925, and, after appointing the Sub-Committee, adjourned.

The Swarāj Group held nine meetings, and made a number of useful amendments, and these, with all amendments received from other quarters, were printed in pamphlet form and sent to every member of the CONVENTION with a revised Draft of the Bill. This was carefully considered at its meeting at Cawnpur, in April, 1925, and several important amendments were made, in the light of the opinions received. The Bill was then remitted to a small Committee of five members, for correction of any slight inconsistencies that might have arisen in the course of the many amend-

ments, and ordered to be finally printed for presentation to the Imperial Parliament, with instructions to myself, as General Secretary, to have any necessary technicalities introduced by a Parliamentary Draftsman. These introduce no changes of meaning, but only adapt the measure to the necessary Parliamentary form.

The Bill, as finally published, ready for the expert, was sent to England in May, as promised last year. It has been largely noticed by the Press, and both in India and England a general satisfaction expressed that the Indian determination to achieve Self-Government has been thrown, at last, into a definite form, in which it can be discussed, and that India's demand "has been removed from the region of platform declamation into the realm of reason".

Young Indians should now study this Bill very carefully. It consists of a Preamble, stating its main scope; six clauses on preliminaries, bringing it into force; a clause asserting seven Fundamental Rights; Definitions and Table, containing ten Chapters, divided into Parts, and four Schedules.

Chapter I deals with the Parliament of India, consisting of the King, represented by a Viceroy, an elected Senate and Legislative Assembly. Chapter II deals with the Executive, the King, represented by the Viceroy acting on the advice of the Cabinet; this consists of a Prime Minister and not less than seven Ministers of State responsible to Parliament. Chapter III constitutes the Judicature: a Supreme Court,

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In the August Number of

The Young Citizen

WILL APPEAR:

FROM THE FRONT
IN THE WORLD'S SERVICE
BUDDHIST STORIES

with a Chief Justice, and so many other Justices not less than two, as Parliament prescribes.

Chapter IV deals with Finance and Trade.

Chapter V deals with the Provinces on lines similar to those laid down for the Parliament, with the necessary limitations, but giving Autonomy within these. Chapter VI gives power to establish New Provinces and to alter the boundaries of existing Provinces.

These Chapters of the Constitution place India in a position of full equality with the Self-Governing Dominions within the Empire. They carry out the Resolution to that effect passed in the National Congress, meeting in Madras, December, 1914. This Resolution, until now has been totally inoperative, no steps having been taken to carry it out, although it determined the time at which it should be carried out, in the "Reconstruction after the War". The War ended in 1918.

Chapter VII is in some ways the most important in the Bill, as it re-establishes subdivisions on the lines of the ancient Self-Government of India, the Village as the Self-Governing Unit with its Panchâyat; aggregations of Villages as Self-Governing Talukâs called by various names, but ruled by Sabhâs; the District, aggregations of Talukâs, ruled by a Samiti; all of these elective. The principles are given in Chapter VII, and form part of the

Constitution; the powers and duties of each governing body are given in Schedule 3. It is here that is replanted the seed of the old prosperity, manual skill and Freedom of the Great India of past millennia, and it is you, Young Citizens of India who will have to carry out these duties, and to wield these powers. We are giving back to you, in this Bill, the glorious heritage of your Past; yours it will be to rebuild this strong foundation of enduring happiness, by carrying out the powers given in this Bill. It will take years to work them all out, but every year will see a more contented, a happier India. The Bill proclaims the means, and you will create the forms for realisation.

The soft breeze of Hope is agitating the stagnant political atmosphere of India, and where Hope is, there follow Courage and Endeavor. Youths and Maidens of India, come to the helping of the Mother; tenderly break the fetters which weigh down her limbs; lift her up and support her, till the life currents again circulate in her muscles, weakened by disuse. Show yourselves worthy of your Past, and let your watch-words be the names of your Heroes of old, cast away the fear that dishonors, and remember, as Lokamânya Tilak said, that Freedom is your Birthright, and you must be resolved to have it.

The *silâr* of my soul I took up to-night
And in silence I tuned a little song:

*Little men love the tinsel of success,
But Failure is the Fate of the Wise and Strong.*

Krishna played upon the magic-flute,
And ravished the hearts of multitudes,
But still the world spins hate and strife,
And who so sad as the India Krishna loved?

Buddha preached the Wisdom of Nirvâna,
And Peace more strong than Wars;
But men still seek extinction in enjoyment,
And Peace lies sorely wounded in a stricken world.

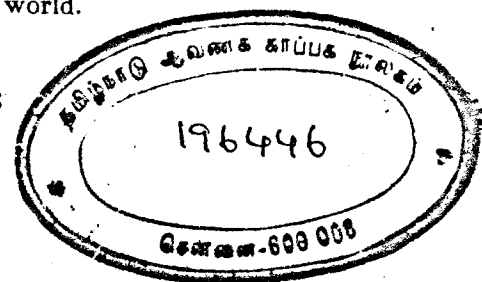
Jesus spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven,
And the Way of the Poor and the Meek;

But the Nations are sold to Satan's gold,
And the Wheel of Violence turns round, and round.

Krishna and Buddha and Jesus the Yogi,
And Prophets of the Later Day
And Martyrs of the Vision and Voice within,
Defeat has been their destined way.

Blessed are the Meek and the Wounded,
Blessed the Rejected of the Race;
For comrades are they of the Christ of Ages,
And with Flowers of Failure they worship the Lonely God.

T. L. VASWANI



In The World's Service

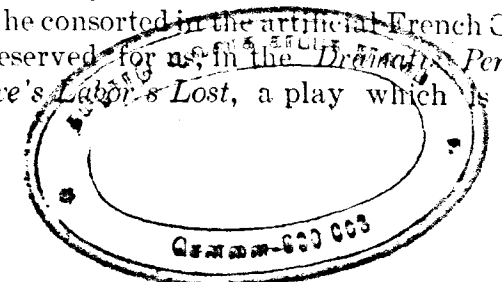
Francis Bacon

IN the reign of the great Elizabeth of England was born this Master-Mind, this King of men, who was destined to be denied his earthly birthright of a throne too narrow for him, and instead to take all knowledge for his kingdom, and to wield such undisputed sway over the intellects of succeeding generations as has perhaps been yielded to no other, born in a western body. What an opportunity was England's then, if she could only have risen to it! But it was her karma to remain blind and unresponsive, and to stumble headlong into the miseries of a Civil War that wise rulership would have averted. Even to this day, the truth about Bacon finds easier acceptance everywhere else than in England, where the shell of historical prejudice has become too hard to break, and where the mediocrity of his rival and enemy, Coke, is more congenial to the democratic temperament.

Francis Bacon is said to have been born in 1561, and passed for the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Seal. In his official capacity, probably Sir Nicholas had to seal up many a State secret, but never one fraught with such momentous issues as the secret of this child's birth. For his mother was none other than the great Queen herself, who had contracted an imprudent marriage with the handsome Robert Dudley, afterwards created by her Earl of Leicester, at a time when both of them were prisoners in the Tower, under the displeasure of Queen Mary, and when Elizabeth's hopes of ever ascending the throne were slight. History has been at considerable pains to explain, on any plausible grounds, Elizabeth's subsequent persistent refusals to marry, to the evident great concern of her advisers and of all well-wishers of the State.

As usual, the truth on this vexed question is simplicity itself, that she was already married, and for many years fully intended, when the convenient time should come, to announce her wedded condition and acknowledge her heir. Certainly none could know better than King Harry's daughter that inconvenient marriages could be easily dissolved, if such were the Royal will; but History acknowledges that Elizabeth continued to retain some love for Leicester, even after discovery of his repeated lapses from faithfulness to her had roused her to such wrath, that she had sworn a mighty oath never to acknowledge him as her husband. Unfortunately the punishment would fall most heavily on the innocent, on the boy called Francis Bacon, and his younger brother Robert, who had been adopted into the Devereux family, and was later to be known to History as the ill-fated Earl of Essex, whose desperate attempt to force his royal mother to acknowledgment cost him his head.

Evidently those who were in the secret long retained the expectation that Elizabeth would ultimately relent, and so the bringing up of Francis Bacon was rather different from that of his reputed brother, and it is clear that in his boyhood he was in high favor with Elizabeth, who dubbed him her "Little Lord Keeper," and delighted in the proofs he early gave of unusual wisdom. Suddenly this favor was withdrawn, Leicester having fallen under the Queen's displeasure, and the boy was hastily sent away by his friends to France, with Sir Amyas Paulet, the Ambassador. Here he spent some years, and the very names of some of those with whom he consorted in the artificial French Court, are preserved for us in the *Drainage* *Personae* of *Love's Labor's Lost*, a play which is com-



monly held to be one of the most immature productions of Shakspeare's genius, though it was not published till long after Shakspeare's death. During this time in France occurred the one romantic episode of Bacon's life. Probably his high pretensions were an open secret to the inner circle of the French Court, and so the young Englishman was allowed a familiarity with the Royal ladies, which encouraged love to spring up between him and beautiful Princess Marguerite, to whose hand he might well aspire, if—or when—his just claims should be acknowledged. But from these dreams he was suddenly recalled by the death of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who, significantly enough, had made no provision in his will for this youngest alone out of his many sons, evidently expecting that his future would be the care of another, more able than himself to push his fortunes, and on whom his claim was stronger.

But Elizabeth had hardened in her determined anger, and made no sign. She was now more than ever under the influence of her chief adviser, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who had always been the enemy of Leicester, and steadily and coldly opposed the promotion of Bacon, though nominally his maternal uncle. Those were days of the Star Chamber, and it had been quite easy for Elizabeth to secure destruction of all records of the marriage, and to silence the few who were in possession of the secret, so that on her will alone rested any hope of acknowledgment. Meanwhile, Bacon set himself to toil hard at his profession of the law, succeeding slowly by sheer force of his magnificent talents, despite Cecil's opposition and the clogging weight of debts.

It has been proved, from allusions in letters, afterwards collected for publication, that Bacon at this time had a secret source of wealth, and in a letter written in 1603, just after Elizabeth's death, he goes so far as to call himself a "concealed poet". Between 1591 and 1598 appeared anonymously ten of the so-called Shakspeare plays, followed between 1598 and 1603 by nine more under the name of William Shakspeare. It is undisputed that the Actor Shakspeare never made any claim to the earlier seven, though these had been regularly entered at Stationer's Hall and

so presumably were no pirated editions; but they were included with the others in the First Folio of 1623, which also contained some plays of the existence of which there is absolutely no record till after Shakspeare's death in 1616. This, coupled with the fact that Shakspeare admittedly left no literary bequests in his will, ought to make easier of acceptance the numerous positive evidences of Bacon's authorship; but prejudice is not open to conviction, and the dangerous secret had been buried deeper than was altogether necessary.

Bacon not only found play-writing a convenient way for replenishing his purse, but also a means of influencing the public, after whose welfare he yearned, and an outlet for emotions and thoughts to which he had to deny open expression. Hopeless now of winning recognition from the Queen, for as a Member of Parliament he had further offended her by his public-spirited opposition to her on a question of monopolies, he began to make use of some ciphers which he himself had invented, and thereby to weave the truth about himself into the very texture of the plays, which he was using an "Instrument" to father with his name.

Meanwhile his younger brother, Essex, was of a less philosophical temperament, and had been so much indulged by the partiality of Elizabeth, as to fancy that he could force her to make an avowal in his favor, disregarding the claims of the elder son. Despite much good advice and many warnings from Bacon, who loved him well—and is at last acknowledged, with tardy historical justice, to have more than once saved him from the consequences of his own rashness, Essex dared the crowning outrage of inciting the citizens of London to take possession of the person of the Queen. For this treason he was at last deservedly brought to the block, and Bacon has long unjustly been made to bear the peculiar odium of treachery to his friend, because his public duties forced him to take an effective part in the final trial and condemnation. No one has denied the guilt of Essex, and none denies, in theory, that the incorruptible public servant ought not to allow his judgment to be swayed by personal friendship; but a consist-

ency in virtue that is above common men's attainment is not infrequently distorted into a vice, and Bacon's traducers did not fail to make the most of this tragedy of conflict between love and public duty. How he himself regarded it is only to be gauged by his utterances in the friendly cipher, but perhaps also this accounts for his curious sympathy with Brutus, the real hero of the play called *Julius Caesar*. Then came Elizabeth's death, and *Hamlet*, published in the same year, daringly follows the lines of his own personal history, of a disinherited son wronged by mother and uncle. On her death-bed, those who surrounded the dying Queen had begged her to name her successor, perhaps in hopes that the secret now would be disclosed; for Bacon had friends enough and was almost extravagantly loved by his circle of intimates. But Elizabeth only muttered: "My throne hath ever been the seat of Kings; no rascal's son shall sit in my seat"—strange words to be held to indicate Mary of Scotland's son, but intelligible enough in their application to the son of Leicester!

So James the Graceless, mixture of pedant and craven, succeeded to England's throne, and from the first looked on Bacon with a scarcely-veiled dislike, which points to some knowledge of the secret. Yet, James put no obstacles in the way of his official advancement, and step by step Bacon rose to the highest position under the Crown, that of Lord Chancellor and the King's chief adviser; nominally so, but in truth the King seldom took his advice, but leant rather on successive favorites. Now then, as Lord Verulam of S. Albans, Bacon reached the culmination of his official career, and entries in his diary, as well as the tales told of him by Rawley and others, show how nobly he used his powers. Still far from wealthy, his generosity was boundless, and his house open to poor suitors. So colossal was his industry, that he kept many secretaries constantly employed, and while fully discharging all the onerous cares of his high office, he yet found time to compose works, in Latin and English, that are monuments of learning, to superintend and largely write the authorised translation of *The Bible* into English, and amidst all to enjoy his garden and the company of his friends. Rawley

afterwards recorded, that guests at his table would often furtively bring note-books, in which to record his witty sayings, which flowed as spontaneously in French as in English, and some of which were published in 1625 as *Apophthegmes, New and Old*.

But it was time that he should be set free from office, to devote himself wholly to higher concerns than those of the State. So his enemies were allowed a cheap triumph over him in a malicious charge of corruption. It was well known that he had been more vigilant than his predecessors in putting down bribery, but technically, his conduct had not been flawless because of his careless trust in dishonest servants, who had in two cases kept the present which their master had refused. He challenged his enemies to show that any judgment he had given had been swayed by personal motives, and no single case could be found. But he made little attempt to defend himself, for "I was the justest judge that was in England these 50 years; but it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these 200 years". So with extraordinary magnanimity, he reconciled himself to being the scape-goat for a pernicious system, if thereby the Augean stable of judicial corruption could be cleansed, and pleaded guilty, on technical grounds only, to the malicious charge. He was sentenced to deprivation of all office, a heavy fine and imprisonment, but both the latter penalties were remitted by James. Indeed, so clean had been his hands that his estate was far too small to bear the fine, and now that he was driven from office the malice of enemies went no further.

So he retired in 1621 to private life, whence came in rich abundance priceless work of wisdom, philosophical, scientific, and literary. *The Advancement of Learning* and *Novum Organum* had already been published, but *De Augmentis Scientiarum* appeared in 1623, as well as the First Folio of the Shakspeare plays. In the dedicatory preface to *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, he owns to having "often cast aside the dignity of his name, to serve mankind". A new and enlarged edition of the *Essays—Civil and Moral*, came in 1625, and in 1626 he is said to have caught cold, through zeal in some scientific experiment with snow, and to have died—to be

immediately acclaimed, in a collection of 32 Latin Elegies published by Rawley, as "The greatest poet of the English Choir," and "Chief favorite of the tragic muse, Melpomene". As if to help the dense public to a clue, the poet, Ben Jonson, his intimate friend, wrote of him in *Discoveries* as having excelled "haughty Rome and insolent Greece," while he applies exactly these same words to Shakspeare, in a poem which he prefixed to the First Folio. But time is slowly bringing its revenges, and the literary world is beginning, with Ben Jonson, to recognise Bacon as "He who hath filled up all numbers," and "the mark and acme of our language". Perhaps it may be thought that the acknowledged father of experimental science and inductive philosophy needs no further laurels; but as Shakspeare he is loved even more than as Bacon he is admired, and it is time that our tribute should be wholly

and unreservedly laid at his feet. In his will he left his "fame and memory to posterity, and to foreign Nations"—a sad comment on British dulness. To conclude, here is a poem acknowledged to have been penned by Bacon.

The world's a bubble,
And the life of man
Less than a span.

In his conception wretched,
From the womb,
So to the tomb;

Curst from the cradle,
And brought up to years
With cares and fears.

Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns in water, or but writes in dust.

H. V.

The Box of Matches

By a Travelling Correspondent

It was evening in a crowded French clinic on the quay of very crowded port, most of the beds occupied by strangers in a strange land. There were sick men far from their homes, Englishmen and men from the China seas, Arabs from the hot desert, dusky Negroes, and yellow-faced Malays.

Every ward was filled. Here and there a Frenchman, in his own country but far from his home, looked wearily from his pillow as we sought out the men from British ships.

The Festival Day

There were little gifts for all of them, for it was a festival day. An Arab with tender, grateful eyes spoke to us in halting English, expressing a kind of wistful surprise that we should have come to him. This was noticeable, too, in a big Hindu who, lying in great pain in a small ward apart, seized eagerly the proffered

cigarettes, his bright eyes gleaming with delight and wonder.

"Matches?" he queried hoarsely, "any matches?" Alas, we had none with us, but the memory of the Arab's gentle face made me feel certain that he would supply one. He did more. Shyly handing a box, he said: "Take it to him, and say 'A gift'." And he raised himself on his elbow and salaamed.

A Great Light

Deep was the delight of the Hindu.

"God give you His blessing," he said, also endeavoring to salaam, in spite of his pain: "Oh, God give His blessing to him and to you." Eyes shining with benediction gleamed from his fine, dark face.

There came into my mind the words: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light," and it seemed to me that a small box of matches had made it shine.—*The Children's Newspaper*

Made in Butter



The Illustrated London News

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales outside his Canadian Ranch, made in Canadian Butter

H. The Prince of Wales has been graphed hundreds, if not thousands, of times, has been moulded in clay and carven in marble. But we do not believe he has ever before been moulded in Butter. At first sight it does not seem a suitable material for a permanent memorial, and these two statues (?) are so attractive that we regret to think that they will probably disappear into streams of oil. There is a phrase which describes a transitory name as "writ in water". It may now be twinned by the phrase, "carven in Butter".

There is a touch of the comic in the latter metaphor, as the domestic butter rises over the mental horizon. In the second model, the Prince is seated; the older man is, presumably, a Red Indian Chief of the same tribe.

The Illustrated London News states that "the butter in these exhibits is kept in condition by means of a refrigerating plant worked by two mechanics. If they keep the butter as hard as it is in Delhi in the cold weather, it ought to last very well."

A Good War Memorial

A much-loved comrade, killed in the War, left behind him so great a memory of loving, unselfish service that some of those left behind founded what may be called a Home of Service, worked by those who felt the inspiration of Service. A lecturer

belonging to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution visited the Home with the—to outsiders—mysterious name "Toc H," to interest the Order in the Institution, and he gives following account of the little ceremony of admission, in *The Life-Boat*.



The Illustrated London

with

H. R. H., once more in Butter, as a Stony Red Indian Chief, named "Morning Star".

Perhaps one of the many reasons which actuated me in attending "Toc H" was the fact that the organisation is founded on "Service," and it may not be amiss to record the short ceremony of the installation.

The Chairman, the "Acting Padre," holding the lamp, says: "Who goes there?" and the reply from the sponsors of the candidate is: "A friend and brother to be!" The Chairman, handing the lamp to the candidate, asks: "What is this?" and the candidate replies: "The Lamp of Maintenance." The Chairman enquires: "What first lit it?" and the immediate response is: "Unselfish Sacrifice."

Then the Chairman inquires: "What alone will maintain it?" and the response is: "Unselfish Service." The Chairman further asks: "What is Service?" and the candidate answers: "The rent we pay for our room on earth."

Such is the simple ceremony of the initiation of the candidate to "Toc H," and all that remains to be done is for the Chairman to address the members by saying: "The candidate stands before you, duly sponsored, and has well answered our questions; do you pass him?" the immediate response being, "Pass friend, all's well!"

"Students as Citizens"

THE word citizen, as it is derived, comes to mean "one fit to live in a society". But with the progress of civilisation, the sphere of Society is not limited to any particular caste or community, and hence the word is used in much wider significance by the modern philologists. Citizenship is the life of all civilisation, past, present and future. It pulls the wire of all activities of mankind, in all its circles, local, national, international and human. The modern citizen combines in himself achievements of yesterday, with needs of to-day and aspirations of to-morrow.

The student life may be regarded as the best portion of our life, and we must realise the importance of this stage. "The child is the father of the man," and the future of a boy can often be safely predicted by observing his career as a student. It is, therefore, of essential importance on our part to see that these years, which are the years of preparation, are put to the best use. We, the young citizens of to-day, are the Nations of tomorrow, and the civilisation, the statesmanship, and the genius of future India, is latent in us. We, as students ought to understand that, upon our intellectual culture, upon our physical culture, and upon our moral culture, rest the future progress and prosperity of India.

"Students as nascent citizens ought to realise," says Mr. G. S. Arundale, "that the young generation in every Nation is face to face with a unique situation." It is an invariable law of the universe that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and we see that "the old England is dead and a new England, a young England, a child of the New Age, is about to begin her pilgrimage under the guidance of those at present young. So it is with France, and so it is with every Nation of Modern Europe. And what of India? Is India dead? Is there no New Age for India, for India's youth to build? A little thought will make it obvious that if we develop the characteristics of a perfect citizen in us, we can doubtless create a New Age for our dear Motherland.

"India's greatest need at present is," remarks Dr. Besant, "that service of the Mother-

land should be dominant and uppermost in our young hearts." It is said and rightly said by a writer, that our Mother and Motherland are superior even to Heaven: जननी जन्मभूमिश्च स्वर्गादपि गरीयसी. Therefore it is an imperative duty of students, as growing citizens, to forget all class hatred and ancient animosities in the National cause, and serve the country with real earnestness. "What is the use of study, save that without it we cannot learn how to serve our Motherland? What is the use of games, save that they enable us to bring to our country that most precious gift of all, a healthy and well-controlled body?" Our examinations also are of no avail, if they do not endow us with knowledge useful to the Nation.

Another essential constituent of true citizenship is to endeavor in "redressing human wrongs, to speak no scandal, no, nor listen to it, to lead sweet lives in purest chastity". This will assist "not only to keep down the base in man, but teach high thoughts and amiable words, and courtesy and the desire for fame, and love of truth, and all that makes a man". "Here in India," points out Dr. Besant, "this ideal was signified by one word, Arya."

The next thing which we owe to our Nation, as her young members, is a sound and strong body. The people of the Vaidic Age believed that "Highest Bliss cannot be achieved by the feeble": नायमात्मा बलहीनेन लभ्यः. As physical culture is essential for the progress of an individual so it is for a Nation's. Health is in itself a blessing. It largely helps to shape our moral character. An unhealthy body often implies an unhealthy mind. It is as wise as it is true, that clean youth makes strong manhood, vigorous maturity and noble old age. It is therefore of vital importance for young men in any Nation to lead a pure and chaste life, in a healthy environment, free from all vicious habits.

The next National duty of us as citizens is to keep a well-informed mind. "Verily," declares Lord Krishna, "there is nothing in this world so purifying as knowledge": नहि ज्ञानेन सदसो पवित्र मिह विद्यते. But we must try to avoid the error

of confining our learning to any particular class. Let us throw wide open the doors of our Universities, as did our predecessors at Taxilâ and Nâlandâ. Let all come freely to drink the waters of our learning without stint. It is the height of selfishness, if we classify a part of our society as submerged. And such are perhaps the kind of feelings that have ended in results detrimental to our culture, and to our realisation of Nationality. The noble spirit of co-operation is an inherent part of a perfect citizen. It is incumbent upon us, the growing

citizens to create the feelings of Brotherhood among all people, from the highest to the humblest.

Let us serve our beloved Motherland with such an ideal of perfect Citizenship before us, and with deepest devotion, and we are sure to see that our India not only takes her place among the wise Nations, but enjoys the unique distinction of being recognised as the Mother of the World. And let

The world's great age begin anew,
The golden years return.

SHRIKRISHNA C. VAIDYA

Luminous Plant and Animal Companions

Both luminous animals and plants have long been known to naturalists, but the discovery that many of the former owe their luminosity to the minute forms of plant life which live within their bodies is comparatively new. This sort of association between two living organisms is known as "symbiosis"—literally, "living together". It is not parasitism, because neither organism preys upon the other. In symbiosis, the associated organisms are mutually useful in one way or another. A German naturalist named Buchner has recently published a book entitled *Animals and Plants in Intra-Cellular Symbiosis*, in which he sets forth at some length his study of "animal hosts and plant guests". It has been observed that certain sea animals normally contain luminous micro-organisms. When these are separated from the tissues of the animal and transferred to a bouillon solution they thrive therein, forming luminous colonies. Buchner is also of opinion that the luminous organs of various insects likewise consist essentially of luminous vegetable organisms of a symbiotic nature. Again, studies made by him in 1914 of the luminous sea creatures, *pyrosoma*, to which much of the brilliance of tropic ocean waters is due, convinced him that here again the *pyrosoma* are indebted to certain fungi which live with them. It has been demonstrated, likewise, that similar relationships exist in the case of sea-pens, cuttlefish, etc. In these mutual benefit

societies the guest plants furnish oxygen to the animal host, while the latter returns the compliment by the delivery of carbon-dioxide and nitrogen. A writer in the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipzig), commenting upon Buchner's discoveries, remarks:

The especial significance of luminous symbiosis for the animal host exhibits itself in various ways as Buchner has comprehensively explained. In the case of insects and cuttlefish, as well as various other sea animals, it enables the two sexes to find each other. In the *pyrosoma* (which are members of the tunicate family), the sea-pens and certain other salt-water animals, the luminous organs are so placed that small creatures attracted by the light swim directly into the mouth or within reach of the grasping tentacles. The light issuing from the plant members of the symbiosis also illuminates the vicinity of the animal in the depths of the ocean and thus, in many cases, enables it to find its way from place to place. The luminosity is probably a means of protection in some instances. Just as cuttlefish, when pursued, throw out a black cloud of sepia, so as to hide themselves from their enemies, certain luminous animals eject a cloud or swarm of luminous bacteria, so as to dazzle the pursuer and throw him off the track. Buchner inclines to the belief that all cases of luminosity in animals depend upon a symbiosis of the animal with luminous vegetable organisms. If this is correct, then the capacity for light-production is really confined to the bacteria and other minute vegetable organisms, such as fungi.—*The Literary Digest* (U. S. A.)

A Letter

From Rukhmini Arundale
Chairman of the Indian Young Theosophists

MY DEAR BROTHERS,

I am sorry not to have written to you earlier. But it is very difficult to write when one is travelling all the time, and I feel it my duty to try to meet the people of the country we visit as much as I can, and to get into touch with them. This last month or so we have had a very interesting little tour. We went to Poland, and from there to Austria, Holland and Paris.

Poland and Austria are very interesting countries—Poland because of its Eastern touch. As a town, Warsaw (in Poland) is not very interesting, except that it appears very backward as regards the luxuries and conveniences of living that the other countries seem to possess. And it is quite natural that it should be so, for it is not very long ago that they have freed themselves from Russia, and they have seen a good deal of suffering and poverty. I must say I admire the Polish people very much for all the suffering that they have so cheerfully borne. It is really wonderful to see in the streets and the fields the peasants, who are so poor that they have torn clothes, and bare feet (which means very much more than it does in India), and yet, when you see their faces, there seems to be a spirit of cheerfulness. They are also by nature a very idealistic people.

Our lectures were more than well attended and enthusiastically received—just as was the case in other countries.

To my mind, the next in point of interest was Austria. There is more or less the same difficulty in Austria also—poverty. But I am sure they ought to get out of it very quickly. We visited many schools and they are exceedingly good. Many of these schools have very little money and yet the parents of the children are so anxious about their education. In one school, particularly, as the school could not afford to buy chairs and tables, the teachers, students and parents joined together and made all the furniture themselves, and many other things as well. There are some extraordinary schools, where the boys and girls must go and learn to specialise in the particular profession that they

are going to take up in the future. They are all extremely constructive in their education. I am very glad to say that the Austrians are very musical and artistic in their temperament. One of the best Opera-Houses is in Vienna, and there is nothing that I enjoy more in Europe than music.

Modern Art is something remarkable. When I first came to Europe, I was rather horrified by modern painting. A tree was not a tree, a human being was not a human being, but they were both some demons. Now, happily, by going to many Art Galleries, I have begun to appreciate them. It is a very difficult thing to explain because there are so many kinds of painting. But what they are driving at is to see something beyond the form that they are painting, and to give only the impression of it in the picture instead of merely depicting the physical outlines of the object. If the artist wants to paint a landscape with lots of trees in it, instead of trees, you will find probably some dabs of color and nothing more. The artist explains this by saying that to try to paint Nature and to paint it as it should be is an impossible thing to do. You may paint a tree as carefully as you like—in which case you lose yourself in the details of the work which can never be equal to Nature and you also lose the real meaning of Nature. So most artists give you the atmosphere and the impression of the tree, rather than the tree itself. So is the case very often with other things. In Vienna, there is a great artist called M. Cizek, and he has a painting school for children; and I have been very much impressed by that School, because M. Cizek says: "Every child is an artist and I do not want to *teach* the child to paint but to evoke the Art within the Child". Not only does it sound all right: I have seen it work all right too. All the children enjoy painting; they are never taught and yet they express themselves remarkably in their painting. One of the wooden carvings that I saw had hundreds of arms and legs in beautiful rhythmic movement. When we asked him

what it meant, M. Cizek said it meant two things. One was the expression of Rhythm in Movement *not* rhythmic movement. The other was the expression of the same principle as underlies the Hindu Devas and Devis, having innumerable arms. M. Cizek agreed that modern Painting and Art were going to get at the real meaning of everything and he also said that this was done thousands of years ago in India. It meant a great deal to us both to realise that the whole world is in fact groping after the Essential Truths which were known in Ancient India. Only, as they do not understand India as she

really is, they do not say so. At least you and I, who are Indians, should realise this, and bring ancient India up in the Future, instead of being the followers of the Present, which is only a stage of transition.

I can say a good deal more about modern Art, but it is very difficult to explain unless you know what it is.

Till then, with best wishes and greetings from us both,

RUKMINI ARUNDALE

Outside the Universe

Whether there can be more than one Universe is perhaps a matter of definition rather than of fact. But in any event, it appears, according to the newest reports from the astronomers, that there are other systems of suns lying millions of light-years beyond the confines of the galactic system that we earth-bound mortals formerly supposed to represent the universe. This, after all, is only a reversion to the interpretation of nebulae that was made by the elder Herschel, pioneer star-gazer of the latter part of the eighteenth century. But the matter has been much in dispute in astronomical circles; so the new evidence gathered at Mount Wilson, as reported before the American Philosophical Society recently, is regarded by Watson Davis, Managing Editor of *Science Service* (Washington), as having news interest. The observer is introduced by Mr. Davis as "the man who has penetrated the depths of space farther than any one else, living or dead". We read:

He is Dr. Edwin H. Hubble, astronomer, who, with the aid of the largest telescope in the world, the great 100-inch, on Mount Wilson, California, has proved that minute patches of light, most of them not even visible to the naked eye, are

actually great universes of stars similar to the Milky Way, that can be seen crossing the sky on a fine, clear night. That great eight-foot mirror collecting faint light from distant nebulae and imprinting it on photographic plates, has demonstrated that these seemingly gaseous clouds are in part composed of stars, many of them more gigantic than our sun.

Dr. Hubble's researches furnish us with the material reconstructing the history and development of our own stellar system, in which the earth is a mere dull dot and the sun but a faint insignificant light. First, if we may judge by these other stellar systems just discovered by the astronomer, our universe was an irregular conglomeration of stars and nebulosity. As the universe grew older it became more regular, it took on a spiral form, great arms of stars shot out in a sort of pin-wheel shape, and finally the great mass of stars assumed a disk-like shape similar to that of our Milky Way. Out in the great laboratory of the heavens such processes are now going on.

Dr. Hubble said that in the great nebulae in the constellation of Andromeda twenty-three new stars had blazed forth in the last two years, indicating that things are moving faster there than in our system,—*Literary Digest*

Immensity of the Universe

HISTORY shows us the development of man's intellect; it shows in his acts, his faults and frailties, his virtues, his noble qualities, and also in his imperfections. But investigation of Nature teaches us to recognise the omnipotence, the perfection and the inscrutable wisdom of an infinitely Higher Being, in His works and actions. So long as we are ignorant of these things, the perfect development of the human mind cannot be hoped for, or even conceived. Without this knowledge, the immortal Spirit of man cannot attain to a consciousness of its own dignity, or of the rank which it occupies in creation.

The space in which the systems composing the universe exist is unlimited. The number of worlds is infinitely great. Light travels in space at the rate of 180,000 miles per second of time. A year is made up of millions of seconds. There are yet fixed stars so immeasurably distant, that their light has required billions of years to reach our eyes.

In the microcosm, there are animals possessing teeth and organs of motion and digestion, but wholly invisible to the naked eye. There are still others which are found to be many thousand times smaller and possessing the same apparatus. These creatures take nourishment and are propagated by means of ova. Naturally, their ova must be many times smaller than their own bodies. We are unable to perceive these, because our organs of vision are imperfect and crude.

There are bodies 20 times heavier than water, bulk for bulk. There are many others which are ten thousand times lighter. Herbert Spencer gave up the finding of the absolute size of an atom as hopeless. But in recent years, we find the size of an atom measured. Nor do we stop there. It is broken up into pieces—protons and electrons—and their sizes have to be measured.

The smell produced by some bodies, like musk, for long periods without deterioration in weight, is an instance of a minute state of matter. A vulture is able to locate a corpse miles away. A dog is able to trace his master by going along the road he walked.

Light is a wonderful messenger to bring us daily intelligence of the continued existence of numberless worlds. It gives expression of an extra-terrestrial essence, which no longer obeys the laws of gravitation. The light from the sun animates Nature, and we are familiar with plants moving in search of light. Again we separate from light certain heat rays, which exhibit among themselves a diversity as great as exists amongst colors.

But now, where do we observe either a beginning or an end? The human mind perceives in Nature no limit, either above or below—in the macrocosm or microcosm. But man sees everything around him, bound in the chains of *invariable, immutable, fixed Laws*. He recognises a *something* which may govern these effects, a *will* which has the power to rule over all Natural Laws, a *Spirit* which "in its manifestations, is independent of these natural powers, and which, when it is in its conceivable perfection, is subject only to its own laws".

The history of philosophy informs us, that the wisest men considered that the insight into the essence of natural phenomena, the acquaintance with Natural Laws, as an indispensable means of cultivating the mind. The study of external nature—physical science—constitutes a part of philosophy. Science renders the powers of Nature servants of man. To a comparative anatomist, a small fragment of a bone, a tooth, serves as a volume from which he can relate to us the history of a being belonging to a past world. He describes its size and shape, points out the medium in which it breathed and lived, and demonstrates to us of what its nourishment consisted. All this might be supposed to be the mere creation of a lawless imagination, if this small fragment of a bone, this tooth, owed its form and constitution to mere chance. But the anatomist asserts all this as a reality, because every particle owes its form to definite laws, and because, when the form of a part is known, it indicates the mode of construction of the whole.

T. S. NATARAJAN

A Man of the Future

E. D. MOREL

SOME men are born before their time, and are loved and admired by a few, hated, despised, yet feared by the many.

Of these was E. D. Morel, the Pacifist, the Conscientious Objector to War. A man of strong imagination, of tender heart, of iron will. His passionate sympathy with suffering made him violent, even brutal, in his attacks on those who caused the suffering. Here is a "Prose Poem" of his—

the words tumbling over each other in the tempestuous fury which fills him, stirred almost to madness by the vivid realisation of the horrors of a modern battlefield—addressed "To the European Governments victorious in the Great War".

Nine years ago you led your peoples to the shambles.

With cunning tools, through devious paths, in secret conclave, by plot and counter-plot, outmatching your rivals in astuteness, you had long prepared, equally with them, the way of Death for multitudes.

You prated to them of liberty, justice, progress, security and peace.

You bade them slaughter in the name of God, claiming His sanction for your enterprise, invoking the Merciful Christ, whom you crucified afresh upon the Cross.

After a description of a battle-field, too ghastly to reproduce, he cries to the Peoples:

WHERE THE JUSTICE? Is it justice of the Poor Law and the Workhouse?

WHERE THE SECURITY? Is it such security as the homeless have?

WHERE THE PROSPERITY? Is it the "prosperity" of impoverishment?

WHERE THE PEACE? Is it the "peace" of Death?

The Governments are arraigned:

You pollute the skies with winged flotillas of annihilation, which presently shall envelop sleeping cities in poison-storms:

Destroying in a night the patient labor of centuries,
Raining incendiary shells upon the narrow buildings where your wage-slaves live,
Belching lethal gases o'er the countryside,
Asphyxiating entire communities.

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Science you prostitute in murder's service.
Massacre, on a scale never before dreamt of, you elevate to the dignity of virtue.

Destruction you contemplate with a comprehensiveness staggering in its imbecility; destruction of teeming centres of population, of great hives of industry, of crops and all vegetable life.

The target of your bombs will be the homes of the workers in shop and factory, in yards and fields.

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IN GOD'S NAME, WHO AND WHAT ARE YOU THAT DO THESE THINGS? WHENCE YOUR RIGHT TO RULE, TO GOVERN, TO ADMINISTER? DOES WARNING OF A WRATH TO COME NOT CROSS THE THRESHOLD OF YOUR COMPLACENCY?

DEEM YOU LIMITLESS THE TOLERATION OF THE PEOPLES?

A man writing in that style was obviously a sore trial to the average people of his time, who naturally put down his views

to cowardice, or any other convenient vice; otherwise they would have had to admit that his moral ideals were higher than theirs. He is one of the Band of Pioneers, who gradually, by their example, raise public opinion to a higher level of morality. International morality is still in the germ; men murder, and torture, and steal and rape with a clear conscience, when it is done by hundreds of thousands under the name of war. Similar acts in their own country would lead them to the scaffold or the lunatic asylum.

The difference between these acts being committed in war on foreigners, and in peace on



E. D. MOREL

one's own Nationals is that in war the motive is different; the acts are not committed for personal gain, nor from personal hatred; they are committed from a non-personal motive, and men risk their own lives in defence of their country. A private individual is not regarded as a murderer if he risks his life in the effort to strike down a man who is in the act of criminally assaulting his wife or his daughter. He is said to have killed the assailant not to have murdered him. And this distinction holds good when the country is invaded, and the homes of wives and daughters are imperilled, for the country is greater than wife or child to the good citizen. Because of this, great virtues are evolved in war, heroism, endurance, patience, compassion to the wounded enemy. Stepniak, one of the revolutionists in the Red Terror, which was the re-action against the White Terror, drove from his house a Russian who had assassinated a brutal official. "But you are one of the Terrorists," cried the astonished man. "Yes," answered Stepniak. "But the man you killed was your personal enemy, and it was therefore a murder that you committed, and not an execution." The presence or absence of a personal motive, of hatred expressing itself by killing, is the fundamental difference between the killing in peace and the killing in war. Even in peace a man is not held to be guilty of murder if, in defence of his own life, he kills the assailant.

But men like Tolstoi, Gandhi and Morel hold that a Nation, or a man, should rather be killed than kill. And Dr. Gilbert T. Sadler, in his *A New World and A New Vision* puts very forcibly this view. He writes (pp. 122, 123):

If the Belgians had not prepared forts and guns,

and used them against the Germans, they would not have suffered. If France had not resisted, but had fed the German Armies, what could Germany have done? Only fraternise! France partly began the War of 1914 in 1871 really, i.e., kept up hate, the cause of war, and taught the children that Alsace and Lorraine were to belong again to France. The quarrel over Alsace goes back for centuries! Why fight for iron and coal?

Is it not nobler, and more truly courageous, to refuse to fight, and say: "Hit me if you feel you must, but I will not hit you. Steal, if you must. What are jewels, but bits of stone; with a quite artificial value, because rare? Let us share the work and wealth of the world. It is happier thus for all. It is our deeper will."

If Belgium and France, then, had not prepared for long to kill Germans, and had not done so in 1914, there could have been no war. The advice to the wife as to how to control her husband—"Feed the brute"—might well be applied to the way one people should treat another and more domineering people. To prepare arms is only to give the "enemy" an excuse to prepare more arms, till a "spark" sets the magazine alight.

Livy tells how "the Roman Senate voted for declaring war on the Tusculans," i.e., the people living in a city of S. Italy called Tusculam. It was in B.C. 381 that Camillus led the Roman Army against Tusculum. But, says Livy, "there was no war, however, with the Tusculans. By firm adherence to peace they warded off the attack of Rome, which they could not have done by arms." The gates of the city were left open. Camillus entered armed, and saw boys and girls in their schools, and no panic among the adults. The Senate was called, and Camillus said: "Tusculans: ye are the only persons who have yet found the true arms, and the true strength, by which to protect your possessions from the resentment of the Romans." The two peoples became friends, and the Tusculans later obtained the Roman citizenship. (Livy, *History of Rome*, vi, 25, 26.)

It is a sign of the times, when a well-known man writes in this strain. So I name E. D. Morel "A Man of the Future".

A. B.

A School Prayer

O Thou Who art the Lord of Compassion and Teacher of Teachers, Who hearest the prayers of all the faiths and races of mankind, look down this day upon us Thy children and give us Thy mighty blessing on our work.

Help us all, O Lord, both teachers and pupils, ever to grow in the spirit of love and gentleness and courtesy, and to show out in our lives ever more and more the beauty of divine harmony, striving after true dignity and refinement in our

speech, in our dress and in every action of our lives.

Help us to follow Truth unswervingly and to strive after purity of thought, word and deed.

Help us to realise ever more fully the Brotherhood of all that lives, and to grow in the knowledge of God's plan for men.

Help us to learn to co-operate with the One Will, whereby alone men may gain true happiness, and to dedicate our lives in ever-increasing measure to that service which is perfect freedom. D. H. S.

Sir Edwin Arnold—Lover of India

THE great drawing together of the East and the West and their mutual influence on one another, which is so marked at the present time, is looked upon by some as a vitally important part of that Divine Plan which is being worked out by those Great Ones who guide the destinies of Nations and of civilisations. Many and varied are the instruments used in bringing about the great ends. They have in view, and one such instrument, who may be imagined to have played an appreciable part in drawing the attention of the West to some of the great treasures of the religions and literature of the East, is the poet, schoolmaster and journalist, Sir Edwin Arnold.

His most popular, best known and, probably, most inspired work, *The Light of Asia*, was published in 1879, and "won an immediate success, going through numerous editions, both in England and America". It is probably correct to say that this was the first book to spread in a popularly acceptable form, some idea of the wonderful beauty and inspiring depths of the great religion of Buddhism.

The author shows an extraordinary capacity, rarely found among Westerners, to enter into the very spirit and mental attitude of the East, and he is able to carry the reader back through the intervening centuries until he seems to live again in those wonderful days when the Great Lord walked in the world of men. The power of the poem is so vivid that one feels that it is more than the mere artist's power of creating a beautiful illusion, and that, perhaps unconsciously to himself, the poet was drawing, not merely on his imagination, but on some deeply buried memory of a long past life.

The suggested analogy between the Lord Buddha and the Christ offended some devout Christians, and, partly as a result of this, he wrote another narrative poem on similar lines, treating of the Christ as the Universal Teacher, entitled *The Light of the World*. But it failed to repeat the success of *The Light of Asia*.

Oriental scholars also criticised the Buddhist epic, as presenting a false view of Buddhist doctrines, but it is probably more true to say that Arnold was able to draw far nearer to the

real soul of Buddhism than his learned but uninspired critics, and that his work is, in fact, truer from the standpoint of the inner realities than their own lifeless translations. The simplicity of Indian Life and the pathos of its miseries and sorrows, not hidden away as in the West, but thrusting themselves before the eyes at every turn, are wonderfully portrayed, and there can be little doubt that the book has been and is a force in bringing to thousands in the West an intimate realisation of the East, and of one of its greatest religions.

The work next in importance as an interpretation of East to West was *The Song Celestial*, a beautiful poetic translation of *The Bhagavad Gita*, which appeared in 1885. This too gives, in a form popular and acceptable to the average western reader, some conception of the depth and beauty of perhaps the most wonderful of Eastern Scriptures.

After taking his M. A. degree at Oxford, and winning there the Newdigate Prize for a poem on Belshazzar's Feast, he entered the Indian Educational Service and became Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona. He held this post through the time of the Sepoys' Rebellion and was subsequently thanked publicly by Lord Elphinstone for certain services he was able to render. At the age of twenty-nine, he returned to England and took up the profession of Journalism. He joined the staff of *The Daily Telegraph*, and was associated with that journal for over forty years.

On behalf of the proprietors of his paper, in conjunction with *The New York Herald*, he arranged for the journey of H. M. Stanley to Africa to discover the course of the Congo, and it was he who originated the idea of a "Cape to Cairo" Railway.

In his later years, he resided for some time in Japan, and his third wife was a Japanese lady. Two of his later books, *Seas and Lands* and *Japonica*, contain interesting studies of Japanese life.

Though he started life as a comparative "nobody" in the I. E. S., before he died in 1904, at the age of seventy-two, he had received honors and decorations from the

rulers of Japan, Persia, Turkey and Siam, as well as being made a C. S. I. and K. C. I. E. He himself expressed the hope that the time would come when *The Light of Asia* and his other Indian works would "preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples," and that hope will certainly be fulfilled, for *The*

Light of Asia is assuredly one of the undying books of the world. And it is that love of India and her people, shining through all he wrote about this land, which gave him his power, and entitles him to be classed as one of the interpreters of East to West.

D. H. S.



LOOKING FORWARD TO JOY

Unite Hands for Service of Boyhood

Leaders of organisations interested in Boyhood in San Francisco considering "the failure of present-day society to properly understand, lead and serve boyhood" met together to try to mobilise the thoughts and efforts of men for the advancement of better boyhood in the home, the

school, the church and the community at large". There is to be a "Boys' Week," in which the boys may feel that they are preparing to take their place as men in their city and are recognised as those who will carry out the functions of citizenship in the coming years.

Stories from Buddhist Literature

BY MRS. M. MUSAEUS-HIGGINS

The Charitable Brahmana

IN the land of Magadha in India (Jambudvipa), there lived in olden times in a village a noble man. In his family, the Bodhisattva was born. When the time of naming the child came, they called him Prince Magha. He grew up to be a strong, handsome and wise boy; and when he was old enough, his parents gave him a wife from a noble family. A family of sons and daughters grew up around him; and the Brâhmana Maja, as he was called now, did many charitable deeds, and was loved by all the people in his village.

He gave such a good example to the people that they became his followers. He taught them the five Shilas and to live a practical life.

There were only thirty families in the village he lived in, and in the early morning, the thirty men with Brâhmana Maja at their head came forth with clubs, hatchets, and began to roll away the stones that were in the way, cut off the branches of the trees which would catch the axles of the carts that passed on the roads to the village. They dug tanks to have good water for people and cattle, repaired the huts, and so they made the village a nice clean place.

The people always kept the Shilas, drunkenness disappeared from the village, and all the inhabitants of the village were happy and content.

There was only one person in the village who was not happy about this state of affairs, and that was the headman of the village. He said to himself: "Formerly, I made a lot of money from these people; they got drunk and had to pay fines to me, and they borrowed money, and I got quite rich by them. Now they do not drink, and they do not commit murder. They follow this mad Brâhmana, who makes me lose my income. If this goes on I shall be poor in a short time." He got more and more angry and called out: "I will make you keep the five Shilas, you just wait and see what I will do to you."

He, then, went to the Râjâ of the land, and said to him: "Great Râjâ, there are thirty bad men in my village. They are led by a young Brâhmana, and commit murder and do other bad deeds. What shall I do with them?" The Râjâ called out:

"Bring them to me, and I will let the elephants trample them to death." The headman returned to the village, arrested all the thirty men with the Brâhmana Maja, and brought them before the Râjah. Here, they were ordered to lie down in the courtyard, to be trampled to death by the elephants.

The Bodhisattva told them to keep the Shilas and to love their enemies, the Râjâ, the headman and the elephant, and they followed His teachings and awaited their doom.

The elephant was brought out, and the thirty men expected their death, but the animal turned round, lifted his trunk, trumpeted and ran away. Another elephant was brought and the same happened; they could not make any of the Râjâ's elephants touch the prostrate men. This was reported to the Râjâ, and he said "They must have a drug with them; search them." They were searched but nothing was found. "Then they must have a spell," said the Râjâ. They were questioned and the Bodhisattva said: "Yes, we have a spell." They were then brought to the Râjâ who said: "What is your spell? Tell me why my elephant cannot kill you." The Bodhisattva replied: "Our spell is: 'To love our enemies, do good to them who hurt us, not drink intoxicating liquor, work for others, and never hurt anybody.'"

And the Bodhisattva explained to the Râjâ, what good lives they were living in the village. The Râjâ was very much astonished, and was sorry he had not enquired into the matter. He asked for pardon from the men, sent them back to the village, with honors heaped upon them. He made them a present of the whole village, and gave them the riches that were heaped up in the headman's house, and also made the headman their slave.

So the people in the village were blessed and lived all their lives in happiness. This village became a stronghold of piety and righteousness, and its inhabitants lived enjoying happiness in good deeds.

Should not this good example of olden times be followed at the present day?

Where Seventy Nations Unite in Good Will

[The American Republic has two sides. On one, through her Supreme Court, she drives away the Japanese who have proved themselves to be good citizens, industrious, quiet, moral. She builds up walls of separation against the Eastern World. On the other, one of her millionaire citizens has founded an International House, as we have before mentioned, in which students of all Nations may meet! The founder is Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who gave \$2,500,000 to create it, and gave it as motto: "That Brotherhood May Prevail"—a noble gift and a noble motto. Which side will triumph? Here is what Mr. Henry M. Propper tells us about it and its Candle Ceremony.—Ed.]

THERE is something warm and friendly about the soft glow of the candle. There is something fine and brotherly about lighting your neighbors' fire. And when the youth from seventy nations, from blond Finns to swarthy Hindus, from sturdy Hollanders to diminutive Javanese, gather "to light their neighbors' candle," there seems something almost prophetic in the ceremony. A single candle glows in the half-darkness and illumines the face of a youth directly behind it. He sits at the far end of a semi-circle formed by the representatives of the various Nations dressed in their National costumes. Rising, he announces: "I represent Armenia," and, taking his candle, lights that of his neighbor, saying as he does so: "As light begets light, so love, service and good will are passed on to others."

Thus the service continues until seventy candles shed their soft light on seventy faces as interesting and as different as the seventy National costumes which lend a colorful background to this impressive ceremony.

Once every year students from all over the world assemble to observe the Candle Celebration. It is only a ceremony, but it symbolises an idea and an ideal that has grown year by year, and is now materialised in that huge gray stone building, recently completed on Riverside Drive, nearly opposite Grant's Tomb. International House it is called, and to it come the hundreds of students from every corner of the globe, who attend the colleges and graduate schools of New York.

The new and magnificent home, made possible by John D. Rockefeller jr's gift of \$2,500,000, the outgrowth of a simple hospitality, is the very last word in comfort. Eight hundred students from seventy countries, studying in forty-two colleges and professional schools in greater New York, will enjoy the conveniences and accommodations it offers. There is the 125-room dormitory for women and the 140-room dormitory for men; but more important than these is the club, or activities-portion of the building, to be used by both resident and non-resident members, and which will bring them into closer relation, teach them to know and understand each other and each other's people, and bring the National viewpoint, habit and thought and customs of one race home to those of other races.

"Of such materials are international understanding and brotherhood built, and it is to these that the forward-thinking men of to-day are looking as a surety against war." That is the prophecy of the Candle Ceremony or the hope, at least, of Harry E. Edmonds, director of International House and father of the idea. Thus he states the objects of International House:

"That Brotherhood May Prevail! This is the inscription carved over the main entrance to International House. It is the universal longing to-day of every human heart that has a mind large enough to grasp the tragedy of the present world.

"That brotherhood may prevail! Prevail where—in the United States? In America? But this, we must remember, is International House, the home of all Nations. Hence the meaning clearly that International Brotherhood may prevail."

And so the membership will tap virtually every race and every land. But merely throwing these young men and women together would not be enough; so Mr. Edmonds and the others in charge of International House have decided to maintain a proportion of 25 to 30 per cent of the membership American. This group will form the backbone, the foundation on which this lesson in International Friendship is to be reared. It will be the leaven through which and by which friendships and understanding will be built.

"There are three ways in which International House will endeavor to carry out its great purpose," Mr. Edmonds explains. "First, it will be a student movement. Youth is crying out for expression. It wishes to play its part in the new tides of thought that are abroad in the world. It is not content to wait to take the reins from the older generation without having tested its own wings. In the membership of this building there will be a community whose citizens may test out and see if there be any good in such words as responsibility, work, service, truth, justice, brotherhood, when applied to a community that is really a replica of the world itself.

"International House, in the second place, will be an educational undertaking. From the point of view that 'a university is not a place where everything is taught, but one to which every one may come,' it will be a world university. Charles Lamb is reported to have said to a friend with whom he

was dining at his London club: 'Do you see that fellow over there? I hate him.' 'Who is he?' said his friend. 'I don't know,' said Lamb. 'That's why I hate him.' This will illustrate the educational problem and opportunity of International House. Out of wholesome student activities—the bumping of physical elbows in friendly rivalry in the athletic equipment and the intellectual give and take of friendly intercourse—will come about an educational process that will make itself felt in many lands.

"In the third place, this will be a spiritual movement. Not in the rivalry of the adherents of different sects of religions, each trying to prove his the best, but in the spirit of reciprocity, loving his own, and trying to see the good in his neighbors. It will be a spiritual movement as it gives its members the opportunity to evaluate truth, come from the ends of the earth, in the laboratory of human experience. They will learn, whatever the color of their skin, however ancient their cult, that no man, or group, or Nation has a copyright on Truth."

Surely this vision and this ideal reach out to a far horizon. But Mr. Edmonds does not stop there. There should and there will be international houses, he believes, in London and in Paris, in Tokio and Peking, in every big centre of education. And Mr. Rockefeller agrees with him most heartily, so it may well be accomplished in the years to come. In a recent address before the foreign students, Mr. Rockefeller said:

"So as I follow my vision of International House into the far distant future, this is what I see: I see the mission of International House, 'That Brotherhood May Prevail,' extending each year in everwidening circles; I see other such houses springing up in the international student communities of the world, and all these centres joining hands with the various endeavors which are aiming to promote Brotherhood; and I see the tide of Brotherhood rising slowly, steadily, higher and higher, until at length all Nations meet on the mountain top of World Brotherhood, recognising the Eternal Spirit which all worship, as their common Father."

This pretentious programme and the new monumental home of International House can be traced back some fourteen years to the casual meeting of a young Y. M. C. A. Secretary and a Chinese student outside of Earl Hall at Columbia University. Mr. Edmonds was the Secretary and his cheery "Good Morning" chanced to be the first friendly greeting extended to the young Chinese in

the three weeks he had been in New York. There were many other foreign students in a similar plight, Mr. Edmonds found, and at the little informal tea to which he asked them a week or so later, the Cosmopolitan Club was formed and the candle ceremony inaugurated. Since then, the few hundred foreign students who then came to American colleges have grown to almost 10,000, and the handful who joined the Cosmopolitan Club has likewise grown until there are now 800 members. And to-day, thanks to Mr. Rockefeller, there is a building commensurate with that growth.

Three buildings with separate walls, under one roof, constitute International House. On one side is the dormitory for women, with maid service and sewing-rooms. On the other side is the men's dormitory, with tailor and barber shops and a bazaar on the ground floor. There are reception halls and home rooms for each. The club or activities section includes an assembly hall, seating 1,000 people, for meetings, lectures, theatricals, dances, forum and motion pictures. There are smaller lecture rooms also and committee rooms for meetings of a National and International nature.

The refectory is equipped with tea room and cafeteria service where arrangements can be made for large dinners, and there are kitchenettes where student groups may prepare their own spreads. There are gymnasium, handball courts, locker rooms and bath equipment. Spacious roofs offer opportunity for exercise, rest and play. A physical director and health adviser have offices in the building. In the furnishings and fittings special efforts have been made to depict the typically American. The assembly hall is a reproduction of a New England meeting house; smaller public rooms are furnished according to various American periods, and the bed chambers are typically American in taste and comfort.

It follows that the plant for working out Mr. Edmonds's idea is as nearly perfect as one could wish. Already students have taken up their residence there. To Mr. Edmonds this growth brings a hopeful vision.

"Is it inconceivable," he asks, "that in the generations to come the men who will determine momentous world questions around those council tables will all have met and learned to know each other at International House here or in some other centre? Can the memory of the Candle Ceremony and student friendships and association fail to bring a different and happier tone into these deliberations?"—*New York Herald-Tribune*

A Heroic Service

There are two Heroic Services in Britain which have something of the thrill of a galloping Cavalry troop, which shew a courage as great as that of any soldier, but the courage is consecrated to the saving of human life and not to its destruction. They are the Fire-Brigade and the Life-Boat crews.

I have just received the Annual Report of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and its Journal, *The Life Boat*. It tells of "A century of Heroic Service to Humanity," and during that century no less than 59,975 lives have been rescued from the open jaws of death, amid blinding storm and lashing billows, amid deadly perils voluntarily faced by gallant men in their efforts to save lives unknown to them.

The three sturdy men, shown above, ready to start from safety into danger, with their life-belts strapped strongly to their bodies in case they should be flung into the raging sea. Here are the acts which won for each the valued Bronze Medal of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution.



Runswick

A strong gale from the south-east was blowing, with a heavy sea, at Staithes, on the Yorkshire coast. There, a week before, a Belgian steamer, *The Princess Clémentine*, had gone ashore, and the Runswick Life-boat had rescued nineteen of her crew. Her captain, however, had remained on the vessel. Later on, a salvage party was put on board, but had been taken off. On the night of the 26th, the captain was on board alone. The wind got up during the night. Before morning it was blowing a gale, and the seas were sweeping right over the wreck. Just after seven in the morning the captain was seen to be signalling for help.

The Life-boat was launched with great difficulty, some of the launchers going into the sea up to their necks. When she reached the *Princess Clémentine*

she was several times nearly swept on to the deck of the wreck, but Coxswain Andrew Tose manœuvred her with great skill. A rope was thrown to the captain, and he succeeded in jumping into the Life-boat. On her way back she was completely buried by a tremendous wave, but she rose clear of it, undamaged, and safely reached the shore.

In this service also great courage and resource were shown, especially by Coxswain Andrew Tose and Second Coxswain Thomas Patton, to each of whom the Committee have awarded the Institution's Bronze Medal.

Newhaven

A whole southerly gale was blowing, with a heavy sea, on the south coast, and the cross-Channel steamer *Dieppe* went ashore as she was entering Newhaven between four and five in the morning. The Motor Life-boat and two tugs went at once to her help. Both tugs got into difficulties, and one of them, *The Richmere*, was driven ashore. Her crew were in imminent peril, and the tug

was lying in such a position that it was very dangerous to approach her. But the Life-boat went at once to the rescue. She was splendidly handled by Coxswain Richard Payne, but, while she was alongside, the tug rolled on top of her, smashing her gunwale and injuring her hull. In spite of this, the four men on *The Richmere*, which sank immediately afterwards, were taken off and brought ashore.

Then, although she was so badly damaged that she had afterwards to be sent to Cowes for repairs, the Life-boat put out again and stood by *The Dieppe* until she refloats, some three hours after she had gone ashore.

It was a service which showed in a conspicuous way the quality of the Life-boat, her crew's trust in her, and their courage and resource.

The Committee of Management have awarded to Coxswain Richard Payne the Institution's Bronze Medal, and to each member of the crew the Institution's Thanks inscribed on Vellum.

THE STORY OF A GOOSE

On Sunday morning, 8th February, the Ramsey Life-boat went out to a ketch which was seen to be flying signals of distress a little way outside the harbor. A strong breeze was blowing, but the sea was smooth and the weather fine. The ketch was found to be the *Amis Rennis*, of Falmouth, manned by a family crew, which consisted of the father and mother, a daughter of nineteen, and two sons of seventeen and fifteen. With them was a goose.

The ketch was bound from Killough, in Northern Ireland, to Portmadoc, in Wales, with potatoes. She had had a terrible night in a S. W. gale, had been compelled to run back to Ramsey for shelter from ten miles off Holyhead, and was making water very fast. The Life-boat brought her and her crew

into harbor.

So much for the actual service. The more domestic side of the story is best told in the following account which has been received from Ramsey:

"It appears that the skipper of the ketch was a Dutchman, who was married to a Welshwoman, and the whole family spoke Welsh. They had bought a goose for their dinner, but, running into very heavy weather, all their thoughts of a meal passed away, and the whole family was occupied in pumping operations, so much so that, practically, they were rescued at their last gasp (including the goose). Subsequently, as you are aware, the ketch itself was brought in. The unhappy experiences of the whole family, including the goose, were such that, instead of the latter being used for the purposes of sustaining life, it has become a family pet, and now plays the part of a faithful watch-dog."

If it were the practice of the Institution to include geese in the record of lives saved, we might very justly claim this goose as having been saved twice.

—*The Life-Boat*

Plucky Blackburn Girl

The plucky action of a girl of fourteen, named Marie Clark, of Cheltenham Street, Blackburn, prevented what might have been a serious motor accident on Saturday afternoon.

A motor-lorry was left in Lynwood Road, Blackburn, while the driver delivered some goods. A number of children were playing about, and it is stated that a small boy released the hand-brake. The lorry began to travel backwards down the steep gradient which is crossed at the bottom by the main road to Preston, which was crowded at the

time with trams and motor-cars constantly passing.

After it had proceeded 50 yards, Marie Clark, seeing the danger, sprang on the step of the motor, which by this time had gained considerable speed. She grasped the steering-wheel and turned the runaway lorry into a garden wall. Little damage was done, only a gatepost and two coping-stones being dislodged, while the motor sustained slight damage to the wheels and framework. —*Manchester Guardian*

"The Race is Not to the Swift"

"I once overheard a conversation," Mr. Barton says, "that struck me as a fine characterisation of Patrick Crowley's career. A passenger on the Twentieth Century Limited was talking with the conductor: 'Appearances are very deceptive,' said the traveller. 'Now it doesn't seem as if we were

going much faster than the regular trains. Yet we must be, for we get to Chicago several hours sooner.' 'No,' answered the conductor. 'We don't travel very much faster. But the other trains have to keep stopping and starting again, while we keep moving all the time.'"

"Failure Might Hurt, But It Could not Frighten Me"

"A failure would not frighten me now," said Madame Petrova. "It might cause me pain, but it would not make me afraid. For I know, out of my own experience, that no failure need be final, and that every failure may be made to yield good

fortune, if one has the courage to go on, the will to find out why one has failed, and the determination to make use of what one has learned through failure." —*The American*.

The Story of the Primrose

BY CECILY M. RUTLEY

GERMAN children have a beautiful little story about the primrose. This is how the story goes.

It was spring-time. Out of doors, the birds were singing, the trees were bursting into bud and blossom, and the fields and woods were gay with flowers. Some of these, little Elizabeth was gathering for her mother, who was ill, and the little girl hoped that the sight and scent of them would help to make her better, in place of the nourishing food which she had no money to buy.

Presently Elizabeth saw a maiden coming towards her, a tall and beautiful maiden, with a sweet smile upon her face, with garlands of primroses on her head and dress. She was the fairy of the Spring.

"How is your mother, Elizabeth?" the Fairy asked, and Elizabeth was surprised to find that the Fairy knew all about her mother, and how she was ill and poor. "Little Elizabeth," continued the Fairy, "I will help you to help your mother, for I love to help people who are not thinking of themselves. Here is a primrose. It will unlock the castle doors. Follow the primroses, and they will bring you to the Treasure Castle on the hill." And when Elizabeth would have thanked the Fairy, she had gone.

The ground was yellow with primroses which stretched onwards, ever on. Elizabeth followed them, and presently saw a castle perched high upon a hill. Up the hill the primroses were growing, and up the hill Elizabeth followed them to the very top.

The great doors of the castle were fast shut, and for a moment Elizabeth wondered how she could get in. Then she remembered the primrose that the Fairy had given her, and placed it in the lock. Next moment the heavy doors swung open wide, and Elizabeth was about to enter, when she paused. For what she saw before her filled her with wonder and a great surprise.

The great hall of the castle was filled with primroses. Primroses were strewn upon the floor, primroses hung from walls and roof, and on big tables all down the centre of the hall primroses were piled up high. And every blossom was perfect, fresh and sweet.

"It is beautiful, isn't it, Elizabeth? I am glad you like it, too!" and Elizabeth found the Fairy standing by her side. But how had she come up the hill? A moment before, and she had not been in sight!

"Now let us go in," said the Fairy, and, taking

Elizabeth by the hand, she led her into the hall.

"You said it was a Treasure Castle," said Elizabeth. "But I see only primroses, everywhere!"

"And the treasure is here, too," said the Fairy. Going to one of the tables she lifted up a mass of the yellow flowers. Beneath them was a chest which sprang open at the Fairy's touch.

"Come, see what is inside," said the Fairy. And when Elizabeth looked her eyes sparkled with delight. For never before had she seen, all together, so many beautiful jewels and precious stones.

"You may take as many as you like," said the Fairy. "And when you want some more you may come again. But you must never take any of these primroses from the castle, and any that you move away to find the chests, you must always put back just where you found them before you leave."

Again Elizabeth began to thank the Fairy. But again the Fairy had gone.

Elizabeth filled her pockets with a number of the beautiful jewels. She shut the chest, and carefully put back the primroses on the top. Then, going out of the castle, she ran quickly down the hill and home.

"See mother, dear!" she cried, "what the Spring Fairy has given me from the Treasure Castle on the hill!" And she emptied her glittering treasure on to the floor. "We will sell them, and with the good things that I will buy you will soon get well and strong."

It would be difficult to say who was the happier—the sick mother or her little girl.

Elizabeth and her mother were now no longer poor. But they did not spend all their riches upon themselves. Many a friend and neighbor, sick or poor, did they gladly help. And many times Elizabeth climbed to the Treasure Castle and brought away more jewels, for the big doors always swung open when she held a primrose to the lock. And this is why the primrose is called "Die Schlusel Blume" (The Key Flower) in Germany to this day.

There are no Treasure Castles like Elizabeth's, whose locks the magic Key-Flower will unlock for us to-day. But there are other castles of a different kind containing treasures of far greater worth, treasures which cannot be bought for any amount of gold or precious stones. For when we go out into the fields and woods in the spring-time, do we not seem to enter into a new land or castle, if you like, of joy, and health, and love; and is it not the primrose that unlocks the door and lets us in?

Hints on Birds Houses

BY D. LANGE

With the progress of more intensive cultivation of the land and the disappearance of old hollow tress, a number of our most desirable song birds and insectivorous birds are being more and more hard pressed in finding suitable nesting sites. There is a decided housing shortage for these friends of man.

The best time to make and put up bird houses is in late autumn and early winter. Most bird house contests and bird house exhibits are held too late for obtaining good results the first season.

Among the most desirable bird neighbors are blue-birds, wrens, nuthatches, chickadees, woodpeckers, martins, and tree swallows. Of this list only the woodpeckers can act as their own carpenters. All the other species must depend on natural cavities or on cavities made but not used by woodpeckers.

The best bird houses are those made of sections of hollow trees or large branches with the natural bark adhering. It is best to cut those section during winter, when the bark will not peel or become loosened. It is not advisable to tack bark on sawed boards. Bark tacked on always warps and gives shelter and breeding places to bird vermin.

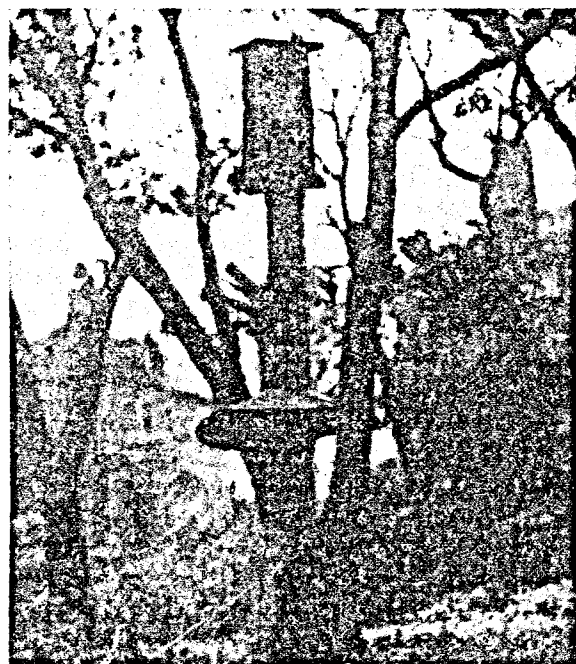
If sections of natural trees and branches are not available, rough sawed boards, well weathered, should be used. Neither the inside nor the outside surfaces should be planed; and a bird house should not be painted, with the possible exception of martin houses. A dark-green or dark-brown stain is not objectionable.

The birds most easily attracted to bird houses are bluebirds and wrens. Their houses should be placed on a post from six to ten feet high. A ring of ten, about ten inches wide, should be nailed

around the post to make it impossible for squirrels and cats to reach the nest.

If bird houses are nailed to the walls of a building, they should not be exposed to the noon and afternoon sun. Trees or bushes should not be more than a rod away, so that they young birds may quickly reach shelter when they leave the nest. If they flutter about on the ground for any length of time, cats or other enemies will get them.

It is best to use screws in the construction of bird houses, because nails will nearly always become loosened and cause open joints, which are objectionable to the birds.



The least desirable place for bird houses is on trees, because houses so placed are nearly always accessible to cats and other enemies.

It is not necessary, but it is better to clean out the bird houses and remove the old nesting materials. A friend of mine, whose bluebird house is occupied every season, cleans out the old material in February or March, before the birds have returned. In the bottom of the house, he always places a layer of about two inches of fresh damp garden soil mixed with sawdust, about half

and half.

This mixture makes a good foundation for the nest and holds a little moisture like dead spongy wood in natural tree cavities. This new idea deserves a general trial in widely separated localities.

The most desirable and interesting tenants are the bluebirds. Their number is showing a marked increase on account of nesting boxes put out for them. Within the last few years I have seen as many as forty bluebirds in one flock in late autumn.—*The Dearborn Independent* (U. S. A.)

A Fine Kind of Courage

THE STORY IS TOLD

IN one of the American magazine, *Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan*, of George Sinclair Hurst, a man who met the terrible affliction of blindness in such a way that nothing remained but a mere inconvenience.

While Hurst was at Yale, he was struck between the eyes by a snowball, and though the blow was not a severe one, intense pain followed and persisted. The continuance of the pain was a shock to the young man, for several members of his family had in the past suffered from complete loss of sight. The verdict of a New York specialist was grave. He said that there was a possibility that treatment might save him, but he did not hold out much hope. At the end of two years that hope was taken from him, and he was left with the knowledge, that in about ten years he would become quite blind.

A great-uncle of his, an Irishman, and an engineer by profession, had been stricken by blindness, while building lighthouses on the Mississippi River, but had refused to let his misfortune affect him and had gone on building lighthouses. With this example before him, Hurst decided that what one man had done, another could do, and resolved that with the years of sight left to him, he would so develop himself and arrange his life that he would be able to carry on successfully.

Three years later, he went to work in the advertising department of a soap company in Glastonbury, Connecticut, and with the assistance of his wife, of whose aid he speaks as "the incalculable aid of one who doesn't count the cost," he set to work to train himself so as to be able to carry on his work without sight. He believed that, if he succeeded in losing nothing of himself but his eyesight, this would be possible. To do this, he kept up a continual struggle to keep out all thought of fear, despair or resentment.

After six years the blow fell, and Hurst went to his employers and told them that he believed that he could carry on successfully, but that if he did not do as well, he wished to do something else. The firm had confidence in him, and though that was eleven years ago, he is still carrying on his old work. He creates and criticises advertising for the firm. His letters are read to him, but he operates a typewriter himself by the touch system. Advertising illustrations are described to him and by comments on them and asking questions, he is able to get a mental picture of the original which

he can criticise and make suggestions upon. Now as he "lost nothing of himself" but his eyesight, his criticisms are as valuable as before. At a large dinner, where he spoke, a friend of his discovered that most people did not realise that he was blind, while listening to his speech.

George Hurst believes himself to be merely an average man, and is anxious to convince others that any human affliction can be made only an inconvenience, if met by courage and will. The following are a few remarks made by him during an interview he gave:

"Tell people in trouble to keep Audacity for their watchword. Tell them not to readjust themselves to the world, but to make the world readjust itself to them. Say this: Convert fortitude into courage. Keep on going as nearly as possible as though nothing had happened. As long as there is a chance of evading, averting or avoiding a catastrophe, fight! When you see it is inevitable, then forget it!

"Never take the world's word for it, that you cannot do what you are trying to do. Make the world prove the impossibility of whatever you are attempting and prove it absolutely. The minute you get absolute proof that you are making a futile assault on an impregnable position, quit. Don't waste time or strength on further effort. Figure out a new line of attack and go that way. But don't take hearsay evidence from anyone that anything is impossible. Make them prove it."

"Then have a God. I don't mean a creed necessarily, but a God. As sparks of a moment, it is great to feel, as we flash, that we are flashing for our moment with the Eternal as a background. Get the idea that life is not just a short story, but a chapter in a long one. If you haven't got a God, make one. Make him what you yourself in your best moments would be if you were infinite. May be the real lesson of this life is to get well through it without any absolute evidence of a God. Anyway, have one, a fixed point in this tossing sea of a world. That's important."

Truly a brave man, one who refused to be beaten by fate. When one considers how he was faced by the greatest trial that can come upon an individual, and yet came out of the fiery ordeal, victorious and serene, it is a lesson to those of us who allow our faith, courage and will to be so easily overcome by much smaller trials.

—*Hearst's International Magazine*

A Memory of Robert Browning

"THERE is really no harm," said W. D. Howells, "in seeking the presence of a famous man. There are bores everywhere, but he is likelier to find them in the wonted figures of society than in those young people, or old people, who come to him in the love of what he has done."

This is finely, generously said, and it is my only excuse for having intruded myself, now many years ago, into the honored presence of Robert Browning. He was the supreme enthusiasm of my youth, and his influence abides with me to this day. Knowing this, a dear old friend, a lover of the young, gave me a kindly note of introduction with which I found myself one day before the house in Warwick Crescent, London, where the poet lived while in England. He was preparing at this time to leave it finally, and the clang of the knocker, or bell, reverberated through an empty hall.

The manservant, after ushering me into a small study, rather slowly and stiffly mounted the long flight of stairs leading to the floor above. Evidently Mr. Browning was in a room over the study, for I could hear a brief murmur of voices, the sound of someone rising from his chair with an energy that overturned it, steps hastening through the upper hall and springily descending the stairs. As these steps drew near, a feeling of positive fright assailed me; gladly would I have run away could I have done so unseen, but there was no escape and I sat helpless. Now the steps were at the door, an energetic hand threw it open, and before me stood Mr. Browning with a look of welcome and both hands hospitably outstretched. A cordial handclasp, a word of enquiry about the lady who had sent me there:

"How is she? Well, I hope." I merely nodded: speech was impossible.

"Active as ever, in spite of her years?" Again I

nodded.

"And her sister, Miss——, how is she?"

Through stiff lips I managed to articulate, "Well".

By this time we were seated, Mr. Browning in a chair opposite and close to mine; now all at once he became silent. I stared down at my folded hands, but felt that he was looking at me. Seconds passed, minutes; still silence. Finally, with an effort, I raised my eyes to his, and—lo! the spell was broken. Mr. Browning twinkled—there is no other word for it—and began to laugh.

"There, now!" he said, "that is better. Now we can talk."

And talk he did, and question, though my replies were still monosyllabic. Pulling the letter of introduction from his pocket:

"I see," he said, tapping it, "that you like my poems."

"Yes," I murmured.

"Good! I like to be liked. And what do you like best of mine?"

Many of the shorter poems flashed to mind, but, of all things, I must name "Sordello"! He looked sincerely amused:

"Some of my friends think it obscure. Do you understand it?"

Rather vaguely I said: "I think so."

His amusement persisted:

"We are told that the proof of the pudding is in

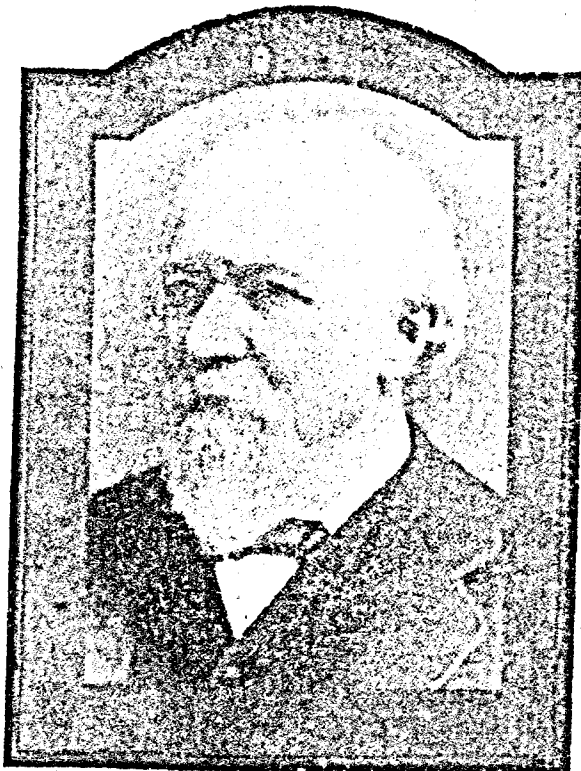
the eating—can you quote from it?"

By good fortune, the fine lines occurred to me:

"That autumn eve was stifled;
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests, like a torch-flame turned
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand,
The woods beneath lay black."

Luckily for me he did not seem to remember their initial position in the poem, and listened gravely: "That's not so bad," he observed.

And so the talk flowed on, he, as I now recognise, trying with wonderful gentleness to put at ease the badly scared girl before him.



Robert Browning

He succeeded so well that presently I ventured to ask him a question long on my mind:

"Was there any picture of 'Flush'?"

"My wife's verses," he quickly replied, "there could be no better or more faithful likeness"; adding: "But I think I have somewhere a lock of Flush's hair." He sought through several drawers of the writing table before finding it, and gave me from its precious contents three hairs which treasured for years.

From the lock of hair he looked up at a large portrait above the table: "My wife," he said gravely. "I hope you know her poems, too. They are far better than mine."

With thanks for the gift and for his kindness, I now rose to go, but—

"Wait!" he said. "Here is something you will like to see."

The something was a little volume with Mrs. Browning's delicate autograph on the flyleaf. I ventured to touch the yellowed page, and he smiled gently as I did so. Then he reverted once more to myself, asking various questions about my home, my college life, and my plans for the future. I remember confessing that I hoped I might write a little.

"There are too many who write 'a little'," he said. "Be very sure that the call is clear."

Again I rose to leave, and again he exclaimed:

"But wait! I have forgotten one thing. Come back!"

He led the way down the hall to a disordered dining-room on whose wall were pinned several photographs.

"My son's work," he explained. "He is a sculptor, and I think this is the best thing he has done. I am very proud of it, and of him."

The photographs were three different views of Robert Barrett Browning's statue of Apollo, in the

guise of a python wooing a nymph. The great serpent's coils embraced closely her lovely, drooping figure, and beautiful as is the group I was frankly horrified. I said as much.

"Well," admitted Mr. Browning, "the model felt quite as you do, I am told at first; but the python never hurt her, and she ended by growing fond of it. It was a god, you know"—and he twinkled. "Not only that, but it grew fond of her." Again he twinkled: "She was a very nice girl, you see."

Once more I rose to go, and this time he shook hands and said goodbye. But midway down the steps his voice again arrested me. Always I shall remember his very gentle, sweet expression as he said:

"My child, we are at the two extremes of life, and probably shall never meet again. Once more, goodbye."

With kind courtliness he bent, kissed me lightly on either cheek, and bowed in final dismissal.

From the street I looked back. He still stood there, an unforgettable figure, motionless yet, even so, radiating vitality. Some years later, in Westminster Abbey, I paused by the slab marked "Robert Browning". It was heaped with flowers, mostly white, but among them glowed one bunch of deep red roses.

Whoever placed it there had the right sense of fitness.

Those who love Robert Browning may be glad to add this little reminiscence to their store of memories. It is a reminiscence of gracious and exquisite kindness from a very great man to a very insignificant girl. She had no claim upon him save a passing introduction, but he honored the poor little draft with the full wealth of his goodness. —E. L. in *(The Dearborn Independent)*



On Scouting

IN the April number of *The Jamboree*, an account is given of the activities of the Boy Scouts of America. At their Anniversary Celebration this year, emphasis is to be laid on bringing back into the movement as many boys and men who have been Scouts or Scout officials as possible. Although unusual effort will be made at that time, the principle of continuous Scout membership is never lost sight of by the National leaders in America. Boys and men who have been in the movement for five years or more are invited to enrol in the Veteran Scout Association. A five-year and a ten-year pin are awarded, and now with the close of fifteen years of Scouting, a fifteen-year pin will be issued. Toy-making and toy-repairing for Good Turn Christmas Gifts are done on a large scale. As a troop Good Turn, building, bird-houses is a great winter activity. Sometimes this proves a source of income to the troop, as there is a good market for attractive bird-houses. Scouts also build dog kennels. In both these cases, the work is

an excellent training for putting up shelters, shacks, and other buildings as part of their permanent camp equipment. The latest idea for a Good Turn for the Nation was at the Presidential election, when the Scouts participated in a country-wide effort to induce everyone qualified to vote, to go to the polls. It was entirely non-partisan, and many ingenious ways of arousing the vote-slacker were devised. In one city, the Scout organisation published a four-page newspaper. Early in the morning, Scouts were stationed about the streets with these papers, and when the ringing of church bells, blowing of factory whistles, and lighting of red-fire torches brought everybody to their doors, the papers were thrust into their hands. In this way about 20,000 were distributed in about half-an-hour. The result was an increase in the voters at the polls.

The American Red Cross Trophy for 1925 for expert demonstrations of rescue work was won by five boys of Troop 52, Boy Scouts of America, who defeated 40 other teams.

Fight With An Alligator

Australian Aboriginal's heroic act to save his dog

News of a thrilling fight between an alligator and an aboriginal has come to hand from the Katherine River district, in the Northern Territory, where the beasts have been particularly daring and vicious during the present "wet" season. They have killed or mutilated many horses and cattle, and recently a couple of aboriginals, assisting to remove horses from a paddock, were attacked and narrowly escaped harm.

Early in February accounts were received of a terrible struggle between an alligator and a racehorse, Comet, which, with an unarmed man helplessly watching from the river-bank, put up a terrific struggle for its life, but was inexorably drawn down into the blood-reddened water by its powerful opponent. It is believed that this same venturesome beast was the participant in the battle with the aboriginal, but it met with less success against a man than it did against the horse.

A white drover, accompanied by an aboriginal and the latter's large cattle dog, was travelling overland with a herd of cattle from Western Queensland to the meat works at Darwin. One night they camped on the banks of the Katherine, and just before dusk, went down to the river for water. They were intent upon this work when an alligator flashed out of the water, and,

seizing the dog by a front leg, dragged it into the river. Without the slightest hesitation, the aboriginal dived in to rescue his dog. Man, dog, and alligator disappeared under the water. A thin streak of blood and agitated water gave evidence of the fearful struggle proceeding under the surface.

To the waiting, helpless, and unnerved white man on the river-bank, the time seemed interminable before the three rose to the surface again, but probably it was less than a minute. When they did, an amazing sight met his eyes. The alligator still held the yelping dog, which was vainly trying to turn upon its tough-skinned attacker. Astride the alligator, as if he were riding a horse, was the aboriginal, pressing his thumbs into the creature's eyes. Just a brief glimpse the white man had of this, and the three disappeared again. Then the dog came to the surface and swam ashore, minus one leg. Shortly afterwards the aboriginal appeared and safely landed on the river-bank. He was unharmed, and apparently none the worse for his fierce encounter. It was noticed that the alligator had lost a front leg and was also badly scarred about the forequarters. From this evidence it was adduced that it was the same beast which had dragged under the racehorse a couple of months ago.

The Centenary of the Modern World

BY SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian

(Concluded)

The whole Socialistic Movement grew out of that idea, which was full of a pessimistic optimism. In 1825, with the invention of the first railway, humanity entered upon the Golden Age, but a defective social system has up till now prevented men from enjoying it. A radical reform of society will make the universe happy in a way it has never been before.

It is not surprising that this idea should have seduced the masses. But it is to be feared that it rests on an illusion, the illusion that machines are magical objects endowed with supernatural powers which do not depend on us. Metal-made machines, animated by fire or electricity, produce enormous quantities of riches, because they can work with great rapidity without destroying themselves; but they possess no other mysterious power. They only exist and work because we create them and make their wheels go round; it is therefore always we who are working. The source of production remains always rooted in human work. Machines allow us to obtain ever-increasing results by our work, at least as far as quantity is concerned, but on condition that our work creates and animates them. In consequence, the more their number and power is increased, the more the world is enriched, the harder we have to work.

It is true that the number of working hours has progressively decreased in the great industries in all countries. The working days which lasted for fourteen or sixteen hours are now only an historic memory. In all countries, with but few exceptions, the workmen only work eight or ten hours a day. But this diminution of the hours of work has only become possible by the gradual increase of the number of men employed in the great industrial development who are capable of the intensive work which it demands. During the twenty-five years which followed the first appearance of railway trains, only a small number of industries made use of steam-driven engines. The operatives in these big workshops, who were forced to put in long hours of work daily, were still only a minority. The rest of the people lived penuriously, as best they could, by the proceeds of the old hand-

labor, which was easier, but less productive. Gradually, as the old hand-industries disappeared, the number of operatives obliged to do the intensive work of the great industries increased in proportion to the number of branches of production which were thus industrialised, and the duration of working hours could be reduced for all. But it was able to be reduced without any diminution in the production of riches, just because the sum total of the work furnished was increased in proportion to the number of the workmen employed in the workshops of the great industries.

It is no miracle which has been produced in the world during the last hundred years. For the last hundred years riches have increased from generation to generation, because men work harder and with more powerful tools. These two factors are inseparable, for the tools would not become more powerful if we did not at the same time work harder. Railways are multiplied, the rapidity of trains is increased, subsidiary and competing means of communication, such as motor-cars, are perfected, and an ever-growing number of increasingly powerful machines multiply the world's goods. But that immense activity brought about by fire-animated iron would not be possible if we did not also work ourselves with greater intensity, and if an ever-growing number of men did not learn to produce and consume increasingly and with more feverish activity.

What has been called the intensive life of the modern world began with the advent of railway trains. That intensive life is a kind of fever of production and consumption, which increases with each generation. Those who at present are fifty years old can remember how much quieter, slower and more peaceful the world still was even thirty years ago, before the invention of motor-cars. Those people who were fifty years old about the year 1850 must have experienced the same sensations when they remembered the time which preceded the invention of railways. The rapidity and power of the means of communication is the thermometer by which the fever of the activity of modern life is measured. The more rapidly

we can journey from place to place, the more we are forced to work.

"Sleep no more! Work all the time"—that is the order of the day ever since the locomotive made its first appearance in the world. In Europe and America, men obeyed the command, and for a hundred years fabulous riches came up from the bowels of the earth. But, as there is never a triumph without victims, the triumph of the railways had its victims also. Their names are Religion and Politics.

They say our epoch is rationalistic and sceptical; and they explain in this way the obvious decline of the spirit of religion. But are we so rationalistic and sceptical as is supposed? Fear of death, desire of immortality, curiosity about invisible things does not seem to have diminished greatly. If our epoch forsakes serious disciplined religion, it is too often in order to throw itself into the arms of a kind of dilettante mysticism which is fragmentary, capricious and anarchic. Why is this? Because serious religion demands a certain collectedness, a persistence of thought, and a self-control which becomes daily more difficult in the life of feverish activity which has invaded the world.

In all great religions the mind has been subjugated to an intense and continual suggestion. Prayers, rites, feasts, ceremonies are only the means used to oblige the believer to isolate himself and to concentrate his thoughts periodically on divine things. Religious fervor is a fire which requires this continual supply of fuel, so that it may not be extinguished. But even pious people in the present day have only a few fugitive moments which they can devote to this isolation and concentration; what, then, in these conditions, can be expected of the vast majority, who were never inflamed by a very ardent zeal for anything?

I often ask myself whether this intense mode of life, and the railways which originated it, are not much more responsible than Voltaire and Buchner for the religious half-heartedness of our time. The true enemy of religion is not impiety, but the continual state of distraction and of intellectual and sentimental dispersion in which we all more or less live. The majority of people have no longer any time at their disposal in which to think seriously about divine things, any more than they have time to think seriously about anything beyond the necessities of their daily work. That

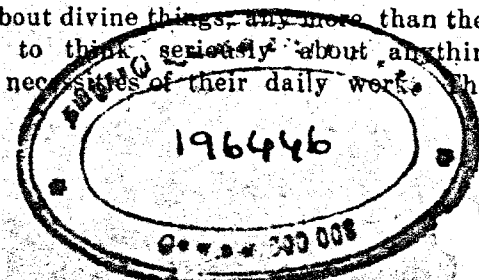
is why politics became, after religion, the next victim of the railway.

It may seem at first sight inexplicable that people continue to criticise democracy so implacably as absurd and baneful, at a time when there is no longer any other form of Government possible, at least in many countries. In all countries and at all times there have been Governments based on the delegation of power; some of these have fulfilled their task very well, some only passably, without its being possible to say that this form of Government is in itself better or worse than Government based on the hereditary principle. Like all forms of Government it has its advantages and its disadvantages; it can boast of successes and must also acknowledge defeats. Why should not the modern world be able also, like so many other epochs, to govern itself on the principle of the delegation of power? But the modern world is a hundred years old; it was born and grew up with the railways. That is what, to a certain extent, justifies anxiety. Just because its institutions are more fluid than those of a monarchy, a democratic Government requires a more stable psychology both in its masses and in its *élite*. A capricious, unstable public spirit can produce much worse consequences in a democracy than in a monarchy. Stable psychology is the quality which is most lacking in the modern world. It has no longer time to concentrate on any directing political or moral idea of life. Entirely absorbed as it is by work, which daily becomes more intense, it falls an easy prey to mere impressions in great political questions.

The conclusion, therefore, at which we arrive is that work now looms larger as the great and almost the only discipline of the modern world, heir as it is of the railway development, than as a means of enrichment or augmentation of power. So long as work can continue its solemn regularity, order will reign despite the unstable psychology of the masses and the *élite*. That is why peace is necessary to modern civilisation. So soon as wars or revolutions arise to disturb the regularity of work, the weakness of all other internal disciplines immediately makes itself felt. We have had abundant experience of this during the last ten years.

That weakness is the forfeit which the power of the railway and the other instruments of modern industry has made us pay. It is, perhaps, useful to recall it at the centenary of that great invention.

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