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NOVEMBER 19

EAST AND WEST

Magazine and Review of Thought - Combined with The Light of India



a Year

EDITED BY
BABA BHARATI

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EAST AND WEST

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WEST: A Magazine and Review of thought. This Magazine which with this November number, will enter on its Third Volume, is the only publication of its kind in existence. Its contributors are mostly inspired writers, the unrivaled power and beauty of whose thought, language and style bear witness of the source of their inspiration. It is the **HIGHEST CLASS MAGAZINE.**

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than those of any other writers on India and its people. Besides, the books are all written in the clearest, most direct and entrancing language as the perusal of a single page will convince you. The opinions of the best of the American press of Baba Bharati's book, Krishna, published in extracts at the end of this circular, will convince you of the sterling worth of these books which, though among the best sellers in the book market, are yet offered to you at the actual cost of printing, with the sole object of spreading their utility among the Western people.

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To those of our friends who may wish to aid in this good work but whom circumstances may prevent from securing more than a very few subscriptions we make the following offers:

(See Page 48)

EAST and WEST

Combined with The Light of India

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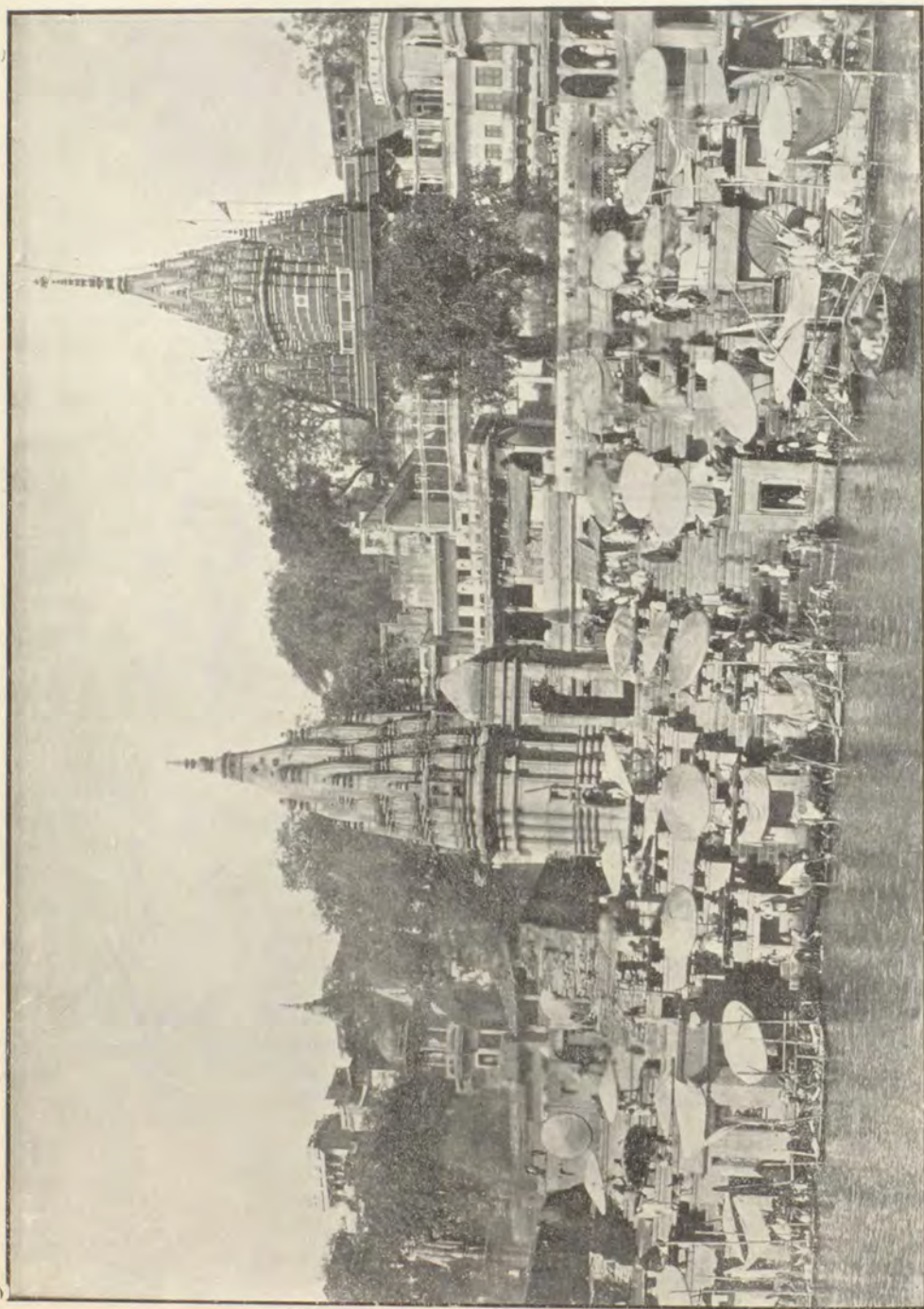
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The East and the West

A Prophetic Vision

Gold-Crowned with shining eyes she stands—
 The gifts of energy piled at her feet,
 Flashes of wizard knowledge on her brow,
 And modern welfare and fruits of genius
 In her hands. With palpitating heart,
 Lips parted in a smile, her snowy arms
 Outstretched she greets her elder Sister, who
 With stately tread and noble mien, draws near—
 Her consciousness full-wakened, wisdom's lore
 Drawn from the ages in her world-old eye,
 The glow of meditation like a halo
 Around her flung, a stillness on her brow
 Like oceans' deeps, and on her swelling breast
 The ripeness rich of countless cycles' growth:
 Thus doth the Goddess of the East embrace
 The radiant child of the new West, and lo,
 In that embrace the scales of ignorance
 Which Time hath placed upon their eyes, do fall!
 And soul to soul in nakedness they stand,
 With Truth between them, and from the Silence
 God smiles and claims them both as one, His own.



HOLY BENARES (Page 8)

✧ East and West ✧

Combined with "The Light of India"

Vol. III.

NOVEMBER 1910

No. 1

GIVE UNTO US THE LIGHT

Give unto us the light to view the path that is before us. Give unto us the word to enrich the world whereon we function. Give unto us the inspiration to say unto all, the things that will be for the betterment of all who would come in contact with our thought. Give unto us the hope to see the progress of life which is ever going on about us, and give unto us the love to radiate its warmth and glow even as the halo of Thy blessing unto all. Give us the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the eloquent tongue, and the mantling love, and also inspire us to know Thee in each event of Nature and each event of our daily living and to cognize that all that is, is Good for all that is, is from Thee.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

BY ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

When the East and the West each other shall know
As friend, not stranger, tyrant or foe,
When dogmas are past and creeds are laid,
And the pride of conquest and greed shall fade,
When color is known as the badge of the sun,
Not a curse that custom of man must shun.
When the I and the Mine, the Thee and Thou
Shall be swallowed in HIS on each nation's brow.
Then the heart of man to his soul shall discover
The man of the East to the West is a brother,
And the law shall be sung, that with ages begun,
"All men are of Me, from My heart have all sprung."
Then the hand of God in its all-wise power.
Shall give unto each of the other's dower.

Where East and West Can Meet

BY THE EDITOR

MY SOUL'S greetings to ye, all Americans. It feels good to be among you once more, to have soul-to-soul talks with you again with all the ardor of my ascetic heart. I have returned from the oldest country to the newest, with new wares of the old country's wisdom to lay them before you for your appraisal and acceptance. THE LIGHT OF INDIA is now spread over EAST and WEST to guide earnest pilgrims, along the intricate paths of the world-jungle, to the Shrine of the Lord of Love templed in the soul.

"The East is East and the West is West, and never the twain shall meet," says Rudyard Kipling, the prophet of modern imperialism, the philosopher of the "white man's burden," the believer in the comradeship of physical prowess. Smart and cute versifiers are rarely philosophers of any depth, and Kipling belongs to the majority of them. Poetry must embody the soul of Truth, of wisdom, moral or material, to be real poetry.

Deep down within Creation is Unity which represents the First Principle of it, its Ultimate Cause. Over it, floating in it, every point and particle of this One Vast Life called Creation soaking in it, that First Principle, that Ultimate Cause of all existence, is Unity in itself. The essence of that Unity is Love. Man is a connected part of this Creation and has in him more or less developed all the composing principles of that Creation, with that First Principle at the bottom of them all. So, at bottom, man is his soul. But he generally lives in his mind, mostly in its interior chamber, the heart, at most times conscious only of the covering of that mind, the body and all its belongings. Hence he is conscious of separateness, of Variety which is the outermost aspect of Life born of Unity. This Variety by which his mind is affected, induces him to think that men that do not look, think and act like his own particular race are different from him. He is so very much wedded to the ways and ideas of living of his own race that he thinks that the ways and ideas of life of other human races are inferior to his. Only when his mind dwells in the very realm or birth-place of ideas and has been trained in the appraising of the value of ideas and thoughts by the standard of the joy-vibrating illumination which they shed into his consciousness, then only he begins to know men of other races by the attributes and expressions of their mind, then only he ceases to judge them by their exterior, their physical form and modes of life. When he finds that man is his thoughts, and when he finds that someone far from him physically, different from him in color of his skin and habits of outer life, is possessed of thoughts the thinking of which makes him far more happy than his own, race's thought and literature can make him, then he not only extends to him his spirit of brotherhood, but even acknowledges him as one superior to him or even to any of his race, because of his consciousness being pervaded by a superior intelligence and a brighter illumination.

This illumination is the illumination of that First Principle back of all life,

the Fundamental Principle of life. This illumination it is that harmonizes all the crude and undisciplined forces of the mind and brings about the inner harmony whose expression is happiness, happiness all-enduring because born of the unchangeable, indestructible First Principle—unbroken joy that is the search and goal of all human efforts.

Upon this ground of Unity of the Cosmic Soul, the Basic Principle of existence, all humanity—East, West, North and South—can not only meet, but meet in love. In our soul, our Basic Self, we are all united. We have never been separated in our soul, for all our souls are connected parts of the Universal All-Pervading Soul. The human mind must dip into that soul, its source, in order to get conscious of the Unity of Love which is the essence of that soul.

The EAST AND WEST, combined with the LIGHT OF INDIA, will endeavor to bring about the inturning of the English-speaking human mind into the soul to draw its illumination with the aid of which to live according to the inner laws of Nature, the laws of harmony and happiness that operate from within to make life always radiant and enjoyable without. The EAST AND WEST will furnish its readers with review of thought, all thoughts relating to the permanent interest of humanity, all thoughts whose thinking results in the increase of the permanent happiness of mankind.

East and West will retain all the distinctive characteristics of quality, style, sentiment and thought which have made the LIGHT OF INDIA a unique production in the magazine world. It will also enter vigorously into the discussion of modern thought and social, domestic, ethical and spiritual questions. The forthcoming issues will contain articles of absorbing interest and try to more than make good the expectations warranted by past numbers and this number.

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A Birthday Sonnet

By FRANK S. ADAMS

In joy we lift our hearts to greet thee, Rose,
On this memorial day that gave thee birth.
From that fair realm where love and joy and mirth
Together wove the song that ever flows
From out your heart, you came; for He who knows
Life's purposes and gives each word its worth
Hath sent thee from thy home to sing on earth
The song that wakes each life and echoes at its close.

Well do we know thy strain; we understand—
Who sought with thee the heights of Truth to climb—
That thy fair soul had not its birth in time,
And should thy years on earth a cycle fill
Far longer would we keep thee from the strand,
And captive in our hearts would hold thee still.

Holy Benares

By RAMSAY MACDONALD, M. P.

TO THE east a tawny band of light spans the horizon; overhead the pale pure crescent of a new moon lies like a piece of delicate jewelry on blue velvet; behind to the west the stars are still shining.

It is half an hour from sunrise and I am hurrying to the Ganges. The lanes of Benares, from which offensive smells arise as incense, are just beginning to bestir themselves. A woman sweeps at her door; a figure that has been sleeping in a corner wakes up; a man fans a newly lit fire. The tawny light is warming to pink and mists begin to rise from dewy ground.

Suddenly there is an end to the road, and the Ganges flows at our feet. To the left the river comes down in a magnificent bend, the banks on the outer curve being high. There stands Benares—steps, temples, palaces rising in sweeping terraces from the water, the two tall minarets of Aurangzebe's mosque forming the crowning point of all. What menace is there in this incongruous survival here of the work of the bigoted Mohammedan? What shadow of the future does it throw over the holiest ground of Hinduism?

Worshippers at the Ganges

There is a murmur on the shore; there is a confused movement; there is a sigh as if waiting people had seen the sign of deliverance. A hot flame of fire has arisen above the horizon. Prayers are murmured by thousands of lips; thousands of feet obey the impulse to go forward into the water; thousands of dark bodies are bowing in humiliation and adoration, vanishing from sight below the river, rising, dripping to add to the murmur of prayer which goes out in a confused hum to welcome the sun.

The sun glistens on the little brazens drinking pots which the people have brought down to cleanse and lights up the many-colored robes of the worshippers. White predominates,

glares and challenges everything with its purity. But there are also patches of green and red, purple and pink, saffron and yellow, and they move and mix like a kaleidoscopic mass of ever changing pattern. The eye becomes bewildered; the mind grasps only mass and motion. Slowly the stream drifts the boat down, but the scene becomes more and more a dream, a symbol, a moment in the eternal pursuit of the Infinite. The murmur seems to come far down Time. The crowds holding up hands in adoration and bowing the head low in supplication are but representations of what has gone on through the ages. The clanging of bells in the temples, the haunting notes of the reeds, played besides the shrines are but the jarring notes which man always strikes when in his moods of self-consciousness, he brings sacrifices to his gods.

So we drift downwards past places varying in their degree of sacredness, past stairs which rise upwards in uninterrupted flights and others which are broken by shrines, by masses of bamboo rods bearing wicker-work baskets at their tips, by platforms where wise and holy men teach novices the way of life, and in the end we come to where the poor Hindu body seeks rest at last. All day long thin blue columns of smoke arise from this ghat; all day long they seem to be building piles of wood there; all day long processions come bearing gaily-decorated burdens on their shoulders. The bodies wrapped up in white, or pink, or yellow cloth, lie with their feet in the water waiting for the pyre. You see them in rows lying thus. And the smoke rises lazily and heavily and is blown across the bathers. You hear the crackling of the consuming fire. No one heeds. "All die," they say, "in due time," and blessed are those whose ashes mingle with the muddy waters of the Ganges. So this strange medley of colours, this

confusion of people and tongues, this mingling of the sublime and the sordid, of life and death, so characteristic of India, this cry for Infinite Peace, go on through the years.

Scenes in the Holy City

The sun is far up. Bells are tinkling in the temples, and the hum of chanted prayers falls upon the waters. We go up from the river to the town—to the Holy City—to the Rome of India. But who can describe the life of its narrow lanes? Who can penetrate their mysteries of devotion and deceit, of holiness and blackguardliness? The temples are full. Incessant streams of people pass and repass their doorways. The heathen can but peep in, and he sees nothing but brown skins crowding around repulsive idols, throwing flowers at them, sprinkling them with water, bowing before them.

Sacred monkeys chatter from innumerable perches, sacred cows wander round courtyards, sacred men take toll at every point of vantage. Every foot of the road is lined with beggars, beggars suffering from every loathsome disease and every sickening contortion under the sun. Their howls, their whines, their importunities make you feel you are treading the corridors which lead to the places where the lost are in torment.

All is confusion, nothing rests for a moment, it is an endless stream, a ceaseless murmur, a never-slackening crowd. The air is heavy with the scent of flowers, and the stench of cattle and is hot and sickening with humanity. They hang garlands around your neck, and they seem as heavy as iron chains, and their odours make mists in your eyes. You must get away from the stifling place.

Out in the courtyard where the air circulates more freely, and where the clank of the temple bells sounds remote one can stand and watch. In one corner is a fakir in an iron cage and a group of weary and worn women are taking counsel of him. Poor old things, their wizened breasts, their sunken eyes, their decrepit atti-

tude, tell how unmercifully life has laid burdens on their backs. Near is the "Well of Knowledge" around the railings of which a crowd always lingers. Across the pavement wanders an array of queer creatures, wild and unkempt, covered with ashes and little else. Standing there one begins to grasp the spirit of Benares. One drifts in the muddy, troubled stream of men seeking for the peace which passeth understanding—of men who at one moment are soaring high in the clear blue of religious thought and the next are wallowing in the filthy mud of religious ceremony.

The Feast of Maternity

That is India all over. It tolerates everything. It looks upon human frailty with the kindest of eyes. Its moments of purifying devotion obliterate years of debasing exercises. Moreover it cleanses itself with its humor. It does not believe in its own extravagances. It comes to love its gods as one loves a family heirloom. We saw the feast of maternity when the Mother Goddess after having dwelt in houses for some days, is borne with bands in procession to be thrown into the Ganges. When she goes, we were told, the hearts of the women are void, as when a child dies. They crowd the doorways and balconies to see her taken away and they weep at her going. "And is it all real?" I asked. "Yes and no," was the reply of an English friend who has lived long amongst the people. "The mother has twined herself around my own heart. She was very ugly when I saw her first, but I now think her beautiful. India knows, and yet she does not know. She is content to worship." She follows her quest for the Eternal of whom the things of life are but the shadow and the thought, through the most sordid paths, through nauseating filth and appalling error, and yet upon her shines, in an extraordinary degree, the light of pure devotion and absolute abandonment.

Truly, Benares the Holy City, holds in its keeping the soul of India.

She Speaks at Last

By BABA BHARATI

SHE SPEAKS at last—the Hindoo woman! Western women have so long criticised her, called her semi-barbarous and backward. She has been called the slave of her husband because she loves her husband unto worship. Christian Missionaries, male and female, have secured "jobs" in India because of her, on the strength of her existence as an idol-worshipper, on account of her being, according to them, full of superstitions. They lecture about her in this

concoct more fictions about the Hindoo to draw more dollars.

American globe-trotters, skipping from place to place in India, sight-seeing and curio-hunting for a few days, have also written articles and books about the Hindoo woman supporting to some extent the Christian Missionary's fabrications about her condition, without even coming into contact, in most cases, with any respectable Hindoo woman. And whenever any American woman writer has spoken a good word about her, she has done so patronizingly. All this the Hindoo woman or man has so long endured in silence, because there was no reason either to retort or contradict these Western critics—for the simple reason that there is no truth or foundation for such criticism, because they were fanciful and the outcome of the spirit of a conceited civilization. But now the tables have been turned all too suddenly. Three Hindoo women have opened their mouths to criticise Western women—the American woman in particular. Of these, one is a queen, a Maharani, Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda; the others are Princesses, the two accomplished daughters of the Maharaja of Kooch Behar. And this Maharani and these Princesses have not only seen Western society in India and England, but have been thick and thin with it in both places. The Maharani of Baroda has not only travelled through Europe many times with her husband, His Highness the Gaekwar, but has visited America twice from coast to coast. The Maharaja and Maharani first came to this country in 1906. After a short sojourn on the eastern coast, they came over here and passed through Los Angeles and visited my Krishna Temple on Sixteenth Street, at my invitation. On a short notice, about forty American ladies and gentlemen gathered at the



Maharani of Baroda

country and write articles and publish books containing horrible descriptions about her unhappy condition in her home and degraded position in society. All these have been systematically done by these missionaries only to draw the easy or hard-earned dollar of some of the Americans to the Foreign Mission boards which secure them their jobs, so that they may live luxuriously in inexpensive India with very little work to do and

Temple to meet them. The Maharaja's geniality was much praised by these American guests. He talked to them with all the cordiality of his high bred Hindoo manners. He delivered a little speech with all the fluency of style in exact and up-to-date vocabulary and most cultured pronunciation of English words. His audience was surprised into genuine appreciation. But what they admired more was the Maharani's silent grace and poise and beauty. She sat all through the function without uttering a word, without even looking around in curiosity. She wore her Hindoo sari, which covered her head as well, and over it a plain overcoat. She had her round vermilion spot on her smooth, brown forehead, the brilliant red mark of wife-hood, the joyful mark which every married Hindoo woman, from the

Maharaja came to America by the Japan way and I met them in Seattle four months ago. They were bound for New York and Europe across Canada. I introduced to her an American lady of Seattle and she not only received her with all cordiality, but took her with her in her taxi-cab to have a spin around the city with her. This lady told me afterwards that the Maharani talked with her all the way with all her heart open and discussed many things with great and intelligent interest.

From Seattle their Highnesses went to New York through Canada. In New York they stayed several weeks and mingled in New York society. The indefatigable newspaper representatives sought them for views and opinions. The Maharaja had given his opinions of men and manners American during his previous visit and it was hard for the press to get him to say anything this time. They then worked upon the Maharani, inducing her to say something. And at last she did say that something. The silent well-poised queen of the Gaekwar burst out her criticism of the women of America, like one of Oyama's shells upon the Russian army. None before her had dared to criticise the American woman in such a daring way. She gave her suppressed self out with a vengeance. I publish below her opinion of the American woman, and whatever the American woman may say to contradict it, however bad she may feel at her candid criticism, born apparently of deep thought, it must be confessed that she has expressed herself with great originality, an originality that is the expression of her Hindoo consciousness:



Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda

highest to the lowest, wears with a love and happy pride which covers a romantic sentiment which has been rooted in her heart's blood from time now out of count. She did not speak to any of the assembly, not because of any false pride or vanity, but because of her Hindoo woman's delicate modesty and shyness. Her pleasant face and eyes bespoke her goodwill and the American ladies admired and appreciated the speaking poise of her mind and sweet beauty and talked freely of both after she was gone.

This second time, the Maharani and

The women of your big, vast, young country, I confess, disappointed me. I had heard so much of them; that they equalled the French women in their two most striking qualities of chic and vivacity; that they dressed far better than the English women; were as coquettish, though in franker way, as the Spanish; that they were, in short, as fascinating as the most fascinating women in the world—the Russian.

Well, they are not. They are less chic than the French women, because their clothes are more exaggerated, less becoming, and not always appropriate to the occasion. The low-necked frock on the street, the princess gown worn without a coat on the street, the open-worked stockings and

transparent blouses, also worn on the street. Dreadful! Yet we hear that American women have the bourgeois merit of virtue. Perhaps the less I say about these strange evidences of it the better.

They dress better than the English women. More conspicuously, perhaps, but their clothing is not so durable, suggests nothing of the solid qualities of modesty and station, as do the tweeds and broadcloths worn by the English. Their coquetry is not attractive, for it possesses no subtlety. The manner of the American woman who wishes to attract a man is that of the boy who wants to play golf with him—as frank, as devoid of poetry.

I understand that some American women make the proposals of marriage. That I do not doubt after watching them make themselves "agreeable" to a man at dinner. I am not surprised that American men do not make love well. The women save them the trouble. As for the fascinations of the Russian women. No! No! No! The Russian women are soft and feminine. The American women are masculine. The only softness about them is in the stuffs with which they drape themselves—not in their souls.

They are tactless; which is only another way of saying "unkind." They are ignorant. Else why should they ask me, as many did, "Are you an East Indian, a West Indian, or an American Indian?" And they are vulgar; else why should they stare at me on the streets as they do at the tigers in a circus parade, merely because I wear different and more reasonable garments than their own?

The Maharani is not a Western woman and, therefore, she does not know, not having cultivated the trick of concealing or glossing over her thoughts. And yet, outspoken though they are, her views are stamped with their depth of intelligence, their subtlety of comparison, their light and shade of judgment. The American woman may resent it all, but so have the Hindoo women a right to resent the American woman's criticism of them, criticism entirely unmerited. Thus the woman of the heart of the East, the woman whose mentality and individuality has been built out of the transcendental religious instincts of ages and ages, has given out her opinion of her modern sister of the West with a frankness and a naïvete of expression that ought to strike at least as charmingly sincere to the intelligent nieces of Uncle Sam.

The other Hindoo woman who has expressed herself as frankly even as the

Maharani of Baroda is the Princess Prativa, a daughter of the Maharaja of Kooch Behar, son of a thousand king. He married the eldest daughter of the world-renowned spiritual orator, the late Keshub Chunder Sen, known as "Chunder Sen" in this country. The Maharaja is one of the largest-hearted Native Chiefs of India and has been trained from boyhood in European culture. His wife, the Maharani, is not only equally cultured in Western thought, but has inherited much of the spiritual culture and



Princess Prativa

force of her father. She is a very handsome woman and has moved as much in the highest society of London as she lives and moves in India. Her daughters are thoroughly trained in European concepts of life as by right of heredity they possess the high caste refinement of Hindoostan. Interviewed by a press representative in London, where she is at present on a visit with her parents, Princess Prativa delivered herself in the following way, her opinion being asked about the Western and Far Western women:

"The women of the rest of the world are so unhappy. We of India alone know the art of happiness. I am glad

that there is an opportunity to carry the gospel of peace into the nations of the restless. I want to go to America, for it is the most restless, unhappy land of all.

"I have been told that America is very rich. Yes, yes. But what of that? We judge a nation by the status of its women, and the status of the American women is eternal unrest. One American woman once said to me—'I have nothing but money and I'm tired of that!'

"They lack that calm centre of philosophy without which life is a whirlpool and the world is in a vast turmoil.

"They talk loudly. They try to be sprightly and only succeed in making ugly faces. They are not enough alone. They do not read enough. They chatter too much and think too little. Because they do not take time to store them well by reading and contemplation, their minds are empty. At their present stage of development the American women are human peacocks."

Princess Prativa is only a young girl and yet she struck the real key-note of the subject she discussed. The East and West have different concepts of life and civilization. The domestic, social and moral culture of the two halves of the world is different also in these days of ever-shifting ideals of life through which the Western world is at present passing. The true criterion by which to draw a comparison between the two civilizations ought to be, I presume, to the minds of all intelligent thinkers, the sum and degree of happiness which each civilization affords to its followers or votaries. The remarks of the young Princess should not be resented by the American woman because they are disparaging or unpalatable. I would advise her to be poised and calmly turn over the remarks in her mind and analyze the life that the average American woman lives deep down to its bottom. Is there any real, lasting happiness in it, happiness that is full of enduring joy? Is it or is it not full of physical and mental unrest in the case of the majority of American women? This cause or that, yes, there seems some cause or other which renders

the average American woman more or less unhappy. This unhappiness fills the heart of even the rich or those comfortably situated in regard to the world's goods. Woman's greatest need in all ages and in all climes is conjugal felicity born of love. Woman's heart is essentially full of love, more full than a man's. Full of love herself, she craves for love from her partner in life. Her love goes out of her heart to find a human repository from which it will flow back to her all redoubled. Unlike man, woman lives on love almost exclusively. In India this love is assured her from girlhood. She loves her husband even long before she understands what wifehood is and when she receives her husband's love her love is made happy. True love's cardinal attribute is unbroken happiness. True love is its own satisfaction and reward.

This the Hindoo wife, in the greatest majority of cases, enjoys, but her love is born of her spiritual instincts; her heart's culture is spiritual culture. It is spiritual love that she offers to her husband, spiritual love drawn from her mother's breast, bred in her bone and born in her blood. It is nurtured and developed in her childhood through precepts, through religious rituals, by the examples all around her in her home which is filled with its atmosphere, which is impregnated by its vibrations. She is not only her husband's wife, but his goddess of love, his co-partner in spiritual unfoldment. While she looks upon her husband as her spiritual guide, her protector, her father, her brother, all rolled in one, she rules him with the jeweled sceptre of her love and devotion. And out of all these privileges and luxuries of the heart and the soul is evolved her sum of happiness which in the last analysis may be adjudged by even the American woman to be greater in degree and proportion than it is her lot to claim for herself.

"They lack," says the Princess, "that calm center of philosophy without which life is a whirlpool and the world is in a vast turmoil." This is true. No American woman can deny that American life as it is practically lived from day to day is entirely devoid of the harmonizing vibrations of a spiritual philosophy, a philosophy whose truths are the expres-

sions of inner laws of nature as they operate within the mind. It is also devoid of ritualism, the practice of which creates the atmosphere of harmony which is the soul of that philosophy. Even when the American woman studies such philosophy from the Eastern books or the new cults of old thoughts of the East mixed with the new thoughts of the West, it is studied with the object of merely knowing their principles and keeping that knowledge pigeonholed in the brain and to be got out from that pigeonhole just for the purpose of talking it when necessary. The knowledge, therefore, is superficial and has no influence on the forces of the mind. The wonderful philosophy uttered by Jesus of Nazareth as embodied in the New Testament is studied and treated likewise. By most Christians, even by those who fanatically believe that Jesus is the only Son of God, the only Savior of mankind, his philosophy is regarded as something of academic interest and the belief in his Divine Sonship is almost a matter of opinion. The philosophy and the belief have little to do with his practical life. The Christian's practical life is the life of physical self-preservation, sense-pleasures and material comforts. The home consists of a set of rooms called dining room, parlor and bed rooms, which are used for eating, talking and sleeping, respectively. There is no sanctuary in it, no sacred, secret corner to commune with God, even for the shortest while daily, to open the soul and the heart to Him in loving homage. Not that some Christian families do not gather every morning for the purpose of prayer to God. There are thousands and thousands of such homes still in existence, but such short prayer meetings are not enough to produce an adequate amount of spiritual atmosphere within individual members. As Jesus Christ has said in His Sermon on the Mount, the most effective prayer, the prayer that makes the soul vibrate and reach out to God must be made singly, in secret and from the innermost recesses of the heart. Praying in church once or twice a week and in domestic assembly does not afford sufficient food for the soul for

it to get strength to unfold itself thereby.

In India the home is the place of soul development. Every home has either a temple or a sanctuary where individual members pray and worship in secret, some for hours together, others for an hour, while still others for one-half hour if he or she be in a hurry; but never for five, ten or fifteen minutes as they do in this country, merely hearing a short prayer read by a member of the home for once only. The Hindoo's morning worship stirs up the soul, whose vibrations fill the worshipper's whole being. These daily worships are supplemented by periodical worship almost every month on a grand scale lasting for a day or for days together. What is far more helpful are the rituals held almost once a week on an average, rituals the performance of which generates spiritual atmosphere in the home and in the minds and hearts of all the members. And this is done in almost every Hindoo home, the exceptions being those spoilt by the introduction of Western materialistic ideas, chiefly in some cities like Calcutta. And women are the *de facto* priestesses in such rituals and ceremonies, for it is they that keep track of and arrange them and revel in their vibrations.

After all, it all depends upon what the concept and goal of human life is. And the home is the school wherein man and woman together must strive to realize that concept and attain that goal. As it has been in the ancient world, as it is in India now, that concept is to realize the real self, the soul; and the goal of that soul is God. Christianity teaches the same thing, so does Hindooism, but the difference is that in Christendom this concept and goal upon which Jesus the Christ shed light has been dropped out of the practical concerns of human life, while in India the Hindoos attend to their realization during the first hours of waking life. There, as here, the householder is distracted by the material needs and associations. Therefore, lest the duty to the real Self be forgotten or neglected or perfunctorily performed, the earliest morning hours are reserved for that duty. Then it is taken up again in the

evening. The periodical rituals and ceremonies keep up the ardor of that duty and contribute to develop God-consciousness. Hindoo women find their chiefest comfort and pleasure in their religious duties and while they cannot talk spiritual philosophy intellectually as some of her Western sisters can, they absorb the essence of that philosophy by their heart. Grasping spiritual truths merely by the intellect is not grasping them wholly or to any substantial benefit. Spiritual truths have to filter down from the intellect to the heart and when the heart has absorbed their essence then the whole being is moved by its attributes. Then only, the character of man or woman is built with the stones and mortar of harmonious instincts and qualities.

Woman is essentially spiritual. Spirituality is her cardinal quality and this cardinal quality no force in the world can wholly destroy. An unspiritual-seeming woman is of man's making, for women are what men make them. Wife and home are synonymous terms in India. The Sanskrit word "griha" means both wife and home, but East or West woman is the home. She is the center and presiding deity of the home. She is the complement of a man as man is the complement of woman. Man is a positive force of life, woman the negative. Man and woman, therefore, joined by holy wedlock, make up a harmonized whole. But the wedlock must be holy and that holiness of relation must be kept up throughout the conjugal life. The holiness of the wedlock is derived from the recognition of an affinity to each other's soul, for marriage is a soul-union of two soul-loving souls. The word marriage is desecrated when it is applied to the union of two body-loving bodies. Married life is meant as a means of soul-culture and home is the school of that culture. Hence, a Hindoo wife is called "saha-dharmini"—copartner of man in religion.

Man represents the positive intellect, woman the negative heart. The intellect thinks, the heart feels. Man is made of predominant intellect; woman of predominant heart. The intellect is reflective; the heart is intuitive, hence man is

more reflective and less intuitive, while woman is more intuitive and less reflective than man. The heart is the door of the subjective mind, the intellect is the active principle of the objective mind. Woman, through the heart's intuition, grasps truths which man's intellect misses at most times. Woman has intellect, too, but she functions it by her heart, by the light of her subjective mind. The subjective mind is the outer realm of the soul, with which woman has natural negative communication. Hence, woman is essentially soulful, essentially spiritual.

Woman should, therefore, be educated through her heart, which is the natural medium of her undertaking, which is the channel of her intellectuality. If you educate her through her intellect alone, you destroy her natural instincts, the instincts of intuition, the quality in which she surpasses man. Her education, therefore, must be spiritual education. Her soul must be developed from childhood, so that her heart, the door of the soul and the interior chamber of the mind, may be flooded, when she ripens into womanhood, with the soul light. You may give her as many books as you like of the intellectual sort, but the foundation of her education must be spiritual. Her heart must be fed during childhood and girlhood with spiritual thoughts. Then she will grasp their intellectual ideas and concepts in a twinkling—much more quickly than you can do, Mr. Man.

"Woman in the East is still the product of this old world's philosophy of life. Woman in the modern West is a reflex of an unnatural evolution of thought which has revolutionized the old world philosophy. The old philosophy of life is founded on science, upon the science of life's inner laws. The new mode of life which the matter-mad mind of the modern West has evolved is detrimental to the healthy growth of womanhood's natural virtues. The arbitrary mixing up of the distinctive qualities and spheres of influence of the sexes which the new West is revelling in and boasting of, is making it pay dearly for it, although it is generally unconscious of the havoc, so mad it is with that revel

and that boast. The result is that the intellectually developed woman in the West is trying to do all that man can do and is fast forgetting her own distinctive qualities, her own spheres of work and burying her divine instincts of the heart under the rubbish of purely intellectual attainments. You may say there are bright woman authors and writers whose works betray qualities both of heart and head. That shows that they have succeeded in retaining their heart-individuality.

In the East this heart-education through religion from childhood has developed the all-round womanly woman through all the ages. The degradation of woman in the East is a myth born of the West's profound ignorance of the inner life of the East and partly attributable to the misrepresentation of that amiable friend of ours, the Christian missionary. Speaking for India, I can boldly say that the Hindoo women enjoy a higher status and regard from men than women do in this country. If women are worshipped in any country with a sincere worship it is in India. The reason of her worship is her well-developed qualities of soul and heart. She is regarded as a divinity because of her essentially spiritual nature. She is loved, not for her physical charms, but for her soul. She is the queen of her husband's home and heart.

The worship of women in the West generally, of which so much fuss and boast is made, is mostly insincere and un-

natural. It is a homage paid to her physical self. May I ask why a man should respect a woman more than a woman respects a man? Why should there not be an equality of respect? Why should a man serve a woman with services which that woman accepts from him as legitimate homage due her and never dreams of rendering to him the same service or any part thereof? These questions are awkward for an Oriental to ask of his Occidental brother. They are very inconvenient, too, for they can never be answered, and they point to the insincerity of his homage, because of its unnaturalness.

Yet, for all that, the intuition inherent in woman in this country has enabled her to read through man's flattery of her, and, in most cases, she has retained her spiritual individuality in spite of all the odds of materiality being against her. She it is who has kept the altar of religion burning in spite of the matter-madness of the men. It is woman who is keeping up the churches in America and the name of God alive still by the fire of her faith. Woman has always been the high priestess of religion and she is so still, thank heaven, East or West, North or South. All that the American women need to do now is not to forget their world-old "job," but let every one of them keep to it, get busy in it and draw their men into the eddy of their enthusiasm of it. If Christianity appeals to her, let her take it up and let her heart plunge into its very soul.

Contentment

By Mary F. Munroe

If solid happiness we prize
 Within our home the jewel lies.
 The world has little to bestow—
 From our own selves our joys must flow.
 Our portion is not large, indeed—
 But then how little do we need?
 In this the art of living lies—
 To crave no more than may suffice.

I'm glad there are no bars nor bans
 To loving hearts and willing hands;
 I'm glad for memory that brings
 Close to the heart the dearest things.
 'Twere banqueting on crust and bone—
 To live on earth and live alone.
 From human shams, oh keep me free—
 Be thou my guide—Simplicity!

Frenzied Finance

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

IN THESE days when the wealth of nations is grasped in the palms of a few men; when one man often possesses in his own right a large proportion of the circulating money of the nation; when his income extends into the many thousand dollars a day, perhaps hour; when the giant that stands head and shoulders over his fellow man, is the man of boundless wealth; when our country is in danger of forming castes of money instead of castes of intellect, genius and spirituality; when such a condition is, then must it of necessity mean that the burning question of the day is, "How to get money and how much can one get?" At such a time the air is full of desire for material gain. It crowds upon the mind against our say so. It prints itself upon our consciousness without our consent; it beats itself upon the drums of our ears until its vibrations become even as the roar of thunder. It writes itself in letters of fire upon the firmament of our understanding.

You read in the eyes of your father, husband and brother the anxiety to procure it in great amounts; you see the fear of its lack on the man in the car before you. You understand the deep lines hewn on the brow are the outcome of it, and you catch it in the uncertain voice of the young clerk selling a yard of silk at a counter. In the thin, pathetic voice of a working woman past the blooming age of thirty you recognize its vibration; in the quivering voice of the cynic you sense it, and even in the eager look of the advanced scholar who knows the bygone days of books are left behind to soon go forth and put to use for money which means livelihood, the learning of those days.

Yea, the cry of "money, money," to eat and clothe and live, is the great howl, grown hoarse and coarse by the ac-

cumulated wails of many hearts that learned in the days of frenzied finance that poverty is a crime and that dignity in the business of money-making is to be decried as old-fashioned and out of date. The small business man of today is swallowed up in the octopus that stretches its many legs into the areas of the business world; and the man who tries to hold on bravely against the onslaught of the new passion for getting rich in a hurry falls by the wayside and is soon lost sight of altogether. Let him try to carry on his ideas of business in the ways of his father, and lo, from all sides a blank wall will confront him and crowd in upon him until nothing but ruin will stare him in the face.

The conditions being such, what is the wonder that all the atmosphere throbs and palpitates with the fear of poverty and the desire to guard against it, to even add up the treasures of earth at the risk of having them rust and fall away when we cease our sojourn here to enter upon our wanderings elsewhere. "Work, rest not night or day until you put aside enough for old age." That is the motto that the father gives his son, and the mother echoes it to her daughter with—"Be sure the man you marry has enough to keep you now and in the future," And none can blame either the father or mother for such advice to their loved ones when to be without a home means imprisonment and to be poor is to be hated and shunned even as were the lepers of old. Each day we read of men and women, old and young who with a few dollars still in their possession commit suicide rather than face a world that never smiles on the poor and never gazes with kind pity on poverty.

This wave of money-madness has struck all classes of men and women. Few are left of the thinking classes, of

the philosophers of life who have been untouched by the materialism surrounding them, overlapping and underlying them. And these few, looking from the without to the within, meditating in still constancy on the basis of creation, smile at the inconsistency of a man's mistaken ideas of the old adage that says—"God helps them who help themselves," and again—"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Out of the knowable and fathomable these philosophers have come, not of their own seeking, into the unknowable and unfathomable, but made so by man's distorted vision, again not of their own seeking. They have brought with them the garments that are incorruptible and the implements that are indestructible to bear them out, to tide them over on their earthly sojourn. They know that the worm falls close to the beak of the motherless nestling; that the lion's cubs, scarce cooled from the warmth of the womb of the liness, will instinctively find the water's edge; that the trees of the forest are grown into great towering masses of beauty untouched by human cultivation. They know that the fruit of the earth and the fruit of the trees hold in themselves the sustenance of man; that the egg of the fowl is food for the fowl. They know that the kingdom of earth hath the wherewithal to sustain its children; that the heaven hands its kindly beam of silver when the gold of its sun is withdrawn; that the rains kiss the parched earth when the sun has burned and baked its breast. They know that the wild ass finds suck for its young even in the small oasis of the burning desert. They know that a willing hand can make the tilled earth to bring forth wheat and corn to make bread; and

they know, too, that the normally active mind and hand, the sweet, strong industry that can be likened unto the growth of the wheat and corn and fruits and goat and bird and flower and man himself, will give him the abundance for his daily living. It is not so much what a man needs that makes him long for mere money; it is what he sees his neighbors have that makes him run mad for the possession of the god of materiality.

No mouth ever opened to the air of this world, but before it or with it, was created the sustenance to feed that life. That is the eternal law, the immutable rule, upon which creation is based. The knowledge of this truth that no need of God's creatures can present itself without the supply to satisfy it, is the incorruptible garments and the indestructible implements which come to man as the inheritor of the earth and all that thereon dwells. So labor in these garments and with these implements, and the imperishable treasures, which are overlooked by those blind in their speed and haste to gain perishable treasures, shall be yours, and they shall come with all their potency about them and feed the body and mind.

Christ worked as a carpenter while he formulated the Truth that was to revolutionize the Western world. But I would safely say that he worked with less mad haste and less hours too than does the money-fanatic of the day. And it is said his body bloomed with health and was of splendid proportions and good to look upon. And if we could know, I should say he ate of Nature's food and that the house wherein he lived was simple and lowly. Yet a King He was, a King of earth, a God of Heaven, and he never advocated the speed of hustling that has given birth to frenzied finance of the Western world.

Life itself is the Bible and the Vedas. The knowledge of the laws of that life is religion; to live a life in accord with those laws is to be religious. The effect of that life is spirituality, and the reward of that living is Love.—Baba Bharati.

Through A Calcutta Lane

BY MARY WALTON

Etchings by Maud Lalita Johnson

"SALAAM, Memsahib, baksheesh dow. Salaam, Memsahib, baksheesh dow," (Good day, Madam, give me money). At my elbow is a brown mite of a boy clad in a narrow strip of loin-cloth, his face one broad grin and his hand extended for the expected dole of pice. This then is my greeting and welcome from the narrow lane that winds its crooked length before my eyes. A fair exchange if these small coins are an open sesame to the strange world I wish to enter. But to gain admission I must walk, for the ubiquitous tram does not penetrate this narrow way and even our worthy Jehu, the Ghari (carriage) driver, could not venture along some of its narrow turnings. All the bet-

ter, for here one can mingle with these brown-eyed Orientals and jostle in the moving crowd.

And did one ever see such a crowd! Many are half-naked but entirely unconscious in their frank unconcealment. The coolies trot by with their weighted baskets on their head, wearing nothing except a loin-cloth and maybe a scrap of rag around their head. Most of the men wear as trousers a piece of cloth called a dhoti which is a strip of white muslin five yards long and one yard wide with a narrow, colored border. This is brought around the waist and fastened in front, one end is drawn between the legs and tucked into the waistband at the back to form trousers, while the other end is pleated and left to hang in loose folds almost to the ground in front, forming a most comfortable and at the same time picturesque and becoming garment.

Many wear no other clothing than this, but the Babus or gentlemen we see striding along usually wear a loose flowing shirt and shoes besides. They may also in the cold season—deceptive term—wear around their shoulders a chuddar or shawl. These shawls of soft wool or silk are gorgeous in color, bright green, flaming yellow or scarlet. If plain they usually have a beautifully hand-embroidered border of white. Here is a peculiarly exquisite one of soft wool the color of a Persian turquoise with a border design worked in fine, white silk knots like tiny seed pearls. Others are of plaids so vivid that I gasp in admiration at the daring combinations of purple and scarlet or orange and green. And they are draped only as an Oriental can drape



"Salaam, Memsahib, baksheesh dow"

them, the ends flung carelessly over the shoulders, each fold a work of art, each line an artistic triumph.

The women are dressed even more simply and gracefully than the men in a cloth called a sari of the same size as the dhoti but with broader border. This is fastened around the waist and one end is draped over the head and shoulders, one garment thus serving the purpose of skirt, blouse and hat. Just ahead of me are walking several Hindoo women, two older ladies and four young girls of eighteen years or less, beautiful as a pictured procession of maidens on a Grecian vase. They must have just come from a bath in sacred Mother Ganga, for their long waving hair is still wet and they are carrying on the upturned palm of the right hand a polished brass vessel of Ganges water. Their forms not wholly concealed by the drapery are almost classically pure in outline, and their faces of that fine and indescribably lustrous complexion of deep cream are delicately cut as a cameo. The eyes shaded by wonderful, long, curling lashes, are a dark velvet brown. The last young woman is of the rarest beauty, not a trace of a line on the childlike softness of her face, yet she carries astride her hip a chubby, naked baby, and by her side skips a little girl of four whose straight little body knows no covering except a narrow silver chain around the waist, with a small, heart-shaped bangle hanging in front and some jingling anklets on her feet.

But in spite of their nudity, never once do these people seem unclothed. Whether it is because of their naive unconsciousness or the color of their skin which ranges from deep chocolate brown of the lower classes to the creamy gold of the high-caste Brahmin, the fact remains that they always appear properly and naturally clothed. Strange enough the only ones who form an intrusion and a blot on the scene are the Anglicised Babu with his clothes of English cut, collar, tie and all, and the Native Christian woman with her stockings and shoes

and her costume which is a combination of both English and Indian dress, but being neither one thing or the other is hopelessly ugly and clumsy. The Western attire is so unsuited to them, so manifest an affront to the eternal fitness of things that one is forced to admit that they are unnaturally and above all unbecomingly



"The coolies trot by with their weighted baskets on their head, wearing a loin-cloth and, maybe, a scrap of rag around their head."

clothed, even though their bodies are entirely covered. It is our natural dress and is suited to us but not to these lithe-limbed Orientals. What more grotesque contrast than that group of little boys in the doorway opposite, one dressed like

a little Sahib, the others in Nature's own garb. I agree with Mark Twain that a strip of twine and a smile are the most appropriate costumes for these little brown babies with sparkling eyes.

But I am missing some interesting sights just before my eyes. Right at my hand, fronting onto the lane is a sweetmeat shop which seems to be doing a thriving business and which just now has a strange customer who takes up much room and seems to have little desire to move on to make room for the gaily-draped little Hindoo maiden or the Memsahib just behind her. It is one of the great, white, sacred bulls of Shiva, placid, mild-eyed, who has the right of way in any thoroughfare and who is just now receiving a portion of his daily meal from the shopkeeper.

While the Hindoo maid is bargaining for some square, white sweetmeats called sundesh, I take a hasty glance around the tiny shop. In the center are two fires blazing in the mud ovens built in the floor. Over these are two great, round basins of boiling oil in which some puffy, white cakes called loochees are being fried. These loochees, which taste something like piecrust, are the bread of the upper class Hindoo and are one of their principal articles of diet, being eaten along with curries and vegetables. Near these the keeper squats, while around him are great brass trays piled high with sweets unknown to us, some snowwhite and cubical, others shaped into balls, or twisted into a network of rings of brilliant orange, and soaking in sirup. These Hindoo sweets or bonbons are different from our Western candies but many of them are delicious. Sundesh is made from the curd of milk, mashed fine, sweetened and flavored with treacle or sugar syrup juice. Another sweet is made from grated cocoanut and treacle. A favorite dainty, also, is the juice of the mango which is dried and made into flat sheets like brown leather.

My little Hindoo girl has made her

bargain and carries her purchase away in a little cornucopia made of large dried leaves pinned together with tiny stems. As we turn we almost jostle into a coolie who is nicely balancing on his head an enormous basketful of earthen jars. Alas, a kite has seized this opportune moment to swoop down and steal one of the little maid's sundesh and is gone before she can cry out in startled wonder. The lane is lined with tiny shops, some containing mountain heaps of flour and lentils and rice and maybe a supply of



"Most of the men wear as trousers a piece of cloth called a dhoti brought around the waist and fastened in front. Baboos wear a loose flowing shirt and shoes besides."

coal or wood to be doled out a few lumps or sticks at a time. Here is an oasis in the desert, a flower shop filled with heavy garlands of fragrant jasmine or roses and yellow marigolds and stiff nosegays of roses set in a circle of green leaves with a knot of tinsel in the center. These garlands are used in religious ceremonies and are

also presented to guests as a delicate tribute of hospitality.

Across the street a little group has gathered and I pause to find the object of their interest. At first glance I thought it was some distorted cripple but soon find it is a Hindoo Fakir sitting erect and motionless as though carved from stone. He is draped in a yellow cloth which partly conceals his posture, but his right leg



"Carrying on the upturned palm of the right hand a polished brass vessel of Ganges water"

is bent around behind his neck in such a way that his right foot rests on the left shoulder. His shaven head, face and body are powdered gray with ashes which gives a still more weird and unnatural look to this human

image. His head is finely shaped and his features are strikingly handsome and his eyes deep and glowing. An odd, creepy feeling steals up and down my spinal column as I gaze on this Yogi staring unwinking into some dim distance where I cannot peer. Slowly the head of this gray statue turns and flashes a glance upon me from those wonderful, piercing, dreamy eyes. The brilliant, dark orbs seem to dart from his head as he turns on me a searching look that surely reads my hidden thoughts. No change ruffles the calm of his face, but is it a glance of compassion I see in those luminous eyes as he raises his hand in a blessing on the white Memsahib?

I pass on wholly mystified only to be brought down to earth with a jolt as I almost stumble over a shoemaker and his shop, both occupying a space a yard square on the mud-paved street. The shoemaker is a bright-eyed lad of twelve, wearing a narrow loin-cloth and a bit of dusty rag wrapped, turban-fashion, around his head. His shop is a soiled canvas bag containing his entire outfit which consists of a last, an awl, a knife, some twine and wax, a few small pieces of unused leather of inferior quality and an assortment of pieces of worn and discarded shoes. With these slender means our young cobbler is able to carry on a lucrative business of perhaps fifteen cents a day. Before him are a pair of very heavy low shoes very much out at the sole. His practiced eye measures the size of the hole and his judgment decides that a strip of worn leather will be quite good enough to mend such disreputable looking footgear. He swiftly cuts and adjusts the patch and then proceeds to prepare the thread for sewing it.

He is at present sitting flat on the ground with both feet extended in front of him. He unwinds several strands of thread, sits on one end of them and draws the threads between the big toe and second toe of the right foot, wraps it around the big toe and brings it across to the left

foot, draws it up and commences to rub and twist the thread briskly between his two palms, waxing them to make the strands adhere. His toes are long and flexible making a good addition to the ten nimble fingers he already possesses. A few punches of the awl, some swift stitches and the work is done, clumsily enough, and the little cobbler is two pice (one cent) the richer.

Shoes are used by the Hindoos, when used at all, as a protection to the foot when walking on the street, not as a necessary and indispensable article of apparel as with us. Owing to this practice one rarely sees an ill-formed foot. Instead they are often finely moulded with toes long and slender and extremely flexible. The space between the big toe and the other toes is almost as noticeable as that between the thumb and fingers. This is why they can wear with comfort the odd wooden sandals or kharam sometimes seen. The sandal is simply a flat piece of wood one-half an inch thick and shaped like the sole of the foot. It is raised from the ground by wooden supports and is held in place by a single wooden peg like a small spool between the great toe and its neighbor. These make a terrific clatter in walking like the wooden geta of Japan.

The coolies and lower classes are usually barefooted but the Babus have taken on the English custom of wearing shoes. They wear no socks in the hot season and discard their coarsely made shoes at the door of their rooms or of any sacred place such as a mosque or temple. An entrance to a mosque I just passed at the time of prayer presented such a motley array of shoes that I wondered how the owners could ever find their rightful property, for they have no brass tags or checking system to aid them in their search.

With few exceptions the orthodox Hindoo woman, whether of high or low caste, wears no covering on her feet, even when she ventures out from her home. Two coolie women, lithe

and light of step, glide along noiselessly, except for the tinkle of the anklets on their feet. One has anklets made of links of silver woven into a flexible band that fits over the top of her foot, the other wears heavy rings of chased silver which do not quite meet around the ankle. They each wear plain silver rings on sever-



"She carries astride her hip a chubby naked baby"

al of their toes. I have never seen the high caste Hindoo ladies wearing anklets, though the little girls do so. One little maid of my acquaintance wears anklets trimmed with a fringe of tiny silver balls on delicate chains which jingle prettily

as she walks. I quite coveted them for bracelets, for they were of just the right size. She also has toe-rings to match, with a tassel of silver balls on them.

Speaking of footgear, I might add that to the Hindoo one of the most disgraceful punishments imaginable is to be beaten with shoes. "Ha, thou son of an unlucky mother, I will give thee sixty shoes for thy pains," is a threat that holds within it the deepest insult possible, a sense of ignominy beyond the comprehension of the Western imagination. But though shoe-beating is considered such a disgrace, yet the very dust of the feet of a holy man is considered sacred, and the devout Hindoo "takes the dust of his feet" by prostrating before the holy man, touching the latter's feet with his hand and then

putting the dust on his own head. If by some ill chance he happens to touch a superior in rank or age with his foot, the offender at once craves pardon by taking the dust of the other's feet.

But all this is a digression and in the meantime the picturesque pageant in the little lane moves on and I must leave before I have yet reached the end of it. "Salaam, Memsahib, baksheesh dow," whines a beggar by my side, my welcome and farewell from the little world of the lane. Ah, yes, but have I not found out long ere this that though baksheesh may gain me some little glimpse of the outer world of the lane, it can never purchase me admission into the inner world? The magic coin of sympathy alone is potent enough to open wide those doors to me.

The Lost Light

By "Redfather"

LONG ago, long before our race lived in this beautiful country, before the buffalo roamed on our American plains, before our rivers cut their way down our mountains, before the days of Ancient Rome and all European civilization; so many years have come and gone since then, that they cannot be counted by men, but in that time I feel that I knew the Hindoo Race and their teachings.

But I was not as good as those with whom I lived, and when they passed beyond to higher spheres I was left alone and I became a lost soul and a wanderer. I lost the spiritual light that I once knew and since that time—way back down the endless chain of ages my soul has been searching it out. I strove for perfection so that I could find that lost light and those good souls, but each time when I came to their sphere, they had advanced and left me, by some strange fate behind. But at last on this earth I think I have found that light in Hindoo teachings. I am so happy having found it, after searching it out for so long.

When I hear the waters in the stream lapping, lapping, lapping, in the silence of the night, I feel the rays of that lost

light and my soul is soothed, but my eyes are too weak to see it or understand.

When I hear the boughs rub on the trees, when all is still and the leaves rustle, rustle, rustle in their melancholy way, it seems the light of God is near to me, and I am in ecstasy, but I cannot see it or understand.

When I hear the breezes murmur and see the tall grasses on the prairies swaying, swaying, swaying in the moon beams; it is a lullaby that puts me into ecstasy and I know while I am in that state, that the light of God is near, but I cannot see it or understand.

When I hear the great waters roaring, roaring, roaring against the beach and I can see billow after billow, rolling, rolling, rolling to I know not where, it puts me into ecstasy and I know that I draw near to God, but I cannot see Him or understand.

Sometimes at night after I awake from a peaceful sleep and my eyes open to see the widespreading sky through my window pane, I spy a little star and it twinkles, twinkles, twinkles as the pale moon wanes and the breezes chant a wordless hymn to me, and put me into ecstasy and I feel that then I am near to God, but I cannot see Him or understand.

Tara Devi*

BY A. CHRISTINA ALBERS

Illustrations by Mary J. H. Gartes

SHE WAS a little sun-kissed maiden, with a complexion soft and mellow like the Champack blossom that fills the air with fragrance in the Baisak† month when the young year appears, and she had a pair of eyes, this maiden, black and lustrous and fathomless like the midnight sky at the time of Kali Poojah.§ You could look at them and look for ever, and yet it would seem you never saw all that they tried to reveal. They spoke of a great deep soul that had seen ages and ages of pilgrimage, they spoke of a strong life that throbs and heaves with the effulgence of being and holds so much within itself that it would fill many a page to write all its lore: and again they laughed so merrily, these raven orbs, that they seemed like merry ripples on a great still lake.

She was a little Brahmin girl, only very little. But she was the daughter of an old, old family, that hailed from the venerable ancient district of Nadia, where still there are men and women who even in these degenerate days see the Eternal face to face. They glory in fasting and austerities, and their days are long in the land.

Fourteen generations of hereditary training had moulded the sons and daughters of the house to which Tara Devi belonged, and fourteen generations of hereditary culture had not

failed to put their stamp deeply on this daughter of old Hindu blood—only one of the many that the venerable house claimed. But thy are so numerous, these daughters of a Hindu family, one can never, never know them all; let us then be content with Tara alone.

She was five years old at the time of which we were speaking, but she was very slight and appeared to be less than four. But her dignity would have been sufficient for many a maid of twenty. The correctness of her gait, the calm grace of her movements were apt to evoke a smile from an on-looker, they were so far beyond her years. She had not practised any physical exercises, she knew not even what they were. But

her ancestors had sat in meditation on the Divine, with head erect, firm and motionless, and were doing so still. For in this ancient land ancestors are not all a thing of the past. The patriarch may look down on five generations, and yet not consider it a very extraordinary occurrence.

She presented a typical sight, this little maiden, when with book in hand she squatted down to read—with back erect as the palm tree that grows by yonder lake; her finely modelled head so perfectly placed on those little shoulders, bending slightly over the



Tara at Study

*Devi is a title given to the women of the highest caste. †An American lady, a native of San Francisco, who is residing now in Calcutta in the heart of the Hindoo Zenana doing strenuous educational work for Hindoo girls for ten years. ‡May. §The annual Kali festival celebrated during the new moon.

book; her plastic little legs crossed under her, securely covered by her loose, flowing gown, one tiny crimson-tinted toe perhaps peeping mischievously from under the jealous folds that tried to hide it—it seemed she was a poem and a little statue both in one.

She lived in a large house; it was the Calcutta residence of the family—a house surrounded by a court with a high brick wall around it, which gave it the appearance of a convent. In the house itself were the outer apartments and then the inner house. In the centre was a large open court, around which shading balconies cooled the adjoining rooms. The house was very old and cracked, it had seen many of Tara's ancestors, and that is saying a good deal. But it teemed with life and from within came the patter of little feet, and the sound of many youthful voices. It harbored many children, this ancient roof, sixteen in all—all brothers and sisters. They might be called cousins in Western lands, second and third cousins perhaps. But the Hindoo does not indulge in such terms, they sound too cold, too far away from the heart. Were they not all of one common ancestor? Why then make such distinctions?

They had merry times together, these little ones, when after the heat of the day they played together in the large yard, or with two or three little maids like herself, Tara sought a corner on the broad flat roof of the house, telling stories and laughing merrily until the naughty *dadas** appeared and spoiled it all for them, as brothers will the whole world over. She rose early in the morning, but when the sun was high, the streets were deserted under the noonday heat, when even the inevitable black crow sought the shade, and the big kite alone soared upward into the hot still sky, sending its wierd melancholy cry down to the world below, at that hot hour we find our little maiden in a cool corner of the house, cuddled closely

up to the dear form of her mother, oblivious to the heat, sky, kite and all. And again when the hour of twilight comes, that strange hour when the drooping sun sends mystery into the atmosphere, we see our little heroine on her mother's lap, with many little ones around her, all listening to a tale from one of India's great epic poems, the *Ramayana*, a story such as was told to the little Indian daughters a thousand years ago, from which they have drawn logic for many centuries, and which have done much to mold the character of the race. Or later, when her father, tired after a long day's work, found comfort in the cool embrace of home, we see our little maiden on his lap, with eyes aglow, narrating the incidents of the day until the worries of life seem all so little, seem all to melt away in the light of those glorious eyes.

As little Tara grew to be nearly seven years old there was a consultation between her parents one evening, and they agreed their little daughter must be sent to school. Accordingly the proposition was laid before her grandmother the next day, who consenting after a long discussion, our little heroine was sent. The school carriage called for her every day to take her to the Mahakali *Pathshala*†, where officiated the venerable Maharani Mataji, that austere *sanyasini*, who founded schools on strictly national lines, to retain in the women of India that fine old character that has molded the race, and which modern education is not half careful enough to preserve.

Here she learned the mysteries of the Sanskrit alphabet, and to repeat *slokas* orotund and rhythmic, in that ancient tongue, which is the language of the gods, the root of all known languages and the only one which is not ephomeral. She learned a little of reading and writing in her mother tongue and a little less of figures. But she learned that which is worth more, infinitely more than all the rest. She learned that the daughters of her

*Elder brothers. †School.

race have to fill a mighty place, and that they can attain it only by self-sacrifice and service. Ah! here lies a great part of the secret of India's strength. And ye of the West, who would condemn the systems of this land, learn first to understand the principles that have gone to build them.

She made many new friends at this school, but one which touched the heart more deeply than all others—Rani they called her, and thus it came about, their friendship. Rani brought a new pencil box to school one day and showed it around with great glee. Tara saw it, and in her naturally witty little way called out—

"You need not be so proud of your old box; it costs five pice."

"Ha, five pice," came the quick rejoinder, "you are going to have five-pice father-in-law."

That was a dreadful insult, and with tear-stained eyes the little insulted girl told her tale to the Head Pandit. Now the father-in-law's house is a standing joke among little Indian girls, and the learned Pandit, with a twinkle in his eyes and a desperate effort to appear serious, informed them both that if they would only study well and be good little girls, they would each have a rupee father-in-law. Then he made them sit beside each other for the remainder of the day and told them to try and make friends. That worked like magic. The father-in-law incident was soon forgotten, and two little tongues kept busy while two sweet young lives blended together in a friendship deep and lasting. And so deep became the bond between them in time that they promised the vow of being Sakhi to each other, that is to say, the friendship that is never broken, and the vow that can be given between two only. Two hearts joined in that vow know no secret from each other, and not even death has the power to sever it.

Thus the days passed sweetly and lengthened into years, and three hap-

py years passed before the little friends realized it.

But, alas, poor Tara, this is a world of many tears, and into your sweet young life sorrow is about to enter. For she whom you have chosen as life's fondest friend, she has been doomed to remain a few years only on this dust-clad star, the gods are calling her home to the place whence she came.

Little Rani stepped up to her mother one day with a strange tale. "Mother, I have read a new story from the Ramayana, come, let me tell it to you."

"Not to-day, my child, I shall be busy. You may tell it another time."

"But I cannot wait, mother, I am going to remain with you a short time only. Only three more days, and I shall be taken from you."

The unfortunate mother was overcome by consternation. She took her child into her arms and tried to make her promise never to say such a thing again. But little Rani was not to be persuaded, and as she had prophesied, so it came to pass. On the following day her frail form was seized by a violent fever, and on the third day the house was merged in sorrow, and the death wail arose in the room where little Rani closed the lids over her beautiful black eyes never to open them again.

This tale may sound strange to the reader, but it is a strange land, this India. Like the snow-clad range of the mighty Himalayas, that seems to float in mid-air, so does this land of India seem floating in the ether, midway between this world and that other that we dream of. Strange, too, it seemed to the writer of these lines; it filled her heart with awe at the soul of this child, for she knew the maiden well and loved her. Nor does it end here, this strange story. On the days following Rani's death, her little sister was seen standing in isolated places, speaking with somebody no one could see. And she was heard to promise, "On the day after

to-morrow I will join you." And thus it happened. When the day came little Buri was seized by a violent fit, and before evening another little form was taken from the house to the Ganga riverside, where the flame was kindled that consumed her sweet young body, while her soul was left free to roam through the realms of space together with the sister she had so longed to join.

And little Tara, how did she receive the news of the first great sorrow that her young life knew? It was her mother who told her. Taking her little one away to a quiet place, she took her on her lap, and resting that sweet young head against her heart, the mother told her child that little Rani was for the world no more. And against her mother's tender heart Tara wept—wept the tears of her first grief, a grief that lingered and that would follow her into the years to come.

She was so very sad that even the naughty dadas stopped teasing her, but held her hand and spoke tenderly to her. Her parents feared the grief might undermine her health. They could not, of course, send her to school for a long time, for there she would feel the absence of her friend the more. And so the mother got ready to take her little family to their Mamar Bari.

And what is Mamar Bari? Ah, that is the place than which to an Indian child there is none more dear. It is the maternal uncle's house. The mother was born and raised there, and her little ones spend half their sunny childhood within its walls. Here they are ever welcome, it is their second home, and it is a refuge, a haven of rest throughout all life. It is the terror of the modern educationist, this Mamar Bari, for they find their pupils, particularly the girls, half the time absent from school on account of it. Moreover, the Government schools under the present regulation must send their candidates for annual examination, girls as well as

boys. And the ambitious Memsahib, who after much weary labour hopes to have her candidates shine on that auspicious day, arrives in school one morning to learn to her consternation that her most brilliant lights have absented themselves, just perhaps a month before this important event is to occur. And where are they? They are eating sweetmeats in Mamar Bari, and as to your examinations, Madam,—well, they are your affair, you may take care of them.

It is difficult to adjust the Oriental idea of education to that which the West of the present day is producing. The Hindu would call the latter a system of memorizing. Education, according to Eastern ideas, is something that is to draw the whole nature nearer to the Eternal, to develop a deep-rooted logic that can conceive the why and wherefore of being; an unfolding of the heart to understand the world the more, to understand spiritual existence the better and to draw into its sympathy all life. Reading and writing may or may not be added. Thus were they educated, the women of the old school, who exercised great influence over their communities. But this is a world of change and science is to do the work, transmit the knowledge, that was at one time transmitted through the rock temples (and the pyramids) through the ancient epic poems and traditions. And now these people, ever slow to move and to yield to new impulses, are standing at a cross-road—India is in a state of transition. It is dangerous work, that of educating the women at this critical period. The educator must beware lest in the giving he may not cause more to be lost than he gives. To Westernize India's daughters would mean ruin to the race. And yet the old school is practically gone. What is wanted is a system combining the old heart-culture with the head-culture of the West: this is the problem that confronts the modern educationist.

But to return to Tara—to this Mamar Bari, this blissful retreat,

where she was taken. And here she was petted and indulged and overfed with sweetmeats until she became fretful, and got boils, and when through over-feeding and over-indulgence they become quite unmanageable, these little tyrants, Mamar Bari sends them home to recuperate and get ready for the next visit. Thus amid affection and sweetmeats and terms of fond endearment the little Indian girl spends the sunny days of her childhood.

But there were serious discussion in Tara's maternal uncle's house this time. Her grandmother looked at



Tara the Would-be Bride

her long and earnestly and then she consulted with her husband and her sons and her daughters and daughter-in-law and her cousins and the many neighbors who came to visit her, and finally wound up by calling the Ghotki, that inevitable individual that cannot be dispensed with when a girl passes her tenth year, for she it is who makes the matches.

But it is not an easy task, that of finding a husband for a girl. All the

male and female relatives on both sides of the house have to take steps in the matter. And so it happened that our little heroine was nearly twelve years old before the matter was finally decided. Not that there was any want of suitors, but there was invariably something wrong. In one case the grandmother had had a cancer, in another one of the mother's brothers did not bear a good character, again the young suitor had failed in last year's examination. One there was who might have stood the test, but poor boy, he had no mother. "How can I send my daughter unto a motherless house?" called out Tara's mother in despair, "who will pet my child, who will train her, if she has no mother-in-law?" They are pretty hard to please, these Indian ladies, and willing or not willing, the men must yield.

On one occasion one of Tara's father's cousins mentioned the name of a widower who was a gentleman of good standing and substantial means. But there was such an outcry in the Zenana that he was glad to get away and say no more on the subject. A man must be very poor and have many daughters before his wife will consent to give her child to one who has already known love. On another occasion, when all seemed favorable, the ladies discovered that he had a flat nose, and the suitor was again refused.

But after a long and weary search one was found who was satisfactory. There had been no hereditary ailments in his family for five generations; for five generations there had not been a member of the house who could not stand the severe Indian criticism as regards character; personally he was intellectual, good-looking and young. As regards his social position there was no question about it, no Hindu can marry his daughter into a family beneath him in rank, marriages are never made in the same Gotra.* He had father and

*Caste division.

mother and sisters and brothers, so the whole system was complete.

Evolution is collective in this land. Marriages are not so much a question of promoting happiness as one of adding to the wellbeing of the community, and the first consideration is supposed to keep that pure. The individual is trained to merge his personality into the whole and sacrifice his private interests to the caste to which he belongs.

At last arrived the eventful day when the prospective father-in-law, accompanied by several friends, came to the house to see the little bride. And we now find the little heroine of our tale at the important task of having her toilet made. Her grandmother, and her mother, assisted by her aunts and several other ladies, were busy at decking her sweet form with pretty garments. And fair she looked, this little damsel, in her flowing silken robes and rich gold ornaments. Women must be dressed as their rank demands. It is a religious duty devolving on the Indian householder to secure for wife and daughters suitable ornaments. And woe betide him who fails in this duty, for is it not written in Manu's Law of a house in which women are not honored that such a house will fall?

But Tara received that which is vastly more precious than silk or gold. She received words of counsel and admonition which fell deep into her soul. "My daughter," said the grand-dame, "you stand now at the threshold of your new life. The house in which you were born is not your real home, a woman must follow her husband. Remember, you are the daughter of an ancient race, fourteen generations look down upon you. Among them there has not once been a woman who has failed in the performance of her duty, who has not served her husband and his people till she drew her last breath, ever praying for the boon to precede husband and sons into death. Let the noble blood of your ancestors assert

itself in you." And then there came a number of examples hoary with age, of women of the past who had attained to great spiritual heights because no task had been too heavy to secure the well-being of those they loved, until Tara's young spirit rose with pride and determination to be second to none in nobility of life.

It is on these lines that the character of the Indian race evolves. The duties before them may be great, the etiquette is always rigid, but one must know these women at forty to see the result. They cast around them a strong sense of self-respect that is not conscious of personal merit, but which has been developed by years of discipline in which not once the severe rules that regulates their lives have been broken. Theirs is not a life of servitude, but one of self-sacrifice and cheerful service, such as only the soul, trained in the Hindu religion, can grasp, and which has prepared for the race a highly superior type of womanhood. It is the women upon whom has developed the task of preserving the nationality of the land; but for them the Hindus would have ceased to be a nation through these dark cycles of suffering and hardships.

But where is Tara? Ah, she is ready—ready to appear before her father-in-law. Filled with inspiration of the future before her, the flush of youth on her fair young face blending softly with the maidenly shyness that lingered on her drooping lashes, she looked almost too fair for this world. A cloud-fairy, it would seem, had slid down on a silver beam to see this earth just once.

She entered with palpitating heart and was told to seat herself on a rug. She was already known to the visitors, having visited in their houses. They observed her closely, however, and decided in their minds that her features were regular—the nose equiline, the mouth well curv-

ed, forehead not too high, etc., etc. The Hindus are severe critics of beauty, and that makes the selection of a bride often very difficult work.

All being agreeable, the prospective father-in-law wound up by saying that he would consult his elder brother about the matter, and he consenting, the arrangements would be made and the word would be sent in a day or two. And word was sent in due time, and all was settled.

Next the horoscopes of the two young people was consulted, and it was found that their characters were fitted for each other. They were both Dev-gan.* Tara was Beepra-burna, that is to say, one whose touch meant blessing, and who would attain to great spirituality, a Brahmini of the soul as well as by right of birth.

Now began a lively time in the house. The goldsmith was sent for and orders were given for ornaments. The sari woman came daily with a new supply, and each time selections were made. Cosmetics and perfumes and a hundred smaller toilet articles were procured. The guests began to arrive from the interior, for the wedding was to take place within a few days. Presents exchanged daily between the two houses, servants, numbering as high as twenty, arrived carrying brass trays on their heads, which contained gifts of sweetmeats, fruits, saris, veils, etc. They received their meals each time they came, and oh, how busy everybody was. Then came the day of the ceremonial bath, for which her future mother-in-law sent the unguents. This day preceded the wedding-day. Meanwhile little Tara was half giddy with excitement in expectation of the life before her.

The wedding-day is a very trying

one for the little bride, at least so it would appear to the onlooker. But the little Indian girl takes great pride in all the ceremonies which she has to perform and the fast through the day that dare not be broken. Nothing could induce her to take the smallest particle of food. And Tara went through the ordeal with as much cheerfulness and as much pride as any little bride ever did. Up with the dawn she rose, and the day seemed not a bit too long for her.

At 9 o'clock in the evening excitement reached its height. "The bridegroom is coming!" This joyous shout electrified the house. Everybody wished to take a peep—everybody but the poor little bride herself who must sit complacently in a corner and wait and wait and practice patience.

And gorgeously arrayed he came, the new son-in-law. Preceded by torchbearers and a band playing the bridal tune, he was himself seated on a large platform borne on the shoulders of eight stalwart coolies. He was received by the bride's father and conducted to the seat of honour, where he remained quietly seated until the auspicious moment arrived. The day of the marriage as well as the hour in which the nuptial tie is to be bound, is always set by the astrologer, and the latter is invariably late in the evening, sometimes past midnight. It was 11 o'clock in our Tara's case. The ceremony is very long, usually lasting some hours. It begins with the bridegroom and the bride's father, but the most impressive part of it commences when the little bride appears.

And so she did appear, our charming little heroine, seated on a small square wooden board, on which, in Sanskrit, words of good augury were written. She was clad in rose coloured silk and gauze from the top of her stately head to the tip of her

*The Indian astrologers divide characters into three divisions, Dev-gan, Nur-gan and Rakush-gan. Of these Dev-gan is the highest. People belonging to different divisions will not agree in marriage.

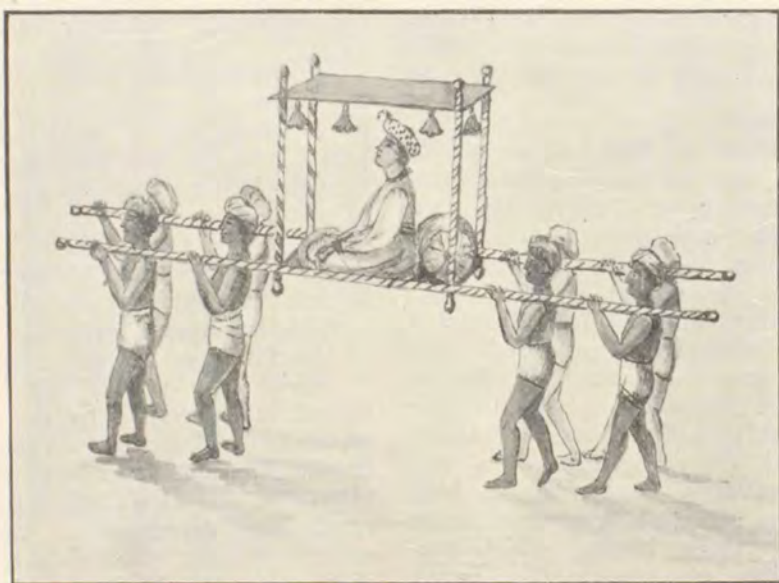
little crimson-tinted toes, just a goddess.

The bridegroom stood erect, facing the East, and the ladies—seven in number, all relatives of the bride—now took part in the ceremony. They walked around the bridegroom in procession headed by the bride's mother, all carrying little bundles of sticks burning with a bright flame, and looked as if they were going to set their gauzy garments on fire at any moment. But they did not, nor ever do, for although it looks dangerous—this fire in the hands of chatting, smiling little ladies—the Indian women have such an easy way of moving about that the Vedic fire is quite safe in their hands.

And now at last came the little

held a candle so that they might see each other well, and joked, of course, while he did so, for they must stand tall on their wedding-day, neither of them dare say a word.

And our little Indian maiden, how did she feel at this first glance? At first she was quite timid, she dared not lift her eyes, but being urged on by him who held the candle, she looked up. Yes, she looked up, and she saw gazing into her own two deep black eyes, eyes that seemed to speak to her of ages long ago, ages when in other forms she had walked this earth again and again—again and again to be united to him who stood before her as her husband now. A thrill of delight went through the



Tara's Bridegroom Riding to Her Father's House in Wedding Procession

bride's turn. Carried by three of her relatives she was borne around the bridegroom seven times. And then came the great moment of her life, for now for the first time they who were to walk the road of life together were to look into each other's eyes. A large shawl was suspended over their heads, held at each corner by an attendant. Her maternal uncle

maiden's young heart, she saw the future stretched out before her smiling and happy, for he was no stranger to her, he was the Lord of her soul, part of her being. It was the training of the Hindu character that asserted itself. It is not a question of discovering mutual attraction by previous contact, but that love must find its own in the depth of the soul.

And he who gazed at her, what did he experience? How often in after life did he not tell her all that he had felt that moment, that he had discovered in her as she did in him, the comrade of the soul throughout all ages until the Great Silence is reached.

This ceremony over they return to the priest, who performed again numerous rites, each one of which had reference to the different stages of life that are to be passed through. When they arose their garments were knotted together, and thus they went to the inner apartment. Here they were received by the female guests who greeted them and met the bridegroom with unveiled faces, for this is the day on which there is no restraint.

The marriage is, however, only a betrothal, and the young people are not left without a chaperone during the short time that they are together, and they must observe the strictest etiquette.

Little Tara went through it all with downcast eyes. On the day following the marriage, she was taken to her new home to be formally introduced to her husband's—now her own—people. Again that picturesque ride on the canopied platform, carried on the shoulders of coolies. This time they sat together, whose young lives had been joined.

A more charming picture cannot be imagined than that of a young bride being taken to her father-in-law's

house. Veiled in gauze and silk, adorned with rich jewelries, she sits on an artistic throne beside her young husband. It seems the doors of fairyland had opened—a Cinderella outfit indeed. But modesty must be her greatest jewel, and the little girl-bride looks the more charming because of her drooping lashes and slightly bent head. The band precedes as on the day of the bridegroom's coming, and slowly the procession moves.

It was nearly evening before Tara's marriage procession reached its destination, and it was her eldest sister-in-law, her husband's eldest brother's wife, who received her. The conveyance having entered the court, away from the gaze of the curious crowd, she came and carried her little new sister-in-law into the house; for she must not cross the threshold unaided who enters her new home. Would she be so little welcome as to have to walk into the house? Here again numerous ceremonies awaited her, all indicative of the life before her.

There were festivities and many guests in her honour, and it seemed as if the gaities would never end. The following day the little bride sat in state, and many were the visitors that came to see her. All blest her and called on Heaven for her future happiness, while ever she sat with downcast eyes and spoke not, her veil half drawn over her pretty face.

[To be concluded]

India: A Prayer

By Maud Lalita Johnson

In dreams and fancies oft I see
A stretch of land o'er the Western Sea,
And forests deep and azure sky
And rivers bold and mountains high—
This land unknown—ah, yet I know
'Tis India, my India.

And faces, too, of dusky brown
That loving look into my own,
With hands outstretched in warm desire
With eyes aglow and hearts afire,
They call me now—oh let me go
To India, my India!

Hindoo Preachers in America

By ADELIA BEE ADAMS

AMONG the heterogeneous assortment of passengers carried eastward from American shores on the S. S. Minnesota in September of 1907, was one whose appearance was as unique as would be that of some rare and brightly-plumaged tropical bird alighted amidst a flock of barnyard fowls.

And because of the going of that dark-skinned, dark-eyed, yellow-turbaned, and yellow-robed native of the Orient, on that bright September day, many Americans were sad, for in his departure they were losing one who, to them, had indeed been guide, philosopher and friend, and more, much more than that phrase usually signifies, for he, a Hindoo of Hindoos, coming to them almost straight from the Indian jungles, had, by his love-magnetized personality, set the eternal seal of his spirit upon all with whom he had come into intimate contact in this Western land.

So today, because of the return to America of the Hindoo Baba, there is rejoicing in the hearts of thousands who already knew him, as there will be undoubted anticipatory pleasure in the minds of many who had not formerly the opportunity to meet him and profit by his personal efforts to introduce to Western understanding his vast, yet simple world-old philosophy of life, illumined by his own deep spirituality.

Since the advent of some of these earnest-souled Hindoo preachers, and Baba Bharati in special, there has been growing throughout the West a pronounced tendency to seek below the surface for the vital principle of things. In the churches there has been a stir, an animated effort, as of one who has been near to death, but who, revived by some po-

tent elixir, slowly struggles to renewed life and consciousness.

Even the ministers have been gradually enlarging their thought-field, some of them going so far as to step perceptibly outside the narrow paths of orthodoxy and custom, and to preach a broader and more comprehensive doctrine. A few, who have recognized in the old Vedic-religion the very essence of what our own Oriental Christ came on earth to teach, have frankly broken away from creed limitations and are boldly preaching under a more liberal banner. These, of course, do not entirely escape missiles "fired" at them by those who prefer to remain in the old complacent grooves, but they have the approval of the thinkers.

The ethics of the beautiful and scientific philosophy of the Vedas are being gradually infused into old dogmas, with the result that there is noticeably more life and power in the sermons of the ministers and more spiritual awakening among the laymen. And not only among church people is this spiritual stir observed; persons who had not before become interested in matters religious, having come in contact with the logical teachings and lovable personalities of the Oriental exponents of the laws of life, and found them to be the laws of Love—which means also the laws of God, having been aroused thereby to the longing for spiritual truth which exists, consciously or dormant, in every heart, have joyously continued to seek and to grow in the new-old way of unfoldment. That this is true the current literature of the country, as well as the rostrums, give ample evidence.

Few men of the West have been gifted

with the eloquence and clear logic, combined with the personal magnetism of features illumined with the light and power of the Spirit within, as have been two Hindoo preachers—Swami Vivekananda and Baba Bharati—whose very personality attracts men's souls to God. And our literature has had no such valuable contributions from Western thought as their writings; setting forth as they do, in the clearest and simplest English, the whole philosophy of life as it is taught in the Oriental scriptures.

Modestly established in various parts of the United States are little schools,

each presided over by an Oriental *Gooroo* for the propagation of that part of Hindoo philosophy known as the New Vedanta; but not until Baba Bharati came—the latest comer to the West, of the Hindoo teachers—was the original Vedanta given us in all its subtle, glorious and ancient philosophy. Through the path of Absolute Love—*Prem Bhakti*—he would lead all who will follow along that path, to the attainment of the highest Bliss; a Bliss which, he says, may be realized in this life—here and now—for "*The kingdom of God is within you.*"

The Topmost Topic

By BABA BHARATI

THE dynamiting of the "Los Angeles Times" building is now the topmost topic and deserves to be so for many months. But in this eddy of roaring events whose name is America, the eddy into which even the most phenomenal events sink and disappear after circling around it for a moment's while, in this surging ocean of reckless, resistless, unthinkable human activity whose mountainous waves swallow one another in a wink, in this land of the newest world whose every morning's news is ancient history in the afternoon, it is a wonder that this world-appalling catastrophe has kept excitement fanned up for even these two weeks. Yet this appalling catastrophe has been called an outrage, how mild the Americans are at times! It is, however, the right word in the right place. It is a country as much of awe-inspiring enterprises as of such blood-curdling catastrophes. Events like the dynamiting of the "Times" are common, almost natural I was going to say. But I have found a better word than that. It is normal, just the normal outcome of an evolution of few-fangle ideas of life born of violent vilitions of matter-crazed mind. This craze pervades all strata of human society in the domain of that I call the new civilization which is rapidly developing the taste of high living and wrong thinking. The wrong thinking is for the high living and the taste of the high-living make

the wrong thinking worse and worse. The Trusts are the result of the love high living. The Trusts accomplish their merciless objects by means of money, silently, respectably. The men without the Trust's money, but fired with the desire of the Trust's self-aggrandisement at any cost of their fellowmen, accomplish their objects through vengeance.

The inhumanity of the "Times" disaster crazes the thinker of it. Gen. Otis, its chief proprietor, is a multi-millionaire a hard-worker, a person of indomitable mind-force. He will survive his half million of loss in property, much of which may be insured or all. He has already survived it along with the "Times" which came out, Phoenix-like, from the ashes the very morning of the outrage. And it is rapidly regaining its full shape and life. But the charred remains of twenty innocent lives, blown into atoms and burnt in the flames, kindled by the dynamite, are real trophies of the human hell-hounds who perpetrated the deed. They knew these only would suffer. They knew the Times could not be killed, the building would rise again soon enough, a grander structure, the business would thrive as ever. It is to kill these human lives only they put in the dynamite.

The moral issue of the catastrophe is greater than even the consideration of the catastrophe, so cruelly killed innocent human life and all. It is a horror greater

(Continued on page 38)

The Unexpressed

By HENRY CHRISTEEN WARNACK

ALL philosophy seeks to discern the relation between what is known to be finite and what seems to be absolute. The world is perpetually at work in an endeavor to comprehend the relation of the individual to the whole. An answer that will satisfy the consciousness of all persons is impossible, for the reason that this eternal question is the issue of the individual, and facing it is the one fact of being which forces advancement. The answer must be original with each because there are no words in which one intelligence could possibly convey such an inspiration to the intelligence of another.

Man is a unit, but God is unity. As the individual approaches the consciousness of unity he finds himself in greater and greater need of consistency. There comes a time with all seekers when they dare not go on until they are established in that symmetry of character which will bear the great light. At such a point there will beat upon the soul waves from the vast and eternal sea of being of such a power that the brain cannot comprehend the experience. It is then that the consistency of the support between body and spirit is put to the last test, and that we teach those things which flesh and blood have not revealed.

In the stillness the soul speaks. We hear the voice of Self. We may think that it is the voice of another or the voice of many others, but in reality it is only that true Self speaking to us and through us. The Self has the power of the highest initiations, but the Self conditions the earning of these initiations, exactly as an extraneous delegate might do, and the order is as distinct and is as recognizable to its own and to higher orders

as though the degrees were received from an external source.

There are many reasons why a person who has reached advanced growth may not speak except in parables. Often the Spirit breathes its parables through unconscious instruments. Others are aware of a great consciousness and are lawful in its expression. They delay any necessity for abrupt translation to another plane or for confusion of the personality through transmigration upon this plane.

George Du Maurier's Martian and his Peter Ibbetson are betrayals, but they are within the law, because in the Martian the principle of the north sense and in Peter Ibbetson the principle of the conscious astral are concealed in such a manner as to become suggestive and inspirational. The same thing is true of every novel, poem or essay of this character by any author. The person reduced through his own issues to the base necessity of written expression is never permitted to transgress the law of functional impulse. The minute this crisis is passed he ceases to manifest upon this plane. He has a right to teach or to write in a way that inspires functional impulse, but he can go no farther. If he attempted to do so, this token of irresponsibility would put him to hopeless confusion, and the world would not credit his sanity.

The only word which can teach is that word which arouses within the unit some of the power of its own consciousness. That is the value of all form. To know the names and places of all stars is not to know the astrology of Self. To know logic is not to know the terms of that process which is the Self. The astronomy and the logic which lead a man to the within, so that he will discover his

own issues, is the teaching that is legitimate. This is what is wanted by the functional use of form.

The wise teacher and the great master must not only avoid anything unseemly or spectacular, but he must be concealed in terms easy to the understanding of all and especially recognizable by those who are endeavoring to put their lives upon a plane of Spirit. The most he can do for any pupil or for any candidate is to suggest some words and forms which will indicate to the pupil his own position and which will inspire in the candidate the impulse to function. It is something like going to a dictionary for the meaning of a word. All that we discover is the correspondences of the word. Its origin, its inherency and the process of which it is a term can never appear. They are not printable. They would be as much of a betrayal as the most extravagant announcement of a member of the highest order. Yet every word contains all of the mystery and the significance of form and spirit, and to fix the attention understandingly upon any word would give the growing consciousness a key to the within.

We sometimes meet with people who at once delight and perplex us. They suggest a world of richness and power to us and then seem to shut the door of heaven in our faces. There are many reasons for this and none of them appear on the surface. It frequently happens that one person in the presence of another will be aware of the subjective consciousness of both. Such persons recognize all that lies in the inner mind of their own selves and of us. We are always fascinated by the truths and the beauty they reveal to us. We are held breathless by their vision because, in a dim way, we realize that we are viewing the reflection of our own souls.

The truth is, such a man does show you your own soul, plus all that is strong and beautiful in his own. His expression is the flower of his genius and of your own. It possesses all the ardor and all the fineness of you and himself. His vision is the image within your heart and his. After he has left you, there is some-

times the slightest bit of envy on your own part, because he has seen and expressed that richer portion of you which you have failed to recognize and reveal for yourself. His faculty of relating the within to the without is a reproach to you.

It often happens that we feel some impatience with those who arouse the very best within us. The man or the woman who stirs us to the center of our being nearly always is confronted by our impatience and restlessness, when we should meet them with joy and with gratitude. The very fact that they see and reflect that beauty and strength of us which we fail in some degree to express for ourselves, causes us to experience a certain sense of annoyance in their presence.

Two things are to be remembered about those who assume a great deal. One is that we can never know how much they conceal. The other is that every person is responsible for his announcement of universal law. It is impossible that a man should make an assumption that he will not have an opportunity and a necessity to demonstrate. He is not teaching, advising or leading you. He is simply instructing himself, and if he has not lived to the level of his assumption, he is forecasting the path which he, himself, is to tread.

No man ever uttered a great principle but that it immediately became his own issue. There is an awful responsibility in dealing with the doctrines of life, and every teacher is brought to a hasty and fearful recognition of this great truth. The minute a man assumes a point touching the deeper mysteries of being, he places himself in the attitude of the man who borrows money from a bank on sound collateral. His body, his mentality and his soul are back of every announcement he makes and he will have every word of it to demonstrate, as truly as a man will be forced to return to a bank the money he has borrowed on good security. We are judged by every idle word and when we treat with the higher orders we are dealing with life in a sense so responsible that it is impossible for the brain to comprehend it.

Many times the teacher, in a flash of revelation and in a moment of inspiration, will declare that wisdom and that glory which he has not yet demonstrated in his own personality, but his announcement positively commits him to that growth which lies within the fullest demonstration of all that he has spoken. It is the way of the soul that leads him. It is the light of his feet, and if no one in the world shall understand him, or if all the world shall doubt him, his vision remains his own issue and his own inspiration, and its satisfaction is certain to be the outcome of his being.

Sooner or later every life proves its own utterance to the last letter. The courageous life beholds the far vision and declares the radiant word, regardless of what any other in the world may think concerning him.

If you are perplexed by what a beautiful soul may seem to assume rather than to approve, remember that, while you know all that he assumes, you can never know the authority of his declaration, and, above all, you can never know how much he may conceal. No great teacher has ever startled the world by the strangeness and the power of his revela-

tion and expression, who did not veil the true idea with great subtlety of term and who did not conceal vastly more than ever he revealed. For this reason Walt Whitman announced that better than to express the best is to leave the best unsaid.

The master conceals what is precious for two reasons. One of these is that revelation is always personal and original and cannot be expressed to the intelligence of others. The other is that the only value of any form or of any term is its inspiration through suggestion. It is impossible to consider the spirit of any term without being led into personal revelation and into the most precious and eternal knowledge. As we approach the center for the Self and earn the initiations of the Self we are able to understand that the most indirect expression of any truth is a betrayal. The less assistance required from the betrayal of others the further we are trusted by the Self. People see so little of the real master because they are utterly without gratitude. This lack of appreciation on the part of the unprepared and the irresponsible causes every master to suffer crucifixion.

The Topmost Topic

(Continued from page 35)

than the horrors of the Inquisition. If some of the Laborites have enacted it, it shows, clear as noonday, it was concerted scheme of some human-looking biped bereft of the least trace of moral serfiends and monsters of old incarnated in human flesh. And yet they are "civilized" beings, members of a world-wide civilized organization whose object is to destroy the good will and amity between employees and employers of world-old honest labor. "If you do not accept our creed of organized labor," whether you like it or not, and do not demand wages higher than what you are getting and stop work if your demand is not satisfied, we will blow you up by dynamite." What is the difference between the terrors of the Inquisition and this? The difference is that the horrors of the inquisition were perpetrated within closed doors in secrecy. And these are enacted openly, recklessly outraging the whole world's feelings.

* * *

But whoever they are, Laborites or others, their action in this event is worth analyzing in order to find out what is the cause of its unhuman craziness. But what is of more worth is to remove the cause which generates such craziness in otherwise brainy people. The cause, it will be found, is the ignorance of inner or true laws of life which can be learnt through illuminated ancient philosophy, concepts of thought whose light illumines the darkened mind, darkened by selfishness. Ye have invented wonderful material instruments, ye quick-witted Americans! Now turn your minds to the inventions of peace-radiating, love-inspiring concepts of life. Your material incentives, which only serve the material interests of man only, making him more and more restless and covetous in spirit, will be forgotten in time soon to come. But your concepts of harmony born out of the soul of it will not only serve man's permanent interests, but make him happy for evermore.

Hindoo and American Thought

By L. BYRD MOCK, M. A.

THE transcendental movement in American thought, of which Emerson was the high priest and prophet, had certainly its origin in the ancient Oriental philosophies, though many devotees of this great thinker fail to yield the credit to its true source. Emerson, above all, is responsible for the wonderful wave of New Thought that has swept America in the last quarter of a century. But, as is known to many, Emerson was a student of Hindoo religion and philosophy and he was so natural a medium for its absorption that it is believed by some Hindoo sages that he was an illuminated Brahman in a former birth. This is a most plausible theory in regard to the character and teachings of this American philosopher whose thought has lifted the veil for millions of eyes which were eagerly looking for the light, though little did they dream it was the Light of India which was blessing their blinded vision. Explained in the light of Karma, Emerson is the most logical product of modern times. By Karma is meant the effect of actions, good or bad, in this or in previous states of existence. Anything done or thought or felt is Karma. The word is derived from the Sanscrit "kri," to do. Karma determines the sum and substance of what you are in this life, what you have been in the past lives and what you will be in the future states of existence.

The slightest wave of emotion will tell on the character for ages, so we see that Karma, in its effect on character, is one of the most tremendous powers with which man has to deal. Viewed in this light there is no achievement man cannot attain, no height to which he cannot soar; for the effects of Karma are eternal, limitless and govern a man absolutely.

The supreme consolation offered by the Hindoo doctrine of Re-incarnation is that, sooner or later, we will get what we want. If that which we wish for, wait for and dream about in this life does not come to us, it will surely be ours in another incarnation, if we live so as to deserve the things we crave.

The eternal law is that one cannot get anything unless one earns it. The truth is the one idea of Eastern philosophy and its object is to awaken and free the soul and to give it perfect God-consciousness, since religion with the Hindoo is the real business of life, not a mere diversion, recreation or fad, as is so often the case with Americans. Is it not the height of impertinence on our part, therefore, to send our missionaries to teach the Hindoo to be religious? If the gentle and unassuming Hindoo chose to do so, he could unfold to our arrogant missionary treasures of soul and beauties of thought that would make him tremble at his temerity in attempting to teach religion to the Hindoo. Let the Hindoo alone. He knows more about true religion and the real soul than any sect on earth. With the Hindoo the soul is the thing; everything else is subservient. For Americans to attempt to teach the Hindoo something which he knows more about than they will know in the next five thousand years, reminds one of a little child trying to teach its grandmother her A B C's. The humblest Hindoo understands better the miracles of Christ's appearance and actions on earth than does the majority of our learned Western divines, for only a Hindoo can really comprehend the Incarnation and supernatural performances of the Deity. The Hindoo religion is the very quintessence of spirituality. It is transcendental Christianity which not

only includes Christ, but furnishes many prototypes of the Christ known as Jesus. The Hindoo's greatest Christ is Krishna, who became incarnate 5000 years ago, and who comes to earth to inspire men with his love, once in every 3,000,000 years, or at the end of every Divine Cycle.

We have much to learn from India. It is not necessary that we give up one iota of our own religion, nor is it necessary that we even adopt the ritual or symbolism of the Hindoo belief. It is only needful that we study the philosophical side of their religion in order the better to understand our own and get a deeper insight into it. Hindoo teachings make Christ comprehensible. India has a message for us which would revolutionize our spiritual life if we would only hear. Mind power at present is the subject of deepest interest to the most advanced scientists and philosophers of our country. Science is proving the limitless possibilities of the human mind. When modern searchers after truth finally discover the laws of the mental plane, as they have unfolded the laws of the material side of life they will view Hindoo history in a new light, and will see that the things which they regard as absurd or mythical are really the purest of psychical phenomena effected by exact law.

We think that we have learned much, but what do we know of the real inner life—the life of the soul? What do we know or care about it? To get money, get houses, fine clothes and outshine our neighbors is a national ambition. Not even our clergy are free from the taint of commercialism. Some of them can be tempted by a wider field and a bigger salary. We are selfish to the last degree; we seldom think of helping our neighbor without at least wondering what he is going to do for us. We cannot separate our acts from the thought "What is it going to mean to me?" The Hindoo teaches us to accept with gratitude all opportunities for giving assistance to others, without thought of remuneration; to be grateful for the moral gymnastics afforded us by doing a good turn to another. Another valuable lesson we may learn from the Hindoo brother is

how to estimate time. "You Americans do not know the value of time," said the Hindoo sage, Baba Bharati, in an interview in Seattle. "You are living too fast. We need quiet of mind when we want to do great things. You only know that time gives money and bread to the people, but in reality there is no such thing as time, it is simply a cognition by the inner mind of the changes that are taking place about us in nature. You look at life on the surface; we of the Orient look at it in its depths, in the cool and quiet places, where there is no turbulence and no need of scramble."

The Hindoo solution of the universal quest for happiness affords us food for thought. They say that because the whole Universe, of which we all are parts, had come out of the Eternal Abode of Happiness where it dwelt before creation, we are all seeking this Absolute Bliss even in the pursuit of material pleasures, only most of us do not know it, a bliss that cannot be secured through the physical senses. We are all consciously or unconsciously trying to re-attain the original state of happiness we enjoyed before we came out from the bosom of God, as tiny parts of Creation. It is only in the development of God-consciousness that we can even partially enjoy this original state of Bliss while we remain as citizens of the earth.

The Hindoo believes in the final happiness and holiness of all mankind. The idea of such an atrocious doctrine as eternal punishment so long preached from our American pulpits, to the Hindoo is rank blasphemy, an insult to Divine Law and Love. Above all, the Hindoo worships a God of Love. "The riddle of the Universe will be solved through love" declare their sages. Even on earth "man cannot live without love, without loving something holy," says Baba Bharati.

The Hindoo stands in wonder at the alarming spread of the American divorce evil, and he contrasts the conditions with that of his own country, where 90 per cent. of the marriages are happy, and he seeks to find out the cause of our divorces and suggests some means for prevention; or rather, the prevention of marriage

whose inevitable end lies in the divorce court. To be sure the Hindoo believes in soul-affinities. Not in soul-affinities which some Americans now believe in, but through the development of soul-consciousness, or God-consciousness. The American should, says the Hindoo, learn to know real from false affinities before marriage takes place.

In India though marriage contracts are made between children, they are made by "moral alchemists," who arrange them according to the horoscope of the contracting parties, and under no circumstances would a marriage be contracted by parties whose horoscopes showed them to be uncongenial. In India they are married according to the science

of the soul; in America they are married according to the pocket book.

Through the teachings of Emerson and the spread of Theosophical societies, American life has been touched on the surface by the glories of the Hindoo teachings, but what the country needs is to tap the fountain-head of this wonderful philosophy, and the pure crystal waters of Hindoo spirituality will flow over the parched sands of American materialism and, percolating through the soil, will touch into life the latent seed-thoughts which will burst forth into soul-flowers of such rare beauty and fragrance that the whole world will stand in amazement at the product.

The Mystery of Life

By Lillian Gail Armstrong

Confusion of misdirected thoughts cause us to be incapable of acknowledging a completed creation. The plant absorbing the sun's rays and the dews of night, unless torn by adverse winds, grows and blossoms into fullness. The tree on the mountainside by the same process, if the elements are kind, reveals the same truth. All animal creation is helplessly subject also to environments while materially manifesting itself. The mind of man, subject to change, imperfectly manifests creation. But back of all stands the soul, the source of all power, the source of all wisdom, the source of all love; unchangeable, for it is a part of a completed creation, the solution of the mystery of life.

I saw a tiger lily growing in the midst of a bed of weeds, sent forth to live its life of beauty and of love. My heart stood still in rapture. The summer winds played softly o'er the grasses, my soul cried out with exultation at the vision of reflected radiance from a perfect crea-

tion. The mystery of thy being, sweet flower, is hidden in God and the truth is manifested in thy truth. Such is the condition of the soul. The mystery lies in His keeping, but the voice of love waits only an opportunity, teaching you the solution of this mystery and its perfection. The sound of this voice is sweeter than the hymns of angels, louder than the rush of many waters, yet the mind wholly absorbed in striving and getting, contemplating the world's doings, bequathes unto itself no hour for meditation in which to learn the essential, in which to learn the central truth of wisdom wherein the mystery of life absolves itself. The lily but manifested its creation, the force of its manifestation stilling my mind, while the voice of the soul clearly said unto me, "Go thou and do likewise; show the perfection of thine own creation; concentrate the forces of thy mind upon sweet service to humanity, and thou, too, shalt make hearts beat in rapture and in ecstasy."

Men should be judged, not by their tint of skin,
The food they eat, the vintage that they drink;
Nor by the way they fight or love or sin,
But by the quality of thought they think.—*Lawrence Hope.*

Sitting Bull

By ALFRED B. GILBERT, M. D.

Illustrations by Carrie M. Gilbert

Sitting Bull, the great Sioux medicine man and warrior, was born on Willow Creek, near the mouth of the Cheyenne River, about the year 1832. He was the son of Jumping Bull, a Sioux chief. Sitting Bull, at an early age became a famous hunter and killed buffalo for his tribe. At thirteen his name was changed to Lamé Bull on account of a wound he received in a fight with another Indian, years older than himself, but this name was not permanent. Before he reached his fifteenth year he began to develop traits which made him a terror to Indians and whites alike. Sitting Bull was fearless under all circumstances, a magnificent rider, an accurate shot, and capable of enduring an extraordinary amount of fatigue. There are many stories of Sitting Bull's cruelty; some are no doubt exaggerations. His nature was kind, as was shown in 1873 when he was on his way with a small band to Fort Peck. He found a short distance from the fort three white men lying asleep under a tree. His followers wanted to kill and scalp them on the spot and secure their arms and horses. This the chief would not allow, and stood over them till all his band had passed. Next day, in the fort, Sitting Bull walked up to the leader, Mr. Campbell, and shook hands. Mr. Campbell said he did not know him. "I am Sitting Bull," was his reply, "and I gave you your life yesterday." The chief proceeded to explain in a manner that satisfied Campbell that what he said was true, and in gratitude offered rewards, but Sitting Bull declined all such proffers.

Sitting Bull first became widely known to the white people of America in 1866. In that year he led a terrible raid against the settlers and military post at Fort Buford. His path was marked with

blood. As the marauders approached the fort the commander of the post shot and killed his own wife, at her earnest request, to save her from the more cruel fate of falling into the hands of the Sioux. Sitting Bull's attitude was defiant, and to emphasize his contempt for the pale-face, he would never speak a word of English, or admit for a moment that he understood it. General Morrow was in command of Fort Buford in 1869, and when numerous depredations were committed and stock



stolen, Sitting Bull was accused, but he denied the charge with great vigor, and not long afterward one of his men was killed. He charged that the killing was unprovoked and had been done by a soldier. He made a demand for some sort of a settlement, and displayed such powers of argument that General Mor-

row piled up blankets on the dead Indian until the chief declared himself satisfied.

Sitting Bull was of more than an ordinarily restless nature, even from an Indian standpoint, and as soon as he felt that his power was absolute he gave orders to strike camp and go to the Yellowstone River. There the tepees were put up, the stock tethered, and orders issued that no white man should be permitted to enter the camp. For about six years the band were undisturbed; they hunted buffalo and built a thriving village, but in 1875 a number of white men from Montana invaded Sitting Bull's territory and built a fort. The chief ordered them away, but the whites refused to leave. Sitting Bull then attacked them and six men were killed and nine wounded. Reinforcements arrived and the Indians withdrew to a safe distance and were not attacked. The fort was abandoned.

The great Sioux war of 1876 brought Sitting Bull into greater prominence. The conflict began more like a civil war than an ordinary Indian outbreak. Terms were submitted and rejected. "In pursuance to a policy inaugurated for bringing all the plains tribes under the direct control of the Government a treaty was negotiated with the Sioux living west of the Missouri, by which they renounced their claims to a great part of their territory, and a reservation was set apart for them embracing all of the present State of South Dakota. At the same time agents were appointed and agencies established, rations, cows, physicians, farmers, teachers, and many other good things were promised them and they agreed to allow railroad routes to be surveyed and military posts to be established in their territory. It was also stipulated that they should be allowed to hunt within their old range, outside of the limits of the reservation."

But times were changing. The building of the railroads brought into the plains swarms of hunters and immigrants, who began to exterminate the buffalo at such a rate that in a few years the Sioux, with all the other hunting tribes of the plains, realized that their food supply was rapidly going. Then gold was discov-

ered within the reservation, and at once thousands of miners and desperadoes rushed into the reservation, in defiance of the protests of the Indians and the pledges of the Government.

Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and other chiefs went to Washington to protest against the invasion of the whites, which was a violation of the existing treaty. The Indians demanded payment for their lands of which they were robbed, and a Government commission visited them to agree on terms. The terms were so ridiculous, about ten cents an acre being offered the Indians for the rich mineral land in the Black Hills, that no agreement was possible, and the commission



returned to Washington and reported their failure.

The Indians began leaving the reservation. Sullen and disgusted, they made for the Bad Lands. Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Red Horse, Rain-in-the-Face and a host of braves, armed with magazine guns of the latest make, took a position in a valley between the Big Horn River and the Rosebud Mountains, hemmed in by mountain walls, accessible only through rough passes and dangerous waterways.

On June 22, Custer and Terry were at the junction of the Rosebud and Yellowstone. McCook was encamped on Goose Creek, near the Wolf Mountains, and

Colonel Gibbons was at the junction of the Yellowstone and the Big Horn. The effort of Gibbons was to prevent the escaping of the Indians to the north and the Canada line. Cook was watching them on the southeast. General Terry decided that Custer and his force should go down the Rosebud and locate the hostiles. Riding up the valley with Custer was Captain Tom Custer, Boston Custer, another brother, Adjutant Cooke, Captain Myles W. Keogh, Yates, Porter, Harrington and the rest of that brilliant set of fighting men. Detached bands of the young braves, which had been engaged in worrying Reno and Benteen into an awful fright, while De Rudio was lost in the brush and did not reappear for twenty-four hours, were filing through the many passes and defiles leading to a center, at which was Custer. Rain-in-the-Face was at the head of these braves, and Rain-in-the-Face was out for revenge. The most bloody and brutal of the chiefs, he had been captured the previous winter by Tom Custer and confined in the guard house for a murder he had committed. He made his escape, but the message came back from him that some day he would be revenged.

The troops had inferior arms and were embarrassed with led horses. Custer's scouts, unmolested by the foe so close to them, brought in word that the center of the Indian village had almost been reached, and then Cooke's message went flying back to Benteen to close in. The trumpeter could hardly have left when out of a defile down upon the soldiers who had just reached the one butte between them and the village, dashed Rain-in-the-Face and his warriors. From another defile came Little Dog, Red Wolf and White Bear, until around Custer and his men there was a perfect cordon of Indians. Closer and closer drew the Indian circle and in five minutes no horses remained, and the soldiers were down behind them fighting. An hour passed; the sun was creeping down to the western hills. A Crow scout, one of Custer's men, having disguised himself as a Sioux, gained his side and offered him opportunity to escape. He refused it. Many of the fighting warriors who knew him well called on him to

surrender. His answer was to fight the more bitterly. A handful of his men were left; his brothers were dead; the men could no longer fire; cartridge shells were empty; the last act of the tragedy was at hand. No in-rush of Indians was necessary to destroy the few left. Rain-in-the-Face could keep at a distance and have them picked off.



Surrender! Custer never knew the meaning of the word. Live, when his men were dead! He did not know what such a thing meant. Out from a defile came a puff of smoke, the ring of a rifle shot, a flash of flame, and Custer had gone to his eternal rest.

Sitting Bull, who had so successfully planned the attack upon Custer, pushed northward and after encamping on the left bank of the Missouri until near the close of the winter, he crossed into Canada, where for a time he disappeared. It was learned that Sitting Bull and his followers were at Fort Walsh in British territory. Accordingly a commission was sent to negotiate for their return to Dakota. The commission was brought face to face with the Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull, but failed to bring him to any terms. Sitting Bull dismissed the commission abruptly and disdainfully, telling them that the Great White Father was a liar; that he never kept his word; he promised much, but did little. "You gave us a country and then took it

from us. It was our country first. If you think I am a fool, you are a bigger fool than I am. Don't you say two more words. Go back where you came from. The white man came on to my land and followed me. The white men made me fight for my hunting grounds. The white man made me kill him, or he would kill my friends, my women and my children."

Sitting Bull returned to Dakota and lived in a secluded spot on the Grand River, about forty miles from Standing Rock Agency. He was glad to be hidden from the world, and it was his intention to spend the rest of his days in seclusion there.

The year 1890 was a hard one for the Indians. In addition to the broken faith of the Government, the swindling practices of the agents, and the unscrupulous aggressions of the settlers, they had to bear the burden of bad weather, poor crops, and a scarcity of game. Their complaints were just, and loud, and bitter, but were little heeded. Then a Christian halfbreed started the Messiah craze, and upon Sitting Bull was placed the mantle of apostleship, and the old chief at once gathered about him thousands of Indians who were becoming again hostile. Ghost dances were in full swing and the pent-up feelings of the Indians were given full expression. Many were entranced and saw the great Redeemer; he had come to deliver them from the rule of the white man and to restore to them their land and the buffalo. Sitting Bull again saw his opportunity to strike a blow at the whites. The authorities were warned of the threatened uprising and an effort made to persuade Sitting Bull to cease the Messiah propaganda, but all efforts failed. Orders were then sent demanding that he immediately return to the agency. He refused to comply with the order, saying: "God Almighty made me. God Almighty did not make me an agency Indian, and I'll fight and die fighting before any white man can make me an agency Indian."

This was the declaration made by Sitting Bull to General Miles on the occa-

sion of their first meeting. On Saturday, December 13, 1890, General Miles sent word to Major McLaughlin that the time to strike the blow had come, and on the next morning troops of cavalry and infantry, preceded by Indian police, started southwest to capture the old chief. When within three miles of the Indian camp a halt was called. The troops remained where they could be easily signalled. The Indian police, commanded by Bull Head, moved cautiously in the direction of the chief's house with a warrant for his arrest. No one but the old chief and his two sons were there. Sitting Bull opened the door, and his sons, seeing the house surrounded by police, gave a cry of alarm. Without hesitating a moment, Bull Head fired at Sitting Bull, the ball striking him in the breast, killing him instantly. While reeling, Sitting Bull managed to draw a revolver, which exploded just as he fell, the ball entering Bull Head's thigh. One of the Indian policemen lifted Sitting Bull's scalp and another battered his face into a jelly after death with a plank.

Thus died Tata'nka, I'yota'nke (Sitting Bull), the greatest medicine man and warrior of the Sioux nation, on the morning of December 15, 1890. General Miles said of him:

"His tragic fate was but the ending of a tragic life. Since the days of Pontiac, Tecumseh and Red Jacket no Indian has had the power of drawing to him so large a following of his race and moulding and wielding it against the authority of the United States, or of inspiring it with greater animosity against the white race and civilization.

"The Indian police, many of them despised renegades from his own tribe and enemies of his under cover of the United States flag and backed by a company of United States cavalry—placed suspiciously handy to see that the renegades from his tribe should not fail in killing him—they went to kill—had killed him, and I said—understanding the conditions and circumstances better than some—I said: 'That is murder.'"



Back to the Stars and Stripes

By MAUD LALITA JOHNSON

A LITTLE more than three years ago a sad, little group of worshippers stood around the shrine in the Krishna temple huddled amongst the trees and shrubs on West Sixteenth street, Los Angeles. With tear-stained faces and broken hearts they sang for the last time together the dear, familiar sanskrit songs and prostrated themselves once more before the feet of beloved Krishna and pledged ourselves anew to the service and love. Those of us who were privileged to take that memorable journey with Baba Bharati were comforted by the thought of what lay before us, but still our hearts were saddened by the parting from that home, the leaving of that sweet haven that had sheltered us so long, the quiet retreat that protected us from the noise and hurry of the outside world, the home where abounded an atmosphere of love, devotion and peace, blessed and pervaded by the spirit Krishna. Those who were left behind must have been conscious of a great loss, for though we had been taught of the nothingness of space, of the one-ness of all the universe, of the unreality of the flesh and the reality of the spirit, we had not yet reached that state of consciousness that freed us from the need and desire for the presence in the flesh of him who comforted our weary souls, helped us to solve our many problems and gave us a glimpse into that paradise which is the inheritance of every soul.

And then came that long journey to lands strange and wonderful. A few hurried days in lovely Japan, a short stay in Hongkong, moonlight nights on tropical seas and then India—India with its mystery and charm. Just to set foot on her soil is to be a different being. Just to breathe her atmosphere is to be filled with the joy of divine life. How the songs rose to my lips and how the poetry flowed from my heart. Colombo, the beautiful, the garden, the jungle, with its houses stuck almost out of sight under the trees. In this country we lay out

streets and build houses and plant a few trees. In Colombo they cut streets through the jungle and nestle a house here and there amongst the foliage.

From Colombo northward to Calcutta. Calcutta, the city of experiences. Experiences both sad and glad. First the difficulty of finding a suitable home and furnishing it little by little, for in India things don't go as fast as they do here. It takes longer to haul furniture for an eight room house by means of an ox cart or human motive power than by the modern electric van. Then the difficulty of learning a few necessary words by which to ask for our daily needs. Then the getting acquainted with the city and the effort to get the magazine work under way. The magazine was published, lectures were given, a mission was established and each of us gathered those experiences which were needed and which made life richer and more worth while. And now we have come back, except one who is still in India, and met again here in the City of the Angels.

The Minnesota that carried us across the waters three years ago, has now carried our Baba back to us and now we have him again in our midst, filling our hearts with love and wisdom, peace and comfort. It is all like a dream.

Sunday, July the tenth, the Baba held his first class. Owing to the rooms being small only a few were invited, but those few received a blessing such as cannot be told, but only felt and realized. What a joy to hear again the same sweet words, to sing the peaceful, harmonious songs and to feel the presence of kindred souls.

And now the Baba has been established in a home of his own, public lectures being given and classes begun, the magazine is republished and many, many enterprises will be accomplished. And best of all that temple which I have seen in prophetic visions for so many years will become a reality. That temple amongst the trees whence will flow a healing stream of love and wisdom and truth.

For many years the West has sent her missionaries to the East where they have built their churches and missions and taught their faith. Now Krishna has seen fit to send us his devotee to establish His worship, the worship of the Lord of Love. Those of us who have studied deeply into the philosophy of the East have realized the one-ness of all great religious truths. We know that at heart they are the same and we know that what is needed most is that the East and the West shall understand each other. We are all one kin, with the same weaknesses, the same ambitions, the same hopes. We call God by different names, but the goal and the end is one and the same. Baba tells of a lecture he delivered in Madras just before leaving for America. His theme was, "Jesus, the Christ" and he talked with such ardor, such enthusiasm and such devotion that one of those present, a Hindu of great intelligence and considerable renown in India and known to many readers in America, pulled Baba by the gown and begged him to be careful or he might convert all the younger generation present to Christianity. The Baba preaches Christ as he preaches Krishna, because he knows their unity of thought. He knows that the love of God and the service of humanity is the foundation of every great religion. The sad part is that the West judges the religion of India by some of the untoward conditions existing there. Do we judge the religion of Christ because we find gambling dens, bedbugs and the white slave traffic here? No, we call it the work of the devil. But somehow, when we find the same things in India, it is no longer the work of the devil, but the fault and result of their religious teachings. Nor do we realize that some of the worst things found in India and China were taken there and fostered there by our so-called Christian nations. Who introduced opium and liquor into the Orient? And then we send missionaries to the East to preach the gospel of Jesus. And if they will not accept it, why maybe we can send a battle ship and blow it into them. Baba tells a story about the reply the Japanese minister to France gave those who toasted and feted him upon the victory of the Japan-

ese over the Russians. He said, "For hundreds of years we have given you the best in art and science and philosophy and you have called us a semi-barbarous people. Now we have whipped an army and annihilated a fleet and you call us civilized." What can we say to that? True, isn't it? If we want to convert the heathen, let us first convert the Englishmen and Americans that we send over there. The heathens are all here, not a single heathen in the Orient. It is indeed a tribute to the religion of the lowly Nazarene that it can find its way into the hearts of our dark-skinned brothers in spite of what they have seen of western civilization and in spite of the treatment they have suffered at the hands of the pale-face.

India has not only never done us a wrong, but has given us religion and philosophy. So let us open our hearts to the inflow of divine wisdom that it is once again our opportunity to receive. The West has gone to the East, now the East is coming to the West. Under the Stars and Stripes is to be established the religion of Krishna. No longer will we have to say,

Take me back to Eastern altars
With their incense-laden air;
In the West my spirit falters.
Ne'er can utter earnest prayer.

No, the altar with its incense and its blessing has been brought to us. Under the Stars and Stripes let us unite, under the emblem of Fate and Promise. When I returned from India my little son came running to me and we clasped each other in aching arms. Neither of us could speak, but after the first great agony and overwhelming joy was past, he disengaged himself from my grasp, passed into the other room and came back with a tiny silk American flag and handed it to me. "We thought you would like to be under the Stars and Stripes once more" was the thought expressed. Yes, we are all glad to be under the flag again, but we have brought India with us. And we are going to give India to you. That little silk flag hangs on my wall and when the Baba saw it he said, "Write something about that. The stars stand for Fate and the stripes for the Rainbow of Promise."

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